CHILE CAN SUPPLY WORLD WITH COPPER

Undeveloped Resources of South American Republic.

CHANCES FOR CAPITAL

RESIDENT OF COQUIMBO NOW VISITING SALT LAKE.

When the mines of Michigan, Montana, Arizona and Utah are exhausted, Chile can furnish the world with copper for centuries to come, according to R. W. James of Coquimbo, Chile. Mr. James is a member of the shipping firm of McAuliffe & Co. at Coquimbo, which is the shipping point for a large mining district. He is at the Kenyon on his way to Liverpool, whence he will go to visit the home of his parents in Wales. Mr. James, though of Welsh parents, was born in Chile and has lived there all his life.

"The entire chain of the Andes is rich in mineral, which has scarcely been scratched," said Mr. James last evening. "The mining that is done there is still by primitive methods and there are vast tracts that have never been prospected. The mineral found is principally silver and copper, but there is considerable gold also. A great deal of copper is mined in the district near Coquimbo. The miners are all natives and they work usually about one man to a mine. They work ordinary hand drills and ship out their ore by mules. All ore running less than 7 or 8 per cent copper is thrown away. The greater part of the ore runs 12 to 40 per cent copper and is in bodies as much as twenty-five feet across. If anybody with capital should come in there, use modern methods of mining, build wire trams down from the mountains and put in a smelter of their own, they could make an immense amount of money. A chlorination plant also ought to be very profitable, as the smelters have everything their own way at present. The miners get little or nothing for their ore and the smelters make enormous profits even when they are run by antiquated methods. Low grade ore can be had there in almost unlimited quantities for practically nothing, and a cheap process for extracting the metals could hardly help being successful.

Trust Smelters.

"The Guggenheims have been doing extremely well with their smelter. They have one at Antofagasta, some distance from Coquimbo. The one at Coquimbo does not amount to very much, but they have quite an extensive plant. The Coquimbo smelter is for copper only, while the Guggenheims handle silver ores almost exclusively. The smelter was owned by a British and Chilean company and the Guggenheims secured a lease on it, with the option of purchase when the lease was up. They also contracted to buy the ores from the mines in which the people formerly owning the smelter were interested. They threw out most of the old plant, put in new furnaces and new appliances and they have been making money ever since. We carry large quantities of iron to them in our ships from the province in which Coquimbo is situated. The iron is used entirely for fluxing purposes, as there is no other market for it at present.

"The Guggenheims were kicking before I left because the price of coal was so high. Chilean coal is controlled by a combination, which keeps the price just below that for which American and Australian coal can be delivered there. Consequently ordinary steam coal sells there for about $18 a ton. If freights could be reduced, it would pay to ship coal from here, for there is a market for many thousand more tons than Chile can herself supply, and the Chilean coal is inferior."

Panama Canal.

On his way to the United States, Mr. James stopped long enough to go over the route of the Panama canal.

"Work is being carried on there in a desultory fashion," he said, "because the company has to do so in order to retain its concession from the Colombian government. But the canal will never be completed at the present rate, although the route is undoubtedly feasible. One great drawback is the climate. It is said of the Panama railroad that every sleeper beneath the rails represents a human life, and I should not wonder if that was not nearly true. Work on the canal must meet the same obstacle. A noticeable feature of the trip along the canal is the amount of machinery lying there in ruins. It is no exaggeration to say that there is between $35,000,000 and $40,000,000 worth of machinery scattered along the line of the canal. There are locomotives piled there that have never been used, and fine machinery that now is nothing more than heaps of debris. All this was ordered and paid for when there was absolutely no use for it. The heaps of debris remain there as monuments of the old Panama canal scandal."

Mr. James says that, contrary to popular belief, the government officials in Chile are not corrupt, and that capital is afforded ample protection, the situation being different in this regard from that in some other South American countries. The climate is about like that of California. The thing that is keeping the country back most, he says, is politics.

"There are always several political parties," he said, "and not one of them can gain control without combining with another. A ministry gets into power and begins mapping out a course of action, perhaps with high ideals, when there begins to be friction between the two parties, and down goes the ministry. Politics also makes the service on the government railroad miserable, for the positions are given as political rewards and not because of knowledge of the railroad business."

Mr. James will leave for the east today.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

State Association Will Hold Three Days' Session.

The fifteenth annual convention of the Utah Sunday School association will begin its work in the First Methodist church in this city at 3 o'clock this afternoon and will not close until Wednesday afternoon. Special interest is being taken in this convention because of the presence here of the noted international Sunday school workers, Marion Lawrence, Professor H. M. Hamill, Professor E. O. Excell, Rev. B. W. Spilman and Mrs. H. M. Hamill, who will take leading parts at each session.

The first session will be given up to conferences of workers. The evening session, and all other sessions, will be opened with a song service led by Professor Excell. Addresses of welcome and response will be grouped this session also and the committees will be appointed.

Tuesday morning there will be Bible study and reports from the heads of the different departments of Sunday school work in the state. The afternoon session will be given up wholly to primary work and discussions of the needs of this department. Tuesday evening there will be a number of brief addresses by prominent Sunday school workers.

Wednesday morning there will be a discussion of the best method of teaching, the round table, the outlook, and the election of officers. In the afternoon there will be a discussion of the "big boy problem," and a number of addresses on subjects of vital interest to the work of the Sunday school.

The convention promises to be a very successful one. Already a large number of delegates are in the city to attend and many of the delegates to the Christian Endeavor convention who came from a distance are arranging to remain for the Sunday school convention.

HOTEL GOSSIP.

"India is slowly recovering from the effects of famine and pestilence," said E. S. Gregory of Calcutta at the Knutsford yesterday. "It is, of course, impossible to get over the effects of such a terrible scourge at once, but considerable headway is being made. No one who did not see something of the conditions can imagine the horrors. I do not care now to go into details, but I have driven between long rows of decomposing corpses emitting a stench that was almost unbearable. There have been rains in most of the stricken districts, however, with fair crops, and the amount of government aid necessary has been greatly diminished."

"New Zealand is the best governed country in the world," said J. A. Pike of Wellington, New Zealand, at the Knutsford. "Some of our laws are still experiments, but nearly all of them are working very well. Our labor laws are worthy of study by any nation, and they are attracting a great deal of attention among political economists. New Zealand is producing a large amount of gold, but the principal source of her wealth still is stock raising. Our island is one of the countries benefited by the Transvaal war, for that has greatly increased our market for meats."

P. M. Clegg, W. H. Caldwell and L. F. Walters of Tooele are at the White House. They are on the way to Idaho with fifty cars of sheep, which have been ranging on the desert in the western part of Tooele county. Mr. Caldwell says the sheep are in good condition, but that the distance from the winter to the summer range is altogether too great for the animals to travel on foot at this time of year.

Judge J. F. Talbot of Nevada arrived at the Cullen yesterday. He is judge of the district which takes in Lincoln, White Pine and Washoe counties, and includes the railroad grade now in dispute. As the matter has been taken up in the federal court, Judge Talbot has not been called upon to act. He has been at Reno. Judge Talbot expects to be in Salt Lake until tonight.

Jacob Nill and John Nill of Eaton, O., are at the White House. "We are on our way to Idaho to take up land," said John Nill yesterday. "We have heard a great deal about the land in that state, and we are going up to see what we can do with some of it."

The Kenyon.—W. L. Baker, New York; R. C. Klauger, B. B. Shoemker, Chicago; W. T. Shattuck, Denver; B. B. Kilbuck, Denver; Colo.; M. Blackburn, Omaha, Colo.; A. L. Fitch, Omaha; Charles Franke, St. Louis; G. L. Ateland, Pittsburg; P. Cawley, N. Henry, Leland; Harry Cochrane, Syracuse; B. H. Westervelt, Denver; H. W. James, Columbo, Chile; A. L. Boynton, Miss Mary, St. Brooklyn, Milwaukee; Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Walker, Mrs. Major Brown, New York; B. K. Loeb, Helena; George W. Walter, Washington, D. C.; George D. Blood, Park City; John Van Brunt, New York; C. L. Emell, A. J. Klocker, Iowa; H. I. Foeberg, New York; Harry B. Shaw, Chicago; F. Peterson, Park City; John Y. Rich, Bingham; J. W. Franke, New York; R. R. Patterson, Omaha; J. S. Dranner, San Francisco; J. N. Riley, St. Louis; J. Percy Brinton, Philadelphia; T. G. Mealey and wife, Minneapolis; Mrs. L. E. Elwood, Minneapolis; Robert J. Wilson and wife, Springville; J. S. Bennett and wife, Hammond, Ia.; F. Jessenberg and wife, Muskegon, Mich.; John Schmitte and wife, Wisconsin; Miss Gesie Schmitte, Miss Rosa Schmitte, Manitowac, Wis.

White House.—J. Hill, J. Nill, C. Martino, Eaton, O.; W. D. Bresee, Colorado Springs; T. Gorman, Pocatello; Wm. S. Marks, Tonopah; H. Elliot, Cokeville, Wyo.; C. A. Bonner, Ogden; Mrs. B. Mann, Logan; P. P. Evans, O. Lowe, S. P. Tolles, Park City; S. F. Young, Kingston; A. R. Ballard, Bingham; W. L. Thompson, Salida; W. Bracken and wife, Mercur; D. Lawson, J. Balderson, Bontiful; Frank May, Eureka; H. E. Lewis, Silver City; W. H. Willard and wife, Butte; Joseph Phillips, Eureka; P. M. Clegg, W. H. Caldwell, L. F. Walters, Tooele; W. H. Ryan, Eureka.

The Wey.—Miss Etta Moore, Smith-Gold; Miss Edna Plough, Troy, N. Y.; C. D. McDonald, Chicago; A. Perkins, St. Paul; R. D. Hill, Laceyville, Pa.; A. D. Wright, Topeka, Kan.

The Knutsford.—Thomas S. Hodge, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Smith, W. C. Smith, St. Louis; Dr. W. J. Chambers and wife, Cripple Creek; P. Hunsonbeck and wife, Chicago; Mrs. W. H. Rucker, Sherman, Tex.; Mrs. John Liggett, Frank R. Liggett, Pittsburg; Mrs. George P. Whitsett, Manila; Miss B. Meyers, Philadelphia; Charles Huett, San Francisco; Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Dixon, Boston; R. E. Couchman, Hanover; J. C. Schiffe, Alex J. Grant, New York; N. W. Sample, Denver; D. M. Jacobs, S. J. Jacobs, Colorado Springs; J. F. Mason, New York; Charles Butters, Mrs. Butters, London; O. E. Hall, San Francisco; Dr. F. J. Mass, F. A. Haas, Hancock, Mich; Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Walker, valet and maid, New York; Mrs. Taylor Brown, New York; Orla Fausler, Chicago; J. A. Pike, Wellington, New Zealand; G. H. Gregory, Calcutta, India; Mrs. R. Belfield, Miss Belfield, London; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Davis, Saginaw, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. Reed and maid, Mrs. M. B. Reed, Alfred, Nelson and Charles Reed, Pittsburg; B. C. Van Emon, San Francisco; J. A. Funn, New York; R. B. Follmer, Philadelphia; N. P. Glann, Mrs. N. P. Glann, Chicago.

The Walker.—P. H. Baird, Enda; H. Johnson, Ogden; W. J. Jones, Murray; Ed Stanard, El Paso, Tex.; A. Chanwell, Denver; L. F. Easley and family, John Kindl, Trinidad, Colo.; J. A. Brown, Denver; J. B. Graham, Bingham; Mrs. James McCune, Silver City; John Sperry, Sunnyside; D. Beebe, N. Beebe, Portland, Ore.; Harold Moore, Beth; Will Crafton, Will Shepard, San Francisco; Bert Miller, Ally Carbine, Blackfoot; Joe Roades, Jennie Mooly, St. Louis; Joe Nelson, Chicago.

The Cullen.—J. S. Talbot, Nevada; W. H. Sheets and wife, Pittsburg; A. B. Lewis, Denver; E. M. Sellers, Beaver City; Dr. Anderson, wife, three children and nurse, Montana; Mrs. L. W. Ely, San Francisco; Joseph Hatch, Heber; Lewis Anderson, Manti; Frank Standich, Denver; P. L. Radden, S. H. Radden, Park City; Professor Sterling, Madame Sterling, Pocatello; E. M. Sellers, Beaver City; D. Deal, Springville; Dan M. Wheeler, Reno.

LAST SURVIVOR OF THE BIRKENHEAD DISASTER LIVES IN SALT LAKE CITY

SINKING OF THE BIRKENHEAD.
(From the London Illustrated News of April 10, 1852.)

THE ONLY LIVING SURVIVOR of a shipwreck that plunged all England into mourning is a resident of Salt Lake. A boy of 10, he stood on the deck of the Birkenhead, on a fateful February night in 1852 and saw more than 300 of the flower of the British army go calmly down to graves in the yasty deep. John R. Howard is the survivor and the recollection of that fearful night is as clear in his mental vision as though the occurrence were but a day instead of half a century ago.

Mr. Howard, while still an infant, suffered the greatest misfortune that can befall a child. He lost his father. At 10 years of age he was living with his uncle, Charles Richards, in Portsea, England, when his father, who was a petty officer on the troopship Birkenhead, came there with the vessel. The lad had a longing for the ocean and he asked the older Howard to allow him to go with him in the Birkenhead on her next voyage. The father consented, and when, on Jan. 1, 1852, the transport weighed anchor and sailed for South Africa with troops to aid in suppressing a Kafir insurrection, young Howard was on board.

Forty-eight days out of the home port, Simon's bay, near Cape Town, was reached, and there a portion of the soldiers were left. It had been a pleasant voyage and thoughts of coming disaster were far from the minds of those on the vessel. Not far from Simon's bay is a small island known as Danger Point. Here a sunken reef lies ambushed for passing ships.

Went Upon the Reef.

The summer sea was smooth as oil when the Birkenhead, steaming at the then rapid rate of eight knots an hour, neared the sunken reef. It was 2 o'clock in the morning of Feb. 26, and all except the few whose duties kept them on deck had turned into their bunks. Suddenly there was a grinding, tearing crash. The ship lurched forward ominously for a cable's length and then came to a stop.

"I was asleep in my bunk," said Mr. Howard yesterday, "when the ship struck. The first waking recollection I had my father was standing over me. 'Get up, boy,' he said, 'the ship's aground.' That didn't alarm me very much, for in my home town I had frequently seen the colliers hard aground without any harm coming from it. I was turning over to go to sleep again, when my father shook me sharply.

"'Get up, boy,' he said, once more. 'Get up and dress. The ship is going down.' Then I got up and, stopping only to draw on a pair of trousers, I followed my father to the deck. The ship had struck amidships, tearing a hole in her bottom, through which the water gushed in a fearful stream. My father was hurrying with me to the gangway when an officer called him.

"'You go on, Howard,' said he, 'I'll look after the boy.' I never knew the officer's name. He took me by the hand and we were standing on the deck together when something seemed to say to me: 'Get to the side!' It was a voice as surely as I ever heard a voice and I tore away from the officer and ran to the side. There the ship's cutter was lying, filled with people. In her was an old seaman I knew by the name of Dick and I called to him. 'Dick,' I said, 'don't put off without me.' He heard me and roared back: 'Why, you little devil, you, I thought you were already here.' Then he called to me to jump, but I couldn't jump and so somebody on the deck pushed me over. They pulled me out of the water and into the cutter and we put out to about 150 yards from the wreck.

Soldiers Went Down.

"I could see the soldiers lined up on the deck. They didn't fire any salute, as some stories tell, and they were not in company formation. In fact, I think the greater part of the lost were drowned in their bunks when the ship first struck. But they went down to their deaths bravely and like men. There was little crying out and little mad rushing to save their lives.

"Within a few minutes after we struck the rock the ship broke in two and went down with an awful gurgle. And there we were in the cutter, loaded in so thickly that the gunwales were within an inch of the water and no help in sight. When the sun shot up out of the ocean we saw a gig near by with a few people in it and then we saw, too, a sail. It was not coming directly toward us and we were so fearful it might get away that we put three of our best men in the gig, took the people out of that into our boat and then sent the gig to intercept the sail.

"They bent to their ores and soon we saw that we had been sighted. I shall never forget the warm throb in my heart when I saw the great ship swing slowly in her course and head toward us. As she came she broke out the British ensign on her peak and never till the day of my death will I see a more beautiful sight than that seemed to me then. It was the Lioness, of Capetown, Captain Ramsden, and we were all taken on board her. Later a number of the survivors were put aboard the corvette Amazon and brought back to England.

"I never saw my father from the time he turned me over to the officer and of course he must have been drowned with the others. It has been truly said that some of our greatest battles have been won at a smaller sacrifice of life than that involved in this shipwreck. But the loss of the Birkenhead will ever be noted in the annals of remarkable shipwrecks for the cool, determined courage displayed by all on board and for the heroic readiness with which so many men faced death rather than endanger the lives of the women and children, all of whom were saved."

Came to Utah.

After returning to England Mr. Howard was sent to school for a time. While still very young he became a convert to the Mormon religion and emigrated to Utah, where he has lived ever since. Although he is now 59 years of age, Mr. Howard gives the impression of being a younger man. He is as vigorous in the transaction of his business as many men who are his juniors by twenty years and if indications are to be relied on, he has many years of usefulness ahead of him.

But no matter what age he may attain, no matter what surroundings the coming years of his life may throw him among, he will not forget that early morning in February, 1852, and the loss of the great troopship on Danger Point. On the walls of his little home at 515 Fourth street, hang two oil paintings. One represents the Birkenhead at the time she struck the rock. The scene is vividly portrayed, the crowded deck, the flaring rockets, the blazing red fire and other distress signals stand out clearly. The other picture shows the corvette Amazon on which he went back to England.

And on this voyage he narrowly escaped another wreck, for the vessel encountered a squall with all sails set. Out of thirteen sheets of canvas eight were split and had they not gone as they did the ship must have been lost. The painting referred to shows the Amazon battling with the squall.

MOUNTAIN STATES

TWO JAPS CRIPPLED.

One Loses a Leg Another an Arm on the Short Line.

(Special Correspondence.)

Pocatello, Ida., April 28.—At American Falls, Ida., yesterday, while a freight train was standing on a siding taking water, a Jap attempted to cross the train by climbing between the cars. Before he had secured a hold, however, the train suddenly started up, the Jap let go his hold and fell between the cars. One pair of trucks passed over his leg, severing the member just above the ankle. He was brought to the Jap hospital at Pocatello, where he was taken care of by the Short Line doctor. A similar accident happened to another Jap at Spencer, Ida., yesterday. The man was beating his way south and fell under the wheels of a box car and had his arm cut off.

FIRE IN ST. ANTHONY.

Miller Bros.' Warehouse is Burned to the Ground.

(Special to The Herald.)

St. Anthony, Ida., April 28.—Miller Bros. warehouse was burned to the ground this evening, the fire being first discovered at 6 o'clock. The entire contents are practically a total loss. Value of building and contents estimated at $5,000, insurance, $2,000. About 1,500 bushels of storage grain was destroyed. Origin of fire unknown. Wood D. Miller, senior member of the firm, says they will likely rebuild.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Lewis Anderson of Manti is at the Cullen.

Joseph Hatch of Heber City is at the Cullen.

A. R. Ballard came in from Bingham yesterday. He is at the White House.

P. L. Evans came down from Park City yesterday. He is at the White House.

Charles Butters of London, of the firm of Charles Butters & Co., arrived in the city yesterday with Mrs. Butters and with Arthur W. Abbott of Johannesburg. They are at the Knutsford.

PLATT'S OPPORTUNITY.

Can Oust Croker and Tammany if He Will and Regain His Prestige.

(From Ainslee's Magazine.)

"Mr. Platt's prestige was broken when Odell turned down Platt's police bill. Men were hailing Mr. Odell as a leader. But Mr. Platt has a chance to recover his power. There remains one great opportunity for him.

"It is Richard Croker. Mr. Croker doesn't know what reform is; he doesn't know what good government is; he doesn't know what good politics is. He only knows what he has found good and bad. His knowledge of all things is derived from talks with other men, mostly of one class, and from his own personal experience, which has not been deep, high or wide. He does not read and he does not think; he asks questions and muses. There is no idealism in him. He cannot give what has not been, and he does not see what is needed till it has been supplied. Mr. Croker is, as I think I have indicated, an attractive personality; if he were a horse you could love and follow him. But as a ruler of cities, he is impossible. There is no hope of better things in him; he is doing the very best he knows how.

"Why shouldn't Mr. Platt take advantage of that? Mr. Croker plays upon Mr. Platt's weakness, why shouldn't Mr. Platt reach over Mr. Croker's limitations? Because Mr. Platt tries to play, not his own, but Croker's game, and Croker can beat him at it every time. There is a broad difference between the Democrats and the Republicans in New York City. You can 'boss' the average Democrats, or enough of them to make a majority in the city vote. Mr. Croker is a king, mild and easy going, but a king. Mr. Platt wants to be a king, too. But since a great body of Republicans will not be ruled after the Tammany method, but they won't bow down to Mr. Platt, so he kings it over the ragtag and bobtail of his party. To win the city he, like a minority leader anywhere, would have to attract about him the leaders of all the independent bodies in the city, flatter where he cannot command, buy where he cannot borrow, anything to gain a majority. Chief among the requirements, however, is a promise of better government, since there are so many voters who don't care a snap for anything else, and since only the hope of improvement will call out such men to make an effort to oust Tammany. If no one will accept Mr. Platt's promises in the reform line, then he must give a pledge in the shape of candidates who people believe will not let him go back on his word. Mr. Platt could outline a policy of reform that would never occur to Mr. Croker, and he could nominate men for office who would be a positive assurance of good faith, and men beyond Mr. Croker's reach and ken. There is where he has Mr. Croker on the hip. But he won't, and there is where Mr. Croker has him on the hip. Mr. Platt is by nature what he calls a 'diplomat' (the Washington and Albany incidents show that 'diplomacy' is not the right word); he likes to 'dicker' and 'deal,' and he hates to have any equals about him. It is only since Governor Odell has shut off any chance for a police deal that Mr. Platt may be expected to turn in and make a fight for New York City, and the danger of a dicker is not passed yet. If he should show himself ready to take the best man in sight for mayor next fall, Mr. Croker would send his ambassador, State Senator Grady, to Mr. Platt's minister, Lemuel Ely Quigg. They would consider together how unwise for machine government it is to let 'reformers' get control of such a mine as the city of New York; how much better it were to divide a little more equally. The treaty makers would report to their sovereigns, and perhaps it could be arranged so that Mr. Platt would name a machine man for mayor, let the independents run a 'reformer,' and, as has happened before, work all together to elect the Tammany ticket. Mr. Platt could have a few offices for his followers—he does not ask for many—and Tammany sometimes beats him in the 'diplomacy' which follows; but the 'reformers' would be defeated again, and the city thrown into despair. This is something to men like Croker, Platt & Co."

DIRT CLEARANCE.

IT is a good plan for every bather to know something of the soap he uses. There is a well-founded objection to using a floor-cleaning soap upon the human body. Ivory Soap is the bather's soap. It costs more than common soaps, but the difference is in the ingredients and making. Why not treat yourself with a little respect. Is not the human skin with its marvellous delicacy entitled to pure soap? Ivory Soap—it floats.

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The Curse of Womankind

is sick and nervous headaches. Sherman's Headache Cure gives instant relief. One dose cures. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Immediate relief, 25c. and 10c a box. It cures neuralgia. Every box guaranteed. For sale by Godbe-Pitts Drug company, Salt Lake City, Utah.

PIKE COUNTY POCKET.

John Hay Struck it But Once, and Marked it Out.

(New York Herald.)

"In the good old days when John Hay was famous and long before he lapsed from literature into diplomacy and statecraft—in the days when his appeal was to the people and not to their rulers—Mr. Hay told me how he came to write his 'Pike County Ballads,'" writes George Cary Eggleston. "The story seems to me interesting.

"As the editor of Hearth and Home I wrote to him, asking for a ballad and offering a price for it which was almost fabulous in those days, and which even in this time of larger literary rewards would be reckoned liberal. He wrote to be in reply that he simply could not write a Pike county ballad to save his life.

"The statement seemed to me so singular, while 'Little Breeches,' 'Banty Tim' and 'Jim Bludsoe' were echoing in my ears, that when I met Mr. Hay some months later in the office of the Tribune, which newspaper he was temporarily editing during Whitelaw Reid's absence, I asked him about it. He told me that all his Pike county ballads came from a single inspiration, and that all of them were written in a single week.

"Substantially, his account of the matter was this: Being a guest at a country house, he went to church with the family on Sunday. It was hot, drowsy, summer weather and the good old clergyman was ever drowsier than the weather. But in the course of his sermon he related in a prosy way the story which Mr. Hay afterward made immortal as 'Little Breeches.' As he told the story Mr. Hay was struck with the dramatic possibilities if cleverly presented in Pike county dialect.

"'Before I left that church,' he said to me, 'the ballad of "Little Breeches" was complete in my mind, and before the midday meal was served it was written down on paper. Lest I should lose its lines I refused to converse with anybody until the writing was done.'

"'Then,' being in the swing of the Pike county ballad literature, he continued to write it until 'Banty Tim,' 'Jim Bludsoe' and the rest were done.

"'But then,' said Mr. Hay, 'the vein was completely worked out. It was what the Californians call a "pocket mine," and there was no metal left in it. From that day to this it has been as impossible for me to write a Pike county ballad as to write a new Iliad or Odyssey.'"

Punctuation Important.

(Exchange.)

Properly punctuated, the following nonsense becomes sensible rhyme, and it is doubtless as true as it is curious, though, as it now stands, it is very curious if true:

I saw a pigeon making bread;
I saw a girl composed of thread;
I saw a towel one mile square;
I saw a meadow in the air;
I saw it rocket walk a mile;
I saw a pony make a file;
I saw a blacksmith in a box;
I saw an orange kill an ox;
I saw a butcher made of steel;
I saw a penknife dance a reel;
I saw a sailor twelve feet high;
I saw a ladder in a pie;
I saw an apple fly away;
I saw a sparrow making hay;
I saw a farmer like a dog;
I saw a puppy mixing grog;
I saw three men who saw these, too,
And will confirm what I tell you.

OLD MEN.

Thousands of old men who thought their remaining days on earth would be few now bless the day that they commenced the use of this greatest of all strength builders. LINCOLN SEXUAL PILLS will bring about a degree of health and strength for you away beyond the average man of your years, and give you great peace and comfort.

Price, $1.00 per box—buy of your druggist or sent by mail on receipt of price, in plain wrapper.

LINCOLN PROPRIETARY CO., Fort Wayne, Ind.

M'Coy's Prescription Pharmacy, 5th East and 3rd South, and Van Dyke Drug Store, 280 South Main, Salt Lake City, Exclusive Agents.

Bohemian and Austrian Glass Vases:

Three hundred assorted, in three lots:
Lot No. 1, worth up to 65c, choice at 35c.
Lot No. 2, worth up to $1.25, choice at 65c.
Lot No. 3, worth up to $2.00, choice at 95c.

WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZERS—
The world's best. The kind "your mother used to use," greatly improved, freezes in four minutes.

AUTOMATIC REFRIGERATORS:
Our fourth year selling this wonderful refrigerator. "Saves half the ice," zinc or porcelain lined

Scott-Strevell.

GARDNER DAILY STORE NEWS.

If you've set your mind upon paying $12.00 or $15.00 for your Spring Suit, We'd advise early coming.

'Cause sure's you're born, many of these suits won't remain here much longer.

Of course we'll have $12.00 and $15.00 suits right up to end of season,

But there are some here now that might please you better.

Take the two suits we told of yesterday as instance.

Both nobby light gray mixed cheviots.

The $12.00 one has a one-thread stripe and cross stripe of red.

The $15.00 one has a one-thread stripe of red and a one-thread cross stripe of dark green.

Both have round cut coats, and both suits are splendidly tailored all through.

We haven't seen their equals this season, either for style or value.

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