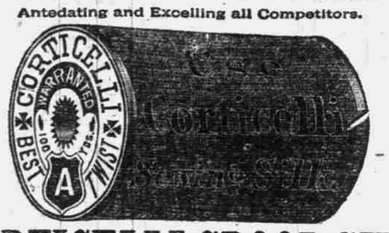
THE PRODUCERS OF

CORTICELLI SILK

HAVE A RECORD OF

46 YEARS SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS,

Antedating and Excelling all Competitors.



CORTICELLI SPOOL SILK

STANDS PRE-EMINENT AS THE

SMOOTHEST and STRONGEST.

CONSUMERS SHOULD

AVOID INFERIOR BRANDS.

REMEMBER THAT

FLORENCE KNITTING SILK

IS PEERLESS.

OUR ILLUSTRATED BOOK on Knitting (No. 5), will be sent on receipt of three 2-cent stamps.

SALESROOMS FOR WEST AND SOUTH:

317 Broadway, St. Louis; 88 West Third Street, Cincinnati; 26 Camp Street, New Orleans.

C. H. SAMPSON, Agent.

EXCELSIOR MANUFACTURING CO.,

TIN PLATE, SHEET IRON, STAMPED WARE & TINNERS' TOOLS,

612-18 N. Main Street, St. Louis, Missouri.

FOR SALE BY Z. C. M. I.,

Sole Agents in Salt Lake City.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

THE CONTRIBUTOR

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME EIGHT COMMENCES WITH THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

READ THE

RISE and FALL of NAUVOO,

ILLUSTRATED WITH

TWELVE FULL PAGE ENGRAVINGS.

WHY YOU SHOULD SUBSCRIBE

—FOR THE—

CONTRIBUTOR.

It is the Organ of the Mutual Improvement Associations, one of the best organizations ever formed for the cultivation and welfare of our young people.

It is the only authorized monthly periodical published among us; and has an educational mission to perform which should be encouraged.

It is representative of our Home Literature, containing the best original prose and poetry that our people write.

It supplies, in concise form, literature that is pure in tone, elevated in thought, instructive and interesting in matter; such as you wish yourself and family to read.

It is regularly written for and read by the brightest minds among us. You cannot afford to be ignorant of their thoughts or indifferent to their public expressions.

It encourages Home Art; its illustrations being original, from designs and views prepared especially for it; and its letter-press and typography are the best.

It is a model volume when bound, containing nearly five hundred pages worth preserving, and engravings that are of interest now and for a hundred years to come.

It is improving every year. The prospectus indicates that the new volume will be more interesting than any previous one.

It is the cheapest Magazine published west of the Missouri River. No other contains so great a variety of original matter for the price.

It will be sent to your address, every month, for a year, and be bound, at the end of the year, in fine half leather binding, to be preserved forever. The cost of subscription, including binding, is only Two Dollars and Twenty-five Cents.

BINDING.

Volumes Bound at 50cts. each. Missing Numbers Supplied at 15cts. each

ADDRESS: The Contributor Co., 40 East Temple Street, Opposite Z. C. M. I., Salt Lake City. P. O. Box 305.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

THE OLD CONSTITUTION BUILDING!

WOOLLEY, YOUNG & HARDY CO.

COMBINATION OF THE FIRMS OF

Hardy Bros. & Burton, L. D. & A. Young and Woolley Bros. & Co.,

—DEALERS IN—

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, BOOTS and SHOES, GROCERIES,

TINWARE, QUEENSWARE,

FLOUR, GRAIN, PROVISIONS and FEED,

—ALL AT—

BED ROCK PRICES!

We would be pleased to see all the old patrons of Hardy Bros. & Burton, L. D. & A. Young and Woolley Bros. and Co., and the Public Generally.

WOOLLEY, YOUNG & HARDY CO.,

The Old Constitution Building!

EVENING NEWS.

Saturday . Nov. 6, 1886

WHAT A BUCKET SHOP IS.

THE SIMPLE WAY THEY OPERATE—THE ADVANTAGES OF EARLY INFORMATION.

There are half a dozen big bucket shops in the Wall street region, and there are perhaps half a dozen more scattered throughout the city.

What is a bucket shop?

Well, it is defined differently by different people. The proprietor will tell you that it is simply a place where railroad stocks, grain, oil, pork and lard may be dealt in in small amounts—"bringing," as one circular phrases it "all the advantages of Wall street speculation within the means of the most modest capitalist." The Wall street broker who lunches at Delmonico's will say that it is a place down in a cellar somewhere, where you can lose $5 or $10 without the possibility of getting any return for the money. As a matter of fact, a bucket shop is an establishment where you can gamble or speculate in stocks or provisions with any money you may happen to have from $5 upwards. For $5 the speculator can buy five shares of stock at $100 a share. The bucket shopkeeper, of course, does not buy and hold the stock for the customers as a regular broker does. The $5 pays for a margin of 1 per cent., so that it would scarcely be worth while to go through the transaction. It is performed in imagination. Now, if the stock in which he has put his $5 goes down a point the 1 per cent. margin is wiped out and the poor little speculation is closed. If it goes up the customer's profit is $5 for every additional point less one eighth per cent. commission on the original $5 when the settlement is made.

This is bucket shop speculation in its common everyday aspect. A larger margin than 1 per cent. will be accepted so that the customer will not be wiped out as soon as the stock goes a point against him, and $50 or $100 or more may be invested at a time. As to the amount of margin, however, and the size of the speculations, each shop has its own rules, and outside of this only deal by special arrangement. One of the shops will only accept 3 per cent. margin and limits its customers' profits to three per cent. In other places they will accept 10 per cent. margin and announce that unlimited profits will be paid. All of the shops, too, refuse to trade in certain stocks at certain times. For instance the recent wide fluctuations in New England stock and their consequent losses have frightened the bucket shop people so that they refuse to have anything to do with New England securities. All of the shops lost very heavily on the advance in this stock. A big bucket shop lost to one customer, Edward B. Ketchum, about $10,000 recently. Its members did not want to pay and Mr. Ketchum sued them. At last accounts they offered to compromise by paying $5,000. This is said to be largest of the bucket shops. It has branch places all over the country, and the proprietors say that altogether they have taken in $15,000,000 this year. How much of this was paid back to the customers is not stated, but just as little as possible.

The general appearance of a bucket shop is easily described. As the Wall street broker remarks, they are frequently located in the basement. A large one, kept by a man named Tod, or his representatives, is in Broad street. There are three or four in the same building with Hammond, in Broadway, just by the Welles building. J. S. Lyons & Co., who went up at the very beginning of the rise in the market, which was in a Broadway basement, is open again with new names over the door. The rooms are usually large and commodious. On one of the walls is an immense board, on which, by means of small pasteboards printed with figures, the record of the day's market is made. There are lines of settees arranged in front of this blackboard on which the bucket speculators sit and lounges, discussing prices with their neighbors and exchanging stories. Usually the talk is of the wildest and most absurd kind. The bucket shop speculator commonly knows absolutely nothing of Wall street affairs, and he might trade in a bucket shop for several centuries without becoming any better informed. In one part of the room a business office is handsomely fitted up, and here clerks stand ready to complete such transactions as the customers want to go into.

The formula is about as simple as it can be. If you wish to buy say five shares of New York Central, you will fill in a printed blank to the following effect:

Messrs. Jones & Co.:

I wish to buy call on—shares of New York Central at—

JOHN SMITH.

Fill in the blanks with the number of shares and the market price of the stock and hand it in with $5, and you receive in return a printed form filled in like this:

In consideration of the sum of $5 received, John Smith can call of us five shares of New York Central at (say 113) at any time before a sale of not less than 100 shares is made at the New York Stock Exchange at 112 without further notice.

This is the whole transaction. If the stock goes up the customer calls it at 113, and gets the difference between that and the market price. If it goes down his margin is wiped out. The customer is not limited to dealings on the long side of the market. He can sell short if he cares to do so, and the above process is reversed.

The danger in dealing with these bucket shops is, in the first place, that speculation results disastrously to those who engage in it any way. It is reckoned that of the hundreds of outsiders who go into Wall Street 90 per cent. lose their money. Charles J. Osborne used to say before he died that his customers changed regularly every two years. In other words, if he started with a certain set of men on January 1, 1880, the entire list would be dealt out by their operations in the stock market before January 1, 1882. Why it is so may be left to the calculator of chances, but the fact remains that the bucket shop stands in a much better position than the keeper of the game does in a gambling house. There seems to be more chances in its favor. The bucket shop wins in nine cases out of ten. And in every case the bucket shop collects a commission of one eighth per cent., and if the transaction is made and closed on the same day, a quarter is charged. But added to the general objections to speculations, there is a specific one to the bucket shops on the score of their utter irresponsibility. As in the case cited above, when one of their customers does make a profit in their shops, they simply refuse to pay and the customer has resort to the law. Moreover, very few of them are capitalized, and if the market does go heavily against them they lay down on their contracts, to use a technical phrase, and the customer loses not only his profits, but also the money originally invested. In short, you lose money if the market goes against you, and you are apt to lose it if it goes the way you want it to go.

Outside of their general irresponsibility bucket shop managers, it is alleged, do not conduct the business with conspicuous fairness. It will be noticed by any one who visits them and is acquainted with Wall Street ways that there is no indicator on the floor to which customers can have access and secure quotations. The figures for the board are cried out by a clerk inside the office railing, and it is alleged that he does not keep up to time. One of the advantages of this to the bucket shop is that when prices are going down it enables the calling of several separate declines at once, thus leaving a customer whose margin exhausts at one of the points on the decline no opportunity to put up more margin without paying the commission all over again. It is also said that one of the bucket shops has a direct wire to the Board of Trade in Chicago and gets grain quotations from eight to ten minutes earlier than they are gotten in the regular way. The advantage of this is obvious.

But such proceedings are legitimate compared with others of which they are accused. Dealing as they do in widely fluctuating stocks, whose lightest fluctuation means thousands of dollars loss or gain to them, the temptation to prompt transactions on the Stock Exchange, with a view of affecting prices, would be, it is clear, irresistible to unscrupulous men. Supposing the manager of a big bucket shop is going over his books found that his customers have 5,000 shares Jersey Central stock, whereon the margins will be wiped out at 52. The price is 53 or 53¼. He gets a broker to go into the Jersey Central crowd and offer it down to 52, when there are not many to respond to the declining figures and support the stock. If the bucket shop man thus sells a hundred shares it may cost him a loss of $300, but he gets the quotation. His books show his profit in the decline to be many times $300; and his customers are blissfully unconscious of the scheme by which their money has been swallowed up.—*Ex.*

Life in the Fire-Room.

Transatlantic passengers who have braved the intense heat of the furnaces and visited the fire-room wonder how men can endure such a life even for a voyage. The stokers work four hours at a stretch, hemmed in between two long lines of furnaces that keep the temperature at 120 degrees, sometimes sending it as high as 160 degrees. The space between the furnaces is so narraw that when the men throw in coal they must take care, when they swing back their shovels, lest they should burn their arms on the furnaces behind them. The only means of ventilation is one large air-pipe that reaches down into the center of the stokers' quarters and on a big steamer the men have to take the air in patches. On a great ocean steamer like the Umbria the men come on in gangs of eighteen stokers and twelve coal-passers, and the "watch" lasts four hours. The Umbria has seventy-two furnaces, which require nearly 320 tons of coal a day, at a cost of almost $20,000 per voyage. One hundred and four men are employed to man the furnaces, and they have enough to do. They include the chief engineer, his three assistants, ninety stokers and coal-passers.

The stoker comes on to work wearing only a thin undershirt, long trousers and wooden shoes. On the Umbria each stoker tends four furnaces. He first raises open the furnaces, tosses in the coal, and then cleans the fire—that is, pries the coals apart with a heavy iron bar in order that the fire may burn freely. He rushes from one furnace to another, spending perhaps two or three minutes at each. Then he dashes to the air-pipe, takes his turn at cooling off, and waits for another call to his furnaces, which comes speedily. When the "watch" is over the men shuffle off dripping with sweat from head to foot, through long, cold galleries to the forecastle, where they turn in for eight hours. Four hours of scorching and eight hours' sleep make up the routine of a stoker's life on a voyage.

The reporter ran across a group of stokers in West street, and had a chat with one of them. "I went to sea as a coal-passer when I was 14 years old," he said. "Then I got to be stoker, and I am now twenty-eight." The speaker was about six feet in height, and weighed 180 pounds or more. His face was ruddy with health, and his eyes beamed with good nature. His robust appearance was in strong contrast to that of some of his mates who had just landed from a voyage, a pale, streaked-out, listless-looking set of men.

"Why do you appear more healthy than the other men here?" asked the reporter.

"Well, I have been on land now about two weeks, and these men just came off the ship. You see, when we finish our watch at the furnaces we are just covered with sweat, dirt and oil, and we have to wash the stuff off with warm water. washing so much with warm water gives us the streaked-out look that makes people think we are being killed with consumption. But after we have been on land three or four days that look disappears and the men look natural again. We get more ventilation than the old-timers used to get, but we don't have any too much. I tell you when I used to go down into the tropics I wanted to keep under the air-pipe all I could. Now I go to England, and have four furnaces to tend. Four hours are just about as much as we can stand before the fires. It uses some of the men up so badly that when the watch is over they can just crawl to the forecastle and throw themselves on their bunks without washing a bit. But others of us don't mind it so much. We heat our water, take a wash, and then have a pipe or two before turning in."

"What do you eat and drink?

"We have hash all the oatmeal we want, coffee, and other good things."

"How about the grog?"

"Well the fact is the grog was knocked off about eight years ago on the English and American lines. The truth is the men got drunk too much, and grog did them much harm. When I used to take my grog I'd work just like a lion while the effects lasted. I'd throw in coal like a giant and not mind the heat a bit; but when it worked off, as it did in a very few minutes, I was that weak that a child could upset me. Take a man dead drunk before the fires and the heat would sober him off in half an hour or give him a stroke of apoplexy. The French still give their men grog. I have seen big tanks on their ships filled with brandy, rum and wine, all for the stokers. The French are great fellows for that. Their men look strong, but I thing it must hurt them. We get grog, occasionally not when we are having a race, and then we 'play it.' I remember one race we had about a year ago with a Dominion mail steamer. She got ahead and our captain was mighty anxious to beat her. So he sent down grog to us, and told us to fire up like mad. Well, we did until we learned that we were ahead. Then we took a rest. Down comes the Captain with another lot of grog. 'Fire her up, boys,' yells he, and we did fire her up like lions, until we were ahead again. We kept that up for three days and got all the grog we wanted. But finally we let her beat us, as the grog played us out too much. But we don't often have such fun as that," the stoker added, as he strolled aboard ship.—*New York Tribune.*

Escaping the Guards.

It is pleasant, even at this distant day, to recall the extreme and admiring devotion to Colonel Hawkins, even amid the trying scenes of a rough and doleful military prison, as shown by several young members of his "Scouts" who shared with him his prison-life. The pleasant companionship of a Lieutenant Spence I especially remember, and often recall his peculiar and bold mode of escape from a really strong prison-guard in broad daylight on the streets of Nashville. Here are the facts of his remarkable escape:

Whenever enough prisoners were collected in the distributing prison, the Nashville penitentiary, they were marched under guard to the provost marshal's office, a plain brick building not far from Mrs. James K. Polk's beautiful and noted residence. One bright cold day in January, 1863, with streets and sidewalk covered in places with packed snow and ice, a batch of fifty or sixty prisoners, mostly officers, were macshed along the rather retired streets from the penitentiary to the provost marshal's and thence to the handsome State Capital, to have their names properly recorded before they were sent permanent by to the prison-camp.

They were guarded by twenty or thirty men of the Veteran Corps with rifles loaded and bayonets fixed for immediate action in case of any attempt at escape. Near the head of the column was Lieutenant Spence, dressed in citizen's suit, including a black felt hat and heavy black overcoat, sent him by some of the Good Samaritan ladies of Nashville. By the time we reached the provost marshal's office, the guard had became somewhat social with the chatty prisoners, and rather careless; and more or less citizens, passing to and fro, were near the column, at times conversing with some of the prisoners.

When the order to halt was given at the provost's door, Spence did not stop, but quickly and boldly walked on near a citizen or two that happened to be passing. The attention of the guards in front being luckily called to the rear at the time, none of them detected Spence's act, and he passed on unmolested. Turning down another street at the next corner, he disappeared and was never seen by any of our party again. Some of his fellow-prisoners, who watched his surprising venture, expected every moment to hear a "halt" or a bullet sent after him; but, much to their joy and relief, nothing of the kind occurred.

"We afterward learned, through fellow-prisoners, that he soon reached a friend's house in Nashville, and escaped in safety from the well-guarded city to his command, but was subsequently captured and returned to the old penitentiary. What was the final fate of this courageous young officer we never knew.—*Southern Bivouac.*

In Memory of Watch, a Good Texas Dog.

Bettie Keyes Chambers, of Eminence, Chambers County, Tex., writes to the New Orleans *Picayune*:

Never a dog deserved his name—Watch—so well as this one. Day and night, summer and winter, he was ever on the alert in the service of his owners. Not once did he ever neglect his duty, even while suffering agony from the poisonous snake-bite that caused his death. He would attack and bay every snake he found about our premises. If no one went to his aid he would kill them himself. This last time the serpent bit him many times and so caused his death. He came to me soon after he had killed it, and there was a human expression in his brown eyes—eyes that often showed so much intelligence to me, and which I had learned to read.

Indeed his intelligence was remarkable. He knew every animal that belonged to us, and kept others away. He permitted no one to enter our yard without our permission. If I rode horseback he accompanied me, and allowed no one to come between my horse and himself.

My husband was often compelled to be absent from home for weeks at a time attending to his business. At such times Watch was more watchful than ever. He would go to the bedside of each member of the family, then out to the stable, then about the poultry, circle the yard, then lie down before my door. This he repeated several times before daylight returned.

If I walked out of my room he followed me quietly and softly. I had only to lay my hand on his head any time to have him accompany me.

He had a different "yelp" for a wild animal, a horse, a man and a snake, so we always knew when we heard him at night what it was.

Once my husband was absent and had left a fine young horse in my care. I had it locked up at night. One night Watch awakened me with his "bark" which I knew meant "come." I went out and saw him standing before the stable door defying two men! As soon as they found they were discovered they hurried off. That was four years ago; and ever since then my faithful dog did his best to take care of that horse, giving instant notice if anything unusual happened to it.

To me he was more faithful than the truest friend for he never forgot or neglected or "put off" any duty whatever, never failed me in the least particular in anything I required of him. Yet he was never "trained;" all that he did was dictated by his own natural sagacity, so nearly akin to reason.

Who would not have wept, as I did, to see him—and over his grave? Who would not have really loved such a dumb friend? If man's spirit is immortal who can say that such an one as dwelt within the form of my noble Watch is not also? Farewell, dear, faithful Watch. This tribute shows how you will be missed and regretted.

Gen. Grant at Shiloh.

Gen. Lew Wallace gives the following pen picture of Gen. Grant as he saw him at the battle of Shiloh:

"In my memory he looks almost exactly the same. He rides a tall, bright bay horse, with a General's trappings. His figure, judged through a full-capped blue overcoat, is rather low, but he keeps his saddle easily and well. His hands are gauntleted and his sword is in its scabbard. A broad-brimmed, unplumed black hat is drawn down close upon his brow; yet I see beneath it a ruddy face, warmed by a yellow-tinged close-cropped beard. Two clear gray eyes looked into my eyes. The thunder of the guns is in the air, blended with an under monotone which the uninitiated would say was the noise of workmen riveting all at once the boilers of a thousand ocean steamers: but having heard it often, you and I know it for what it is—the infantry plying each other at close range. The noise does not disturb my horseman. He is slightly grim—a man appreciative and with a vast interest at stake could hardly be otherwise—grim, but calm, deliberate, imperturbable. A few words said in the tone farmers discuss the crops, a pleasant 'good day,' and he rides away. It is the vision in my heart photographed of Gen. Grant, as he came to me in the morning, then in the evening of the second day at Shiloh. So perfect in every detail is the figure, so distinct its expression of face, not to mention the sound of the voice, that I do not need a portrait of him—or, rather, it is all the portrait I do need—and I cherish it as that of the greatest soldier of the greatest war of the age, who, while he did me the greatest possible injustice, had afterward the magnanimity to reverse his opinion and do me the greatest possible right by making the reversal enduringly public."

Hot Water And the Appetite.

It is a speciality of sanitary reformers, who are among the most useful of the many intellectual nuisances in the world, to be deficient in the quality of humor. One of them, some years ago, reccommended that a man's dead relatives should be burned at the corners of streets, to save gas lamps; another not two years ago, lectured on the unhealthiness of boots in bedrooms, and on Saturday Mr. Mansergh, at the close of a most sensible address to the Sanitary Congress on water supply, brought in his views on tectotalism in the oddest way. He told his audience that a "systematic hot-water drinking had been proved in America to be destructive of the appetite for alcohol." We entirely believe him, and if he extended the destructive effect to the appetite for mutton shops, fruit or wheaten bread, we should believe him also. But why limit us to hot water, when tartar emetic, ipecacuanha, unrefined cod-liver oil, and perhaps twenty other drugs, would be at least equally prudent? The old remedy of Recnab, total abstinence, is an easier one than that, and as perfectly effective as long as it is pursued. The difficulty of the temperate is not to leave off alcohol, but to believe in the use of leaving it off. They do not find that the most perfect abstainers in the world, life convicts, become better people.

She Wanted the Genuine.

Col. Kate Field always carries in her traveling bag a bottle of the best brandy, and during her recent lecture tour in Iowa she exhausted it. Of course, brandy is hard to get in an Iowa town, but the Colonel never thought about that. So she went to the drug store and boldly asked for what she wanted.

"We haven't any brandy, ma'am," said the clerk, "but we've got some Bloom of Youth for the complexion."

"That reminds me, "replied of, Colonel, with withering sarcasm, the time I went to a store and asked the clerk for a bustle and he told me they didn't sell bustles, but he could let me have a bale of hay."

"Excuse me, ma'am, said the abashed clerk, "but just taste it."

"What do I want to load myself up with white lead and other deadly chemicals for," she asked, angrily.

"Thats all right ma'am, only taste it," he urged.

She did so under protest.

"What is it?" she said, making as ugly a face as her graceful features would permit.

"Pure Iowa brandy, ma'am," he answered, proudly.

"Oh, is it? Well you just give me some of that genuine white lead complexion lotion. It may be a little more deadly in its effects, but it can't taste half so bad. Put it up and I'll call for it in the spring of '67," and she whisked out of the store and didn't get in a good humor until a friend gave her a flask of the pure stuff.

The More Eligible Man.

Two men were discussing the availabilities of their favorites for chaplain of the Arkansaw House of Representatives. "My preacher is entitled to the place," said one man. "He was a brave soldier in the Confederate army and—"

"That's nothing," the other broke in, "mine was in both armies."

"That's all very well, but you see mine is blind in one eye, and therefore needs the place."

"Mine is blind in both eyes."

"Yes, but you see, mine is deaf."

"That's nothing, mine is deaf and dumb."

"Well, now, since you begin to talk about fitness for the position, let me tell you that my candidate is deaf, dumb and paralyzed,"

"That amounts to nothing. Mine is deaf dumb, paralyzed, has a bad cold and is in debt; suffers from a loss of memory and can't eat anything. Don't talk to me, for I have the most eligible man in the race."

PAINTING THE TOWN RED.—At this late day another origin for the expression, painting it red, is given. Back in the '60s racing was one of the exciting features of the Mississippi river travel, and when an opportunity offered for a trial of speed all hands were breathless with excitement. The first command from the captain would be: "Paint her red, boys!" which was river slang for filling the fire box with rosin in order to create a quick, hot fire, at which time the fire boxes would be thrown open. Then, if the night were dark, the effect was simply grand. As far ahead as the eye could see the river would be a deep red from reflection, forming a most beautiful picture, which, once seen, could never be forgotten. It was at that time that the expression, "Paint the town red," originated, as the old steamboatmen intended to convey the idea by its use that they would have a beautiful time on arrival at their destination.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

FROM THE FOUR WINDS.

The auctioneer's outlook is for-bidding.

A good two-foot rule—Keep your feet dry.

A knee too proud to bend—That in a stove-pipe.

A motto of an Ohio livery man reads: "Whip light, drive slow; cash down, or no go."

Why is the land that Lot chose like milk? Because it is well watered everywhere.

What word is that, composed of five letters, from which, if you take two, one remains?—Stone.

Which is the longest word in the English language? "Smiles," because there's a mile between the first and last letters.

"Doctor, your horse is awfully skeered of firecrackers." "How can you tell?" "Why, I threw one under his feet, and he broke the strap and ran away."

A little five-year-old, who had seen a peacock for the first time, ran into the house exclaiming to his sister, "O, Lizzie, I've seen a great, big mousticrous tail walking round, with a hen tied to it!"

"How did you feel?" a man was asked after telling how he was caught by the cowcatcher of the locomotive and thrown over the smokestack into the tender. "Well, I didn't like it, although I must say I was very much taken up with it at first."

"Mamma, who tore all Mr. Bland's hair all out," said little Mabel.

"Hush, child, you mustn't speak of such things. Papa is bald, too, you know."

"Yes, but I want to know who tore Mr. Bland's hair all out; he isn't married."

"My colored friend, please lend me a quarter. I fought, bled and suffered four years in the Union army to make you a free man." Colored gentleman, "You did your duty, sah, but 'bout loaning you that quarter, don't keer, sah, to revive de bitter memories of de war."

Four Winds

A Libel—Mrs. Upperten. But the tongue of gossip is very busy, Mrs. Shoddy, and if we paid attention to everything it says we would be continually in hot water. Why, it was only the other day that I heard that your husband was in years gone by nothing more than a proletarian.

Mrs. Shoddy. A what?

Mrs. U. A proletarian.

Mrs. S. It's a base falsehood, Mrs. Upperten. He never was nothing but a Baptist every since I knew him.

A Considerate Son.—"Say pap," said Johnny Jones, as he was escorting his father to the woodshed; "yer know de Bible says 'Spare de rod an' spoil de child.'"

"Yes, my son."

"Well, say, pap."

"What is it?"

"Don't yer t'ink I'm past spollin' by dis time? Hadn't yer better give brother Bill de' tention wot yer wastin' on me? Dis t'ing's kinder wearing on yer anyhow, an' I don't want to see yer overworkin' yerself."

Unlawful.—"Jack, love, pass me those tresses," remarked Mrs. De Wiggs one morning while dressing, as she pointed to a switch which hung over the back of a chair.

"I'd like to, darling, but I fear I can't," replied De Wiggs.

"Why can't you?"

"It's against the law."

"Against the law for you to hand me a hair switch!"

"You asked me to pass the tresses, darling, and tress-passing, you know, is unlawful."

PUTNAM'S

HOT FORGED NAIL

Every Putnam Nail

is drawn down to a point from the rod, thus receiving over sixty quick, successive sharp blows, at a welding heat. They are then scalded by the water process,

NO ACIDS

being used, and afterwards

HAMMER POINTED.

Our nails, therefore, are to all intents and purposes the same as the old fashioned hand and hammer pointed.

Some other manufacturers claim to make a Hot Forged Nail, but you will observe on all such a Sheared Edge near the point.

THE PUTNAM NAIL IS THE ONLY Hot Forged and Hammer Pointed HORSE SHOE NAIL *Made by Machinery in the World.*

We address these lines to HORSE OWNERS, because they are the parties most vitally interested. We feel assured that after knowing the facts, and giving the subject due consideration, they will INSIST that their horses be shod with the Hot Forged and Hammer Pointed Nail. A few months' trial will always convince.

The Putnam Nail Company, BOSTON, MASS.

P. O. Address, NEPONSET, MASS.

For sale by Z. C. M. I. and its branches.

WANTED.

BACK VOLUMES (OR A SET) OF THE Deseret News; Autobiography of Parley P. Pratt; Journal of Discourses; Millennial Star, any volume after vol. 18; Latter-day Saints Messenger and Advocate; Times and Seasons; Elders' Journal; The Wasp; The Nauvoo Neighbor; The Voice of Joseph, 1844; The Olive Branch. Also, many other Books, Newspapers, etc., on *The Mormons (Latter-day Saints)* not mentioned above, for which good prices will be paid by

E. & I. B. YOUNG & CO., New York, N. Y.

w3t d sat 2w

NOTICE!

HOUSE AND LOT.

Beautifully located, 18th Ward.

GOOD FARM.

15 a. 3¼ m. S. L. City.

SAFE.

Good as new; 2000 lbs.

For sale by

YOUNG BROS. CO.,

38 Main Street.

GO TO

MRS. JANE S. SMITH'S

No. 20 W First South Street,

FOR ALL KINDS OF

BASKETS.

EXCELSIOR BAKERY

No. 10 East Temple St.

FRESH BREAD,

BUNS, CAKES

AND

CRACKERS.

PURE CANDIES, GROCERIES,

Etc.

Buttercup Crackers a Specialty.

EDWARD SCRAGE, Proprietor.