Choice Lots, either Large or Small. Will Sell for Cash or on Monthly Payments.

FOREST DALE.

OUR ADDITION!

You have your choice of two lines of cars. The line of the Salt Lake Rapid Transit Company passes directly through our addition; while the Salt Lake City Street Car Company has a line 10 minutes walk from our lots.

We have a variety of Lots suited to all tastes. Lands on which ARTESIAN WELLS throwing the best water in Salt Lake County, can be obtained, and with water rights among the best in Utah from NEVER FAILING SPRINGS. Your choice can be made from Lots on "The Drive" (East Boulevard), Sixth East, Seventh East, Eighth East, Ninth East or Tenth East streets. Our lands reach a point Two City Blocks South of the City Limits, as extended by late action of the City Council of Salt Lake City, to a point about three quarters of a mile from Calder's Park.

WE DON'T PAY CITY TAXES!

And desire to sell only to those who will make desirable neighbors. Our section of the country is rapidly building up. No other part of the county is so easily reached by Electric Cars with each fine equipment and service, and in no other part are the roads so well cared for and sprinkled to the same extent. We have a Schoolhouse with all modern improvements and designed to accommodate all the children of our district. No other school district outside of Salt Lake City has the same school facilities.

Call for Prices and Terms. The land belonging to me personally, I am at liberty to make terms that an agent could not.

My Private Office is at **No. 331 CONSTITUTION BUILDING, SALT LAKE CITY.**

My Clerks can always show property and give prices and terms.

GEORGE M. CANNON, Proprietor.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS

THE GIPSIES OF LONDON AND ROUNDABOUT—I.

Picture of the Actual Returns of the London Beggar Guide by the Highest Live by Industry Gipsy Gipsies—Also of the English Gipsy—Gipsy Kate, the "Dancing Tinkeress" Now, Fallen Than Wandering Hogan and Headman.

[Copyright, 1892, by Elias L. Wakeman.]

LONDON, Oct. 21.—To be there is sweeping most picturesque and magnificent of the Gipsy Jim—Jim the wandering horse trader, or anything in anything, from carry boots, the clothing.

To hundreds of a score people from to do summer, best of the country, wide, it's whatever, dress, hatted known coming from Belgrade home beneath trees and stare to the miserable inhabitants of city passing, for in it for to see Japanese imitation of winter's coming can all the autumn flights of birds and wind whipped leavings of bare branches are mingled upon earth.

"Hey, gipsy, dinny Kate?"

The first voice Zeke, the other merely, where I had returned over night with Gipsy, stirred by the side of a dreary note in the air and cast to Bath. Hereabout and hundred he had clambered upon of his long reddish inhabitation to "look at the city." He looked upon and upon the sky, and over on the saffron landmark. Then, with both hands deep in trousers pockets, he gave his old body a set of shoulders, rolled and twist and remarked to himself.

"Sho gin ole, mun's kiver"

"How's that, Zeke?" I answered hardly enough, determined to provoke a caution from an acute of Gipsy philosophy if possible. "Gipsies never get old, and he ain't yet to be born who can tell, Zeke, a whisper about getting on in years a little."

"It hells to, too all gits old!" This was heavily. "Ah never gotin the country home, ahmbin too of hit. This like mun the rigging, mun wing for him, so jaw was the dress for have the hells. Gaw's a crime" (the town's a prison).

Here was a positive exhibition of Gipsy outlawry, Zeke plumped himself down alongside the smoldering campfire with his shoes on—he knew and kill, like all best to be hands, and apparently gave way to the most gloomy reflections. Catching a fling of his guard is not a common thing, and I felt like pushing him a little.

"Ain't Gorgio (non-Gipsy) there, Zeke, as for every day of life with a beggy, permit not been over your head, go to church like a wise man, and finally go to heaven, where there won't be any rough Gipsy boys?"

He looked at me first with black amazement. A few moments from his pipe by Tom is a tone of mingled regret, disbelief and almost pathetic longing, he said with ominous solemnity, "Aye, 'a Hell's been Gorgio to'ever ah kin'n'ah ain't been to Gorgio to'ever ah kin'n'ah ain't been to Gorgio to'ever ah kin'n'ah ain't been to