

SALT LAKE DAILY HERALD

OGDEN CITY, UTAH.

OGDEN DEPARTMENT.

The branch office of THE HERALD is in room 2 second floor, Curtis block, No. 147, Washington street. Advertising rates will be made known upon application to the manager.

General Cleanings.

The city was again left in darkness Friday night.

The stormy weather has almost entirely stopped work on the new buildings.

The Union Pacific passenger from the Capitol was thirty minutes late yesterday morning.

Real estate got a big move on itself yesterday. It was floating down the streets in torrents.

Marshal John W. Metcalf returned night before last from nearly a week's business trip in the south.

The Liberal club has a meeting in the city hall Wednesday evening next. How useless it will be.

The question of the hour is "What has become of the chamber of commerce?" It has not been heard from for nearly four months.

Superintendent Mertzheimer, of the Wyoming division of the Union Pacific railway, passed through the city yesterday morning on his way to Salt Lake, in his private car.

Councilman Blaisdel, accompanied by his brother, departed for California yesterday noon, to be gone about two weeks. On his return he will be accompanied by his wife, who has been visiting in Oakland for some time past.

The following telegrams are recalled for the office of the Western Union Telegraph company: C. L. Howard, C. D. Donahay, F. S. Patton, C. S. Smyth, Geo. S. Loomis, Albert K. Miles, J. W. Fisher, J. W. Over, Ernest Folger, John H. Corrathers and Mr. Cummins.

Captain E. T. Hulanicki, who has for several years been the efficient freight agent of the Union Pacific railway in this city, has resigned his position. The true cause of his resignation is not known, although Mr. Hulanicki has done his work well in that capacity. It is the theory of some that he has been asked to resign by some of the high officials of the road to make room for a Burlington & Missouri man by the name of Corak, who will be here in a few days to take the place of his predecessor.

First District Court.

David Kay vs. O. H. Harding; ordered dissolved at plaintiff's cost.

E. Speet vs. O. H. Harding et al.; dismissed at plaintiff's cost.

Sidney Steverson vs. David Rice; stay of execution till October 15.

American Trust company vs. A. H. Patton; submitted without argument; docket removed from the docket.

W. Dalton vs. J. F. Oates; three days' stay of sale on execution.

Thibault & Duchy vs. D. Kay; motion for new trial overruled on five days' stay of execution in full statement.

Alice Rosenbaum vs. Lars Haating; ordered that defendant be permitted to file amended answer.

H. Hamel vs. James Mortimer; ordered that motion to set aside judgments be heard Saturday, Oct. 12, 1890.

D. Deucher vs. the Grand Lodge A. O. U. W.; on motion the hearing of motion to set aside summons was set for Oct. 15, 1890.

D. Zilia Hobbs vs. W. W. Funge; motion of L. K. Rogers that security for costs be given by plaintiff, granted.

T. G. Erik vs. J. P. Nelson et al.; submitted and taken under advisement.

H. M. Short was admitted to practice in the first district.

A. C. Erik vs. A. B. Patten; the receiver to ascertain and report on Oct. 15, 1890, the amount of the claims of Thos. Cahoon and Robert Gottman.

E. Stratford et al. vs. E. H. Parsons et al.; plaintiffs given judgment for recovery of their property and sufficient damages and cost of suit.

D. Deucher vs. the grand lodge A. O. U. W.; taken under advisement.

George Webster vs. M. H. Buford et al.; taken under advisement.

Richard Thorn vs. Union Pacific Railway company; motion of H. H. Jones to dismiss the case was denied, to which the plaintiff excepts.

Ogden City Railway company vs. Ogden City et al.; case submitted on briefs and taken under advisement.

Today's Services.

LATTER-DAY SAINTS.—Sunday school in all the wards at 10 a. m. General meeting in tabernacle, Tuesday evening, second ward, Washington, at 7 p. m. Evening meeting in all the wards at 7, excepting in Fourth ward, which meets at 8 p. m.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—Adams avenue, near Twenty-fifth street, Sunday, October 12. Preaching by the pastor at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Young people's school at 12:15. Young people's meeting at 6:40 p. m. A cordial welcome to all.

CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.—Corner of Grant and Twenty-fourth streets, Sunday, October 12. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a. m. Evening prayer and sermon, 8 p. m. Sunday school at 3 p. m. S. Unsworth, pastor.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.—Regular services in the tabernacle on Sunday. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 9 p. m. Sunday school at 3:45 p. m. Church located west side of Grant avenue, between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth streets. At the chapel at Five Points, Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Rev. David Peoples will preach at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday, 8 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Corner of Twenty-fourth and Lincoln avenues. Young people's school, 7 o'clock, Sunday school, 9:45 a. m. Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Josiah McClain, pastor.

M. E. CHURCH.—Sunday school at 9:30 p. m. Evening prayer, especially for young people, at 7 p. m. There will also be a general prayer meeting at 7 p. m. Preaching by the pastor, at 8 p. m. All are cordially invited. Church on Twenty-fourth street, just east of the court house. J. Wesley Hill, pastor.

Police Court.

Three drunks constituted the docket of his honor, Judge Preshaw, yesterday.

Mike Daine and John R. May were each fined to the amount of \$5 and costs, and failing to have the necessary funds on hand, they will board with Jailor Tucket a few days.

Officer Cober captured one of the fair sex by the name of Nellie Robinson, whom he thought a little queer. "Cober" locked arms with the lady and walked with her to the police station, where she gave a check amounting to \$250 in payment for her appearance yesterday morning. After hearing some evidence the lady was discharged.

Court House Chippings.

In probate yesterday a petition was filed for the appointment of J. M. Anderson, as administrator of the estate of James P. Barbour, deceased.

Letters of administration were issued Loretta White, in matter of the estate of Thomas J. White, deceased.

A New Newspaper.

The Knights of Pythias of this city have prepared a stock company for the purpose of publishing a paper and doing a general printing business. At a meeting of the company held Friday night it was decided to call the infant the Western Knight. The paper will be devoted to the interests of the Knights of Pythias for the present, and it is the intention of the stockholders to publish separate papers in the interest of several of the other orders.

The officers of the company for the ensuing year are: A. J. Weber, president; A.

W. Brown, vice-president; H. H. Girger, secretary and treasurer; C. D. Tyree, A. C. Wadsworth, H. H. Spencer and C. H. Wolcott are the directors.

The paper will be published in this city and begin with a capital stock of \$20,000.

A. J. Weber left for the east last evening to purchase the necessary material for the plant.

The Ogden Literary Society.

The following is a programme of the Ogden Literary and Debating society for Friday evening, October 17, 1890:

- 1—Violoncello Solo.—Tannhauser 2—Overture.—Thomas O. Connolly 3—Song.—"Come to Me."—H. W. Denzio 4—Debate.—Resolved, That Trusts are Beneficial to the Community. T. D. Johnson, Negative—C. B. Pash and Scott Anderson. Prof. Krouse 5—Instrumental Solo.—Miss Sims, Y. Bapp 6—Paper.—"The History of the State."—Miss Sims, Y. Bapp 7—Song.—"The History of the State."—Miss Sims, Y. Bapp

The meeting will be held in the courtroom of the court house, and promises to be a very interesting gathering. The Ogden Literary and Debating society is one of the most useful organizations in the city.

Trial Calendar for To-morrow.

The following cases will come up for trial in the first district court to-morrow:

- John A. Taylor vs. M. B. Buford. Gilbert Belmont vs. H. Parsons et al. Palmer (carrier) vs. T. McIntosh. Samuel Taylor vs. Ogden Milling and Elevator Company. Willard City vs. Thomas Woodland. John Hartman vs. Geo. Wood et al. John Pierson vs. James Nelson et al. Peter Wilson vs. The Ogden Power Company. Charles Morton et al. vs. Ogden Milling and Elevator Company. Peter Wilson vs. The C. E. Mayne company et al. Martha Nelson vs. Howard M. O'Haver. Alfred H. Nelson vs. John Harris. George Calory vs. Michael Murphy. E. R. Chase vs. R. H. Jones et al.

Died in the Hospital.

George E. Ferris, an inmate of the city hospital, died yesterday forenoon of typhoid fever. The deceased came here with McMahons' circus about two weeks ago. While here he was taken sick, and being without much money, he was placed in the city hospital on the 6th inst. Everything about his illness was attended to by the staff of the hospital, and he died on the 11th inst. He was about 35 years of age. He was a native of Ohio, and had been in the city for some time past.

Real Estate Sales.

James C. Bennett, to H. N. Bradley, blocks 6, 11, 12, A, B, C, L, and M, \$10,000.

M. H. White to Charles L. White, part section 1, township 2, range 2, \$500.

Frank J. Cannon to Florence F. Nelson, part of north east quarter section 4, township 2, range 2, \$1,800.

L. G. Bennett to H. N. Bradley, part of section 6, township 2, range 2, \$1,800.

Total \$12,100.

ROOMS TO LET.

"Heaven, Heaven, I've been thinking that this life is full of care. Why do folks burn and grind? Why do women climb up stairs?"

"Cynthia, Cynthia, if you're thinking, not of heaven, but of hell. You would have a better chance, if you were a man."

Each convenience that is modern, Elevator and steam heat. Water and gas in the building. No more tired hands or feet.

If you'd not be more weary, Of the things that trouble you, Then just call on S. Peery, National Bank block, room No. 2.

Profits of Literary Success.

I know a young verse writer who is looked upon by the world in every respect as a successful poet. And he is. By this I mean you see her poems in all the leading magazines, and her acceptances outweigh the declinations. I have known her to have a poem in five of the best magazines in a single month. Every periodical reader knows her work, and she has her name on two published volumes of verse. Her success has been considered exceptional, and it is. Yet I saw from her own manuscript book that, during the year of 1889 she received not \$500 for all her poetical work. Some will say, but that is poetry. Very well, here is an instance in biography.

An eminent biographer spent nearly three years compiling a work which he published, only recently, excited the admiration of critics and public alike. It called forth columns of newspaper praise. In one case, a newspaper devoted one entire page to its review—and there was not a dissenting voice to the accuracy, literary style and strength of the book. It dealt with a great subject and a great epoch, and the author is regarded as a great author. That same reviewer, however, in the volume of his three years' work, as the reviewer has stopped selling. A London edition of 500 copies was sold—a large sale, in shorts, of an American work of biography. The foremost English journals gave it pages of review. It sold, in England, exactly 71 copies.—Edward W. Bok in Ladies' Home Journal.

Injurious Effects of Tea and Coffee.

Experience shows that the effects of tea and coffee are to impair digestion. Experiments have been made thousands of times not only in chemical laboratories, but in homes, with the same result. These things are of no nutritive value whatever beyond the little milk and sugar taken with them, and are positively pernicious, making thousands and thousands of dyspeptics yearly. Catarrh of the stomach is produced in many instances from the use of tea. The contraction of the blood vessels mentioned is always followed by relaxation, and then the amount of secretion poured out is too great, and if a catarrh of the stomach becomes established it is one of the most difficult diseases to cure. Physicians who give attention to the stomach are beginning to realize that tea dyspepsia is a very common malady.—Dr. J. H. Kellogg.

Torpidity of the Liver.

If the liver is not doing its full duty in the manufacture of bile the digestive apparatus suffers greatly. A person with a torpid liver is always lean, for he is unable to digest the fat making elements of the food. One with hard, plump tissues cannot possibly have a torpid liver, for a pretty good liver is absolutely necessary to the deposit of a large amount of adipose tissue.

Another consequence of torpidity of the liver is that the food is not well absorbed after it is digested. Such persons may eat enough to be fat, but their food does them no good beyond maintaining existence.—Hall's Journal of Health.

Causticous Oil is said to have proven efficient in preventing rust, and it has been used by the German army. It only requires to be spread with a piece of flannel in a very thin layer over the metallic surface and allowed to dry up. Such a coating will afford security against all atmospheric influences, and will not show any cracks under the microscope after a year's standing.

Ungual.

Mrs. Stagers—Scientists say the earth is drying up.

Stagers (crossly)—Yes. You follow her example, will you?—Eoch.

JAY GOULD AND NYE

The Latter Writes a Review of the Former's Book.

FINANCE AND HUMOR MIXED

Reading Tolstai and Burning Bags—Gould's Book is Thoroughly Moral in Every Particular.

[FOR THE SUNDAY HERALD, BY special arrangement with the author.]

It is about time, it seems to me, that I should daily a little with the literati and speak a few words pro and con regarding authors and their works. Unfortunately I am a great bookworm and an omnivorous reader. Lately I have been able, through the influence of Mr. Champion, of Stamford, N. Y., who is the veteran editor of the state, having run the same paper, I think, for over forty years, to obtain a copy of "The History of Delaware County" by my friend and fellow literate Mr. Jay Gould.

The book is said to be quoted now at \$40 per volume, owing to its great scarcity and the fact that Mr. Gould is on the watch for all the copies he can get, and that he is said to destroy them as soon as they are secured. No money could purchase my own volume, I assure you, for it is thoroughly pure in tone, and no one can read it understandingly without becoming a better man.

After reading a chapter of Count Leo Tolstai and then burning a rag I love to take down Mr. Gould's "The History of Delaware County" and read it till far into the silent night.

The book contains 426 pages and two steel plate engravings of men who had agreed to subscribe for it. It is bound in slate colored cloth, and shows in every page the lofty purity and noble impulses of the struggling young author.

I cannot help while reading "The History of Delaware County" contrasting its beautiful purity with the ferocious and savage cursiveness of Tolstai. We could hardly imagine two more widely and diametrically different toilers in the great field of literature than Jay Gould and Tolstai. One is gentle, refined and pure; the other a gifted crank. I have spoken heretofore to some extent of Mr. Gould's methods in business, criticising them in an honest yet unsparring way, hoping thereby to call his attention to the fact that at his time of life, with all his means, he might do so much good and die so much happier if he would pause in his mad race with mammon to enjoy and invite others to enjoy the interest on his accumulating millions.

But as a fellow author I have nothing but admiration for him and praise for his work. His language is highly grammatical in some places and his spelling is above the average. Of course I could criticise some of his methods; for instance, such as alluding to himself as "I" and then again as "we" a little farther down the page, but this might have been of course, for he no doubt wrote at times when he regarded himself as extremely singular, whilst at others he felt more plural.

Mr. Gould has a clear cut Western Union style of expressing himself by cutting out needless words, which cannot fail to meet with the indorsement of all good writers of good English. I think we should have Mr. Gould up at the Authors' club, and ask him to come and read from his works. Selections from the ticker and other little bits of his will be received with unbounded delight.

For the past summer by accident I have been located in Delaware county, which is nowadays a great summer resort for the elite. It was for many years the home of the Goulds, and every hill and valley was familiar to Jay, the bright young author. It was there that he got together the material and published his map of Delaware county. It was a bright and extremely attractive map, with pleasant fragrant varnish on it. Although Mr. Gould does not think it begins to rank with some of his other and later literary work he does not in any way feel that it is unworthy of him.

Tolstai, on the other hand, is a man of genius, but he declines to make himself at all subservient to the constitution of the United States or the ordinances of the town. Tolstai tells the truth, but so does the course member of congress. Tolstai has yet the editor of the Congressional Record wisely removes some of the choicer idioms of speech with a pair of tongs before he prints it.

Mr. Gould's name will be proposed at the fall meet of the Author's club of New York, a social organization which embraces such minds as my own and that of the author of "The Little Giant Joke Book and Choice Songs for Circuses."

I shall offer Mr. Gould's name, and shall ask to have it acted upon at once, so that he may avail himself of the privileges of our club.

Later on Mr. Gould and myself hope to appear in some choice readings from our own works. We will give a pure evening of refined thought that will take the taste out of one's mouth after reading Tolstai. Nothing passionate will be read at all. Mr. Gould is now getting an upper register part in his voice, so that he can successfully hear himself in Chickering hall.

He will read selections from his "History of Delaware County" and also from his map. He will by request also read the following, which is one of his compositions, earlier than anything yet published, and which I saw in the original manuscript this summer. I am not thoroughly familiar with Mr. Gould's earlier writings, but it purports to be his. I give it below. It is on the subject of Hope.

HOPE.

"Hope is a real good thing. It sometimes springs eternal in the human breast for a little while and then withers. O what should one do if bereft of hope? It would be so despondent, one would, if they did not have hope, especially for the future. We can get along without hope so far as the present is concerned, but in the future how different, and the more we go on from one thing to another, and still are here to-day and there to-morrow, is it not better if we must do those things that are inevitable with a cheery smile on each and all, economizing in every way we can, especially in our operating expenses and dividends, thus leaving more to be used judiciously by ourselves rather than frittered away on comparative strangers.

"Hope, O Hope! Ho who hath not a tail bob on Hope is a wreck on a single track. O bully for Hope! On the other hand, how disagreeable is despair! There is nothing more unpopular in the world today than despair.

"Then let us in our school life always be hopeful, and eat only such victuals as

agree with us, and which do not run too much into money. Let us eat plain victuals, be hopeful and friendly to those who are generous to us.

"Let us cherish Hope, and whenever we get the means ahead we may buy a little railroad, or at least enough of it to make it disagreeable for those who own the rest of it. Never give way to despair, especially if you are young; a despondent new born babe who looks with regret on his past life is a sad sight. I hope all such who may read this essay will take courage and do different. So no more at this time, but you will hear from me later on. JASON GOULD."

Mr. Gould and I will read from our own works in October for the "Benefit of the Inflammatory Hospital Fund of Ludlow Street." We thought that would be a good way to rebare our selections and try our voices. Mine is all right, but Mr. Gould fears that in the more pathetic parts of his reading he might have to put some more pitch on the roof of his voice. He is highly emotional in all his work, and has brought tears to thousands of eyes. Please do not buy your tickets of Mr. Gould. I do not wish to throw any temptation in his way. I will furnish tickets to those who wish them.

Diell Nye

HE PAINTED HIS WHISKERS.

A Remarkable Conversation Overheard on a Railroad Train.

"Mamma," said the 6-year-old youngster, in a loud whisper, so that every one in the car could hear him, "look at the man."

"Yes, dear," answered his mother, who was reading.

The train dashed around the curve, and sent the boy's feet into one corner and his head against his mother.

"Yes, dear," she answered gently, still reading.

The train shot into a tunnel, plunged through the darkness, and drove out into the sunlight.

"Yes, dear," she said, turning a page. "He's got red whiskers," said the loud whisper.

"Yes, dear."

"They're awful red."

"Yes, dear," and people began to realize that the mother was not listening to what her darling said. Those who were fathers and mothers smiled in anticipation. The red whiskered man studied his paper carefully.

"They're fiery red."

"Yes, dear," sweetly.

"They're redder in my father's."

"Yes, dear." Another page was turned.

"Is he any relation to my father?"

"Yes, dear."

"Is he any relation to me?"

"Yes, dear."

"They're awful red."

"Yes, dear," quietly.

"Will I have red whiskers like that when I'm a man?"

"Yes, dear."

"But I don't want 'em," whimpering.

"There, dear, don't talk so much, mamma is reading."

"Do you like 'em so red?"

"Yes, dear," soothingly.

"I don't. Maybe he paints 'em. Does he paint 'em?"

"Yes, dear."

"I won't have to paint mine, will I?"

"Yes, dear," fondly.

"But I don't want to. Does papa paint his?"

"Yes, dear."

"Oh, I won't paint mine."

Mamma begins on a new page.

"When will I have to paint 'em?"

Mamma does not hear him.

"Will I have to paint 'em as red as his?"

"Yes, dear."

"Mamma, look at him. He's mad."

"Yes, dear."

"His face is redder'n his whiskers."

"Yes, dear."

"He's going out of the car."

"Yes, dear."

"Mamma, how often does he have to paint 'em?"

"Paint what, dear?" asked mamma, dropping the book in her lap and looking at the child.

"His whiskers. You said he painted 'em and he got mad and went away."

But mamma's face looked as if it were painted scarlet, and she read steadily for one hour without answering a single question.—New York Tribune.

The Last of the Season at Bar Harbor.

While he does not appeal perhaps so strongly to the passions or the supreme court as Tolstai does he writes with a symmetrical, easy running style which remains in a class by itself. In this, however, he is not alone. Others have noticed it. It only remained for a trenchant pen like that of this virile young author to describe it.

Mr. Gould's book cannot fail to please those who love a turgid, clear cut style such as we find in a little book by an unknown author called the "List of Names and Numbers of Telephone Subscribers in the City of New York." There is no more substance in the writings of Mr. Gould any more than there is in the treasury of his corporations after he has drawn his salary. His language is direct, forthwith and free from rhetorical ruminations.

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