served twenty and thirty years. One man who goes as a private was formerly a lieutenant in the volunteer army. Another member of this company is Sergeant Edward Carroll, the mine expert, who has been detailed to teach the method of laying and taking up mines in warfare. One hundred and fifty men make up the company.

SAW HER HUSBAND HANGED

TOOK HER FIVE CHILDREN TO THE EXECUTION.

Two Whitecappers Die On Scaffold at Chattanooga For Killing Man and His Wife.

Chattanooga, July 5.—Pleas Wynn and Cattlett Tipton, the whitecappers, were hanged at Sevierville at 1:02 today for the murder of old man Whaley and his wife over a year ago. They both confessed, and stated that they were hired to do the deed by one Bob Cattlett.

Mrs. Tipton, wife of one of the murderers, and his five children were present at the hanging.

TRIED TO KILL HIS MOTHER.

Fearful Crime of a Drunken Man In San Francisco.

San Francisco, July 5.—While in a drunken frenzy, Cornelius Manning tried to kill his mother by throwing a lighted lamp at her. The efforts of Mrs. Mary Kennedy, who was visiting Mrs. Manning, to save the life of her hostess, resulted in frightful burns, which will probably end fatally for the unfortunate woman. Paul Kennedy, the husband, is also painfully burned about the hands and face, and his little 5-year-old niece, Maude Kennedy, is so seriously injured from the flaming oil that, though she will recover, she may be marked for life.

The tragedy took place at the house of Mrs. Manning, on Jones and Greenwich streets. Young Manning came home with a friend named Taylor. A quarrel ensued, and when Mrs. Manning attempted to quiet her son he dashed a small lamp on the floor, where it exploded. He then threw a larger lamp at his mother. It struck Mrs. Kennedy, who attempted to interfere, and fell at he feet of the little girl. All were dreadfully injured, and Mr. Kennedy was badly burned in trying to extinguish the flames. Young Manning at once fled, and has not been captured.

Conviction Is Impossible.

San Francisco, July 5.—The recent disagreement of the jury in the case of O. M. Welburn, formerly collector of internal revenue for this port, charged with fraud and embezzlement, has convinced the department of justice that a conviction is impossible, and District Attorney Coombs has written to the attorney general at Washington recommending that the case be nolle prossed. On the first trial Welburn was acquitted, but further indictments being recorded against him, a second trial was called for.

MR. HYDE PAYS NO WATER TAX

CITIZEN WHO ENJOYED SPECIAL PRIVILEGES.

Alleged Verbal Agreement With Mayor Jennings Set Up—Council Refuses Him Water Now.

Ever since the sluggish canal has emptied into the aqueduct on North Temple street, just east of Main street, Frank H. Hyde has enjoyed the special privilege of having the city water served to him without charge, but now the favor appears to be approaching an end. Until their claims were extinguished a few years since, neighbors of Mr. Hyde on North Temple street enjoyed the same privilege on the strength of an alleged verbal agreement with William Jennings, when he was mayor twenty years ago.

Last week City Treasurer Morris had Mr. Hyde's water service cut off because the council committee had refused to make the customary abatement of his water rates and he refused to pay. In his request to the city council last night, Mr. Hyde alleged that in consideration of himself and neighbors pledging not to enjoin the city from polluting their water supply from the open ditch by discharging the canal flow into the aqueduct above, it was verbally agreed by the then mayor that the pipe service would be given them without charge.

When a motion was made to refer the question to the mayor, Mayor Clark gained the floor to state that he failed to see that he had any jurisdiction to grant an abatement of last year's water rates against Mr. Hyde. Before taking his seat the mayor said that when he was a member of the council the claims of F. H. and A. E. Hyde and Aurelius Miner were recognized and adjusted.

Councilman Patrick had a recollection of the matter as stated by the mayor, and Councilman Diehl, who was formerly assessor of water rates, recited a more recent chapter in the history of the case. He told how Mr. Hyde induced Mayor Scott and Mayor Baskin to remit his annual water rates on the strength of the verbal arrangement with Mayor Jennings.

Finally a motion prevailed to refer the controversy to the committee on waterworks, with the city attorney associated. The council was unanimous in the sentiment that if Mr. Hyde has any legal claim it will be respected, but if the attorney's advice is to the contrary he will be given an opportunity to fight the city in the courts.

GRUESOME DISCOVERY.

Shirts Worn By Grocer Brown When He Suicided.

A gunny sack fastened with a safety pin and containing two shirts stained with blood and containing bullet holes was a gruesome object at police headquarters yesterday. It was found by some parties who moved into a house on Second East and Fifth South recently, and was on a shelf in the cellar. The officers anticipated some excitement, but discovered that the shirts belonged to Peter Brown, the butcher, who suicided two years ago. The house was formerly occupied by Brown's folks.

Perfectly Killing.

(Philadelphia Bulletin.)

"Of course, the play of 'Hamlet' with Hamlet left out would be entirely lifeless."

"Yes, as dead as if they gave up the ghost."

A Baseball Bulletin.

(Chicago Record.)

"Mr. Higgs, can I get off this afternoon? My grandfather is dead."

"Yes, you may go; but tell you grandmother that she will imperil your financial welfare if she dies any more this summer."

Drink Phospho-Malto.

A cooling, refreshing, healthful tonic. Served only at our fountain. Hill's drug store, N. E. corner Second South and West Temple streets.

Great Linen Handkerchief Sale at Z. C. M. I.

Friday and Saturday, July 7 and 8.

EDITORS AT PORTLAND

Fourteenth Annual Convention of the National Association.

WANT NEW LIBEL LAWS

EFFORTS TO SECURE PROTECTION FOR NEWSPAPER MEN.

Movement to Abolish the Advertising Programme Nuisance and Relieve Business Men Who Are Beginning to Protest—Memorial Services For Eugene Field.

Portland, Ore., July 5.—The fourteenth annual convention of the National Editorial association met here today. Governor T. T. Geer and Mayor W. A. Storey welcomed the delegates in behalf of the state of Oregon and the city of Portland. H. W. Scott, editor of the Portland Oregonian, also delivered an address of welcome.

Joseph R. MacCabe of Boston, president of the National Editorial association, responded briefly to the addresses of welcome.

The chairman appointed a committee on credentials, which reported 447 delegates were entitled to seats in the convention.

President MacCabe, in his annual address, said:

"I will hazard the opinion that no profession or business in this broad land of ours is so handicapped with unjust laws as is that of the journalist. I therefore commend to your earnest attention the report of the committee on libel law, and hope that this convention will, as a result of said deliberation, crystallize and formulate some practical line of work to the end that a more equitable adjustment of the law of libel may be recorded throughout the Union."

Speaking of some of the annoyances to which newspaper publishers are subjected, he said:

Rapidly Growing Evil.

"A rapidly growing evil, which newspapers must face sooner or later, is the so-called 'advertising programme' nuisance. Already the business men are commencing to protest at this semi-respectable blackmail, and well they may. A paper has been prepared especially on this topic, and I hope will arouse you to that sense of duty which you owe the business community, if not yourself."

This evening, at the First Baptist church, the Eugene Field memorial services were held. Mr. Wolfe Londoner of Denver presided, and in opening the services spoke briefly of his association with Field in Denver.

A paper by Mr. Melville E. Stone of Chicago on "Eugene Field as I Knew Him," was read by the Rev. H. W. Kelloggs of this city. Papers by the Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus and Mr. Slason Thomson of Chicago were read by B. B. Herbert of Chicago.

Miss M. S. Evans of Pacific university at Forest Grove, Ore., took the place on the programme of Miss Field, daughter of the deceased journalist, who was to have presented a number of selections from her father's writings.

Edward C. Stedman of New York contributed a short paper on Field, entitled, "A Removal of the Knightly Jester." It was read by Walter Williams of Columbia, Mo.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS.

Election of Officers at First Day's Meeting In Detroit.

Detroit, Mich., July 5.—The officers of the United Society of Christian Endeavor arrived today at 10:30 o'clock, and the annual business meeting was late in convening.

At 11 o'clock Dr. Clark called the meeting to order in the Hotel Cadillac. Dr. Clark then addressed the members of the legal organization.

In accordance with the report of the nominating committee, the following were elected trustees for four years: Rev. C. I. Brown, Pennsylvania; Professor H. L. Willett, Chicago; the Rev. Samuel McNaugher, Boston; the Rev. A. O. Crews, Toronto; the Rev. H. J. Walker, D. D., Los Angeles; the Rev. J. W. Chapman, D.D., New York; the Rev. G. E. McManiman, Ohio.

The present officers of the United Society were unanimously re-elected upon recommendation of the nominating committee, as follows: President, Rev. Dr. Francis E. Clark; secretary, John Willis Baer; treasurer, William Shaw, all of Boston.

Representatives of the board of trustees of the United Society were elected from each state and territory and the provinces of Canada.

TO DISCUSS AGRICULTURE.

Convention In San Francisco That Will Last Several Days.

San Francisco, July 5.—The thirteenth annual convention of the Association of American Agricultural College and Experimental stations convened in this city today, delegates being present from nearly every state in the Union. The session will last several days, and every question of interest to the agricultural welfare of the country will be discussed.

To Discuss Agriculture.

Meeting of the various sections were held today. Before the mechanical arts section, William F. Gilkinson of Wyoming read a paper on "The Practical Importance of Industrials." C. L. Cary of the University of California contributed a paper on "The Electrical Engineering Laboratory in Its Relation to Local Engineering Work."

The section of agriculture and chemistry listened to the following papers on alkali: "On the Pacific Coast," by Professor R. H. Loughridge, University of California; "Wyoming Alkali," by B. C. Buffin; "Alkali in New Mexico," by A. Gass, and "Montana Alkali," by F. W. Traphagen.

The section of college work heard a paper by Dr. Coates of Louisiana on "The Principles Underlying the Formulation of an Agricultural Course in the South."

Alexander Craw, quarantine officer of the California state board of trade, addressed the section of horticulture and botany on "The Inspection of Nursery Stock and Orchards."

Women's Council Adjourns.

London, July 5.—The sessions of the International Council of Women terminated today at the Countess of Aberdeen's residence at Walford, where there was a very large gathering of delegates. The countess entertained the delegates at luncheon.

He Got Her.

(Chicago News.)

"Sir," began the young man, as he accepted the proffered chair in the banker's private office, "I have called for the purpose of requesting the hand of your daughter in marriage and"—

"But," interrupted the banker, "you are comparatively a stranger to me. I know absolutely nothing of your social or financial standing. Are you in a position to support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

"I have no fixed income," replied the would-be son-in-law, "but in my official capacity as constable"—

"What!" exclaimed the astonished financier, "you a Chicago constable? Why didn't you say so before? Take her, my boy, take her, and when you want any pointers as to the investment of your wealth come to me."

Great Linen Handkerchief Sale at Z. C. M. I.

Friday and Saturday, July 7 and 8.

FEAST ON HER AGONY

Ghoulish Strife to Witness Distress of Mme. Dreyfus.

STARE HER IN THE FACE

CROWD ABOUT HER WHEN SHE LEAVES THE PRISON.

Camera Fiends Who Have Been Taking Snap Shots of the Interior of Dreyfus' Cell Are Suppressed—Prisoner's Wife Visits Him and Came Away Weeping.

Rennes, July 5.—For Captain Dreyfus the day passed off much as yesterday. Madame Dreyfus, Matthieu Dreyfus, his brother, and Maitre Labori, his counsel, visited the prisoner, but otherwise no special incident occurred. As an illustration of the indifference of the population, it is worthy of note that the words "Vive Dreyfus," chalked upon a wall in a corner of the town, remains absolutely undisturbed.

Many, however, predict trouble on the national fete day, when a review of the garrison will be held. The anti-Dreyfusites, it is feared, will attempt to draw the troops into a demonstration.

Madame Dreyfus, accompanied by her parents, drove to the prison in a carriage this afternoon. Her parents were not admitted, but she remained with her husband an hour. On leaving she showed, for the first time, signs of distress. Her eyes were swollen and red, as though she had been weeping bitterly. She is still in deep mourning, and is determined to remain so until her husband regains his liberty.

Rude to Mme. Dreyfus.

A somewhat larger crowd than usual watched her arrival and departure and again displayed utter lack of manners and consideration for her terrible position, gathering around her, rudely staring her in the face and pressing one another aside in their eagerness not to lose a single detail of her inward agony which might be reflected in her countenance.

Her visible distress today was a feast for those ghouls, who, however, were speedily dispersed by a squad of gendarmes. The latter finally barred the two streets leading to the portal of the prison.

Just opposite the prison and overlooking the window of the cell of Captain Dreyfus and the court yard, is a tannery. This has been a favorite place of vantage for a number of photographers who have taken snap shots of every arrival and departure, and as often as possible of the incidents occurring inside the prison yard. Today the police affixed a notice over the tannery entrance prohibiting the entry there of any one except on business connected with the tannery. This measure has aroused considerable comment, but the owner of the tannery will probably find it prudent not to ignore the notice.

Maitre Labori, Matthieu Dreyfus and Madame Dreyfus returned to Paris this evening.

Mistake Cost Him Position.

Paris, July 5.—The municipal council of Paris adopted an order today urging the prefect of police, M. Lepine, to dismiss M. Bertillon from the directorship of the anirophometric department, on account of the mistakes in his evidence as a handwriting expert in the Dreyfus case before the courtmartial and during the revision proceedings before the court of cassation, when he gave the reasons which led him to regard Dreyfus as the author of the bordereau.

More Rioting at Barcelona.

Barcelona, July 5.—There was a renewal of the disorders here last night. Bands of rioters attacked the church of San Matrona and the Jesuits' school. The police charged and the mob pelted them with stones. Later the police were reinforced by gen d'armes and infantry, and finally scattered the mob. Many conflicts took place, and many people were wounded. The theatres are closed.

Peace Restored In Brussels.

Brussels, July 5.—The chamber of deputies peacefully resumed the transaction of public business today, and order throughout the city is restored.

The Best Policy.

(Weekly Telegraph.)

The late Duke of Buccleuch, in one of his walks, purchased a cow in the neighborhood of Dalkeith, which was to be sent to his palace on the following morning. The duke, in his morning dress, espied a boy ineffectually attempting to drive the animal forward to its destination. The boy, not knowing the duke, bawled out to him: "Hie, man, come here an' gie's a han' wi' this beast."

The duke walked on slowly, the boy still craving assistance, and at last, in a tone of distress, exclaimed: "Come here, man, an' help us, an' I'll gi'e you half I get." The duke went and lent the helping hand.

"And now," said the duke, as they trudged along, "how much do you think ye'll get for this job?"

"Oh, I dinna ken," said the boy, "but I'm sure o' something, for the folk up at the big house are gude to a' bodies."

As they approached the house the duke disappeared from the boy and entered by a different way. Calling a servant he put a sovereign in his hand, saying: "Give that to the boy who brought the cow." The duke having returned to the avenue was soon rejoined by the boy.

"Well, how much did you get?" said the duke.

"A shilling," said the boy, "an' there's half o' it t'ye."

"But surely you got more than a shilling?" said the duke.

"No," said the boy, "that's a' I got—and d'ye no think it's plenty?"

"I do not," said the duke; "there must be some mistake, and as I am acquainted with the duke, if you return I think I'll get you more."

They went back, the duke rang the bell and ordered all the servants to be assembled.

"Now," said the duke to the boy, "point me out the person that gave you the shilling."

"It was that chap there," pointing to the butler. The butler confessed, and attempted an apology, but the duke indignantly ordered him to give the boy the sovereign. "You have lost," said the duke, "your money, your situation and your character, by your covetousness: learn henceforth that 'honesty is the best policy.'" The boy by this time recognized his assistant in the person of the duke, and the duke was so delighted with the sterling worth and honesty of the boy that he ordered him to be sent to school at his expense.

FACTS VS. FICTION.

(Chicago News.)

New doth the angling amateur,
Sit on a log and wish
He was as lucky as the man
Of whom he buys his fish.

Youthful Revenge.

(Stray Stories.)

"Oh, Georgia! Who opened the canary's cage?"

"I did. You told me a little bird was a-whispering to you when I was naughty, so I knew it must be him, as there was no other bird about. So I opened the cage, and the cat's eaten him. That's what he's got for telling on me."

Great Linen Handkerchief Sale at Z. C. M. I.

Friday and Saturday, July 7 and 8.

EARLY MORNING BLAZE.

Restaurant On Commercial Street Gutted By Fire.

Fire broke out in the basement of Wearing Bros.' restaurant at 59 Commercial street at 3:25 this morning. The flames were well under way before discovered by Patrolman Smith and the building, a two-story brick, is practically gutted.

Smith & Adams' harness store is in the same building, immediately next to the basement entrance, and it is impossible to say at 4 o'clock, the fire is still burning, how extensively the stock is damaged. Buildings on each side were badly scorched.

It is believed the restaurant men had left a fire in the kitchen range, which is responsible for the conflagration.

The fire department worked with great difficulty, but had the fire under control at 4 o'clock.

The street was filled with sports as soon as the fire started, and all business was suspended. The Wasatch gambling house, in the upper story of the building, closed its games, of course, and the employees hustled to places of safety with faro boards and roulette wheels.

The building sold under execution last year for $9,000.

HOTEL GOSSIP.

"I am sorry my arrangements are such that I cannot see more of your beautiful city of Salt Lake," said James McGregor of New Zealand yesterday. I am perfectly delighted with it, and also the wonderful richness of this valley. It shows what water will do. If we only had water in Australia we would have a great country there. As it is, it is a marvelous country and all industries are thriving. The interior, however, is a vast arid section without water."

Mr. McGregor is a very extensive sheep-raiser and has immense herds and lands in both Australia and New Zealand. He is stopping over to visit interesting points in the United States, en route to Europe with his friend, Mr. Edward Digby of India.

"I came down to Salt Lake to consult with Messrs. Gardner and Means. Experts sent out from Washington, by the Soil division of the agricultural department to make an investigation into soil conditions resulting from irrigation," said Luther Foster at the Knutsford last evening.

Mr. Foster is the director of the Utah experiment station at Logan. He is on his way to points in the Sanpete and Sevier valleys to deliver talks upon sugar beet culture and its great possibilities.

"The beet industry is certain to become a very important one to Utah," said he. "It will be a great source of revenue to the people of the state, not only to the growers of sugar beets, but to the wage-earners, as the establishment of factories will give employment to a great many and distribute for wages and fuel many thousands of dollars."

"I helped organize the Spring Creek Mining district in the Deep Creek country and was its first recorder," said Dr. J. M. Bailey at the Walker last evening. He is just in from Deep Creek and expects to dispose of some valuable mining property there in which he is interested.

"Deep Creek is all right," Dr. Bailey remarked. "All it needs is capital and proper management. The Queen of Sheba, in the Spring Creek district, is one of the best gold mines there and is capable of being a big producer. The mill that was handling its output burned down. If we had a mill of the right character down there, Queen of Sheba would today be working a big force of men.

"The Jumbo mine, on which work will be commenced in a few days, is expected to be a big silver producer. It is owned by Salt Lake parties."

Hon. A. J. Pearson of Woodsfield, O., was at the Knutsford for a few hours yesterday and left for the east. He was the chairman of the enrolling committee of congress when the Utah statehood bill was passed.

Luther Foster, director, and John Stewart, chemist, of the Utah state experimental station at Logan, are at the Knutsford.

Moreton Frewen, the distinguished financial writer and bimetallist of England, is registered at the Knutsford.

Hon. T. H. N. McPherson, a prominent attorney of Washington, D. C., is a guest at the Knutsford.

F. D. Gardner and Thomas H. Means of the agricultural department, Washington, D. C., are registered at the Kenyon.

A big delegation of excursionists from Indiana arrived on the Rio Grande Western last evening and are stopping at the Walker.

Dr. C. J. Field of Eureka registered at the Cullen last night.

Mrs. S. J. Field, widow of the late Justice Stephen J. Field of the United States supreme court, is a guest at the Knutsford.

Kenyon.—Lyman Fargo, Pocatello; C. D. Randell, Omaha; Mrs. L. E. Gurley, Miss Gurley, Miss Edith Gurley, Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. E. McBane, Miss McBane, Fort Dodge, Ia.; C. K. McCoy, Kirksville; J. M. W. H. Millward, Mrs. A. T. Carruthers, Miss Collier, Miss Robb, Miss Shropshire, Lexington, Ky.; Harry Herrick, Chicago; Joseph Hodnett, Lincoln, Ills.; W. Digby, India; Jan Mc Gregor, New Zealand; Joe Drukker and son, Baltimore; W. T. Briggs and wife, Rochester; G. M. Batchson, Albany, N. Y.; F. J. Storm, Kirksville, Mo.; F. S. Padden, U. F. Padden, New York; P. Rich and wife, New York; W. J. Smyth and wife, Chicago; Mrs. A. D. Sage, Chicago; C. O. Greene, G. W. Hull and wife, New York; Dr. Wilson, Quincy, Ills.; Mrs. E. W. Stewart, Miss Gertrude McKinley, Sedalia, Mo.; Helen Fifield, St. Paul; Florence M. Glossier, Berlin, Germany; Delia L. Moses, Sallie L. Jackson, Margaret Hall, Knoxville, Tenn.; C. E. McLean and wife, Saginor, Mich.; G. G. Russell, Helper.

The Cullen.—C. W. Robison, T. W. Otes, Yreka, Cal.; Charles Wirth, T. M. McAlister, Battle Creek, Ia.; M. J. Henderson, C. M. Graham, Miss Chesnutt, Hot Springs, Ark.; J. W. Todd, Pittsburg; Ben A. Fryer, San Francisco, G. W. Hall, Pasadena, Cal.; Frank E. Johnesse, Grangeville, Ind.; S. S. Robbins, Robinson; H. C. Templar, William Wilke, Omaha; J. B. Sexton, Geneva, Neb.; A. H. Burley, Laura Burley, Calcago; B. L. Curtiss, Lincoln, Neb.; Ellen Cory Stowell, Lexington, Mass.; Charles E. Haven, Boston; H. L. Frye, H. B. Hoyt, W. S. Ganon, Madison, Wis.; J. W. Wright, Ogden; Swen O. Nielson, Fairview; P. S. Martin, Milford; James E. Mathews, Mammoth; Dr. C. J. Field, Eureka; Miss Nellie Miner, Fairview; Henry F. Weed, Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. W. Roach and wife, Salina, Kan.; Lillie O. Daniel, Nashville, Tenn.; Lucy E. Tafel, May Van Horn, Newark, O.; Susan Maxwell Moore, Graceville, O.; Mazie Platt Smith, Myrtle E. Gorby, Newark, O.; G. H. Bushnell, Provo.

Knutsford.—M. Weinrich, St. Louis; A. J. Pierson, Woodsfield, O.; John W. Larkin, Memphis; Mrs. E. C. Treadwell, Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. W. Olpin, Nephi; A. A. Cooper, jr., Edgar G. Tuttle, Tecoma, Nev.; James B. Osmond, Pueblo; H. E. Cary, Provo; H. L. Ramsey, New York; Harry J. Phillips, Salem, Mass.; R. J. Cory, Denver; M. Slusser, New York; A. C. Towner, Washington, D. C.; W. R. Sears and wife, Omaha; Mrs. S. J. Field, Mrs. C. Smith, Washington; W. W. Eastwin, San Francisco; A. C. Thomas, Des Moines; M. Holje, San Francisco; Luther Foster, John Stewart, Logan; C. M. Cobern and wife, Denver.

Walker.—G. B. Denman, Lincoln, Neb.; M. Morr, Winnipeg; Marion J. Anderson, Penrose, Ills.; Katie Hackett, Polo, Ills.; J. F. Dunn, Provo; Mrs. C. W. McRea, Boise, Ida.; Warren Ball, Kansas City; H. D. Page, Fillmore; N. L. Baber, Blue Lakes, Ida.; J. B. Ferrin, Blue Lakes, Ida.; J. Hecht, St. Louis; J. W. Sharp, Mansfield, O.; T. N. Benson, Marble Cliff, O.; Adella Jackson, Emma Jackson, Adel Jackson, Belle Plaine, Minn.; Florence Manion, Mt. Vernon, Ills.; Minnie Shrum, Marble Cliff, O.; Laura Plauch, Camp Chase, O.; E. H. Knight, Indianapolis; H. Harris, Pleasant Grove; Dr. J. M. Bailey, Deep Creek; James Knowles, Eureka; E. Kofford, Mt. Pleasant; M. F. Snagel, Park City; D. G. Wheeler, Denver; E. M. Cole, Logan; John W. O'Brien, Wisconsin; W. C. Tracey, Kokomo, Colo.; Clara Frank, Ada Frank, Florence Whistler, New Albany, Ind.; Clara Mitchell, Shelbyville, Ind.; Mrs. T. C. Green, Cook Green, Miss Fannie Hedden, Adella Woodruff, Eleanor Woodruff, Mrs. Otis Roy, Mrs. Maude Jenner, Anna Giffad, Marshall Ellen Jones, J. P. Funk, J. B. Leslie, Earl M. Johnson, New Albany, Ind.

White House.—J. D. Lannayon, Helper; M. J. Henderson, C. M. Graham, Miss E. Chesnut, Hot Springs, Ark.; W. Potter, Ogden; J. R. Koetter, H. J. Crosman, Clinton; J. M. Starwell, R. J. Clutes, Kearnsville, Tenn.; W. Kymers, Park City; O. G. Snow, Bingham City; D. R. Ross and wife, Embro, Can.; Mrs. J. Clark, Cheyenne; W. J. Norton and wife, Cherry Creek, Nev.; C. S. Anderson and wife, C. S. Anderson, jr., Miss Erickson, Grantsville; C. H. Pearson, Boston; J. Hamblin, Arizona; Mrs. Studebaker, C. L. Countryman, Bingham; C. Young, Sunnyside, Utah; R. M. Pope, M. R. Pope, Vernal; W. M. McCarthy and family, Richfield; J. R. Mockeles, Corville, Ia.; L. R. Kinner, Portage, Mo.; H. R. Hoigt, Waterloo, Mo.; H. S. Frye, Mason City, Ia.; F. Speecher, Lincolnville, Ind.; Fred Speecher, Urbana, Ind.; Louis Strasburg, Tocele; J. A. Peterson, Mt. Pleasant; Miss J. Martin, Mrs. J. P. Driscoll, Eureka; F. Alden, Mt. Pleasant; W. D. Livingston, Manti; A. D. McAuly, Frisco; Mrs. C. W. Packer and family, Eureka.

Interrupted the Programme.

(Chicago Times-Herald.)

"Did that thar sharp what give a show in the opry house last night ketch bullets in his teeth, as he said he would on his placards?" asked Porcupine Pete.

"He ketched a few," said Lariat Lem, "but not exactly as he allowed he was agoin' to."

"Nother one of them tenderfoot swindlers, I s'pose."

"Mebbe. I dunno. He didn't git fur enough so we could tell whether it was a swindle or not. You see, he begin his performance by askin' fer some gentlemanly member of the audience to lend him a hat."

"Wot happened then?"

"Well, Dog-faced Dick handed his hat up and the professor started off by breakin' a passel of eggs into it. The bullet-ketchin' part of the programme happened right thar. The coroner's waitin' to hear from his friends in the east, if he has any."

None of His Business.

(Youth's Companion.)

A story illustrating the reticence of the Scotch regarding their private affairs was told by Ian Maclaren when in Boston.

A train was at a railroad station when a porter put his head into a car and called out:

"Anyone in this car for Doun? Change for Doun! Anyone for Doun?"

No one moved, and in a few minutes the train was speeding along, not to stop again for nearly an hour. Then an old Scotchwoman turned to a lady sitting near her and said:

"I'm for Doun, but I'd no tell that man so."

Jimmy Fooled Them.

(Pittsburg News.)

Jimmy is in room No. 1 of the public school, but he is smart enough to be several steps higher. He came home the other evening and began asking questions as usual, at the dinner table.

"Papa," he asked, "how would you pronounce g-o-u-p?"

"Gowp, of course," answered his father.

"Goop, you mean, John," corrected Jimmy's mother.

"It's goo, Kate," said Aunt Sue, who had attended boarding school. "It's a French word, and the 'p' is silent."

"At school," said Jimmy, "the teacher makes us pronounce it go up."

AFTER THE BURIAL.

(James Russell Lowell.)

Yes, faith is a goodly anchor;
When skies are sweet as a psalm,
At the bows it lolls so stalwart,
In bluff, broad-shouldered calm.

And when over breakers to leeward
The tattered surges are hurled,
It may keep our head to the tempest,
With its grip on the base of the world.

But, after the shipwreck, tell me
What help in its iron thews,
Still true to the broken hawser,
Deep down among sea weed and ooze?

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,
When the hopless feel stretch out
And find in the deeps of darkness
No footing so sond as doubt,

Then better one spar of Memory,
One broken plank of the Past,
That our human heart may cling to,
Though hopeless of shore at last!

To the spirit its splendid conjectures,
To the flesh its sweet despair,
Its tears o'er the thin-worn locket
With its beauty of deathless hair!

Immortal? I feel it and know it,
Who doubts it of such as she?
But what is the pang's very secret—
Immortal away from me.

There's a narrow ridge in the graveyard
Would scarce stay a child in its race,
But to me and my thought it is wider
Than the star-sown vague of Space.

Your logic, my friend, is perfect,
Your morals most drearily true;
But, since the earth clashed on her coffin,
I keep hearing that, and not you.

Console if you will, I can bear it;
'Tis a well-meant alms of a wraith;
But not all the preaching since Adam
Has made Death other than Death.

It is pagan; but wait till you feel it—
That jar of your earth, that dull shock
When the ploughshare of deeper passion
Tears down to our primitive rock.

Communion in spirit! Forgive me,
But I, who am earthy and weak,
Would give all my income from dreamland
For a touch of her hand on my cheek!

That little shoe in the corner,
So worn and wrinkled and brown,
With its emptiness contrites you,
And argues your wisdom down.

Getting on to the Trick.

(Chicago News.)

"Those cyclones in your country must be dreadful things," he observed to the Texan, as they talked.

"Oh, we are learning how to handle them," was the cheerful reply.

"You don't mean you can stop them?"

"Of course not, but we know just where to put up a barbed wire fence to catch most of the family and the household goods when they start to blow away."

Trouble For the Other Boy.

Billy Hopkins found two small boys on the street the other day, one crying, while the other was threatening him with further castigation, says the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mr. Hopkins approached the victor of the fight, and said:

"Come, my little man! You should have no trouble with your companion!"

"I didn't have no trouble wid him," was the answer, "I licked him wid one hand!"

Following the Precept.

(Harlem Life.)

Peacemaker—Why did you give that boy such a thrashing?

Juvenile Belligerent—He hit me wid a brick.

Peacemaker—But don't you know you should return good for evil?

Juvenile Belligerent—Well, if I didn't soak 'im good, I don't know.

A Delicate Plea.

(Washington Star.)

"Father," said the boy who was looking pensively at the sunshine and luxuriant foliage which told of approaching June.

"What is it?"

"Where do you suppose General Funston would be today if his father had punished him so that he was afraid to go in swimming?"

Overdoing It.

(Boston Transcript.)

Hicks—It's all right indulging in a little hyperbole when you are making love to a woman; but there's such a thing as overdoing it.

Wicks—As for example?

Hicks—Why, Doubleupp. He has been married three times, and he told Miss Kwarry the other evening that she was the first woman he ever loved.

Especially Then.

(Boston Transcript.)

Fuddy—Harry is having a lot of trouble, but then, you know, the course of true love never did run smooth.

Duddy—Especially when the man in the case is a little crooked.

Just the Thing.

(Kansas City Independent.)

"We must do something to inflate the circulation," murmured the business manager of the Daily Howl.

"Connect it with the editorial rooms," advised his friend.

A Second Thought.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

"Faugh! he is of ze canaille! I hate heem. Louee, hear-r-r me—I vill smash hees hat!"

"No, Henri, do not do eet. Zey vill send you to ze prisone for four-r-r years!"

"Ah, zen I vill smash a hat zat ees like hees!"

Do you remember how you felt in the mornings when you were a boy? How good it was to begin a new day! How hungry you came to table! How tired you went to bed! How soundly you slept! Don't you find yourself saying sometimes, how I wish I could get up like that boy, eager for the day and feeling fit for it? And then don't you turn away with a sigh as if the wish were impossible of fulfillment, and start on the new day's journey tired at the outset?

It's not impossible to get back that glad boyish feeling again. It only means getting back health. Put your stomach in order and see how soon your sleep will be dreamless, your rest sound, your appetite hearty and your work a pleasure. The best remedy for all ailments of the stomach and nutritive organs is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Try it and join the great army of sick people made well by its use.

Nothing is "just as good." If you go for "Discovery" get "Discovery."

"The praise I would like to give 'Golden Medical Discovery' I cannot utter in words or describe with pen," writes James B. Ambrose, Esq., of 1208½ Mifflin St., Huntingdon, Pa. "I was taken down with what our physician said was indigestion. I doctored with the best around here and found no relief. I wrote you and you sent me a question blank to fill out and I did so and you then advised me to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took three bottles and I felt so good that I stopped, being, as I think, cured. I have no symptoms of gastric trouble or indigestion now."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the paper covered book, or 31 stamps for the cloth-bound.

THEIR FIRST HORSE CAR.

The People Were So Delighted That They Rode All Day.

(New Orleans Times-Democrat.)

"I made the survey for the street car lines in the City of Mexico," said the civil engineer, "and when we got the tracks down and the cars running we had a laughable time. Young men of the first families not only ventured to act as drivers and conductors, but insisted on taking those places without wages. The thing was like a new toy to children. People paid fare or withheld it, just as they saw fit, and some would ride around for half a day. The Yankee superintendent of the lines was in a sweat all the time, but it was kicking against a stone wall.

"The tracks were single ones, with switches here and there for the cars to pass, but such little things didn't bother the drivers. Some of them would start the mules on a dead run, and go clear to the end of the line, and others would pull out on a switch and go to sleep or indulge in games with the passengers. I guess it was two months before the drivers consented to give up their siesta hours. At 12 o'clock precisely the mules were brought to a halt, no matter where the car was, and the driver would walk off to eat, sleep and smoke, and be gone two hours. No Mexican ever hurries. Most of the complaints received were to the effect that the cars went too fast. Even after we got things somewhat systematic, Don Pablo Chora, the president of the road, returned from a trip one day to say to the manager:

"'Ah, senor, but I am afraid we shall never get our people to accept this enterprise.'

"'What is wrong now?' was asked.

"'Why, one of our greatest merchants paid his fare to be taken to the Alameda in twenty minutes, and lo and behold, the driver cut the time down to fifteen! We shall be ruined by moving folks around too quickly. Let us tie up the legs of the mules and take the whips away from the drivers!'"

A Lucky Tooth.

(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

"It was a toothache," said the veteran, "that won me a reputation for daring at the battle of Bull Run. That was the only fight I was ever in where I didn't wish I could find a hole to crawl into. All this talk about coolness on the eve of battle is nonsense, invented by people who have never been there, or old soldiers whose tongues get away with their memories. Our men and officers were as brave as any in the war, and made good records, but they all had the ague and longed for sick leave just about the time the bullets began to fly. But I had the toothache for two days before that battle, and if there is an aggravation on earth that will make a man want to bat his best friend in the face it is that.

"On the night before the fight I did not sleep a wink. The old tooth got to jumping like a goat, and I couldn't have suffered more from an amputated leg. I was also furiously mad. I felt that I'd either get to bolt for the rear in search of relief or encourage some rebel to put a ball through my head.

"We'd been waiting in battle line for an hour, and the boys had grown white and were all choked up. I had been entirely occupied with the old tooth, and the first thing I knew the fight was on. We were holding them in check, but that didn't suffice me. As I got hold of my gun and pulled the handkerchief off my jaw I yelled out for the boys to follow, and we struck a whole brigade and whirled it around and sent it back half a mile. I felt that I could lick the whole of Lee's army for an hour or two! They told me that I yelled and cheered and dodged death a thousand times, but I remember nothing but the jumps of that tooth. When they stopped, or for what particular reason, I could never say, but after a couple of hours I came to myself, as it were, and was being complimented on all sides and the jumps had ceased."

Stoddard's Joke.

(Philadelphia Post.)

In his library the other day, Richard Henry Stoddard was talking with some friends about men and days that are gone.

"I met John G. Saxe one morning about fifty years ago," said the poet. "It was in Broadway, and I was on my way to the custom house, where I was employed. Saxe was a big man, a giant of a man, bluff and hearty. He was in a particularly happy mood this day, and before we had gone far he gave me the reason.

"'My son,' he said, 'is doing better than I expected. He is making a great success.'

"'How?' I asked.

"'He has started a lumber yard up in Albany.'

"'All out of his own head?' I inquired.

"'I don't believe that Saxe altogether liked my question, but I meant no harm.'

Speaking of Saxe suggested other poets, and Mr. Stoddard asked whether anyone could recall the conundrum once propounded concerning Fitz James O'Brien. O'Brien, by the way, was a thorough bohemian. He lived up to his last cent, and seldom occupied the same rooms for any length of time. No one remembered the riddle.

"I'll tell you, then," continued the poet. "I think it was Marshal who propounded it. It was, 'Why is O'Brien like the Almighty?' The answer was, 'Because he moves in a mysterious way.'"

Voted the Pension.

Somebody the other day repeated to a Cleveland Plain Dealer man a story of Senator Jones of Nevada, which was told at a Roadside club dinner not long ago.

The incident was the result of one of President Cleveland's vetoes. The president had vetoed an old woman's p