

THAT TIRED FEELING. EFFECT OF THE BRILLIANT TRUCE EDITORIALS.

The Republican Party is the Enemy of the White Metal; is Now and Always Was, the Gentleman From Virginia City to the Contrary, Southwestward.

To the Editor of The Herald:

If there is anything calculated to produce "that tired feeling" it is the Editorials of the Tribune on the silver question. The new Congress-elect is overwhelmingly Republican and 95 per cent anti-silver. Protection, as taught by McKinley, Harrison and Reed, can only be carried to the desired conclusion by the aid of the single gold standard. Hence monometallism and protection are the pills upon which all Republican planks must rest. The Republican party leaders desire to accomplish two things in this country: first to establish a paternal form of government, in which the people base their hopes on an act of Congress instead of on their own efforts; second, that the manufacturing industries shall be carried on only by wealthy syndicates connected to limited areas, thus driving the men of moderate means entirely from the field. It may be asked, "What are the final purposes?" The Republican party desires that this republic of 70,000,000 people can be expatriated on the plan of Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, and an interpreted by Jackson, Webster, Clay and Lincoln. The tendency of modern times in this country is an aristocracy of wealth to control all business outside of agricultural pursuits; to give this aristocracy of wealth certain advantages; to surround its interests with protective acts that will ward off all competition and encroachment of the middle classes; to instruct labor that the first line of the Lord's power is out of date, and that it must look to government favorites, similar to the old East India company, for the means of subsistence. This tendency was created and nurtured by the Republican party, and it has become the determining factor in politics. A high protective tariff with its corollary trusts and the single standard of gold system have been the means employed by the Republican party to further their design. The result that party aimed at is at hand and the United States is but repeating history. A wealthy republic is impossible; the tendency is towards aristocracy. The party of aristocracy is today in the saddle, and the future is as clouded as it was in 1776. A few pharisaical Republicans in the west talk of protection and bi-metallicism becoming the watchwords of the Republican party. As well look for the pope to issue Ingersoll's "Orations on the Gods" as an epistle to the church. The last election settled the bimetallic ratio of 16 to 1 in favor of the gold standard. As effectively as Waterloo settled the fate of Napoleon. The hypocritical editorials of the Tribune and papers of its ilk are baits for gaudiums—the devil fishing for Christians with baits for sinners. Many wealthy owners of silver mines do not want bi-metallicism. They gravitate to the Republican party as naturally as the so-called bluebirds of England do to the Tory party. They expect the Republicans will give them a bounty on silver after a while.

The future of this republic depends upon the answer to this question: "Can you educate the masses and then make them serve to a few who procure their wealth by means that bears the same relation to grand larceny that a mob does to single-handed murder, both being beyond the law?" If the Republican party is retained in power, the answer is yes. L. R. RHODES.

DEATH OF MRS. MARY E. LYNCH.

The funeral services over the remains of Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Lynch, of Desert Springs, who died at the Holy Cross hospital, Monday, will be held at St. Mary's cathedral at 11 a. m. tomorrow (Thursday). The above words and their significance will sink deeply into the hearts of those whom God has favored in an acquaintance with Mrs. Lynch. Her words and praise of her beautiful life will sweeten the air, and those who breathe it will marvel at the loving warmth that it will part. Nothing can be said or written that sufficiently show our approval of her whose life was spent for others. Her rich and noble smiles, her brother and sisters, and barefoot children, covered with dirt and its belongings were taken into her motherly arms and recognized as "angel" or darling. Weary travelers, hungry and footsore, sought shelter and food at her Desert home. Many of these have come faithfully to her door, not knowing what to expect. She did not turn one away. Her kind words of greeting—"God bless you," "Come into the house," and "Bless my poor dear," were the welcoming sounds which came as a gentle breeze from heaven, and friends felt the influence of her love. She healed the sick and strengthened the faint at heart, and all went on their way with brighter pictures of life before them. Mrs. Lynch was 48 years of age, and her fatal illness dated back many years. So carefully, however, did she guard the feelings of others, that few ever guessed she suffered. She died faithful to her religious convictions, and happy in the knowledge that her three boys, now entering the realm of manhood, are good, honest and upright; and that a kinder father never loved than him who is still left to be their help and guide. She said a few days ago: "I cannot think the boys will go wrong, no matter what the temptation is; and if the good God desires to relieve my earthly sufferings, I would be willing to leave them in the care of their dear father. It is hard to say goodbye to one so truly noble; it is hard to witness the grief of those most dear to her, but the wise Creator has deemed it best, and he will, as no other can, bring solace and relief to their affliction. A. G.

THE HUMOR OF IT.

She was dressing very carefully and exquisitely for the Haverton's dance, and yet with a certain nervous abstraction. Now and then she would stand still, lost in her thoughts; then she would see, her teeth and dress trembled for a spell. Clearly it was not easy to rehearse a scene of reproach and scorn and to put in judicious hair-pins simultaneously. But she realized that a perfect confidence in her own appearance might materially influence her courage when the moment for the scene came, and that the moment would come tonight at the Haverton's dance. She was fully and desperately determined. Surely if ever a man deserved punishment at the hands of a woman that man was Ashby Eldon. He had behaved unforgettably. She had met him for the first time at Nice in the early part of this winter. He was there on mere pleasure, and had given her to understand that he had fled from a hot-house atmosphere of Moscow, addition in London to bathe his soul in pure sunshine. He had talked culture and personalities in perfect proportion. He had been charming; had worn striped linen, a pointed beard, and a smile of fascinating fatigue; he had deluged her with expensive flowers. At first these flowers had come with a mere card. A little later the card was often enclosed in a sealed envelope, and covered with some suggestive little quotation from the French or German poets. Still later the flowers had come without a word, bearing their own message, and when he noted a spray of two in her dress he would perhaps steady his eyes on hers for a moment, hold her hand the fraction of a second too long for mere convention—oh, tell her in a thousand wordless ways that she was a charming woman in his eyes, and that he knew she knew it. And never a hint or sign of his engagement to that Miss Trevoza! It was incomprehensible—unspeakable. If he had not mentioned by chance

"IN AN IDLE MOMENT."

Contribution Received From a Sad Vagabond Man. A sad-featured man ambled into the sanctum last night, and after announcing his street number laid down the following shilling he had "snatched off in an idle moment," remarked that check for some could be sent to his residence, and then fled. "There was turkey and chicken pie, beef, tongue and ham, Egg-nogg, cranberry sauce and black-berry jam. Lots of everything you could think of. That was nice for the people to eat and that was drink. Under stocks of mince pies bent the but-very shelves. And cakes where the children could stuff themselves. From the wide-mouthed jar behind the door. Till they whimpered, because they couldn't hold more." —Next's Almanac, 1901. Christmas Day with all its joys, has come and gone; the year and may this one that's faded be far off from our last. For Christmas time is happy, as happy as can be, 'cause everybody's joyful, very joyful don't you see? The barkeeper sets up egg-nogg; the restaurant stuffed bowl, while the great oyster up dance place which makes the water bow. The day was very pleasant as it took place in Salt Lake; because for celebration the city takes the cake. The stranger was made welcome, his heart with joy was glad; he examined himself and good tidings, 'cause 'twas the proper fad. The preacher preached good sermons; 'twas music for the soul, the singing was splendid, when taken as a whole. There were features of this Christmas which made the heart feel glad, and others were melancholy which caused more to feel sad. For while merry, happy voices were laughing loud in glee, the souls of death were darkened, where the mourner sat and wept. But as death knows no distinction, discerns not the sorrow and put our cares away. There were Christmas trees abundant, all laden down with toys, which a hundred old Kris Kinglees gave to little girls and boys. There were merry caroling parties and jolly merriment; 'cause when Christmas once gets started the punch ladle never lags. There were dances in the evening, no one of which was slow, where from eve till early morning tripped the light fantastic toe. There was— but here the machine broke.

How she would tear him with her weapons of scorn and disgust. She would make him feel like a cur. The hottest words seemed insufficient punishment, when she thought what suffering he might have caused her! It was the merest chance that she had not lost her heart to him—the merest chance. Why did the face in the glass twitch as she said that? She would say it again and say it out loud. It was the purest piece of luck that she had not fallen in love with Ashby Eldon. He had done his best. He was a brute. Yes he was. She didn't care. How hideous red eyelids could make one look! They took all the poetry out of white cheeks. Why had she been the fool to choose her pink silk for tonight? And what would it matter if she wore a white? Hateful world! It was packed at the Haverton's. Eleven o'clock, and he was not there. She danced a great deal. Half-past eleven, and he was not there. She sat out a great deal. Half-past twelve, and he was not there. She was getting too tired to smile. She must go home now. "Good night, Lady Haverton—a delightful evening." Yes, she was feeling a little tired. Good night, once more and out on the staircase. Merciful power! There he came—slowly, possessively—in the old way. Quick! what was she going to say at the very first—oh, what. . . . "Miss Fearson! an unexpected pleasure!" A wave seemed to wash over her brain. She took his proffered hand and her eyes fell for one second. Then she looked up with a brilliant society smile. Her old resolutions lay about her in ruins. A completely different set of emotions had taken possession of her—unconsciously, unquestioningly. "Ah, you are back in the vortex. Mr. Eldon—the dear old vortex!" "Yes—the vortex." A faint suspicion of awkwardness spoiled his usually perfect manner. "Yes, I am just de retour. How kind of people to give these little soirees at this time of the year—when there is positively no other way of getting warm!" "And I am ungrateful enough to be running away now. There is so much going on these days— isn't there?" "But you will give me a few words before you go? Come down stairs and let us drink to the memory of dear old Nice. And—and I have news!" "Your engagement and I was forgetting my congratulations." He took breath. "How unpartisan of me; but really so many of my friends have taken the fatal step lately I'm getting quite confused. Is your fiance here?" "No, unfortunately." "Ah, my misfortune! I am sure. Well, it saves me something to look forward to. Good night, Mr. Eldon, and bien des choses for your future happiness. I must go now. I must fly!" She waved a frivolous hand. There was a look of surprised disappointment on his charming face. And yet he gave another deep sigh of relief as he turned into the ballroom. "Wonderful luck! But, somehow, I thought she'd take it differently," said he to himself. And she drove home. Only when she got to her own room and remembered that she had meant to say and just what she had said did she see the humor of it, and thereupon she cried. A. N. S.

BURLINGTON ROUTE.

Weekly Excursions to Chicago and New York. A special Pullman excursion tourist car will be attached to the Grande Western railway train leaving Ogden 6:15 p. m. and Salt Lake 7:30 p. m. every Friday, running through to Chicago via D. & B. G. B. & M. and C. B. & Q. railroads. Second-class tickets accepted on this car. Close connections made at Chicago with all lines. RATES FOR DOUBLE BERTH. Ogden, Price and intermediate points to Omaha, \$5. Ogden, Price and intermediate points to Chicago, \$4. It will be in charge of a salaried representative of the Burlington route and will be accompanied by a Pullman porter, whose sole duty will be to look after the comfort of passengers. The cars which will form this through line are constructed on the same general plan as first-class sleeping cars, being equipped with separate lavatories for ladies and gentlemen and double lower and upper berths. The lower berths are converted into comfortable seats during the day; the upper berths are closed. They are equipped with curtains, mattresses, blankets, sheets, pillows, pillow cases, towels, combs, brushes; in fact, every requisite for comfort and convenience. Persons desiring a cheap and convenient means of reaching Chicago or the east coast cannot do better than to arrange to make the trip in this fashion. W. F. McMILLAN, General Agent Burlington Route, room 11 over No. 16 West Second South street, Salt Lake City, Utah. I. A. BENTON, Ticket Agent R. G. W. railway, 15 West Second South street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Discovery Saved His Life.

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Visit Your Old Home During the Holidays.

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Black and White.

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WORK SOAP

99 1/2% PURE DON'T ACCEPT IMITATIONS. THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINTI.

SPENCER CLAWSON & Co. WHOLESALE DRY GOODS BROADWAY

DUCKS! DUCKS! DUCKS! Boys, Get yourselves ready. The season opened up October 1st. We are prepared to furnish all kinds of Ammunition in any quantity. We have just received 2 CARLOADS OF POWDER, 2 CARLOADS OF SHOT, 3 CARLOADS OF LOADED SHELLS. These Goods are the best in the market. We don't handle seconds. We have the largest stock of GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, ETC., in the West. We can furnish anything you want in SPORTING GOODS. LOADED SHELLS, \$2.00 PER HUNDRED.

BROWNING BROTHERS,

155 Main Street, Salt Lake City, 2461 Washington Ave., Ogden. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

After a Kiss.

She: "Oh, that was very rude of you!" He: "What's a conservatory for, anyway?"

—Life.

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She: "So you are going to California instead of Europe!" He: "Yes. It's easier to get back." He: "How is it?" She: "The walking's better." —Brooklyn Life.

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