BILL NYE'S REPLIES.

Answers to Correspondents Rich in Information.

EXPERIENCE WITH STAGE SUPES.

Dignity Often Conceals a Good Deal—Cost of a Ball in New York—Wild Bill and His Slayer.

[For THE SUNDAY HERALD. By special arrangement with the author.]

[Copyright, 1890, by E. W. Nye.]

I do not know that any one has ever referred publicly to the average stage hand as we find him at the one night stands. I do not mean the professional stage hand, but the young and pimply party who acts as floor walker for a livery stable during the day and shifts the scenery at the theatre at night.

He is a self made young man, who is not afraid to appear before any audience in a pair of high top rubber boots which he has used all day to wash buggies in, and light the footlights amid thunders of applause. We had one of these gentlemen the other night. He brought nine others to help him. I think that the most of them sleep on the stage nights. They were playing "old sledge" behind the drop curtain when we came.

I do not know what they were there for. We did not want them. We did not need them. They joyfully stood around in the way and spat down a large knothole near the curtain rope, although it was a hopeless task, for it dried up before the next one could get ready, and so they are no nearer to floating the stage away than when they first began. I asked the head man if he would get me a glass of water. He said he had to remain in order to attend to the curtain. As we do not use any curtain or scenery or properties, except a glass of water and a stick of hoarhound candy, I thought he could be spared, but he did not seem to think so, and I got a small boy to bring me the water, while the head boy, now stage Napoleon, went to reading once more the thrilling tale, "Married in Haste, to Repent at Chicago; or, How I Won Her," by A. Oner, Esq.

He was the tiredest young man for one who was just in the fluff and bloom and heyday of life that I ever saw. He had a very retreating chin. Otherwise he would not have had the strength of purpose to spit over it. His forehead also asked to be excused and went back into his hair in search of ideas and one thing and another, I judge.

One of his front teeth had disappeared. Doubtless kicked out by an infuriated horse while the two were sleeping in the same stall, the horse being tied, however, and unable to get away, using his only means of discouraging a bed fellow with whom he could certainly have nothing in common. The loss of this tooth gave him greater scope as an expectorator, and would have assisted his smile if he had ever smiled, but he never smiled. It is very rare that such a man laughs. His dignity and a set of liverwurst thought works in a poor state of preservation, are all he has. Life is a serious matter with an ass. I do not say this in order to be euphonious, but from the rich and overflowing treasures of a ripe experience. (I thought I would say that before some one else did it for me.)

The ass is always sad and dignified. He is profound and mournful. If you desire to see solemnity, dignity and mental obliquity, go to the penitentiary and to the corral when the deep voiced ass with the low, retreating forehead trills his tremendous notes in the hush of the evening.

My dead friend, Mr. Shaw, once said that dignity was no more the sign of wisdom than the paper collar was the sign of a shirt, and I can put my hand on my heart and say he was right.

I once knew a man who had a good deal of dignity and a beard that he could part in the middle like a skye terrier's. With these rare gifts of mind and heart he married a sweet young girl and got a reading notice of forty lines in exchange for a wedge of bride cake, which was afterward used in thin strips for double leading the editorials. He advanced rapidly, until he had obtained the confidence of all who knew him. Cashing this confidence one Saturday evening, he parted with his parted whiskers, his flowing hair became fled, and in the morning, as a dignified man who had never been known to smile, wrote his name on the register at Montreal. "Many Citizens," "Veritas," "Pro Bono Publico," "Vox Populi," "Tax Payer," a wet eyed grass widow and two little dignified cubs with pompadour hair wept and would not be comforted. He never came back.

En route I have received several letters

"YOU HAVE WENT BACK ON ME."

and queries from readers and correspondents, which I will take the liberty of answering here if I hear no objection prior to the publication of this.

"Retire Pennypacker," Toledo, Ohio, asks what the cost of a ball would be if properly given to one's friends in New York.

A recent estimate is as follows as nearly as I can recollect:

Rent of ball room	$2,000
Orchids, palms, etc	12,000
Floral favors for ladies	5,000
Jeweled favors for German say at $10 apiece, say	20,000
(When your company comprises other nationalities than the German, you might make it for less.)	
Dinner at $10 per plate	10,000
Music	600
B. and S. for following morning	10,000
Total	$50,000

Of course slight reductions could be made on this, say if you use field grasses with powdered alum on them and pressed autumn leaves instead of the orchids, you can save from $7,000 to $8,000. Or if you want to trim your hall with festoons of seed corn and dried apples instead of palms, you may cut down this bill $3,000 or $3,500.

Again, you might cheapen the floral

THE KILLING OF WILD BILL.

offerings to the ladies by using paper flowers, or postponing the ball until golden rod gets within the reach of all. A dinner in New York may also be arranged much cheaper than $10 a plate, by having several bright conversationalists at each end of the table and skipping the horse doovers, arriving at once at the removes of say a broiled pig's foot on toast, a bottle of Ann Hizer Sec and ice cream. A bright conversationalist or a good humorist who is willing to give a fair equivalent for his food can save you at such a meal hundreds of dollars. You might have to take the conversationalist and humorist out into the woodshed and give them something extra before the meal, in order to keep them up to where they would be willing to sparkle and be the life of the party, but even then it would be a great saving to you. I once went to a delightful dinner of this kind, but was not told to sparkle, so talked entirely with a young lady near me all the evening regarding Mr. Russell and the Delsarte theory.

The host was so mad that he did not pass me the pie at all, and ate my dried prunes with the rich umbrella juice that went with them, while I was looking the other way. When he gave me my hat and overcoat at last, in the hall, he hissed in my ear:

"You have went back on me and have came to my house for the last time. If you had of done the square thing you would have had as good a time as you was ever at, and got your little old $5 besides, but now you can be excused. I didn't ast you to come here and stuff yourself full of my victuals and then talk art to a mere stripling of a girl. If you want to get ahead you want to do it some other way."

I told him that when I found out where to get a head I would be sure to give him the address. I then selected a good pair of overshoes, took what I thought to be a fresh cigar from the stand and went away. It did not smell so fresh, however, after I lighted it as I thought it would.

He was a coarse, vulgar man, with a great deal of money, but too mean to give his wife money enough to build her dress sufficiently high to protect her chest from the biting blast. Little do we know, Mrs. Pennypacker, of the suffering there is from exposure even in the homes of wealth.

"Bright Alfarata," San Jose, Cal., asks what to do for an ingrowing nail and how to make salt rising bread. I do not know what to do. I never had eyether.

"Theological Student."—No, you are wrong about that. At Guttenberg, on the 4th, the fifth race of six and one-half furlongs was won by Fordham, Blue Rock second, Carnegie third; time, 1:21¼.

"Sangamon," Erie, Pa., asks how the passenger steamships of the United States compare with those of other countries, England especially. The United States does not or do not compare well with England in the matter of passenger steamers. Aside from the Hoboken ferry and a naphtha launch our keels are not found plowing the waters very much. Buffalo Bill goes over to London with his Indians and scouting clothes in a foreign steamship, and then foreign steamships take 300,000 people over there to see him. Then, when they get through, foreign steamships bring them home, also the fleecy William and his band. Then he goes to Paris in a foreign steamer. Several hundred thousand Americans go over there also, utilizing English and other alien keels for that purpose in order to hear Col. Cody converse with Chemise La Rouge in French. Then they come home the same way, and he follows suite.

When we get the World's fair it will be the same way. The American is not an aquatic bird, but rather a hewer of wood and vender of town lots. He riseth up in the morning while it is yet night, and saith unto himself, I will buy a farm in Anoka county, and I will lay it out in lots, and I will also lay out the gentle ass that buyeth the same, and I will make him for to bray before the evening has come, for behold he shall call for a room at an inn and he shall record his name thereat, and the name wherewithal he shall record himself will be Dennis.

"Birdie," South Brooklyn, N. Y., asks, Who was Wild Bill, and how did he die? Wild Bill was a gentleman named Hickock, and he did not reck aught for any one. It was said that he had a most peculiar thorax. All his ribs and breast bones were so closely united that his heart and side lights were encased in a bony panoply almost impervious to a bullet, and he was frequently spoken of as the man with the hunting case thorax and Bessemer works. He could drink, or he could let it alone, so he divided up the time in such a way that he would let it alone mostly while engaged in slumber.

He was shot in the back of the head by a brave but cross eyed man at Deadwood in the spring of '76, as he sat at a card table in one of the social centers of that city, playing progressive euchre. Wild Bill wore profuse hair, in which at early spring time the swallows were wont to build their nests and rear their young.

The murderer of Wild Bill, after his crime, came at once on horseback from Deadwood to my town, where through strong political influence I got an introduction to him. He talked pleasantly and even kindly to me, although he had denied himself to all other reporters and held himself aloof from the general public. He was rather plain in appearance, and yet I can truthfully say that among all the murderers I have known, and who have written in my autograph album, he was the most unostentatious and least puffed up by his sudden elevation. He told me that he only regretted that he had not fitted himself for the position to which he found himself so suddenly elevated.

On the day of his execution he ate a hearty breakfast of ham and eggs, angel food, pork sausage, blanc mange, calves' liver, custard pie, mackerel, snow pudding and codfish balls. He then wrote in a steady hand the following sentiment in an album for a beautiful young lady who tried to get him pardoned:

"DEAR ONE—I hope you will try to live a blameless life, so that you can meet me in heaven. Yours,

"ROBERT."

All his advice to every one was good. He even told the clergyman who went with him to the scaffold that he must not be weary in well doing, but strive on through life and he would surely obtain his reward.

He was dressed in his best suit of clothes.

As he went to the scaffold, he carried a bouquet of choice orchids, given him by the Young Ladies' Band of Crime Preventers.

When asked if he had anything to say before his death he only smiled sweetly, laid his chew of tobacco on the cross piece of the scaffold and said: "Ladies and gentleman, I'm going home to die no more. I cannot make a speech, but I am resolved from this out to lead a blameless life. I hope you will all do the same, so that you can meet me in that bright land to which I am now going to." At this point the great weight of his overshoes broke his neck, and he passed on to receive his reward. Skeptical people were afraid that he had been a little over sanguine regarding the future state, but hoped that he had, as a old distiller expressed it, become one of the rectified spirits.

Bill Nye

Not Likely to Come Up.

"Mrs. Hashleigh," said Jones, the impecunious boarder, "will you kindly put up a few of your home made biscuits for me as a lunch? I will not be here to dinner today."

"I thought, Mr. Jones," said the landlady sarcastically, "that you said my biscuits were too heavy for a camel to digest."

"Well," said Jones, "you see I'm going on a yacht today for the first time, and I want something to eat that I can rely upon."—Time.

Native Modesty.

Two tramps were discussing a recent hanging.

"Well, I can't say I want any of it in mine."

"Yes; the sensation can't be what a feller might call 'evenly.'"

"Oh, 'tain't the pain as I'm afeerd on; it's the bloomin' exposure before the aujence."—Judge.

Old Enough to Quit.

Intrepid Stanley! Cease to roam
And bring your gray hairs safely home.
We're very much obliged to you
For proving the Gheeghoolahyuh
Flows through the Oolahlibooloah land
Of Warasura's bloody hand.
And that the roaring Ahlkazaac
Flows clear across and half way back.
You've done real well for a beginner,
Come home and eat a hearty dinner.

—Chicago Herald.

Generosity.

First Urchin—I've got something you hain't got.

Second Urchin—Gimme half, will yer?

First Urchin—Yes; I guess you can have it all.

Second Urchin—What is it?

First Urchin—The measles.—Epoch.

A Small Boy's Prayer.

T. lived in the Empire state, and was early taught to remember by name each member of the family in his nightly prayer. One of the inmates of the household was his Aunt Maria, with whom he occasionally came in conflict. One evening, after a little difference of opinion between them, he was saying his prayer as usual. When he came to her name he hesitated a moment, and then said: "And, O, Lord, there is Aunt Maria, but the less you have to do with her the better!"—New York Tribune.

Politics.

"What are 'Protection' and 'Free Trade,'
Of which I so much hear?"
I then kissed her and she kissed me,
"That is Free Trade, my dear."

Next she asked, this winsome maid,
"What is 'Protection?'"
For answer, round her waist I laid
My arm. She blushed, and smiling, said:
"Your politics, I think, dear Fred,
Are just perfection!"

—Katharine Berger in Life.

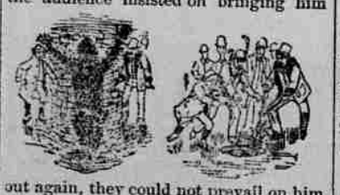
At a Legation Reception.

Miss Fuller—When our Americans go to China they build railroads, start live enterprises and are of great benefit to your country. When a Chinaman comes here he is content to open a laundry. How do you account for it?"

Mandarin Hit Rice—Melicans need bleep more cleaning.—Judge.

Doing a Turn.

Mr. Pierre Rouette, well known on the variety stage as the Human Top, gave an exhibition of his marvelous feat on the ice at Frigid lake this morning. He went through it in fine style, and though the audience insisted on bringing him



out again, they could not prevail on him to repeat the performance.—Evening Whirled.

—Puck.

Advice to Mothers.

"What shall we do," a mother asks, "with our children during wintertide?"

It seems to us, if there is ice, the best thing is to let 'em slide.—Time.

Goldsmith & Co.

FEBRUARY

The month of February is usually considered the dullest of all months. Some Clothiers deem it proper to throw down the gaunlet and engage busily grinding the "Camphor" for the use of storing away the remaining winter goods. We believe in grinding down "Prices" and storing our goods into your house, gaining an opportunity to display a Brand New and Fashionable Line of Garments next winter. The past month excelled in sales any of the Januarys chronicled in our quarter of a century's records. We attribute this glorious success to Low Prices. Let the good work continue! Never mind our loss! Our next attempt is bound to turn Dull February into Lively December, for Tempting Prices are sure to create a General Bustle in trade.

!!! ODDS AND ENDS !!!

And what are Odds and Ends! Brand new goods, such as you find elsewhere sold for profit. True, only a garment or two remaining of full lots depreciate in value in a Wholesale house, while at Retail even a single garment holds its par value.

Below we Furnish Full Particulars

About how we intend to slaughter these goods. Read carefully, and if you find your size and quality call at once and carry off the prize.

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT FIRST AND SECOND FLOORS.

LOT	SIZE.	QUALITY.	Former Price.	And now at
5264	36-37	Fancy Worsted	$10 00	$ 6 00
5449	35-38	Black Worsted	15 00	9 00
4282	40-40	Scotch Cheviot	12 00	7 00
2027	39	Cassimere	16 00	9 50
5289	34-42	Imported Worsted	22 00	14 00
2784	35-36	Harris' Cassimere	23 00	15 00
6849	36	Scotch Twilled	20 00	13 75
6910	36	Scotch Cheviot	20 00	13 75
8398	40	Broadvail Worsted	32 50	20 00
3687	37	English Worsted	30 00	21 50
3012	40	French Cassimere	25 00	16 75
3038	33-34-35	Silk Mixed Worsteds	27 00	18 50

OVERCOAT DEPARTMENT GROUND FLOOR.

LOT	SIZE.	QUALITY.	Former Price.	And now at
3071	37	Cassimere	$11 00	$ 6 00
3020	40-42	Bollock	16 00	9 50
4218	37-38	American Tweed	17 00	12 00
2590	40	Pilot Cloth	16 00	9 75
2274	39-39	Montanac	18 00	10 25
3007	35	Scotch Twilled	15 00	9 00
3698	37	Fancy Worsteds	17 00	10 00
2609	37	Chinchilla	18 00	11 00
3035	40-42	Kersey	19 00	11 75
3053	33-33	English Melton	23 50	15 00

ODDS AND ENDS IN BOYS' DEPARTMENT

Will Receive a Proportionate Reduction.

Who is the Lucky Man

Wearing any of the above sizes? Cut out your want and bring it along for reference.

This Opportunity Open to All Comers.

The Rustlers —OF— TO-DAY!

Goldsmith & Co.

The Rustlers —OF— TO-DAY!

STOCK-TAKING PRICES at Teasdel's.

All Woolen Goods Reduced

In Values from 10 to 30 Per Cent.

SPRING STYLES

OF

Chambrays, Percales,

Ginghams and Embroideries

Are En Route.

CALL AND EXAMINE

AT

S. P. TEASDEL'S.

Sears and Liddle Co.,

(Incorporated.)

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Glass, Paints, Oils, Grain, Hay and Produce. Finest Stock of Ground and Colored Glass ever seen in Utah. Full Stock of Carriage Varnishes, Japan Colors and Painters' Supplies of the Best Grades always on hand. Our Ready Mixed Paints are the Best in the Market.

The Queen City Printing Ink Company.

A complete and fresh stock of Job and Colors, Book and News Inks always on hand. Bronze Powders, "Acme" and Bingham's "Durable" Composition, Poole's Benzine Cans, Inkoleum, Etc.

Send us your orders. We can save you money

The Queen City Printing Ink Company.

P. O. BOYD, Western Manager,

1744 Blake Street, Denver, Colorado. Main Office and Works, Cincinnati, Ohio.

SPENCER & KIMBALL

Headquarters for

FINE SHOES.

Custom Work and Repairing a Specialty

SOLE AGENTS FOR

LAIRD, SCHOBER & MITCHELL and JAMES A. BANNISTER

A NEW DEAL! BROWNING BROS.

At Salt Lake City. Why? Why? Yes, we have bought out Thos. Carter slick and clean, and we are going to make this old stand one of the best equipped Sporting Goods Houses in the West

We will carry a complete line of

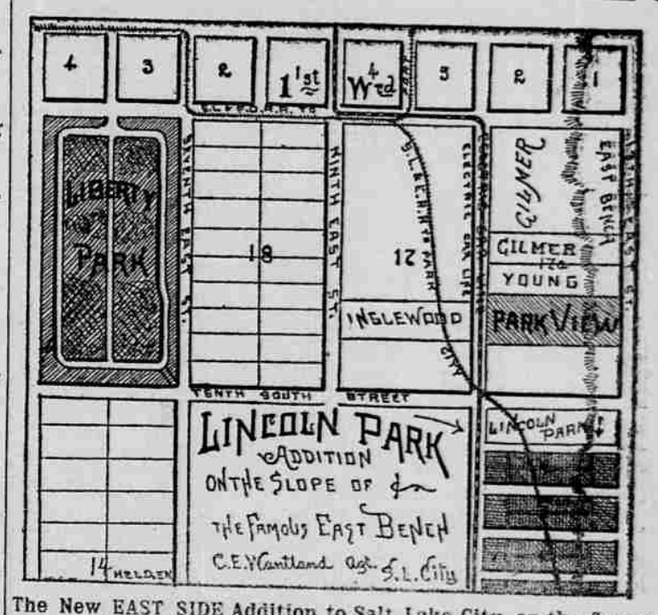
Guns, Rifles, Pistols, Ammunition,

Pocket Cutlery, Opera and Field Glasses, Boxing Gloves, Indian Clubs, Dumb Bells, Playing Cards, Poker Chips, Thomson's Waterproof Boots and Shoes, and in fact, a thousand and one things too numerous to mention. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue, and If you want to be treated right, deal with

BROWNING BROS.,

2461 Washington Ave., Ogden, Utah. 155 S. Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Lincoln Park!



The New EAST SIDE Addition to Salt Lake City, on the famous slope of the East Bench. The centre of the best residence portion of Salt Lake City will soon be in the vicinity of Lincoln Park.

Lots, $175 to $400.

C. E. WANTLAND,

General Agent for Lincoln Park, Park View and Beem's Vista Additions. Real Estate, Railroad Lands. Utah Investments.

201 Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Fraser & Chalmers,

MINING MACHINERY.

L. C. TRENT, GEN. WESTERN MANAGER No. 7 W. SECOND SOUTH STREET, SALT LAKE CITY.

Builders and Dealers in All Kinds of Machinery,

ELECTRIC LIGHT PLANTS,

Engines, Boilers, Saw Mills,

QUARRY DRILLS, WELL-BORING MACHINES, DIAMOND CORE DRILLS,

WATER WHEELS, LOCOMOTIVES, STEAM MOTORS.

Sole Western Agents for TYLER WIRE WORKS' Double Crimped Mining Cloths

Studebaker Bros. Manf'g Co

Carriage Repository, 33 and 35 Main Street, and Branch House corner State Road and Second South Street.

The Finest Carriage Display in the Territories!

Light and Heavy Wagons in Every Style that is Made.

Vehicles for Public and Private Use in All Varieties and Prices.

ALSO AGENTS FOR

The Whiteley, Champion and Piano Harvesting Machines and Extras, J. I. Case Threshers Horse-Powers, Engines and Mills, Weir, Morrison, Meikel and South, Bend Plows, Hay Rakes,

Frazier Road Carts and Harness of All Kinds.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND PRICES.

FEBRUARY Is a dull month in all stores, and in order to increase our sale and keep my salesmen employed, I shall make an extra reduction on all **SHOES.**

Don't Be Humbugged by Handbills.

Following are a few of the many bargains:

Infants' kid or pebble hand made shoes	$ 45
Ladies' kid button shoe (solid leather worked button holes)	1 50
Ladies' pebble button shoe (solid leather worked button holes)	1 75
Ladies' dongola button shoes, actual value $1.50, only	2 00
Ladies' extra fine dongola button shoes, all styles	3 00
Ladies' hand-made shoes, actual value, $5, only	4 00
Fine grades in proportion to the above reductions. Gents' shoes in all styles, at	$2 and 2 50

Don't Fail to Try the $3 Gents' Shoe, Every Pair Warranted!

Gents' fine genuine hand-made shoes	5 00
Gents' finest quality, strictly hand-made shoes, former price $8.50, reduced to	6 00

RUBBERS. A complete assortment of rubbers, which we sell 20 per cent. less than other dealers. In order to be convinced of the above bargains, call at

HIRSCHMAN'S, 106 S. Main St.

Mail Orders Promptly Attended To.