NOTICE.

THE HEIRS OF O. N. ADAMS, DECEASED, are requested to call and get the same, as I am about to remove, and may not think to bring it in my possession and pay charges or it will be sold to pay expenses.
O. S. WATERS,
Fishtail Stock.

FOR SALE.

A GOOD FARM AND TOWN PROPERTY for sale. Twenty town lots, with convenient house of nine rooms, good barn and outhouses. Good pasture near residence
Fifteen acres of farming land adjoining the town plot.
Twenty-five acres of farming land with thirty-four acres wa er right.
Thirteen acres meadow land.
E. J. JOHNSON.
Fountain Green, Sanpete County, Utah.
d 3m

WM. PETERSEN
THE
BUTCHER,
1223 First South Street, Second Shop from East Corner.
Dealer in all kinds of MEAT in season. Meat ordered by Telephone will receive prompt attention to the satisfaction of patrons. All kinds of
SAUSAGES
A SPECIALTY. d 3m

UTAH BREWERY!

WE ARE STILL AT THE OLD Stand and those who desire their families supplied with Margetts' Delicious Ale and Porter, can do so on short notice. Our stock is good and free from adulteration or impurities, and has no equal in Utah for toning up the system and giving a good appetite and is highly recommended by the Medical fraternity.
☞ Orders by Telephone will receive prompt attention.
Estate of R. B. MARGETTS.
d&w

OPEN

FOR BUSINESS. MANY OF THE GOODS I recently purchased in the East have not yet arrived, but we have many articles we should like to sell to you.
STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS, COPYING PRESS LETTER BOOKS, NOTIONS,
Croquet, Base Balls, Bats, Footballs and Bicycles.
Shall have at all times a full stock of Printers' Inks, Composition, Knives, Bronzes, Varnishes, etc.
Can supply all products of American Type Foundries and Printer's Warehouses on short notice.
50 MAIN ST.
H. PEMBROKE.
d 156 1m

STEAM ENGINES
— AND —
BOILERS!
FROM
2 HORSE POWER UPWARDS.
On hand and Building by
Silver Iron Works.
☞ Prices on Application.
P. O. Box, 546. SALT LAKE CITY,
d 26 1m

JAS. THOMSON. C. J. THOMSON

HOMES and FARMS
FOR SALE!

$1000 A NICE HOUSE OF TWO rooms, lot 3 x 6, choice fruit trees, in good well, pump, etc., one block from Utah Central Depot.
$20 to $30 A ROD FRONT, NINE Rods deep. Cheap buildingsites. Three blocks from U. & N. G. depot.
$1350 A NEW ADOBIE HOUSE OF 3 rooms and buttery, coal house and a good well; lot 5x5 rods on a corner, nice location on Jordan Street, 18th Ward.
$1050 A GOOD CONCRETE HOUSE of 2 rooms, high ceilings and hallway; lot 7x10 on a corner, a good well, situated in the 18th Ward.
$150 A FULL LOT ON CORNER, 10 x 10 rods, in 21st Ward.
$100 A ROD FRONT, 10 RODS DEEP building lots, 1st block north of Jordan Street, 18th Ward.
$1600 120 ACRES OF CHOICE FARMing land, County Canal runs through it; 10 miles southwest of the city.
$500 A FARM OF 3 ACRES IN GRAsions. One acre orchard, all in lucern; a house of 2 rooms and kitchen, ample water right.
$2500 A NEARLY NEW ADOBIE House of 4 rooms, 2 summer kitchens, nice porch, south front, lot 9 x 10 rods, good orchard, on car line, two blocks from Main Street, in 6th Ward.
$900 ADOBIE HOUSE OF 4 ROOMS. Lot 2 1-2 x 10 rods, orchard, well, etc., 18th Ward.
$400 HOUSE OF 3 ROOMS, LOT 2 1-2x10 rods, 3 blocks north of Brigham Street, 21st Ward.
$500 HOUSE OF 2 ROOMS AND SUMmer Kitchen, lot 2 1-2x10 rods, 21st Ward, can be paid in instalments.
☞ We have some good Farms under the County Canal, 9 miles west of the city, in sizes from 40 to 160 acres each. Call at our office for terms.
Houses Rented, Loans Negotiated, and Collections Made.
THOMSON'S
REAL ESTATE AND LOAN AGENCY,
First South St., West of Main.
☞ P. O. BOX, 861.

HERNIA
— OR —
RUPTURE!
Radically Cured in a Week
No Truss or Other Mechanical Appliance Used.
Method Absolutely Safe, Painless and Bloodless. The Greatest of all Modern Scientific Discoveries for the Relief of Suffering Humanity.
WILLIAM TODD,
A. M., M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Graduate from the University of Freiburg, Germany, and Rush Medical College, Chicago.
Office and Residence: White House, Salt Lake City, Utah. Rooms 7 and 8. Office Hours: 10 a. m. to 2 p. m.
SPECIALTY for the Radical Cure of Rupture, by a new method, which is safe, Painless and Bloodless, and unknown to the Medical Profession at large. The afflicted are invited to an early Consultation, (free) as the Doctor's engagements necessarily preclude a very extended stay. He can also be consulted by letter, care of White House.
PILES of long standing cured by Dr. Todd's process without confinement to house or interference with usual avocations.
NASAL CATARRH treated and cured.
STRICTURE and other complaints scientifically treated.
TESTIMONIALS!
We, the undersigned physicians of Chicago, Ills., take pleasure in stating that we have been long intimately acquainted with Dr. William Todd, formerly of this place, now of California, and that he is a Physician and Surgeon of excellent qualification, and a gentleman of unquestionable character. We believe him capable of filling any position in the Profession with which he may be entrusted, with honor and usefulness.
Signed: W. H. Byford, A. M., M. D., Prof. Obstretics, Chicago Med. College; R. C. Rohe, M. D., late Med. Director U. S. A.; N. S. Davis, M. D., Pres. Rush Med. etc., Chicago Med. College; R. C. Rogers, M. D., Sur. U. S. Marine Hospital, Chicago; Moses Gunn, A. M., M. D., Prof. Sur. Rush Med. College; De Lasaux Miller, M. D., Prof. Obstretics etc., Rush Med. College; J. Adams Allen, M. D., L. L. D., Prof. Prin. and Pres. Medical Rush Med. College. And many others.

SOMETHING EVERY LADY OUGHT TO KNOW.

There exists a means of securing a soft and brilliant Complexion, no matter how poor it may naturally be. Hagan's Magnolia Balm is a delicate and harmless article, which instantly removes Freckles, Tan, Redness, Roughness, Eruptions, Vulgar Flushings, etc., etc. So delicate and natural are its effects that its use is not suspected by anybody.
No lady has the right to present a disfigured face in society when the Magnolia Balm is sold by all druggists for 75 cents.

IRONWARE.
BROILING, BAKING, BOILING, PRESERVING.
GRANITE IRON WARE
For LIGHT, HANDSOME, WHOLESOME, DURABLE.
Is The Best Ware Made for the Kitchen.

OLDEST and BEST!
SOUTHERN COMPANY
TRADE MARK. WARRANTED.
STRICTLY PURE WHITE
LEAD
IN
PURE LINSEED
OIL
ST. LOUIS.
☞ For Sale at Salt Lake City by Z. C. M. I., E. P. Swindel, Clark, Filmore & Co., G. F. Culmer & Bro., Stewart & Chislett, Moore, Allen & Co.
☞ Also at Ogden by Z. C. M. I., William Driver & Son, Mellvitt & Hurlbut and Dealers generally throughout the Territories.
d eod & s caw

MARLIN MAGAZINE RIFLE.

45 Govt. and 40-60 Grain Cartridges.
Very Strong. Perfectly Safe
THE BEST RIFLE in the world for Large Game, Shooting more accurate, Model more beautiful, Manufacture easier, Finish finer than that of any other rifle.
MARLIN FIRE-ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CT.
Sm&m

A MAN
Traveling through SALT LAKE CITY, looking for GOOD and CHEAP
FURNITURE
After looking around at last exclaims,
I HAVE FOUND IT in
SORENSEN & CARLQUIST'S
Store, No. 16 Main St.
☞ COME AND SEE.

NOTICE.
TO PERSONS USING WATER FROM THE WATER MAINS.
Owing to a general violation of the following sections of An Ordinance in relation to the City Water Works, water takers are hereby notified that a continued infringement will be followed by a strict enforcement of the law.
Sec. 9. If any water taker shall permit any person from other premises, or any unauthorized person, to use or obtain water from his premises or water fixtures, whether inside or outside of his building, the supply of water may be cut off and the amount paid forfeited, and such unauthorized person for taking said water shall be liable to a fine of not to exceed ten dollars for each offense.
Sec. 11. If any water taker shall waste water, or allow it to be wasted by negligence, such as imperfect stops or valves, or leaky joints or pipes, or allowing tanks to leak or to overflow, or wastefully run it through basins or other apparatus, or use the water for purposes other than stated in the application and license, or in violation of the rules and regulations for controlling the water supply and the provisions of this ordinance, he shall be liable to a fine not to exceed twenty-five dollars for each offense; and the water may be cut off from such water taker, and all payments forfeited, unless such person shall promptly pay such additional charges as may be imposed.
Sec. 10. Sprinklers for lawns, gardens, yards and sidewalks must be used only for the purpose expressed in the license; and no sprinkler shall be used for sprinkling the street or sidewalk, unless such privilege is included in the license and paid for accordingly. Sprinklers for lawns, sidewalks, streets, windows and fronts must be used only between the hours of 6 and 9 a. m. during the months of July and August. No hose for sprinkling shall be larger than one-fourth inch in diameter, and no license for sprinkling shall be issued except in connection with other water service.
G. M. OTTINGER,
Superintendent of Waterworks.
June 7th, 1888. d5t

EVENING NEWS.

January 7, - - June 9, 1888.

"IF A MAN DIE, SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN?"

If death be an eternal sleep,
Why doth the spring return
To scatter flowers beneath our feet,
And the wastes of winter spurn?

If death be an eternal sleep,
Why doth the buried grain
Send forth new harvests for man to reap,
And whiten the spreading plain?

If death be an eternal sleep,
Why the ocean's ceaseless flow,
When the planets all their journeys keep
And never weary grow?

If death be an eternal sleep,
Why do we hope for heaven,
When we approach the mercy seat
And dare to be forgiven?

If death be an eternal sleep
When will justice come,
To those who toil for others' meed,
And receive but a scanty crumb?

If death be an eternal sleep,
Why did the angels go
The poor man to bear to Abraham's seat,
While the rich man was in woe?

If death be an eternal sleep,
Why was man e'er born,
And why should he his vigils keep,
If there is no coming morn?

SUMMIT STAKE CONFERENCE.

Minutes of Quarterly Conference held in Summit Stake Hall, Coalville, on May 13th, 1888, at 10 a.m.

After opening exercises President Cluff reported the general condition of the Stake as being good; the general health of the people, and the prospect of good crops were excellent, God has done His part of the work so far, and it is now for the Saints to do their part and continue to the end, in order to obtain the blessings promised.

Bishop O. Browne reported the Almy Ward; Bishop John M. Malin Rockport Ward; Bishop Stephen Walker Peoa Ward; Bishop John Clark Upton Ward Bishop Robert Salmon Coalville Ward. Adjourned till 2 p.m.

2 p.m.

Singing and prayer.

Elder Alma Eldredge read statistical report for the quarter ending April 30th, 1888.

Bishop Richens reported Hennefer Ward.

Bishop Elias Asper Echo Ward; Elder Ward E. Pack the Y. M. M. I. Association of the Stake.

Elder Alma Eldredge made a few remarks upon the benefits of the Gospel, showing the necessity of studying its principles, to prepare us to receive its benefits and ordinances.

Prest. W. W. Cluff made a few remarks on the general condition of the Stake, showing that the prospect were good, and encouraged the Saints to be diligent in the performance of their duties. Urged upon them the necessity of completing the Stake house.

Apostle F. D. Richards called attention to the fact that the Latter-day Saints are increasing and it is necessary for us to build a house to meet in. There is a general time of good health, throughout the Territory is a time of peace and plenty now is the time to go ahead and complete the Stake house. He gave some good general instructions to the Saints to encourage them to perform their duties.

Adjourned till Sunday.

Sunday May 13th 1888.

Singing and prayer.

Bishop S. F. Atwood reported Kamas Ward, Bishop Jared Roandy Wanship Ward, Bishop Alonzo Winter Hoytsville Ward, Bishop Pace Parleys Park Ward.

Apostle F. D. Richards spoke upon the signs of the Times; referred to big cyclones that have recently passed over the Western States, showing that those things were according to the predictions of the Prophet Joseph Smith. Spoke of the feeling in the East with regard to this people, we are gathering out a few here and the Gospel is being preached and the Kingdom built up abroad, spoke of the necessity of drawing on the young man and getting them to understand that there is a work for them to perform; place the burden of the Priesthood on them a little at a time. It is the duty of the High Council to examine into the matters brought before them in a spirit of inspiration, not according to their own prejudices. The leaders of the people need be alive to their duties, or the people cannot follow them. Adjourned till 2 o'clock p. m.

2 o'clock p.m.

After singing and prayer, the sacrament was administered.

President Alma Eldredge then presented the general Church and Stake authorities and home missionaries in the Stake, who were unanimously sustained.

President Geo. Q. Cannon regretted to see so many people have to go away, but being able to hear all that was said in the conference. In the course of his remarks he said it was necessary for the Saints to know how to use the gifts and blessings, that they may not be led away or uplifted with pride, and take the credit upon themselves, and think they are better than their brethren. Showed the importance of cultivating a spirit of firmness, that we may be strong and steadfast in the truth. Every person who lives for it may receive revelations to guide them in the performance of their duties. But it is the privilege or the duty of only one person at a time to receive revelation for the whole Church, and that is the President of the Church. We can only obtain the blessings of the gospel by complying with the conditions imposed.

Bishop A. L. Smith read the mission fund report.

President Cluff gave notice that there would be a two day's meeting held at Kamas, on June 9th and 10th, 1888, and at Henneferville on July 14th and 15th.

He also called a meeting of the Presidency of the Stake, the High Council, Bishops and Home Missionaries, to consider the Stake House.

Conference adjourned till the 11th of August, 1888.

THOMAS L. ALLEN,
Clerk pro tem.

The Clerk, Thomas Bullock was very sick.

A Manly Daddy.

"I got badly left in forming a hasty opinion of the lah-de-dah captain of an English iron-clad," said Captain Ormiston, of the British steamship *Effective*, now lying at this port. "During the war in Egypt I took out supplies to Alexandria and, after discharging, received orders to go to Berwickport for a charter. I knew nothing of the place and had no chart of the north coast aboard the steamer. None of the merchant captains could supply me, and I finally concluded to apply to the captain of the iron-clad *Invincible* that lay close alongside of us as a last chance. I pulled up to the gangway and was met by one of the officers, who said I would have to speak a few words with the captain before going to 'quarters.' As he spoke the bosun's whistle was heard clear and sharp above the hoarse calls of his mates. Immediately on my mounting, yards began to come down and to go aloft, the blue jackets swarming to and fro on deck, and of a sudden bang! off went one of the eight-ton guns fit to take your head off. After the men were 'piped down' I made my way up to the bridge, where I found a little light-haired man trotting up and down. His hat was cocked regularly on the side of his head; he wore long side whiskers, and an eyeglass dangled from a gold chain about his neck. As I approached he halted suddenly, whirling about on one foot, screwed his eyeglass into his eye, and, in a sweet little piping voice, said: 'My deah fellah, what can aw do for you?' He cut such a figure that I was tempted to laugh in his face, but, controlling myself, I stated my errand. Immediately the little man had all the quartermasters running to find his sub-officers, and in a jiffy they returned, and, touching their caps, they began to report that Mr. A. was ashore on liberty, Mr. B. had gone to Cairo, and that Mr. C. was away in the first cutter—and so on. He then turned to me and rubbing his hands, said. 'My deah fellah, Berwickport is a very fine place, aw assuah you; you will find no trouble in getting in; aw was there once myself.' Thinks I, what an ass this man is, and touching my hat was about to go, when a big, sailor-looking officer appeared and informed the captain that there was no chart of the British north coast aboard the ship. Thanking the captain for his trouble, I went over the side and pulled aboard my own ship.

"No doubt you will have agreed with me that the captain was no sailor and a fool besides, but you would have been mistaken, as I was. The next night the Invincible went to sea with a man in the chains heaving the lead. Of a sudden the breast strap parted and away went the man overboard. The same little captain was on the bridge. Instantly the foppish airs were gone and the true sailor appeared. Pulling the bells he stopped the vessel, and just as he stood, oilskins and all on, went overboard to rescue his man. One of his lieutenants and a quartermaster jumped overboard to assist their commander. Instantly all was in an uproar. All hands were on deck. All the boats were lowered, and the four men in a few minutes were safe on board the Invincible. The leadsman was entangled in the line, and would certainly have drowned but for the prompt assistance of the captain. In addition this was the fourth man that same officer had rescued from drowning. His crew swore by him. He was a peer of the realm, and a better officer does not walk the deck of an English vessel to-day. No, gentlemen, you can't always tell the man by the cut of his jib."—*Philadelphia Times.*

The Business of Barbarians.

"Do your children ever quarrel?" asked one mother of another, a few evenings ago.

"Quarrel!" was the reply. "They quarrel all the time. Their quarreling is the plague of my life."

"How relieved I am to hear it," was the unexpected reply. "I thought it was only my children who quarreled, for I am so ashamed of it that I never spoke of it before."

The ice being thus broken, the mothers pursued the subject without, however, getting much light upon it. Both declared they had done everything in their power to put a stop to the odious practice, and both confessed that they had had little success. All went well with their children, they said, until two of them happened to want the same thing at the same time, and then there was trouble in the family.

It seemed to us, as we listened to their talk, that they underestimated both the difficulty and the importance of their task. Quarreling! Why, the chief business of barbarians is quarreling, and the chief endeavor of civilized beings is to stop quarreling and to grow above quarreling.

The test of every household's rank in civilization is the harmony and love existing among its members. Those mothers might well be ashamed of their children's quarreling, for it was in truth the outward signs of minds immature and ungoverned.

The practice is probably more common than is generally supposed, because on the approach of a stranger the fierce reply is withheld, the flushed face is averted, the quarrel is postponed, and order reigns. This fact alone shows that the human conscience recognizes the truth of the proverb that "he who rules his own spirit is greater than he who takes a city."

The word vulgar is strictly applicable to quarreling, because the primitive meaning of the word is common. That just hits it. To quarrel is the practice of the common run of mortals. To live in peace and mutual regard is the happiness of the superior few. It may be said with strict correctness that quarreling is vulgar.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Cool Tramp and a Cool Maiden.

A well-known printer's family met with a singular experience recently. The daughter answered a knock at the door. An old tramp asked for "a bite." She didn't like his looks, and told him so, and he left. Shortly after his disappearance a neighbor's daughter came in and told the printer's daughter that the latter's clothes (an entire washing) had just been stolen by the man she had turned away from the door; that he had taken all down and done them up in a bundle before asking for the bite, and lugged them off at his leisure. The two young ladies started in pursuit. At the Southport depot they learned that the bundle and the man went down the railroad. They followed and soon overtook him.

"We want those clothes you stole from us!" said the printer's daughter.

"H'm! Well, I don't know but you can have 'em," said he, coolly, turning over the bundle.

"There's a shirt or wraper missing," said she, after looking them over; "now what have you done with that?"

"Got it on!" said the tramp, opening his vest to prove it.

"Well, off with it, then!" said the plucky maiden.

"What! here?"

The maiden paused, in a predicament.

A gentleman friend was near, and she hailed him, telling all about the trouble.

The gentleman friend took the tramp into the bushes near the engine works and got the shirt.—*Detroit Advertiser.*

What a Farmer Knew About Dresses.

"One day a farmer from Lake County, as I afterward found out, came into my shop. That was when I did not have my stock of coffins in the front room, and when my shrouds were hanging in neat cases. Well, he looked at several of them, and finally he chose one and took it home with him, saying it was for his wife. I condoled with him, and, though he seemed mystified by my talk of grief, he paid for the shroud and carried it off. Two or three days later he came back with a middle-aged lady. The woman was in a great rage, while he was meek downcast. He called me aside and, in a whisper, asked me what the garment was I had sold him. Well, sir, I began to see what was the matter, but I kept a straight face and whispered back, 'a shroud. I thought sir, ye see, that you had lost a wife.' He grew more downcast than ever, and pointing to the lady who was in the front of the store, said: 'That's my wife. Don't look as though she was dead, do she?' Well, sir, I thought. I should die from trying to keep back the laugh. Then he whispered to me, 'when I got home to my good woman, I unfolded the thing before her. She screamed right out and said: 'Samiel, that was his name, what are you a-thinking about? I don't want to be buried just yet, not much. Ye needn't think ye are goin' to get rid of me that easy.' Then she commenced cryin' and cuttin' up so, that I felt all out of sorts. Finally I told her that I thought it was a pretty dress. Then she went off again, but finally she came to and she gave me a good tongue lashing. Finally, to quiet her, I promised to bring her in and get two pretty dresses for her, and here I am. Now won't you give me back the money and take back your shroud?' 'Of course I will,' said I, 'anything to oblige a person in distress.' Well, I gave him his money, and the next time I saw him he said his good wife had never gotten over the idea that he wanted to get rid of her."—An Undertaker, in the Chicago *News.*

A Squaw's Trick.

HOW THE POOR INDIAN FOOLED THE CONDUCTOR.

Those who think the poor Indian has lost his cunning can read the following and be disabused. On Thursday night, as Conductor Winston was taking the Lake Shore accommodation train from Erie to Buffalo, the brakes were applied and the train brought to a sudden stop. Up flew the windows, and the passengers were horrified to see lying beside the track the apparently headless body of a human being. The conductor, brakemen and many of the passengers sprang off and ran back to pick up the remains. Upon near approach and investigation the supposed corpse proved to be a young squaw under the influence of liquor. A red handkerchief wrapped about her head and shoulders gave her a very ghastly appearance from a distance. Being assisted to her feet, she exclaimed, "Me want to diest Me git run over!" Of course the kind-hearted conductor could not think of such a thing and ordered her put aboard the train and carried to the next station, some four or five miles distant. Upon arriving there she was very carefully assisted off the train, and as it moved away she placed her thumb and fingers to her nasal organ and went through a series of movements that would have done credit to any gamin, winding up with waving a graceful kiss after the conductor as she disappeared around the corner of the depot. She had obtained a free ride, much to the amusement of the passengers and the discomfiture of the conductor. Little squaw heap sharp.—*Erie Dispatch.*

A Pike County Small Boy.

MILFORD, Pa., May 20. "Where'd ye get 'em?"

"Well, I might a ketched 'em in the Sawkill, or the Raym'skill, or the Cagow. Or I might a yanked 'em out o' Gordon's mill pond. I didn't, though; but I've got 'em."

The Pike County small boy knows that if he brings in a nice mess of trout before any one else has had good luck on any of the streams, he is of as much importance as a circus procession, and that the chief end of man in the place, for the time being, is to find out where he caught them. A specimen of him came into the Crossman House this afternoon. He had a basket of trout that set every one crazy. Some New York fishermen were stopping at the hotel, and the landlord was anxious to find out for their benefit where the trout had been raptured. Hence his query as above, and the extremely satisfactory response of the boy.

"Do you want to sell 'em?" asked the landlord.

"Yes, I'll sell 'em," said the boy, "but the price I've set on 'em mebbe won't suit you. They'm 60 cents a pound, these is."

"I'll give you seventy cents a pound if you'll tell me where you got 'em," said the landlord.

The boy scratched his head. He looked his trout over, as if he was pondering the question as to whether or not it would be a good stroke of business to sell his secret with them. Finally he said:

"If you'll make it 75 cents, I'll go you."

It was a bargain. The trout were weighed and the money counted out to the boy.

"Now, then, where'd y' catch 'em?" said the landlord.

"I said I'd tell you where I got 'em," the small boy replied, as he walked to the door. "I didn't ketch 'em. I traded six fly hooks an' that ches'nut fish pole o' mine to Bill Smith's boy for 'em."

Digging Up Indian Graves.

The curious discoveries in the exploration of the alter mounds in Anderson Township, Ohio, are made all the more interesting by the fact that native gold has for the first time been found in the mounds. Among the numerous ornaments unearthed, including those of mica, shells, bears' teeth, stone copper, iron and silver, was one small copper pendant covered with a thin sheet of gold. Other copper ornaments were covered with hammered sheets of native silver, and the hammered metal bracelets, the large spool-shaped earrings, the terra cotta figures revealing the peculiar methods of weaving the hair, show that the fashionable young woman of Madison Square is not so far apart in ethnologic interest from the mystic maidens of the altar mounds as she might suppose. Moreover, in thousands of objects of interest obtained in these mounds, there are ornaments which in point of novelty are not now rivaled, for there are ear ornaments made of meteoric iron, plated with iron. A serpent cut out of mica, an animal carved from stone, three hundred astragali of the deer and elk, apparently collected for some important reason, and unique objects in micaceous schist, obsidian chalcedony and chert were found upon these quaint altars. Bit by bit, as the leafy mould is taken off the foot prints of time, there seems to come but a darkness glimpses of a cultured race that passed over the continent before the North American Indians came here, burying their dead in stone boxes along the Ohio, where they are now being unearthed, and ornamenting their persons with peculiar and precious metals.

Double Recognition.

Not long ago in St. Louis one of those unfortunate creatures called "mashers" sent to an estimable young German lady a letter, to which this postscript was added:

"P. S. That my darling may make no mistake, remember that I will wear a light pair of pants and a dark cut-away coat. In my right hand I will carry a small cane, and in my left a cigar.

Yours forever,
ADOLPHUS."

The father replied courteously, stating that his daughter had given him authority to represent her at the appointed place at the time prescribed. The postscript added was as follows:

"P. S. Dot mine son may vear no mishdakes, I will go drabbed in mine shirt sleeves. I will vear a mine right hand a glub; in mine left hand I vill vear a six shooter, forty-five caliber. You vill know me by de vay. I hats you on de head a goople of dimes twice mit de glub. Vait for me on de corner, as I have some dings imbordant to inform you mit.

Your frent,
HEINRICH MULLER."

Little Mollie was caught by her mother stealing apples from the tree, and severely rebuked. Her mother told her she must not touch those apples, as she was going to make preserves of them. On the following Sunday little Mollie's school teacher asked her why God forbade Adam and Eve to eat of the tree in the midst of the garden. "Because he wanted to make preserves of the apples," was the childish reply.—*Texas Siftings.*

A CARD.

TO ALL THINKING PEOPLE WHO ARE AFFLICTED WITH RUPTURE.

It is an old axiom: "None are so hard to convince as those who will not hear." I would say to all, with Othello:

"Believe me for mine honor, and have respect for mine honor that ye may believe me."

I come to Salt Lake City with relief and cure for hundreds. I aim to do the greatest amount of good for a certain pecuniary consideration, not in future, as in the past, when a general practitioner, in many instances, to be repaid by thanks alone.

Nothing is blacker than human ingratitude, and nothing so common! "When we are at death's door or in some dire extremity, the man who has made the healing of the body his life's study comes to us as a ministering angel and as God's representative. We receive and honor him; but when he has carried us through the valley of the shadow of death, we scarcely turn our heads to thank him, and he is forgotten till sharp necessity compels us again to summon him to our aid."

My advertisement: "Rupture radically cured in a week," must be received absolutely in a literal sense or brand me as a Charlatan. I desire all to understand that I am able to perform what I advertise or else I would not appear in your midst for the purpose of practicing a specialty, by which I produce so certain, speedy and brilliant a result as the cure of an affliction which has baffled surgical skill and human sagacity for ages. Do not heed even the objections of the skeptical, especially among any of the members of the medical profession, for they know not what they are talking about when they tell you that I am unable to do what I positively assert. Come and see me and investigate for yourselves. I have been myself a regular medical practitioner for 22 years. My diplomas and the testimony of thousands on the Pacific Coast attest and verify my statement. My studies in Germany and France, my long and varied experience and mature age, all eminently qualify me for the position I now fill.

Is it not strange that I must assume the role of an apologist for knowing more than the majority of my professional brethren? But our very sensitive profession is precisely like any other profession or business; we must bid for the public patronage, and I am compelled to notify every one of the nature of the benefits I fain would exchange for their money. I cannot "hide my light under a bushel," but must advertise in order to meet a certain class of sufferers who need my skill. Life is too short that I should sit down fold my hands, and supinely wait until patients unnotified should seek me of their own volition, or that I should trust to their possible gifts of mind reading. I am not such a ninny as the "wery" young man who confidentially informed his most intimate friend that he was going into business on his "own hook," but that he "must be sure and not tell anyone of it." I desire that the entire world may know that I am "in business on my own hook" for the good of suffering humanity. I herald myself boldly, to stand or fall according to my merits or demerits, staking my reputation upon my ability and power to cure an affliction hitherto deemed incurable. I challenge the world to produce a single case of curable rupture that I cannot absolutely cure if my terms and conditions are complied with and observed. Why then travel on through life wearing a truss and periodically be supplied and invested with an iron girdle as a cooper renews the hoops on a cask when I can assure you of a certain and speedy cure? A truss is not as perfect even as a hoop to a cask, nor a bung to the bung hole. The truss is a most imperfect contrivance to retain a rupture; it is so powerless to cure one. By its pressure it paralyzes the vitality of the surrounding tissues and enlarges still more the dilated rings. In one of my recent cases in this city I found the parts so immediately indurated that I was compelled to submit the patient to preliminary treatment in order to restore them to a more normal condition. He had been wearing one of the so-called patent trusses. Upon application I will gladly furnish my prospectus. It gives all the necessary information and a general idea of my method of curing rupture.

Before concluding I wish especially to warn my readers of the extreme danger of strangulation. An uncured hernia is liable at any moment to become strangulated and in a very few hours destroy life by gangrene.

If was my melancholy experience, some 15 years ago, to be called from Weaverville, Cal., where I was then practicing medicine, into Klamath County, 50 miles distant, to visit a fine, robust, young man 26 years of age the very personification of health. He was ruptured and wore a truss, but while dancing at a ball his truss shifted. He paid little attention to the fact and remained until seized with violent pains and vomiting. I discovered a strangulated hernia, and during the few hours which had elapsed gangrene had so far advanced that he died soon afterwards. He was my most intimate friend, and his fate made a deep impression upon my mind and awakened, for the first time, a desire to be able to cure rupture radically. His sad fate may be that of any of you having an uncured hernia. Let me impress upon your minds the urgent necessity for being cured, now that you have an opportunity, before it is too late. You are being lulled into apathy and deluded by ignorant truss manufacturers and quacks like the lost traveller who is led by the "Ignis fatuus" into the jaws of death.

Thousands in your condition have already perished and will until the end of time. You can be cured so readily and with so little inconvenience that after being cured you will in your amusement and delight exclaim: "Oh! why could not the boon, this blessing, have been extended to me, 10, 20 or 30 years ago" as the case may be, "How different life would have been, how infinitely bright the world and all its surroundings!"

I would not personally exchange lots with "Croesus" himself were he afflicted with an uncured rupture.

My terms are reasonable and I am permitted by a few of my patients now under treatment in this city to introduce any one desirous of investigating my method for the "radical cure of Rupture."

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