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Some Death Bed Rimesters.
There have been numerous instances of poetical and grammatical deaths. Emperor Adrian made a poetical address to his own soul as death was casting the seal of final silence over his lips, and Margaret of Austria, while almost within the grasp of death, in a terrific storm at sea, calmly sat down and composed her epitaph in verse. The ship weathered the gale, however, and the epitaph was not needed.—The Sunday Magazine.

A Monster Carpet.
A notable Axminster carpet has just been completed at the Royal carpet factory, Wilton, England, for a well known London club. It is entirely hand made, and although woven in one piece measures over 62 feet in length and 35 feet in breadth. An immense loom over 40 feet long had to be especially erected to make it, and 13 workers were continuously engaged for more than four months in its manufacture.

Longevity.
To achieve longevity one should be an Italian painter. Spinello was nearly 100; Carlo Cignana was 91; Michael Angelo, 90; Leonardo da Vinci, 75; Calabresi, 86; Claude Lorraine, 82; Carlo Maratti, 88; Tintoretto, 82; Sebastian Ricci, 78; Francesco Albano, 88; Guido, 68; Guerino, 76; John Baptist Crespi, 76; Giuseppe Crespi, 82; Carlo Dolce, 70; Andrew Sacchi, 74; Zuccherelli, 86; Vernet, 77; Schidoni, 76.

Endless Trail.
Gomer Davies, of Concordia, tells a story about a wooden-legged man, although he denies being the one to which it refers. "This man," says Davies, "was going home after being at a late supper, along about 13 o'clock in the morning, when his leg went through an auger hole in the plank sidewalk and he kept circling about that hole all night, thinking he was going home."—Kansas City Star.

Honor Among Engineers.
It must be confessed that, with some engineers, things have occasionally not been thought unworthy or improper which, although not in themselves dishonest, would be impossible among lawyers or doctors, which ought to be impossible among gentlemen, and which would be impossible among engineers if their organization were as complete and their etiquette as strict as in the older professions.—Engineering.

Productive Coconut Tree.
A large coconut tree yields as many as 100 nuts a year. Natives use the nuts for dishes as well as for food.

Some Consolation.
Distinguished Surgeon (to widow whose husband has just died from an operation he had performed)—At least, my dear madam, you have the satisfaction of knowing that your husband didn't die under the knife of a medical bungler.

Eagle's Rapid Flight.
An eagle has been observed to rise from the ground and completely disappear into the sky within three minutes. Eagles sometimes soar to heights of 15,000 feet or more.

BEYOND MERE MAN.

ARE THE ADORNMENTS INSISTED
ON BY FEMINITY.

In All Ages Practically the Same Complaint Has Been Made, But Victory Has Always Been With the Fair Sex.

Not a few things are past the comprehension of mere man, and one of these is the mysteries of feminine apparel—the fashionable raiment and the ramifications with which she persists in "adorning" herself.

Grandness and extravagance of style are always backed up by a conscious superiority on the part of the feminine mind that puts the male objector promptly out of business.

The ardent wooer of Queen Elizabeth's day no doubt rallied bitterly against the huge ruff that stood out about his lady's neck like a repelling picket fence.

He could see no more use in it than his descendant of to-day sees in the enormous picture hat—nor could he get around or over it.

But the ruff remained, and men of the period had to do as well with it as they could, which was not very well.

Frequently they got a taste of ruffles in their mouths instead of the nectar of ruby lips.

Really shocking to man's sensibilities, however, was the extraordinary horned headpiece that women of the fourteenth century perched upon themselves.

This consisted of a partly cone-shaped bonnet starting from brow and



The Preposterous Horned Headpiece of the 14th Century Shocked Him

ears and running thence about west northwest, half west.

From the under side a pair of horns sprang up in a gentle but extended curve, making a general course of northeast by north.

Now this "picture hat" of the period was, no doubt, a thing of joy to the woman of that day, but it caused a notable enlargement of the prevalent vocabulary of profanity.

Then there was the extraordinary French style of coiffure that produced a towering bulk of hair upon the head, like piling a luxuriant, fluffy Pelion upon a fair, intellectual Ossa of marble brow.

Away back in ages past a little book made its appearance—"Quilpes for Upstart Newfangled Gentlewomen."

Now, the title of the work was unkind, in the first place, and the animosity displayed therein was certainly not calculated to win members of



He Could Do Nothing With the Vain Lady of Queen Elizabeth's Time

the fair sex from their allegiance to the Dame Fashion of the period, no matter how much her decrees jarred upon the masculine mind.

When it is said that this learned treatment of an important subject was doubtless without effect, it is meant that history does not record the ensuing sweep of any dress reform about that period.

A Growsome Find.
A growsome story is related by a correspondent of the *Boulogne Chronicle*.

He states that in a fashionable part of London a large house, over 200 years old, was recently taken on lease by a friend. The whole of the interior had to be remodeled. In doing something to the cellars under the house the workmen came upon a walled-up chamber, in which were found several skeletons chained up to the walls by the hands, feet and neck. It was a most ghastly sight.

"Who were they? What was their terrible story?" asks the correspondent.

Spider Web Nets.

The natives of New Guinea employ extraordinary fishing nets of spider's web to capture fish weighing up to a pound. They fix bamboos bent in the shape of a landing handle in the jungle glades, and the spiders weave their net all over the frame. The method of fishing is to watch for a passing fish and then to dip it out and throw it on dry land.

TRAGEDY PREVENTED BY AN ELM BRANCH.

YOUNG MAN'S NARROW ESCAPE
FROM DEATH.

SNAKE CAUSES RUNAWAY

Frightened Team Dashes from Bridge to Stream Below, But Driver Is Saved by Grasping Tree in Nick of Time.

Chicago.—It happened in Missouri. A warm midsummer day was rapidly drawing to a close. In company with the other hay hands on a large plantation I was working far past the usual supper hour in order that all the timothy cut and shocked might be securely stacked before darkness and threatened rain overtook us. There was one more load to get, just a little "jag," and it fell to myself and another lad even younger than I—for I was only 17—to go and bring it in. The hay field was nearly a mile distant from the stack yard, and, inspired to hasten by healthy appetites, we started off at a brisk trot with a team.

About half the distance had been covered when something happened. A huge rattlesnake crossed the road just ahead of the team. I was driving and had turned to speak to my companion who sat near the rear end of the wagon, and so did not notice the snake until we were almost upon it. It coiled ready to spring, and gave forth its warning rattle. When the horses heard the rattle they jumped simultaneously and started up the road at a breakneck speed. At this point the road was rough, and there was quite an up grade, and I felt sure I could stop them before we reached the highest point and started down the other side. I held the lines firmly and kept the now thoroughly frightened animals in the center of the road.

All was apparently going well. I thought I could feel myself getting control of them slowly but surely, when suddenly we struck a good-sized boulder. We went over it all right, but the ladder or front piece of the hay frame which was supposed to lie in the bottom of the wagon when the frame was empty, and which worked on a pivot hinge permitting it to be raised into an upright position, had been left up. When we struck the boulder, the resulting jolt sent this ladder flying backwards, and it came down over my head and shoulders, knocking the lines out of my hands, thereby leaving the team free to do their worst.

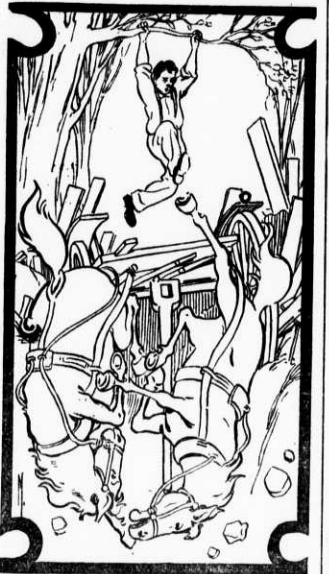
Before I could extricate myself from the ladder we had started down grade at a terrific pace, and right ahead was "the bad bridge" across "Old Muddy creek," which was no more than a deep gully in most places but sometimes turbulent stream winding through it.

The bridge spanned a chasm 60 feet in width and stood over 40 feet above the rocks and water below. But the worst feature of this bridge was that it was built across the chasm at an angle, the road turning at this point and following the creek for some few rods. I knew we could never get across that bridge, but we

were upon it before I had time to jump, and I doubt if I had the necessary courage to do so. The team attempted to make the turn, the wagon swerved, and we were going over the edge of the bridge—it had no railing—and I could feel the wagon swing out over the chasm.

I was facing apparently certain death. I could see the jagged rocks below. Even if I were fortunate enough to strike the water, I could not swim. The sight sickened me. I turned my eyes upward, and saw just above me a slender branch extending from an overhanging limb of a great elm tree. I caught at it, and my hands closed over it. So slender it was that I wondered it held me. To me then it seemed strong and safe. I hung there.

The wagon had gone over, taking the team with it, and I could see these splendid horses struggling for their lives in the muddy stream. They were unable to break away



I Caught the Slender Limb.

from the wagon, and therefore could not swim out. Their struggles lasted, it seemed to me, an hour, in reality but a few moments, and they sank out of sight.

My companion was nowhere in sight. In my excitement I had forgotten him. He now came running down the road. He had managed to drop out of the end of the wagon soon after the runaway started, and had escaped with only a few bruises. He saw my predicament and realized the seriousness of my position more than I did myself. The branch I clung to was too slight to permit me to climb on it to the limb above. I could not hang in that position long. Already my arms were beginning to pain me. To drop meant to drown, for I hung directly over the pool, and just before me, some 30 feet down, projected a jagged rock.

"Hang on," my companion shouted, "I'll be back with a rope." He ran to a farm house, which was fortunately near by, and came back not only with a rope but with two strong farmer lads ready to assist, and I was rescued.

crocodiles, however, kept in a basin of their own, that Joe only ventures to stir up with a long pole from a safe roost on top of the stockade.

"Them ones," Joe explained, "is the baddest ones I got."

And they certainly were savage, breaking their teeth on the pole, churning the water to a foam, and tearing to bits anything thrown them. One Sunday I called on Joe, wearing a bathing suit, and while he was cutting me some palm prongs in the jungle, I climbed on the stockade inclosing the "baddest ones," and proceeded to give myself a free exhibition by prodding them up somewhat lively with the pole.

Just how it happened I never could tell, but a wave of muddy water instantly splashed over me from below, the pole was whisked from my hands, my feet slipped, and I tumbled headlong into the corral, and rolled half way down the 15-foot embankment that separated the slimy pool from the foot of the stockade.

All this happened in a flash, and when I stopped rolling my eyes were filled with muddy water. I could hear the reptiles coming, but I didn't wait. I was up that embankment and had shinned up the nearest post to a distance of six feet or so before I discovered that the bark had been stripped off above this point and the post was wet and slimy.

Above was a four-foot stretch of "greased pole" to climb, and just below my bare legs were two of Joe's pets already waiting with their ugly mouths open, and a third one on the way.

If any one ever bawled out for "Alligator Joe" in real, genuine, deadly earnest, and kept it up for 45 minutes (Joe says five), it was I. But one more minute would have exhausted my strength I am positive. It was the work of a second with that giant's grip on my wrist to gain a place of safety.

More Sensible.

"How would you like to put some money into a gold mine?"

"I wouldn't; but I'd like to take some money out of a gold mine."

What is Pe-ru-na?

Is it a Catarrh Remedy, or a Tonic, or is it Both?

Some people call Peruna a great tonic. Others refer to Peruna as a great catarrh remedy. Which of these people are right? Is it more proper to call Peruna a catarrh remedy than to call it a tonic?

Our reply is, that Peruna is both a tonic and a catarrh remedy. Indeed, there can be no effectual catarrh remedy that is not also a tonic.

In order to thoroughly relieve any case of catarrh, a remedy must not only have a specific action on the mucous membranes affected by the catarrh, but it must have a general tonic action on the nervous system.

Catarrh, even in persons who are otherwise strong, is a weakened condition of some mucous membrane. There must be something to strengthen the circulation, to give tone to the arteries, and to raise the vital forces.

Perhaps no vegetable remedy in the world has attracted so much attention from medical writers as HYDRASTIS CANADENSIS. The wonderful efficacy of this herb has been recognized many years, and is growing in its hold upon the medical profession. When joined with CUBEBS and COPAIBA a trio of medical agents is formed in Peruna which constitutes a specific remedy for catarrh that in the present state of medical progress cannot be improved upon. This action, reinforced by such renowned tonics as COLLINSONIA CANADENSIS, CORYDALIS FORMOSA and CEDRON SEED, ought to make this compound an ideal remedy for catarrh in all its stages and locations in the body.

From a theoretical standpoint, therefore, Peruna is beyond criticism. The use of Peruna, confirms this opinion. Numberless testimonials from every quarter of the earth furnish ample evidence that this judgment is not over enthusiastic. When practical experience confirms a well-grounded theory the result is a truth that cannot be shaken.

With too many people charity is more of a fad than a virtue.

More muss or failures made with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES; bright, beautiful colors a certainty.

Some men can't even do their duty without making a fuss about it.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PIAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Whine from Henry James.

Henry James, pursuing his theme, "The Speech of American Women," speaks of a group of Boston young women, "all articulating as from some mouths, all mumbling and whining and vocally limping and shuffling as it were together." He compares, also to its great disadvantage, a school where parents pay so much not to have their boys taught to speak as gentlemen, with one "beyond the sea, in which the proviso that the schoolmaster shall speak as a gentleman is so absolutely vital."

Surely Had Helped.

While the child labor bill was under discussion in the senate Mr. Piles said he did not approve of some provisions in the measure, adding: "Under the bill as it now stands I would not be permitted to employ my own son in my law office if he were under 14 years of age." "Would you," Senator Beveridge interrupted quickly, "put a son under 14 years of age at work in your office if you desired to train him to be a lawyer?" "I went into my father's office," said Senator Piles with dignity, "at the age of 13." "Did it help?" queried the Indiana senator. "Yes, I am here." Then the senate chuckled.

Safe, Sure and Speedy.

No external remedy ever yet devised has so fully and unquestionably met these three prime conditions as successfully as Allcock's Plasters. They are safe because they contain no deleterious drugs and are manufactured upon scientific principles of medicine. They are sure because nothing goes into them except ingredients which are exactly adapted to the purposes for which a plaster is required. They are speedy in their action because their medicinal qualities go right to their work of relieving pain and restoring the natural and healthy performance of the functions of muscles, nerves and skin.

Allcock's Plasters are the original and genuine porous plasters and like most meritorious articles have been extensively imitated, therefore always make sure and get the genuine.

Comment That Stung.

The marquis of Lansdowne, leader of unionist peers in the British parliament, speaks rarely but always with effect. He revels in grave sarcasm. On one occasion Lord Crewe, the liberal leader, made a speech on a subject which he desired to leave a matter for open voting among his followers. Lord Lansdowne congratulated his friend on his eloquent speech. "I have followed it," he said, "with earnest attention not only on account of the importance of the subject but also on account of the noble lord's judicial attitude. I admired his earnestness and eloquence, but what impressed me most was his impartiality." A pause. "Yes, until the last minute I did not know on which side of the fence his lordship was coming down."

OLD CAPT. CACK'S QUESTION.

Somewhat Pointed, But It Denoted Quick Intelligence.

Pierce Jay, the commissioner of banks of Massachusetts, at the American Bankers' association's convention in St. Louis, advocated a better accounting system.

"But above all," said Mr. Jay, in a discussion of his idea, "we want intelligence, if embezzlement is to be thoroughly put down. Systems are good, but intelligence is better, and in cashiers and tellers and bookkeepers and note clerks we want the same keen, quick intelligence that characterized old Capt. Hiram Cack, of Gloucester."

"Cack lay very ill. One day he got down-hearted, feeling that his case was hopeless."

"I fear, doctor," he said, "there isn't much hope for me."

"Oh, yes, there is," the doctor answered. "Three years ago I was in your condition precisely, and look at me now."

"Cack, intelligent and alert, said quickly:

"What doctor did you have?"

ANIMALS THAT SHED TEARS.

Travelers' Observations Have Proved That Weeping is Common.

Travelers through the Syrian desert have seen horses weep from thirst, a mule has been seen to cry from the pain of an injured foot and camels, it is said, shed tears in streams, says a writer in Harper's Weekly. A cow sold by its mistress who had tended young soko ape used to cry from vexation if Livingston didn't nurse it in his arms when it asked him to. Wounded apes have died crying, and apes have wept over their young slain by hunters. A chimpanzee trained to carry water jugs broke one and fell a-crying, which proved sorrow, though it wouldn't mend the jug. Rats, discovering their young drowned, have been moved to tears. A giraffe which a huntsman's rifle had injured began to cry when approached. Sea lions often weep over the loss of their young. Gordon Cummings observed tears trickling down the face of a dying elephant. And even an orang-utang when deprived of its mango was so vexed that it took to weeping. There is little doubt, therefore, that animals do cry from grief or weep from pain or annoyance.

French President's Double.

M. Fallieres was until recently believed to be the only president of the French republic who had no double, but his counterpart has been found. The man who most resembles him physically is a respectable merchant of the Rue Saint Honore, who plays his part with decorum and dignity. He wears exactly the same kind of blue butterfly necktie with white dots as the president, the same kind of hat and exactly so oddly cut a beard. And on his promenades he is always accompanied by a friend who could easily be taken for the president's private secretary. Dignified and with measured steps the envious double walks through the Faubourg Saint Honore and feels overjoyed at being saluted on all sides.

Made Much on Small Capital.

Twenty-five years ago W. S. Witham left the town of La Grange, Ga., with the meager sum of one dollar in his pocket and landed in New York with nothing to his credit but his clothes and his character. The quality of the former does not matter and the quality of the latter has shown itself. He is to-day president of 75 banks, all but four of which are situated in his native state. In return for Georgia's small advance of 100 cents he has pretty well cornered her banking interests and has in keeping a goodly amount of her funds. The four banks of which he is president outside of the state of Georgia are situated in Florida.

NEVER TIRES

Of the Food That Restored Her to Health.

"My food was killing me and I didn't know the cause," writes a Colo. young lady. "For two years I was thin and sickly, suffering from indigestion and inflammatory rheumatism."

"I had tried different kinds of diet, plain living, and many of the remedies recommended, but got no better."

"Finally, about five weeks ago, mother suggested that I try Grape-Nuts, and I began at once, eating it with a little cream or milk. A change for the better began at once."

"To-day I am well and am gaining weight and strength all the time. I've gained 10 lbs. in the last five weeks and do not suffer any more from indigestion and the rheumatism is all gone."

"I know it is to Grape-Nuts alone that I owe my restored health. I still eat the food twice a day and never tire of it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The flavor of Grape-Nuts is peculiar to itself. It is neutral, not too sweet and has an agreeable, healthful quality that never grows tiresome.

One of the sources of rheumatism is from overloading the system with acid material, the result of imperfect digestion and assimilation.

As soon as improper food is abandoned and Grape-Nuts is taken regularly, digestion is made strong, the organs do their work of building up good red blood cells and of carrying away the excess of disease-making material from the system.

The result is a certain and steady return to normal health and mental activity. "There's a reason." Read the little book "The Road to Well-ville" in pkgs.

NEARLY BECOMES FOOD FOR "BAD" ALLIGATORS

Story of an Unpleasant Experience with the Huge Beasts in a Florida Jungle.

Chicago.—In the jungle a mile or so above Palm Beach, Fla., dwells a good-natured giant called "Alligator Joe." For years he has, by some secret



The Reptiles Were Snapping Their Jaws Beneath Me.

stratagem, captured large, live alligators and crocodiles in the Everglades, and corralled them in shallow ponds surrounded by stockades of high posts. During "the season" Joe gives daily exhibitions at the "Alligator Farm," to guests from the resort, jumping into one of the corrals and actually riding a huge alligator.

There are three enormous outlaw