

# Keeps My Hair Soft

"I have used your Hair Vigor for five years and am greatly pleased with it. It certainly restores the original color to gray hair. It keeps my hair soft and smooth. It quickly cured me of some kind of humor of the scalp. My mother used your Hair Vigor for some twenty years and liked it very much." — Mrs. Helen Kilkenny, New Portland, Me., Jan. 4, '99.

## Used Twenty Years

We do not know of any other hair preparation that has been used in one family for twenty years, do you?

But Ayer's Hair Vigor has been restoring color to gray hair for fifty years, and it never fails to do this work, either. You can rely upon it for stopping your hair from falling out, for keeping your scalp clean and healthy, and for making the hair grow rich and long.

Write the Doctor

If you do not obtain the benefits you desire from the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor, write the Doctor about it. Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

Time and Distance Annihilated.

In keeping with its past unapproachable record, Union Pacific R. R., the Great Overland Route, will, on October 15th, place in service an entirely new, strictly first-class limited train to be known by the old familiar name of "The Overland Limited." This in addition to the present excellent schedule which will be continued. The NEW OVERLAND LIMITED will leave Salt Lake City daily at 11:45 a. m., Omaha 7:15 p. m., arrive Denver 9 a. m., Omaha 7:15 p. m., and Chicago 9:30 a. m., in ample time for all eastern connections to New York, Boston, Washington, etc., and be the most handily equipped and fastest train ever given to the western people. As usual there will be no change of cars to Denver, Omaha and Chicago, and only one change to principal eastern cities. Further particulars at company's office, "Old Stand," 501 Main street, Salt Lake City.

See—Do you believe that man sprang from the ape? He—No; but I believe all women sprang from the mouse.

Dropsy treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest dropsy specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

Kruer's remedies are being purchased as souvenirs throughout Cape Colony. It being assured that no more of them will be coined after the war.

# SYRUP FOR THE THROAT

ACTS GENTLY ON THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS

CLEANSSES THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY

DISPELS COLDS, HEADACHES, OVERCOMES HEADACHES & FEVERS

HABITUAL CONSTIPATION PERMANENTLY TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS

BUY THE GENUINE—MANUFACTURED BY

CAUBERNA FIG SYRUP CO.

WHEAT'S

CARTER'S INK

SHEEPMEN.

PISO'S CURE FOR COLIC

## DICK RODNEY;

### or, The Adventures of An Eton Boy...

BY JAMES GRANT.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

On perceiving that I was awake, a hand fell upon my forehead, and a hot coffee, accompanied by the last slice of shore-bread that remained, was brought to me by Billy, the cabin-boy, and then, after a time, I was requested to state what craft that was from which I had been taken, my name, and so forth. That Mr. Hislop might enter all the particulars among the "remarks" in his log-book.

I soon satisfied them as to all this. "And where am I now?" I inquired. "Pretty far out upon the open sea, my lad," replied the captain with a smile, as he threw the end of his cheer into the empty grate. "The open sea—still the open sea!" I reiterated with dismay, which I cared not to conceal.

"Yes; we saw the last glimpse of the rugged Start on the day before yesterday, and this morning, just an hour before picking you up, we had good-bye to old England, for the Lizard Light was bearing—you had the dead watch, Hislop; how did it bear?"

"About twelve miles off, on the weather quarter."

"How shall I return home?" They both laughed at my despairingly made inquiry.

"By the way you left it, I suppose; that is by water," said Capt. Weston. "You spoke of the Start; what is that?"

"A cape of the Channel, on the southeast coast of Devonshire, about nine miles to the southward of Dartmouth," he replied, while casting a casual glance at a chart which lay on the table.

I had this, before being rescued so providentially, drifted more than a hundred miles from Eresmere, and it was marvelous that the schooner had floated so far unscathed.

"Well, what is to be done now?" asked the captain. "We are bound for the West Indies, but we may put you aboard the first craft that passes us, homeward-bound; or you are free to remain, if we cannot do better for you."

I thought of my mother, my father, my two sisters; and my heart was so full of gratitude to heaven for preserving me to the end, that I might see and embrace them all again, that I had no words to reply. After a time I exclaimed:

"Home, home!—let me go home to Eresmere!"—weeping as I spoke, for the thought of them all made me a very child again.

The captain and mate exchanged glances on my inquiry.

"It's no use piping your eye now, my lad," said the former, coming toward my berth; "but answer me quietly. You said that your name was Rodney?"

"Yes."

"And you spoke of Eresmere; are you a son of old Dr. Rodney, the rector?"

"Do you know my father, then?" I exclaimed.

"Can't say exactly that I have the honor of being known to him; but I know of him, right well. Why, Master Rodney, I have sailed your uncle's ships many a time, and know his gloomy old office in the city, as well as the buoy at the Nore; so you are as safe and as welcome aboard the Eugenie as if in the old rectory house at home."

This was pleasant intelligence, at all events; but my earnest desire was to return—a design which was not fated to be speedily gratified.

For several days we passed only outward-bound vessels, or others which were at such a distance that the task of signaling and speaking with them would have delayed the Eugenie longer than Capt. Weston could risk. Two that passed near us, when we showed our ensign, replied by displaying the tricolor of France or the red and yellow bars of Spain; so there was nothing for me now but to remain contentedly on board the Eugenie, which was bound for Matanzas with a solid cargo of steam machinery and coal.

The master had no doubt of getting a return freight direct for London; but six or eight months might elapse before I could return to Eresmere.

I gradually became reconciled to the novelty of my situation; I looked forward hopefully to the time when the sorrow of those I had left behind would be alleviated, and began to enjoy to the utmost the prospect of a voyage in a spanking brig to the shores of Cuba.

CHAPTER V.

The Voyage to Cuba.

I resolved not to be an idler or lollyboy, but was allowed by Captain Weston to take my watches and share of the rest of the crew; and at intervals I worked hard at a Spanish grammar with Mare Hislop, who would read "Don Quixote" in the original, with a fluency that even my old tutor at Eton might have envied.

We were now clear of the Channel; and, after a hard battle with the wind and sea, we left the long roll of the mighty Atlantic.

On the third night after my rescue, we encountered dark and cloudy weather, with a strong gale, which set all the cabin about. My watch was over, and I had just turned in, when I heard the voice of Capt. Weston, who was on deck, shouting through his trumpet to "close reef the maintopmast, hand the mainsail, foresail, and foretopmast. Look alive there, lads," he added, "or as sure as my name is Sam Weston, I'll give the volt to the last man off the deck!"

This threat, so unusual in one so good-natured, together with the howling of the wind, the flapping of the wetted canvas, the rattle of the blocks and cordage, and the laboring of the brig, which was so deeply laden that every timber groaned, all gave such indications of a rough night that I sprang from my berth and proceeded to dress again in haste.

To my astonishment, at that moment I heard the hoarse rattle of the chain cable, as it burst with a roar-

know what Jones of Nayland says thereupon."

"No, we don't," said Weston; "who the deuce was he—what port did he hail from?"

"He who cannot see the workings of a Divine wisdom in the order of the heavens, the change of the seasons, the frowning of the tides, the operation of the wind and other elements, the structure of the human body, the circulation of the blood, the instincts of beasts, and the growth of plants, is not only blind and unworthy the name of man," "You hear him, Mr. Rodney," said Weston; "now he has got both his anchor and topsails a-trip; he can pay out whole speeches in this fashion, all at a breath, as fast as the chain-cable running through the hawse-pipe."

Being freed from Eton, I was not going to let our learned Scot's mate have it all his own way, when Weston resumed:

"If you will listen you shall hear a strange story in which I bore a prominent part."

"As the ghost?" said I.

"No; but you will soon acknowledge whether or not I had cause for fear."

And after he had replenished his glass and pipe, Capt. Sam Weston began in this manner:

"About fifteen years ago I found myself at Matanzas, in Cuba, the same port we are bound for now—adrift, without a ship, and almost without a penny in my pocket, among foreigners, Spaniards and mulattoes, mestees and quadroons, black, white and yellow. I had gone there as second mate of a ship from Boston, but the tyranny of our skipper well-nigh drove me mad. During the voyage he had nearly killed three of our men for being slow in sending down the top-gallant yards on a squally night. He beat them until they were black and blue with a hand-spike, and kept them for forty-eight hours, lashed to ringbolts in the ice-scuppers, that the sea might break over them, as he said, and cure their sores."

"When I interfered to save a poor cabin boy, whom he had hung up by the heels from the main-boom, and was scourging with a heavy coil till his back was covered with blood, he produced a bowie knife and revolver, threatening to 'shoot or rip me up.'"

"Just at that moment we were passing a Spanish ship of war which was at anchor in the bay, about half a mile from us, and had the red and yellow jack of Castile and Leon flying at his gaff peak. One of the poor fellows who had been so severely beaten was taken in the foretop, so I hailed him to make a signal of distress to the Spaniard."

(To be continued.)

### OAKEY HALL FOUND HIMSELF.

Woke Up Months After Leaving New York in London Lodgings.

Oakey Hall was once connected with an American paper in London. His aim here was to achieve a high name at the English bar, says Julian Ralph, writing from London to the Providence Journal. He was the son of an Englishman and therefore he was in English law an Englishman whenever he chose to declare himself. He made no success because he lived in the past and his mental inclinations were solely reminiscent. From the day of his mysterious disappearance from New York he lost the power to utilize his brain in any way that could earn him a living. When he returned from Europe after that disappearance he and I were closeted for months together in the office of Mr. Hulbert's New York World. Then it was that he told me the truth about his disappearance, and without knowing whether or not it had been published in America, I will repeat it briefly. He said that one morning he woke up in a hall bed room in Mayfair, in the heart of London, and as lay in bed looking with wonder at his surroundings, a woman knocked and entered the room. She asked him if he would have his usual breakfast. He inquired what his usual breakfast was, and she, astonished in her turn, told him that he always had a pennyworth of tea, a penny roll, a penny pot of butter and an egg which cost a penny. He asked her to sit down and then, by cross-examining her, he found that he had lived a whole season in that house under a name he never knew; that he appeared to be a "city man" (English for a man in business); that he went out every morning, came back every evening, went very frequently to the theater and was the quietest, most irreproachable of all her lodgers. "In a word," he said, "I had lived the life of another man for months, unrecognized by any one and fulfilling the well rounded half of a dual existence."

### FAMOUS BUCKSPORT CAPTAIN.

Profits from His Fishing Fleet This Year About \$30,000.

"Tom Nick," or "Cap'n Tom," is said to have made \$20,000 at least, clear profit, this year out of his fishing fleet. So say the wisest of the Buckspotters. He refers to Capt. Thomas Nicholson of that town and to his business prosperity. Cap'n Tom is one of a few men in Bucksport, Me., who are worth more than \$100,000, and when he started in life he hadn't a cent or a sou to give him a helping hand, says the Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

The story of Cap'n Tom's life is a story of thrift, tireless industry and rapid money making. All along the eastern coast, from Maine to Boston, he is known as a remarkable man. When he was 13 years of age he made his first trip to sea—went fishing on the Grand Banks in a Bucksport schooner, and for some years he continued to catch codfish on shares, as one of the crew. The shares were liberal in those days, however, and the men who were willing to work extra hours, stealing the time from their watch below, used to make a good deal of money by cutting out the cods' tongues and sounds and picking them for the home market, those parts of the fishes being, by custom, "thrown in" to "fat up" the men's wages.

Cap'n Tom is a bachelor, aged about 40 years. Often he may be seen at work in his little office at 3 o'clock in the morning. He talks and apparently thinks of nothing but his fishing vessels.

India has more than 400 Christian Endeavor societies.

### A STRANGE CAREER.

#### A SAMPLE OF ENGLAND'S NOBLEMEN.

The Offer of the Earl of Londale to Contribute to the Boer-British War Reserve Recalls His Past Life—Owns 70,000 Acres of Land.

Probably no Englishman of modern times has had such a strange career as that of Hugh Cecil Lowther, earl of Londale, who recently announced his intention of taking care of the wives and families of all the men in the reserve corps in Westmoreland and Cumberland counties while their husbands are in active service. Twelve years ago the noble earl was chiefly noted for his attentions to various burlesque actresses, among them Violet Cameron

### DR. J.H. McLean's Liver & Kidney Balm

is an old and unsurpassed remedy for Backache, Debility, Sleeplessness, Lost Appetite, Foul Tongue, Prolapsus and all other troubles arising from a diseased Liver and Bladder. At drug stores, \$1.00 per bottle.

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LONDON BALM FOR COLIC, BRUISES, BURNS, SCALDS, SORE THROAT, RHEUMATISM, AND ALL THE PAINS OF THE BODY.

CATARRH—HAY FEVER and COLD in the HEAD positively relieved and CURED by this wonderfully cleansing—antiseptic—and Healing Specific. Price 25c. 50c. 1.00. If sent by your druggist send to Haswell Drug Co., Western Agents, Denver, Colo.

### IF CLAIMANTS FOR PENSION

write to NATHAN BICKFORD, Washington, D. C. They will receive quick replies. 23 1/2th St. N. E. Staff 10th Corps. Prosecuting Claims since 1878.

### WANTED

Party to represent us in this vicinity having acquaintance with people who would like to invest in real estate. A good income to one with ability and references. Address: L. M. MILLER, 11 Broadway, New York.

### DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY

gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Broom of Loomis and in Baley's treatment FREE. DR. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box 8, Atlanta, Ga.

### PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA.

General Cipriano Castro, Venezuela's new president, is only 36 years of age, but he has been in politics since reaching manhood. One of the warmest supporters of the liberal party in Venezuela, he took part in the defense of the government during the revolution which was successfully led by Crespo. Crespo endeavored to enlist him on the side of the opposite party, and made him liberal offers, but Castro refused to accept his overtures. Eventually obtaining enough support to overthrow the government set up by Crespo, he successfully made the attempt. General

One Exception. The Philosopher—"A young man should begin at the bottom and work his way up." The Youth—"I can't very well do that. I am apprenticed to a well digger."—San Francisco Examiner.

Illiteracy in India. In India only one male in ten, and one female in 100 are able to read.

### SCARF

COLDS, COUGHS, SORE THROAT, GRIPPE, CROUP, HOARSENESS

GENERAL JOE WHEELER

Says of Peruca: "I join Senators Sullivan, Roach and McEbery in their good opinion of Peruca as an effective catarrh remedy."

HALF ACTUAL SIZE.

### THE GRIP CURE THAT DOES CURE.

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets remove the cause that produces La Grippe. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box—25c.

Admiral Dewey's brother refuses to run for governor of Vermont. Evidently the Deweys are not runners.

New Bombarzo Combination Reversible Parlor Game Board. 23 games, biggest hit in town. Agents W. D. Caldwell & Co., 101 Superior St., Chicago.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who admired her husband and called him pa?

### HERE is a medical lecture in a nutshell. The Kidneys drain water and impurities from the blood. The liver makes bile and helps to drive off other waste. If these organs work badly the body becomes a cesspool and disease sets in. You must get them into healthy action or die.

### Dr. J.H. McLean's Liver & Kidney Balm

is an old and unsurpassed remedy for Backache, Debility, Sleeplessness, Lost Appetite, Foul Tongue, Prolapsus and all other troubles arising from a diseased Liver and Bladder. At drug stores, \$1.00 per bottle.

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### YOUNG MEN!

If you have money to waste try all the "Cures" you may know or hear of. If you wish to see a cure, get a picture of a man who has been cured by Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver & Kidney Balm. It is a picture of a man who has been cured of all his troubles by this wonderful medicine. It is a picture of a man who has been cured of all his troubles by this wonderful medicine. It is a picture of a man who has been cured of all his troubles by this wonderful medicine.

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