

SPECIALTY, Wool-lined SHOES & SLIPPERS.

SPECIALTY, Alligator BOOTS AND SHOES

JUST ARRIVED

A most complete line of Children's, Misses', Youths' and Boys'

Winter Shoes,

In Styles, Widths and Prices

TO SUIT ALL



Spencer-Ladies'-Kimball

AND

French Kid, Curacao Kid, Calf, Goat Cloth, Mat Kid, Glove Kid, in Button and Lace, and in Extreme Narrow and Extreme Wide Lasts.

A, B, C, D, & E E.

GENTS' LINE

...COMPRISES THE...

LARGEST AND BEST STOCK OF GOODS EVER SHOWN IN SALT LAKE.

CALL AND SEE US

BIG BOOT.

No. 140 MAIN ST.

SPECIALTY, Tanner's Rubber-Sole Boots.

SPECIALTY, Custom-made Goods.

GO TO

PRICE AND CLIVE'S

FOR

POULTRY, FISH AND GAME

Of all kinds. The only reliable place for Wild Games.

DUCKS, GESE, CRANES, JACK-SNIPES, PRAIRIE CHICKENS and JACK RABBITS

Eastern Quail In Season Good Supply of Vegetables.

All kinds of

GROCERIES, Wholesale or Retail.

Orders Promptly Filled. 58 W First South Street.

PRICE & CLIVE.

FRENCH FACTS.

With a Number of Fancies Thrown In.

Our Paris Correspondent's Interesting Budget of News.

PARIS, January 2.

Annus novum faustum et felix sibi. We are delighted that 1883, that Annee Miserable is dead and buried, though its successor arrives shrouded in more clouds than sunshine. But it has hope on its side, and that's a medicine; and it has youthfulness, and so brightness and courage. The past has belonged to the lean years; from its sticky birth it suffered from consumption and anemia. It resembled those bad' that open only to decay. The wicked fairy that presided at its birth, never allowing it a moment's repose. It was the year of budgetary deficits, that Jeceiv'd all provisions, due to the incontestable sufferings of industry and commerce. It has compelled French savings to seek remunerative investment with the more favored foreigner. It has been the year of distant expeditions, to Madagascar and Tonkin, which scatter the strength and disperse the nation's riches. It was the year of universal torpidity in business, where confidence was absent and enterprise a myth. It was a year where financiers remained coy, and capital indulged in a strike. It was in a word, a year of sterility, with very little to its credit account. The budget having been voted at a wild-cat express rate by the Senate, the session was thus enabled to be closed, and the Republic saved by a fluke, from having to resort to the ignominious shift of accepting a monthly instalment, or a twelfth of the estimates. The last speech delivered was by Prime Minister Ferry, who was called an "insolvent fellow" by the erratic deputy poet Clovis Hugues, and next challenged by another M. de Languinas. The latter explained in the Pickwickian sense; the former has been temporarily expelled and his dog stopped. But the socialists, headed by Rochefort, have made up a purse to compensate Gracibus. Then he is to be given five dinners, which will keep tins the wolf from the door.

Where are we now about Tonkin? We want the Marquis Teeng to explain, what he meant by asserting Sonty taken, war was inevitable. That indicates China is still a little behind the age, and her combating smacks more of the gong and the stick-pot, than multicharge canons and repetition rifles. The attitude of willing to wound but afraid to strike, has naturally led to the French augmenting their demands, and being more difficult to compromise matters. For example, they now repudiate mediation, John Chinaman must either knock down or try to quarrel, hit to hit.

The Communists, which is a real noun of multitude meaning all the political roughs in France, intend erecting a monument to the memory of their braves, interred, to the number at least of 1,000, in an Aceldema corner of the Pere LaChaise cemetery. The municipal council is playing into their hands. The Communists have their Baudin in Desleoluze, and mean to target the bourgeois cabinet tightly on the question.

The last day of the year being the anniversary of poor Gambetta's death—a void still unfilled—some intimate friends proceeded to his residences—Lardies, at Ville d'Auray—to fix a commemorative slab on the house. The premises are nearly in the same state as when he died. I passed by the grounds a few days ago; they are cared for by an old gardener and his wife. It is intended to preserve the house as a republican heir-loom of some kind, perhaps for a museum of Republicans, as the monarchy had it for sovereigns. The public subscription for the Gambetta statue, now amounts to 319,000 francs. It is "contemplated" to erect the statue before the pantheon, to vie perhaps with that of Sainte Genevieve. To do so, the permission of the municipal council would be necessary, and such is not at all certain, the councillors being rabid anti-opportunists. This explains why the liberator of the Territory, Thiers, and the soul of the National Defence, Gambetta, have neither of them in the capital, even a blind alley baptized with their names, much less a statue.

In France, the year did not always commence with the 1st of January, nor did modern peoples, in accepting the names of the months, adopt their order of date. In the greater number of the towns of Italy and Spain, the commencement of the year was fixed at Christmas; under the early kings of France, March was selected; in the ninth century, Xmas was chosen. There was no uniformity; each province had its own New Year's day; if not the 25th of December, it was the 25th of March. However the majority of the provinces adopted the usage of the year on Easter Saturday, Charles IX by an edict in 1564, settled the beginning of the year at the 1st of January, but it was not till 1567, that it was fully adopted in France.

Since antiquity, the desire was to measure time nationally; day and night became the two divisions. The revolution of the moon round the earth, gave us months; the return of the sun to the same spot once a year, gave us years. We called the space

of 100 years a century, and proportionate spaces, periods, cycles, and eras. Antiquity made of the "Year" a God, which had a palm tree for symbol, as it was believed, that at each new moon the tree developed a new frond. The Egyptians fixed the common cement of their year at the autumnal equinox, because that was the epoch when they commenced agricultural operations after the subsidence of the waters of the Nile.

The most ancient King of Italy was Janus, who bestowed his name on the month we are in; at least he was the earliest king about whom we have glimpses of exact knowledge; he flourished 1,400 years before our era, and must have reigned well, as he was made a God after his death. But he had peculiar claims for the honor; he was double-faced, like not a few moderns, only his features represented the past and the future. He was the Deity that presided over inventions; he made several himself, notably doors, which were called after him—the only patent laws then in force. Just as the Roman cooks when they invented a new dish, they named it after themselves. Janus is represented with keys in one hand and rod in other; he was, as Ovid has it, "porter at the celestial court." His fete day was kept on the 1st of January, alas!

Parisians, as descendants of the Latins in part have kept up this time honored festival; but Janus is not the God that proves the fly in our pot of ointment, it is Streuna, the Goddess of "force," a most fitting sobriquet. It is uncertain whether she belonged to the category of the half, or quarter Deities; suffice it to say, she founded and presided over the giving and receiving of presents on New Year's day, and which aeal has survived all commotions of history, even the revolution that claimed to abolish everything. Originally the presents or etrennes were limited to honey, fruits and soft sawder, save the porter class, who expected only the smallest coin of the realm.

But see what strides, or what decadence, since Latin, the colleague of Romulus, out sticks in the wood sacred to Streuna. A French lady is implacable on the matter of etrennes; offer her a pot of honey from Hymettus or Narbonne; present your cerberus conchierge with pippus from Hesperiges or oranges from Valencia, and note the transformation scenes! No; a lady will forgive you for all the year round that you may have appeared before her, with soiled gloves, a crumpled cravat, or a coat kept together with the strings of despair, but deprive her of her black-mail, of her scalp, on New Year's day, and she will secure the gates of social life to be forever closed against you. No, better pledge your bid ticket than be without funds to compliment a lady with 100,000 francs a year, and wearied with the receipts of customs. Ornel Streuna, that causes poverty to exhaust itself for a cadeau not appreciated, but whose non-offering would provoke a revolt.

To be behind in your etrennes, on the judgment day of the 1st of January, condemns you as the last of men. Be immortal or vicious if you please, but pay the poll tax, or you are a man socially swamped and lost. Life from this etrennes point of view may be divided into two epochs: "What will one give me; What must it give." Thus it is all give, give like the grave. The odd part of the institution is, everybody suffers from it, and everybody maintains it. Who dare then say, the French are not a conservative people.

The Chinese custom of sending cards at New Year's tide is a hypocrisy on the decline; perhaps becoming closer into relationship with the celestials, may galvanize the custom. You can purchase 100 visiting cards, at some "Papa Gutenberg's" shop, for 1 1/2 francs, to be struck off a la minute; a one sous postage stamp on a threadbare envelope, and the remainder arrives to a friend or an acquaintance, who curses you for sending such, and will calumniate you if guilty of omission. It is prudent never to try to escape from a politeness which costs only three farthings. But the pleasantry might be better organized. Why not start a company that would have ushers to execute all the rounds of visiting peculiar to the season, for kissing uncles and aunts, down to godfathers and godmothers; from persecuting the assurance of your esteem, to the homages of duty? In fact a body of men trained to delineate each shade of relationship. The office ought to be thrown open to women, as a concession to their rights. We have a sliding scale for burying the dead, an introducer of an ambassador, and master of ceremonies; why not the Republic have funkies to perform chamberlain functions. You can hire plate, linen flowers, comestibles not to be touched; counts and marquesses to keep the table in a war, and why not visiting delegates? The moment is favorable, as people are selling largely Suez Canal shares, and cash will be in the market.

The happiest people at this epoch are the children; the boys are in rebellion for being cut down in their holidays, and the students are crusading against Jules Valles, and his journal, that upbraided them with degeneracy. But look at the Boulevard fair, its miles of navy shanties, filled with Democratic toys, the refuse of factories or home-made stocks. Not content with the good things plucked from that Arbre Lib-rairie, the Xmas tree, tiny folks, like Oliver, demand more—a dog in sugar work, a corps d'armee of leaden soldiers, a tin whistle, or a Noah's Ark—they are pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw. This fair is an

outlet, picturesque and curious, the Neivgorod for Funches and Judies, for muffs in cat skins, and gloves in rabbit fur; a Leipzig of literature. What mountains of sweatmeats, always kept at the same level, despite youthful purchasers, whose stomachic prowess merits the Legion of Honor, or the V. O. There's the attractive side of the season for these children of a larger growth, for whom a lapsed year represents only another 365 days gone by; to whom a new year brings neither unexpected joys nor anticipated griefs, for whom love has no young dreams, the morning no wild freshness; for such, another year means a wrinkle more and an ill on less.

It is a very curious coincidence, that since the production of the play, "Nana Sahib," where that wretch burns himself against his will, on a funeral pile, two suicides have taken place of men destroying themselves by setting fire to their beds and lying thereon. An unfortunate, after much difficulty was loaned a rope to hang himself, and his two dogs, which he did effectively.

A lady passing by a window, was surprised at a cat pouncing on her bonnet; it was ornamented with a bird on the wing, and paws desired to catch the manners living as they rise. Biohepin, the author of "Nana Sahib," in his very early days, wrote a poem denouncing the Gods of Olympus; he then placed a card on his door, "Biohepin, atheist"—to ward off good people with collecting cards. A patent has been taken out for a mirror, that makes the aged look young, and the young beautiful. "Papa, oh, do buy me that chamber of deputies; try. "No my child, it makes too much noise."

Should be Scattered.

SALT LAKE CITY, Jan. 26, 1883.

Editor's Herald:

The recent speech of Senator Culom, of Illinois, in the Senate in favor of his little Utah legislative commission bill is a very poor, miserable, slanderous effort. But that of Senator Brown, of Georgia, in opposition to the bill is most masterly and crushing, almost exhaustive. It ought to be republished in large type in pamphlet form and scattered broadcast over the whole Union. It would be likely to do much good in these times when unscrupulous, determined, and reckless attacks upon constitutional freedom are so rife. It is a glorious thing to defend the liberties and rights of the people and the provisions and principles of the Constitution against the attacks of its ostensibly super-loyal friends, but real enemies. SALT LAKE.

General Butler was once engaged as counsel for the defendant in a case where the prisoner was accused of manslaughter, and, in the course of his argument, based on the assumption of self-defense, he informed the jury that "we have it on the highest authority that all that a man hath he will give for his life." Judge Hoar, counsel on the other side, rose and demolished his opponent's argument by quickly saying that he had "long wondered what General Butler considered the highest authority, and was very glad to have the question settled," and proceeded to read to the court from the Book of Job: "And Satan answered the Lord and said, all that a man hath he will give for his life."

A lady who read that "it is lucky to pick up a horseshoe," plucked up one in a blacksmith shop. The suddenness with which she dropped it showed that it was not lucky.

Westminster Abbey graveyard is so crowded that distinguished Englishmen don't know what to do about dying.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"Cerrville, Ohio, Sept. 10, 1882. "Having been subject to a bronchial affection, with frequent colds, for a number of years, I hereby certify that AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL gives me prompt relief, and is the most effective remedy I have ever tried. JAMES A. HAMILTON, Editor of The Crescent."

"Mt. Gilead, Ohio, June 26, 1882. "I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL this spring for a severe cough and lung trouble with good effect, and I am pleased to recommend it to any one similarly affected. HARVEY BAUGHMAN, Proprietor Globe Hotel."

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

TIRED OUT.

The distressing feeling of weariness, of exhaustion without effort, which makes life a burden to so many people, is due to the fact that the blood is poor, and the vitality consequently feeble. If you are suffering from such feelings,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

is just what you need, and will do you incalculable good. No other preparation so concentrates and combines, blood-purifying, vitalizing, enriching, and invigorating qualities as AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5.

"I notice in the paper that it is no longer fashionable for the minister to kiss the bride at the wedding ceremony," said a wife to her husband, who was a clergyman. "Yes," sadly replied the good man with a long-drawn sigh, "many of the pleasant features connected with the old-fashioned wedding ceremony have been discarded, and—" "What's that?" demanded his wife ominously. "I—I mean," he stammered, "that the senseless custom of kissing the bride should have been abolished long ago." "Oh!" replied the mollified lady, reading her paper.



The majority of the ills of the human body arise from a derangement of the Liver, affecting both the stomach and bowels. In order to effect a cure, it is necessary to remove the cause. Irregular and sluggish action of the Bowels, Headache, Sickness at the Stomach, Pain in the Back and Loins, etc., indicate that the Liver is at fault, and that nature requires assistance to enable this organ to throw off impurities.

Prickly Ash Bitters are especially compounded for this purpose. They are mild in their action and effective as a cure; are pleasant to the taste and taken easily by both children and adults. Taken according to directions, they are a safe and pleasant cure for Dyspepsia, General Debility, Habitual Constipation, Diseased Kidneys, etc., etc. As a Blood Purifier they are superior to any other medicine; cleansing the system thoroughly, and imparting new life and energy to the invalid. It is a medicine and not an intoxicating beverage.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR PRICKLY ASH BITTERS, and take no other. PRICE, \$1.00 per Bottle. PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO., SOLE PROPRIETORS St. Louis and Kansas City, Mo.

HOUSES & FARMS FOR SALE.

- 650 HOUSE OF FOUR ROOMS, LOT 2x10 rods, close to our line, Elevator.
NEW RUSTIC HOUSE OF SIX rooms, closets and cellar, all painted and painted in first-class style; city water, nice orchard, large stable, etc.; lot 4x10 rods, first-class location near car line, on Walker Brothers' residence block, close to Main street, Seventh Ward.
\$1150 A NEW ADDBE HOUSE OF good storerooms and cellar, well, coal house, etc.; lot two and a half by six rods all fenced, in Nineteenth ward.
\$500 A CHOICE BUILDING LOT, 3x6 rods, one block north of Brigham street, close to business, City Creek water, Eighteenth Ward.
2000 FIFTY-THREE ACRES OF NO. 1 farming land, ten acres in lucerne, six acres in pasture, the balance under thorough cultivation; good water right, located on Junny road, two miles south of Kayville, Davis county.
\$100 GOOD BUILDING LOT, 4x9 rods, Fifth ward.
A NEW DOUBLE DWELLING HOUSE of two rooms and kitchen in each house; good well, pump, orchard, etc.; lot 2 1/2x20 rods, close to Utah Central depot a bargain.
GOOD FARMING LAND NEAR THE CITY on the installment plan, in lots to suit.
\$450 FORTY ACRES OF FARMING land, four miles from the city.
\$200 A red front ten rods deep building lots, Nineteenth Ward.

Houses Rented, Loans Negotiated and Collections made.

THOMSONS' REAL ESTATE AND LOAN AGENCY, No. 137 Main street, over Carter's gun store, up stairs. P. O. Box 951.

THE HERALD BINDERY

Is prepared, with a First-class stock of the requisite Material

A COMPETENT BOOKBINDER

To bind in a durable manner

- MAGAZINES, MUSIC BOOKS, BLANK BOOKS, PAMPHLETS,

AND All other kinds of Books

On Short Notice and AT LOWEST LIVING PRICES