THE DAILY HERALD.

Published Every Day by
THE HERALD COMPANY,

OFFICE, THE HERALD block, corner West Temple and First South streets, Salt Lake City.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

DAILY, PER MONTH.....85 CENTS
Daily, six months.....$ 5 00
Daily, per year..... 10 00
Semi-weekly, per year..... 1 50
Sunday, per year..... 2 00

COMPLAINTS.—Subscribers who fail to receive a single copy of THE HERALD should immediately notify the publishers. Readers who are unable to purchase THE HERALD at any news stand or on any railroad train in Utah, Idaho, Nevada, Wyoming or Colorado, will oblige us by reporting that fact.

WASHINGTON BUREAU.—West End National Bank building, 1415 G street, N. W.

NEW YORK OFFICE.—E. Katz, 230-234 Temple Court building.

CHICAGO OFFICE.—87 Washington street.

OGDEN BUREAU.—Utah Loan & Trust Company building.

Address all remittances to HERALD COMPANY.

Subscribers removing from one place to another, and desiring papers changed, should always give former as well as present address.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

Yesterday's Record at the Local Office of the Weather Bureau.

Salt Lake City, Utah, July 22, 1899.

Maximum temperature, 77 degrees; minimum temperature, 62 degrees; mean temperature, 70 degrees, which is 7 degrees below the normal; accumulated excess of temperature since first of month, 22 degrees; accumulated deficiency of temperature since Jan. 1, 98 degrees; total precipitation from 6 p. m. to 6 p. m., .01 inch; accumulated excess of precipitation since first of month, .02 inch; accumulated excess of precipitation since Jan. 1, 1.66 inches.

DEFENSE AND PROSECUTION.

Benbrook, the gambler who killed Burt Morris, may congratulate himself on the array of distinguished lawyers engaged in his defense. They represent a variety of experience, eloquence, adroitness and knowledge of the law such as could scarcely be excelled or equaled by any other combination of firms in the state. Their conduct of the case on preliminary hearing is masterly. They are paving the way for their client's acquittal or a light sentence by establishing everything material to his defense and minimizing those points essentially injurious to his cause. In a word they are doing what can be done by the combined ingenuity and ability of five brainy men.

And the prosecution? What is called the prosecution is represented by one bright young man, an assistant county attorney. His experience, though fair, is brief and inadequate when compared with the years of legal battle every one of his opponents has had. The chief of the prosecution has gone on a vacation while the most important case of his term is being outlined. This, too, after he had declared he was elected for the purpose of conducting the business of the office—a duty he would not share with assistant counsel outside of his own staff.

The contrast between the energy of the defense and the apathy of the county attorney does not bode well for the state's interests at the trial. The Herald believes Mr. Putnam should accept the co-operation of additional counsel and should be present during every stage of the Benbrook case. Either that or he should explain at once why he refuses assistance and absents himself from the city at an important stage in the hearing.

GENERAL FUNSTON'S VIEWS.

General Fred Funston is a patriot. The rankest imperialist will not deny it. The meanest stay-at-home champion of "more war" will hardly dare to call him a copperhead. He is brave. He doesn't shrink from the responsibilities of war. He even courts dangers. When he talks of the situation in the Philippines he has the advantage of all these qualities and rare opportunities for personal observation, besides.

He thinks that "the acquisition of the Philippines would be a mistake," and that if such acquisition by conquest were disclaimed the war would end at once.

In an interview just published in the New York papers the famous fighting Kansan says: "I believe there should be less gunpowder and more diplomacy." This from one who dearly loves the smell of gunpowder, too. He says that a frank, open policy on the part of the administration would have averted the war, and that the entire confidence of the insurgents can be won by some reasonable concessions they ask now.

He tells the secret of the president's policy, and all who know the influences that control Mr. McKinley will be able to recognize their hand in this. "Big syndicates and capitalists," says General Funston, "would probably reap benefits from the retention of the islands, but outside of a few exceptional individuals I can see no advantage in their possession by the United States."

Now let the administration press pour the vials of contract wrath upon the head of the little Kansan.

WHERE TIN IS OBTAINED.

An exchange wants to know if the tin plate tariff has not developed a great mining industry in this country from which the raw material used by the trust is drawn; and ventures the assertion that "the tariff has made this country a leading tin producer."

If this be true it is to be regarded in the light of news. The tin consumed by the trust mills is not found in this country, but comes from several sources. The most desirable tin comes from the Straits Settlements, on the Malay peninsula, and is known as Banca tin. It is by far the purest, and has been sought after by manufacturers for over a hundred years. Australia is probably the largest producer of block tin. It is also found in paying quantities in Tasmania. But the United States is not regarded as a tin producing country at all, in spite of the costly and numerous attempts to develop prospects which showed the presence of the metal.

As early as 1840 tin was discovered in California, but there was no tin mining done until 1858. Over a million dollars were spent on these mines, but one company after another gave up discouraged, and the total product of the state, for all the outlay, was 289,000 pounds of tin, valued at $56,000. The Harney Peak mine, situated near Custer City, in the Black Hills region, recalls the story of another enormous outlay and futile attempt to obtain tin in commercial quantities. It is said that over $2,000,000 has been expended, while the total yield has been less than ten tons of ore. In Alabama, North Carolina, Virginia, and in Utah, tin bearing rock has been found, but the United States is not in any sense a tin producing country.

For twelve centuries the mines of Cornwall constituted the only source of this metal. In 1240 it was found in Bohemia. But the tin used in the plate mills of this country comes from the South Pacific mines.

REMEDY FOR THE TRUST EVIL.

Some time ago the local Republican organ, alarmed at the growth of the tariff-fed trusts, of which the tin plate trust is the very plainest type, declared in favor of a repeal of all tariff duties on articles which are produced by trusts.

This was virtually a renunciation of McKinleyism, which we rather expected to see our neighbor take back after the widely known editor's return from his Washington engagement. It was a practical repudiation of the Dingley law, which was "framed at the behest of eastern monopolies and at the expense of the rest of the country," and we knew, in reason, that our morning contemporary would have to reverse its position on that, as upon nearly every other question.

Other Republican newspapers have declared themselves in favor of the same remedy for the trust evil, but all that are party hacks will eat their words, exactly as the local organ of Republicanism has done. Next year, if not before, when the Democratic party goes before the people, as it will, with a declaration against the gold trust and every other trust, these same newspapers will be found whooping things up for the party and the candidates of the single gold standard and high tariff—behind which the same influence is at work.

The trusts own the Republican party and all its newspapers, those which honestly believe in McKinley's policies, as well as those which have expressed their dislike and opposition to them.

They know and admit that the most effective blow which these monsters could be dealt would be a revision of the tariff along the lines advocated by the Democrats for a dozen years or more. But that will never be done until the people throw off the grasp of plutocracy and restore the Democratic party to power.

AUTOMOBILES IN FRANCE.

While France has had roads for a thousand years and wide streets for 200 years, and good roads for 100 years and macademized roads for fifty years it is only a matter of a decade since the roads of that country and the streets of Paris reached their present state of perfection. Rubber tires have been in use just about that long and automobiles and bicycles have been traveling those roads and streets fully a third of that time.

A near contemporary, whose penchant for quarreling prompts it to seize upon any pretext, denies that the bicycle and the automobiles, so common in France, have had anything to do with the present excellence of the roads. The Herald prefers to rely upon the Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune who has the advantage of being on the ground, as well as in the employ of a reputable newspaper. In a letter dated April 21, he wrote as follows:

"Since the appearance of the horseless carriage a great revival has taken place in road improvement. The streets and highways are scrupulously kept in a condition never before deemed necessary. Travelers who praised the boulevards of Paris and the country roads of France fifteen years ago would hardly know them now. That their present perfection is due to the popularity of the bicycle and the growing use of the automobile is a generally accepted fact."

Recently there appeared in the columns of the Mail and Express a communication expressing exactly the same view. But "France has been working on her roads a thousand years" says our querulous neighbor. Certainly. The people of the north Atlantic states have been working on their roads for two hundred years or more. The people of the middle west have been working on their roads for fifty years perhaps. But there never was such an era of road improvement in this country as the present and who will say that the general use of bicycles and the automobile agitation are not largely responsible for it?

If the present perfection of highways in France is of a thousand years' standing, why was it necessary for the French "secretary of the interior," as our neighbor calls him, "to write some thirty years ago, a learned paper to demonstrate the economy in transportation of farm products that could be effected by improvement in roads?"

When our own roads require a lecture to teamsters from the secretary of the interior we shall not brag about them, until an automobile or bicycle craze comes along to work a reform.

CENSORSHIP IN FRANCE.

A judge before whom some matter incident to the Dreyfus investigation was aired has just been suspended for two months because he gave the facts, which were comparatively unimportant, to a newspaper reporter.

If the lawyer, witness, judge or general who furnished La Figaro with the secret proceedings of the court of cassation could be discovered a long term of imprisonment would doubtless be his portion.

And thus the censorship of the press is established and maintained in France, even as imperialists would have it in this country, as the postmaster general has sought to enforce it, and as General Otis has made it effective in the islands of the South seas.

DEWEY'S VOYAGE HOME.

The great admiral is more than half way home. He has been retracing with leisure the voyage he made to everlasting fame. Untried, and, to the world at large, unknown, he sailed to Asiatic waters three years ago. He returns to find an ovation in every port. Amid the glad acclaim of an admiring world he retraces the steps that led to his glory. And what a welcome awaits him here at home!

His first stop was at Hongkong, where he received the orders that gave him the chance of his life. From there he went to Singapore; then to Colombo, Aden, Suez, and now he is at Trieste, the most important seaport of the Austrian monarchy—the home of the grandfather of the defeated king of Spain. Even there his welcome is cordial, almost enthusiastic.

All the world admires a hero. And since his undertaking, begun with the sympathies of continental Europe against him, with apprehension here at home—resulted in such a signal triumph all humanity cheers the victor.

"MOLLY O'NEILL."

(New York World.)

There's a girl in our neighborhood every one knows;
They say she's the belle of the town.
At picnics and parties wherever she goes
'Tis Mollie O'Neill gains renown.
One day in her childhood she said she'd be mine;
With a kiss then her promise did seal,
But now she's grown old, she says, I decline
To change my name—Mollie O'Neill.

The story of Charles Graham, the song writer, who has just died, has never been told. He loved a girl in New England. Stowed away in the archives of his memory Graham cherished the reminiscence of his youthful days before liquor won a fierce fought battle. Of the girl he seldom spoke, and only then to his friends. "I think I will write a song about her," he said one day.

"I met her in New England. She was pretty and we fell in love. But there were other men who loved her and she was a coquette. I think that explains it. I stood it as long as I could, then one day I went away. It has all passed now and I shall write a song."

William Harding, a few days before the song writer's death, found Graham in a chair in a saloon. He was staring straight ahead of him. Suddenly he jumped to his feet.

"I've got it. I'll write now before it gets out of my head," he said. "The melody is there and the words are there."

Graham looked about for a piece of paper. There was none. He took off a cuff, spread it out in front of him on the sticky table, and was soon absorbed in his work. He hummed the air until he had jotted it down on the cuff. Then he began on the verses.

He completed the song, a portion of which appears at the beginning of this article. Then he drank to the health of Mollie O'Neill.

Robert P. Glaser, who was associated with Graham in the publishing of all his songs, came upon the copy of the song, "Mollie O'Neill." The next day he sought the pretty vaudeville actress Kitty Mitchell, now singing one of Graham's songs. She read the words, then sang them. Suddenly she turned pale.

"Who wrote that?" she demanded.

"Why, Graham, of course."

"Is it her? Can it be—you know I have not seen him—"

There are those who say that Kitty Mitchell can put a telling personality into the song of "Mollie O'Neill."

THE MAN WITH LAWNMOWER.

(Chicago Tribune.)

(With suitable explanations to Edward Markham.)

Bowed by the meanness of the act, he leans
Upon the handle, gazes on the ground,
With empty stomach—'tis but 5 a. m.—
And on his back naught but an undershirt,
Who made him dead to other people's rights,
A thing that cares not how much woe he makes,
Stolid and selfish brother to the ox?
His is the hand that shoves that thing along
Whose loud, infernal racket breaks the sleep!
Is this Thing, made in likeness of a man,
To have dominion o'er the neighborhood;
To end the tired dreamer's morning nap;
And shall no victim have the right to shoot him?
Is this the Dream of all the ages past,
For whose sake bends the spacious firmament?
Down all the block to its remotest house
There is no dread so terrible as this—
More potent to o'erwhelm the soul with wrath,
More filled with portent of a day's unrest—
More fraught with emphasized profanity!

* * * * * * *

O masters, lords and Aldermen, give ear!
How will ye deal out justice to this Man?
How answer when some gaunt, long-suffering wretch
Whose slumbers he has murdered craves the right
To punch his head off and once more bring peace
To a distracted neighborhood? Ye men—
Ye men who rule the town, 'tis up to you!

CLARIBEL!

(Atlanta Constitution.)

Claribel! Claribel!
Do you know adown the dell
Where Love's ministering spirits dwell,
Dearest one;
Thrills the June gale's welcome note;
Shines the humming bird afloat,
Like a flashing, golden mote
In the sun.

Claribel! Claribel!
Shadows lengthen, and the swell
Of the night wind sounds the knell
Of the day;
'Neath a pall of purple cloud,
Mists of amber for his shroud,
Lies in state its monarch proud
Far away.

Claribel! Claribel!
Will you listen while I tell
That old story conned so well,
While afar
Glows the twilight with the mirth
That illumines all the earth
And the heavens o'er the birth
Of a star!

Claribel! Claribel!
Ah! the glamour and the spell
Of rare odors and the smell
Of the musk;
Droops each dewey blossomed stalk
Just to listen to you talk,
As with dallying feet we walk
In the dusk!

Claribel! Claribel!
Not for years of asphodel
Bordered Eden would I sell
One sweet hour
Of such enjoyment as this,
With the burden and the bliss
Of my lady's tender kiss
In her bower!

ALL SHE NEEDS TO KNOW.

(Cassell's Saturday Journal.)

She isn't very witty; she isn't wise;
But when a girl has dimples, and glittering stars for eyes
Hair like sunshine gleaming, and a voice both sweet and low,
A little bit of nothing is all she needs to know.
She does not talk of X-rays or internecine strife,
Of eastern persecution, or ills that bother life;
Of massacres in China, inhabitants of Mars,
And she adores light vaudeville, not operatic stars.
She has no aspirations; she longs for no career;
She has no wish for suffrage, of tyrant man no fear;
She never wrote a novel, a poem or a play—
She prefers a bonnet to laurel leaves—or bay.
She's never heard of microbes, bacteria and the like;
Of sociologic questions—why laborers have to strike,
Why some have all the money and some have all the work;
Or why the poor Armenian is harassed by the Turk.
But, Oh, she smiles and dimples at everything that's said;
And, Oh, her hair is golden, and Oh, her lips are red!
Her eyes are real cerulean, her voice is sweet—and so
A little bit of nothing is all she needs to know.

Much Misunderstood.

(Washington Star.)

"How did it happen that the American young woman who led the demonstration in Paris wasn't compelled to be quiet sooner?"

"It was a mistake all round. The English people thought she was speaking French and the French people thought she was speaking French."

Slim.

(Detroit Free Press.)

"Papa," asked the boy who has just passed for the high school, "What is the chance for universal peace as a result of that commission?"

"Just the same chance, my boy, that there is for the kitchen range to become covered with icicles on wash day when your mother is superintending the job."

SOME GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Edison Gave In.

(New York World.)

Thomas A. Edison had his offices at one time in the Rookery building in Chicago. One day Mr. Edison's telephone got out of order. He could hear people all right, although he is hard of hearing. But for the life of him he couldn't make himself heard. So he sent a messenger for an expert to repair the instrument.

The expert was a tall, broad-shouldered Irish boy named Jim Cary. Jim went around to the Edison offices shaking in his shoes.

"It must be a devil of a 'case of trouble,'" he said to himself, "if the Wizard can't 'clear' it."

But it wasn't. Long-distance transmitters, which are nothing but granulated carbon boxes with a diaphragm in front, sometimes pack so tight that the vibrations of the diaphragm when you talk don't move the particles at all. To remedy this one has only to tap the transmitter with a pair of pliers to shake the carbon particles loose, when it talks as good as new.

Jim did this involuntarily when he took the receiver off the hook, then rang the bell, whispered "How'dy" to the operator, and pronounced the machine O. K.

Mr. Edison, who had watched the scene with intense interest, looked at Jim and then at the telephone.

"How did you do it?" he asked of Jim.

"Do what?" said Jim.

"Fix it!" said Edison.

"Go on!" said Jim, "there warn't nothing the matter."

"Cary," responded Mr. Edison, "do me the honor of having a drink. You have beaten me at my own game."

"That was the proudest moment of my life," said Jim.

The Simple Truth.

(Collier's Weekly.)

Deeds of valor and self-sacrifice in the face of the enemy are not always accompanied by rhetorical fireworks. During the Zulu war, after an engagement in which the British troops were defeated by Cetewayo's black warriors, and were compelled to fly for their lives, an English cavalryman, whose scraggy little pony limped from an assagai slash, detached himself from the retreat and galloped back upon the charging Zulus.

A glance over his shoulder had shown him a dismounted comrade, stumbling painfully along trying to jam some cartridges into his clogged revolver. When the trooper's pony trotted up the Zulus were almost upon the two soldiers. Fortunately, however, they had discarded their spears, and were mishandling captured carbines.

Now, in a melodrama or in a realistic novel, the language of these two gallant soldiers, one to the other, would have been noble, lofty and inspiring. This is what they really said:

"Get out of this, Bill, ye bloomin' idiot—the black beggars will skewer ye," gasped the wounded man.

"You climb up on this 'orse or I'll punch yer 'ead off!" was the reply of the other.

And it is delightful to be able to say that he did climb up, and they both escaped from the "black beggars," and the trooper got the Victoria Cross.

Worth the Journey.

(Youth's Companion.)

Doctor McIlrath and wife of Chicago, who journeyed round the world on their bicycles, consuming three years or more in the trip, by reason of unforeseen delays in inhospitable countries, arrived home last winter.

As on the occasion of their departure, a large crowd had seen them off, so upon their return the streets were thronged with people eager to witness their home-coming.

One of a group of persons who watched the scene from an upper window as the globe-trotters, escorted by hundreds of local cyclers, wheeled into view, remarked:

"Well, there they come. And now I'd like to know what they have gained by that long ride, so full of hardships and privations?"

"Did you see them when they rode away from here?" asked another.

"Yes."

"Did you notice that they had dropped handle-bars and rode with a hump?"

"I think I did."

"Well, they're coming back with raised handle-bars and are sitting up straight. That was worth the trip, perhaps. They have learned how to ride a bicycle."

False Teeth a "Jonah."

(Toledo Blade.)

There is in Toledo a young grocery clerk who would like to meet the inventor of the self-coiling string-holder. That man is responsible for the grocery clerk's undoing.

The clerk got into the habit, years ago, of biting off the string instead of breaking it, after tying bundles. Naturally his teeth protested against the practice. At length they gave up and wore out.

He bought false teeth. Before he fairly good acquainted with them, so to speak, the patent string-holder was established in the store. Then, as fate would have it, a young woman whom he secretly admired came in to buy five pounds of sugar.

With the activity of an anxious lover he made up the package and tied it. Then, according to his old custom, he bent forward and severed the string with his teeth.

But he forgot the holder and he did not realize that the end of the cord had wedged itself between two of his teeth—until, as the spring rolled up the slack, his "plate" was hoisted from his mouth and triumphantly waved aloft at the end of the string.

A One-eyed Fighter.

(Youth's Companion.)

During the late Spanish-American war a certain old colonel who had lost an eye at the battle of Gettysburg was very indignant because he was put aside as physically incapacitated, when he applied for admission to one of the New York volunteer regiments.

Filled with wrath and chagrin, the colonel journeyed to Washington bent on having a personal interview with the president. He succeeded in gaining an audience, and the president, after listening to his plea kindly, said:

"But, my good Colonel J., you have only one eye!"

"Just so, sir," was the prompt rejoinder, "but can't you see the great advantage of my having only one eye? When I aim my gun, I shan't have to close the other!"

He fought at Santiago.

Not Bound By Notions.

(Washington Post.)

One member of our local theatrical colony tells this story on himself: He was spending the summer in a suburban town, and as he is an exceedingly fastidious person, he found it somewhat difficult to find quarters quite to his liking. He went one day to look at rooms in a house on the Tennallytown road. The landlady seemed not at all impressed by his personality.

"My name is So-and-So" he said.

"Are you in office?" she asked.

"Certainly not, madam," he replied, with dignity. "I am a professional. I am an actor, madam."

"Oh, well," she answered, cheerfully, "that wouldn't make no difference if you paid in advance. I ain't got no old-fashioned prejudices."

He Uttered the Sesame.

(San Francisco Argonaut.)

The late Senator Sessions of New York was a clerical looking man, always wearing an immaculate white cravat, but his appearance was in some respects deceptive. The will of Stephen Girard provided that no clergyman should ever be allowed to enter Girard college at Philadelphia. One day Mr. Sessions approached the entrance.

"You can't come in here," said the janitor.

"The —— I can't," said the stranger.

"Oh," said the janitor, "excuse me. Step right in."

An Unnecessary Explanation.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

He was describing a hold-up in which he had played the star part.

"You," he said, "the biggest ruffian held me so tightly against the brick wall that I could feel the mortar scratching my backbone. 'Gimme your watch,' he growled. I gave it to him immediately."

There was a pause.

"Gave it right up, eh?" said a breathless listener.

"Yes," said the victim, "I did." Then he dreamily added: "You see I was pressed for time."

The Joke On Splints.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

"Awfully good joke on young Splints, isn't it?"

"Didn't hear it."

"He sized a man up for appendicitis, and favored him with a hasty operation."

"What's the joke? Man dead?"

"Man's dead all right enough, but that ain't the joke. They found out at the autopsy that he was born without any appendix. How's that?"

MURRAY'S LOVE LORN MAIDEN RESTRAINED BY THE POLICE

Tekla Josephine Swenson, a demure and tiny maiden from the wilds of smoky Murray, has lost the chance of her existence. Not that Tekla is to enlist in the Angelus singing society or anything like that, but the last dim spark of love's conflagration has flickered in young cupid's coal oil stove, and died for want of Venus' gasoline.

It is a romance, lying only in sweet Tekla's tender years. She is but 17, and her older sister Hulda, takes an interest in her love affairs that Tekla fails, at times, to appreciate. So does the mother. And when, three weeks ago, Spigoletti Costello, a handsome type of manhood from Sicily, swooped down upon the tender hearts of Murray's belles, the harmony that long had been, was destroyed. A reign of terror set in. Every village favorite set her cap for the count of Vermicelli's isle.

"Spig" worked in the smelters. Day after day he trod the extensive dump, towing forevermore his gondolian wheelbarrow. Hence a sight of him was rare and many of his conquered hearts ne'er ventured to the smelter. But his name was cast abroad and read by scores. Tekla was one of these. Captivated by the mellifluous morsels as she rolled thein 'neath her tongue—"Spigoletti Costello Tekla Swenson"—again and again she breathed the words and cherished hope that some day they might be compressed. Finally the meeting came, and all went well until "Spig" one evening called at the Swenson homestead. The mother observed him carefully, but decided he did not possess the classic features that must be those of her happy Tekla's wooer.

Suddenly "Spig" was called away. Rumor had it that $170,000,000 had been bequeathed to him by a second cousin afflicted with appendicitis, and that he was going home to inherit the fortune. Tekla's rivals were maddened, but Tekla stood aloof and bid them strike. The date for his departure was set. It was to be next Tuesday and the village store keepers swift submitted bids for Tekla's traveling garb.

Meanwhile, the mother had resolved that her daughter's place was at home and to further impress it upon "Spig's" mind, planted a 10-bore shot gun just within the up-stairs window, fastening a string to the trigger and making close connections with a 12-pound flat-iron in the pantry. Then Hulda sought the Salt Lake chief of police and Tekla was hastily summoned to the station. With dire warnings of railroad accidents and other fearful casualties invited by such a journey, she was induced to stay at home and nurse her feelings until her beloved "Spig" should return with his wealth. He goes Tuesday.

NOTES ABOUT PEOPLE.

The report that the king of Belgium would visit Newport this summer is discredited in official quarters in Washington. No such intimation, they say, has come from any of our officials abroad.

The Fremdenblatt (Tourist Journal), which is published daily at Vienna, has the unique honor of having on its staff the oldest working journalist in the world, Herr Leopold Ritter von Blumencron, who was born on Feb. 21, 1804.

Daniel Wells of Milwaukee, aged 85, is the oldest living ex-congressman in the west.

Napoleon the Third's last dwelling place, and the scene of his death—Camden House, Chislehurst, and its beautiful grounds—is in future to serve as a golf course.

Bailey Harrell, who has just passed away in Cleves, O., was a school teacher in his younger days and gave ex-President Benjamin Harrison his early training.

Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, with all her traveling, is a very domestic woman, and particularly fond of managing her house, though she has not, as yet, adopted the fad of "cooking lessons."

Major James J. Peterson, who has been appointed confidential interpreter to Major General Otis, is business manager of the Charleston (W. Va.) Mail-Tribune, and spent four years under President Harrison as American consul at Tegucigalpa, Honduras.

The rewards of literature are frequently disappointing, but many a worker in other branches of activity would be satisfied to leave his family the $140,000 bequeathed by the novelist, William Black, to his wife and children.

There has just died at Fulham, England, at the age of 92, in very poor circumstances, Count Orsi, formerly attache to Napoleon II. He wrote a series of papers dealing with important episodes in the life of Louis Napoleon, and these were included in a volume—"Recollections of the Last Half Century"—published nearly twenty years ago.

Don Climaco Calderon, the new Colombian minister at Washington, is about 40 and of fine appearance and pleasant address. He speaks English fluently, having long been consul general in New York.

The late Robert Bonner did not show his years at the time of his death. His hair was hardly tinged with gray; his cheeks were pink and his eye clear. He was frequently mistaken for his son.

The shah of Persia has a superstitious dread of lobster and salmon. He will never permit them to be placed upon his table, being firmly convinced that misfortune would follow their appearance.

Joel Chandler Harris has a horror of the theatre. He has never in his life been known to enter the doors of one except to hear a reading by James Whitcomb Riley.

Editor Bennett of the Casey Times occupies the pulpit of the Rev. Mr. Tull of Marshall, Ills., whenever the latter is unable to preach.

Saved His Reputation.

(Chicago Tribune.)

"Yes," said Mr. Chugwater, "out in Colorado I've seen strawberries so big"—

Here Mrs. Chugwater gave him a warning glance.

"So big," he went on, "you couldn't eat more than a pint of them to save your life."

The American Plan.

(New York Journal.)

Smith—Are you going to allow your daughter to marry that worthless young dude?"

Brown—I haven't decided yet. In fact, I don't know whether my daughter is going to allow me to have anything to say about it.

Cause and Effect.

(Judge.)

Uncle Thomas—I like ter git up early. Then I can git my work done 'fore night an' be able ter go ter bed early.

Johnny—W'ot yer want ter go ter bed early fer?

Uncle Thomas—Why, so's I can git up early. You know mighty little 'bout the true philosophy of life.

Profit For the Druggist.

(New York Journal.)

Mrs. Richmond—I always hate to go into a drug store and ask to see the directory and then walk out without buying anything.

Mrs. Bronxborough—Oh I never do that. I always buy a postage stamp or something.

Needed Change.

(Ohio Journal.)

First Citizen—I see the idea of voting by machine is gaining in popularity. Do you think the mass of the voters will easily learn how to work it?

Second Citizen—I hope so. Heretofore the machine has always worked the voter.

Could Not Speculate.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

"Yes, sir, I have always felt that my legislative career was a dead failure.

"Why so?"

"Just because the party I represented was so overwhelmingly strong in the legislature that a single vote was worth little or nothing."

Had His Own Vehicle.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

The new man in the political sprint came loping along at a rattling pace.

"Here, you," yelled a gang of partisans at the roadside, "climb into our band-wagon if you want to get there."

The new man waved his hand.

"That's all right, boys!" he cried, "you [illegible] to the band wagon and I'll take the [illegible]."

[illegible]d he did.

Coming of a New Disease.

(Chicago Tribune.)

Dr. Squills—What was the matter with that cab driver you were called to see last night?

Dr. Kallomel—As nearly as I can describe, what ails him is automobiliousness.

THE BALL PLAYERS FROM BARNUM'S.

1—It looked like a home run for sure.

2—but the fielders dexterousiy applied a little gymnastic exercise—

3—and the ball was caught—

4—amidst loud applause.

He Wishes So.

(Chicago News.)

Stubb—Moving from one house to the other so often has changed Briggs' favorite oath.

Penn—How is that?

Stubbs—Well, he used to say, "I hope I may never die!"

Penn—What does he say now?

Stubbs—"I hope I may never move!"

A Death Sentence.

(New York Journal.)

Handout Harry—I'm afraid we'll never see pore Weary agin.

Tiepass Teddy—Wot's happened to him?

Handout Harry—De jedge sentenced him ter ten days in de workhouse.

An Unpardonable Result.

(Chicago News.)

"I never use any of the butter sold in the markets on my table," remarked the landlady. "This butter came from my uncle's dairy in Wisconsin."

"Is it possible?" said the irreverent boarder. "And did it walk?"

The Pie Trust.

(Indianapolis Journal.)

"Is it true," asked the cadaverous man, "that there is to be a pie trust?"

"There has been one for more than a hundred years," answered the fat man, "and every four years we hold an election to see who shall run it."

His Soft Spot.

(Chicago News.)

Edna—Did the sentimental singer impress you Reggy?

Reggy—Yeas; she touched a soft spot, doncherknow.

Edna—You must have been sitting quite near the stage.

A Good Name.

(Chicago News.)

Tramp—Yep, lady, I'se known from Maine to California as "Printed Calico."

Lady—What a funny name. Why do they call you that?

Tramp—'Cause if yer went ter wash me I'd run.

Sui Generis.

(New York World.)

Ethel (excitedly)—Oh, papa, hurry quick! Mr. Sappy is lying on the parlor sofa in great pain. He swallowed his monocle!

Papa (coolly)—Well, can't it be duplicated?

Ethel—Oh, yes; but Mr. Sappy can't!

STOCKS AND INVESTMENTS.

Utah Bank and Commercial Stocks and other High Grade Investment Securities bought and sold.

Loans on Stocks.

Dividend-paying stocks bought and sold. Investment orders from institutions, trustees of estates and capitalists will receive the best of attention.

JOHN C. CUTLER, JR.,
Tel. 127. 36 Main Street.

Our Regular Summer Cash Clearing Sale

NOW ON.

NO RESERVE. EVERY ARTICLE IN OUR STORE MUST GO.

ROWLAND HALL,

Boarding and Day School for Girls.

Under the Care of the Episcopal Church.

The very best care given to children. The instruction is of teh highest order.

The location of the school is beautiful and healthful.

For information or catalogue address

MISS CLARA COLBURN,
Principal.

WE NEVER LOSE OUR GRIP

On the Soda Water trade of this section. People who buy of us once and appreciate pure goods, buy of us always. We strive to make each sale make us another one. Only one way to do this, GOOD GOODS. Our Red Seal Brand of summer drinks has the reputation of being the very best, and we mean to keep it so.

The Salt Lake City Soda Water Co.

The Sign of the Red Seal.

34 to 40 West Third South St.

Telephone 155.

Ogden Branch 145 25th Street.

Our Alta Club Special Root Beer is gaining every day with the critical people.

J. Auerbach & Bro.

REDUCTION SALE.

Our entire stock of Gent's Underwear, Soft Shirts and Children's Straw Hats are marked down cheaper than ever before.

Boy's small and medium brim Straw Hats, cut from 20 to. 10c

Straw Sailors, assorted colors, 15c and 25c.

Our entire line of Boys' and Youths' Straw Hats, regardless of cost, choice 35c

Lightweight Normal Underwear, all sizes, reduced from 70cts the suit to 40c

Fine French Balbriggan, Imported, each garment..... 50c