THIRTEEN TON STONE PLACED AT NEW UNIVERSITY BUILDING

There has just been delivered at the new university grounds, to be placed over the main entrance of one of the buildings, the largest piece of sandstone ever quarried in the west. This stone measures fourteen and one-half feet in length, three feet and nine inches in depth and three feet and eleven inches in width. The weight of this great stone is 26,000 pounds.

It was quarried by Robert B. Miller of the Red Butte quarries. The hauling of this stone from the quarry to the university grounds was done by pressing into use the old-time rock wagons of John W. Young, operated by six span of horses. The time required to transfer the stone was two weeks.

This is the second of these great stones that Mr. Miller has got out, and he naturally feels proud of the accomplishment, as it is very difficult to get out such monsters without breaking them. This rock that will adorn the new university building is the largest in the state, and probably in the west. It is a good evidence of the rock resources about the city.

NEW SPORT FOR BOYS AND MEN.

A GAME OF TETHER BALL.

The illustration shows a game of tether ball in full progress. To give the best results the pole should be about sixteen feet long. As two feet must be buried to make it stand firmly, fourteen feet will be above ground.

Two rackets are necessary, one for each player. If you possess tennis rackets they may be used; if not, rackets cut from a pine board will do quite as well. The cord to which the ball is attached should be eleven feet long. Fasten the ball to the cord by meeans of a small net. If there is some member of the opposite sex who you can interest in tether ball (and this game is quite as well suited for girls as boys) she can probably crochet a net for you with very little trouble; but if this kindly aid can not be secured, a strong and durable fastening may be made as follows: Cut from a piece of canton flannel or chamois a disc ten inches long. Make a large knot in the end of the cord. Gather the flannel or chamois about the ball and knot. This firmly by binding the edges of the disc close to the cord above the knot. Paint a black circle one inch wide six feet from the base of the pole. Bore a hole three inches from the top of the pole; push the end of the cord through, and then knot it. This makes much the best fastening.

To play: Toss up to see which player shall have the choice of court. The courts consist of half the circle about the pole. If the winner of the toss prefer he may forfeit the choice of court and choose in which direction he will wind the ball. After deciding this point the two players take position in their respective courts. (On no account must they make an off-side play by trespassing into the court of an opponent.) The player to whom has fallen the choice of direction now begins the game by knocking the ball around the pole in either direction he may desire. His object is now to continue the play until the cord is entirely wound round the pole. His opponent's play is to, if possible, interrupt this and start the ball in the opposite direction. The last decisive turn of the cord which brings the ball against the pole must be above the black ring mentioned. If a player strike the cord above the ball, and so winding it around his racket and stopping it altogether, his opponent is allowed a free serve.

JAMES H. BEARD.

MIKE'S MONSTER.

Crowd Would Not Let Him Finish His Story.

(New York Press.)

"It was just off Montauk Point when he took my bait," began Mike enthusiastically, "I knew I had a whopper the minute"——

"How long was he, Mike?"

"Just six feet eight and one-half inches without the"——

"I'll take a little ginger ale," broke in one of the row of regular patrons—"on the outside, please."

"Oh, I knew he wouldn't believe me," said Mike, "but I tell you that was a regular sea"——

"Just a bit of brandy on top, please," said another of the regulars. "Thanks, that's enough."

Mike placed the bottle on the carefully arranged sideboard at Lynch's, No. 99 Nassau street, then turned to finish his fish story to the empty air. That was six months ago. Ever since he has been trying to tell that story, but never succeeded.

It became a mania with him, and being unable to continue his tale for five consecutive seconds, he fell into the habit of serving it in sections at odd intervals with mixed drinks or the real thing.

"There were five of us in the boat originally," Mike would begin. "There was Bob Brown, Jack Cusic, the Rev. Mr. —— of Brooklyn, Captain Booth and myself. I say there were five of us at first, but that monster thinned us out gradually until only it and the preacher were left"——

"Sort o' survival of the fittest, eh?"

"Well, he started straight for the boat the moment I struck him," Mike would say, still clinging to his text. "He evidently had his mad up and was going to get even, for he came right in over the side of the boat and started toward Jack Cusic, who was between the monster and the minister, and thought his time had come.

"'Take the minister!' Take the minister' Jack yelled. 'He's ready to go and I ain't. Neither is Lynch, so'——

"'What'll you have, boys?' came the moaning across the bar, and requests for soul searchers followed.

Mike looked pained, but gulped down his indignation along with the rest.

"That sea serpent took a dislike to Bob at first sight and made a rush for him. It would have been all over with Bob if I hadn't taken a quick half turn around its tail. As the hook was still in his mouth, I stopped him. With the remark that he didn't like the company I kept, Bob dropped overboard to cheer up Cusic, who had taken to the water from the sea serpent took to the boat. Mounting ridiculous and useless suggestions to me, such as 'try a half Nelson on him, Mike,' or 'wake up,' or 'why don't you swear off?' or some such aggravating thing to a busy man.

"Well that thing seemed sort of disappointed that it hadn't got Bob, who was nice and fat, and it got so mad it grabbed the seat in its enormous jaws, tipped it from its lashings and"——

"I'll all take cigars this time."

"And shook it like a terrier does a rat, all"——

"Make mine the same."

"Till Captain Booth woke up. You see the captain had gone to sleep about the time the bait ran low. We had reached the boat for more, but not a trace was to be found, so the captain had to forget it by going to sleep.

"Booth didn't seem pleased with the world he woke up in. He grinned sort of sickly at me and the minister and struck out a dry and dusty tongue in a pleading way, and just then that monster rose its six feet eight and one-half inches from the bottom of the boat and struck out its tongue just like the captain.

"Boys I have seen a pet corn stepped on; I have heard the twang of a busted fiddle at a ballroom; I have seen the last drink ooze from a cracked bottle into the thirsty sands of Coney island; I have seen youths run a sliver between their tiny toe nail and the quick, and have witnessed men shaving themselves with dull razors, but never, never have I seen the look that I saw on Booth's face as he went over the side of the"——

"Seltzer all around," was the subdued order. Seeing he had them going, Mike pressed his advantage too far.

"That left only the minister, the sea serpent and myself in the boat. You see, I always was a modest man, so I put myself in the background as much as possible. The thing started for the preacher first, and getting hold of his coat, tore that garment clear up to his ecclesiastical collar, and I crawled from the cuddy hole. I forgot to tell you I fell into it when the thing first came over the side. It was a small cabin, you know, but I had a great deal of trouble getting from beneath the tarpaulins that I—that is, I mean the snake—piled on me while it had a heart-to-heart talk with the preacher. I jumped up and grabbed an oar and gave that snake an awful blow right where the preacher's torn coat tails parted, and——'

"What is it now, boys?" asked the bookworm of the party.

"Knockout drops will do me," murmured the bookmaker.

"I want something sudden," said the banker. "Mike, weave a rainbow."

"A stretcher," hoarsely whispered the street car capitalist, and Mike sadly passed over the counter dripped absinthe, a pousse cafe and a burnt brandy.

That was about as far as Mike ever could get with his fish story, as the brand of drinks ordered showed the limit had been reached. Then he adopted the subtle methods of the crack patent medicine advertiser and sprang his trap in the midst of the most innocuous remarks.

"I know I'm not looking well," he said to the unsuspecting banker, "but you ought to have seen the sad look that preacher gave me over his shoulder as he struck the sobbing sea. The three men who had been swimming at a safe distance made for him like a shot, and I heard him give a cry and throw up his hands. His worst fears were realized—the crack I gave him with the oar had broken the last full bottle in the party——"

Here the bookmaker changed the subject to the coming races at Bennings and the banker made some remark about form.

"Form," said Mike, enthusiastically. "Say, you know my brother is Coroner of the Bronx, and when he saw the body of that fish it was so big, blamed if he didn't want to sit on it——"

"What you need, Mike, is rest," said the bookworm. "I have been watching your symptoms for some months, and you must get your mind off that imaginary fish. Of course we are all friends and we will keep this thing quiet."

The great fisherman had nothing to say for several days until last night, when by the usual chance the bookmaker, the banker, the street railway man and the bookworm, occupied the same places in front of the bar that they had six months ago. There was a gleam in his eye that had been leaden once with a lost hope, and his friends braced themselves for the shock.

"I pulled the boys aboard, one after another," said Mike, calmly. "Of course, they were soaked through, and pretty well exhausted, but they came around all right."

"But what about the sea serpent; that monster eel?" asked the banker in surprise.

"What eel?" with an elevation of the eyebrows.

"Why, that one you've been trying to tell us about for six months."

"Oh, I remember. George!" (to the colored boy), "bring in that eel."

To the amazement of the banker, the bookworm, the traction man and the bookmaker, George heavily lugged from a side room a great panel taller than he, on which was beautifully mounted an enormous eel. At least two feet of its tail had been cut off and formed a semi-circle at the top of the big hardwood panel. The bookworm examined the monster carefully, and declared it a true eel, the largest ever caught with line along this coast. Its powerful jaws, he said, were as strong as a bulldog's, and the thousands of muscles in its sinuous form more than made it a match for two men—this from authority.

"Mike," in a subdued tone from the banker, "has that been here all this time?"

"What?" asked Mike, in a surprised way.

"Why, that monster, that eel, of course."

"Yes; it's been in a back room here for six months."

There was a long silence, then the bookmaker took courage.

"Who chopped off two feet of its tail?" he asked, timidly. "I see it just fits the body; what happened?"

"That's the best part of the story," said Mike, grimly, "and I ain't going to tell you."

HAD KICK COMING.

A Citizen Who Failed to Properly Post Up.

(Washington Star.)

About 7 o'clock on Sunday morning last a stout, square-jawed man bought a newspaper from a boy at the northwest corner of Corcoran and Fourteenth streets, and then walked out onto the asphalt to await the passing of a down town Fourteenth street car. He took his stand at the near side of the street, as usual. After about four minutes a two-car train came along at full speed. The man, who had been glancing over the headlines of his paper, folded it up and placidly waited for the car to stop for him. It didn't stop. It went by like an ice yacht, there being few people crossing the street at that hour. As the train whizzed by the man waiting at the corner of Corcoran and Fourteenth streets, the motorman shouted some indistinct directions and pointed to the other side of the street.

The man looked mad.

"What's the matter with that infernal idiot, I'd like to know!" he growled. "And what the dickens was that he yelled at me? You'd think the darned old train was going to a fire. If there's any one particular thing that makes me hot all over it's to have a car shoot by me this way and leave me standing like a blasted hobo that's been ditched from a hog train! I'd give $9.80 to have that condinged motorman's number. I'd take a day off to go to the superintendent of the line, and if I wouldn't burn that dog-goned—but I suppose they'd tell me the trains were a bit late on the schedule, or some such fuzzy-wuzzy excuse as that, and I'd get fanned, like everybody does that goes up against a bloated corporation."

Thus the man stood and growled to himself, looking all the time up toward the curve at Florida avenue for another train. The looked-for train curled around the curve presently, and in a few moments it was at R street. The man at the corner of Fourteenth and Corcoran streets stroked his moustache and prepared to swing himself aboard. He was surprised to observe that the motorman made no move toward shutting off the power and putting on the brake. The car shot by him, and again the motorman pointed across the way and yelled some things that couldn't be heard by the citizen, owing to the rattling of the cars and the buzzing of the power.

Then the citizen turned purple with wrath, and the veins stood out on his forehead. What he said can't be set down. He shook his fist at the train growing smaller down Fourteenth street, and he raved and tore around like a man whose "good thing" horse has been left at the post. He whirled around and jumped up in the air and all but frothed at the mouth.

"Oh, you dad-binged coyotes!" he shouted, shaking both fists at once, as if he had the whole board of directors of the line in front of him and was giving them what was coming to them. "You'll get yours, all right! Just wait, dod-gast you! I hope congress'll reduce the fares on your line to ⅛ of a cent a ride, consarn you, and make you run the cars every twelve seconds, night and day, and then wind up by taking your franchise away, anyhow, on general principles, you hyenas! Oh, you"——

Well, the citizen just stood there and worked himself up to the verge of apoplexy, rehearsing the things he was going to pour into the ear of the conductor of the next train when it came along and he got aboard. He was going to find out the numbers of the two motormen ahead, and he was going to blow the gaff on them to the boss of the line if it was the last act of his life. If they thought they were going to make a monkey and a pin-head out of him, they were up in the air, that's all, and if he didn't get even with somebody, then he didn't know the multiplication table, and you heard him shouting, etc. No one really did hear him shouting, for the streets were still deserted, but if anybody had been by and seen and heard him, he'd no doubt have been put down as a fugitive from the large government foolish house across the eastern branch.

He was still breathing fast and hard when another train bore down on him from R street. This time the man was going to see to it that the motorman should have no excuse for not stopping. He raised both arms and flagged the train like a freight brakeman on the top of a caboose tacked on to a train of thirty-seven cars. But it was no go. The motorman didn't choke off the power nor did he give the brake ary a twist. Instead, he pointed down the street, smiled good-humoredly and pronounced a number of indistinct words. The car continued on its charted course.

To look at the citizen then you'd have thought that he'd been marooned on a desert isle, or that he'd been clinging to a raft in the middle of the Indian ocean and steamer had just passed him by and declined to pick him up. But he was too mad to say anything. He just looked it all. After a while he managed to articulate:

"All right. It's all right. The next train'll stop—I'll bet five hundred billions on that—or I go to a slab in the morgue, one or the other. Oh, frabjous day! Calloo, callay!" He didn't use these latter ejaculations exactly, but they'll serve to give an idea of his state of mind.

When, a few minutes later, the next train gained the little rise at the corner of R street, the citizen deliberately spread out his newspaper in the middle of the track and sat down thereon, clasping his knees with his hands. Then he looked around calmly, seeming to be quite oblivious to the swift approach of the train. The motorman clanged his footbell and shouted, but the citizen seated in the middle of the track seemed to be immersed in a study of the signs over the shops on Fourteenth street. The car came to a halt about five feet away.

"Hey, d'je want to git run over!" exclaimed the motorman, wrathily.

But the citizen's mad made him speechless. He rose from his sitting posture, walked back, and swung onto the platform of the first car, just as the conductor was pulling the bell. The motorman was growling, "If a cop'd seen that duck, he'd ha' been pinched, all right!"

When the citizen sat down in the car, he pulled the conductor over to him.

"I would about two thousand words with you!" he muttered in a tone of subdued ferocity. "I want you to make me a personally-conducted explanation, here and now, how it was that three pulp-headed, pollywog-brained imbeciles employed by your company to run trains, deliberately disregarded my signals and whizzed by me like as if they were making up time on cannon-ball expresses, and why they"——

"D'je wait for 'em on the nearside of the street?" interrupted the conductor, with an amiable grin.

"Where else would I wait for them?" shouted the man. "Where the"——

But the conductor, still smiling cheerfully, was pointing to a nice new sign tacked up in the front of the car.

"That sign's been there for the past week or ten days," said the conductor.

The ferocious citizen looked up and read the sign, which went as follows:

"Beginning Sunday, March 18, cars will stop after crossing the street."

Then the man remembered. He mopped his forehead, spread out his paper, and mumbled something about the commissioners of this district being too blamed officious.

HAVE BIG DEBTS.

Nations That Have Immense Holes In Their Treasuries.

(New York Sun.)

It has been announced that there is a deficit of $49,000,000 in the Russian government's income this year, the equivalent in Russian money of this sum being 100,000,000 roubles. The Russian system of finance is somewhat vague in reference to actual results, there being every year a formal estimate of the prospective government receipts and expenses, and a subsequent discovery that the receipts have fallen below the estimate made of them or that the expenses have gone above the estimate, the accounts showing a deficit, which is carried over to the year succeeding. Thus, in 1849, the deficit was 709,000 roubles; in 1895, 72,000,000; in 1896, 69,000,000; in 1897, 30,000,000; in 1898, 50,000,000. This year the shortage will be 100,000,000 roubles, but the circumstance is not a disquieting one to the Russian financiers, who appear to take it as a matter of course. Russia imposes direct taxes on land, licenses and capital invested in business, and obtains further revenue from indirect taxes on liquors (the chief item), tobacco, sugar, matches and naptha sold at retail within the empire, from custom duties, stamp duties and from the sale of spirits by the state—what would be colloquially called in this country a bar annex. The railroads are run by the government, and the profits of the postoffice and the telegraph service go into the government revenues. The expenditures include two items which would probably be regarded with disfavor by American financiers. One of these is "unpaid arrears," and the other is "unforeseen expenses."

Russia is not the only European country in which this indefinite method of government financiering prevails, and in which an annual deficit is regarded as a suggestion of what is euphoniously called "a readjustment of the finances." Portugal, a country having a smaller population than the state of Pennsylvania, has an outstanding debt of $600,000,000, exclusive of a floating debt of about $100,000,000 more. The expenditures of the Portuguese government exceed the receipts, not occasionally, but always, and during the last eight years there has not been one in which the disbursements have not been in excess of the revenues.

Another country in which there is a considerable amount of wild government financiering, judged from the American or English standard, is Greece, whose total population by the census of 1896 was 2,400,000, or about the same as the population of Indiana. The national debt of Greece is 825,000,000 drachmas, the equivalent of about $165,000,000, and the Greek revenues usually fall short of the necessary expenditures. A few years ago the total receipts figured up 95,000,000 drachmas, and the total expenses 160,000,000. A few years before that the receipts were 60,000,000, and the expenses 120,000,000. These items include, of course, merely the ordinary government operations, and are entirely exclusive of the revenues derived from loans or the sums applied to their payment.

The intricacies of Turkish and Spanish finances have long been a source of wonder to financiers, and Turkey exceeds Spain in the variety of novel methods in government business. The present debt of Turkey is $35,000,000, and the Turkish practice of mortgaging the most desirable items of revenue explains, to some extent at least, the difficulty experienced in collecting the various items of income, one of which is a tax on sheep, another a tax on fishermen, and other items collectible from the profits on the sale of tobacco and payments for exemption from military service. In many European countries the danger of a surplus to confront the government financiers is not a source of any recurring embarrassment. They come to be better used to an annual deficit. The ordinary method of providing for the shortage is to issue bonds, and when the interest on these cannot be met the rate of interest is arbitrarily reduced.

IN ALASKA.

Mining Considered as a Cold-blooded Business Proposition.

(Warren Cheney, in Ainslee's.)

"If, then, there is gold in Alaska that will take years in the finding, and the poulation at present and to be indicates permanent white occupation of the country, it is extremely pertinent to inquire whether or not it is worth while to try under the existing conditions to get this gold. This is not so easy a question to decide as would appear. Most writers on the subject have been inclined to take a pessimistic view. The waste of wealth, energy and money resultant from the unreasoning haste of gold seekers, the rigorous conditions of climate, the natural inaccessibility of Alaska limiting the search to the people fitted to undertake it, have all combined to make prophets gloomy and advisers sour. It must be admitted, too, that the proportion of success to failure has been pitiably small. It is probably a large estimate to allow that one in ten of the gross number of the adventurers has taken as much out of the mines as he put in. This would seem to show conclusively that mining in the Yukon does not pay. But a careful consideration of the conditions of the case will reveal that this is not necessarily true. The general argument against runs somewhat thus: The output of gold from a given camp amounts to a given figure for a given time. A stated number of people has been in the camp during this period. It has cost each one of these people a certain sum for transportation, outfit and maintenance during the time allowed. Divide the total return by the number of people and thus get the return per man. Compare this with the cost per individual, and the result will determine the question of gain or loss.

"The individual cost in these instances was rightly reckoned at from $600 to $1,000. It will be seen readily that the output of the camp must have been fabulous even to have equaled the aggregate of expense. The fallacy of this method of reckoning lies in this—that it is not fair to measure against the output of a camp the total expense of all the people in it, or to assume that because the outfit of an individual cost $1,000 at the beginning of the rush it will continue to remain at this figure. Again, as a matter of fact, the output of the camp increases steadily as compared with a fixed amount of labor because of the increased efficiency of that labor through the introduction of better methods.

"In any business enterprise we expect a large number of failures as a matter of course. The figures of the commercial agencies show that but one of ten enterprises is carried to success. As a cold-blooded business proposition, therefore, Alaska mining is as good a business venture as merchandising or farming. What is more, the proportion of success to failure in Alaska is really greater than one to ten. The five are carpentering, keeping saloon, working for others, or waiting for something to turn up. The failure or success of the five should not be included in the miner's account. It is evident that with the smaller number to add items to the expense account the ratio of expense to return would be materially lessened in the miner's favor.

"Another fact against the statement that the Alaska mines do not pay is the shortness of the period on which estimates are based. No man in ordinary business expects to make a profit of 100 per cent the first year on the capital invested. Usually a much longer time elapses before profit is reached. The conditions of mining in Alaska are such that no man can expect a material return from his claim until he has been in the country two years. As a rule, it takes a year to learn to prospect and to find a paying claim. This accomplished, at least a season must be spent in developing and getting the pay dirt into the dumps. At the beginning of the second season the real clean-up begins, and the miner finds his ultimate return. It is obvious, therefore, that the returns from a single year—especially as the mines have been operated less than three years altogether—are too incomplete to constitute a correct basis of estimate."

TEXTS WITH MEALS.

Chicago Man Runs a Restaurant on Bible Principles.

(Chicago Inter Ocean.)

A restaurant conducted upon Bible principles, "as Christ would conduct an eating-house," is in successful operation in Chicago. Although hidden away in an obscure basement at No. 203 Clark street, the restaurant, called "The Christian," has grown in favor since its establishment a year ago, and hundreds of persons patronize it every day.

Paul Funck is the proprietor of "The Christian" restaurant, and he declares that he is guided in every act by the Bible. The restaurant occupies a room forty feet by ninety feet, and it is fitted out with a lunch counter and a dozen tables. The walls are decorated with quotations from the Scriptures. Gospel meetings are held in the restaurant every Saturday evening, and it is closed on Sundays. Proprietor Funck says that he follows our a Christian inspiration in giving patrons large portions of well-cooked food for the least money possible.

"Five years ago I was a hopeless drunkard, tottering between the penitentiary and the grave." Mr. Funck said yesterday, as he arranged a pile of tracts on his cashiers' desk. "One day I went into Y. M. C. A meeting, and there heard the voice of the Lord. Since that time I have been a Christian:

"Good-bye, and God be with you, Brother John," Mr. Funck said, turning to shake hands with an aged shoestring peddler who moved at a snail's pace.

While Mr. Funck was talking there were frequent interruptions as customers stopped to pay their checks and give the proprietor a greeting or a blessing. Whenever a customer whose appearance betokened extreme poverty entered the restaurant Mr. Funck bade him to keep his money, and the check went into the waste basket with a "God bless you," or some similar benediction. Continuing his story, Mr. Funck said:

"I worked for two and one-half years after my conversion for the former owner of this place. He was a good man, but not a Christian, and I longed for a chance to take this place and conduct it as I believed Christ would have conducted it. I prayed for the chance, and my prayers were answered. The owner one day agreed to turn the restaurant over to me and take his money as I could pay it. I started in without funds. I first removed the cigar stand, and then had the cards with the scriptural quotations printed.

"One of my strictest rules is to allow no swearing," and Mr. Funck pointed to a large sign which read: "Please do not swear. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

"Success has attended my efforts from the first," Mr. Funck said. "I prayed and looked at the life of Christ for guidance. I welcomed the halt, the lame, and the blind, and those who could not pay for food I served with gladness of heart. I have succeeded in earning a living for my family, and owe but $175 on the restaurant.

"I have an organ over there, and on Saturday evenings I stop serving supper at 7 o'clock, and from 7 till 7:30 my waiters remove the tables and bring in 400 extra chairs. Then we have a gospel meeting, with addresses by ministers and students from the Moody institute. These meetings are well attended, and spiritual relief is extended to many poor and homeless creatures of the Lord. I have four Christian men who are my waiters, and you can see how they keep the place."

The floors and woodwork of "The Christian" restaurant are clean, and the cloths and dishes as white as snow. Mr. Funck says that his customers walk many blocks to eat their meals in a Christian atmosphere.

The bill of fare is as extensive as any to be found in the average restaurant, and the prices are very low. The bill of fare bears familiar texts, and the patron sees beneath the words "vermicelli soup" the warning, "Prepare to meet thy God." "Where will you spend eternity?" is the question that confronts all who study the list of twenty-cent meals, and the gospel meetings are advertised beneath the ice cream and custards.

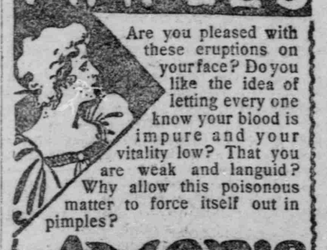
J. H. WEBSTER DEAD.

Died In an Insane Asylum in Colorado.

News has just reached this city of the death of J. H. E. Webster in an insane asylum in Denver, Colo. The exact date of the death is not known, but is supposed to be the first part of the week. Webster will be remembered by many people of this state. He came here from Colorado in the early part of 1890 with his wife and child. He came at the instance of Dr. John O. Williams, to assist him in his project of getting up and circulating his history of Utah.

Webster's part of the work was in distributing the books, and he was more than once charged with sharp practice in securing subscriptions to the work. He figured in the courts a number of times on this score. The business was conducted by Williams and Webster for two or three years, and was finally sold out to George Q. Cannon & Sons. Later Webster removed to Denver and became insane.

PIMPLES



Are you pleased with these eruptions on your face? Do you like the idea of letting every one know your blood is impure and your vitality low? That you are weak and languid? Why allow this poisonous matter to force itself out in pimples?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

takes away all these disfigurements by taking away all impurities from the blood.

For 50 years it has been making the skin clear for countless thousands of persons.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"I had a great many bunches come out on my head and a breaking out all over my body. I tried many remedies, but they did me no good. Then I thought of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Before I had taken half a bottle the bunches and rash were gone and I felt like a new man."
M. A. WALL,
Nov. 17, 1898. Bentley Creek, Pa.

Write the Doctor—If you have any complaint whatever, write us all about it. You will receive the best medical advice free. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

OGDEN NEWS.

Ogden Office, 524 Utah Loan and Trust Building. Telephone 14.

Ogden, April 29.

HEAVY WINDSTORM.

Considerable Damage Done and Telephone Lines Disabled.

A high wind rose in Ogden about 8 o'clock, and by midnight had risen to a great velocity and did considerable damage to signs, awnings, skylights and the like. Many telephone wires went down, and all of the instruments were practically useless because of the general electrical disturbance, and both Salt Lake lines were disabled. Electric lights were disturbed and the street lights went out. No reports of serious damage had been received at midnight and the wind appeared to be abating.

At this hour (1:30 a. m.) the wind is blowing with terrific velocity. Morning will reveal considerable damages. Reports of destruction to property are coming in. Live wires strew the streets, signs are falling and awnings flapping, so that one moves about in considerable danger. Burt Bros.' big plate glass window, the largest in the state, valued at about $1,500, has just collapsed and considerable damage to stock must result. The glass had previously been cracked by the settling of the building.

The electric light employees are all out, cutting and killing fallen wires.

DRUNKEN FARMER'S ESCAPADE.

Tried to Drive Through a Building and Was Badly Hurt.

A farmer from Eden named Isaac Shupe, was seriously injured about 6 o'clock. Shupe was the worse for liquor, and started to drive his team into Nelson's livery stable. Nelson objected, and turned his team away. Shupe whipped them up, circled round and sent them at the stable on the dead run. He missed the roadway and dashed straight at the office window. The wheels struck the curb, pitching Shupe high into the air. He struck his head on the stone pavement and was unconscious for an hour, bleeding frightfully. Dr. Wherry attended him and thinks he will recover. He was removed to the house of a relative. A sturdy boy about 11 years of age was in the wagon with his father, but escaped uninjured.

COURT FILINGS.

Peter Molloy's Will Filed For Probate.

Judge Rolapp was in Salt Lake yesterday.

The following suits have been filed: Lorin Farr has brought suit against William Butler and others to quiet title to certain real estate and for $100.

William H. Williams yesterday brought suit against Ernest R. Lilienthal for restitution of certain real estate and for $25 damages.

In the matter of the estate of Peter Molloy, James Molloy applied for letters testamentary and filed the last will. The estate is valued at about $4,000 being for the most part shares in the First National bank.

School Fund Estimates.

The board of education met and formed the estimate of funds for running the schools next year. Seventy-eight thousand dollars is to be raised, $58,000 by local taxation and about $20,000 from the state. The school janitors are to be paid Monday.

Sudden Death.

Nelson Peterson died about midnight at the Broom hotel, where he was an employee. His illness was very brief, and physicians say death was due to uric poison. He was 36 years of age, and has three children in Spring Valley, Wis. He also has relatives here and in Huntsville.

Gambling Houses Must Close.

Chief of Police Conlisk tonight notified all gambling houses to close under penalty of prosecution. The places closed for a short time, but reopened, and play went on till midnight. Further steps will likely be taken to enforce the order.

Church Announcements.

First Church of Christ, Scientist—Services 11 a. m., subject: "Adam and Fallen Man"; Sunday school 10:15 a. m.; Wednesday evening meeting 8 p. m. Christian Science hall, 2349 Washington avenue. All cordially invited to these meetings.

At the Methodist church there will be Sunday school at 10. Sermon by the pastor at 11. Subject: "The Christian Life According to St. James." Class meetings at 12:20; Epworth League devotional meeting at 6:30; evening sermon by Rev. H. G. Kemp of Denver.

At the Presbyterian church, Rev. Hugh McCreery will speak morning and evening; Sunday school at 12:15; Christian Endeavor society at 7 p. m.; evening services at 8.

Trouble Over Stock.

Isaac Shupe yesterday swore to a complaint charging Peter Peterson with unlawfully recovering animals which Shupe had taken in for trespass. The stock belonged to Walter Lindsey, and Peterson was the herder. All the parties reside in Eden.

Ogden Briefs.

The Southern Pacific pay car will be in Monday.

Archie Bowman is in Ogden from the Altus railroad work.

Friday evening next at the Grand comes the "Evil Eye."

Harry Smurthwaite returned yesterday from a business trip.

The lecture advertised to be delivered in the opera house Monday night by William Glasmann has been declared off.

DOUBTS HERSELF.

English Sentiment Divided on Question of Militarism.

The mind of England herself is divided as to the justice of the war which she is waging against the Boer republics in South Africa, some of the most severe critics of the policy of the British government being British subjects. It appears, from an article published in the April number of the North American Review, from the pen of Mr. F. Maddison, one of the representatives of the interests of labor in the house of commons, that British workmen as a class are opposed to the attempt which their country is making to deprive the Boers of their independence. Mr. Maddison explains the reasons for this opposition. In the first place, the British workman has had to wait long for such political privileges as he enjoys, and he does not see why the Uitlanders should not exercise the same patience as was demanded of him. Then the war is regarded as the outcome of a capitalist conpiracy, and it is held that recourse might have been had to arbitration, while they dread the spirit of militarism which war fosters. Mr. Maddison says:

"The real fear is not so much what war costs in blood and extra taxation as the militarism it sets up. Already, the strain on our resources caused by the campaign in South Africa has begun to clothe with flesh those shadowy hints at conscription which have occasionally of late been thrown out. It is surely a dear price to pay for adding two republics to the empire, even though it does increase the profits of gold mining from 15 to 45 per cent. Besides, the working classes have begun to doubt the "markets" policy of Mr. Chamberlain, and well they may. As the Financial Reformer showed some few months ago, this inflated imperialism does not pay. From 1879 to 1894 the naval and military expenditure was £138,080,000; from 1893 to 1898, it rose to £187,058,000, the difference between these two periods of five years being an increase of £48,988,000 during the latter term. With the exports of British produce to all our colonies and possessions, it was just the reverse. Thus, from 1879 to 1884, the exports amounted to £403,799,000, while from 1893 to 1898 the total fell to £391,225,000, a decrease of £12,574,000. These figures do not make up a good balance sheet, and men now realize the hard fact that British trade in the main is done much nearer home, and that we had better pay more attention to our industrial equipment. The real battle of the future will be in the workshop, and it is technical education, not military service, which will give us our supremacy over continental and American competitors. This is how the workers reason, and it leads them to fear the spread of militarism. So long as the government encourages the idea that the empire is in danger, conscription will excite little concern, but the moment it is put forward as a serious proposal the work people of the country will not hesitate in their resistance to it."

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