NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS!

The wide awake firm of WALKER BROS. & FYLER CO. intend to make the Year 1893 the BANNER YEAR in their business. Their first great announcement is a Gigantic Shipment of

10,000 Dollars Worth of MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

NO SUCH VALUES. NO SUCH PRICES. NO SUCH HONEST GOODS. NO SUCH SPLENDID STYLES

Have ever been shown in this City. Just think of it, $10,000, and all on our tables MONDAY MORNING at NINE o'clock.

A 25c. TABLE—A 50c. TABLE—A 75c. TABLE—A $1.00 TABLE—And a HIGH NOVELTY TABLE

25C. TABLE.

Ladies' Chemise, Handsomely Trimmed, Lace Neck and Shoulder Straps.
Ladies' Chemise, Elaborately Trimmed Front and Sleeves, with Lace and Embroidery.
Ladies' Drawers, Good Honest Muslin, 1½ inch Hem, Cluster of Tucks above.
Ladies' Drawers Trimmed, Embroidered Ruffle, Cluster of Tucks.
Ladies' Skirts, Good Honest Muslin, 1½ inch Hem, Cluster of Tucks.
Children's Drawers, all sizes, Neat Laced Trimmed and Cluster of Tucks.
Children's Drawers, all sizes, Extra Strong Muslin, 1 inch Hem and Cluster of Tucks.

75C. TABLE.

Ladies' Chemise, very chaste, Elab. Embd. Front, Neck & Sleeve. Finest Muslin in market.
" Drawers, Hemstitched Embd. Ruffle, two Cluster Tucks.
" " Elaborately Embd. Ruffle & Inser. Cluster Tucks.
" " 2 inch Lace Ruffle, Cluster Tucks.
" Gowns, Very pretty Hemstitched Yoke, and Cambric Ruffle, Full Sleeve, V Neck.
" " Finest Muslin in market.
" Gowns, Yoke Front, Handsome Embdy. & Tucks, Bishop Sleeve.
Children's Short Slips, full sleeve, Embroidered Waist. Very pretty and effective.
Infants' Long Cambric Slips, Embroidered Yoke, full sleeve. Several Styles.

50C. TABLE.

Ladies' Chemise, Elaborate Front Trimmed Insertion, 3 inches deep, Lace Finished Neck and Sleeves.
Ladies' Chemise, very pretty V Neck, with Embroidery and Lace Trimming, very effective.
Ladies' Fine French Cambric Drawers, 2 inch Hem, Cluster Tucks. Extra finish and make
Ladies' Drawers, 2 inch Lace Ruffle, Cluster Tucks, Extra Quality Muslin.
" " 2 inch Handsomely Embroidered Ruffle, Cluster Tucks.
" Gowns, Good Quality Muslin, V Embroidered Neck, full sleeve, Ruffle at wrist.
" " Cambric Ruffle, Embroidered and Feather Stitched Yoke, Ruffle & Sleeve.
" " Special Elaborate Yoke, 20 Tucks, Cambric Ruffle at Neck, Front & Sleeve.
Children's Short Cambric Dresses, Full Sleeves, Full Bishop Sleeve, Nicely Trimmed Waist.
Infants' Long Slips, Neat Embroidered Trimming.

$1.00 TABLE.

Ladies' Gowns, 10 different Styles, including Embroidery and Lace Trimmed, V and Round Necks, Yoke Fronts, etc. All with full sleeves. The Greatest Value and Grandest Display ever seen in Salt Lake at $1.00.
Ladies' Drawers, very elaborate, 2in. Val Lace Ruffle and Insertion between Cluster Tucks.
" " " Muslin and Cambric Embroidered Ruffle, Cluster Tucks.

HIGH NOVELTY TABLE FROM $1.25 TO $10.00.

Some of the Daintiest Effects in Lace and Fine Embroideries. Many new ideas, and the Finest Importation of French Hand Made Novelties ever seen in the West. A perfect treat to lovers of Fine Underwear.

IMPORTANT SHIPMENT OF $5,000 WORTH OF EMBROIDERIES AND LACES.

You can now see the Latest Styles in all Widths, all Makes, all Prices. From 2c to $10.00. Everyone should see this great stock on MONDAY.

CORSETS. We now have a Magnificent Stock. All the leading Makes—"P. D.," Tango, W. C. C., Thompson's, C. B., Her Majesty's, Schiller's, Warner's, and many others. Special for 10 days only. 50 doz. Corsets in black, drab and white, at 40c worth 75c, for 10 days only.

WALKER BROS. & FYLER COMP'Y.

Tendency of the Age.

Essay Caigh Descants on Customs, Habits, etc.

PRELUDE.

The fact that we progress in some respects and remain stationary as to others, is one of those things that will do to discuss so long as discussion does not lead to attempted explanation. The writer of this little chapter has seen the footprints of a fraction over two score years imprinted upon the sands of time, and with even that great vista of experience to his credit would as soon undertake to decide whether the first hen laid the first egg or the first egg hatched out the first hen as to explain anything just now. The fact is, the less cause a fellow has for explanation the better, as a general thing; and it sometimes pays to be silent even in the presence of a pressing cause. This brings me back to the starting point.

The things that we progress in are, as a rule, those which require less effort than standing still does. It takes, for instance, a man of stamina, fervid imagination and ready wit to stand against the onward sweep in the social whirl of a wife who controls and grown-up daughters who ignore him; while by standing in with the lunacy and being swept away as though on the hurricane deck of a cyclone, involves no mental effort at all and only sufficient exertion in a physical way to enable one to dress one on mortality and act unnaturally. The reader will please observe that this is not an explanation but an exposition, as he will readily comprehend if he has ever been there or thereabout. We are getting on, truly; and if whatever is herein set forth may shed any light on how and when and where we do so, or either of them, all that was designed will have been accomplished.

PROMENADE TO NOVELTY.

A neighbor regarding whose friendship I now entertain some well-grounded doubts, on Christmas day presented my boy (10 years old) with a well-keyed and tight-headed drum accompanied by the customary appendages for beating the same; the boy hasn't slept any since and the rest of us very little. So that, if what is herein contained shall be found even more rambling than usual and there shall appear here and there a word or so that hitch up close to the swearing point, the reader will please overlook and forgive as he would expect to be forgiven under similar circumstances.

We acquire a custom with great facility and get rid of it with great deliberation if at all. It is only necessary for some one to introduce a new style of doing things, of dressing, acting or what not, and though at first it may appear ridiculous, absurd, contemptible even, if the introducer only sticks to it we will slowly but surely look upon it with less and less of deprecation; then we come to object if even to notice, and finally we are at it ourselves for all we are worth, so to speak. In the climate yet elastic language of my friend Saxe:

> Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
> To be despised needs only to be seen;
> But seen too oft, familiar with its face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Well do I remember the first blazer that came to town. Men were amazed, women (for this occasion only) speechless; the small boy took to his heels, and dogs fled from the scene as precipitately that even that illustrious countryman of Columbus, Sambo Dallas, could not have caught one of them. Several of the boys armed themselves, determined to take a shot at the thing if it ever showed its nose or other part again. But alack! for the good intentions of man, when next they beheld the masterly thing were three of it and in close proximity! In this an irresistible innovation or the spread of a contagious quaint they, and the shots were never fired. They accomplished no more good than if they had been so many policemen. When a man backing a mountain lion in City Creek canyon or elsewhere, he doesn't stop to ask questions, because for once that sometimes unquily might prove fatal; he either shoots or runs, usually the latter. And when the bleser-hunters found the object of their search and saw how it had multiplied in a night, and stopped to ask questions about it, the jig was up, so the Iliad says. The renaissance of Joseph's raiment became less unpopular with persistency and its number grew apace; it succeeded in becoming the latest rad, as Cicero would have put it, and all the boys who amounted to anything were onto it, or rather it was onto them; and soon it became the case that the conspicuous man was the one that didn't have a highly inflamed zebra exterior on his upper circumference. This tells the whole story, that is its own story; mine is not yet finished.

REMINISCENCE AND COMPARISON.

I well remember one what joyous times we used to have at our Territorial fairs, when the admission was nothing and the same to get out, and you could go as often as you pleased for the same amount. People brought in their fat cattle, blooded horses, home-made clothing, hand-worked bedspreads, crocheted titles, relics, curiosities and sich not to show how far ahead of somebody or everybody else they were in such particulars, and to realize money and fame thereby, but to spread before the people at a glance a comprehensive view of the Territory's industrial status, progress and prospects; to stimulate a healthful emulation in the matter of improvement in all material things, and to swap points and ideas rather than lies, as is very often the case nowadays. Finally the board quit giving strawberry plants and Windsor pear cuttings for prizes because that which has sent so many to join Jay Gould and others of the character had got into our midst and custom demanded that prizes be either the ducats of the realm or something closely related to them; also that visitors to the show be required to look over in valuables of like import and measurement. This busted the business wide open and for years there was no fair. The directors meantime held over and fed upon such dignity as they had been able to bring along with them from the days agone.

* * *

These represent the lapse of time; each asterisk means a year. Then there was a revival. We had got over being a free-trade community through the influx of that which makes the mare go and our transactions were at last on a strictly cash basis. Everything came up, and the directors concluded that now was the time to pull their long-neglected show out of its strawberry bed and place it on the substantial foundation of very hard cash. The board was enlarged and it adopted a constitution and by-laws not repugnant to the Constitution of the United States nor the amendments thereon, nor yet to any law of Congress or proclamation of the Governor. We, or rather they, also adopted many reforms, as they are called. The price of, the masterful (or mistressful) bed comforter, the leviathan squash, the luscious fruit, the gorgeous decorations, and so forth, were not attractive enough, at least they savored too strongly of the period before the awakening (the strawberry age), and we—or they—must needs inject the prevailing customs elsewhere into our show to make it an *fait*, as the Shakspeare have it. We must have balloon ascensions with a man or boy risking his neck by a parachute descent for the amusement of the ladies, women and children—a feat requiring no skill or anything to wonder at, the only qualities needed being nerve, strength and foolhardiness. Then by offering a few necessary articles in a household to the boy and girl who will get married in the presence of the assembled, leering crowd, we can have one or more of those ceremonies which in old-fashioned days were too sacred and invested with too much of consequence to be made a penny-gaff attraction of.

Again, a prevailing custom elsewhere was easily assimilated, meaning a show of babies; the one having the most adipose there to receive the first prize, the one having the least next, the prettiest one another, and so on; this little circumstance only permits a few men who may or may not know something of the subject to inflict an outrage upon a hundred or so mothers whose children do not strike the judges' fancy and are thus pronounced inferior — but never mind; this tenth century pastime has been revived elsewhere and we've got to have it. We are not progressive, scarcely loyal to our country, if we don't. I know of a mother who got sweetly even with one in that gentry, her rejected offspring had a banana and dropped a peel thereof where a judge immediately trod upon it and set down with precipitation and violence, his brain receiving such a concussion that he shed tears, but that mother's eyes remained as dry as an orderly session of the City Council.

There are many other features of the Fair worth naming as illustrative of how custom has crept in, grown with our growth and become strong enough to take up by the most accessible part of the trousers, lift out of the slough of Despond and place us on the fence to dry; so, without even mentioning that development of cerebral squabble called the "pretty girl contest," in which a pretty girl oftener than otherwise gets the prize—and for what nature did—let me pass on.

AS TO POLITICS.

It is perhaps in the domain of politics that the greatest advancement is noted. We didn't use to have much of this article, and how much of our lives has been wasted by dozens of such deprivation may never be known. An election used to be such a quiet, orderly proceeding that none of us then imagined how much of fun could be extracted from one of them when properly conducted. A fellow would then go to the polls and vote, return to business and never once realize what the possibilities is such case made and provided were. Such a thing as a judge of election being cross-countered on the jaw for refusing to let an ambitious voter of several hours' residence put in a ballot was not thought of, and little diversions like dropping a voter's ballot on the floor and putting in another just like it only with different names, had not penetrated our misty understanding. Look at us now! We have all the political parties extant and a few extra in case of need. So proficient in this department of political economy have some of us become that it does not produce any other feeling than one of undiluted patriotism to hear men whose names have been honored for a generation reviled, insulted, repudiated, because they belong to some other party or have refused to declare in favor of any. Those who were once sincere friends have found out that insinuating such relations against the interests of their respective parties is a mainly paltry condition only upheld by fagies of the Alaric period, and the one that can produce the most laughter and applause at the expense of a neighbor, friend or brother because of some misfortune or weakness and differing politics, is the hero of the hour. It looks as if the greater the blackguard the bigger the statesman, and the wider the latitude taken by him in holding up revered rites to ridicule—the more emphatic the step with which he stamps upon sacred custom—the more pronounced his abilities and the more secure his triumph. Oh, yes, we have done pretty well in all progressive respects; but when it comes to politics, we have just simply yanked the dilapidated linen off the shrubbery. See?

A SOCIAL CHAPTER.

A word as to society. Here is a department of life in which we have just more than spread ourselves. It is everything to be polite and agreeable and sociable and so on; but these qualities as they were manifested a quarter of a century ago, if brought into active service now would subject the perpetrators to harsh treatment. When an introduction took place in the green age, we used to clap hands as heartily as though our souls were pulling the strings and making the performance emphatic and hearty; now we hump ourselves up something like a camel with the others and look at each other as sheepishly as though we had done something wrong, and if anything should accidentally be said that has a grain of sense in it we are instantly stared on the suspicious list, because such behavior is a black and a half from being *en regle* (I believe that is its name).

Whenever two of three ladies whose husbands are wealthy or hold a good-sized office get together by accident or design and eat or drink something, not only the circumstance is chief but what they eat and drink and the clothes they wear constitute the choicest kind of society news; it wasn't that way before, in fact, such things were scarcely ever spoken of; but now they constitute information of such consequence as to justify the daily papers in printing columns after column of them. I will here add that what we eat and drink, especially the latter, is not reported here any more than it ever was, and it is a good thing for some of them that the hand that the dial of progress stops at this point.

Those who occur the city for the class of news they think they get all of it, but they don't. There is, in fact, much that goes to the very heart of civilization, to the marrow of progress and to the adornment of our social system that they miss altogether. I have been gleaning in that field, and herewith present a few discoveries which, but for such labor, would undoubtedly have perished on the desert air. Here they are:

* * *

Mrs. General Thingumabob gave a low tea at her elegant residence, 11 Maverick Heights last night. Seven people went in carriages and six on foot. The tea used on this occasion was genuine Lion tea, and was pronounced by our informant, Miss Euphemia O'Gush, "exquisitely delicious."

* * *

A quiet little wedding took place at the residence of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Hon. Justinian Malowsky, No. 1 Cow Lane, last night at 8 o'clock. The victims were that bright and vivacious young business man who receives $15 a week for his highly appreciated services in the Bumbledom & Co., the respected and enterprising clothing house, Boodle Avenue, and lovely Miss Julia, the amiable and popular daughter of the host. The ceremony was impressively performed by Right Rev. Tim-th Pulpitpounder, and at its conclusion he was presented with a beautiful purse containing five silver dollars. The bride was attired in a flowing robe of sunset barege *en frise*, trimmed with Five Points lace; the skirt was caught up on the side next to the pedestaliary with a red, white and blue dingus in the form of a Union Pacific shield; her hair was arranged a la cerfeiers and she carried a fan with pretty pictures on it, none of which, however, outshone herself; a bouquet of evergreen sprigs, trailing arbutus, Sea Ward pansy and royal dog-fennel repposed upon her breast, while an Idaho diamond set so it would not fall out sparkled on her shapely throat. The bridegroom had on his other clothes and looked every inch a man, which doubtless he was. The presents were numerous and costly, some of them having run up to as much as $5.75, so we are told. Mrs. Allen Gotthar wore a silk vest which must have cost quite considerable. Miss Hardnack, wife of our well-known and highly esteemed millionaire friend, was respendent in a blue silk which had never been worn before, and jewelry of real Rock Springs coal set in gold nipples. Everybody, in fact, were something nice and the occasion was put down by all hands as a corker.

* * *

Marquis Lafayette O'Toole has returned from an extended trip through darkest Wyoming and resumed his duties as third assistant cashier to the collector of dog tax. He feels splendid.

* * *

After examining the Revised Ordinances and finding that he was permitted to do so, our genial friend Tom De Smith took a little drive out of town behind his bran new horse Jerry Simpson on Friday last. He also returned.

* * *

Miss Cerinda Jemima Jones, of Ogden, is on a visit to the Misses McSquash of Timbuctoo lane.

* * *

A theater party last night contained Mrs. Major Lea Odgep, Miss Tarantula O'Dowd, Miss Sophronia Chicago Swipes and Mrs. Eureka De Swiggins, accompanied by their gentlemen. The latter were in full dress, the ladies were not, there being something of a shortage at the upper end.

* * *

All of this might have gone unrecorded but for me, and, since they make a deep and an important notch on the shingle of progress hereabout, it seems as though I had not altogether lived in vain.

Yours to swear by, to, or at, as circumstances may require,

ESSAY CAIGH.

Co-operative Wagon & Machine Co.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE stockholders of the Co-operative Wagon and Machine Co. will be held on Monday, January 2nd, 1893, at 4 o'clock p.m., at the office of said company, 151 Lake City, Utah.

The purpose for which said meeting is called is to receive the annual reports of the President and Secretary, and to transact any such other business as may lawfully come before said meeting.

HUGH S. WELLS, Secretary.
Salt Lake City, January 1, 1893. 5-8

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Wall Avenue Mining and Milling Company, for the election of officers, and for the transaction of any other business that shall properly come before the meeting, will be held at the company's office, Dooley Block, Salt Lake City, Utah, on Tuesday, February 7th, 1893, at 2 o'clock p. m.

JOHN L. SCRIPPS, Secretary.
Salt Lake City, January 5th, 1893.

CHINESE AND JAPANESE BAZAR.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

Chinese and Japanese Ornamental and Fancy Goods.
Lowest Prices.
EVERYTHING NEW and FIRST CLASS.

QUONG CHONG WING,
54 EAST SECOND SOUTH.

HEADQUARTERS FOR LOW PRICES!
SE LLING AT EVERY VARIETY.

How Much will you Risk for One Cent?

THE difference in price between the PUTNAM NAIL and cheaper brands amounts to one cent on each horse-shoe.

Are you willing to see the shoe cast off and another nailed, with all their resultant disastrous results, in order to save that one cent?

The success of their manufacture is against them. The cold process distorts the iron and causes it to fold in layers, so that after the point is pressed out the nail is driven into the foot. It is extremely liable to split, and ruin a valuable horse. *Did you hear about your cent?*

Now this is how you can make the two or three hundred dollars you would have to pay for a dead horse, but you would not save your cent.

Use the Putnam Nail.

It is **Hot-Forged** from the best Swedish iron rods, which act as a welding heat, by the action of **Hammers alone**, and then **Hammers Pointed.**

Thus, the old hand process is followed, which was hot-forging nails under hammers, and hammer-pointing them by the sheer, cold, without any clipping or shaving whatever.

AND THE NAIL CANNOT SPLIT.

Not it will cost you one cent more for each horse-shoe!

The shoes will stay on longer and your reputation will be increased.

ALL FOR ONE CENT.

Send for sample.

The Putnam Nail Co.,
NEPONSET, BOSTON, MASS.

THE
Thomson & Taylor Spice Co.,
Importers and Manufacturers of the
FINEST SPICES
AND
FLAVORING EXTRACTS
KNOWN TO THE TRADE.
Proprietors of the Famous Brand of
RED "CROSS" LYE.
Michigan Avenue, Cor. Lake,
CHICAGO.

CAPITOL PACKING CO.,
Sacramento, Cal.,
PACKERS OF
FRUITS and SALMON

Being adjacent to the heart of the largest fruit section in California, our canners draw supplies from and ship fruit direct to all points.

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