NOTICE OF SPECIAL STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING OF THE PEOPLE'S EQUITABLE CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A special meeting of the stockholders of the People's Equitable Co-operative Association will be held on Wednesday, the 5th day of December, A. D., 1894, at 7 o'clock p. m. at the office of said company's store, corner Regent Street (7) and Exchange Place (8), Salt Lake City, Utah, for the purpose of electing officers for said ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

The office of secretary and treasurer may be held by the same person, but no person authorized by proxy shall act as officer of deposit." By order of the Board of Directors.

WM. CAHN, President.

Attest: JOHN DONNELLY, Secretary.

Dated this 10th day of November, 1894.

Notice to Debtors of Tassel & Sons.

To all debtors of Tassel & Sons or S. P. Tassel, take notice: You are requested to call immediately and settle your indebtedness to either of the above named parties, otherwise the said indebtedness will be placed in our attorneys' hands for collection.

J. E. DOUTY,
JOS. GROSSMAN,
Assignees.

Office, 130 Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, Oct. 20th, 1894.

Receiver's Sale.

The receiver of the Ryan & Ream Cattle Company herds, offers for sale about 8000 head of stock cattle, ranging at and near Milford, Utah. Sale subject to approval of the court. For particulars apply or address

W. C. RAMEY,
Receiver.
102 Commercial Bld., Salt Lake City.

The Perfume of Violets
The bottle of the lily, the glow of the rose, and the scent of field meadows is Pinaud's Violet Powder.

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

TUESDAY, - November 13, 1894.

THE REPUBLICAN JUBILEE.

An Immense Procession, Large Meetings, Many Bands and Much Music.

The Republican jubilee was a colossal affair successfully carried out, and Master-of-Ceremonies Trumbo, who guided it from its inception to its close, was the happiest politician on the Continental last night and today.

The parade was a very long one, composed of carriages conveying prominent party leaders, including Congressman-elect Cannon, Colonel Trumbo, General Clarkson, Chairman Crane and others, floats, drags, cavalry companies, marching clubs, drum corps, legions of banners, numerous bands, Kanakanax slaves, antique stagecoaches, etc.

The procession moved over the route marked out in last evening's News, and the streets were packed with masses of humanity from all parts of the city and from adjacent towns, villages and counties. Red fire was burned by the thousands of pounds, and Roman candles and miscellaneous pyrotechnics participated in making the display a very brilliant one. After the parade was over, meetings were held at the Theater and at the Continental Market hall, and in each over the voice of assemblage was filled to overflowing while many hundreds were turned away for the reason that there was not even standing room for them.

At the Theater the meeting was presided over by Territorial Committeeman Charles Crane and the speakers were, John Dervieh, Chas. Crane, Fenry Dinsdale, of Beaver county, Mr. Potter, of Morgan, C. C. Goodwin, Salt Lake; Thomas Kearns of Summit county; Arthur Brown, for Juab county; J. C. Graham, Utah county; E. M. Allison, Weber county; Judge C. W. Bennett, Salt Lake; Isaac Trumbo, of Salt Lake; J. S. Clarkson, Iowa; Frank J. Cannon, Utah; H. Zale, Juab; Henry Hahn and Joseph F. Smith. At the Continental Market hall Geo. Halmes was the chairman. The speakers were F. J. Cannon, W. P. O'Meara, C. E. Stanton, R. F. Grant, H. G. Booth, Silas Morris, D. J. Chaversis and Bruce Johnson.

Writ of Attachment.

William Smith, of Geneva, N. Y., has brought suit against the Utah Nursery company—which assigned yesterday—to recover on a note for $5,000, executed October 5, 1891. A writ of attachment on the company has been sued out on the ground that the defendant had assigned its property with intent to defraud its creditors. The plaintiff also alleges that 5,000 shares of the company's stock, given as security for his note, have become valueless.

SAUCES AND SOUPS.

Subject of Mrs. Ewing's Monday Lecture on Cooking.

The attendance at Mrs. Ewing's cooking class on Monday afternoon was somewhat increased, and the interest continues unabated. The subject of the lecture was Soups and Sauces, and a savory smell of rice broth greeted the class upon entering, showing that the instructor was fully prepared for the practical work of the lecture.

A fine beef tea was first prepared from a pound of round steak cut in minute pieces, sprinkled with salt and covered with cold water. After boiling five minutes the tea was declared ready; then it was allowed to settle to show the class how the brown particles might be taken from the tea if it was too rich. The tea when settled is mostly stimulating, but with the brown particles it is most nutritious.

Soups were then discussed, and the lecturer rather surprised her audience by the declaration that in reality there are only four distinct classes of soups, though we hear of hundreds of kinds. In preparing most of soup the class were advised to be sure and get fresh meat, and the steak or shin bone, the lower and tougher portions of the meat, are preferred for three reasons—nutrition, flavor and economy. It is better to use the meat once to wash it because the juices are more readily extracted; cut deep gashes in the lean portions and have the cuts extend every two inches; prepared in this way it can be nicely arranged in the sauce-pan; cover with cold water six inch and a half above the meat; allow a teaspoonful of salt to a quart of water and heat gradually; when it reaches the boiling point let it simmer until the meat falls from the bones; when it is sufficiently cooked, strain through a colander. If properly cooked there will be as much stock as water when first put to cool, and stock is the base of all soup. Plain soup means simply the meat, with seasoning—add barley or what you will it is still plain soup. Miss Ewing recommends varieties of soupies for children of veal soup, rice or mutton, barley with beef and a little parsely with any delicate flavored broth.

A quiet little talk was then given on the economy of the kitchen, how to use the scraps of meat and vegetables which are so often thrown away, while if the cook understood the value of these things "more delicious suppers and sauces could be had in our own homes than at Delmonico's." The method of clarifying and scenting the soups for clear soups was next given, followed by careful instructions in the making of sauces, the brands being a favorite, especially with salt and nuts made.

The numerous little hints pertaining to the serving and preparation of dishes and much to the interest to the lectures, and cause the members of the class to feel that Mrs. Ewing is as interested in them as they are in her.

They Are Now One.

St. Mark's cathedral was the scene of a quiet but pretty wedding last night. The contracting parties were Lieutenant Isaac Irwin, a young and well known officer of the Seventh Infantry at Fort Douglas and Miss Lucy Wolcott, daughter of Captain and Mrs. S. H. Whitall, also stationed at the same post. The bride was given away by her father and the words which united the happy couple for life were pronounced by the Rev. A. E. Hall. They left for the east southwest last night on their wedding tour and take with them the best wishes of a host of Utah friends. On their return to this Territory they will make Fort Douglas their home.

Lookout for Burglars.

The native housebreaker is again in the land hereabouts. Last night while Republicans were away from home celebrating their victory and when Democrats had abandoned their heathenishness to watch their exulting and jubilating opponents, that class of humanity made their numerous and active. Several houses were entered and goods more or less valuable carried off. Martin Warren's residence at No. 135 east Eight South proved a shining mark and a silver watch and chain and a quantity of clothing disappeared. A Second South street barber shop was robbed and valuables to the value of $100 were stolen from Miller's tailor shop on Third South street. It is said that there is a gang of burglars in the city just now and it will be well to be on the lookout for them.

SECLUDED SHETLAND.

Outermost Lighthouse of a Storm-Beaten Coast—Visitors Warmly Welcomed at Muckle Flugga.

It is just possible to get beyond the reach of the telegraphic wire, and the desire of doing so may, perhaps, lend an additional attraction to the most interesting excursion to be made in Shetland, writes H. D. Traill in the London Telegraph. A mile or so out at sea, beyond the most northerly promontory of this most northerly island of the archipelago, a "stack" of rock as precipitous as the cone of the Matterhorn lifts its frowning head above the waters of the North sea. Viewing it from a few miles' distance, you would say that it scarce emulated toothold for a seagull; but, looking at it more intently, you will see a thin white streak—as thin and white as a peeled willow wand—planted on its summit. It is the lighthouse of the Muckle Flugga—the furthest sentinel of that great army of beacons which wage their silent warfare night by night with the seas that besiege our coasts.

Seafarers have so carried the war so far into the enemy's country or affronted him with more daring challenge. Here on the jagged reef of rock, and rising sixty feet above the apex of the sheer precipice on which it has been so miraculously erected, the Unst light keeps watch and ward amid a world of the stormiest waters that rage anywhere around our tempest-beaten shores. It was a comparative system day when we put out from the lighthouse station at the head of Bressa Firth to visit the Muckle Flugga, but positive experience of a landing on the rock was not, nor is it ever, to be had. In what to a landsman would seem "moderate weather," and on a day when the caves and clefts of the mainland are being washed by only "such a ridge as, moving, seems asleep, too off for sound of music," it is many a time found impossible for weather-beaten sailors to land. That sullen-lapping sea, whose waves have hardly strength to curl and break upon the shingle, may be surging in a heavy monsoon swell over the dripping footholds of the rock, and breaking in surf against its outer walls. Still there was good hope for us today, so far as all earthly forecasts went; and better hope still in that we had the medical officer of the island with us in the boat. The time was near at hand to one of his periodical visits of inspection to the lighthouses, and he had seized the opportunity of leaving our expedition and taking advantage of the favorable weather which had tempted us to embark upon it. It takes a pretty bad day, of course, to keep the ordinary relief parties ashore. They frequently cross and go to and fro of the sea on which hoved mariners would decline the responsibility of attempting to land the casual tourist. But the doctor, who had doubtless discharged his inspecting duty on many a day of dirty weather, would scarcely be "delivered" on the rock this afternoon, if delivery were at all practicable, and there seemed a fair chance that a point might be strained in our favor as the companions. So that we started on our enterprise with exceptionally fair promise of bringing it to a successful issue.

It is a tough four-mile row to the Flugga from the lighthouse station at the head of the firth, and not there can one have to bend their backs to it with a will. The shores on either side of us grow higher and bolder as the waterway unfolds, and at last, after some forty minutes steady pulling, we find ourselves on the open sea. To the right lies the headland of Saxavord, honeycombed with tunneling caves. On the left hand frowns the tremendous bluff of Hermaness—twin knights, which figure in Norse legend as the respective leader of two warring giants, whose missiles, flung at each other, are supposed to be lying to this day at the foot of either cliff, in the form of gigantic sea-washed boulders—even as the rocks with which Polyphemus pelted Ulysses still lie off Act Scale on the Sicilian coast. But we are now clear of land, and the pyramid of the Flugga, surmounted by its slender cone of stone, is in full view at last. We bear to the northeastward, and our boats begin to dance upon the waves with a brskness that warns us how desirous is the team of all those deeply indented firths, that open out upon this ever unquiet sea. As the water ships and shifts our advancing bows, the thin emerging things that we may be assured to have our journey for nothing immediately recede. But it seems that we are in luck. For many years past, as we learned afterward, it had been found impossible for any visitor parties land the stores to effect a landing; but when we reached the southeastern face of the rock, and had turned into the natural harbor which it forms with its lower scaps, the variant landslides could have seen that all was right. Just for the moment, however, the more sagacious

EXTRAORDINARY LITTLE HAVEN,

—surely the wildest and strangest ever—seemed to have no room for thought of anything else. On our right, to the attitude of not less, towers the black precipice on which the lighthouse stands, its sheer face terraced from base to summit with flights of stone stone steps, clamped and mortised into the solid rock and protected everywhere with a single iron hand-rail. Over against it to our left, at a distance of some fifty or sixty yards from its companion, and about half its stature, rose the little Flugga; and about midway between the two projects a long and jagged blade of rock, to the side of which is fixed the iron landing ladder. The deep nine-black water is heaving in restless mounds into the crisp, little haven, and "landing round" its numerous walls unbroken; so that it is as easy scramble up the rungs of the landing ladder on to the rock jetty, where two of the three light-keepers receive us with that broad smile of greeting with which these sea-bound prisoners always welcome new faces from the shore.

"All well, boys?" inquires the doctor.

"All well, sir."

"That's right. So are your wives and bairns."

A hearty handshake ratifies the exchange of good news, and almost before we have had time to turn around, the two men have slid down the ladder into our boat, and are off for an hour's debauch, while we explore the lighthouse under the guidance of their multitude. It is a "pleasing" ramp up that two hundred feet of rocky stairway—at any rate, for unaccustomed lungs—but in a few minutes we reach the little stone courtyard of the lighthouse, and stand on the most northerly point of inhabited land in her majesty's European dominions. Small as it is, in the courtyard, with the tower which rose from it, covers the entire apex of the Muckle Flugga rock, and its massive boundary walls are flush with the precipices on either side. The interior of the lighthouse needs little description. It has the usual arrangement of floors, connected with each other by ladder staircases—ground floor, with its huge store of oil barrels, a thousand gallons for a year's supply; comfortable kitchen, living room on the floor above, its sleeping bunks of the men on the next stage, and at the top of one more flight of steps the lantern—just now a cool, crystalline chamber with its beautiful laminated glass reflectors made glorious in the afternoon daylight with the colors of the prism, but after nightfall all aglow and ablaze with heat and light intolerable, so that, standing in it, you seem to be in the centre of a globe of living fire. From the lantern you pass on to the balcony outside and survey the boundless waste of waters ahead and on either hand. On the east there is nothing nearer than the coast of Norway, not on the west than the shores of the American continent, not on the north than the ice fields of the pole. Even at this tranquil hour, and with the three seas sleeping placidly sixty fathoms beneath, you cannot but feel a thrill of pride in that which so expressed the Greek poet of two thousand years ago—the sublime hardihood of man. How much more powerfully would it affect you if you could see, as these men so often see, the slumbering enemy awakened and giving battle; if, like them, you could watch the huge billows pulsing, breaking shoot over yonder rock, which now shows above the waters to the height of one hundred feet to the clear; or if you could listen, for days together, to the roar of winds which drown their voices, even in the lulled recesses of the lighthouse, which sweep the pinnacle outside with such terrific fury that no man could stand erect on it for a moment, or move a yard from the door except by crawling on his hands and knees; and which make the tower itself with such tremendous violence that its stone walls shudder like a living thing beneath the blows. It would be worth a good deal to the lover of new experiences to pass but one night on the rock under such conditions as these. But, if he did not care to lift his hat to Neptune, he would be among the world's men, he might pay his dearly for his new experience. Six weeks is the regulation term at duty in the lighthouse; followed by a fortnight "off" on shore, but again and again has it happened that the bad weather has run seven, three months have passed before the men could be relieved. To "spend a night" in the lighthouse at this late season of the year might mean remaining there until the whole aspect of English politics had undergone transformation—until, perhaps, a couple of brand-new French ministries had been formed and broken, and possibly until China had become a dependency of Japan.

AN OPINION GIVEN.

Recently Mr. J. D. Thomas, of North Dakota, visited the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia, and after carefully examining the country located in Winchester, he writes to Mr. Y. Biggers, Land and Immigration Agent, Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, Baltimore, Maryland, as follows: "I have been in nearly every state and territory of the United States, and am frank in my opinion that this valley surpasses all other sections in the Union. The lands are low in price, and produce profitable crops. I thank you for directing me here, and solicit those seeking pleasant and profitable homes to locate in this country."

High Grade Candies.

Fine home-made Creams, 25 cents a pound, at Spears's Candy Kitchen, 64 West First South Street.

The direct line to Kansas City, St. Louis and Atlantic seaboard, is via the Missouri Pacific Railway, from Pueblo. Through sleeping and chair cars, and all connections made in Union depots in the day time. If you are going east and care for a daylight ride through the grandest scenery of the Rocky Mountains on route, see that your ticket reads via Missouri Pacific Railway. Elegant chair cars positively free to holders of regular train tickets.

S. Y. DUNHAM, G. P. & P. A.,
21 Marion Block, Salt Lake City.

About Croup.

Croup is a terror to young mothers. To prevent them remaining the first symptoms and treatment is the object of this item. The first indication of croup is hoarseness. In a child wee to subject to croup it may be taken as a sure sign of the approach of an attack. Following the hoarseness is a peculiar rough cough. If Chamberlain's Croup Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse or even after the rough cough has appeared it will prevent the attack. It has never been known to fail.

Behind Cough Drops

Are the good qualities possessed by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Above all it purifies the blood, thus strengthening the nervous regulates the digestive organs, invigorates the kidneys and liver, bones and builds up the entire system, cures Scrofula, Dyspepsia, Catarrh and Rheumatism. Get Hood's and only Hood's.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache, etc.

The question is, Shall I buy cheap unwholesome tea, or pay a little more and drink the best in the market? If you value your health you will call for Pride of Japan (Tree Tea) and take no other.

Keep your cents and other valuables, including jewels, in a safety deposit box at Zion's Savings Bank & Trust Co. Best of the year-old Accounts in a few cents per month. Ladies specially invited to call and see vaults.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair.
DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

Burlington Route Dining Cars.

The Burlington route is the only line running dining cars on the "A la carte" plan, between Denver and Omaha, Kansas City and Chicago. Passengers have to pay only for what they eat. Be sure that your tickets read via the Burlington route.

In buying or selling Second-Hand Goods we recommend the I. X. L., 48 east, Second South. 327 Goods wanted.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
World's Fair Highest Award.

Excursion to Hot Springs, Ark.

On Nov. 17th and 18th the Rio Grande Western makes rate of $15.45 to Hot Springs, Ark., and return. Tickets good until December 1st. The rate is made on account of the Miss. Valley Medical Association, which meets at Hot Springs in Nov., but everybody can take advantage of the rate. For further particulars apply to I. A. Benson, City Ticket Agent, No. 15 West Second South St.

Thoroughly Comfortable.

Passengers destined to the prominent cities of the Missouri River should patronize the Chicago, Union Pacific & Northwestern line. Magnificent Pullman and Warner sleeping cars, elegant Pullman & Northwestern dining cars, free reclining chair cars, handsome day coaches and comfortable Pullman colonist sleepers.

Strictly in It.

The Chicago, Union Pacific & Northwestern line, offers the best accommodations to the traveling public en route to Chicago. Through trains, fast time, magnificent sleeping cars, elegant dining cars, colonist sleepers, reclining chair cars and handsome day coaches.

ASSIGNEE STOCK SALE.

Notice can Nov. Consider the fine stock of FURNITURE and STOVES, ROCKERS, CARPETS, CURTAINS, SHADES, BEDDING and all kinds of HOUSEHOLD GOODS, Rug, Etc.

To be sold regardless of cost, for cash at Wise Factory.

J. L. S. SECOND HAND STORE,
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New Goods! Arrived Oct. 12, 1894.

An Immense Assortment of Crockery Direct from Europe.

LAMPS, GLASSWARE, CLOCKS.

THE BEST ASSORTMENT OF AMERICAN MADE GOODS.
AMERICA MAKES THE BEST ON EARTH

Designs are Strikingly Handsome.
Prices are Surprisingly Low.

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JAMES · SPENCER · BATEMAN CO.,
(Successors to David James & Co.) and Spencer-Bateman Co.)

Plumbers, Tinners, Gas and Steam Fitters.

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ARMSTRONG — Will submit an estimate to the public on your Lumber and Shingles Frame, and save you money. Doors and all other Building Materials. — COMPANY

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Shoddy Shoes are Good
FOR NOTHING in Wet Weather.
Buy our Famous Home Made ones now, that will last till next Spring.
FELT AND RUBBER FOOTWEAR.
All kinds of Warm Goods Cheaper than Ever.
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SALT LAKE EQUITABLE CO-OP.

Going out of the Clothing and Shoe Business. Come and get Bargains. Hurry up!

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Great Reductions
IN
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TEN WIRE AND INGRAINS.

Prices Lower Than Ever.

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