

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. CUTLER & 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.

EFFECTIVE OCT. 12th, 1892.

Trains arrive and depart at Salt Lake City daily.

ARRIVE.

From all Eastern points, 9:00 a.m.

From Salt Lake and San Francisco, 10:00 a.m.

From Park City and Cheyenne, 10:00 a.m.

From all Eastern points, 7:00 p.m.

From Salt Lake and San Francisco, 7:00 p.m.

From Park City and Cheyenne, 7:00 p.m.

From all Eastern points, 4:00 p.m.

From Salt Lake and San Francisco, 4:00 p.m.

From Park City and Cheyenne, 4:00 p.m.

From all Eastern points, 1:00 p.m.

From Salt Lake and San Francisco, 1:00 p.m.

From Park City and Cheyenne, 1:00 p.m.

From all Eastern points, 10:00 a.m.

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From Park City and Cheyenne, 10:00 a.m.

Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies
Other Chemicals

W. BAKER & CO'S

Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely

pure and healthy.

It has been analyzed

by the U.S. Government

and found to be

entirely free from

alkalies and other

injurious substances.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.

WASHBURN

Guthrie, Washburn & Co.

In the city of Salt Lake

and in the county of

Utah, we have for

sale a large stock of

all kinds of

hardware, iron, steel

and brass, and all

kinds of building

materials, and all

kinds of machinery

and engines, and all

kinds of tools, and

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JAPANESE
LIVER
PELLETS

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For Younger Readers.

SHORT STORIES FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Crooked Joe.

(By Louis Agassiz.)

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 home-like than his mother's small, bare house, which he knew as little more than a place for eating and sleeping.

At an age when an ordinary lad might have been frightened into convulsions by the shriek of a locomotive, Joe, actively returned in his cab, would stare for hours through the great windows, undisturbed by the incessant rush and roar of arriving and departing trains.

He had only been six months old when the dreadful accident happened which, at one fell stroke, made him fatherless and transformed him from a strong, well-developed infant into a pitiful creature, which even death refused to take.

The old yardmen told the story even yet, how young Michael Ryan, a straight and manly fellow, as we call him, fell from the roof of the new world this side of the sea, came whistling out of the roundhouse that morning and stepped hastily from an incoming locomotive, neither seeing nor hearing another rushing up the parallel track. His mate cried out to him—too late! Nobody who saw it could ever forget the look of agony which distorted his handsome face in that horrible instant when he recognized his doom, or the perpendicular leap into the air, from which he fell back beneath the crumpling wheels.

In the excitement and consternation of the time no messenger had been sent in advance to prepare the poor young wife for her trouble, and she stood in the doorway with her baby crying in her arms, when the stout bearers passed at her gate with their mangled burden. She uttered a terrible cry and fell fainting—the child's tender back striking the sharp edge of the door stone.

"What a pity that it was not killed outright!" said everybody, but the mother, she herself always insisted that only her constant watching over the little sickening life kept her from going mad in the first dreadful months of her bereavement.

he sprang to his feet, repeating about the message which that moment flashed along the wire.

"Engine 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, yard engines steamed wildly away, the switches clanging behind them.

The main track was barely clear when the engine came in sight, away from the side, her wheels threatening to leave the track at each revolution. She passed the depot like a meteor, her bell clanging with every leap of her piston, the steam escaping from her whistle with the continuous shriek of a demon, and the occupants of the cab wrapped from view in a cloud of smoke.

Some hundred rods beyond the depot the track took a sharp upward grade, from which it descended again to strike the bridge across a narrow but deep and rocky gorge.

Men looked after the flying locomotive and then at each with blanched faces.

"They're gone! A miracle can't save 'em," said one, voicing the wireless terror of the rest.

"If they don't fly off the track on the up-grade they'll go down as soon as they strike the trestle."

The crowd began to run along the track, some with a vain instinct of helpfulness, some moved by that morbid curiosity which seeks to be "in at the death."

But look! Midway the long rise in the speed of the runaway engine suddenly slackened.

"What does it mean? She never could've died out in that time!" shouted an old yardman.

Enormous wings their feet. When the foremost runner reached the place the smoking engine stood still on her track, quivering in every steel-clad nerve, her great wheels still spinning round and round and a flight of red sparks from beneath.

"What did it? Who stopped her?"

The engineer, staggering from the cab with the pallid face of the fireman behind him, pointed, without speaking, to where a little pale-faced, crooked-looking boy had been crouching, panting with exertion, his arms outstretched.

At his feet a broken can lay overturned and empty.

The crowd moved on at another, open-mouthed. "Gee! the truth flashed upon them."

"He held the track!"

"Fully for Crooked Joe?"

They caught the exhausted child, flinging him from shoulder to shoulder, striving with each other for the honor of snatching him back to the depot and set him down among them.

"Easy, easy, pardee!" cried one.

It had been a hard day, and the saved engineer and fireman dropped in each their weary heads. Not a hand in all the throng that did not defer to pocket. There was the crisp rattle of bills, the clink of gold and silver coins.

"Out with your handkerchiefs, Joe!"

Your hands must hold it all! Why, young one, what's the matter?"

"I'm crying, mister!"

"What's the matter?"

"I can't see my mother!"

"What's the matter?"

"I can't see my mother!"

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his office. He laid his hand on the boy's head.

"Joe," he said, "we couldn't pay you if we wished. Money doesn't pay for love! But you have saved us a great many dollars besides. Won't you let us do something for you?"

"You can't! You can't! Nobody can!"

"The child's voice was almost a shriek. It seemed to rend the air with the pent-up agony of years. 'There's only one thing in this world I want, and nobody can give me that. Nobody can ever make me anything but Crooked Joe!'"

The superintendent lifted him and held him against his own breast.

"My boy," he said, in his firm, gentle tones, "you are right. None of us can do that for you. But you can do it your self. Listen to me! Where is the quick brain God gave you and the brave heart? Not in that bent back of yours—that has nothing to do with them! Let us help you to a chance—only a chance to work and to learn—and it will rest with you, yourself, to say whether in twenty years from now, if you are alive, if you are Crooked Joe or Mr. Joseph Ryan!"

"Nailing in C— not long ago, a friend said to me:

"'Courage is in season. You must go with me and hear Bryan.'"

The court-room was already crowded at our entrance with an expectant audience. When the brilliant young attorney rose to make his plea I noticed with a shock of surprise that his noble head surmounted an under-sized and misshapen body. He had spoken for five minutes, however, when I had utterly forgotten the physical defect; in this respect he was a perfect giant.

After the two hours' speech, he addressed the jury in the most eloquent and powerful manner I have ever seen.

"A wonderful man," said my friend, as we walked slowly homeward. "He told me the story of Crooked Joe."

The Silver Flute.

From Story in the New York Herald.

Karl Heineke was the son of a poor shoemaker. Both of his parents were Germans, and although he was an American boy, he had already heard so much of the fatherland that he was ten years old before he understood that the home of his birth was the one he ought to love the best.

It must have been the blood of some musical ancestor coursing through his veins when lovely melodies whirled in his ears and sounded from his beloved flute, which was his constant companion.

His teacher was an old soldier, who taught the boy from pure love and pride in his art. The dearest possession the old soldier had was a silver flute, a legacy left him by a musician in his own country, to whom he had been engaged for many years. On this flute Karl had always taken his lessons. But the boy's ambition was fired, he dreamed night and day of a silver flute of his own, and many were the plans he laid for making money, that he might satisfy his yearning.

One day when he was twelve years old, he was at home, sitting at his desk, when his father called him. "Come, my son, your father has a job for you. He has found a new customer, and he wants you to go with him to the city."

"Yes, father," said the boy, and he went with him to the city.

There was a great deal of business to be done, and the boy was very busy. He was to go to the city and see to it that the new customer was satisfied. He was to go to the city and see to it that the new customer was satisfied.

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