WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS

THE ENGLISH LAKE REGION AND KESWICK, ITS METROPOLIS.

Curious Nomenclature—Scene of Skiddaw—A Majestic Panorama—Southey's Old Haunts and Home, and His Grave at Crossthwaite.

[Copyrighted, 1891, by Edgar L. Wakeman.]

Keswick, England, April 20.—From the ridge of Helvellyn or the peak of Skiddaw one can secure an extra or the experimental view of the entire English lake region. With the one grand prospect I have enjoyed from Helvellyn's summit, and the several moments of Skiddaw I have made, I feel safe in asserting that there is no assemblage in the whole world anything so satisfying a feast for visual sense and mental delight.

Here are no buried cities, no dreadful history, no Bitter Nails and begrimed age, no tyranny of lust and greed. Church spires with sculptured Pike, Crinkle Crags, Bowfell, Skiddaw and Helvellyn. There are a hundred other "seas," "lakes" and "tarns" which, almost equal in height, and in my judgment frequently equal them in scenic impressiveness. The principal and widest known lakes are Windermere, Bassenthwaite Water, Derwentwater, Thirlmere, Grasmere, Rydal Water, Windermere, Coniston Water, Crummock Water, Loweswater, Wast Water, Ullswater and Buttermere. These are exclusive of very many tiny lakes and countless tarns. Many of the latter lie beneath the shadows of majestic crags, more than 2,000 feet above sea level. Aside from these mountains and lakes are fully fifty noted dales, as many glylls of great beauty, several famous waterfalls, and the quaint and beautiful towns of Coniston, Hawkshead, Ambleside, Grasmere, Cockermouth, Keswick, the old border town of Penrith, at the eastern side of the region, and beautiful Keswick, the metropolis of the entire district.

Some knowledge of local nomenclature is needed by a stranger among English lakes. Every lake in the region has the terminal "water," or "mere." Thirlmere, or Thirsell's mere; Grasmere, from the old Saxon "grise," meaning the lake of the swine, and Derwentwater, from the Cambro-Celtic "derwent," beautiful, are sufficient for illustration. The word holme is invariably applied to the islands of the English lakes and is from the Danish "holm," a little island, while tarn, from the Norse "tarn," a tiny lake, is used to define the silent pool within the highest mountain swalls and crags. There are countless in the lake region. In the nomenclature of mountains are many curious derivations. Shaw or sca, from the Danish "skaw," means a wood or forest, and fell, from the Danish "fjall" a range of mountains, and restricted Anglish for any rocky, barren hill or height, gives Shaw Fell, the mountain of the forest. The word "fell" is comprised in the name of nearly every Cumbrian mountain.

The derivation of "pike," as in Langdale Pikes, Scafell Pike, etc., is not so clear. It is applied here to peaks of great elevation and rugged prominence; but there seems to be a curious link between the term and the ancient fires kindled on these heights for pagan worship and sacrifice. "Scars" are broken, craggy and usually precipitous mountain brows. "Slacks" are lofty passes or dips in mountain peaks, between loftier heights. And "riggs," as in Langdale, Latrigg and Castlerigg, are ridge mounds, the derivation of the word being, I suppose, from the Celtic "ri," "righ," the king or head. To an American the appellations of the beautiful mountain streams and waterfalls are peculiar and often confusing. A gill, or ghyll, is a with stream running through a gorge or glen with very rapid descent, and where it breaks into a waterfall it is always called a "force." Thus Stock Ghyll Force, the famous waterfall of Ambleside, which has its source among the romantic crags about Kirkstone Pass, is the waterfall of the stream which descends the glen of Stock.

If one enters the lake region from the north the first impulse is to ascend Skiddaw, the second highest mountain of the region, which is almost as near Keswick to the north as the slightly loftier Helvellyn is to the south. Keswick lies in the noble vale of Derwentwater, between these two monarch sentinels of the lakes. The ascent of Skiddaw is moreover task upon the powers of one accustomed to mountain climbing, and can be easily reached in three hours' time from Keswick. Unlike that of Helvellyn, it is unattended with bodily risk. Yet the view is in a easier and more varied one. In three different scenes I have only been able to secure one perfect view, owing to the interference of fog and mist, upon which an absolute calculation can be made.

To attempt any adequate description of what a perfect view will comprise from the summit of Skiddaw would require a cataloguing of every majestic and beautiful object among the lakes and a camera-like exposition of every exalted emotion of the human heart. The vastness of the panorama may be faintly suggested when its circumference is stated. It is known to extend 200 miles. Cumberland and Westmoreland, with their majestic cluster of mountains, lakes and rivers, are, as it were, at your feet.

To the eastward the eye ranges over the "backbone" of England, the billowy Pennine hills, and through verdurous dips Northumberland and Yorkshire can be scanned to the German ocean. To the west, myriads of fells and dales in wild confusion. Then the Irish sea, and with a glass the mighty mass of Arran, with the moonlight upon them a shining thread upon the horizon. To the southwest, across a turbulent mass of peaks and fells and a silvery reach of the sea, Snowdon, Snaefell, the island of the Isle of Man, seems to float upon the waves. To the south and southeast, where Kings Helvellyn does not shut out the sight, Cumberland, Westmoreland and Lancashire seem an interminable maze of billowy scenic splendor. To the north, across the Solway, those sweet old shires whence Burns lived, sang and died, spread their sunny dales, even their very fields and houses, to view, outlined by hoary Cheviot, as Skiddaw sides and summit, and gaps along the range of misty hills behind.

There is another matchless panorama that with the eye of fancy and the hours of mundane care be seen and felt from glen old Skiddaw's heights. The eyes must with tears as they trace the saffron dawn, and recall the struggles and toilsome toiling of that mighty heart that broke in the latter light, and is now at peace beneath the monument he held if England's foes, while every tree and mass that lives gave tender tribute to the memory of Robert Burns. The melancholy Gray, author of the "Elegy," ...ory to the Cloudes Lowtine glen, is found, in the autumn of 1769 wandered past Skiddaw to his tour of discovery, which first opened the eyes of England to the beauties of the Cumberland lakes, and made it possible for all the hosts that followed to share their inspiration.

Here at your feet, in old Keswick town, dwelt, sang and lies buried in Crossthwaite churchyard near the mourningtree of the river Greta he so loved, the gentle poet of passive remembrance and meditative calm, Robert Southey. Here, too, the unhappy Coleridge passed the most fruitful, though still the most miserable, years of his baleful slavery to a deadly drug. Beside him, in this wonderful panorama of mellowed peace of the lake region, appears the ill-fated poet of the Lake region, opium eater, student in the dream-life of instances of spirits, Thomas Dequincey. Down there in one of Keswick's ancient wooden gables with his girl wife Harriet, the only happy hours of his unfortunate life. Hardly, remarkable, yet true and Christian if heaven, Thomas Meridith, the poet, bright and clear in the picture among the Mountains of Ambleside. Good Fellow Hogarth, with a tinge of sadness in her perfect face, is standing beside Wordsworth. Then walk with you through these quaint and narrow streets. They lived or lodged or were guests in the many gabled, trellised and tiny-pointed houses yet. Men like Scott, Fitzgerald and Tennyson have eaten at the same tables, and dreamed of the nature glories seen in the same chambers where you find food and rest. Through all this loving train of reflection the pleasant recognition of the Keswick of today steals near you. It is not much different than in the times when 300 pack ponies passed and repassed with their Cumberland mountain traffic. It is just a bit newer and brighter in places on account of the throngs that come in summer. You will find plenty of houses, with legends, in less set in lands, in carvings on oaken ceiling beams, or wrought in ancient stones, that tell of their building in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries.

Some of the most curious old inn yards of England are here, and as to old, old folk, I never saw so many in any town, accident or now. I sat upon the coping of the Greta bridge with some old men long. He is two years older than this century. He had wandered, he said, when a lad of twelve, with Southey and the first Coleridge over all the fells and mountains of the dales about Keswick, and had seen them all, from Southey to Wordsworth, serve and sing and go into the churchyards of Crossthwaite and Grasmere or away to other lands, as anywhere away from Cumbrian shadow and shine seemed to his dim old thought.

Not more than a stone's throw from where we sat, on a gentle eminence in the northern edge of Keswick, stands Greta Hall, Southey's old home. It is now occupied by Mr. John Kennedy, gentleman, and owned by a maiden lady of ripe age and wealth named Wilson. Just ninety years ago Coleridge, who had then once and Greta Hall, wrote Southey, inviting him to share his home with him, describing the place as follows: "Our house stands on a low hill, the whole front of which is one field and an enormous garden, nine-tenths of which is nursery garden. Behind the house is an orchard and a small wood on a steep slope, the foot of which is the river Greta, which winds round and catches the evening light in front of the house. In front we have a silent cataract encamped army of trees on mountains which, by an inverted arch, gives a view of another sale. On our right the lovely vale and the wedge-shaped lake of Bassenthwaite, and on our left Derwentwater and Lodore (the fall of Derwent) made famous by Southey's playful rhyme for his children; full in view, and the finest mountainous Borrowdale. Behind is the massive Skiddaw, smooth, green, high, with two horns and a rent like ridge in the target." This description is now as true of Greta Hall and its scenic surroundings as when it was written. The beeches surrounding the mansion are more majestic the quaint square, two storied, low windowed old place may be a trifle grayer, but the rooks clamor and caw about the overarching trees; the Greta sings over its pebbly bed of shallows; and one can almost imagine that up there in that famous second story library some one most stand by the broad pages of the high four windows and drink in the glory of the prospect to reveal it again to men—just as then.

Turning from the old home of Southey the eye follows a winding, sunny, half village, half country street, and is arrested by the huge square tower and the low wide nave of one of the oldest churches in England. It is nearly half a mile from Keswick town, but the beach and foot turn instinctively to it. Crossthwaite church it is called, because its patron saint, Bishop Kentigern, here first set up the cross on this very spot, then a "clearing" or wood chasing of Derwentvale, in the year 553. That was nearly 1,340 years ago. Portions of its walls are more than 1,000 years old. It is rich in commemorative crosses, in a wonderful font given for the rest of the soul of Sir Thomas of Eskdale, in quaint old tracerie, in effigies and memorial brasses. A great earl lies interneath its chancel floor, and a "knight whose name was unknown" in his clearing" sleeps within its walls.

The church has fifty members; its Vicar (Bewsley) is a poet; its octogenarian verger, good old John Dunkett, can recall to mind more than ten thousand memories of Cumbrians—of whom he says, "If it isn't kept as right, he wear eleven of 'em!"—of Southey, of Shelley and of Wordsworth himself, than can be found with in the library beside, and it is visited often by the royal family, for for all these it is one of us are pilgrims here. Within its hallowed aisles, in its walls, lies, and beside its gray old walls lie the poet Robert Southey, that poet whose

> Life to heaven was wed
> Through a long life sweet, pure.
>
> EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Laughing Gas.

Aunty—Did the dentist give you laughing gas?

Little Girl—Yes'm.

"Didn't it make you feel like laughing?"

"Yes'm—after th' teeth was out."—Good News.

A Guiding Rule.

Fix this in your mind as the guiding principle of all right, practical labor, and source of all beautiful life energy—that your art is to be the praise of something you love. It may be only the praise of a shell or a stone; it may be the praise of a bee; it may be the praise of God. Your rank as a living creature is determined by the height and breadth of your love; but be you small or great, what healthy art is possible to you must be the expression of your true delight in a real thing better than your art.—Ruskin.

Stepmotherless.

A newspaper reporter lately visited Congressman Jeremiah Simpson, and found to an absolute certainty that he does wear stockings, that they are white Balbriggan, that they are very good and clean, and that his shoes are brilliantly polished. So one more historic tradition is exploded. What shall we have left of the old stories?

Mr. Simpson favored the reporter with a considerable number of opinions. Following are some of his more important sayings. We exclaim then that our readers may know just how Jerry stands. We have two thoroughbred democrats now—Uncle Jerry Rusk, secretary of agriculture, from Wisconsin, and the Hon. Jeremiah Simpson, member of congress from Kansas. There is every prospect that our two Jerrys will both go down to fame in the annals of their country. Here are the Kansas Jerry's views:

Granted that gold would go to a premium if the national government made all debts, public and private, payable in gold and silver coins? It is true that we have to pay the balance of our foreign trade in gold, but then people owing us pay us back in our money.

If gold goes to a premium we can pay other nations for the things we require in wheat, corn or some other produce that is cheaper than gold.

There is no chance of the Republican party and the Farmers' Alliance ever uniting.

We would not a man like Jay Gould on a scale to propriate to his interests, which would have him forbidden ever to speak on his own social conditions. By the terms of the money which has been proposed, the money of the people the rich would be redistributed among the people.

The camera exposition looks on the western farmer as the farmer looks on his hogs—as something to fatten and to sell. The farmers are tired of this treatment, and propose to turn their fattening to their own benefit.

The British Husband Drowned.

Cold shivers are running down the spines of the British husband. Already indignant married men are writing to the newspapers warning girls that British youths won't marry them any more. A tremendous sensation was in truth started by the decision of three of England's greatest lawyers and judges—namely, Lord Chancellor Salsbury, Master of the Rolls Lord Esher and Lord Justice Fry—that the British husband cannot force his wife to live with him against her will.

Emily Hall married Edmund Jackson. He left for New Zealand immediately after the wedding, and the bride promised to join him in six months. She did not do it. Mr. Jackson returned to England, grabbed up his wife at the church door one Sunday, thrust her into a carriage and drove off with her. He claimed he had a perfect right to do this under the old English common law, that gives the husband absolute control over the wife's person and fortune. The reason which led to this violent proceeding was that there was a considerable property belonging to Mrs. Jackson, and the husband wanted the enjoyment of this. So did her own family.

The case came to trial. No misconduct on the part of either husband or wife was alleged. In course of the trial the old common law of England received such a blow as it has not had for centuries. The marriage law was shown to be based on the ancient Roman law. This gave the Roman husband power to put his wife to death if she drank wine. He might beat her or imprison her, and the law gave him the right. Even so recent a lawyer as Lord Chief Justice Coleridge decided that a husband might restrain a wife of her liberty so as to force her to live with him.

The whole fabric of the common law of England has, however, now fallen to the ground, so far as marriage is concerned. If the ancient Roman law of marriage is still in force then a man may kill his wife for drinking wine, may beat her and imprison her. But these things are too barbarous for an enlightened age. Before the Roman law, if not binding on one point, cannot be binding on others. Roman law is not English law, said the judges. If the husbands of England want a law to force wives to live with them one will have to be specially passed.

Meanwhile husbands will probably begin to be awfully sweet to their wives if they do not want them to run away. A woman can be restrained in that way when she can in no other. That is where Mr. Edmund Jackson made his fatal mistake. He ought to have carried his wife off to New Zealand at once after their marriage, while she was yet in love with him.

Requisites for Roses.

The most suitable soil for roses is a fresh, friable loam, abounding in decaying vegetation, such as thoroughly decomposed sods and leaf mold. With this mix, previous to planting, some bone dust and decayed manure. Avoid for roses a retentive soil without natural drainage. A liberal dressing of bone dust at the time of setting the plants assists them to a vigorous growth and prolific bloom. It will also be found beneficial to keep the soil around a rose bush well loosened. When the plants are blooming profusely, liquid manures, such as guanoda, manure in solution, and water, etc., are beneficial, if not applied too strong.

Which is better, to allow a guilty man to escape by legal process or to kill an innocent man by mob law?

If non-intercourse with Italy means that we are to have no more members of the Mafia landing upon our shores the United States can stand that for awhile.

We observe that ministers in various places are preaching sermons to editors and newspaper men. This thing has been going on now for a good many years. Suppose one of these day newspaper men turn around and preach a sermon to ministers.

At last there is a use for mosquitos. For ten years Drs. Finlay and Delgado, of Havana, have practiced inoculating new arrivals in their city with yellow fever germs by means of mosquito bites. Only 8 per cent. of patients thus treated took yellow fever in well marked form, and of these only 2 per cent. died, being at the rate of 1 in 4.9 of the whole number inoculated.

THE MICROSCOPE IN CRIME.

HOW IT REVEALED A TINY BIT OF EVIDENCE IN A CANDLE.

"If the microscope will only reveal the smallest particles in a link of evidence, and you are certain of its position, the chances are that by vigilant labor you can forge the whole chain. A young lady in a small town near Chicago was retiring one night, she heard the noise of a waffle, mingled with sharp cries, coming from the sitting-room downstairs. Of a sudden a strange voice shouted something, there came the report of a pistol and all was still. As soon as the Morton re-received from her fright she flung open the window and aroused the neighborhood. When friends arrived they found her father stretched out on the sitting-room floor, shot through the heart.

"The most careful search failed to produce any one clue save a bit of a candle about an inch long. This lay on the floor a few feet from the body. Bonds and notes lay undisturbed on the open escritoire. Pinkerton's agency was given the bit of candle to work on, and kept their men constantly at work on the job for a year, and then turned the whole matter over to Chief of Police Whipple of Chicago.

"Whipple and I were talking over mysterious murders one day when he mentioned this case, and asked me to join him in it.

"'This bit of candle,' said he, pointing it, 'is the only tangible clue there is in the case. Can you make anything out of it?'

"I scrutinized it closely. It was a piece that had been cut off an ordinary molded candle. I put it under a pocket microscope and saw that it had been cut with a knife in such a manner that the wick had been passed down a trifle by the edge of the instrument before the threads were severed. These skilled fingers had contrived a little dimple in the tallow. These air holes are quite common in ordinary molded candles. I scrutinized every particle of surface on that candle with the utmost care, and that air hole was the only distinctive mark it had.

"'There's your only clew,' I said to Whipple. 'If you can get the other pieces of candle from which this was cut you have a very good link in the chain!'

"'I'll try it,' he declared, and he started for the town where the murder occurred. He visited every store in the place, but in only one was he successful in finding ordinary candles for sale.

"'Have you sold any lately?' he asked the proprietor.

"'Not for some time past,' was the reply.

"'Ever sell them in pieces?'

"'No,' replied the dealer, laughing. 'They are too cheap to sell in sections.'

"'But don't you ever cut them for your customers?' insisted the officer.

"'Never cut one in my life,' declared the storekeeper emphatically. 'Oh, hold on a minute, though,' he added. 'Yes, I did, too. I cut one for a little girl about a year ago. She bought some things here and asked me for a little piece of candle to put in her Chinese lantern. It was a pretty boy. I remember she showed it to me.'

"'See if you can find the piece you cut it from.'

"The shopkeeper searched his candle box. 'Yes,' he said, 'here it is. It is an odd, short piece, as I had no occasion to use it.'

"Whipple brought his find to me and we had no trouble in matching the pieces. The air hole in the floor joined exactly.

"How did it end? Why, the little girl proved to be the clew of the man who committed the murder. He was stopping at her house, and on the night of the attempted robbery he had taken that bit of candle from her lantern to help him in his work. It happened that Morton was working on his house in the sitting-room that night and had taken the lamp to go upstairs in search of something. When he returned he discovered the robber."—*Interior in San Francisco Examiner.*

POSTED ON HUMAN NATURE.

HOW A BOOK PEDDLER STUMPED HIS HEARERS.

He had a post-cart full of "the latest and best" novels, says the New York Sun, and had just opened up on the corner of Third avenue and Twenty-seventh street, when a young woman stopped and enquired:

"Have you a real good book?"

"I have, lady," he replied. "Here is the latest thing out and just what will please you. Let's see! Let's see!"

"Is it real entertaining?"

"The entertainingest novel book published for a year, sales, as I'm willing to swear to. I was so interested in it that I sat up all night and never went to the bank next day. It is called 'How She Won Him.' Tells you all about how a young woman of—oh—well, about 24, sues, and the very picture of yourself, begging your pardon, was a lovely husband who was so rich that he gravel-roofed his stable with pearls and diamonds. It gives you an insight into—"

"How much?" she interrupted, as she took out her purse.

"Fifty cents, miss, and I was going to—"

"I'll take it."

She dropped him a half, took the book, and passed on, and the old fellow had a twinkle in his eyes as he looked after her and muttered:

"She'll be along again in three or four days, and then I'll sell her the sequel to it 'How He Skipped Out After He Was Won.' Good to study human nature in these dull times."

A western man has evolved a novel scheme for decreasing drunkenness. He idea is to establish a state asylum for inebriates and compel those who make and sell liquor to pay for its maintenance. He would tax the distiller $1000, the wholesaler $500 and the retailer $100 a year in its behalf. Then he would treat drunkenness as insanity and send all drunkards to the asylum until they are permanently cured.

It has become so assured fact that a permanent art gallery will be erected in the Lake Front in Chicago. The scheme was laid before the executive committee of the World's Fair on the 7th inst. If this plan goes into effect Chicago will get the finest art museum in the world. But all fine art display at the World's Fair will be located at Jackson park. During the exposition the great palace of art will be turned over to the World's congress auxiliary. And big men from all parts of the world will make speeches in it and deliver lectures to other big men. The plan is for the World's Columbian Exposition company to appropriate $200,000 for the art museum.

MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

THE FIRM HERETOFORE EXISTING between the undersigned, under the firm name of PETERS & CARSON, contractors & carpenters, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to the said firm will be paid to Thomas Carson, who will continue the business at the old stand. Thomas Carson will also pay all outstanding bills of said firm. Parties indebted to said firm will please call and settle their accounts with Thomas Carson.

Dated April 20th, 1891.

MARTIN CHRISTOFFERSEN.
HUGH J. CANNON.

RED BRICK.

THE UNDERSIGNED WISHES TO CALL the attention to the public that he is prepared to furnish Red Brick from kiln or yard at short notice.

CHARLES HAYES, Proprietor.
Practical Brick and Tile Manufacturer, Fort Douglas, Davis County, Utah. 19w

Utah Cracker Factory,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

Silver Brand of Snowflake Sodas

—AND—

FINE CAKES.

Packed in 1 and 2 Pound Boxes for Pic-Nic Parties, Travelers and Families.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

LADIES'

HAIR DRESSING PARLORS

BANGS CUT,

HAIR CURLED AND SINGED.

Shampooing Done in the Latest and Most approved Manner. Children's Hair Cutting and Dressing a Specialty.

Rooms in Salt Lake City Construction Building, Tabernacle. Miss LILLY EDDINGTON

Samuel C. Backman,

TIN AND COPPERSMITH,

154 S. MAIN STREET.

Half a Block North of Z. C. M. I. Dept.

ROOFING AND GUTTERING a Specialty.

All Kinds of Repairing done.

—THE—

Celebrated National Folding Bed,

MANUFACTURED BY THE

SUGG & BIERSDORF FURNITURE CO.

—CHICAGO—

A BANDY VARIETY FOR SALE AT

S. R. MARKS & CO'S,

Opposite Temple.

Utah Central Railway

TIME TABLE.

In Effect April 1st, 1891.

Passenger Trains will Run Daily, between Salt Lake and Park City, as Follows:

SALT LAKE CITY.

Train 1 leaves Mt. Scott & Main St. at 6.00 a.m.
" 3 " " " 8.00 a.m.
" 5 " " " 4.00 p.m.
" 7 " " " 6.30 p.m.

PARK CITY.

Train 2 arrives at Park City ..... 10.30 a.m.
" 4 " " " 2.30 p.m.
" 6 " " " 8.00 p.m.
" 8 " " " 11.00 p.m.

SUBURBAN PASSENGER TRAINS

Run Daily between Salt Lake City and Mill Creek, as follows:

Leave Salt Lake at 6.45 and 9.00 a.m. and 4.00 and 5.45 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Mill Creek at 7.10 and 9.30 a.m. and 4.30 and 6.15 p.m.

Office and Depot corner 4th South and Main Streets.

JOS. E. YOUNG, Gen'l Supt. T. J. MACKINTOSH, G. F. & P. A.

RIO GRANDE WESTERN RY.

CURRENT TIME TABLE, APRIL 6, 1891.

East Bound Trains.	No. 1. Atlantic Mail.	No. 3. Express.
Lv. Ogden	7.00 a.m.	3.45 p.m.
" Salt Lake	9.40 a.m.	6.35 p.m.
Ar. Grand Junction	8.40 p.m.	5.35 a.m.
" Green River	11.20 p.m.	10.00 a.m.
" Rifle	11.50 a.m.	11.50 p.m.
" Glenwood Springs	12.40 p.m.	12.40 a.m.
" Grand Junction	3.00 p.m.	3.00 a.m.
" Green River	5.50 p.m.	5.50 a.m.
" Rifle	8.20 p.m.	8.20 a.m.
" Glenwood Springs	9.10 p.m.	9.10 a.m.
" Leadville	1.10 a.m.	1.00 p.m.
" Pueblo	3.20 a.m.	4.25 p.m.
" Col. Springs	4.50 a.m.	6.15 p.m.
" Denver, Col. Mid.	5.45 a.m.	8.00 p.m.

West Bound Trains.	No. 2. Pacific Express.	No. 4. Pacific Express.
Lv. Denver	8.00 a.m.	7.00 p.m.
" Col. Springs	11.05 a.m.	10.15 p.m.
" Pueblo	12.35 p.m.	11.35 p.m.
" Leadville	7.00 p.m.	6.00 a.m.
" Glenwood Springs	3.30 a.m.	4.40 a.m.
" Rifle	4.20 a.m.	5.45 a.m.
" Grand Junction	6.20 a.m.	7.10 a.m.
Ar. Green River	9.50 a.m.	10.40 a.m.
" Grand Junction	1.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
" Green River	4.20 a.m.	4.20 p.m.
" Ogden	9.30 p.m.	7.00 a.m.
" Salt Lake	12.30 a.m.	10.00 a.m.
Lv. Salt Lake	2.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.

LOCAL TRAINS.

SALT LAKE AND OGDEN.

Leave Salt Lake 7.30 a.m. and 4.00 p.m. Returning, arrive Salt Lake 9.40 a.m. 6.10 p.m. 5.50 p.m.

BINGHAM.

Leave Salt Lake 4.00 p.m., returning, arrive Salt Lake 10 a.m.

AMERICAN FORK, PROVO, SPANISH FORK, THISTLE, MT. PLEASANT AND MANTI.

Leave Salt Lake 4.00 p.m., returning, arrive Salt Lake 10 a.m.

D. C. DODGE, General Manager. J. H. BENNETT, Gen. Pass. Agt.

ILLEGAL EVICTIONS

OBJECTIONABLE

In - Utah

YET TENANTS ARE OFTEN

UNABLE TO PAY THE RENT!

SUCH IS OUR CASE.

WE VACATE THE OLD BAIN YARD

IN SEPTEMBER.

A new BUILDING will go up

PRIOR TO OUR REMOVAL.

WE OFFER

TO THE CLOSE BUYER FOR SHORT TIME OR

CASH

Standard Well Piping 1, 1, 1, 1 1/4, 1 1/2, 2, 3, 4, 4½ and 6 inches diameter Pipe Fittings and Well Drivers' Supplies.

Well Machines with capacity from 500 to 1000 feet.

A Great Variety Road Carts—ten styles.

Tents, Covers, Paulins.

Buggy Harness and Whips.

Bolts of all kinds and sizes.

Moline Hand Plows, Imperial Chilled Plows.

Three-Wheeled Sulky Plows.

Tongue Scrapers, Wheel Scrapers, Slusser Scrapers

Buggy Wheels—painted or white.

Iron Age Cultivators.

Riding Cultivators.

Feed Cutters and Grinders.

Corn Planters.

Wagon Timber.

Well Machine Horse Powers.

Our Tools Stock must be reduced before September 1st.

NO REASONABLE CASH PROPOSITION REFUSED.

We are SOLE AGENTS for and carry in stock

W. A. Wood Machinery,

Bain and Mitchell Wagons,

GENUINE Glidden Wire,

Russell Cyclone Separators,

Saw Mills and Engines,

Deere Steel Plows, Oliver Chilled Plows,

The Famous Gilpin Sulky Plow.

WE INVITE INSPECTION OF

OUR IMMENSE STOCK

SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE,

Guarantee Prompt Service. Close Prices. Standard Goods. If our Travelers don't reach you, mail us your orders, and if we have an agency or carry goods near your locality, we can

Save you Money

Cautious Buyers Read Advertisements

—AND—

PURCHASE FROM THE

Leading Implement Dealers.

CO-OP WAGON & MACHINE COMPANY.

CO-OPERATIVE WAGON & MACHINE COMPANY