TICKLE THE TASTE

How to Tempt a Poor or Fickle Appetite.

WHAT PREPARATIONS TO TAKE

How to Set the Table—The Order of Serving—Sparkling Wines are not Decanted—A Choice Menu.

[For THE SUNDAY HERALD—Copyrighted.]

PHYLLIS, I have a case full of Albanian wine upwards of nine years old; I have parsley in the garden for the weaving of chaplets. The house shines cheerfully with plate; all hands are busy.—*Horace, XI. Ode.*

Some old French wit spoke of an "idea which could be canonized." Perhaps yet we may have a "St. Tablecloth." There have been worse saints than St. Tablecloth and clean linen since the days of Louis XIII!

We notice in the old pictures of feasting that the tablecloth was itself a picture, lace in svuares, blocks and stripes, sometimes lace only over a color, but generally mixed with linen.

It was the highest ambition of the Dutch housewife to have double damask of snowy whiteness! and very much of it, in her table linen chest. That is still the grand reliable table linen. No one can go astray who uses it.

But table linen is now embroidered in colored cottons, or it is eliminated of half of its threads and then sewed over into lace work. It is then thrown over a color, generally bright red.

There is no end now to the luxury of table linen. Ladies order twenty-four dozen

NAPKINS FROM DRESDEN,

where the drawn work is done to perfection.

Not a particle of coarse food must go on that table cloth. Everything must be brought to each guest from the broad, magnificent buffet; all must be served a la Russe from behind a grand impenetrable screen which should fence off every dining room from the butler's pantry and the kitchen.

And now, the tablecloth being laid, let us watch the butler and the myrmidons set the table.

He is a portly man presumably, the butler, with a clean shaven face, of English parentage. He has the key of the wine cellar and of the silver chest, two heavy responsibilities, for nowadays (not to go into the question of the wines) the silver chest is getting weighty; silver and silver-gilt dishes having been banished for five years, are now reasserting their pre-eminent fitness for the dinner table. The plates may be of solid silver, so are the high candlesticks and the salt cellars of various and beautiful designs after Benvenuto Cellini.

The old silver is reappearing, being burnished up, and happy the hostess who has a real Queen Anne teapot. The soup tureen of silver has reappeared, and

SO HAVE THE OLD BEER MUGS.

The butler contracts his brows into a magisterial frown, sees that each footman has a napkin over his arm, and proceeds to unlock the plate chest and the glass closet. Measuring with his hand from the edge of the table to the end of his middle finger, he places the first glass. This measurement is continued along the table, and secures a uniform line for the water goblet, and the claret, wine, hock and champagne glasses, which are grouped about it. He then causes a plate to be put at each place, large enough to contain the majolica plate for oysters, which will come later on. One footman is detailed to fold the napkins, which should be large, thick, fine and serviceable for this stage of the dinner.

The napkins are not folded in any hotel device, but simply in a pyramid that will stand, holding a roll or piece of bread. The knives, forks and spoons, each of which is wiped by the footman with a clean towel, that no dampness of his own hand may mar their sparkling cleanness, are then distributed. Two knives, three forks and a soup spoon, all of silver, should be laid at each plate. Before each plate is placed a little salt cellar of pretty device. A carafe holding water should be put on very late fresh from the ice chest.

Very thin glasses are used for the

CHOICE SHERRY AND MADEIRA,

and are not put on until the latter part of the dinner, as they may be broken.

Menu holders, or card holders of china or silver, are often placed before each plate to hold the card on which the name of the guest is printed, and the bill of fare from which he is to choose. These may be dispensed with, however, and the menu and name laid by each plate.

The butler now turns his attention to his sideboards and tables. He lays out large forks and small forks, large knives and small tablespoons, tea and coffee spoons, dessert spoons and forks, fish knife and fork, rows of claret, sherry and Madeira glasses, and an immense reserve of plates.

On another sideboard or table should be placed the finger bowls and glasses, dessert plates, the coffee cups and saucers. On the table nearest the door should be the carving knives and the dinner plates to be used. Here the butler or the head footman does the carving after showing the dish to his mistress. He divides the fish and carves the fillet, the haunch of venison or the turkey, or the saddle of mutton; later on, the delicious canvas back. It is from this table that all should be served, and if the butler's pantry is large enough, it should stand in there.

With the fish the footman offers chiblis, or some kind of white wine; with the soup, sherry; with the fillet, champagne, each guest being asked if he

PREFERS DRY OR SWEET CHAMPAGNE.

As the plates are removed they should not be kept in the dining room, but sent to the kitchen immediately, a maid standing outside to receive them, so that no disorder of the dinner may reach the senses of the guests, not even an unpleasant odor. As each plate is removed a fresh plate must be put in its place.

Sparkling wines, hocks and champagnes are not decanted, but are kept in ice pails and opened as required. On the sideboard is kept the wine decanted for use, which is poured out as needed. After the game, with which Chambertin is offered, the port, madeira and sherry may be placed on the table.

No tablespoons should be laid on the table except the soup spoons, although there may be handsome gold and silver spoons of old Dutch, Russian or Norwegian laid about for ornament.

To wait on a large dinner party the attendants average one to every three people, and when only a butler and one or two footmen are kept, it is necessary to

HIRE ADDITIONAL SERVANTS.

Previous to the announcement of the dinner the footman places on the serving table the soup tureen and the soup plates. As soon as the oysters are eaten and the plates removed, the butler begins with the soup, and sends it around by two footmen, one on each side, each carrying two plates. Each footman should approach the guests on the left, so that the right hand may be used for taking the plate.

A ladleful of soup is enough to serve.

An experienced servant must serve the wine. The overfilling of a glass should be avoided.

The servants who pass the entrees should show discretion. A large tablespoon and fork should be placed on the dish, which is held low, so that the guest may help himself easily, the servant serving at his left hand.

A servant should have a napkin over his left hand as he passes a dish.

If the champagne bottles are not put in a silver holder, a napkin should be held around them, as the moisture dripping from the ice-chest makes them dangerous to ladies' dresses.

There are many conflicting opinions about the proper place for the cheese in the order of serving.

The old fashion was to serve it last. It is now served after the salad.

"A dessert without cheese is like a beautiful woman with one eye," says an old gourmet.

"Eat cheese after fruit, to prepare the palate for fresh wine," says another.

"AFTER MELON, WINE IS A FELON."

If it is true that "an American devours, an Englishman eats, and a Frenchman dines," then we must take the French fashion and gives the cheese after the salad.

Toasted cheese savouries are very nice. The Roman punch should be served just before the game. It is a very refreshing interlude.

The ices follow the dessert or form it, as a lady pleases. At Christmas time, a plum pudding, all on fire, is in order.

When the ices are removed, a desert plate of glass with a finger bowl is placed before each person, with two glasses, one for sherry, one for claret or burgundy, and the grapes, peaches, pears and other fruits are then passed.

After the fruits go round the bon bons and a little dried ginger, a very pleasant conserve, finish the dinner.

The hostess makes the sign for retiring to a salon perhaps rich with magnificent hangings of old gold, with pictures, with vases of Dresden, of Sevres, of Kioto, with statuary and specimens of Capo di Monti. There coffee may be brought and served in cups which Catherine of Russia might have given to Potemkin.

THE GENTLEMEN REMAIN BEHIND TO SMOKE.

In the selection of the flowers for the table get flowers of one color and of not too heavy a perfume. Avoid the tuberose, the orange flower, the jassamine, the hyacinth and the lilac, as their odor is poison to some people.

We have used the term footman to designate the servant called a waiter.

A "waiter" in England is a hired hotel hand, not a private servant.

And it would prevent disagreeable mistakes if we would make this correction in our ordinary conversation.

This is the arrangement of a splendid dinner. Now, what should be the bill of fare?

This is hard to answer, as the delicacies vary with the season. But we will venture on one.

Oysters on the half shell.
Sherry.

SOUPS:

Creme d'Asperges, Julienne.

FISH:

Fried Smelts, Salmon.
Fresh Cucumbers.
Champagne.
Filet de Boeuf, with Truffles and Mushrooms.
Fried Potatoes. Claret.

ENTREES:

Poulet a la Marechale, Petits Pois.
Timbale de Maccaroni.
Sweet Breads.

Vegetables, Artichokes.
Sorbet (a Roman Punch).
Steinberger.

GAME:

Wild Duck with Currant Jelly.
Quail and Watercresses.
Salad of Lettuce, Salad of Tomato.
Rudersheimer.
Pate de foie gras.

Hot dessert.
Cabinet pudding.

Cold dessert,
Creme glace aux Tutti Frutti.
Maderia. Cakes. Port.
Marron glaces. Preserved Ginger.
Cheese.
Cafe. Cordials.

I apologize to my readers for mixing thus French and English. It is a vulgar habit and should be avoided. But it is almost impossible to avoid it when speaking of a dinner, as the cooks being French, the menus are written in French and the names of certain dishes are usually written in French. Now all people understand French or should do so. If they do not it is very easy to learn that the "Vol au vent de volaille" is simply chicken pie, that potatoes are still potatoes under whatever alias they are served, and so on.

No such dinner as this can be well served in a private house unless the cook is a "chief," a "cordon blue" (here we must use French again), and unless the service is perfect, this dinner will be a failure. It is better to order such a dinner from Delmonico's or Sherry's or from the best man you can command. Do not attempt it and fail.

But the little dinners given by housekeepers whose service is perfect are apt to be more eatable and palatable than the best dinner from a restaurant, where all the food is cooked by gas and tastes alike.

Now as to the number of guests, that is determined by the size of the room.

THE ETIQUETTE OF ENTERING

the dining room is this: The host goes first with the most distinguished lady.

The hostess follows last with the most distinguished gentleman.

Great care and attention must be observed in seating the guests.

This is the province of the hostess, who must consider the subject carefully. All this must be written out and a diagram made of the table, the names of the ladies to be taken in; a written card with the name of the lady on it is inclosed in an envelope to the gentleman who is to have that honor. He must find it on the hall table as he goes into the drawing room. Then, with the dinner card at each place, the guests find their own places.

The lady of the house should be dressed and in the drawing room at least five minutes before the guests are to arrive, which should be punctually.

How long should a hostess wait for a tardy guest? Only fifteen minutes.

But it is well to say to the butler: "Dinner must be served at 7:30 and the guests may be asked at 7. That generally insures the arrival of all before the fish is spoiled. Let the company then go to dinner, allowing the late comer to follow. He must come in alone blushing for his sins.

No great dinner in Europe waits for anybody.

ROYALTY IS ALWAYS PUNCTUAL.

In seating one's guests do not put husband and wife, sisters or relations together.

An old courtesy book of 1290 says:

"Consider about placing each person in the post that befits him."

"Between relations it behooves to place others midway sometimes."

And we should respect the superstitions of the dinner table.

Few are free from the feeling that thirteen is an unlucky number; so avoid that as no one wishes to make a guest uncomfortable.

There is a strong prejudice against spilling the salt; but the evil consequences can be avoided by throwing a pinch of salt over the left shoulder.

A dinner is not, however, a matter of butler or chef alone.

I have just seen from a person who ought to know the following remarks:

Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry says:

"There are in society some newly-admitted members who, with the best intentions imaginable, are unable to do things in just the proper style. They are persons of wealth, fairly good breeding and possessed of a desire to entertain. With all the good-humored witticisms that the newspapers indulge in on this subject, it is nevertheless a fact that the art of entertaining requires deep and careful study, as well as natural aptitude. Some of the greatest authors have stated this in poetry and prose.

"A typical member of this new class recently gave a dinner to a number of

PERSONS IN SOCIETY.

It was a very dull affair. There was prodigality in everything, but no taste and no refinement. The fellow amused one by telling one he had no trouble in getting up a fine dinner; he had only to tell his butler and chef to get up a meal for so many persons, and the whole thing was done. There are few persons fortunate to possess chefs and butlers of that kind. He certainly was not. Of the persons who attended his dinner, nine out of ten were displeased and will never attend another. It does not take long for the experienced member of society to know whether a host or hostess is qualified to entertain, and the climbers soon find it a hard piece of business to secure guests."

It is the personal trouble which a host and hostess are willing to take; it is the intimate association of a cultivated nature with the practical business of entertaining, which makes the perfect dinner.

"Conviviality concerns everything, hence it produces fruits of all flavors.

"All the ingenuity of man has been for centuries concentrated upon increasing and intensifying the pleasures of the table."

THE GREEKS USED FLOWERS

to adorn vases and to crown the guests. They ate under the vault of heaven, in gardens, in groves, in the presence of all the marvels of nature. To the pleasures of the table were joined the charm of music and the sound of instruments. Whilst the court of the king of the Phoenicians were feasting Phenius, a minstrel celebrated the deeds of the warriors of bygone times.

Often, too, dancers and jugglers and comic actors of both sexes and in every costume came to engage the eye, without lessening the pleasures of the table. Quotations from the Greek and Latin authors would fill a library did we attempt to quote them. But it is not now thought necessary to bring up these accessories to the dinner table.

Let the dishes be exceedingly choice and but few in number, and the wines of the best quality. Let the order of serving be from the more substantial to the lighter.

Let the eating proceed without hurry or bustle, since the dinner is the last business of the day; and let the guests look upon themselves as travelers about to reach the same destination together.

Let the coffee be hot and the liquors chosen with peculiar care.

Let the guests be detained by the social enjoyment, and animated with the hope that before the evening is over there is still some pleasure in store.

OUR MODERN HOSTESSES

who understand the art of entertaining are very apt to have some music, or some recitations, in the drawing room after the dinner; and in England it is often made the occasion of an evening party.

Thus "gourmandize" is that social love of good dinners which combines in one Athenian elegance, Roman luxury and Parisian refinement. It implies discretion to arrange, skill to prepare and taste to direct. It cannot be done superficially and well.

To be well done a dinner must be thought out.

"By right divine, man is the king of nature, and all that the earth produces is for him. It is for him that the quail is fattened, the grape ripened. For him alone the Mocha possesses so agreeable an aroma, for him the sugar has such wholesome properties."

He and he alone banquets in company, and so far from good living being hurtful to man, Brillat Savarin declares that the gourmands have a larger dose of vitality than other men.

But they have their sorrows and the worst of them is a bad dinner; an ill-considered, wretchedly composed, over-burdened repast, in which there is little enjoyment for the brain, and a constant disappointment to the palate.

M. E. W. SHERWOOD.

THE SPRING MEDICINE.

The popularity which Hood's Sarsaparilla has gained as a spring medicine is wonderful. It possesses just those elements of healthgiving, blood-purifying and appetite-restoring which everybody seems to need at this season. Do not continue in a dull, tired, unsatisfactory condition when you may be so much benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It purifies the blood and makes the weak strong. 104

MODERN MIRACLES.

The marvelous cures performed by the celebrated healer, Dr. McLennan, are attracting wide-spread attention with the result that his offices are thronged with suffering people, and it would seem from their experience that they do not seek relief from the great physician in vain. This is what they say:

Mr. Jacob Hanxyerat, residing at 358 West, Fifth South street, says: "It is marvelous what Dr. McLennan did for me. I was consumptive, and was more dead than alive when I consulted him, but to my great joy in less than three weeks I was able to go to work. Other physicians who doctored me considered my case incurable. The doctor's charges are reasonable, and within the reach of all." Henry V. Cox, Esq., residing at 260 Centre street, corner Peach, an old and respected resident of this city, says: "Well, my experience with the doctor is gratifying. For years I suffered untold agony from dyspepsia, diarrhoea and lumbago, together with weakness. When I went to Dr. McLennan for treatment it was with difficulty that I got to his place of business. I was unable to get a night's rest on account of being tormented with the most awful dreams, such hideous nightmares as I had makes me shudder to think of. Well, to be brief, I am now well after four weeks' treatment. The doctor charged me but a very moderate fee. I would advise any one ailing and unable to get relief elsewhere to go and see him."

Mr. William Knox, residing on State street, south of the Jordan, says: "I have doctored with many physicians and for certain ailments have met red with physicians who have a reputation of being the best in Salt Lake city, but instead of curing me I was steadily growing worse. When many misgivings I went to Dr. McLennan, placed myself under treatment, and to-day (three weeks from time of commencement) I am a well and sound man."

James Kendall, esq., carpenter and contractor, residing at 735 West North Temple street, says: "I suffered for years with piles, rupture and dyspepsia. Dr. McLennan's treatment affords me great relief and that a permanent cure is but a matter of a little more time as I have had my trouble for years. I would recommend any one suffering and unable to get relief elsewhere to go and see him."

William H. Keeney, esq., of Murray, Utah, now residing corner Fifth West and Second South, says: "My experience with McLennan has been like a romance with a miracle. I suffered with a stroke of paralysis three years ago, and immediately commenced doctoring for it. I first went to one, staid as long as money would hold out, then rest and seek another doctor in this way. I saw and treated with no less than twelve doctors, all promising a sure cure. I spent hundreds of dollars, in fact, bankrupted myself doctoring, but am ready to swear and prove that not a particle of help did I receive. I read in the papers once (I think it was a Boston paper) that Dr. McLennan had cured a prominent citizen of that place of the very same trouble I had, after his case had been pronounced incurable. It was for this reason that I had any faith in him, and I can truthfully say I did not believe him when he promised a complete cure in a few weeks; but, you see, he was as good as his word. As you can see for yourself, I am as well as ever. I consider the cure in my case a miracle."

L. E. Woodman, a gentleman 60 years of age, residing with his family at 251 Seventh East street, was in a bad fix from la grippe—a veritable physical wreck. He was weak, emaciated, and suffered great pains; also coughed, expectorating a great deal, with a shortness of breath.

Go and see Mr. Woodman and learn his experience, if you are a doubter; it will surprise you. C. W. Collier, twenty-seven years old, is another victim of the late la grippe. He coughed himself to debility, was not emaciated, but expectorated profuse purulent matter, and was fast approaching that stage as to be very soon obliged to give up. He doctored a great deal without benefit. He has been but a week with Dr. McLennan, and already feels like a different person; he coughs but little, the pain from which he suffered so much has entirely disappeared, and he feels encouraged and happy.

Hon. A. Bunker, mayor of Washington, Ia., now sojourning at the corner of Second East and Third South, says: "I have been under Dr. McLennan's treatment for two weeks. I have derived more real benefit than from any treatment I ever tried for my trouble, which is catarrh. I have no doubt but what he will do what he claims—cure me—judging from the experience of his other patients I meet in his office daily."

F. B. Fuller, representing the Lithographic company of Denver, Colo., is now at the Templeton. Go learn his experience with Dr. McLennan; also call on Mr. John Pierce, 931 East, Third street, a young man who was afflicted with heart disease. Go also and learn the experience of Edward Griffith, of 44 Church street; also of Mrs. Pickering, 258 East, Second South street, and Mrs. Mary Crothers, 556 Fifth South and Second East. When you are through consulting these then go to Dr. McLennan's office, 22 West, Second South street, and interview his many patients there. You are always welcome and it will cost you nothing. Please observe that Dr. McLennan presents to your notice no strange endorsements, only those living in your midst and whose truth or falsity you can confirm in ten minutes. They are all true statements of facts, as you may ascertain if you take the trouble to investigate. Dr. McLennan's system of practice is new, regular and scientific. His success in the past is a safe guide to what he is able to do; what he has done for others he can do for you. He points with pride to his past record of twenty years, justifying the assertion that he is unrivaled, unequaled, unapproachable. All surgical operations performed; tumors, cancers and abnormal growths painlessly removed by the scientific application of electricity.

Ladies' so-called incurable diseases successfully treated by the "Apostoli" method, without pain or exposure, nor the mortifying personal examinations usually resorted to in such cases. Consultation free. Charges for services within the reach of all. Office, 22 West Second South street, over Bond's restaurant.

No greater triumph in medicine or chemistry has been recorded than Hall's Hair Renewer revivify and restore gray hair to the color of youth.

STUCK IN THE MUD

A Funny Reminiscence of the Late War.

THEY FEASTED ON DRESSED DOG

How a New Jersey Regiment Got the Laugh on a Company of Vermont Yankees, and Made it Sick.

[For THE SUNDAY HERALD—Copyrighted.]

VERY OLD SOLdier of the army of the Potomac remembers Burnside's mud march. It began on January 22, 1863. This was forty days after his defeat at Fredericksburg. In an effort to retrieve it, he followed the example of Charles XII., and opened a winter campaign. He tried to strike the Rappahannock some miles above Fredericksburg, cross the river on pontoons and reach Lee's rear. It began to rain on the evening of the 22nd, and it rained incessantly for three days. The pontoons never reached the river. They were stuck in seas of mud. Nearly every man in the army was wet to the waist for days in efforts to drag them to dry ground. The Confederates on the other side of the Rappahannock quickly divined the situation. They stuck up immense placards on the bank of the river, bearing such inscriptions as "Burnside's Army Stuck in the Mud," "Burnside is not McClellan," and other pat sayings. When the sun began to shine and the pontoons were dragged from the sloughs, the army went back to its old camp. Everybody was disheartened. The peninsula veterans, who were staunch McClellan men, shook their heads mournfully, saying: "I told you how it would be." The discontent rose to such a pitch that there was a spirit of mutiny in some of the regiments. Hundreds of desertions occurred every day, and the army had no confidence in its commander until

JOE HOOKER SUCCEEDED BURNSIDE.

I was a sergeant in Company C of the Twenty-sixth New Jersey Volunteers at this time. The New Jersey regiment was part of the Second brigade. This brigade had won a brilliant reputation on the peninsula and at Antietam. It was known in the army of the Potomac as the Vermont brigade. It was composed, with the exception of the Jersey regiment, of Vermont troops. They were tall, ungainly Yankees. They drawled their words and gave them a peculiar nasal twang. Their feet were so big that the Johnnies compared them to old-fashioned griddles. A Mississippian once told me they were so big that whenever he killed a Vermont Yankee he had to go up and shove him over before he would tumble. I saw some captured North Carolinians sent in from the front at the first battle of Fredericksburg. In stature, gait and accent they resembled the Vermonters. I believe that if they had worn the Federal uniform the Vermonters themselves would have taken them for brothers.

WE WENT INTO CAMP

after the mud march near White Oak church. About two weeks afterwards Bill Young, a big Scotchman in our regiment, confiscated a sheep owned by some farmer in the vicinity. He had found a little copse in an out-of-the-way nook, where he butchered the sheep, hung the carcass to the limb of a tree by its hind legs, and dressed it. He had hardly finished the work when he was frightened by a file of men who were approaching the spot. After hastily concealing the carcass he sneaked back to camp. Two hours later he returned to the copse. The mutton seemed to be all right. It did not appear to have been disturbed. He avoided collision with the camp guard and managed to get it to his shelter tent after dark. Then he cut it up and distributed it among his friends in the ranks and the commissioned officers.

Twenty-four hours afterward a Vermont regiment, then commanded by Louis A. Grant, now assistant secretary of war (and by the way, Redfield Proctor was a captain in the same regiment), passed through our camp on picket detail. As they struck Company C's street, through which they marched down the hill, they all began to bark like dogs. The Jerseymen rushed from their tents and wondered what all the barking meant. The Vermonters kept up the canine demonstration for half a mile, yelling with delight.

Commissioned officers who had partaken of the mutton were the first to solve the riddle. Some of the cold meat was left. After the Vermont demonstration it did not taste like mutton. It was a little rank, one said, and

TASTED MORE LIKE COON MEAT

that had not been parboiled. Many who had received the gift were sick at the stomach.

It turned out that some bright Vermonter had seen Young at work on the sheep. He rang in his comrades, and frightened the Scotchman back to camp. Then they stole the carcass and put in its place the dressed body of an old Newfoundland dog that had been following a Wisconsin brigade.

When the Vermonters returned from picket duty and began to cross our camp the barking was resumed. This time the Jerseymen were ready for them. From 700 throats came the cry: "Head cheese, head cheese, you d——d Yankees!"

This cry gave a pallor to the Vermont faces. Their stomachs were turned. While they were on picket duty some German in the Jersey regiment had gathered all of the cold roast dog in camp, turned it into head cheese and peddled it on the Vermont picket reserve. Head cheese was a delicacy rarely seen in the army. It had gone like hot cakes. Everybody bought it. Possibly even Secretary Proctor and General Louis A. Grant got their share of it. At all events, there was no more barking, and no more buying of head cheese on the picket line.

AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

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Rates, $1.50 to $2.00 per day. Special rates to professionals and large parties. Weekly board a specialty. G. W. CARTER, Prop.

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY AGO

There settled in Baker county, Oregon, near what is now Baker City, a man who has since become identified with the resources and development of that country. This man is no other than Mr. John Stewart, one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens in the county. In a recent letter he says: "I had been suffering from pains in my back and general kidney complaint for some time, and had used many remedies without any but temporary relief. The pains in my back had become so severe that I was prevented from attending to my work and could not move about without the use of a cane. Hearing, through a friend, of the wonderful cures effected by Oregon Kidney Tea, I was induced to try a box, and from that very first dose I found instant relief, and before using half the contents of the box the pains in my back entirely disappeared. I have every faith in the virtues of the Oregon Kidney Tea, and can conscientiously recommend it to my friends. I would not be without it for anything."

Oregon Kidney Tea cures backache, incontinence of urine, brick dust sediment, burning or painful sensation while urinating, and all affections of the kidney or urinary organs of either sex.

SEASON 1891. SEASON 1891.

4 STALLIONS

Will be stood at A. G. Bast's farm, "Santa Anita," near Eldorado, Utah, seven miles from Salt Lake. Pasture for mares at reasonable price. The Best Trotting Blood in the World.

Prices for the Season:

Sam Walters .... $25 00 | Warren $15 00
Lloyd ..... 15 00 | Nig (draft horse) 10 00

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DR. LIEBIG'S WONDERFUL German Invigorator.

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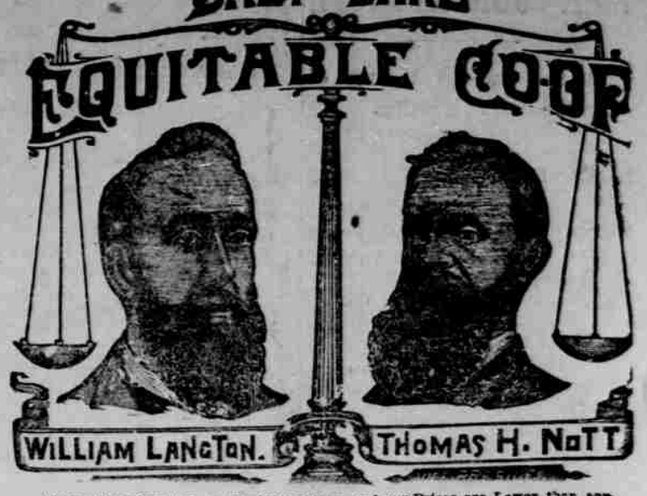

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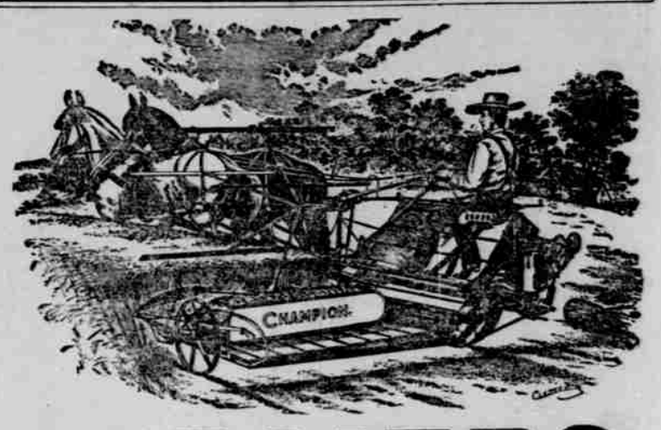

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