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V. C. ANSLOW

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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WHOLE No. 1134.

BARGAINS IN PARLOR SUITS.

No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
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These goods are for Cash only at the above prices.

Constipation

Demand prompt treatment. The results of neglect may be serious. Avoid all harsh and drastic purgatives, the tendency of which is to weaken the bowels. The best remedy is Ayer's Pills. Being purely vegetable, their action is prompt and their effect always beneficial. They are an admirable Liver and After-dinner pill, and everywhere endorsed by the profession. "Ayer's Pills are highly and universally spoken of by the people abroad here. I make daily use of them in my practice."—Dr. J. E. Fowler, Bridgeport, Conn. "I can recommend Ayer's Pills above all others, having long proved their value as a cathartic for myself and family."—J. T. Hoss, Leithville, Pa. "For several years Ayer's Pills have been used in my family. We find them an

Selected Literature.

A SAFE DEPOSIT.
BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.
(Continued.)
CHAPTER V.
Edith rose the next morning with a new resolution. She went to her desk as soon as breakfast was over, and wrote this note:
"LETTERS LOST.—A parcel of six letters, dated in May, 1888, and tied together with a white ribbon. The finder will be rewarded, if he will send a note to G. K., at the post office."
This advertisement she inserted in the Argus of that day. The hope she had was well enough founded. But, alas, Anthony hated the politics of the Argus, which pretended to be an independent paper, and was on any side which the proprietor thought profitable. Anthony never looked at any part of the Argus, least of all at the advertisements. So poor Edith's note might have been published a month, and he would have been none the wiser.

On his part, he went to the Waverly Bank, and asked the cashier if he would lend him \$250. "What collateral?" said the cashier, who was his old ally and friend. "None," said Anthony, "unless you will take stock in the Self-Acting Copper Corporation, not yet organized." But if you would indorse my note, I think the director would pass it. "None," said the cashier, "bank rules will not permit that. But if you want \$250, old fellow, here it is. Give me a memorandum and pay me when you like. Make it to me. This is not the bank's money, it is mine. You know I am glad to serve you."
Anthony thanked him, and said, what was true, that he would do as much for him gladly. Then he went to the Amicable Reading Room and wrote to Edith this letter:

ANTHONY BLAKE TO EDITH BLAKE.
WEDNESDAY MORNING, July 3.
MY DEAR MISS BLAKE:—As I absolutely have these bills in my hand, I take the liberty of asking you to use them as you will. There is no reason why you should have the annoyance of addressing the officers of the bank. Please imagine me to be the president of the bank, as well as the cashier. I arrive at the Chautauque circle. Very truly yours,
ANTHONY BLAKE.

So, poor little Edith actually saw her way clear to pay all her debts, by incuring this one very pleasant debt, to incur one very gentlemanly man. She asked the servant if the bearer was waiting, and was told he had gone.

"Send John to me. I want to send a note down town."
EDITH BLAKE TO ANTHONY BLAKE.
DEAR MR. BLAKE:—You are most kind, but already I see my way out of my embarrassment, and I return the note at once. Very truly yours,
EDITH BLAKE.

John found Anthony at the St. Clair, where he had been bidden to go. Anthony did not quite like the note. It seemed to him a little shorter or more sharp than it needed be. Anyway, if he could be proud, he could also be hurt. The note in his pocket, and turned it over in his mind all through a long interview which he had with the Rummels, who had sent for him again.

Then he determined to call on Miss Edith that evening. But lest she should be out, he wrote the following letter:

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, July 3.
MY DEAR MISS BLAKE:—Lest I do not find you at home, I venture to write. For I have at bottom the feeling that you think I have taken a liberty and presumed on the confidence which you gave me. I am sure you will not mind my writing to you. I want simply to say that you are unjust to me if you think so. I know that from the standard of the novel writers of 50 years ago my proposal was not to be heard of. But I think the standard of America is higher and better. I hope the standard of New York is higher and better. I think men and women meet each other with mutual respect and mutual confidence. It is not in vain that we go to the same schools, work in the same cause, study in the same circles. If you and I were "Henry and Emma," or "Paul and Virginia," or "Silly and Billy," or "Fergus and Evelyn," or any other absurd name in a novel, of course you would not wish to have me help you in any sensible way, and I should never think of proposing to you. But seeing we are plain New York people, members of the same church and officers in the same circle, I see no harm in what I have done, and I will not say I do. Truly yours,
ANTHONY BLAKE.

When Edith came home late from a long drive, which she had taken in the country, this note was waiting for her. She read it more than half through, and pride. But when she came to "Fergus and Evelyn" the words seemed to stand out of the paper. Or was she crazy herself? Did she see words which were not there? Or were there ever two other people in love with each other than the two names?

She read the note through, and then went to her father's den; she looked in the telephone directory, and then asked for 257.

"Hello."
"Does Mr. Anthony Blake live in the St. Clair?"
"Ask Mr. Anthony Blake if he can come to 99 Curwen street."
In 10 minutes Mr. Anthony Blake was

there, though it was half-past 10 at night.
"Mr. Blake, pardon me for troubling you, but who are Fergus and Evelyn?"
"I am sure I do not know; I wish I did," said he ruefully.

Poor Edith, she could have dropped on the floor for her disappointment.
"What do you mean, then, Mr. Blake, when you said Silly and Billy, Evelyn and Fergus?"
She had read the words fifty times while he was coming.

Now it was his turn to blush and stammer, nor did he see how near was the crisis.

"Oh—only—well—you see—well—I once had some letters—I thought they were love letters—addressed to Evelyn Somebody and Fergus Somebody. I do not know who the Somebodies were. The letters were not mine. I put them away."

"Where did you put them? Where are they now?"
"Where! They are in my safe at the Amicable. I wish I knew where they ought to be."

And Edith was herself again. "Mr. Blake, I think it is for me to turn over to you some property of yours I have here. Indeed I did not steal it. But are not these Cattaugas bonds yours, and this hundred dollars perhaps, too?" and she handed him the well known parcel.

CHAPTER VI.
Mr. Lane's absence in England was prolonged, and it was September before he returned. Edith met him at the Tanworth station, with the carriage, to bring him home.

"I have so much to tell you, papa, and I do not know how to begin."
"It is clear that it is good news," said he, "you look so well. And you are a good woman of business; that has appeared all through your letters."

"That you will have to judge of, papa." At that moment, as they crossed the station, her father saw Anthony Blake, pressed his hand warmly, and asked him to come and see them, which Anthony said he would gladly do.

"That young man," said Mr. Lane, as they entered the carriage, "is one of the most successful young men in this state. Whycliffe has been talking to me about him half the time as we came on from New York. Why, Edith, he has an invention which will save thousands of lives, and must be used on every railroad. He has established a new machine shop here, to make his couplings, and Whycliffe and all of them are crazy about him."

"But, Edith, he is no stranger to you; you used to know him; he is the same man who was in your reading club."
"Yes, papa; and, papa, he has asked me to marry him, and I have told him I would accept him. But really, papa, he is the best man in the world, and I shall never marry any one else."

This was it that Edith made her revelation. It was not until the wedding day, however, that she told her father that the new machine shop was built with the proceeds of the sales of her governments and C. B. & Q's.

[THE END.]

Correspondence.

SALT LAKE CITY & VALLEY, UTAH.

In a valley once covered by a vast inland sea, whose waters laved the sides of the Wasatch Mountains on the East and the Quirrh range on the West, under the frowning peaks, nestled close to their feet lies Salt Lake City, the largest city in the territory of Utah, and the great Mormon metropolis. A very general opinion prevails in the East that this city is exclusively inhabited by Mormons and that the Gentiles are in the minority. This is not the case, however; the two factions being very nearly equally divided at the present day, and it will not be long before the Saints, as they term themselves, will fall far in the rear. No doubt every Mormon has heard of Brigham Young, once the president of the Mormon churches in this city and also of his numerous wives who are said to have numbered more than twenty, all of whom have been so widely identified with this part of the country, and especially Salt Lake City—the place of their residence. Those times polygamy was carried on to an enormous extent as it was one of the laws of the church, and every Mormon was supposed to have more than one wife. It is now being severely dealt with by the United States Government, and those who dare practice it are prosecuted to the full extent of the law, and imprisonment and very heavy fines are the penalties imposed. The result is that many are exiled from their families in different parts of the world having been compelled to resort to those means to evade the law which is so rigidly carried out, and a few weeks ago one unfortunate who had the audacity to return to his native land after an absence of several years received anything but a hearty reception and afforded a very striking contrast to the prodigal of old, his fare being something very much harder and tougher than the calves. The Mormon element is decidedly

ly cosmopolitan, as can readily be observed by paying a visit to the Tabernacle during conference times which take place every six months, and it appears to be a notable fact that these conferences and rainstorms have become synonymous, for as surely as conference time comes round it is accompanied with thunder and lightning, and as Utah is not blessed with an over-supply of moisture, these occasions are welcomed by Gentile as well as Mormon, for the former will be spared the trouble of bothering with his irrigation ditches for a few days at least.

The Tabernacle, Temple and Assembly Hall are magnificent structures, and occupy an entire block in the centre of the city, from which all the streets radiate and take their numbers, the farther away the higher the number, and is on the same principle as the city of Washington is laid out, where the streets all converge towards the Capitol. These buildings are surrounded by an immense stone wall about fifteen feet in height, in which there are four large gateways leading from each street to the grounds through which pours a living stream of people, before and after service each Sunday.

The Temple is the largest of the three; it has been building, since 1847, the year the city was founded and is not completed yet. Its walls are over fifteen feet in thickness, and the towers, four in number, which have not yet been crowned with spires, are two hundred feet above the streets. It is built of polished white granite and is a handsome structure, but at no time does it appear so grand as when viewed on one of those lovely moonlight nights which are frequent in Salt Lake City, when it can be seen from all parts of the City, its massive white walls rising far above the largest buildings and standing out so beautifully against the clear blue sky.

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square. This gives a very beautiful appearance to the city which is added to very much by the rows of shade trees along all of the streets, at whose feet a stream of water sparkles in the sunlight. The residences are neat and greatly beautified by the well kept lawns and every variety of flowers which surround them. Streets care run to all parts of the city, which covers a large area, and a complete system of cable railroad will be in operation in a couple of months, as well as electric cars to be used in connection with it. The population in 1887 was 30,000, but it is now over 40,000, and everything looks very promising towards Salt Lake City being one of the largest and prettiest cities on the Pacific slope. A very fine view of the city, mountains, Salt Lake valley, and the great Salt Lake can be had from the top of Prospect Tower, which is situated on a bluff of the foot hills looking immediately down on the city, from this point you look over the whole valley some thirty miles in length to the south which is one beautiful garden studded with orchards and farms, and watered by the river Jordan, which flows into the Great Lake. The mountains tower completely round this stretch of country to a height of some 10 or 11 thousand feet, and when it is ascending below in the valley the cooling breezes which blow from their snowy peaks are as refreshing as the sea breezes at home, and indeed the people of Salt Lake can say that they are favored with salt air as well as those on the coast, having the lake but twelve miles from the city which is much more dense than the ocean water. Looking towards the east can be seen Fort Douglas, a military post where some four or five hundred cavalry men are stationed to keep a watchful eye over the Indians and see that they do not leave the reservation. This is a very pretty spot in the mouth of one of the canyons, with buildings of stone and well kept lawns and gardens, but the city is the prettiest view from this tower, with its shady streets, broad and as straight as an arrow, spires projecting through the mass of foliage and towers and domes glittering in the sun, which is reflected from the surface of the lake against the sides of the mountains—towers which tower over its surface to a height of three thousand feet, and towers that the grandest sight they ever beheld, is situated on Salt Lake, which has been seen to form any conception of the grandeur. This "dead sea of America," so called because no form of life exists in it, is one hundred miles in length, and over forty miles wide and is said to be very deep, the water is so clear that the bottom can be seen for four fathoms in depth, and so salt that it is impossible for a person to sink in it. The waters, "Red persons have been known to be strangled to death from getting too much in their mouths while bathing in the Garfield Beach and Lake Park are the bathing resorts and afford a fine opportunity for a day's pleasure during the hot months. These places have become a great bathing beach, for not only the people of the city but tourists from the east and west, and are largely patronized. This lake is the remains of a large sea which at one time flooded the entire valley, and benches round the mountains founded by the action of the waters as they subsided can be distinctly traced for miles round the city, and the surface of the waters must have been some feet above the towers of the temple at some remote period of its history. At the present time it is a great mystery, continuing to sink all the time, but no known outlet for the waters to escape. It has an altitude of over four thousand feet above the sea level. Every kind of fruit is raised in the valley, and finds ready sale in the Eastern markets, and every kind of mineral is mined in the mountains which surround it, in which there has to be a great deal of development, and the large field it offers for all kinds of industries, coupled with its brilliant prospects of becoming a great railroad center are daily impressing the constant stream of tourists which is at its highest just now, and which makes Salt Lake such a desirable place for good hotels. From the Atlantic we are 2,600 miles, while the Pacific lies but 700 miles to the West, so an extensive trade will eventually be carried on with the latter then to the North and South, not over a day's ride, are the gold and silver mines of Montana and Nevada, while Colorado, though now rapidly taking second place with Montana, is but six hundred miles to the East. The cold weather does not last over four or five weeks, and during that time the snow does not remain on the ground for more than two or three days at a time, and what falls during the night soon disappears with the noon-day sun. The weather in July and August is very warm, and at this time of writing the thermometer registers one hundred in the shade, but the nights are delightfully cool.

B. N. C.
Salt Lake City, July 3rd, 1889.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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