

No. 36 Main St.

We are just in receipt of an Elegant Line of LADIES' DRESS FLANNELS, from the Mills. We have a large assortment of LADIES' FLANNEL WAISTS, and our All-Wool Hosiery are far superior to the imported. Buy Provo Mills Woolen Goods and get the best.

J. G. GUTLER & BRO.

Agents

Provo Woolen Mills.

We make MEN'S SUITS to Order from Provo Mills ALL-WOOL CASSIMERE for \$20.00 to \$25.00. Satisfaction Guaranteed. We have an immense stock of Blankets, Flannels, Linseys, Cassimeres, Shawls, Jeans, Yarns, Overshirts, Underwear, etc.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

No. 36 Main Street,

SALT LAKE CITY.



THE THROUGH CAR LINE.

Table with columns for routes (e.g., From Salt Lake City to Denver, Chicago, St. Louis) and corresponding fares.



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Advertisement for 'Uniko the Dutch Process No Alkalies' breakfast cocoa by W. Baker & Co's, featuring an illustration of a woman.

Advertisement for 'WASHBURN' cigars, featuring an illustration of a man in a suit.

Advertisement for 'Joseph E. Taylor, Pioneer Undertaker of Utah', featuring an illustration of a horse-drawn carriage.

Advertisement for 'COFFINS AND CASKETS' by Joseph William Taylor, featuring an illustration of a coffin.

Advertisement for 'COFFINS, CASKETS, AND UNDERTAKERS' goods in Utah, featuring an illustration of a horse-drawn carriage.

Advertisement for 'JAPANESE LIVER PELLETS' with an illustration of a person.

Advertisement for 'HALLER'S REMEDIES' for various ailments, featuring a portrait of a man.

Advertisement for 'BEST OAK TANNED Leather Belting' by A. O. Cook & Son.

Advertisement for 'CHURCH BLANKS' by The Deseret News Office.

Advertisement for 'MALE HELP WANTED' and other notices.

For Younger Readers.

SHORT STORIES FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Created Joe. (By Tom Angell) A great railroad depot may not be the best school for a boy, yet poor little Joe Ryan had scarcely known any other. He could not remember when the long waiting room, with their tiled floors and dreary rows of stationary seats, and crowds of hurrying people, were not quite as familiar to him and more homelike than his mother's small, bare house, which he knew as little more than a place for eating and sleeping.

he sprang to his feet, repeating about the message which that moment flashed along the wire. "Light No. 110 running wild. Clear track." He rushed to the door shouting the news. "Not a second to spare! She'll be down in seven minutes!" The words passed like lightning. In a moment the yard was in a wild commotion. Men flew hither and thither, and engines steamed wildly away, the switches clanging behind them.

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