

AT THE METROPOLIS. Some Reflections on the Power of the Supreme Court.

A STRANGE CASE OF SUICIDE. Arraigning the Modern Drama—Impeaching the Moral Sense of the Great City—Glimpses of Gotham.

New York, Feb. 4, 1890.—[Special correspondence of THE HERALD.]—One hundred years ago to-day the supreme court of the United States held its first meeting. That was in the city of New York, and as the centennial of that event has been approaching, the papers and magazines have been full of eulogium for this institution of our country. I see the noted correspondent, F. G. Carpenter, gives in his latest contribution to the press elaborate pen pictures of the present occupants of the supreme bench; while Professor Bryce, in his "American Common Wealth," the most thoughtful and comprehensive survey of our institutions given since Dr. Tocqueville's "Democracy in America," is very eulogistic in his treatment of this branch of our government, which he aptly calls the "Living voice of the constitution."

It is indeed an august court, and every possible provision has been made to have it free from bias. The court is made independent. It cannot be destroyed or robbed of its powers except by the people. The judges are appointed for life by the President with the sanction of the Senate; but once appointed they are beyond the control of both President and Senate. They can be removed only by death or impeachment, and their salary is secure. All these precautions are taken that those judges may be beyond party control or political intimidation, that neither fear nor favor may influence them in the discharge of their high duties, viz. to interpret the constitution as it is. Such a court, hedged about with so many safeguards, and with so many checks and balances, and made up of men of high character may well challenge the respect and admiration of men.

As respects this talk about the supreme court, I overheard a conversation between a well-known eastern man and a young Utah business man, the latter was expressing the idea that people must accept the decisions of the supreme court on any question as a final settlement of its being right or wrong, as if judicially right or wrong alone, but more than that, he revolted against such submission as that, even to the supreme court of the United States, and I remembered to have read that when such complete respect for the law, submission to the decision of this same court was insisted upon a little more than a quarter of a century ago the demand was met with the following resolution, adopted by Abraham Lincoln, as the leader of the rising Republican party, refused such a submission to the court. "We believe," said Lincoln, "that the supreme court has no authority to oblige us to respect for the judicial department of government. We think its decisions on constitutional questions when fully settled should control, not only the executive and legislative departments, but the general policy of the country, subject to be disturbed only by amendment of the constitution as provided in that instrument itself. More than this would be revolution. But we added, notwithstanding his avowed respect for the court, "We think the Dred Scott case is erroneous. We know the court that made it has often reversed its own decisions, and we shall do what we can to have it over-ruled this." Further on in the debate Lincoln said: "We do not oppose the Dred Scott case, but the question concerns the freedom of Dred Scott, but we do refuse to accept its dicta as rules of political action." And he led an agitation against that decision of the supreme court, until it was over-ruled by a constitutional amendment. That was his right. It was the right of the party which followed him. While the laws enacted by Congress and made good by the ruling majority of the court must be the supreme law of the land, the decisions of that court no more affect the moral right or wrong of a given case than the Dred Scott case affected the moral right of the Negro. The question affected the question as to whether Jesus was the Son of God or not. The Sanhedrin decided that the Nazarene was not the Son of God, but He was nevertheless the Son of God, and the world has since acknowledged His right to rule. His right notwithstanding the decision of that august court of the Jews.

New York had a sensational suicide a few days ago, but the Government has forgotten it by now, and you may not have heard of it. Suicides are so frequent that they attract but little attention, but this case ought to be remembered if any sane hood could be found to tell the pathetic story. One Mrs. Henderson, about thirty-two years of age, in a garret in Second street, New York, had a young son, who was being taken to the stone pavement below and was literally smashed to pieces. It seems that her husband had formerly been in prosperous circumstances, but reverses in business had compelled him to seek work in the country, while his wife was to make an effort in the city. The following note that the unfortunate wrote to her husband, is a curious and her fatal fall tells its own pathetic story: "SUNDAY EVENING. My Ever Loved Ed. I am not in a 'fit' condition of mind to write you, because I am too despondent. I cannot get any employment, and what is going to become of me I know not. I was in all that storm last week and came in drenched, and, as usual, unsuccessful. I think I will become a total wreck if I ever again have the experience. Have you any references? Women who are so ignorant that I felt sorry for them, would not take me in their kitchen because I was a book seller and news vendor, and I explain that I had never had to work before, but because I was not born and bred in the gutter I must starve. Such is life in this wicked New York. There is help for all but the gentle poor, and they are the ones who suffer most. I have the satisfaction of knowing that I have tried and would have done so, even to scrubbing. I could have got plenty of steady work. Widowers who advertise for 'housekeepers' and then secretly insinuate that you add wifely duties to domestic arrangements are very plenty in this city, but I do not approve of such economy. I have been so indignant that I would like to have shot the top of their heads off, the old fools!" That is a sad story and a hard enough to reflect upon, but the great majority of society, and acres far in justifying the rather severe arraignment of society one occasionally hears. Let no one, however, be deceived that the days of heroism are past. This poor, unfortunate woman who preferred death to dishonor in that at least is a glory to our race; and one likes to think that his mother's bosom would have burned with like indignation at the covert insinuation of "old fools" and villains who advertise for housekeepers and expect wifely duties added to domestic arrangements. Perhaps the severest lashings modern society has known, being at war with virtue. The doctor's charges were made against society in Montreal and Canada, but his arraignment of that city and country will apply equally

BOTH SIDES TOLD. The Present Status of the Baseball Matter.

THE BROTHERHOOD WILL PLAY. A Dispassionate Consideration of the Differences Between the Old and the New League—No Hippodroming.

The chances for the success of the Players' league are now being speculated upon in certain quarters, but so general is the partisanship displayed by the two sides, that an unbiased person finds it difficult to obtain a fair basis for a definite conclusion.

Inasmuch, however, as the players and their capitalistic friends have at least arranged matters so that a start is virtually assured, a prospect of success exists. It is a sensible standpoint, and with a consideration of the sensible portions of the arguments of partisan disputants, may well be made. Primarily, therefore, all sentimentality must be cast aside, and the true cause for the split between the League and players be considered. This may be asked: Is baseball a game, or is it the root of whatever evil exists in this land? We strike the tocsin and sound the knell of their political damnation. "I impeach the class of so-called society men as at war with the sanctity of the family—the wasted actions of wealth, the degraded sons of niggard fathers, your men that arise at 11, pay morning calls at 3 and dine it and wine it and cigar it and fumble it and dissipate it, and then at the midnight hour march out of their club houses—those heart-breakers of homes—I say, out of their club-houses or elsewhere to waste and squander the money of society. You will lie, he will swindle, he will cheat at cards, he will forge, he will defraud, he will smile in the face of a man as a friend, while he is wrecking his domestic honor."

It is some comfort to remember that in the midst of this seething mass of corruption there are many who lead pure lives, and who are not tainted by the actions of others. Something more than a policy, and whose lives are white and pure; but they are the five or ten righteous that are saving the souls and honor of their race, and to them the world owes more than it knows. HORATIO.

Practically speaking, baseball is supported by people who are not to be classed as "class" laborers or wealthy people. They are "class" men themselves, undemocratic as this may appear. They are young men and old men, who belong to that army known as clerks. Clerks in insurance offices, in brokers' offices, in banks and mercantile counting rooms, where wages are paid them that admit of two or more hours in one city; the effect of this is to add the patronage of the rich and the transient trade of the percentage of "the mass of people," and these combined support the game. This then shows the class of people who swell the coffers of baseball clubs, and the other party to pay princely salaries and other expenses, in proportion to population as this class is, and the percentage of patronage to a club in any city. New York, Boston and Chicago have the larger proportions; therefore, these clubs pay the largest salaries to players, biggest dividends to stockholders, and make successful managers of their affairs.

But what will happen in case this patronage is divided? Well, if it is evenly divided, the existing clubs and those of the Players' league will, in all probability, be run at a loss. If it is not evenly divided, then the club securing the greatest amount has the greatest chance of financial success. And herein lies one of the factors in the success of the Players' league. Can its clubs command the greatest amount of this patronage? Who can say? Truly, as lovers of baseball, the people who go where they obtain most for their money or the best article. The people of this class are devoid of sentiment when it becomes a question of the values which will patronize the players simply because they think them to have been oppressed, or the managers because they believe them to have been wronged.

They will ignore all sentimentality when it comes down to a question of obtaining the value of their money. They do not merely consider the closeness of the contest, or the clubs or the sharp rivalry for the pennant; they will demand ample and good accommodations on grounds and easy and comfortable modes of travel to and from them. They will demand fair dealing throughout, as a rule, inasmuch as existing clubs have, in the cheapest cities, the most accessible locations of cities, they have an advantage which the Players' league will have great difficulty in overcoming.

The national league has also opportunities for obtaining the services of known good men who will prove more attractive than some of the old stars in the Players' league whose races are nearly run.

Experience proves that the great body of players change every three or four years, and, therefore, while the National League may be temporarily embarrassed for talent, such embarrassment is not likely to be a long continuing handicap.

The old League's record for having built up the game, and of having eliminated its objectionable features, are also factors in the fight, and will cause it to retain the patronage of those who love good ball and honest ball.

If the new League, in addition to possessing the "star" players, must give first of all good ball and honest ball to obtain the patronage of the "class" that supports the game, and can retain that patronage, financial success will be possible. But other things are equally necessary.

The new League, to obtain the patronage, must make the public generally believe that there is nothing in the nature of a hippodrome in the playing; and while I believe the teams will play as squarely and honestly in the Players' league as they did in the old League, I also believe that they will have a gigantic task to convince the general public that the gate receipts do not enter largely into the question of victory and defeat.

There are other factors to be considered. The conduct of the clubs, the methods of management; the methods that will be used by competitors; the relative chances of the two or more teams in one city; the effect produced if only a few clubs make money—all these and other considerations have great bearing on the question, "Will the Players' league succeed?" W. L. HARRIS.

Slightly Mixed. The recent metropolitan engagement of Louis James in "Virginia," recalls to a writer in The Dramatic Mirror how Macready was criticized on one occasion in that tragedy. The New York Tribune, in referring to his own name, "You will remember it," said the tragedian, carefully pronouncing it for him, "by the association of ideas. Think of Numbers; the book of Numbers. The Numbers did think of it all day, and at night produced, through the association of ideas," the following effect: "Numbers—Where's my hat?—Wherefore do you find that maiden's hand?—Numbers—Who asks the question?—Numbers—L. her niece—Deuteronomy."

TAMAGNO. Francesco Tamagno will sing the entire tenor parts with Mme. Patti, under Mr. Abbey's management, during her American tour. He was born in Turin in 1851, and made his debut in Palermo, in Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera," creating a sensation, and was engaged by the Venetian opera, where he met Maurel. Tamagno's chief triumphs, according to The New York Herald, were in "Don Carlos," "Aida," "The Trovatore." He created the tenor parts in "The Fregolani" and in "Marion Delorme."

For four years in succession Tamagno sang in South America, receiving no end of honors in Montevideo and Rio de Janeiro. He has also filled brilliant engagements in Lieben and Madrid. The great event in Tamagno's artistic career was his engagement for the "creation" of Otello in Verdi's latest opera. He achieved a triumph, which the European press echoed for months.

Last summer Tamagno sang in "Otello" with an Italian company in London, and the venture was not a success financially, but there was nothing but praise for the tenor's fine impersonation.

Frl. Charlotte Hulm is a soprano, who was heard on the first night of the season in New York in "The Flying Dutchman."

Frl. Hulm was born near Hanover in 1865, and studied at the Conservatory of Cologne, where she carried off prizes in piano playing as well as in singing. Since 1887 Frl. Hulm has been singing with success at Kroll's theatre in Berlin.

A Theatre for the Elite Only. The elite of New York are at last to have a playhouse of their own. The plans, if carried out accordingly, will artistically make the other theatres of the world appear like unto Cairo bazars. As I am to understand, says a writer in Theatre, the theatre is to be on Fifth avenue, and there will be a semi-circular drive in front, by which the vehicles will drive on one side and leave on the other. The architecture is to be in the style of the Byzantine houses of worship. The cramped convict chairs of our modern orchestra are to be done away with entirely. An auditor wishing to witness a performance may be a little surprised to find his seat in the theatre at 10 o'clock in the morning, but he is requested by the treasurer to choose his "circle" on the floor and to mention the kind of chair that he prefers.

At night the audience are seated comfortably in their favorite chairs, with a plenty of blankets and wraps. They will be sold after half-past 6 in the evening. The patrons are requested with much force to appear full dressed; consequently the gallery details will be denied their regular privileges, for not only will the small boys have to put on his winter galley tail coat, but may have to find consolation in the fact that there is no gallery in the sacred temple. There will, however, be a balcony of boxes—one balcony, an orchestra and parquet. The tickets, to be handsomely gotten up, will cost our cousins from the Hub \$5 each. The plays will represent the universal status of the drama, comedy, and tragedy, to be translations from the Oriental. Several of the works of Calderon are to be produced, the "Magico Prodigious" and others. Then, too, will be represented by his "Ghosts," which, it is hoped, will visit the actors regularly.

Was Cheaper. "Gregory is awful close," said a man to a friend. "Yes, but he is not nearly so close as his father was. The old man was pretty well off, and he did have a warm affection for a dollar. He was taken ill once and his physician told him that if he did not go off to the springs he would die. The old man replied: 'Let me see, I'd have to stay there about two months at an expense of at least a dollar and a half per day. I can't stand the cost, doctor. It would be cheaper to die.' He didn't go, and after the funeral, the leading people of the neighborhood expressed satisfaction at the result."—Arkansas Traveller.

A Likely Story. The other day a gentleman from Colchester district was promulgating down Whitehall street, when he spied a string of sponges hanging up in front of a big grocery store. "What is them 'ere?" he asked of Patrolman Brooks, who was passing. "That is dried Buffalo tripe, my friend." "The dickens you say! Is they good to eat?" "Finest eating in the world if you cook it properly." "How do you cook 'em?" "Why, just slice it up thin, and after soaking it thoroughly, dip it in a batter and fry it. It's just splendid!" "Well, I'll be juneswoggled if I don't try 'em one hair," said he, and he walked into the store and purchased the whole string, while the clerk's were much mystified as to what he wanted with so many sponges.

Yesterday he put in an appearance, and meeting Patrolman Brooks again, he remarked: "Say, you know them 'ere tripe?" "Yes." "Well, they must a ben the tripe of 'er oldest bull on the range, for Becky Ann parbiled 'em, fried 'em, hashed 'em an done every way with 'em, an' darned if she ever could git 'em fit to eat; an' I know they haint no better cook in Colchester an' Becky Ann, ef I do say it."—Atlanta Constitution.

High License Note. Matilda—Mr. Jinks, what is all this talk about high license I see so much about? Mr. Jinks—Why, they want to put the license up to five hundred dollars.

"Well, I thought that licenses were only about a dollar and a half."

"That kind of licenses?"

"Why, marriage licenses."

A dollar and a half was expended.—Time.

The Siamese Way. Khuloukorn—I-What hot come hither dog? What means that noise outside? The Dog (in a cold sweat)—Oh! your most high and top heavy majesty! If you please, ah! Sun of Suns your lord high keeper of the royal book has been trampled to death by his elephant; but he had me tell you majesty that he would never do so again.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Bore Rebuked. Mr. Awner (looking over editor's shoulder as he clips an article from an exchange)—Does that require much intellect? Editor—None whatever; why, I believe even you could do it.—Munsey's Weekly.

SALT LAKE DAILY HERALD. OGDEN CITY, UTAH. OGDEN DEPARTMENT.

The branch office of THE HERALD is in Reed & Saylor's new building on Washington avenue, adjoining Boy's & Saylor's furniture store. Advertising rates will be made known upon application to the manager.

THE DAILY HERALD is for sale at all news stands and by all news boys, and is delivered by carrier in Ogden for 25 cents per week. No extra charge for postage. If papers are not delivered, subscribers should notify the branch office. Parties desiring papers stopped or addresses changed must notify the branch office. R. A. LITTLEFIELD, Manager.

SUNDAY February 9, 1890.

The City in Brief. According to the estimates submitted by the architect and engineer of the Ogden library company, the power furnished will be equal to 10,000 horse power.

In the probate court yesterday a petition was filed for the appointment of a guardian of the estate of James Donaghy, alleged to be incompetent.

An unusual scene took place yesterday in the police court. It was that of a moon-eyed Celestial on trial on the charge of being drunk. The charge was sustained and the defendant ordered to be imprisoned in the city jail for a term of ten days.

The criminal trial case against Moody and Abernethy, the president and secretary-treasurer of Ogden Typographical union, came to trial yesterday morning, by the discharge of the defendants, who were brought before Judge Henderson on a writ of habeas corpus.

The wide-awake men of Ogden, be it said to their credit, recognize a good thing when they see it, and can fashion a scheme which promises to be of benefit to themselves and their people. Hence they are subscribing liberally the stock of the Ogden Power company, whose scheme is the grandest yet conceived of to build up a great manufacturing city here. It is understood that 1,500 shares, or \$150,000 worth, have been taken by other parties. Mr. Mayne, the president of the company, is now in San Francisco, but will be here again the latter part of the week, prepared to push the work along as fast as possible. In this issue of THE HERALD the company intend to call for bids for masonry work, buildings, etc., to which the attention of contractors is invited.

Frank J. Cannon made a flying trip to his home Friday evening and returned to the capital yesterday.

The preliminary steps for carrying out the "Washington plan" of beautifying the streets in the residence portion of the city, as suggested by THE HERALD, have been taken, and it does not appear that there will be any opposition to it; at least, none worth mentioning. At the last meeting of the city council Alderman Preshaw expressed the opinion that the committee with the city engineer and city attorney advised.

The streets were unusually thronged yesterday with country people from the surrounding settlements. They report all the roads in wretched condition on account of the deep mud.

The city will furnish and bear the expense of the posts on which to place the mailing boxes which the delivery system is put in operation in Ogden.

THE HERALD's correspondent had the pleasure of attending the grand military ball at the military academy night before last, but was unable to send down a report of it for publication yesterday morning. It is not yet too late to say that the affair was a great success. Messrs. Newell and Howard, the ladies of the academy were unremitting in their attentions to the guests. The music was excellent, the supper could not have been better, the ladies were so lovely and the gentlemen gallant, and in all respects the affair was delightful.

The abatments to the Ogden river bridge on Washington avenue have been made so sure and so safe that the danger is to be apprehended from high water, unless it should get so high as to reach the floor and thus float it off.

Colonel Keisler expects that every member of the First Regiment, Utah National Guard, will be present at the annual meeting in the pavilion, Monday night, in connection with the forthcoming ball which will be considered.

A pleasant event of this week will be the select valentine ball to be given in the Third ward meeting house, next Friday night, the 14th instant.

THE HERALD reporter learns that if an ambitious and satisfactory arrangement could be effected with some of the tenants now occupying rooms in the old co-op building, corner Washington avenue and Twenty-fourth street, the work of demolishing the same would be at once commenced, and on its site would be erected during the coming season the most magnificent block in Utah. It is hoped that the plan will be carried out, and that the company will yet be enabled to carry out the contemplated great scheme of erecting that building this year.

H. H. Henderson, clerk of the First District court, who has been on a visit east for several weeks, will be back here yesterday morning and will resume his duties.

A retaining wall is being built on the south side of the Kay building, corner of Washington avenue and Twenty-fifth streets, preparatory to putting down a substantial asphaltum sidewalk.

The unavoidable difficulties encountered in getting the stone from the quarries to the city, has delayed work on the Reed hotel. It is now stated that the road to the motor line has been repaired so as to make it possible for loaded teams to reach the city, and the cars will commence hauling stone into town.

There was no important business engrossing the attention of the municipal body at its session yesterday night. They were as dumb as oysters in regard to selling a piece of ground to the chamber of commerce.

The postmaster says that Ogden will be divided into five districts, for the purpose of putting into force and effect the free delivery system.

The play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" never palls on the taste. Every company that comes along is greeted by full houses. Torburg & Bond, lessees of Union opera house, are playing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and a matinee, and everybody and his family went to see them.

California oranges, new crop, are plentiful in this market, selling at 30, 40, 50, 60 and 75 cents per bushel.

The platform of the Union passenger station was crowded with people last evening, most of them going to Salt Lake to witness the People's party parade.

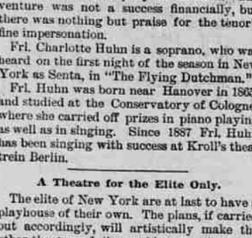
FIRST DISTRICT COURT. November Term, 1889, Hon. H. P. Henderson, Judge, Presiding. Saturday, February 8, 1890—Ogden City vs. John B. Middlemiss; order continuing for term on consent. "Tubbals & Danahy vs. W. R. Swan et al.; ten days additional time to answer last amended complaint. E. G. Best vs. Buena Vista, Colo., parts of the northwest quarter of section 8, township 5 north, range 1 west; \$5,000. W. P. Jones and wife to F. L. Chapin, a



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"The Theatre Conversationalist"—designed for people who will talk during the acts.—Puck.

An Original Belle. Mr. Lightfoot—Miss Summerfield, you must pardon me, but really I cannot longer forbear to tell you how much I love you—oh, Julia, say that you will accept me!

Miss Summerfield—Oh—a—Mr. Lightfoot! This is—a so sudden! You—a—must give me time—

Mr. Lightfoot—But do you not know your own heart? Do not trifle with me. Speak! Suspense would be cruel.

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Mr. Lightfoot (about to embrace her)—My darling, I knew that you loved me!

Miss Summerfield—Oh, no; you misunderstand. I mean to say that this telling a man one will be his sister is such an awful chestnut that I must have time to think up something else.—Life.

Couldn't Afford It. Sam Green, an Alabama justice of the peace, has his own peculiar ideas of the fitness of things. Two men, arrested for fighting, were taken before Sam's court. After hearing the evidence the justice, addressing one of the men, said: "Mr. Tucker, you may go."

"Hold on, judge!" exclaimed the other man. "You forget that he shot me and that I had done nothing to him."

"That's so," the justice responded. "I had intended to let you off, and am sorry that I made a mistake in rendering my decision, but as this court cannot afford to humiliate itself by reversing its own opinion, I'll let Mr. Tucker go and will fine you ten dollars."—Arkansas Traveller.

A Doubtful Compliment. A pianist recently spent the evening at the house of a lady. The company was agreeable and he staid somewhat late. As he rose to take his departure, the lady said: "Pray don't go yet, Mr. Jones; I want you to play something for me."

"Oh, you must excuse me to-night; it is very late, and I should disturb the neighbors."

"Never mind the neighbors," answered the young lady, quickly; "they poisoned our dog yesterday."—Exchange.

Important to Clerks. Clerk—I want three days off in order to get married. Boss—You do, eh? Not long since you were laid up three days with the gripe. Why didn't you get married while you had the gripe? Or, if you couldn't do that, why didn't you put off having the gripe until you got married, and make one vacation answer both purposes?—Texas Sittings.

Why It Was Postponed. Charley Jones—Well, did you propose to Miss Binks at the Tompkins' reception last night as you intended? Bobby Smith—No, the conservatory was occupied at the time I wanted it.

"That's so? Who was in there?" "Miss Binks and Tom Robinson."—Time.

Binks' Arithmetic. Johnny—How many days are there in a year, papa? Mr. Binks—Let me see. Your mother was born in '48, and she is now twenty-six years old. Three tum five is fifteen, and '48 plus fifteen is sixty-three. It's a year.—Lawrence American.

Lady with the Musical Daughter. Book Agent—Here is that book, ma'am. "How to Play the Piano." Lady of the House—What book? I didn't order any book.

"No'm, but the neighbors did, and they told me to bring it to you."—Time.

A Bore Rebuked. Mr. Awner (looking over editor's shoulder as he clips an article from an exchange)—Does that require much intellect? Editor—None whatever; why, I believe even you could do it.—Munsey's Weekly.

Business, Not Pleasure. "That man must have lots of time to spare," said Tangle. "Nearly every day he goes driving out in the suburbs with some acquaintance."

"I don't know about time, but he certainly has lots to spare," replied Keyser. "He's a suburban real estate speculator."—Munsey's Weekly.

Something Really New. First Writer—I am seeking for an entirely original idea. I want to write something that no one has ever done before.

Second Writer—I'll tell you what you can write which will be absolutely without precedent. First Writer—What is it? Second Writer—A favorable review of your own productions.—Chicago America.

Likely to Inspire Confidence. Customer—How much? Druggist—Seventy-five cents. By the way, I wish you would tell me, next time you happen in, whether this helps your bronchitis or not. I filled the same prescription last week for a man whose corns were troubling him.—Chicago Tribune.

She Was a Grammarian. "I was never so frightened in my life," panted Miss Laker, as she entered her parlor home on Walnut avenue, Chicago. "What is the matter?" asked her mamma anxiously. "I was chased by two footpads."—Time.

He Ran the Other Way. Great Hunter—When the bear saw me, he ran. Auditor—And what did you do? Hunter—I ran after him. You see, the bear started to run first, and I ran afterward.—away from him.—Yankee Blade.

Absolutely No Good. "Your scheme won't go on Wall street."

"Why not?" "It won't hold water."—Munsey's Weekly.

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"Never mind the neighbors," answered the young lady, quickly; "they poisoned our dog yesterday."—Exchange.

Important to Clerks. Clerk—I want three days off in order to get married. Boss—You do, eh? Not long since you were laid up three days with the gripe. Why didn't you get married while you had the gripe? Or, if you couldn't do that, why didn't you put off having the gripe until you got married, and make one vacation answer both purposes?—Texas Sittings.

Why It Was Postponed. Charley Jones—Well, did you propose to Miss Binks at the Tompkins' reception last night as you intended? Bobby Smith—No, the conservatory was occupied at the time I wanted it.

"That's so? Who was in there?" "Miss Binks and Tom Robinson."—Time.

Binks' Arithmetic. Johnny—How many days are there in a year, papa? Mr. Binks—Let me see. Your mother was born in '48, and she is now twenty-six years old. Three tum five is fifteen, and '48 plus fifteen is sixty-three. It's a year.—Lawrence American.

Lady with the Musical Daughter. Book Agent—Here is that book, ma'am. "How to Play the Piano." Lady of the House—What book? I didn't order any book.

"No'm, but the neighbors did, and they told me to bring it to you."—Time.

A Bore Rebuked. Mr. Awner (looking over editor's shoulder as he clips an article from an exchange)—Does that require much intellect? Editor—None whatever; why, I believe even you could do it.—Munsey's Weekly.

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