

THE NORSE NIGHTINGALE.
Miles Standish ban having a courtship
Ven all of his fighting ban tru;
Master Longfaller tal me about it
And so ay skol tal it ti yu.
He say to his room-mate, Yohn Alden,
"Yu know ris Priscilla, ay s'pose.
Last veek, ven av try to get busy,
Priscilla yust turn up her nose."

Yohn Alden ban nerry young faller,
So Standish yust tal him, "Old pal,
Yust boost me to dis har Priscilla,
Yu know ay can't talk wery val,
Pleese tal her ay ban a gude soldier,
And say ay have money in bank;
Ay'd du dis myself, but ay tal yu
My manners in parlor ban rank."

So Yohn go and call on Priscilla,
And, happen to finding her in.
He sit close beside her on sofa
And give her gude lots of his chin.
"Miles Standish," he say, "ban gude
faller,
Hot stuff with his musket and knife,
And so ay ban coming to tal yu
He'd lak yu. Priscilla, for vife."

Priscilla, she listen to Alden,
And den give him cute little venk,
And say "Vy not speak for yureself,
John?
Miles Standish ban lobster, ay
tenk!"
So Standish get double crossed dandy,
And dat's yust vat AY vant, by yee,
Ef ever ay ask any faller
To doing my sparking for me!
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"Trilby" was revived in New York recently with Virginia Harned in the title role, Wilton Lackaye as Svengali, and with William Courtney, Leo Ditrichstein, and other well known people in the cast. The play was received with enthusiasm, and on the first night, at the end of the third act, there was a demand for a speech that resulted in amusing complications. According to the Times, when the curtain had been raised again and again upon the company, and at last the din was punctuated with cries of "Speech! Speech!" Virginia Harned started for the center; Wilton Lackaye started for the center. Miss Harned stopped. Mr. Lackaye stopped.

He who hesitates is lost. The curtain descended before either of them had time to make another move.

Then once more the welking rang. Once more the curtain rose. And the cries for a speech continued. And once more Virginia Harned started toward the center. And once more

Mr. Lackaye did likewise. And, incidentally, they both paused once again.

Another time the descending curtain hid from view these rivals for forensic honors.

In the annals of the theatre this question will go down along with that historic query of "The Lady or the Tiger?" Who did the audience want to speak the speech? No names were mentioned in the general outcry, but when the little comedy was being repeated Miss Harned gracefully withdrew from the stage, motioning to Mr. Lackaye that he must respond to the demand.

"The longest time I ever worked continuously," says Thomas Edison, "was five days and five nights without sleep. That was during some of my lighting experiments. Once I worked four days and four nights—that was just before the opening of the Pearl street station in New York. We did not know what was going to happen; we expected something would explode when we turned on the current. Everybody said it was going to be a failure. When we turned on the current, however, it started all right, without a hitch, and ran for eight years." Mr. Edison believes that most people sleep too much. Three or four hours are enough if it is good, solid sleep, not dreaming—that isn't sleep."

An old darkey was watching the G. A. R. parade one Decoration Day, and was vociferously cheering the band. "I suppose you were through the Civil war, uncle?" said a bystander. "Ever' step of it, suh!" "At the surrender, too?" "Ever' step of it suh!" "What did General Lee say to Grant?" "Never said nuttin', suh—des chopped off his haid an' went on!"

Russell Sage has a penetrating mind," said a New York broker. "He can see through nearly everything. I doubt if he was ever duped on an investment yet."

"They say that two promoters once called on Mr. Sage to try to interest him in a certain scheme of theirs. They talked to the great financier about an hour. Then they took their leave, having been told that Mr. Sage's decision would be mailed to them in a few days.

"I believe we've got him," said the first promoter hopefully, on the way uptown.

"I don't know," rejoined the other. "He seemed very suspicious."

"Suspicious?" said the first. "What makes you think he was suspicious?" "Didn't you notice," was the reply, "how he counted his fingers after I had shaken hands with him?"

JUDGE AND JACK TAR.

It's like this here, your honor, see!
As near as I can tell,
A gentleman hired my boat, and he
Was quite a proper swell.
He brought a lady down with him
To make a longish trip,
And so we scrubbed her thoroughly—

Judge—The lady!
Tar—No! The ship.

Well, cutting off my story short
To come to what befell,
We started, but put back to port,
Which much annoyed the swell.
She fell between two waterways
And got a nasty nip,
So we rigged her out with brand new
stays—

Judge—The lady?
Tar—No-o! The ship.

At last we put to sea again
And started for the west,
All spick and span without a stain,
When all at once, I'm blest,
Her blooming timbers got misplaced,
Which quite upset the trip,
The water washed around her waist—

Judge—The lady's?
Tar (nodding)—And the ship's.

That's all, I think, your honor; now
I'll state to you my claim.
Five hundred dollars, you'll allow,
Won't build her up the same.
Her rudder's gone, her nose is broke,
Her flag I've got to dip,
She's lying now upon the mud—

Judge—the lady?
Tar—No-o-o! The ship.

—Henry B. Cornish in St. Louis
Globe-Democrat.

"Professor Barrett Wendell of Harvard," said a Philadelphia lawyer, "has a strong feeling against the harsh and overbearing cross-examinations that are sometimes permitted in law courts, and it delights him to see a witness turn the tables on a cross-examining lawyer.

"Laughing a little, Professor Wendell told me one day how he had attended a session of court where an aged man had been placed in the witness box.

"The examination of this man was finished quickly. Then, in this way, the cross-examination began:

"You know John Thompson, do you?"

"Yes, sir. I've known him thirty years."
"Never mind how long you've known him. We don't care anything about that here. Just answer my questions without any additions of your own. That will keep you quite busy enough, I think."

"Very well, sir."
"Very well. Now, witness, do you remember the afternoon of March 4?"

"March 4th last?"
"March 4th last! If I had meant March 4th, 1807, or March 4th, 69 B. C., I'd have said so, March 4th last, of course. Do you remember that date?"

"I think I do, sir."
"You think you do? Don't you know you do?"

"Yes, I know I do."
"On that afternoon did you call on John Thompson?" "Yes, sir."

"What did he say?"
"I object. Your honor, I —"

"The opposing lawyer had arisen. In a frenzy of rage and indignation he was objecting. The other lawyer sneered at him.

"You object?" he said. "Why, your honor, it is perfectly clear and plain—and I know your honor will bear me out in this—and so forth.

"Now, for an hour the lawyers argued. They quoted from a dozen law books. They stormed and raged. According to the one it had for 200 years been the custom to allow witnesses to answer questions similar to 'What did he say?' and according to the other such questions had from the beginning of legal history been ruled out as irrelevant and incompetent.

"Finally the judge decided in favor of the cross-examining lawyer. He, flushed and triumphant, then took up the witness again.

"Now, witness," he began, "when, on the afternoon of March 4th last, you called to see John Thompson, what did he say?"

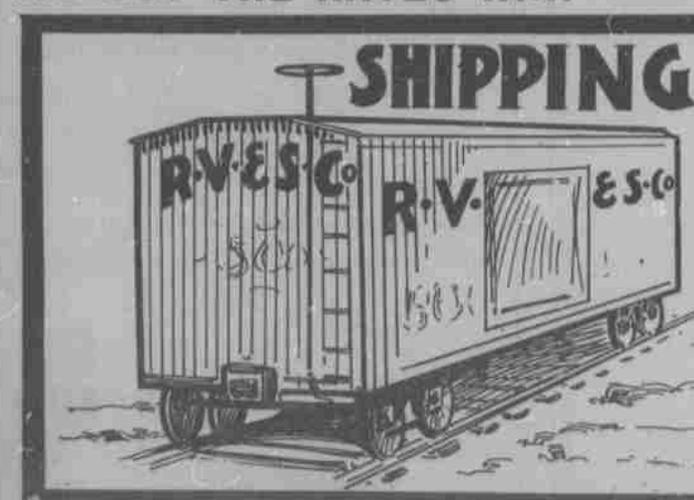
"The witness, with a little smile, replied:

"He wasn't at home."

An excited voice—"Hello, hello, is this the city editor? Well, one of your men down here at this fire has fallen down the elevator shaft and is very badly hurt." Busy city editor.—"Never mind; I'll send down another."

—Commercial Tribune.

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