

PROVO PARAGRAPHS.

MORE DIRTY WORK BY THE SKUNK OF UTAH COUNTY.

Living the Life That He Does, It is Little Wonder That He Has No Respect for Decent People.

PROVO, July 2.—The Republican rag of this city, claiming to be a newspaper, but in reality, is a carbuncle on the Republican party of Utah county, is a villifier of gentlemen, (one cannot expect roses from thistles)—and against the advancement of any good cause. Its latest dirty sling was a dot in its issue of July 1, which reads as follows:

The county board made an appropriation of \$50 today outside of its regular sitting, presumably to assist Delegate Thurman to get to the Chicago convention.

The above article is condemned by every man in Provo, regardless of political belief, and is a direct insult to all intelligent people who might perchance read it. In another part of the same paper will be found a report of the proceedings of the county board and in this report will be found the following:

Thurman and Wedgewood were given \$50 on account. Every person in the county, and especially the writer of the above quoted paragraphs, knows that Thurman and Wedgewood were aided by the county to assist in the prosecution in the case of the state vs. Harry Hayes. The record and the minute book show very plainly and reads that \$50 was appropriated to Thurman and Wedgewood on account of services rendered in the case of the state vs. Harry Hayes. The Enquirer skunk knew this and at the same time prints in its columns an insinuation to the effect that the county board went out of its regular order of business and appropriated \$50 to Mr. Thurman, to help him to Chicago. In the opinion of a number of the leading attorneys, both Republicans and Democrats, that the article is libelous and the scribbler can be prosecuted for criminal libel. If not, and the infamous set are allowed to go unpunished, there is no safety for any good, upright man who may differ with the dirty sheet on politics. The scandalous article is the talk today in business circles and if one would hunt for twenty-four hours for a man who would approve, he could not be found. Mr. Thurman has gone to Chicago and the warrant for the \$50 has not been drawn and is likely not to be for some time.

LATER. Complaints charging criminal libel and patting J. C. Graham and James C. Cline as the guilty parties were sworn to tonight, and the men will be arrested today.

NOTES. Judge Hatch opened court today at 2 o'clock and transacted the following business:

State of Utah vs. Joseph E. Crook; defendant took till July 9 to plead. He is charged with procuring medicine and instruments and assisting in committing a criminal abortion.

Prix vs. Bennett; continued for the term.

State vs. Culmer et al.; case on appeal continued for the term. Singleton vs. Singleton; time in which to prepare and serve statement on motion for a new trial extended till July 5.

W. B. Bowen vs. Rio Grande Western Railway company; set for hearing July 21.

In the case of Green vs. Green, Judge Hatch handed down his decision denying the decree of divorce and each party to pay their own costs.

In the matter of the estate of John A. Miller, deceased; petition of Francina Miller, administrator, asking permission to mortgage real estate to borrow \$300 was granted. Myrtle Davis vs. John O. Davis; decree of divorce granted as prayed.

William Harrison vs. Hannah Eyrne et al.; suit brought to have a judgment against Herbert Eyrne, a lien on the property of his wife, non-suit sustained. Louise Long vs. Charles Long; divorce proceedings; defendant not appearing. Mrs. Long and her daughter were examined and stated that the defendant had treated plaintiff in a cruel and inhuman manner; decree granted.

Hon. S. R. Thurman left his afternoon on the Rio Grande Western 3:58 west bound train for Salt Lake, where he will meet the balance of the delegates from Utah to the Chicago convention, who leave Salt Lake tomorrow.

The Herald special car for Chicago, Mr. Thurman is confident that the silver cause will triumph. If it don't it won't be Sam's fault. Judge McCarty, of Sevier, is in Provo today, striking hands with his many friends here.

All Free. Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its value, and those who have not, have now the opportunity to try it free.

Dr. King's New Life Pills Free, as well as a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor, Free. All of which is sent to you on a single postcard and cost you nothing. Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

MAKING ANIMAL SPECIMENS TO ORDER. I remember a peculiar instance of what can be done by modern taxidermy, and of the skill in particular that falsified the old saying, "You cannot have your bird and eat it."

A friend made a savory stew of the flesh of a bird, of what species I have forgotten, and ate it. He then articulated and set up its skeleton and afterward constructed an artificial skeleton on framework, upon which he shaped and moulded its skin, so that from one he practically obtained three birds. At another time, having a tiger rug to make, and also a tiger's head to furnish for a trade-mark, he ingeniously supplied both from a single pet.

Cutting off the head he constructed another from the white hair upon the under parts of the animal, which, in such a rug as he designed, would otherwise go to waste. Spots from which the hair had been worn away he re-haired by fastening individual hairs, hair after hair, in due order, with some adhesive preparation, to the bare hide. After he had shaped the second head and dyed it, and colored in the black markings, he fastened it to the remaining skin, and the rug was complete, and in every way a fine-looking piece of work.

I have only to add that there was no deception in the matter, as the purchases of the rug knew how it was made.—Scribner's.

MODERN ART TAXIDERM. In the methods now used in taxidermy the word "stuffing" is a misnomer; the method employed is called dermo-plastic, and consists in enveloping a skeleton or framework with tow wrapped and sewed into a rough approximation of the shape required with pack-thread or cord, and coating the whole with clay, afterward to be moulded into the forms required.

Upon this the skin is stretched and made to conform in every particular. There is, therefore, no difference in the requirements of the best work in sculpture and taxidermy, except that one is principally employed in treating the human figure, and the other exclusively the forms of animals.—Scribner's.

A FATAL ACCIDENT.

ONE BOY KILLED AND ANOTHER SERIOUSLY INJURED.

Charley Clausen Has His Skull Crashed and Dies Instantly—The Fatality Occurred at Mercer.

MERCER, Utah, July 2.—A terrible accident occurred here today whereby one boy was instantly killed and another one seriously injured.

At the depot this afternoon, just after the train had pulled out, one of the hacks capsized in turning around, throwing its occupants out onto the railroad track.

One of these, a boy named Charley Clausen, struck his head against a rail in the fall, shattering it in a horrible manner. He died instantly.

Another boy, Mariam Aldrich, was also thrown against a rail with the result that a third of his scalp was torn off and his skull badly injured. The doctors have sewn up the scalp and believe that the child will recover.

Mrs. Clausen is in Salt Lake attending the carnival. She is a sister of Mrs. Hansen, who runs the Boley house at this place.

Mr. Aldrich is in Cripple Creek, but has been notified of the accident to his son.

This is the second accident of this character to occur here within the past two months, and others will likely happen if care is not exercised, as the depot is so located that it takes some engineering to turn a team around successfully.

A great many of our people are attending the carnival and the camp seems deserted.

Mercur will soon have telegraphic communication with the outside world, as the Western Union will soon have its line in between Fairfield and this camp.

Some good-looking stuff was uncovered in the Brickyard today, and the outlook for this property is most encouraging.

A PLEASANT GLIMPSE OF ROBERT BROWNING.

I now saw Robert Browning in his own home, but I know well from several of his worshippers who were familiar with his house in Warwick Crescent, and later with the house in De Vere Gardens, that he was sometimes the victim of an almost insupportable enthusiasm. The members of Browning societies beset him; ladies brought offerings of flowers; mountains of cards were heaped upon his table and he had so much to do in answering the letters which accumulated that he had scarcely time to write a line for himself. I am glad, after all, to have met him outside the circle of adulation, and in a very different surrounding, at Neaully, in the pretty suburb of Paris, where his friend Milsand lived. As I entered the parlor of Madame Milsand one day I saw, comfortably seated near the fireplace, a square, solidly built man with white hair and beard, dressed in rough gray cloth, and wearing an air of bourgeois dignity and pleasant bonhomie which betrayed nothing to me at first sight of the author of the "Rise and the Book." When we were introduced to each other my heart leaped, and it is needless to add that my imagination helped me to recognize immediately the signs of genius in the broad forehead and penetrating eyes under their heavy brows. But what really impressed me in Browning's look and in his talk was kindness—simple, open, and buoyant kindness. All the chords of sympathy vibrated in his strong voice. What touched me more than

anything was the relation between the two friends, and the deference of the greater man toward one whose moral energy he so much respected.—From "A French Friend of Robert Browning," by Th. Bentzon (Mme. Blanc), in the July Scribner's.

PICTURESQUE ASPECTS OF THE CABLE-CAR.

That there are plenty of motives for the painter in New York City I think every one will admit. The cable cars, for instance, are certainly trying enough to our susceptibilities in the daytime. But he who wants to night-fall, and then walks down Seventh Avenue from Fifty-third street, must be stolid indeed if he is not stirred, at least for the moment, by the spectacle of the clustering moving, appeared and disappearing lights in the broad avenue and in the open space at the foot of the hill where Broadway intersects Seventh avenue.

The square is especially interesting, the converging lines, along which the lights move, are remarkably fine, the bells clamor less wildly here than elsewhere, as there are but few foot-passengers; the place is comparatively empty and deserted, and very impressive on misty nights when the many-colored lights move about in a dreamlike haze of radiance. A Whistler, if he could live here, might paint this for us; might obtain harmony out of the violent contrast of Herald Square or the brilliancy and conflicts and impetuosity of Madison Square.

All this is fiery and high-strung, and not to be copied with small talents. The man who could do it must have a temperament that would be thrilled by it, an eye and a hand capable of rendering it, a mind capable of keeping away from his picture all the elements of discord that are more ready to obtrude themselves here than elsewhere, and sufficient concentration of purpose to keep all disturbing influences from his mind.—Scribner's.

FOOLING THE SLOT MACHINE.

How an Enterprising Hotel Keeper Was Badly Beaten. The penny-in-the-slot machine can be found in the remotest portions of the backwoods, and sometimes it is about the only thing to remind one of civilization that can be found there.

A weary hunting party stopped at a small hotel off in the backwoods not long ago, and wishing to remove the evidences of their long tramp before supper, found, after washing that to secure a towel they would be obliged to make use of a slot machine that stood next to the basin.

"To obtain a clean towel put a penny in the slot, and pull the drawer slowly out." One of the party was somewhat of a wag, and procuring all the coppers he could gather he proceeded to abstract the towels one at a time. He had reached the fifth towel when the proprietor entered to wash his hands. He gazed at the man with the five towels in astonishment. The wag laughingly complimented the proprietor upon his enterprise in selling new towels for such a little money. It is needless to say the proprietor later put up a sign that read: "For the use of a clean towel put a penny in the slot."—Harper's Round Table.

MENTAL ECONOMIES.

One of the best tests of fondness for your thought is to keep it to yourself. Thoughtless people envy the thinker, and, cuckoo-like, steal the nest of another's subject, thinking that the theme is all there is to it. The chief characteristic of the short story to most people is to make them wonder that they never thought of the same plot themselves, and the commonest impression that other new literature makes upon them is that the author thereof has, with unseemly smartness, anticipated their own invention. These

feelings belong to those who have never been fond of their own thoughts, for a generous admiration of the thoughts of others leads us by a short route to the appreciation of one's own.

Thoughts need to be treated with great gentleness and consideration when we are alone with them. You cannot snub your whole intellectual family with private neglect and expect them to appear a contented offspring in public. And before one grows to be fond of them he must experience a great variety of different feelings toward them.—John Sheridan Zelle, in July Lippincott's.

WANTED MORE INSTRUCTIONS.

Had Fed the Parrot, But She Was Hungry Again. We are all more or less familiar with that exasperating class of individuals who seem to feel that the simple common sense of the world is centered in need of guidance and direction in the simplest duties of life.

Mr. B. was a young man of this class. He was always painfully profuse in details regarding anything he wished done. He had a parrot of which he was excessively fond, and when he was about to go abroad for a few months, leaving his bird behind him, he bored and exasperated his family and friends with senseless details regarding the care of the parrot, and his last words, screeched from the deck of the steamer that bore him away, were:

"Hi, Jim!"

"What?" shouted the brother on the pier.

"Look out for my parrot!" came faintly over the water.

As if this was not enough, he had no sooner reached Liverpool than he sent the following cablegram to his brother, who had assumed charge of the parrot:

"Be sure and feed my parrot."

On receipt of this the infuriated brother cabled back at his brother's expense:

"I have fed her, but she is hungry again. What shall I do next?"—Harper's Magazine.

THE SLEEPING OF THE WIND.

The great red moon was swinging slow in the purple east; The robins had ceased from singing; The noise of the day had ceased; The golden sunset islands Had faded into the sky. And warm from the sea of allience A wind of sleep came by.

It came so balmy and resting That the tree-top breathed a kiss, And a drowsy wood-bird, nestling, Chirped a wee note of bliss; It stole over fragrant thickets As soft as an owl could fly, And whispered to tiny crickets The words of a lullaby.

Then slowly the purple darkened, The whispering trees were still, And the hush of the woodland harkened To a crying whip-poor-will; The shadows lay dark and deep; But the birds were empty and quiet, For the wind had fallen asleep.

—Charles B. Conger, in July Ladies' Home Journal.

BEAUTY IS HEART DEEP.

Live, Love and Wait: You Shall Have Your Birthright. "Beauty is but skin deep." That is a skin-deep saying. Beauty is heart deep. It is out of the heart we desire it. It is out of the heart it grows. This is not a mere saying like the other. It is the fact and secret that we are eager to penetrate. There is, indeed, a skin-deep beauty; a mere outward, unlovely, bodily inheritance; but out of some heart, through some life-earnings, it must always have been originated and evolved. The grandest beauty may wait, its secret glory not shown forth, for a lifetime; covered in with a plain, even unattractively exterior, as a noble building is roughly boarded up while it is being carefully wrought to its per-

fection. Many a woman goes through the world like this. Of the true beauty may be so tender in its beginnings that it needs to be hidden, shielded—not made sign of before its time—lest it should be spoiled and perish in the exposure. So the final heritage waits, while a present outer poverty is permitted, which, like the opposite condition, may have come down through some strain of ancestry; the outer betrayal of a far-back, inner want. Of such waiting, a little further on, a wonderful loveliness may be born.

A plain woman, with beauty in her soul, has often been the mother of a marvellously beautiful child. * * * Beauty is a seed in the nature. It will germinate, bud, leaf out, blossom. If the beauty is inside you, and alive, you will—some time, somewhere—be a form of beauty. How else did God make out his own beautiful thoughts, the beautiful world? You have only got to live, love on and wait. You shall have your birthright. Certain of this, will you care if even it does not wholly come to you within the threescore years and ten? When you come of age you shall possess your estate. Only—never barter it away for a mess of pottage you happen to be hungry for.—Mrs.

A. D. T. Whitney in July Ladies' Home Journal.

SLEPT IN THE HEN-COOP.

"Papa, is Mrs. Bigelow very poor?" "No, Cedric, Mrs. Bigelow is well off; don't you know what a nice house she has?" "But she sleeps in the hen coop, papa." "Why, Cedric?" "She said she did." "What do you mean?" "Don't you remember when she was here to dinner night before last she excused herself, and said she must go home early because she went to bed with the chickens?"—Harper's Round Table.

Lander, Wyoming, a town of nearly 2,000 inhabitants, enjoys the distinction of being the furthest removed from a railway of any incorporated town of the United States.



STOP! You have run up against a Good Thing. Battle Ax Plug. The best reason in the world why some things sell so well is because they are good. That is one reason for the great sales of "BATTLE AX." But good quality is only half the story. The other half is the size of a 5 cent piece. It is as big almost as a 10 cent piece of other and poorer kinds. Facts are facts. You can buy and see for yourself. Five cents isn't much to invest.

THE FOURTH AT SALT AIR. \$1,000 DISPLAY \$1,000 Of Pyrotechnics. A Glittering, Glorious Pageant of Aerial Wonders. The Grandest Display of Fireworks ever seen in Utah. DON'T MISS IT! Dancing, Boating, Bathing. Music by Christensen's Celebrated Orchestra. Fare for the Round Trip, 50 Cents. I. A. CLAYTON, G. P. A. N. W. CLAYTON, General Manager.

TIME TABLE: TRAINS leave Rio Grande Western Depot for Saltair on this Date as follows: 10:15 a.m., 5:15 p.m., 8:15 p.m., 2:15 p.m., 6:15 p.m., 9:25 p.m., 3:15 p.m., 7:15 p.m., 10:45 p.m., 4:15 p.m.