THE DAILY HERALD.

THE HERALD COMPANY.

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As molasses draws flies, so sugar draws senators.

Eternal vigilance is the price of holding a government job.

Jerry Simpson, just like truth, though crushed to earth, will rise again.

Henry Watterson regards Grover Cleveland as a perpetual offensive partisan.

To her great export of beef and wheat Chicago has just added that of dudes.

Yesterday was a splendid sample of a June day. May the whole stock be as good.

A railway "agency" and a railway pool is merely a distinction without a difference.

Discussion of the tariff bill brings to mind the fact that it is never too late to amend.

The thought that he will have to swing naturally reminds Durrant of the belfry.

"Is the art of letter-writing lost?" asks an exchange. It is in politics, if one has any sense.

If Alexander lived in these days he would rather be Tom Reed than either Diogenes or Alexander.

It would seem that Theodore Roosevelt expects to be head of the navy department before Long.

The Ogden gateway having been opened, why doesn't General Prosperity walk right into the west?

The imperial police of Berlin are considerably rottener than anything this country ever produced.

The way in which Reed puts his thumb down on all opposition entitles him to the name of Tom Thumb.

Remembering what Mrs. John Hays Hammond said, the Baptists doubtless feel like "cussing a cosy" Cossum.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says it wants to rehabilitate the Democratic party. Bring on your habiliments.

Havemeyer's acquittal isn't nearly so good an advertisement for the lecture platform as Chapman's imprisonment.

Almighty Voice, the renegade Canadian Indian, has been killed. It's an almighty good thing for the Canadians.

What has become of Weyler's press bureau? The people have become so accustomed to it that they miss it when it closes for repairs.

These are degenerate days, indeed, for there is no excellence, there being "no excellence without labor," and there being no labor.

Senator Hoar says you might as well call the Bradford manuscript a beam as a log. He cannot object to saying that it is bound in boards.

Buffalo Bill says that one year he killed 4,280 buffaloes. He shouldn't talk about the wanton destruction of the buffaloes by hide hunters.

Officers of the navy are beginning to realize that Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt has left off none of his disagreeable police commissioner ways.

Speaker Reed refused to recognize a resolution relative to Cuba as privileged. Is there a bond of sympathy somewhere between the czar and the butcher?

The opinion of the court that decided Sugar Magnate Searles was not guilty of contempt of the senate is very exhaustive. It is also very exhausting and makes one very tired.

And now the sultan is protesting against the appointment of Dr. James B. Angell as minister to Turkey. It would seem that much more deference is paid to protests from Turkey than Turkey pays to protests made to her.

In a recent report the American consul at Zurich says: "During the year 1896 8,042,063 young trees were set out in the denuded forest districts as against 7,905,189 during 1895; of these 7,221,765 were pines and 810,360 deciduous trees. All of these plants were raised at and supplied by the Swiss forestry experimental station, and the total expense incurred amounted to $53,999."

Greater New York is destined to become the most perfect city in the world. The other day Magistrate Wentworth, in the Essex Market court, addressed the policemen in attendance on the subject of gum-chewing in these words: "Now I want this noise stopped, and if you policemen cannot exist without chewing gum, way, hand in your shields and resign. It is a shameful thing to see men like you in line opening and shutting your mouths like a bellows in a blacksmith shop. I want it stopped, and unless it is I will make some one sorry." Think of a magistrate daring to talk to New York policemen like that.

TRAINING FOR CITIZENSHIP.

Massachusetts is considered the prig of the Union by many of her sister states, but with all her priggishness she has been a wellspring of political ideas and ideals. To borrow an illustration from the agricultural interests, she has been more or less of a political experiment station. And the country has profited by her experiments. There is in the state a Society for the Promotion of Good Citizenship, and one of its ways of promoting good citizenship is by holding conferences. At one held in Boston last week Professor Edwin A. Start, president of the New England History Teachers' association, was a speaker. He said, in part:

"Our methods of education have failed of preparing men for the real work of life, and the only place to look for the remedy is in the study of the history of man and his social relations. This is the one essential at the basis of everything. One might as well try to build a house without a frame or foundations as to build citizenship without an understanding of the history of nations and of men.

"The great faults of our present methods of education along this line are inertia, dead weight conservatism that never learns anything, and never forgets anything; and rampant radicalism, that seizes upon every new panacea that is pushed forward, guaranteed to cure all the ills the social body is heir to.

"The time is come when dry husks should no longer be offered to children in the place of the facts of the growth and development of society."

There is much to cause reflection in this, and while it deserves consideration and respect, it seems to overlook a very essential if not vital matter. It is that education is merely a preparation and nothing more. So devoted have the American people become to their education cult that they have come to believe that in education lies the remedy for all ills. No system of education can be made to serve as a panacea for the evils incidental to affairs, governmental or other. What the devotees of education fail to realize is that human nature cannot be made over again by any process. Much of the failure of education is due to the very fact that more is expected of it than it can possibly give. In the great world with its struggles and problems, its competition and failures, no education can be made to supplant experience. Much of our education is very impractical in that it fails to give an adequate or any idea of the actual conditions that surround the struggle for existence; and after all, that is what life is. It is the realization of these conditions that explains the success of the poor boy in college and after he graduates where the boy in easier circumstances so often fails. No system of education can supply the inborn qualities of push and perseverance. A conspicuous fault of our common school system is that there is too much endeavor to conform pupils to it rather than it to the pupils.

Valuable as the study of history is, both for educational and citizenship purposes, it is hardly so valuable as Professor Start holds. History is not always truth, that is, the whole truth. Until within a comparatively short time history has busied itself chiefly with the doings of kings and queens and the chronicling of pageants and royal progresses, of battles and the like. This was largely inevitable because the people were no more factors in the affairs of government than were the cattle in the fields.

Education is not good citizenship, being at best but one of many means of attaining it. Good citizenship consists more in right-doing than in right-thinking, and while right-thinking usually precedes right-doing, it is not always followed by it. "We must get action."

WATTERSON GETS AFTER CLEVELAND.

Whenever Mr. Henry Watterson gets after Mr. Grover Cleveland it is always worth while to stop a few minutes and watch the fun. Mr. Watterson has got after Mr. Cleveland again, the occasion being an article in Hoke Smith's Atlanta Journal. All that Mr. Watterson says about Mr. Cleveland is too long to be reprinted but some of it is too good not to be reprinted. Speaking of the ex-president as a possible candidate in 1900, Mr. Watterson says:

Waiving for a moment Mr. Cleveland's antecedents and the odium that attaches itself to his name with an overwhelming majority of Democrats in the west and south, his reappearance upon the scene would at once change the issue from one of sound economics to that of a third term in the presidency, a fatal transfer on the very threshold; fatal alike to success at the polls and to good government.

Because the Courier-Journal has made this point, its editor is accused by some of raising a bogy and by all with personal hostility. If he were conscious of any private feeling, or grounds for private feeling, he would never have said a word. He would scorn himself if he could be impelled in his public conduct by any such motive. Mr. Cleveland has never been anything to him except a political quantity. True, he may be raising a bogy. Mr. Cleveland may be all his worshippers claim him to be, and the Courier-Journal may be most unjust in its opinion on that subject. In this event, there is an easy way to settle it; let anybody get Mr. Cleveland distinctly to say that nothing would induce him again to take the presidential office, and, having done this, let the Cleveland literary bureau, disguised as a non-partisan, sound-money league, be disbanded.

Mr. Carlisle is not "hot-foot for Cleveland." Neither is General Buckner. Nor are many who were at that Reform club dinner. But, all the same, the dinner was given to put Mr. Cleveland in the field, to make him the symbol and the embodiment of the sound-money movement, and to forestall all others and all else in its development. That we hold to be, if it can be carried out, both wicked and fatal; wicked because it brings the third-term issue before all other issues, thereby playing directly into the hands of the extremists; fatal, because it is doomed in advance to defeat.

But Mr. Cleveland does not think this. He thinks he is a man of destiny. He thinks that, having broken the record, he can break it again. He thinks that in 1900 all the elements of order and credit will turn to him as a necessity, and that, having smashed the Democratic party, he can smash the Republican party. And administer upon the assets of both. The Reform club, weak as it is, exists to pursue this vainglorious, inglorious phantom; and, because the Courier-Journal has sought to explode it, we are charged with malice on the one hand and a fantastic imagination on the other. Somebody is being fooled. Maybe we shall have to wait three years to find out who.

What is said of the ex-president is no doubt true. He will never say he does not desire to be president again; but whether he says it or not, or whether he does or not, he never will be president again. Mr. Watterson is paying entirely too much attention to a political dead duck.

A NOTE OF WARNING.

In their call for the tenth annual convention of the National Republican League, President Woodmansee and Secretary Dowling say:

Our victory last year does not guarantee permanency of power. We must keep our organization well equipped for the contest in 1898, when we will again vote for members of congress. In many of our state elections this year the terms of members of the United States senate are at stake, and as our majority in that body can be hardly seen by the close observer, it behooves us to fortify ourselves against the enemy.

The victory of last year in no way guarantees the permanency of the power of the Republican party. Were the battle that resulted in that victory to be fought over again this year, there is scarcely any doubt but that victory would perch upon the banners of the Democratic party. The great cause of the delay of prosperity that was urged by the Republicans last year has ceased, but the prosperity has not come; and the prospect of its coming is as remote as ever. Whatever may be the cause of the hard times, the people have learned that it was not what the anti-silver forces said it was.

If it is necessary for the National Republican league to keep its organization intact and ready to take the field at any time, it is just as necessary for those who favor free silver to be alert and ready. Each day it becomes more and more evident that the campaign of 1898, when another congress is to be elected, will be fought on practically the same lines that the campaign of 1896 was. Should a wonderful and unprecedented period of prosperity come between now and next summer, a most improbable thing, the issue of 1898 might be something entirely new and totally different from anything now anticipated.

No; there is no guarantee of the permanency of the Republican power as the result of the victory of 1896.

OPPOSED TO WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Governor F. A. Briggs, of North Dakota, was in Denver the other day and expressed himself on the question of woman suffrage, a question that would naturally suggest itself to a visitor to Colorado. He is strongly opposed to woman suffrage and frankly said so. "I am opposed to woman suffrage on the grounds that it will not perform the work which has been claimed for it. I may be influenced somewhat by my wife in this matter, for she is against the extension of the franchise, but I do not believe women are as well qualified to assume positions at the head of departments as men. I have no objection to women occupying appointive positions, and there are appointive places to which they are well adapted. My experience, however, is that a woman is not a success in certain executive positions. We tried a woman as superintendent of instruction in our state and after two years' trial her name was not mentioned when she came up for the position again. A man now fills the position, and if my judgment is right, it will be a long time before the office is filled by a woman again. In North Dakota women are allowed to vote for officers running for educational positions, and I saw women, assumed to be the very best women of our city, getting out their carriages on election day to convey disreputable women to the polls. That was quite enough for me, and when an advocate of woman suffrage called on me last winter and asked me what I would do if the legislature should pass a bill favoring the enfranchisement of women, I replied that I would veto the bill. Two years ago last winter the bill passed the house of representatives, but happily it failed in the senate. Last winter no attempt was made to introduce any bill on the subject at all."

Governor Briggs seems to have heard some very wonderful things claimed for woman suffrage and because they were not realized he is disappointed. Most disappointments come from expecting too much. The failure of one woman as superintendent of schools is no more of an argument against woman suffrage than the failure of one man in office is an argument against male suffrage. No respectable woman in Utah would go in a carriage and bring a disreputable woman to the polls. Perhaps North Dakota is too busy with the divorce industry to care for anything else.

MARK TWAIN'S NEW HOME.

The good news comes from London that Mark Twain is in good health and is now in Chelsea and working on another humorous book. So long is it since he made his great fame that he seems almost to belong to the past. And since then just enough of sadness and misfortune have come into his life to endear him to the American people.

His new home is in a most delightful quarter of London. Nowhere is the Thames embankment more beautiful than at Chelsea. And then what literary memories are associated with Chelsea. It was there, in Cheyne Row, that Carlisle lived so many years. It was also the home of George Eliot, and there the great and erratic Turner lived. Just back of the embankment is Chelsea Old Church, where books are still chained to the walls. On the tower of the church there is an ancient sun dial. In the church enclosure is the monument to Sir Hans Sloane, the founder of the British museum. The whole atmosphere of Chelsea is pregnant with literary associations and inspiration. If Mark Twain is so minded he can cross the river and wander through Battersea park, one of the most beautiful in all London. Or he can take a boat for Richmond and Kew, or can go down the river, and if it be at the flood and in the evening when there is a light mist over the waters, he can witness no more beautiful sight than that of passing Lambeth palace and the houses of parliament and the abbey. An American who sails down the Thames has awakened in him all the historic memories of his country's old home.

And Mark Twain, an American of Americans, has made the old home his new home. May peace and prosperity abide with him.

SOME EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

Helena Independent: While the gunboat Helena is loading itself up with war machinery the city of Helena is taking on the paraphernalia of peace, plenty and prosperity. The producer is mightier than the destroyer.

Denver News: The veriscope reproduction of the encounter between senatorial dignity and Henry O. Havemeyer shows that senatorial dignity was knocked over the ropes in the first round.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: The enlarged city of New York will contain one farm of 20 acres in a high state of cultivation. This is one of the ideal kinds of rural life that agricultural writers do not mention.

San Francisco Examiner: Butte, Mon., seems to believe that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

New York Commercial Advertiser: Sensible persons will not give an instant's credence to the stories which represent British agents as intriguing continually in Central America to block the construction of the Nicaragua canal. The latest report with respect to this subject has to do with a "freight railway" which an English syndicate is said to contemplate building across Nicaragua in order to discourage the promoters of the projected waterway. Like other rumors of the same sort, it comes by way of Washington.

New York Evening Post: We publish the brief speech which Mr. Cannon made when he offered the amendment, and we commend it to the attention of all good tariff men. If anybody is disposed to take it as a joke and a travesty on the doctrine of protection, that would be a grave mistake. No senator who listened to Mr. Cannon made that mistake.

A LONG LOOK AHEAD.

"The tariff"—How it permeates each
thought of human kind;
It interrupts the bird-songs and it's whispered in the wind.
A mass of facts and figures, it is looming everywhere.
It keeps away the sunshine and shuts out the gracing air.
But, great bodies must move slowly, and, as gloomily we grope,
The ash of resignation shows a little spark of hope.
Our pleasures have their seasons; each in turn most gaily thrives;
Perhaps they'll fix the tariff ere Thanksgiving day arrives.

When the trees put on the glories of their rich autumnal dress,
When we toss the blushing apple to the ruthless cider press,
When the golden pumpkin glitters with a luster all its own
And the carving knife is pressed against the swift revolving stone,
Perhaps we can devote ourselves with nothing to dismay
To gentle observation of the duties of the day;
Perhaps we will not know the cares which now oppress our lives;
Perhaps they'll fix the tariff ere Thanksgiving day arrives.

—Washington Star.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Indianapolis Journal: Tommy—Paw, what does it mean when a man is "in the hands of his friends?"

Mr. Figg—Well, a barkeeper under arrest is a pretty fair sample.

Chicago Record: In School: "Johnny?" "Yes'm." "Complete this adage for me: 'People who live in glass houses should'—" "Should pull down the blinds."

Tit-Bits: Suggestion from the Pulpit.—"Brethren," said a well known bishop the other day in the course of a sermon, "I beg you to take hold of your own heart and look it straight in the face."

Indianapolis Journal: "You will be sorry for the way you have neglected me when I am silent in the tomb," said Mrs. Peck. "Think of that." "My dear," said Mr. Peck, as innocently as he could, "I cannot imagine such a thing."

Cleveland Plain Dealer: A Vital Question.—"I don't know why the papers should speak so harshly of poor Prince Constantine. The dispatches say he was at the head of his troops at the last battle." "Yes. Which way were they going?"

Boston Transcript: He—"Tell me, Carrie; were you ever in love before?" She—"To be frank with you, Harry, my heart never went out from me but once, and that was to my bicycle; but, Harry, I like you as well as it is possible for me to like a man."

Chicago Tribune: At the Height of the Quarrel.—"It's absurd and it's unfair, Maria, to accuse me of swearing. You never heard me utter a profane word in your life." "You're swearing in your mind right now, John Billins, and you know it! I can tell by the blank look in your face!"

Tit-Bits: Extract from a Letter Written from College.—"I am much rejoiced, dearest uncle, that you are coming to visit me next Monday. I will be at the station to meet the train. As we haven't seen each other for so long time, that I may easily recognize you, hold a fifty note in your right hand."

STORIES TOLD BY GRANT.

Two Comrades Who Died Together.

"It was in a field hospital within whose canvas walls many of our brave boys lay dead and dying. Among them were two comrades who were more nearly like Damon and Pythias than any other two men I ever knew in real life. They had been born and bred in the same town, had enlisted at the same time, and never been separated from each other for a day since they first donned Uncle Sam's blue uniform. I am sure that either would gladly have laid down his life for the other. They had both been slightly wounded before, the one having received a bayonet thrust in the left arm, and the other having had the index and middle fingers of his right hand shot away. Now, as they lay side by side, however, their injuries are of a much more serious character. The surgeon looked very grave as he turned from one to the other, and the gravity of his expression deepened as he concluded his second examination. Then, as was his custom, for he held it to be a physician's duty to always inform a patient of the true state of his case, he told them plainly, but not without feeling, that they both had but a very few minutes to live. 'All right,' said one, faintly, but firmly, 'then we will die together, as I always hoped we would. I want to go if Tom goes,' murmured the other. 'Give me your hand, dear old boy,' he continued, and he reached out his left hand toward his comrade. The dying man grasped the extended hand, but finding it whole and unmangled he cast it from him saying: 'No, no! Not that hand! I want the one that was partly shot away on the battle field!' His comrade extended his wounded hand, and Tom, his eyes fast glazing in death, clasped it and felt for the stumps of the missing fingers. 'This is the hand I want!' he exclaimed, and, rising it to his lips, his spirit passed without a struggle. His friend, by a great exertion, raised his head and looked at his comrade. Seeing that he was no more, he uttered a loud cry, and the two friends were reunited."

The Death of Old Jack Dobbin.

G. W. Christine in St. Louis Globe-Democrat: "There was no better, more fearless or more loyal soldier than old Jack Dobbin, but he had one fault, and that was an over-weening fondness for the whisky bottle, or rather its contents. He had a boon companion whose real name I never knew, but every one called him Uncle Si. While in camp old Jack was taken ill of a fever, and, despite the unremitting attention of Uncle S., died. The corpse developed an unusual rigidity after death, and a strange tendency to fly up into a sitting posture. Accordingly, on the night before its burial, it was stretched out at full length upon a board resting upon two wooden trestles with its head and feet tied down by ropes. Old Uncle Si insisted upon watching the remains of his dead friend. Shortly after midnight he became very thirsty and stepped out to a neighboring sutler's to procure a drink. During his somewhat protracted absence two large cats found their way to the tent containing the remains of old Jack, and when Uncle Si returned he was naturally indignant at seeing them perched on the corpse, one at the head and the other at the feet. Seizing a billet of wood from the ground, he aimed a powerful blow at the pussy sitting at the head. It missed its mark and struck and severed the rope holding down the head of the corpse, which immediately flew into a sitting posture. Seizing the dead man by the shoulders and forcing him back into a recumbent position, Uncle Si exclaimed in an agonized tone: 'Darn ye, old man, lie down and keep quiet; I'll attend to the cats.'"

A child was cured of croup by a dose or two of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A neighbor's child died of the same dread disease, while the father was getting ready to call the doctor. This shows the necessity of having Ayer's Cherry Pectoral always at hand.

Liver Complaints cured by Beecham's Pills.

SOME KANSAS LIES.

BREEZY TALES OF DROUTH, FLOOD AND TORNADO.

Samples of What Kansas Liars and Liars About Kansas Can Do When They Turn Themselves Loose.

Kansas City Journal: Kansas is more sinned against than sinning; likewise more lied against than lying. This holds good in everything except politics. No story has yet been told depicting the frightful condition of Kansas politics that exaggerates it in the least. But, for instance: If one of the gentle zephyrs of Kansas become aggravated and gets an extraordinary move on itself for a brief period, "Kansas has had a cyclone, destroying life and property galore;" if a hot wind strikes one corner of a township in a county in one corner of the state, "the crops of the entire state have been destroyed by hot winds;" if the rivers are the least bit swollen, "western Kansas is inundated;" if the western part of the state lacks some moisture, "it is so dry all over the state that you have to run your well through a wringer to get enough water to cook with;" if the state is favored with an average crop or better, "we have raised enough to feed the world;" if the crops fall below the average, "the people are on the verge of starvation."

And so it goes; Kansans are always having trouble.

No one more fully appreciates that such stories are accepted by many strangers as virtually truthful incidents of the life in the Sunflower state than Mr. F. D. Coburn, secretary of her department of agriculture, who has for years been making a collection of such as seemed to best illustrate the type of joke always in order when Kansas is mentioned. It requires two large envelopes to hold them, and as samples of the truly artistic in lie making he rates the following as among the highest:

Here is an example of what a Kansas tornado can do, or what a Kansas liar can do, when forced to it: A farmer had a large crib filled with ear corn and there was a knot hole in the south end of the crib. It was struck by a tornado, and it is claimed that the suction was so great that cob after cob was drawn through the knot hole and the farmer was left with a crib of shelled corn.

Several stories which the reader can or cannot believe, just as he sees fit, were started after the Seneca tornado two years ago, had violated the state law in reference to the malicious destruction of property and departed for parts unknown. Probably the best one was this: A man was riding along on horseback with a jug of whisky tied with a strap to the saddle horn. After the blow had ceased, the jug handle was forced inside the jug and the strap was sticking out of the nozzle, the jug having been blown inside out without spilling a drop of liquor.

During this same blow a goat happened to get in the road and had his hair blown off, leaving his hide as clean as a skinned banana. This animal looked so much like a Mexican dog with horns that he was placed on exhibition.

Another caper which this tornado cut was to blow the side whiskers off a traveling man and plant them on the side of a woman's face, where they continue to grow.

Here is another pretty fair one: A farmer was plowing around an oblong patch of ground one day and at night the tract of unplowed land still contained about five acres. When he quit for the day he left the plow sticking in the furrow, as farmers often do. The tornado came along and caught the plow, taking it around and around the "land" until it was all plowed.

A Kansan abroad recently found a crowd that did not seem to appreciate his conversation concerning the conspiracy of the foreign capitalists to compel the Populist farmers of Kansas to pay their honest debts, so he pulled out his stock of tornado stories, hoping to attract attention.

"I saw a cyclone once," said he, "that picked up a strawstack and moved it a mile and put it back, straw on straw, as it was."

Two or three of the auditors yawned and the Kansas man tried it again.

"Another time," said he, "I saw a twister suck 60 gallons of molasses out of a barrel in front of a grocery store and distribute it to every family in town who had a bucket on the back step for the milk man."

He cleared his throat and began again:

"Back in the '70's we had a terrible cyclone in western Kansas. It blew the cracks out of the fences, pulled a cistern out of the ground, moved a township line and changed the day of the week."

This last fusillade induced one of the listeners to speak up. He said: "I do not know much about cyclones, but once when I was at sea I saw a waterspout pick up tons and tons of water and carry it a mile, and"——

"Hold on!" cried the Kansan. "If you are going to degrade this conversation to the level of a common lying contest I will retire." And he got up and walked away pompously.

Another man with an unblushing face told this story and expected people to believe it:

"I was out in Kansas last summer in the first cyclone, of course. I went down in the cellar, like other folks. The house was soon blown away. The next thing I knew the cellar went, too, rolling over and over like a silk hat. I was soon spilled out. With infinite labor I crawled back in the teeth of the wind, intending to take refuge in the hole the cellar came out of. To my consternation, I found that had blown away also."

A prominent Kansan is accredited with telling this:

"Tell you what's a fact. I have known it to blow 12 days and nights on a stretch and hold a sheen up against the side of the barn until he starved to death."

Probably the story which better illustrates the position of the Populist farmer in Kansas than any told in recent years is this:

Kansas man (visiting in the east.) Yes, sir. Kansas is the country for the farmers. Look at her vast prairies covered with crops so heavy that they make whole counties sink down in the middle. Look at her corn crop, so vast that it crowded township lines into the river.

Same Kansas man (at the Populist meeting in his own neighborhood). Fellow sufferers—Dry weather, Hessian flies and goldbugs prey like vampires on our state. Our once fair state is plastered over with mortgages so heavy that we have to bore a hole through them with an augur in order to plant corn. Rouse, ye slaves!

A country editor not far from Summerfield, just after receiving a cord of wood and a big supply of vegetables on subscription, dipped his pen in the ink and dashed off: "When you talk about there being a better state than Kansas, every potato winks its eye, every beet gets red in the face, every onion gets stronger, every oat field is shocked, the rye strokes its beard, the corn pricks up its ears and every foot of ground kicks."

There has been a premium offered for the capture of the man who started this clever lie: "A Kansas farmer planted his farm in popcorn and gathered it into his barn. The barn took fire, the corn popped and filled a ten-acre field. His old mare, thinking it a snowstorm, lay down and froze to death."

In discussing the question in western Kansas not long ago, a citizen from the short grass country said: "I think that Kansas is in need of a good deal of irrigation. There are times when it is so dry in the western part of the state that you have to soak a hog over night before he will hold swill. There are places where water is wet only on one side. I know a place where the owner of a ferryboat hauls water eleven months in the year to keep his ferry running. Why, water is so scarce there that the men won't drink it. The cause of this drouth is that the railroads of Kansas have cornered the water supply of the state to put into their stock."

Here is another drouth story told by a traveling man. I was driving across the country to a little town in western Kansas the other day, when I met a farmer hauling a wagon-load of water.

"Where do you get water?" said I.

"Up the road about seven miles," he replied.

"And you haul water seven miles for your family and stock?"

"Yes."

"Why in the name of sense don't you dig a well?"

"Because it's just as far one way as the other, stranger."

Another story started in the east is this: Why, the air is so dry in Kansas that the moon raises a dust as it goes through the sky and the moisture is evaporated out of the milky way until it looks like a trail of pulverized chalk. We used to run the well through the clothes wringer every morning to get water for cooking.

A Kansas farmer took exception to this slander on the Sunflower state, and called the editor of the paper publishing it to account. "You poor, benighted heathen in the east don't know anything about Kansas weather," he wrote. "Dry in Kansas! Well, I guess not. Why, it was only last week that I happened to leave an old headless barrel outdoors, with the bunghole up, when a shower came up, and bezad, sir, it rained into that bunghole faster than it could run out of both ends, and busted the barrel. And that was only a right smart sprinkle for Kansas, either."

There He Drew the Line.

Boston Budget: "Pardon me," said the polite highwayman, "but I must ask you to stand and deliver."

The coach stopped. The door opened with surprising alacrity, and a young woman with a very large hat stepped out into the moonlight. In her hand she held a small, leather-covered box.

"Here they are," she said cheerfully.

"What?" said the highwayman.

"My diamonds," said the lady. "I am an actress, you know, and——"

The highwayman leaped upon his horse.

"Madam," said he, removing his hat gracefully, "you must excuse me. I may be a highwayman, but I'm not an advertisement."

A Vivid Description.

Washington Star: "Do tell me something about the play," said she to the young man. "They say that climax at the close of the third act was superb."

"Yes, I am inclined to think it was very good."

"Can't you describe it to me?"

"Why, the heroine came stealthily on the stage, and knelt, dagger in hand, behind a clump of pink ribbons. The hero emerged from a large bunch of purple flowers, and as soon as she perceived him she fell upon him, stabbed him twice, and sank half-conscious into a very handsome algrette. This may sound queer, but the lady in front of me didn't remove her hat, and that's how it looked."

When a little one is expected in the family how lovingly the parents plan together for its future welfare. They sometimes even forecast its education and career. Does this seem too early to anticipate while the child is yet unborn? It isn't. The child's destiny has already been partly mapped out by nature according to the disposition and habits of the parents. The best plan a mother can make for the future happiness of her unborn child is to maintain her own cheerfulness and health while the child's undeveloped being is still a part of hers. Her health at this critical period is of tremendous consequence to the little one's whole future existence. Every prospective mother will find direct nourishment, comfort and sustaining strength in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It will maintain her vitality both bodily and mental; shorten the period of confinement and make labor easy and almost painless. It imparts strength and elasticity to the organs concerned in parturition, invests the mother with recuperative energy against any after period of weakness and depression, and aids in the secretion of healthy nourishment for the child. It is the unfailing cure of all "female weakness."

Doors Open at 10 a. m.

Today, in order to allow our clerks time to arrange their stocks, which they were unable to do after the great rush during the opening day of our great unloading sale.

F. AUERBACH & BRO.

OUTING EXCURSION NORTH.

Saturday, June 19.

Via the Oregon Short Line railway, to all points in northern Utah, Idaho and Oregon at special low rates. City ticket office 201 Main street.

Stocks and Investments.

I buy and sell—
Z. C. M. I. Stock.
Deseret National Bank Stock.
State Bank of Utah Stock.
Home Fire Insurance Co. Stock.
Utah Sugar Company Stock.
And any dividend-paying stocks bought and sold. Good investments for Home Money.
JOHN C. CUTLER, JR., 36 Main St.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE
J. H. ROGERS, Manager.

Fourth and Last Week

—OF—

THE WRIGHT HUNTINGTON STOCK COMPANY

—IN—

The Greatest War Play Even Written, Mr. Gillette's

HELD BY THE ENEMY.

Company and Auxiliaries Numbering 43 —A Great Production.

Matinee Saturday.
Best Seats, 25 Cents.

The Rosy Freshness
And a velvety softness of the skin is invariably obtained by those who use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder.

SALTAIR BEACH TIME TABLE

In effect June 1, 1897.

Leave Salt Lake.	Arrive Salt Lake.
10:15 a. m.	1:30 p. m.
2:15 p. m.	5:05 p. m.
4:15 p. m.	6:05 p. m.
5:45 p. m.	8:30 p. m.
7:15 p. m.	10:45 p. m.

Trains leave Rio Grande depot.

Fare for round trip 50 cents.

N. W. CLAYTON, Manager.

Greatest Shoe Sale of the Season!

"Honest Value in Every Inch."

Until further notice in these columns, all Laird, Shober & Co.'s Summer Oxfords will be sold at

20 Per Cent Discount.

We merely ask an inspection.

Z. C. M. I.
T. G. WEBBER, Supt.

L. C. TRENT. S. V. TRENT.

L. C. TRENT & CO.,

MINING MACHINERY,

Will Remove to . . .

Dooly Block, on West Temple Street,

ABOUT MAY 30.

WE'VE FORGOT

Just how many fish were caught with our tackle last season; more than any other brand, we know—and no fish stories, either. Getting pretty close to season now. Don't leave everything till the last minute. Come in this week and let us fit you out. We have an elegant line. Want any other Sporting Goods? We've got all kinds. Nothing skimpy about our stock except the price. Guess our prices must help draw the crowds here. Any way, come in and see us. We have anything you need.

BICYCLES RENTED. BICYCLES REPAIRED.

BROWNING BROS., 155 Main St.

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AUTHORIZED AGENT FOR THE FOLLOWING COMPANIES.

Scottish Union and National of England	$18,352,302
London Assurance, of England	18,216,786
North British and Mercantile, of England	17,5 0,000
Northern, of England	15,724,989
Hamburg-Bremen, of Germany	5,000,000
Aetna, of Hartford	10,807,669
Fireman's Fund, of California	5,111,487

DAVIS, HOWE & CO.,

IRON FOUNDERS & MACHINISTS,

Manufacturers of all kinds of Mining and Milling Machinery. Prompt attention paid to all kinds of repair work. No. 127 North First West St.

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WHOLESALE
DRY GOODS
BROADWAY

Our Latest Design,

MAPLE CREAM.

The Nicest and Most Delicious Cake we make.
It possesses the rich, full flavor of Maple Sugar.
FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.
American Biscuit and Manufacturing Co.
H. WALLACE, Manager.