WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS

FROM BOWNESS TO GRASMERE, AMONG THE ENGLISH LAKES.

Former Homes of Tennyson, Gerald Massey, Mrs. Hemans, Miss Martineau, "Christopher North," Dr. Arnold, Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge—"Rushbearing" at Ancient Grasmere.

[Copyright, 1891, by Edgar L. Wakeman.]

AMBLESIDE, England, May 4.—A German writer has truly said, "There can be no guide to a lover of nature but that love itself." No pen painter or his successor lived or will ever live his limner or one ever depicted in a page or a book the beauties of the English lake region. There never has been printed an adequate guide, and even were the best one that could be made provided, the tourists who come hither to see with eyes and heart would suffer greater from its insufficiency than find delight in its exceptions. This is true because no two pieces no one with pen or brush can produce on a single page or canvas a single picture comprising beautiful expanses. It would be a human impossibility to compass in any series of descriptions or paintings the myriad distinct and glowing scenes which the region furnishes. And even could this be done, then there would still be lacking all those glorious gossamery emotional enjoyment from associative interest which the beholder of the actual scene can never have interpreted to him by another. Everywhere is some glory hung, but the wild, sweet undertones that tremble in every nod and blade of grass, that musical in every tumbling waterfall, that are borne on every passing breeze, form the inexpressible witchery which thrills being and whose there bring good dwell.

Take simply the few miles of road from Bowness north through Windermere, Ambleside and Rydal to Grasmere, to illustrate how impossible a task you would have in attempting to convey to another what one sees, sensils and feels throughout the entire lake region. You could make a great volume full of glorious pointings, winsome descriptions, exquisite incidents, memories almost as comprehensive as the wide domain of English literature, and still with tender philosophizings, and then but have rarely hinted at the majestic book of nature and reminiscence which lies open for the enjoyment of all who meet. The village of Bowness is one of the quainest and sweetest old nests in England. It is a dreamful mass of inverted streets, whose homes are almost wholly covered with rose and ivy. The east window of its square toward Rydal church is one of the oldest in England. Living beds taken from there that once stood magnificent of all England's ancient and mystic edifices, Furness Abbey. The place is hidden beneath gigantic trees on the eastern shore of the queen of the English lakes, Windermere.

Climb Brant Fell behind it. The lake, immediately beneath to the west, stretching from the lower Rydal Falls in Langdale, to Ambleside in Westmoreland, forms a liquid valley of blue, set with nature's emerald islets, its mountain shores sloping into purple depths at the far north, where grim Helvellyn lifts its carved crest beyond the sublime bulation of mighty Dodd Crag. The ocean blue of Morecambe Bay glints beyond the pure sands of Lancaster to the south. Fathewaite and Coniston Water glimmer among the western fells. Jack's Hard Knot and Crossthwaite Man form mighty sentinels in the background in the direction of the Irish sea. It is a sublime spectacle. But along with it is the ever welcome moment of soft and tender beauty. The lower masses of larch nearest the water's edge are like gigantic pillows of emerald. These merge to grace, climbs into the more somber fir, which bank on bank and wave on wave above, and upward in noble undulations, often to the more crests of lofty mountains, while half seen cottages peeping from mountain sides, gray old chapels nestling in patches of sunlight, splendid halls and manor houses perched upon lower promontories, and sometimes pleasure craft speeking the fair waters of Windermere, add to the exaltation of an exalting solitude that happy commingling of cultured and wild, which goes to man. But whose pen can adequately tell the calm which pervades these wonderous scenes? If silence can take on personifications of sadness and majesty you will be conscious of all that here. It has such intensity that one feels a sense of exiting to some upper world from whose face and firmament sound has been banished. And it is so impressive and palpable that at times all objects seem but the imagery of reality, all moving things as the unreal mimicry of dreams, all persons but the shades of men.

Feast as you may at nature's lavish board the wonders are never heard. Over yonder by Coniston Water, gray and sad, sing John Ruskin, a prisoner in his own home; lovely Brantwood, pensive his pale face against the window pane and stares with strangely lighted eyes at the wondrous world without, but knows it not, for mad phantasms possess his darkened mind. You can see a haunted dale and glen which Wordsworth loved and haunted. Near Brantwood is Tent Lodge, where Lord Tennyson once lived, dreamed and wrote. Near, gentle Gerald Massey mused those poetic spirits with whom he so wholly lived, and in whose actual though impalpable presence he so undoubtedly believed. This is sturdier to appear. Just below Bowness to the left Storrs Hall is seen. It was here that in 1825 such giants as the statesman Canning, the philosopher, novelist and poet, "Christopher North" (Professor Wilson), the laureate of England and lord of the lakes, Wordsworth, and Scotland's greatest novelist, Sir Walter Scott, met and held high mental carnival, while disporting like a bevy of school boys, and terminated the illustrious occasion by a brilliant regatta on Windermere in charge of Wilson as "admiral of the lakes." It would have been worth a year of ordinary sublime pauper life to have had a place among the soul fathomed during those rare and radiant days.

Windermere, but a continuation of Bowness, to the south, and the most northern railway penetrates to this point. In the place of Bowness, which is now left in dreamful quiet, it has become the southern metropolis of the region, just as Keswick, to which you can come by rail from the northeast, is the northern metropolis. The situation of Windermere is entranced. It is some so splendid lake and surrounding country seats similar to the grand mansions along the Hudson. The place with its modern conjections and conveniences arriving and departing crowds loads of tourists sticks out of sight beneath the giant forest trees when you have climbed to the summit of Orrest Head, where the prospect is still grander than that from Brant Fell, behind Bowness, for you are nearer the head of the vale of Windermere, where the surrounding mountain walls are highest and the noble lake itself makes the broadest expanse.

But near as this is to the steam whistle and touch horn, the undertones are ever here. From Orrest Head, the haunts of every poet or prose writer of the region, save those of Coleridge and Shelley about Keswick, are again visible. Windermere, with its glorious foreground of foliage, is sent in its entire length. Range after range of lake mountains rise beyond it to the west. The valley of Ambleside lies like a half defined sinu of curule to the north, darkness at its edge, changing to lives green along the higher ranges, the range of Helm, Fairfield and Nab Scar forming great banks of sun kissed splendor above. A mass of mountain tops and nearly roses the toward Ullswater in the northeast. Along the ridge, toward the Yewdale mountains, one people forever where where was laid the plot of "Robert Elsmere," in Longdale. Besides, here are the woods and waters of Elleray. No Lake Poet home ever held a bigger frame, a greater heart or a fuller and mellower soul than the mansion of Elleray. The place is now fine as it was when it was "Christopher North's" earthly paradise, with "ever and ever sailing away from the to Paradise of boundless Eden, each rest with its own amusement of green and pigeons pressing their pinions in the morning glorious and the gigantic opposers, of which Professor Wilson himself said, "Not even in theatre of the Drury could there have been such another time," still shelters Elleray with its mighty trees.

But six miles to the north of the village of Windermere lies Ambleside, seen to come, in that it was once an important Roman station, than any other village of the lake region. Like Bowness, the entire place is hidden in masses of foliage and bloom. Numerous tiny mountain streams trickle through it, and one turns the wheel of the quaintest and most picturesque old water mill in England. Here is a few moments' walk one comes to the famous Stock Ghyll Force, and to the east and higher still, Scott's Crag, the home of Wordsworth, with "its visionary rainbow of light," as Wordsworth sang. From Bowness and grander prospect than the eye than at Bowness or Windermere. Yet with all the surrounding excursions among the scenic glories roundabout some pilgrims come to Ambleside because one woman gave its fame to the whole world. That woman was Harriet Martineau. "Elmete" was called her. She built that she had passed the boundaries of skepticism and dwelt in a life of absolute faith. No one more great for her "views" when they resulted in a grand and diligent a life. No woman ever lived who accomplished more actual literary labor, or in that labor did more for the world's progress and humanity at large. Her old home, "The Knoll," is not a stone's throw from the highway, but so is buried and so foliage as to be invisible from it. Just a few steps through a massive gateway, one a drive shadowy from hand, hawthorn, beeches and holly, brings you to a sunny terrace adorn with flowers, and then facing about, the outlines of the house are gradually traced through masses of ivy making to the very eaves. The gray old Westmoreland stone can only love and there be seen. The large bay windows are half hidden by jasmine, climbing roses and garden flowers. And the lean chimneys and gabledout of the house of Elizabeth's time. The older villagers say the light of Ambleside moon, when they have Harriet Martineau's body to lie green to the old cemetery at Birmingham. But it seems to me her good and kindly face must still be shining there with the splendor from those great bay windows.

Just before you reached Ambleside you will turn aside for a stage from the highway and see, in Dove Nest, the famous home of Mrs. Hemans. Immediately opposite The Knoll, whose lived Mrs. Martineau, though hidden by the rapacity trees which line the banks of the Rothay river, is another fine old mansion, Fox Howe, where the great Dr. Arnold passed the happiest hours of his life. This is the origin of the highway, not a mile from The Knoll, in Rydal Mount, Wordsworth's home, deserved in the preceding article. A little beyond, almost at the side of Rydal Water, lacuna of the house, standing close against the highway beneath the shadows of Nab Scar, is Nab Cottage, where Hartley Coleridge dwelt. The Grasmere lake shut in by Fairfield, wooed Dunmail Raise and the mighty piles of Langdale to spread before you, and in the sweet old village of Grasmere you will find the former homes of Wordsworth and De Quincey, and the tombs of Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge in the graveyard of Grasmere church.

It is in this church, dedicated to St. Oswald, so old that British antiquarians search for its origin, that the curious and ancient custom of "rushbearing" has been continued from the cobwebs of antiquity to the present time. Traces of rushbearing may be met in some of the northern localities. It has been revived at Ambleside. But this is the one sacred edifice in all England where the custom has been continuous from time immemorial. In very ancient times rushbearing seems to have formed a portion of the Feast of Dedication, and the ceremonial header and rushes for the revival of fires, whose place they often wholly supplied, was attended with much pomp and ceremony. Many of the considerable English churches had no other floors than the bare earth, with now and then a line of rude flags along the aisles, and the church of St. Oswald's was provided with a complete floor only as late as 1845. Up to that time the small rushes which grew upon the fells, provisionally known as "sleves," were gathered and brought to the church from Langdale in carts. Tall poles, often large bully benches, were provided for the "bearers." Time, curiously decorated with the usual large, sensible and frequently with paper flower serpents twining around them, were carried about the village, often followed by four maidens with a fancy bordered sheet filled with the sacred rushes.

When the rushes were all strewn in the church, usually on Saturday afternoon, "Jimmy Dawson's March," the father of dance music, struck up a "Rushbearing March" of unknown antiquity. He headed a procession forming at the village hidden. After this had traversed all the streets and wynds of Grasmere it returned to the old church, where the warden, after an ancient usage, presented each of the bearers with two pence worth of gingerbread, paid for out of the church collections. The Rushbearing of Grasmere now occurs on Saturday in the second week of August. The procession, still moving forward to the strains of "Jimmy Dawson's March," follows St. Oswald's banner, and, scattering flowers and rushes, proceeds around the entire village. Rushbearing hymns and a prayer to St. Oswald are sung. Games for children are provided in the rectory field. Wrestling, "putting the stone," running and leaping are indulged in by countryside champions. Rushbearing hymns are chanted in the church yard, and even song is sung at Tot'nock, and the old time distribution of gingerbread, dancing and other rural festivities are continued until midnight.

HOWARD L. WAKEMAN.

Look to the Burial Places.

Editor Deseret News:

As Decoration day is near at hand, permit me again to draw the attention of your readers to a subject briefly alluded to last winter.

Observing the neglected condition of cemeteries in many of the settlements, the writer suggested that some action be taken, at least once a year, to protect and beautify the burial places of our departed ones.

In a short time, in all the large cities and towns of our country, the public cemeteries will be visited by thousands of people bearing floral tributes. Loving hands will pluck the weeds from the sacred mounds, and reverently and affectionately adorn them with plants and flowers. Battlefields will be visited, the graves of the unknown dead will be beautified, and the memory of the nation's heroes will be honored. Contrast with this the apathy and inoffensive manifested in many of our settlements.

Very few found graveyards are to be seen. In many places the sagebrush has not been cleared off.

Several years ago, the First Presidency, in an epistle, very forcibly urged that attention be given to the subject. If the Bishops in the various wards would lead out in the matter, I am convinced that the people would willingly around them in such a laudable cause.

Why not have some concerted action on Decoration Day? If the brethren would turn out in the forenoon or noon, and unite in fencing and clearing their sacred spots, our wives, mothers and children would cheerfully come out in the afternoon and beautify the grounds.

In the hour of bereavement, when bowed with grief, we assemble around the last resting-places of our beloved dead, and we dedicate unto the Lord the ground and the place of lodging of the mortal remains of our dear ones, it becomes a sacred spot and should be thus regarded and protected.

Let us arouse to action in this matter. At least, let the graveyards be fenced. If the brethren will do the fencing and clearing, we can trust our sisters to beautify these sacred places.

PRESCIA.

SOLDIER CANYON, Emery County, Utah, May 10, 1891.

Literary Notes.

Wide Awake for May is full of good stories in good variety. Miss Plympton, author of "Dear Daughter Dorothy," has an whose story, "The Black Dog," which she has illustrated herself; Susan Coolidge contributes a story quite out of her usual line, entitled "A Good Bad Horse;" Katharine B. Foote's "Uncle Sam's Two Nurses" has a right historical interest; "Old Sandy's Launch," illustrated by Brennan, is artistic and pathetic; "Dolly Madge" is amusing. Each instalment of Margaret Sidney's Peppers serial seems to be so complete in its interest as to be as satisfactory as a short story. "Cab and Caboose," Kirk Munroe's railroad serial, is finished in this number. "Marietta's Good Fingers" continues the story of Italian child-life written by an Italian woman. The articles of the number are very readable: "Mother Goose's Nest," a folk-lore paper, by Agnes Reppller; "A Visit to Anne Hathaway's Cottage," by Frances A. Humphrey; "Our Government," by Hon. John D. Long; the "Marquis Fatty Lathe," by Mrs. Wm. Claflin; "What is Camphor?" by Margaret Lake; and "Seven Men to Make a Pie," by Amanda B. Harris. The late prize article are contributed by "Problems in Heredity," by E. H. Hawley of the Smithsonian Institution, and "Drawings of the Wild Plants," by Caroline Hunt. Hinsdale's "Men and Things" comprise four pages of original anecdotes and reminiscences. These and several illustrated poems complete the number. D. Lothrop company, Boston, are the publishers.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins, whose clever sketches of New England village life have made her name a household word among magazine readers, contributes a story entitled "Sonny." To Dr. Sarah Jewett belongs the opening article, "Some poems of Edgar Fawcett made a sketch named "A Literary Pet," and Agnes Reppller a bright little essay on Stanton Page's book "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani."

The number of *The Living Age* for May 9th and 16th contains the story of Bianca Capello, and A Stone Book, Anglo-Saxon Unity, Dean's "Brasil," Lord Beaconsfield after Ten Years, Civilization, and Politics in Fiction, Statesmen of Europe, Social Bath in the Last Century, Gray and his Letters, and towards the Wilhelm Bibliography. Life on a Sugar Plantation, Carrara, An Irish Mail-car Driver, and A Curious Irish Will, A Chinese Wedding, Geographical Expeditions, Modern Gallic, with Instalments of "Eight Days," "A Strange Passenger," "The Magdalen of Spies," and poetry. Little & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

George Parsons Lathrop has written the novel for the June number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. It is called "Gold of Pleasure."

END OF THE WORLD.

WILLIAM MILLER AND THE MEN WHO BELIEVED HIS PROPHECIES.

The house where William Miller was born, on West street, has been torn down. It was near what is now the residence of L. R. Allen. There he first saw the light of day, Feb. 15, 1782. In his early childhood his father removed to Low Hampton, Washington county, N. Y. At the age of twenty-two he was settled in Poultney, Vt., and was for a time sheriff of the county.

He was captain in the United States army during the war of 1812. He always had a great love for the Scriptures, and at a very early age became a great student of the Bible. After his researches in the book of Daniel for several years he became convinced that the 8th monarchy predicted by Daniel to be given to the people of the saints of the Most High under the whole heaven, for an everlasting possession, is about to be consummated.

So strong was this conviction that he felt compelled to go forth to the nations of the world, and in the summer of 1833 he began preaching, at first to his neighbors and people in his immediate locality. As his labors became more widely known, however, he received invitations to preach in all parts of the country, and even in Canada. He labored almost continually for twelve years.

After the failure of his prediction of the end of the world in 1843 he wrote "An Apology and Defense," acknowledging that his calculations as to the time were wrong, but declaring that the nearness of the event was sustained by scriptural evidence.

He died Dec. 20, 1849, at Low Hampton. He was a man devoted to his family and agreeable in his social relations, and was noted for his strict integrity in all things. His natural amiability was rolled only when he felt himself misrepresented or ridiculed, as he was sometimes, at times he was prone to indulge in sarcasm at the expense of his revilers.

Leading Adventists of today believe in William Miller and the doctrines he taught. They believe that the time is not far distant when there will be an end of all things. They further believe that the only mistake Miller made was in fixing the date.

The early Adventists who lived at the time of Miller, many of whom heard him preach, differed in many respects from the Adventists of today. As early as 1840 there were Millerites scattered all over the part of New England and New York State and some in Vermont and Connecticut. The women especially became much excited about that time, and it is the common report that many of them expected every night to be caught up into the world may come to an end before morning, and every morning when they looked at the sun they thought perhaps they had seen it rise for the last time.

Whether the Adventists really had their salvation robes ready, as is sometimes stated, is not capable of absolute proof. There are, however, many stories or traditions of the Adventists of fifty years ago. It is said that some families really had in their possession ascension robes, which were carefully laid away until the time of the coming of Christ should be delivered by the angels to the saints, when they intended to put them on and be in readiness for the end of the world.

One man in Pittsfield states that a neighbor of his father's who became a convert to this doctrine, neglected his business and spent his whole time in studying and expounding the Millerite faith. He stated to his story that this man had ascension robes prepared for himself and his family, and that on the great day in 1843, when it was predicted that the judgments were about to be fulfilled, he fodded his cattle in the form and he and his family put on their robes and waited until late at night, when, as nothing occurred, they took them off again. It may be remembered by some of the oldest inhabitants of New England that there was a great Advent meeting held in Boston at the very height of its excitement. Delegates from all parts of New England were present. One man, who was well educated and had been a Baptist preacher, but had been converted to Millerism, attended that meeting. He returned to his home full of enthusiasm on the subject of Millerism, and with his pockets full of gold. When inquiry was made as to how he obtained the money he said that at the meeting nearly valued money, as the end of the world was so near, and that this was given him by some of the brethren to defray his expenses home, and as he had a large family he thought it right come family during the few weeks that were to lapse before the end of the world.

Not long after his return, on one cold winter's night, he had assembled his neighbors and friends at his house, where he preached from them and talked about the nearness of the judgment day. About 9 o'clock in the evening a bright light was seen shining in the house, and it filled the room of his house. The attention of the assembly was called to it.

"This is the sign," said he. "There is the light! The end is near at hand, and we must prepare to meet it."

Then there was much excitement in that household. There was praying and crying, children were frightened, and even young men wept. Still the light grew in brightness.

One farmer, who was more skeptical and less excitable than the rest, after gazing for some time at this phenomenon, remarked that it was his opinion that the light came from a burning building. He said he believed he could see the blaze. The enthusiasm among the others was so intense, however, and their imaginations had so run away with them, that they said he was wrong, and, on the contrary, they thought they could see starlit wheels and objects moving in the heavens and approaching nearer and nearer.

There was no sleeping in that neighborhood that night. Everything was done to prepare for the final scene. As the night wore away the light grew fainter, until it faded entirely away. It was learned the next morning that a large building had been burned in a village some miles away, and that the light seen had been its reflection on the clouds.

The excitement of that scene was never forgotten by the children present, some of whom are living and can testify to the truth of this story. The Advent preacher, who thought the world was surely coming to an end at that time, never fully recovered from the shock. He resided until the day of his death that he was right in theory, and has repeatedly been heard to say that he believed that Christ would live to see the second coming of Christ and the fulfilment of the prophecies found in Daniel and Revelations.—*Boston Globe.*

The Man of Tomorrow.

If Abraham Lincoln, U. S. Grant, Gen. W. T. Sherman, and James A. Garfield, poor boys all of them, who had to make their own way in the world, had been born in a great city and subject during their earlier years to its temptations, does anyone think that they would have made such good men as they did? Or, if they had not been helped by being given to many another poor boy who has been born in one of these cities and who is subject to their enticements to evil, does anyone think he would have done the work they did for their country, or been the great characters they were, worthy the admiration of all men? Are there not hundreds of thousands growing up without proper care to be a curse and menace to society, who if we give them what it is in our power to give them, will become in some possible future hour of danger strong right arms to strike blows that may save a nation? Or, if they might not help make this country truly great, fulfilling the highest expectations of its founders?

If the American republic is to stand, the greatest experiment in the history of the world, of government by the people, it will be because the men of this country are the men; and women who love their country and their race. Lend one hand to us, we will do the rest TOMORROW."—*Our Boys.*

Ballard's Horehound Syrup for Whooping Cough.

There is no remedy in the world which will give such prompt relief in Whooping Cough as *Ballard's Horehound Syrup*. It will positively cure it. If you will try it your children will not keep you awake all night coughing. Ballard's Horehound Syrup is the most healing and soothing remedy for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Asthma, in the world. It is free from opium. It builds up wasted tissue, strengthens the Lungs, and is an incomparable remedy, made of the best and purest materials. If your Lungs are weak and you have a hacking in your throat, you need it. E. G. M. L. Ayres.

THE STATE BANK OF UTAH, SALT LAKE CITY.

Capital, - $500,000.

ORGEN J. GRANT, President.
WM. G. PARKINSON, Vice President.
HEBER M. WELLS, Cashier.

DIRECTORS.

Joseph F. Smith, Chas. S. Burton, Wm. H. Dyer, Hugh W. Taylor, Abram H. Cannon, Frank T. Taylor, Seymour Young, Orson F. Farnsworth, Silas Hertz, Robert W. Young, Henry A. Woods.

Receives deposits payable on demand. Loans money on approved security. Draws drafts payable at principal points. Pays 5 per cent. on savings deposits. Compounds certificates thereon quarterly. Sells exchange.

WANTED.

A NURSE GIRL, AT MRS. CUMMINGS, 25 S. First East Street.

SALT LAKE THEATRE.

CHAS. S. BURTON, MANAGER.

TWO NIGHTS ONLY!

Tuesday and Wednesday,

MAY 26TH AND 27TH, 1891.

THE GREAT

LILIAN. LEWIS

AS ELEANORA and LUCIA

IN

CREDIT LORRAINE

AND

As In a Looking Glass!

SUPPORTED BY

MR. EDMUND COLLIER,

Mr. George Wessells,

AND THE

COMPANY OF EXCELLENT PLAYERS.

TUESDAY—"FINED LOVE."
WEDNESDAY—"As in a Looking Glass."

Prices—$1.50, $1.00, 75c., 50c. Parquette and Dress Circle, $1.50. Family Circle, 75c. Second Balcony, 50c. Gallery, 25c.

SALT LAKE THEATRE.

CHAS. S. BURTON, MANAGER.

MONDAY EVENING

MAY 25th, 1891.

Musical and Dramatic ENTERTAINMENT.

BY THE EMINENT ELOCUTIONIST,

MRS.

C. LOUISE BOYDEN,

ASSISTED BY HER PUPILS,

AND THE

BEST MUSICAL TALENT IN THE CITY.

Both Vocal and Instrumental.

PRICES: 75c., 50c. and 25c.

TICKETS for sale at the book and music stores. The Boyden Hall Music Studio.

WONDERLAND

ENTIRE CHANGE OF BILL

WHALE OIL GUS,

IN LEAGUE & DEVILS.

CAPTAIN -:- BEACH,

THE PEARL KING OF CEYLON.

Character Artists, Spanish Troubadours, JUGGLERS.

10c. ADMISSION. 10c.

WILFORD WOODRUFF, President. S. H. SCOTTIES, Asst. Cashier.

Zion's Savings Bank

AND

Trust Company,

Nos. 1 and 3 East Temple Street,

Established 1873. Incorporated 1889.

DIRECTORS:

WILFORD WOODRUFF, Pres.
GEORGE Q. CANNON, Vice Pres.
JOSEPH F. SMITH,
ANDREW H. CANNON,
LORENZO THEUS,
JAMES JACK,
GEORGE REYNOLDS,
T. G. WEBBER, Cashier.
H. S. CLARKSON.

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

Pays 5 Per Cent Interest on Savings Deposits.

SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT

Deseret National Bank

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Paid Up Capital, - $500,000.00
Surplus, - - $50,000.00.

DIRECTORS:

JOHN SHARP, President.
NORMAN PARADINE, Vice President.
W. W. RITER,
J. R. BARNES,
J. T. LIVING,
J. C. CURLIS,
JAMES SHARP,
HENRY DONNEBERG,
H. P. PARDEE,
F. W. JENNINGS,
GEORGE ROMNEY,
J. R. WINDER,
L. S. HILLS, Cashier.

H. S. TOZER, Asst. Cashier.

Receives Deposits Payable on Demand.

Buys and Sells Exchange on New York, San Francisco, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, London and all the Principal Cities.

Safe Deposit Vaults, absolutely burglar and fire proof. Rents, $2 to $25 per year.

MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OF NEW YORK.

January 1st, 1891, Cash Assets, - - $17,370,033.43.

Insures on the most favorable terms and guarantees the most positive security to the policy holders in the Manhattan Life Insurance Co. Assets in Salt Lake City.

Hon. E. Dumont, Pres. Col. W. P. St. John, Vice Pres. Hon. J. Washington, Pres. Hon. J. Hoge, Vice Pres. Hon. J. Y. Gillespie, Vice Pres. Hon. J. Y. Gillespie, Vice Pres. Hon. J. Y. Gillespie