AGRICULTURAL.

FRUIT ON THE FARM.

Enjoyment in the Growing of Fine Fruit.

[The Practical Farmer.]

It is a matter for regret that more farmers do not fully realize how much it is to their profit to have a good orchard of fruit on their farms. I do not mean an apple orchard, for this most farms have, but an orchard embracing all kinds of fruits, can be berry bushes and plants. I am familiar with farmers who own nice farms of ample extent that some acres of it could be spared for an orchard, who have never planted a tree on it in thirty years, save perhaps an apple or two, which the useful though annoyed tree agent persuaded them to buy. The one who shoved one about their back door, fell down and gave him a new place should have been the way place. No doubt other places, only as many of those in the Middle States are, do not show the same enterprise as do those in the newer sons. I think the farmer in the newer state is more of a man who was his father shown he left behind when he departed from the old home, and so one can be well pleased if he finds his parents were utterly bare of fruit tree or vine. With buildings, shade and yard, all conveniently arranged, he appeared to be well pleased, but not a fruit tree or vine was to be seen. The only representative of "undergrowth shade" was a scant sweet syrup standing near the kitchen door. In the course of our conversation I asked him why he had not set out some fruit trees.

"Well," said he, "I did set out an orchard several years ago, but the worms killed all the trees long before they reached bearing size, and I came to the conclusion that it doesn't pay to waste money and time on such truck. When there's a crop of apples, I can buy all I want for very little money, and when there's no crop, I'm as well off as the man who has a big orchard—in fact, better off, because I have the use of the land that his orchard takes up. I have too much to do, anyway, to look after a lot of trees. I can raise a good crop for less money than a bunch of trees cost, and the chief hay all the fruit we can eat in a year, and—"

FRUITS THAT HUSTLE.

"Now, look here," I interrupted. "You are a practical man, and know how to treat a practical proposition. You like fruit, and so does you family. You know that a few fruit trees improve the appearance of a farm home very much, and that they can be so placed that they will take up very little land that can be used for any other purpose. I will admit that apple and peach trees must be looked after pretty closely, or they will perish, but there are other good fruits—strawberries, raspberries, currants, and, I might add, plums—that will, if you give them half a chance, almost take care of themselves, and give you lots of excellent fruit. Why not set some of these near the house where they will be out of the way?

"I could do that, I suppose, but I had not thought of it. Now, supposing you were going to plant a few of those things you mention, where would you put them?"

I never was more surprised. He had "tumbled" so suddenly that I almost doubted his sincerity. "Get out your book and pencil and we'll go around and see what can be done, and let it down as we go."

ON PAPER, OFF MIND.

"That's the way to do business," he remarked. "Put it on paper, and it's off your mind, and then you can think of something else."

We found room enough for twelve cherry trees between the house and front gate, one row on each side of the path, and had a foundation for a good-size garden patch, and it was of good size and the fence was a substantial one. Down along the east and north fences for twenty rows which, five each of Morris Early and Niagara, and ten Concord. Good place for the Worden by the smokehouse. Currants along the west fence of the garden, would be sheltered from the afternoon sun, and sure to yield good crops. Gooseberries along the north fence, where shade would be just right to insure lots of fruit.

Between the house and barn, six plums, two Burbank, two Abundance, two Blue Damson. Along the driveway to the front gate, eight pears. Kieffer and Keiser alternately. The cherries were equal numbers of Early Richmond and English Morello. Some of this collection is not what might be called extra good varieties, but all are good enough for a beginner who expects the trees to take care of themselves.

I have met this chap several times since he planted the trees and vines, and he is actually becoming quite proud of his collection. I passed his place about two months ago, and noticed that the trees have made a fine growth, while his garden fence and smokehouse were covered with the wild grape. All went on men like fruit and will grow it if they are started with strong, hardy, safe varieties. Start them right and they rarely fail by the wayside.

WHY HEREFORDS ARE POPULAR.

Their Uniformity in Size and Color and General Uniformity.

[A. A. Berry in Orange Judd Farmer.]

That Herefords are the most popular breed of cattle there is no question, as sales for the past two years have clearly proved. That they are entitled to second best goes without saying, and the price, and price denotes the popularity. While no phenomenal or boom prices have been paid, good thing and good able prices have been the rule. Some of the latter sales have been up to the standard, especially the large cross sale at Emporia, Kansas, which is well deserved, would be a sacrilege. We look for fully as good prices in the spring sales, if not better than those of last fall.

Why are Herefords in such good demand? Their merits are recognized by the feeders and raisers of beef cattle. They are the best cattle for the range there is no doubt, and that they are the best feeders is easily proved by the fact that those who feed will pay more for them than any other breed of cattle, and we are indebted largely to the range men for the popularity of the Hereford, as they have been taking all the males that ought to be raised and at good prices. With cattle selling at such remunerative prices (as they ought) men have said that nothing was too good for them to breed from, and they have been liberal and free buyers, some paying prices for a single bull and buying what suited them regardless of price.

There is no doubt that Herefords have the merit, and merit wins. They are so uniform in size, quality and color, attaining a good size and weight, and they are all so squarely built, markings and color uniform. A drove of Hereford cattle are a very pretty sight, with their close set, well sprung brisket and legs and feet below all alike, as nearly as possible. They are the most gentle and easily handled cattle. Ask any man who never handled them will smile at this assertion, but we know it to be a fact, not only by our own experience, but it is the experience of others, and the experience of everyone who has handled Herefords. To be sure, their long horns cause one to think they must be dangerous, and some object on account of them, but this is foolish, as they can easily be removed, either when young or when calves. We have bred and handled Herefords for the past 12 years, have visited a great many herds, and never saw but one wholly Hereford, and he was a cross male. We have had his fellows six to eight years old, weighing 2,000 pounds or better, that were as gentle that boys ten years old would ride on their backs around the pasture. They very readily respond to kind treatment and become great pets.

SETTING POSTS.

Methods of Preserving Them from Decay.

[Practical Farmer.]

Have you ever counted the cost of putting in new posts every four or five years? If not, figure up the cost of the new posts, 2d. The time it takes to rebuild the fence. 3d. The worry and risk of having the fence tumble down and letting the stock in on the crops, or in the busy part of the season and spending some crop by drawing your attention from it until it is too late to be of any help. If in setting posts the back be packed from the post hence the surface, they will last longer. If the bottom of the posts be sharpened they will last just as long and set much firmer. Small stones, the size of hen's eggs or so, thrown in around the posts before the dirt is put back in place, will hold them fast. The posts last longer because there is no air frosts. If the posts can be planted and pointed they will last several years longer. If the underground part of posts be charred with boiled linseed oil, their durability will possibly be extended to 40 or 50 years. The most essential part of a fence is good posts. And even the best of timber will last but a few years if nothing is done to preserve it. If the posts are sound the fence is secure, so long as the posts are rotten the fence cannot stand. So, in building fences, if the posts are properly set they will need no more attention until the fence is removed.

Doctors Can't Cure It!

Contagious blood poison is absolutely beyond the skill of the doctors. They may dose a patient for years on their mercurial and potash remedies, but he will never be rid of the disease; on the other hand, his condition will grow steadily worse. S. S. S. is the only cure for this terrible affliction, because it is the only remedy which goes direct to the seat of the disease and forces it from the system.

I was afflicted with Blood Poison, and the best doctors did me no good, though I took their treatment faithfully, to be sure I account to get some all the while. Advertising of S. S. S. I decided to try it, and after using several bottles I was entirely cured, but it took a good many bottles to effect a cure. I was a big sufferer, but I am now well and hearty. I believe that I would never be cured, if it hadn't been for S. S. S., and I speak with pleasure. I mentioned the medicine, and it cured me completely, both my wife and boy have used it with good results. Although this was two years ago, I have never yet had a sign of the disease to return.

W. E. SNYDER,
Gordon, Va.

It is like self-destruction to continue to take mercury and iodide of potash, totally destroying the digestion, they dry up the marrow in the bones, producing a stiffness and swelling of the joints, causing the hair to fall out, and completely wrecking the system.

S.S.S. For The Blood

is guaranteed Purely Vegetable, and is the only blood remedy free from those dangerous minerals.

Book on self-treatment sent free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

WANT TO BE "SOMETHING."

These Days There Are Few Women Without Aspirations.

Is there such a thing as a contented woman any more? I can't find any. Every little boarding school girl you meet has "aspirations." She wants to be something. One caught me on an elevated train one day.

"I'm writing my spring essay," she said. "It's on 'Ambition.' I keep urging every one to be something. Isn't it grand to be something?"

"It depends on what that something is," said I—and I knew that girl hates me for life.

I had a letter from a California woman the other day. She is a newspaper woman. She has worked hard and made a place for herself in the city where she lives. She has a home there and friends, and if she died some one would come and put a knot of flowers in her hand and say something kind about her to those who loved her.

She's earning a good living. She has plenty of good clothes and enough to eat, and she is putting money in the bank every week. She wants to "be something." So she's coming to New York to live in a hall bedroom and work sitting straight and hide with people she would not turn their hands over to help her if she were dying. There's another girl I know. She's an artist. She really can do things, clever things and worth the doing. She has a charming home in a small Western city. Her parents are with her, and she is the idol of her little circle.

She quarrelled with her people and left her home, and she's coming to New York to "be something."

The something that she will be is a hard-worked, half-starved, heart-sick, embittered woman, with a dozen crude pictures made for every one she believes.

Another girl I know has a good home, and she's a good mother and a doting father. She's seen Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Zaza"—and so she's going to leave home and come to New York and "be something." Her "something" will be playing small parts with a fly-by-night No. 2 road company. She will spend half her time in railway stations, a quarter of it on the train and a few ecstatic minutes in a provincial theater, telling a spellbound audience that the curtain will rise. There's another woman—one I quently she is, with a husband. She's married.

He she's left her husband down South and the beautiful plantation with the yellow old Mississippi rushing by the great trees at her very doorstep—and she's come to New York to "be something" in the musical line. She says that she and her husband are devoted to each other but that he appreciates her art and wants to encourage her. I almost asked her who the other woman was who had talked the husband around to his amiable state of mind, but I refrained. Self sacrifice! Death is a gentle friend compared to discouragement and disillusion and the awful heart sinking that comes when the "art" which she thought so much about was on her side.

There is a perfect army of $10 a week women in New York. They are the "resultant" women of America.

They pinch and scrape along and manage to look decently respectable at the sacrifice of health and comfort and everything else worth living for.

They haven't the incentive of necessity; they do not get the bracing effect of a real struggle for life, while it hardens, certainly does develop.

They live on and on, hoping and aspiring, and being—nothing. They lead lives of selfish, sordid, unnatural lives, compared with which the existence of a kitchen girl on a farm is uplifted and broadening.

All the better things of life, all the sacrifices which have maker, all the unselfishness which comes of real affection, all the happiness which crowds a natural woman's life, they give up for what?

For a cave of silver—which ninety-nine out of one hundred of them never find at all.

And the one hundredth one who does find it discovers at the same time that silver has depreciated in value, until her whole careful will not buy her soles for the dear little shoes she has worn and trying to find it.—Winifred Black in New York Journal.

CONCERNING SPIRITUALISTS

Hopelessly Divided on All Points But One.

[Chicago Chronicle.]

Considering that Spiritualists claim—and with truth, probably—that they number several millions in this country, it is surprising at first sight, that they should cut so little figure as a religious organization. They have no regular church buildings; they have no national central organization; their ministry is more nomadic and unsettled than was the itinerancy of early Methodism; they have no conventions for the purpose of unifying the aims and purposes of the sect. The convention of the National Spiritualist Association, which began in America Auditorium hall in this city recently is probably the most representative body in spiritualism. It was composed of members their a most presbytery and its authority is not recognized by even a fifth of the sect. Nevertheless, Spiritualism, in fact, is an organized body of people who agree upon one proposition and disagree concerning pretty nearly everything else in philosophy, ethics and revelation. That is why, apparently little or nothing is heard of Spiritualism as a sect.

The notion that all mediums are as the sands of the sea. The divisions in the Christian church are nothing as compared with the divisions among the mediums. Advocates of the possibility of communication with disembodied spirits, Spiritualists are at odds one with Theosophists and the first step is taken from that starting point. Some of them are Christians—accepting the divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the Bible. Others are Materialists of the most materialistic type—maintaining that "spirit" so called is merely a finer form of matter and spirit and is the law governing other matter. There are reincarnationists, too, in the spiritualistic ranks—people who believe in a gradual evolution of the spirit. Theosophists, Buddhists and philosophers of the introspective school who believe in the projection of the astral body, the existence of "elemental" spirits and the other doctrines taught by the whole line of wonder-workers from the Egyptian conjurers down to Mme. Blavatsky. Some believe that the soul is immortal; others maintain that the spirit being material—as they claim—undergoes changes of form and final it ceases to exist as an individuality.

Nor is there any more agreement concerning the state of existence after death. For it is a singular thing that every spiritualists seems to have his opinions confirmed by the communications he receives from the other side of the veil. In Calhoun's interesting the spirits assure their friends that the descriptions of the Roman church concerning heaven, hell and purgatory are confirmed by their experiences. Presbyterians, on the other hand, find that the "sea of glass" is an actuality and that heaven is in truth a place "where congregations never break up and Sabbaths never end." And so on through all the denominations and all the beliefs. Each finds what he expected to find. Each is confirmed in the belief that he is right and that everyone else is mistaken. The "revelations" of spiritualism—conceding them to be revelations—favor the doctrine taught by Swedenborg—that in the other world man makes his own surroundings according to the life he has led in the body. He creates his world from his preconceived ideas. It is real to him, though it may not be visible to anyone else.

It is obvious, however, that this condition of things tends to disorganize rather than to unify the Spiritualistic organization. With Christians and atheists, materialists and believers in revelation meeting upon only one common ground—that of spirit return—and with each one having to have confirmed to his investigations, it is impossible that there should be a great unity of feeling or any unity of purpose. Spiritualism is founded on the phenomena of the seance, and it is impossible to make a religion upon that foundation, as to establish a creed by the experiments of the chemical laboratory.

Hence, though the belief in spirit communication is likely to increase, despite the ingenious theory of Dr. T. J. Hudson, it is impossible that spiritualism, though it numbers its adherents by millions, will ever take its place among the great religious sects of the world. It is not a religion, but a series of phenomena.

MR. GLADSTONE'S EYES.

"Looker On," in Blackwood, confirms Mr. Lecky's story about Dodson and Mr. Gladstone's kitchen eyes. In fact, the sculptor told the same narrative to the magazine writer, who reproduces it:

It chanced that Dodson had been invited to stay at a house in Scotland where Mr. Gladstone was also a guest. Coming down to dinner one evening, he found a new arrival—Professor Blackie. Blackie's place at table that evening was opposite Mr. Gladstone's and there he sat in great trepidation when, at the wine and walnuts period, Mr. Gladstone sang out in illustration of the way in which, "Mr. Blackie believed, Homer was chanted, not recited. The Professor Blackie could not endure to listen to "Mr. Gladstone," he cried, "to be talked at in the manner of an idiot." Dodson "naturally looked toward Mr. Gladstone to see how he would receive that shot, and marked the sudden flush of fire that mantled the cheeks of the old statesman, who, he confessed to me, followed of their steady glare. Something he said, too, that rattled the choleric Blackie, who, had only got so far in what he had to say as, "Mr. Gladstone, if there is one thing"—when his tongue stumbled and made the world a place of enchantment to every young woman worth worrying over is turn away. Nevertheless a girl who gets married and who "yearns after a higher life" needs nothing in the world but a good, vigorous struggle for any kind of life at all to bring her to her senses.

If I had a young sister who "rebelled" against being at home, and who felt herself misunderstood by her entire family, I'd pack her little trunk and send her straight to a New York boarding house, but—here's the point—I'd make this thing—I'd make her pay her own board.

When she found what fun it was to earn a few vulgar dollars—all by herself—she would wake up to the fact that some of the misunderstanding she thought so much about was on her side.

There is a perfect army of $10 a week women in New York. They are the "resultant" women of America.

They pinch and scrape along and manage to look decently respectable at the sacrifice of health and comfort and everything else worth living for.

They haven't the incentive of necessity; they do not get the bracing effect of a real struggle for life, while it hardens, certainly does develop.

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And the one hundredth one who does find it discovers at the same time that silver has depreciated in value, until her whole careful will not buy her soles for the dear little shoes she has worn and trying to find it.—Winfred Black in New York Journal.

WRECKED BY CIGARETTES.

(New York World.)

With the sight of both eyes impaired, and perhaps gone, and his legs paralyzed, George Millard, a 15-year-old boy, has been admitted to the home for incurables. His condition is due to excessive cigarette smoking.

Millard was taken to the institution from his home in Lanesville, Conn. Until two years ago he was one of the brightest boys in the Nutmeg State. He began to smoke cigarettes, and he habit grew on him.

His parents tried him, but to no avail, and until he was finally totally disabled it was nothing unusual for him to smoke as many as 200 cigarettes daily.

The home physician at the home, who has charge of the case, said: "The boy is a victim of the principle of the opiate nerves and from ataxia. His trouble probably is caused by local nicotine poisoning, although I have not thoroughly satisfied myself on this point. It is possible that he also may be suffering from some hereditary disease. I believe he will finally restore the eyesight and he may be able to use his legs, but he can never be totally cured."

AN EASY TEST.

If you are suffering from Kidney or Bladder disease, the doctor asks: "Do you desire to urinate often, and are you compelled to get up frequently during the night? Does your back pain you? Does your urine stain linen? Is there a scalding pain attending it? Is it difficult to hold the urine back? If so, your Kidneys or Bladder are diseased."

Try putting some of your urine in a glass tumbler. If it stands twenty-four hours, if there is a sediment, or a cloudy, milky appearance, your Kidneys are sick.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy will surely relieve and cure even the most distressing cure of these dread diseases, and no physician can prescribe a medicine that equals it for disease of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder and Blood, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia and Chronic Constipation. It will promptly correct the bad effects of beer and whisky. All drug stores sell it for $1 a bottle.

In sending your address to the DR. DAVID KENNEDY CORPORATION, Rondout, N. Y., and mentioning this paper, you can get a trial bottle, together with pamphlet of valuable medical advice, will be sent you free postpaid by mail. Our readers can depend upon the generousness of this liberal offer.

READ THE SIGN BOARDS.

Warner's Safe Cure the Victor Among Modern Medicines.

It was once believed that a finger ring made from a coffin-nail would cure epilepsy. The teeth of a soldier who had been killed in battle was prescribed as a remedy for toothache. Possess such ghastly nonsense as this parading as medical science! Yet the human mind, like the human body, must crawl before it can walk. In time men learned to reason and medicine was put upon a rational basis. Back to the old days, some childish or disgusting mess would have been used to relieve indigestion. Mark the progress illustrated in this letter from J. H. Stockwell, of Lincoln, Neb.

"I have been badly affected with trouble of the stomach and have used nearly all kinds of medicines and doctored with local physicians to no avail. After being almost completely discouraged, I was advised to use Warner's Safe Cure, which I did, and I am glad to be able to say that it is the only remedy that has done me any good. I have use three bottles and am feeling like a new man all over. I am thankful to the Warner's Safe Cure Co. for the fair medicine, and can recommend it cheerfully to those suffering as I have suffered."

Another instance of the victory of rational medicine is afforded by Jacob Orange, of Birdsboro, Berks County, Pa., who wrote, May 19th, 1898:

"I have taken six bottles of Warner's Safe Cure. It relieved me of the pain over my kidneys. When I get down I could hardly get up again. I did not know what was wrong with me. I could hardly do my work. I heard of Safe Cure and thought I would try it. After taking one bottle I felt better. I am very grateful for Warner's Safe Cure and would advise people to try it."

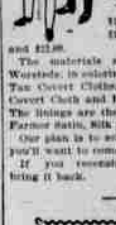
Just one case more. Everett Perry, of Louisburg, N. C., says:

"I have taken only one bottle of Warner's Safe Cure and it has done me more good than anything else I ever took. I had an aching feeling in the pit of my stomach. I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart. I can recommend Safe Cure as the finest medicine in the world."

Does the clear and energetic language of these men leave any doubt of their sincerity? The stomach derangements spoken of is commonly associated with the approach of Bright's disease. No painted Indian ever crept to a sick wigwam more stealthily than Bright's disease invades the body. A dull, aching pain, loss of appetite, a sallow complexion, a dull, heavy feeling of mind and body, a white skin, tendency to pimples, indigestion and short breath give warning of the enemy.

Lose neither time nor courage. Take Warner's Safe Cure regularly, and bear in mind that it has a record of twenty glorious years. It cures all ailments of the kidneys, liver and bladder, including even the terrible disease named for Dr. Bright. The road to health is open, if only you read the sign board aright.

Men's Clothing



The next step — Spring Overcoats. The prestige of style secured during the past years by us is to be made greater this spring.

The Spring Overcoats are ready — artistic tailoring plus elegant materials, that's the sum of it.

The Prices are $7.50, $10.00, $12.00, $13.50, $15.00, $16.50, $18.00, and $22.00.

The materials are Worsteds—Clay Worsteds; in colorings—Dark and Light Tan, Covert Cloths, Herringbone Striped Cheviots and Herringbone Worsteds. The linings are the best Italian Cloth, Farmer Satin, Silk and Satin Lining.

Our plan is to sell you Clothes that you'll want to come again.

If you remember your purchase, bring it back.

ALWAYS ADVERTISED.

Siegel Clothing Co.

Horses Kick

in self defence. It is their most vigorous form of protest against the abuse of Spell Nails that are driven into their feet to the quick. Horses have no remedy, while one cent nails in ignorance of the danger that is made to follow.

Shearing Process

by which the fibres of metal are separated and not often be pried apart with the finger-nail. This kind of a nail can be easily distinguished by the rough edge along the sides near the points.

Putnam Nails

are exclusively Hot-Forged and Hammer-Pointed, precisely like the old-fashioned hand-made nail. The pointer leaves a sharp point, tapering together to form a compact, firm nail that cannot split, Silver or Brass and is

Absolutely Safe.

Expose the nails to your sweetheart that you love. If she refuses to wear the ring which bears them, give the Hot-Forged Putnam, and she will change her mind. If this always wins the point, send 10 cents in stamps for a sample ring.

Cannot ring nickel plated, mailed on receipt of two cents, in stamps or silver.

PUTNAM NAIL COMPANY,
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South Drug Co., Main and 2nd South Sts., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Elegant Sulphur Turkish Bath

And Treatment Rooms in charge of a competent Physician who will diagnose and prescribe for patients needing medical aid. If you have Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Nervous Troubles or Kidney Disease, come and be cured. Are kind of a lady you want. Massage for both sexes. Swimming lessons for ladies in the morning.

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LEWIS' 98 % LYE,

PURIFIES AND PERFUMES (PATENTED).

The strongest and purest made. Unlike other Lyes, it is sold powdered, packed in a can with sifting top, like one easily cut and the whole removable for instant use. It will make the best Perfumed Hard Soap in 20 minutes without boiling. It is the best for cleaning closets, sinks, disinfecting garbage, removing paints, bottles, barrels, washing trees and killing insects on plants, flowers and vegetables. Accepted by users as the best to remove old paint, etc.

PENNSYLVANIA SALT M'F'G. CO.
Proprietors, Phila., Pa.

GUNPOWDER.

Let him now shoot who never shot to fear,
And him who always shot now shoot the most.

HAZARD'S "Kentucky Rifle,"
HAZARD'S "Trap Shooting."
HAZARD'S "Duck Shooting."
HAZARD'S "Mining and Blasting."
HAZARD'S brands the most reliable in the market.

Manufactured by
THE HAZARD POWDER CO.,
Hazardville, Conn.
Represented in Utah by
Salt Lake Hardware Company

TABLER'S BUCK EYE PILE OINTMENT

CURES NOTHING BUT PILES.

A SURE and CERTAIN CURE known for 15 years as the BEST REMEDY for PILES.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Prepared by TABLER MED. CO., Salt Lake City, Utah.

The State Bank of Utah,
SALT LAKE CITY.

HEBER J. GRANT, - - President.
W. H. RIDDLE, - - Vice-President.
HEBER M. WELLS, - - Cashier.
GEO. A. BURTON, - Assistant Cashier.

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Commercial Banking in all its Branches. ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.
Special attention given to country trade.

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ESTABLISHED 1859.

Successors to the Union National Bank.

A General Banking Business Transacted.

Wells Fargo & Company's Bank,
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Drafts and bills exchange, makes telegraphic transfers on principal cities of the United States and Europe, and all points in the Pacific Coast, issues letters of credit available in the principal cities of the world. Special attention given to the collection of drafts, and prompt returns made on consignments at lowest rates.

Particular attention given to collections throughout Utah, Nevada and adjoining territories. Accounts solicited.

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Capital Paid in $200,000.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

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Established 1871. 1st Office.
THE OLDEST AND LARGEST.

R. G. DUN & CO.,
THE MERCANTILE AGENCY.

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Utah, Idaho, Nevada, Wyoming.
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150 South Main Street.

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH. ESTABLISHED 1875.

THE DESERET SAVINGS BANK.

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