



BRILLIANTS.

Each year to ancient friendships adds a ring.
As to an oak, and precious more and more.
Without deservingness or help of ours.
—J. R. Lowell.

No one could tell me where my soul might be.
I searched for God, but God eluded me.
I sought my brother out, and found all three.
—Ernest Crosby.

But what if I fail of my purpose here?
It is but to keep the nerves at strain.
To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall.
And laugh, get up and begin again.
So the chase takes up one's life, that's all.
—Browning.

If I were hanged on the highest hill.
Mother of mine, O mother of mine!
I know whose love would follow me still.
Mother of mine, O mother of mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea.
Mother of mine, O mother of mine!
I know whose tears would come down to me.
Mother of mine, O mother of mine!

If I were damned of body and soul.
Mother of mine, O mother of mine!
I know whose prayers would make me whole.
Mother of mine, O mother of mine!
—Kipling.

AS YOU JOURNEY ON.

Waiting for the Spring through the
winter's clouds of gray.
Fretting through the night for the com-
ing of the day.
Praying 'mid the battle for the peace
that is to be.
Watching on the shore for the ships to
come from sea.

Looking for tomorrow and the joy
that's far away.
When all the things we long for are
at our feet today.

For the heart makes its own summer
whether skies be blue or no.
And there's glory in the doing that will
set the soul aglow.
There's music on the shore, though the
ship may never fare.

To the harbor where you wait with
your sleeping and your care.
So join in the song and the laughter
and the strife.
And as your journey on, make the best
you can of life.
—Selected.

NOTES.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers will pub-
lish shortly under Mr. R. H. Russell's
imprint, a new book by the author of
the famous "Wolfville" stories called
"The Lion and the Lamb." The book
has frequently been spoken of as the
literary descendant of the late Bret
Harte, and he is one of the few young
American authors who have been dis-
tinguished by honorable recognition in
England. An eminent London editor
recently singled him out for this high
commendation.

Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis occupies a
position upon which no trenches
I wandered, before I met him, what
manner of man he was. I found in him
a photograph of his writings. He has
the innate enthusiasm of the American,
a complete cognizance of his subject,
and a point of view which is as de-
lightfully refreshing as it is novel and
correct. He has been induced to add to
his "Wolfville" stories, I have read the
first of this new series, and it is a per-
fect link in a chain of rare material and
faded workmanship. These stories
have in them the spark which distin-
guishes the classic from the literary fa-
vorite of an hour. They are peopled
with pictures of a country and a period
that will undergo even more radical change
than the England of Pope, Steele, Swift,
Johnson, Addison, and other Saxon im-
mortals, and that will live through the
efforts of Mr. Lewis as the England of
Queen Anne lives in the works of the
great writers I have mentioned.

Signor Scrub, whose masterpieces of
Italian fiction are published in English
by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, is plan-
ning to make a wide tour of the states
next year. The object of her visit is
twofold: she has long desired to see
America, and she also takes this
opportunity of delivering a series of lec-
tures which will be artistic and liter-
ary in character, and which will be
delivered in French or Italian, according
to the disposition of her audiences.

Mr. Mary Holland, "Kinkad" whose
singularly charming novel "Waldo" has
just been published by the Harpers,
has been making a tour of the Five Na-
tions, and visited Tishomingo, the
Ojibwa, and the Chippewa, and has
been entertained by the honorable Joe
Mule, Mr. Hut Gunt and Mr. Go Funt.
She is now staying at Los Angeles, Cal.

In an earlier Daniel, there is a rich
sprinkling of humorous philosophy in
the "Wizards of Oz." The "Wizards of
Oz" is a story of George, a boy who
has been published by Harper &
Brothers. Two of the "characters" in
the story, Mrs. Hillier and Jim Kenner,
are responsible for the following
sneaky sayings:

"Don't kick again the pricks of you
set down on a board with a tack in it,
the harder you set the more they tack in it."

POSTAL CARD DELUGE.

The thousands of postal cards re-
ceived every month by the Dr. David
Kennedy Corporation of Rondout, N. Y.,
requesting a trial bottle of their
FAVORITE REMEDY for such usage
portends that it has been very justly
called a postal deluge.

Think of the substantial reward each
holder of a postal card receives—a trial
bottle of DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S
FAVORITE REMEDY, the greatest
known cure for diseases of the Kidneys,
Bladder, Liver, Blood, Rheumatism,
Dyspepsia and Chronic Constipation.

It is in return for the price of a postal
card (one cent) you receive a medicine
that will relieve your suffering.
It is only fair to believe that a contin-
ued use of the same medicine for a
reasonable length of time will surely
cure you.

Women who suffer from what is
known as "female weakness" find, upon
investigation, that their troubles are
really diseases of the Kidneys and
Bladder. To ascertain this, allow some
time to remain in a glass for twenty-
four hours; if there is a sediment and
a sticky appearance, if you have pains in
the back; if you are obliged to fre-
quently urinate during the night, and
if burning pains accompany its pas-
sage, you should seek at once Dr. Da-
vid Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, the
most brilliant jewel in the world of
medicine.

Druggists sell it in New 50 Cent Size
and the regular \$1.00 size bottles.
Sample letter—through our trial, free by mail.
Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Salt Rheum
Cream cures Old Sores, Skin and Scrof-
fulous Diseases. 50c.

BAKER'S COCOA
AND
CHOCOLATE

have held the market for
122 years with constantly
increasing sales

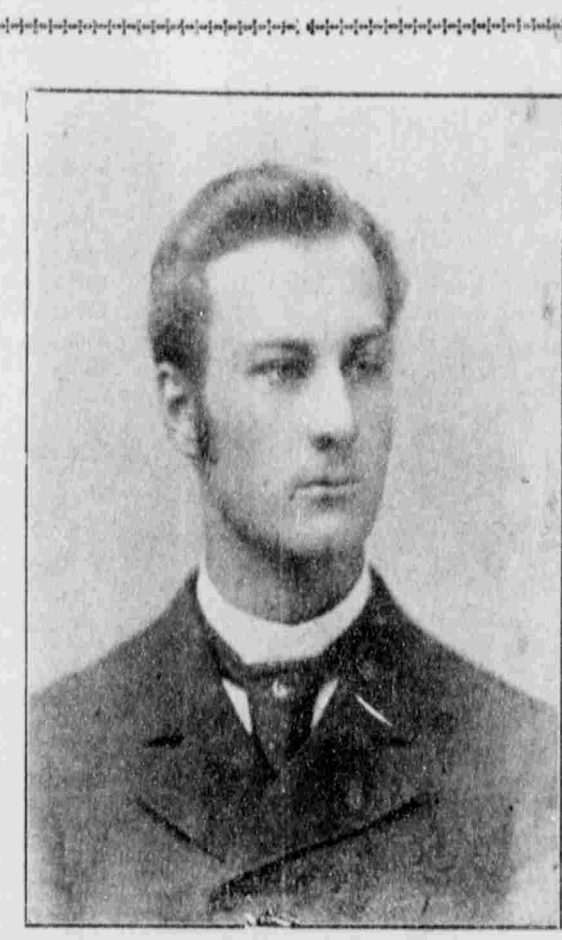
(1) because they are pure
and of high grade; (2) be-
cause they yield the most
and best for the money; (3)
because they are unequalled
for smoothness, delicacy,
and flavor.

Our trade-mark is on every pack-
age of the genuine goods

Walter Baker & Co.
Limited
DORCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS
40 HIGHEST AWARDS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA

ularity of Ian MacLaren and J. M. Bar-
vis in Great Britain. "We Magre-
gor" is the simple story of a little Scot-
tish boy in his relations with his hum-
ble family and friends, told with such
natural sympathy and keen humor that

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



GEORGE THATCHER, WHEN HE "STARTED OUT."

This picture shows the young Logan manager and musician, former back-
er of "Corianton," and organizer of the present Thatcher Stock company, as
he looked some 15 years ago, just as he had started on his business career.
Mr. Thatcher and his brother Guy do an extensive piano business, and control
the Thatcher Opera House as well.

a heap of times rather keep
'im at arm's length in the unmar-
ried state, an' have 'im send 'er flow-
ers, than to be cookin' an' scrubbin' for
'im or his brats while he's makin' 'er
as some woman in a new frock."

"A man can't never make a woman
believe he's had by tellin' her he is any
more; he can make her believe he's
good by the same process."

"A woman is such a mystery herself
that she likes what she don't under-
stand. As a general thing she's so pure
that purity has turned her stomach,
an' she don't like to see strong, healthy
men dabblin' too much in it. But I'll
take that back; she wants 'im to dabble,
an' she don't—both at the same time
and in the same place."

"No sort o' devilment pays, but if you
want a woman an' she wants your
character to have a shady side, then the
only thing to do is to make her think
you're a bit of a scoundrel."

"The whole thing's a riddle to me,
God evidently never intended mortal
man to understand a woman, an' when
a woman understands a man, she's
lost 'im; so how are you goin' to
keep harmony without deception?"

When I get married I'm goin' to live
in constant dread o' my wife findin'
out my moral tendencies."

Choosing titles for the books that the
publishers are issuing every day is a
problem of no mean proportion. L.
Frank Baum was asked recently where
he got the word "Oz" which he used in
"The Wizard of Oz." "Well," he said,
"I have a little cabinet letter-file on
my desk that is just in front of me. I
look at it every day, and I wonder about a title
for the story, and I had settled on
"The Wizard of Oz." A new edition
of "The Wizard of Oz" will be
issued by the Dobbis-Merrill company,
who are the publishers of all of Mr.
Baum's books."

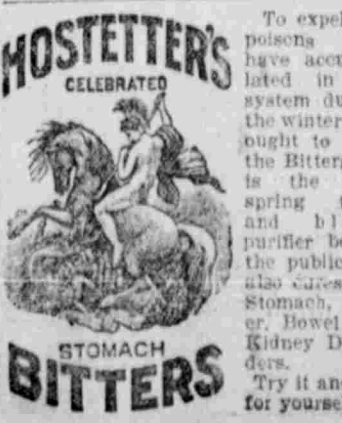
The most popular little book now on
the counters is "Love Sonnets of an Of-
fice Boy," by S. E. Kiser. Two large
editions have been printed during the
past month. Mr. Kiser has written an-
other series of office sonnets, which are
now appearing in The Saturday Eve-
ning Post under the title of "Soul Son-
nets of a Stenographer."

BOOKS.

It will be welcome news to the many
who have revelled in the previous liter-
ary feasts provided by Irving Bach-
elder, that the author has given the lit-
erary world a worthy successor of
"Eben Holden" in a new character
"Darrell of the Blessed Isles." Darrell,
the clock tinker, is a new creation.
WR, philosopher, and man of mystery,
learned, strong, kindly, dignified, he
towers like a giant above the people
among whom he lives. In him Mr.
Bachelder has given us a character as
new and lovable as Eben Holden, but
more fascinating. It is full of the odor
of wood and field. The people are
wholesome; it is good to know them.

Those who have read "Eben" and "Dri-
ad" will welcome eagerly this new
and successful effort of the author's,
and it is published by Lathrop and
is on sale at the Deseret News Book
Store.

Harper & Brothers publish the latest
success in Scott's Emulsion, "Wee Mac-
gregor" whose author, J. J. Bell of
Glasgow, is suddenly rivaling the pop-
ularity of Ian MacLaren and J. M. Bar-
vis in Great Britain. "We Magre-
gor" is the simple story of a little Scot-
tish boy in his relations with his hum-
ble family and friends, told with such
natural sympathy and keen humor that



sonal quality, of abundant incident and
great wealth of anecdote. The illustra-
tion is particularly noteworthy, and
includes twenty-four full-page historical
pictures.

For good or ill Mr. Zangwill may as
well get it out, and be done with it.
Every successful prose writer has a
volume of verse up his sleeve, which is
the unconfessed apple of his eye. Some-
times he has begun with it, and it has
been mercifully forgotten, and some-
times, after resting the weakness for
years, he gives it in at the very end of his
career. It has been so with Mr. Lecky
and Mr. Thomas Hardy. It was so with
Grant Allen—whose poems, however,
were something more than so to suit
an old man's darling. It was so with
Mr. Gladstone even. Somehow the
laurel of prose never seems to bring en-
tire satisfaction. As the comedian would
play "Hamlet" it is the secret ambition
of every writer to be a "poet." Con-
sider, one wishes Mr. Zangwill every suc-
cess in his attempt on the sacred
mount.

MAGAZINES.

Sarah Barnwell Elliott contributes
the opening story in the Youth's Com-
panion for this week, and there are two
or three other good pieces of fiction
while the usual good poetry and other
magazine features combine to make it an
interesting number.

Frankly and fearlessly Pearson's
Magazine tells the story of how Dat-
Atty, Jerome has undertaken, since
handed, the desperate task of riding
New York city of its vice and crime.
This article is being published in three
parts. The first installment, which ap-
peared in the April Pearson's has re-
sulted in a \$1000 libel suit, being
brought against the magazine, and the
publishers announce that, in spite of
their disinclination to appear as de-
fendant in libel suits, the story will con-
tinue to tell in the same frank and
open manner which marked the April
installment. Inside facts and secrets
concerning the true condition of affairs
in New York city come from Judge
Jerome himself, and the boldness and
courage of their presentation by an
able writer, readily convinces the reader
that the purpose of the article is to en-
courage respectable citizenship
throughout the United States, and
to reveal the conditions, and the
which are growing at the vitals of our
largest and greatest cities. The install-
ment published in the May Pearson's
tells numerous incidents of a personal
nature.

The most important feature of the
current number of Collier's Weekly is
the article on "Capital and Labor vs.
The Public," by Edgar E. Clark, grand
chief conductor of the ranks of the
way Conference, and a member of the
president's anthracite coal strike com-
mission. Mr. Clark, in an authoritative
manner, brings out the immense influ-
ence which public opinion is destined
to exert toward the settlement of the
labor question. He also has forceful
remarks to make anent the incorpora-
tion of labor unions. This is the third
of the Collier series of decisive state-
ments by great leaders in the industrial
field.

There is also an interesting story, by
pen and camera, of Samuel M. Jones,
the "Golden Rule" mayor of Toledo,
just elected to his fourth term. There
is a wealth of photographic illustration
in this number, including pictures of
President Roosevelt talking to western
audiences and a series which throws
much light on strained affairs in Bul-
garia. The fiction includes the third
and closing chapter of Mr. Conroy's
sea-ghost story "Man Overboard."

The double-page drawing is by W. R.
Leigh, and illustrates one of the ten-
tative moments in railroading. There is
a wealth of photographic illustration
in the matter of a 100-Amerikan
railroad, and numerous other features.
Poetry, fiction and the general news
of the world are well up to the Collier
standard.

Following is a selection from the
books:

An Office Boy's Sonnet.

I heard the old man scoldin' yesterday
Because your spellin' didn't suit him
him quite;
He said you'd better go to school at
night,
And you was rattled when he turned
away.

You had to tear the letter up and
write
It all again; and when nobody seen
I went and dented in his hat for
spite.

That's what he got for treatin' you so
mean.

I wish that you type-wrote for me and
we
Went off on an island, all alone;
I'd fix a place up under some nice tree
And every time your fingers struck a
key
I'd grab your hands and hold them in
my own.

And you say you spell would do for
me.
—S. E. Kiser.

The recent statement of Edmund
Case that Americans read no poetry
but humorous poetry has been ques-
tioned by many critics, but the pub-
lishers declare it is true, and offer as
proof a comparison of the sales of serious
and humorous verse. Very few
books of serious poetry pay for the
first edition, while many volumes of
light verse go into several editions. One
of the latter, "Ben King's Verse," now
leads all other books of poetry in point
of sale, and has a list of some of its
successful poems.

The publishers are about to issue a new edition of 5,000
copies. Two recent books of humorous
verse, published by Forber & Company,
"My Merry Mood," by Nixon Waterman,
and "Dicker's Charge," by Frank Em-
erson Brooks, are already in the second
large edition.

One of the more widely quoted of Ben
King's verse is the following:
If I should die tonight
And you should come to my cold corpse
Weeping and heart sick o'er my lifeless
clay—
If I should die tonight
And you should come in deepest grief
And say, "Here's that ten dollars that
I owe!"
I might arise in my large white cravat
And say, "What's that?"

If I should die tonight
And you should come to my cold corpse
And kneel
Clasping my bier to show the grief you
feel—
If I should die tonight
And you should come to me, and there
and then
Just even hint 'bout pa'in' me that ten,
I might arise the while;
But I'd drop dead again!

—From Ben King's Verse.

The Poetry of Kipling.

Richard Le Gallienne has the fol-
lowing to say in the New York Mail
and Express in regard to Kipling's poetry:
"Mr. Kipling is said to contemplate
collecting his fugitive verses of the past
few years into a volume. The volume,
unless it should contain some unpub-
lished pieces of striking quality, will
have an historical rather than a literary
interest. In judging Mr. Kipling's
recent poems, it is but fair to recog-
nize that the change from poetry to
literature—as it is his writer's
intention that they should belong.
They are political rather than poetical
utterances, and are no more to be
judged as literature than the kalops
and telegrams are to be judged. And
the fitness of the comparison illustrates
the astonishing success with which
these often crude and even clumsy

Her Life Might
Have Been Saved

Two-thirds of the inmates of our hospitals are women. They are in most cases either for treatment
or for an operation, made necessary by advanced stages of female troubles which have resulted in ovaritis,
a tumor, or displacement of the womb.

"AN OPERATION NECESSARY."

How these words after the examination strike terror to a woman's soul, and with what regrets she
hears them, when she considers that the operation has become necessary through her own neglect. Female
derangements cannot cure themselves, and neglecting the warnings of nature only means putting it off until
there is no cure. The woman who lets her trouble make headway pays the penalty of a dangerous opera-
tion and a lifetime of impaired usefulness at the best, and the operation often proves fatal when her life
might have been saved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhœa, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion and nervous prostration; or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, and the blues, they should remember that there is one tried and never-failing remedy; Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound at once removes such troubles.

READ THE FOLLOWING LETTERS.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot tell you how much good you have done me and how thankful I
am to you for it. For five years I have not been free from pain for a day. I have had backaches, headaches,
and those awful dragging sensations with leucorrhœa, and when menstruation appeared I was in such a
condition I could hardly sit up. I doctored all the time, but nothing helped me, and I was told that an
operation was necessary."

"Two months ago a friend suggested that I try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. No
one knows what it has done for me and how thankful I am for it. It brought me the first well days I have
had for five years. It did for me what doctors could not do, and I want every suffering woman to know
about it."—LOUISE NAUER, 751 E. 16th St., New York City.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to thank you for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
has done for me. I had terrible hemorrhages, being lacerated from the birth of my child. The doctor told
me that if I would have an operation I would be well and strong. I submitted to it, but was worse than I
before; no one knows what I suffered. Finally a friend advised me to try your Vegetable Compound; I did
so, and commenced to feel better; I continued its use, and it has done for me what doctors could not do. I
am strong and well. If women with any kind of female troubles would only consult you before submitting
to an operation they would be spared many hours of pain and suffering. I cannot thank you enough for
what you have done for me."—ANNA KIRCHHOFF, 156 E. 100th St., New York City.

\$5000.00 FORFEIT If we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove
their absolute genuineness.

Lydia E. Pinkham, Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

WISE IS THE WOMAN WHO HAS FAITH IN

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

hymns and diatribes almost invariably
fulfilled their aim. Few writers have
been able so surely and so consistently
to hit any mark at which they aimed
as Mr. Kipling. Frequently, as with
the majority of his political poems, his
weapon has hardly been finer than a
blunderbuss—but he contrived to hit
the mark all the same; and there have
been times when his blunderbuss, which
he has not made the desired stir, exerted some-
thing of the desired influence, or sown
the seed of the writer's idea in some
lasting phrase. There was nothing in
"The Whiff of Smoke" except its title
—but there in the title was a whole
philosophy, a whole attitude so pic-
turesquely flashed upon us that the
phrase was a proverb ere it was a day
old. Verse happened to be the vehicle,
but the phrase might just as well have
occurred in one of Lord Rosberry's
speeches. The "dazzled fools at the
wicket" again went swift and smartly
to its mark, and though the English sel-
dier may not like to be going to dis-
missed since caused to comprehend the
appeal of Mr. Kipling to his own day.
But alas! it has never got there" like
Mr. Kipling's. It is an exquisite weap-
on, but it never does any damage. Mr.
Watson, like the true poet and patriot
that he is, is tried to combine two suc-
cesses—a poetical and a political suc-
cess. His political thunderbolts should
be poems as well. Unfortunately they
nearly always fail as poems, and are
therefore, such a volume as Mr.
Watson's "Year of Shame," the Ar-
menian sonnets, will remain among the
finest utterances of a poetical mind ap-
plying itself to national affairs.

And, indeed, some of us may think
that Mr. Watson's failure to win the
temporary success is rather to his cred-
it than otherwise. His political verse
has always been inspired by a deep
sense of lofty national ideals. For him
the greatness of England has been a
moral greatness, and it has been his
aim to recall his fellow countrymen to
the sense of their spiritual responsibility
rather than to fan their military
and commercial ambitions. Mr. Kipling
has been a political opportunist—a
perfectly honest one, of course, and if
his voice has found a hearing beyond
finer voices with better messages, it is
largely because he said what people
were wanting to hear at the moment;
whereas, Mr. Watson persisted in say-
ing what people did not want to hear,
but rather wished to shut their ears to.
It was no use telling Englishmen that
the Boer campaign was an unrighteous
war, an infamy of tyrannical brutality.
No voice crying in the wilderness was
ever more lonely than Mr. Watson's
when he undertook to awaken England
to the shame of the whole wicked hand-
ness. The only thing was to hold one's
peace, or write the soul-stirring ditty—
and it is owing, mind you, to "The Ab-
sent-Minded Beggar."

Of course Mr. Kipling, too, makes a
show of being unconditionally sincere,
of singing the spiritual destiny, the moral
obligation of England; but, unfortu-
nately, his method is too much that of

a missionary, with a Bible in one hand
and a Winchester in the other. "The
Recessional" is all very pretty as senti-
ment, but the essential cant, the meth-
odical humbug of it, was riddled at
the time of its appearance by some lines
as Mr. Watson's which went straight
to their mark as any of Mr. Kipling's
own.

"Best by remembering God, say some,
We keep our high imperial top.
Fortune I think has mainly come
When we forgot, when we forgot."

The whole hollow mockery of "The
Recessional" crumbles before this
trifling stroke of truth.
I see that Mr. Kipling and Burke
together have inspired Mr. Zangwill
to the somewhat belated witicism that
"Mabius was lost on the playing fields
at Lord's." It is to be feared that Ma-
bius is now so wiped out and forgotten
by the subsequent retort that only the
Boers remember it any more, and
that some more recent disaster, such
as Modder river, or Spion Kop, would
more effectively point Mr. Zangwill's
moral. If the dazzled fools at the
war office have not already forgotten
those, too, Mr. Zangwill, by the way, is
to bring out a volume of poems before
long, entitled "Blind Children." Mr.
Zangwill has been threatening a volume
of poems now for several years. But,
whether or not he has kept thinking
better of his impulse, the volume has
never appeared.

Robbed the Grave.
A startling incident is narrated by
John Oliver of Philadelphia, as follows:
"I was in an awful condition. My skin
was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue
coated, pain continually in back and
sides, no appetite, growing weaker day
by day. Three physicians had given me
up. Then I was advised to use Electric
Bitters; to my great joy, the first bottle
made a decided improvement. I con-
tinued their use for three weeks, and
am now a well man. I know the rob-
bed the grave of another victim." No
one should fail to try them. Only 50c
guaranteed, at Z. C. M. I. Drug Store.

WHY SUFFER WITH CHRONIC
STOMACH TROUBLE,
Dyspepsia, or Catarrh of Stomach. Severe and
long standing cases absolutely cured by the new
and successful treatment.

NAU'S DYSPEPSIA CURE.
"Have suffered for 12 years; tried to
doctors and all kind of Medicines. Nau's
Dyspepsia Cure entirely cured me. I vom-
ited my food, could not eat, had water-
brash, heartburn; catarrh of stomach;
was disgusted with life and disappointed
with the many cures, but, thanks to this
great remedy which cures the cause, I am
again well. (Signed)
MRS. T. E. AVERY, Doenton, N. J.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS OR DIRECT.
PRICE \$1 A BOTTLE; 6 BOTTLES, \$5.
The F. N. Company, 203 Broadway, N. Y.,
Send for booklet: and Portland, Ore.

Sold by F. C. Schramm, Druel &
Franken, Hill Drug Store and leading
druggists.

RETURNED MISSIONARIES.

Have you a friend or acquaintance
in your former field of labor, to whom
you would like to send a copy of the
Semi-Weekly News? If so, take ad-
vantage of our special offer, made to
aid the great missionary work. We
send the paper one year to any point
in the United States, Canada or Mex-
ico at half price, \$1.00. This does not
apply to points where there are regu-
larly sold or stakes. Foreign postage
extra.

BOOK BINDING.
And printing specially attended to at
the Deseret News Office. Estimates
promptly furnished. Rush orders a
specialty.

PUTNAM

PUTNAM NAIL CO.,
New York, Nov. 12, 1890.
Dear Sirs,—
In reply to your favor I
would state that I have used the Put-
nam Nail for several years, and have
advised my friends to use it only.
It is hardly necessary for me to add
that I prefer it to all others.

Robert Bonner.
The Putnam Nail enjoys the distinction of
being the only Hot-Forged and Hammer-Pointed
nail made by machinery, and which imitates the
old hand process.

ROBERT BONNER
INSISTS ON ITS USE.
All others are GOLD ROLLED and SHEARED,
an examination of their edges near the
point will show, and are liable to SPLIT or
SLIVER in driving, to injure and perhaps kill
the horse.

The above picture, from a photo
representing Mr. Bonner in the act of
handling his smith's Putnam nail,
while superintending the shoeing of
Vulno, will be sent in the form of a
half tone, size, 6x8, on thick, white
paper, with wide margin, on receipt
of 2 cent stamp for postage, etc.

PUTNAM NAIL CO.,
101 MONSET, BOSTON, MASS.

For sale by Z. C. M. I. Clark El-
dred & Co., Salt Lake Hardware Co.,
and George A. Lowe, Salt Lake City
Utah.