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LABOR'S NEW FRIEND.

SENATOR HANNA is losing no opportunity these days to show how very friendly he is to the laboring man. The other day a Johnstown, Pa., man wrote to ask the senator if he did not believe compulsory arbitration was the only method of settling the anthracite strike and kindred difficulties. Replying to the question Senator Hanna said he did not believe the labor leaders of the country were in favor of compulsory arbitration as yet, but intimated a belief that they would come to it in time.

Continuing, he said: "In these days of prosperity it is not surprising that we should have a multiplicity of strikes, but I, for one, am disposed to excuse the method when it is required to enforce the rights of their demands, which, in most instances, have been recognized. I am not discouraged by several failures to adjust situations, because I realize a great deal of prejudice must be overcome before the antagonistic elements can be brought into friendly relationship. Our success thus far is such that I feel greatly encouraged to go on with the work."

Verily, Senator Hanna is getting to be one of those labor "agitators" so recently and so roundly denounced by Agent of the Almighty Baer, head of the anthracite coal trust. At the rate he is now going it won't be long before he'll be saying strikers are invariably right and employers invariably wrong. Mr. Hanna seems to have learned a lot within the past year or so.

Maybe he is going to be a candidate for the presidency in 1904. That would account, to a large extent, for his interest in the welfare of the laboring man. But Mr. Hanna himself says he is not a candidate. There is nothing to prevent him from changing his mind during the next two years, however. He has changed his attitude very materially on labor questions during the last two years, so, if he really wants to change his mind about the presidency he is in excellent trim to do so.

MORE SUNDAY FEATURES.

OF WELL-DOING The Herald never wearies. It feels that it is doing a good work when it lets people know a few days in advance what the following Sunday is going to bring forth. An old scriptural injunction has it that one should take no thought for the morrow, for sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. But the same authority says: "He that provideth not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." Sam Jones calls them "infiddles."

The Herald wants to provide for its own—that is to say, for its own readers, in the best possible way. That way is to give patrons the best things in the line of reading matter that money can purchase. Yesterday we had something to say about a series of Frank H. Spearman's stories, the first of which, "The Nerve of Foley," appears in The Sunday Herald day after tomorrow. Today we want to talk for just a minute about "The Hound of the Baskervilles."

Ever hear of Sir A. Conan Doyle? He used to be just Dr. Doyle, but he wrote a great book about the Boer war, and King Edward liked it so well that he knighted the doctor. Ever hear of Sherlock Holmes? Lots of folks think they know him, but they don't. They can't know him until they read "The Hound of the Baskervilles," the greatest work of Sherlock Holmes' great creator. "The Hound of the Baskervilles" is a story that might have happened, just as it was written. Yet it is undoubtedly the weirdest piece of fiction that has flowed from an author's brain and pen since Robert Louis Stevenson wrote "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde."

It catches your attention and holds it as a magnet holds a steel needle. A love story is deftly woven into the pages, but the central figure is Sherlock Holmes and his successful effort to rid the house of Baskerville of its ancestral curse. Look for the first installment in The Herald next Sunday. Subsequent installments will be found exclusively in The Sunday Herald until the story is completed.

And, by the way, don't fail to read the Spearman story. Neither can you afford to miss Mr. Dooley's philosophy, George Ade's fables, stories for fishermen, James Whitcomb Riley's short story and the special departments, such as Marian Harland's page for housewives, the page of fashions, Walt McDougal's story for children, the best sporting page and all the news while it is news.

BRIGHT BASEBALL OUTLOOK.

IT MAY BE A LITTLE EARLY to begin discussing something that can't happen until next year, but the prospects are so good for first-class baseball in Salt Lake in 1903 that The Herald cannot refrain from congratulating lovers of the great national game. The outlook for Salt Lake's entrance into the Pacific Northwest league is more than bright. President Lucas has expressed himself as being favorably disposed toward the proposition, and his opinion will carry great weight with the directors of the league.

Those in charge of the local work are men of means and standing. They have raised the necessary guarantee fund without difficulty, and they stand ready to put a pennant-winning team in the field. These gentlemen are entitled to the loyal support of every baseball enthusiast. The right kind of ball will pay in Salt Lake, and that this will be the right kind goes without saying.

A possible hitch in the negotiations may be caused by railroad rates, but it is thought that the Short Line management will see its way clear to grant the concessions asked by the promoters. The Salt Lakers should be able to promise a rate of 1 cent a mile to the other league clubs. Unless they get this concession it is hardly worth while to consider the matter further, for that is the rate granted by the Northern Pacific to the other league cities. And it would be a stroke of good business policy for the Short Line to allow this rate.

The money would be clear profit, but it would not be all the profit by any means. Good baseball means big excursions from other cities, and most of the cash derived therefrom would naturally flow into the Short Line treasury. In the event of a close race between Salt Lake and Butte, for instance, excursions would be run to and from both cities to see the contests, and the same thing is true of other points.

Of course, nothing will be decided until the October meeting of the league, but it is apparent that the weight of President Lucas' influence will be thrown toward Salt Lake, and, if the other details work out as they should, Salt Lake will be a member of the strongest league ever organized west of Denver.

RAILROAD TRAVEL SAFE.

A GREAT MANY PEOPLE still labor under the delusion that the man who travels on railroad trains takes his life in his hands. Before starting on a long railroad trip it is the invariable custom of some travelers to take out an accident insurance policy. They wouldn't think of taking such a step if they intended to remain at home, but statistics show that there is really more danger of accidents to individuals off of railroad trains than on them.

Some interesting figures are contained in a bulletin issued by the interstate commerce commission, covering the year ended June 30, 1901. They show that one passenger was killed for every 61,537,548 miles traveled. That's quite a stretch of territory. If an express train could maintain a speed of a mile a minute for an indefinite period, the people on it would have to ride 1,025,625 hours before they were in any danger of being killed.

They would have to spend 42,734 days on that train, and, not counting leap years, a baby born the minute the train started would be 117 years old and well into its 118th year by the time the train reached the end of its trip. There we have the reason why accident insurance companies place traveling men in the list of preferred risks. Those so employed have one chance in 2,153,469 of being killed and one chance in 121,748 of being injured.

With reference to railroad employes, however, the figures are appalling. They indicate that railroading, especially the work of trainmen proper, such as enginemen, firemen, conductors and brakemen, is a more hazardous occupation than war. One out of every 400 railway employes was killed during the period covered by the bulletin, and one out of every twenty-six was injured. Statistics as to trainmen show that one out of every 136 was killed and one out of every thirteen was more or less seriously injured.

Surely that is enough to make all of us take off our hats to the railroader, the man who sees that those in his care are safe, regardless of any personal risk he may be compelled to take. During the year ended June 30, 1901, 2,675 railway employes were killed and 41,142 were injured.

Another interesting feature of the report relates to the increasing tendency of Americans to travel about their own country. The number of passengers carried was 607,278,121, an increase of 30,412,891 as compared with the preceding year. The gross earnings of all the roads aggregated $1,588,526,037, being $101,481,223 more than in 1900, while the operating expenses increased only $68,968,759.

It was just awful for that California stage passenger to spoil history the way he did Wednesday. He was held up by a lone highwayman but, instead of allowing the gentleman of the road to despoil him, this passenger took the robber's gun away from him and beat the aforesaid robber over the head with it in a cruel and inhuman manner. No punishment is too severe for that man.

One more witness has been added to the great cloud against the anthracite coal trust. Labor Commissioner Wright, who made an impartial investigation, says the operators should immediately concede a shorter day to the strikers.

Those Idaho Democrats have gotten up a right lively state convention. They evidently believe the nominations are worth having, and therefore worth working for. It is a good augury for success at the polls.

Maybe the bears won't give President Roosevelt a wide berth when they hear about the trolley car that tackled him and got the worst of it. If they don't, it will be because they are tied.

Even as the cackling of geese saved Rome, so the barking of a small dog saved the residence of Judge Diehl from a burglar. Any old dog can have a day in Judge Diehl's court now.

Lots of people in this county must have their hands full these days. At least some hundreds of gentlemen have announced that they are in the hands of their friends.

About this time next week we'll know just what Republicans are going to have the honor of being beaten by Democrats for congress and judge of the supreme court.

There ought to be some fat pickings for the boys in that Summit county capital fight. The Union Pacific is pulling one way and the Rio Grande another.

George J. Gould says Salt Lake has a great future before it. It was very nice in Mr. Gould to say so, but he hasn't any scoop on that opinion.

All the candidates will breathe easier now. Governor Wells has announced officially that we'll have an election in November.

WEDDING OF MISS FERGUSON AND DR. ALBRITTON.

Mrs. Albritton.

Dr. Albritton.

ONE of the most beautifully appointed weddings seen in the city since the reign of the wedding in the early summer, was that of Miss Corey Ferguson and Dr. F. L. Albritton, which was solemnized last evening at the home of the bride's mother on East Brigham street. The ceremony was performed by the father of the groom, the Rev. Dr. Albritton, and was witnessed by a large number of the friends and relatives of the bride and groom. The handsome home was beautifully decorated.

The young couple stood in the drawing room under an arch of smilax and incandescent lights, with a floral design of a pink heart enclosed in a bow and arrow. The rest of the room was in white and green, the walls and curtains being hung with smilax and ferns. In the music room masses of American Beauties were used, while the library and dining room were done in asters.

At the hour appointed, the bridal procession entered, little Estelle Dunyon, the flower girl, and Albert Dunyon, the ring bearer, leading the way. Following these came the maid of honor, Miss Florence Dow, and the three bridesmaids, Miss May Crane, Miss Erickson and Miss Clark. An aisle was formed through which the bride and her mother entered and, proceeding to the prayer stool in the alcove, were met by the groom and his best man, Mr. Elmer Albritton. During the ceremony, Professor Anderson played the Mendelssohn wedding march, and later during the reception charming music was furnished by the Schettler orchestra. Punch was served in the dining room by the Misses Myra Sowles, Lizzie Davis, Mary Mayne and Erma Eberhardt. Dr. Arnold and Mr. Silverwood were the ushers. In an upstairs room refreshments were served, and here the flowers used were asters of mixed colors.

The bride wore an elegant gown of pearl white panne crepe with yoke and trimmings of real lace. The gown was made over white taffeta, and was beautifully hand worked. A tulle veil, fastened with a diamond sunburst, completed her costume, and she carried a large cluster bouquet of brides' roses. Mrs. Bonnemort, the mother of the bride, wore an exquisite dress of pale gray voile over lavender silk, with real lace trimmings. The maid of honor and the three bridesmaids were gowned in deep cream organdie, and carried pink bridesmaids' roses.

Dr. and Mrs. Albritton left last night on the late train for a short trip to Spokane, and will be at home after Oct. 1 at Kalispell, Mont.

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Another beautiful home wedding of yesterday was that of Miss Gertrude Felt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Felt, and Mr. H. F. Kimball. The ceremony was performed at 8 o'clock by Bishop O. F. Whitney, and was witnessed by only a very few of the relatives and friends of the bride and groom. The bride was attended by Mrs. Lewis T. Cannon and Miss May Hatch of Heber, and Mr. O. H. Hyde was the best man. The ceremony was followed by a wedding supper, and punch was served throughout the evening by Miss Afton Kimball.

The home on Capitol hill was prettily decorated, the parlors in pink and white, and the dining room in yellow. The young people stood beneath a canopy of smilax with pink and white asters interlaced, and the curtains and walls were hung with ropes of smilax. In the dining room large vases of brilliant yellow flowers gave a beautiful effect.

The bride wore a dainty gown of cream silk batiste over white taffeta, with a bertha of real lace. She carried a large shower bouquet of brides' roses. Mr. and Mrs. Kimball will be at home after the 20th of the month at 121 Fourth street.

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The marriage of Miss Lillian Gunnel of McComb, Ills., and Mr. Christopher Pennartz of the Salt Lake Tribune took place on Tuesday, at the home of the bride. Mr. Pennartz left for his old home on Monday, and he will be greeted by the good wishes of a host of friends here on his return. The bride is a well known girl in her own town, and will be welcomed by the many friends of Mr. Pennartz.

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Mrs. Harriet R. Congdon, who has been the guest of Mrs. Hall and daughters, has gone to Troy, N. Y., where she will teach in the Emma Willard school.

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Mrs. M. S. Lacy of Colorado Springs will arrive in the city on the 20th of the month, and will be the guest for some time of her sister, Mrs. C. E. Richards.

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Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lewis of Butte arrived in the city Wednesday morning. Mr. Lewis left yesterday for New York, and Mrs. Lewis will visit her sister, Mrs. O. K. Lewis, till his return.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Judson and Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Stephens will spend Sunday at Walker's farm.

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Miss Matie Hall is pursuing her studies in Berkeley, California.

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Mr. and Mrs. A. Wakeling entertained informally at dinner at the Alta club last evening; later the party went to the Theatre.

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The Misses Bessie and Mildred McMillan will reach home this morning, after a pleasant visit with Mrs. Luellwitz in Spokane.

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Mrs. Frank Kimbal and daughter Florence have gone to Chicago.

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Miss Helen Burton leaves shortly to enter a young ladies' seminary in New York.

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Misses Florence and Clara Hall will leave for the east next Monday, to return to their college work.

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Miss Bessie Chandler left Tuesday for Wellesley. Mrs. Chandler accompanied her, and will remain about a month.

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Miss Elizabeth Bain and Miss Mabel Corbin have returned from their vacation.

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Mrs. Benedict, who has spent the past three months in Anaconda, visiting Mrs. Charles Cowan, has returned to the city, and is at the Halls.

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Mrs. James A. Miner entertained at a delightfully informal card party yesterday afternoon.

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Mrs. Edwin F. Holmes gives a large luncheon today, in honor of her guest, Miss Shoop of Missouri, and the Misses Holmes.

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Mrs. C. E. Richards invited a few lovers of Browning to meet Miss McDonald of Colorado Springs and her hostess, Mrs. Jones, yesterday afternoon.

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Miss Florence Christensen has returned from a visit to her former home in Newton, and will resume her studies in a few days at the University of Utah.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Daly left yesterday for a trip to New York City, stopping en route at Chicago, Buffalo, Niagara Falls and Albany. They will be absent several weeks.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Broughall returned to the city Wednesday, after a week's visit to the Daly-Judge mine at Park City, of which Mr. Broughall is assistant manager. They will make their home at the Kenyon hotel this winter.

Amusements.

If it is true that some plays, like wine, improve with age, "The County Fair" deserves a place in that class. Witnessing the play, as given by Neil Burgess himself and company for about the millionth time, the old piece seemed just a little better than ever. There is one reason apparent for this improvement. Neil Burgess himself has got some new scenery and two or three new features.

Neil Burgess himself is inimitable. His Aunt Abby is probably as old as O'Neil's Monte Cristo and in its own peculiar way quite as entertaining. The house was in an uproar all night, screaming with laughter or drinking in the pathetic episodes of the rural creation, just as the occasion demanded. It was a large audience, especially up above. Neil Burgess himself is to be congratulated on the longevity of the character and the piece. The horse race is one of the fair's thrilling scenes and it produced wild enthusiasm last night. The girl who plays "Tags" and the young man giving Tim are noteworthy in the cast. Some others would make up a nice picture by sitting in the corner and knitting. The song, "Soldier Boy," and the other specialties filled in an interesting quarter of an hour. "The County Fair" will be given tonight for the last time.

At the Grand last night the attraction was "A Broken Heart." It was written by Esther Rujaero, who is not only authoress, but sole proprietor, leading woman, stage director, and, in fact, most of the show. From a literary standpoint, "A Broken Heart" is humorous, though the title doesn't suggest it. There is something in the play, termed "heart interest," which appeals to a certain class of theatregoers and it will live, anyway, the chances are, as long as that class attends the theatre. The scene of the drama is Los Vegas, Col. There is a murder, the hero is accused, but the villain, who is also the prosecuting attorney, gets the worst of it in the end. (This is customary in melodrama.) The company is about on a par with popular priced road companies.

"A Broken Heart" runs the remainder of the week, with a matinee tomorrow.

Told It His Own Way.

(Brooklyn Eagle.)

Thomas Barry, a Boston lawyer, was recently examining an Irish witness in a suit growing out of a street railroad accident. Here is the result of Lawyer Barry's suggestion that the witness should tell the story in his own words: "Well, the man fell in th' str-reet as the car-r passed; thin th' car-r stopped, an' we all ran out. The cr-rowd gathered ar-round th' man and shouted: 'He's kilt! He's kilt!' Then Oi jumped in, pulled a dozen of the spalpeens out uv th' way, and yells at 'em: 'Yez thick heads, yez! If th' man's kilt, why in hivvin's name don't yez stand to wan side an' let him hav a breath of air-r?'"

In Installments.

Mrs. Gay—But I told you to itemize the bill.

The Milliner—The bill I sent you on the first was itemized; every item was there.

Mrs. Gay—Gracious! You don't understand me. I want you to send only one item each month, or my husband will never pay it.

A PLANT FOR ALKALINE SOIL.

To The Salt Lake Herald:

Today I was shown a plant that was raised in the "black alkali" near Wood's Cross, Davis county, by Mr. W. H. Smith. The plant is eighteen inches tall with many fine branches, and bears abundant foliage. The leaves have a decided saline flavor, and it would no doubt make a good fodder plant for alkaline regions. The plant in question is the Australian saltbush, and seems to thrive well on the barren alkaline soil of which there are thousands of acres in Utah.

Mr. Smith is enthusiastic over the promise of success from this partial experiment. He would like the cooperation of several persons, so that a more extensive trial of this plant may be made. He says he is willing to buy $20 or $30 worth of seed if others will help him plant and care for the ground and crop.

A large part of the present summer was spent by the writer at the experimental gardens of the University of California. They are there carrying on experiments with several varieties of Australian saltbushes, with the view of introducing and recommending them to the ranchmen of the alkaline portions of the state. Although there are quite a number of native saltbushes growing in California, yet so far the Australian varieties seem to be the more promising. It is a well known fact to naturalists, yet not fully explained, that an introduced species often thrives better than native ones and even in some cases crowds out the indigenous ones.

Much of my early boyhood days was spent on an alkaline farm, and I have long held pet ideas in regard to reclaiming alkaline soils. It is my opinion that many acres of the Salt Lake valley that are at present barren on account of the excess of saline ingredients, could be made to produce a crop if properly treated. The crop at first, and, perhaps, for several years, might be only a fodder crop, but that would be a great advance over the present condition.

What does it mean to the owner when a growth of saltbush can be harvested annually from his alkaline flat? It means that the plants are extracting pounds, yes, tons, of saline ingredients, which are so inimical to ordinary forms of vegetation, from the soil. The salt plants must have the salt and the alkali. At Berkeley, in the gardens of the University of California, the soil is considered to be entirely free of salt and alkali, yet the affinity of the Australian saltbush for the salines is so strong that the foliage of these plants has a decidedly salty taste, as I can testify from personal experiment.

This is Nature's method of extracting the mineral salts from the soil. Of course, the alkali can be washed from the soil, if water is plentiful, and there is proper drainage, but irrigation of low alkaline flats, as generaly practiced, does more harm than good. Besides we have not sufficient water to thoroughly wash the soil, and much of the alkaline country is unfavorably situated for this method of treatment.

More experiments in this direction are required. The seed of the Australian saltbush is quite expensive—$1 or more a pound, I believe—so this item may prevent or retard experimentation with this particular plant until sufficient seed could be raised at home. But we have several native saltbushes that may be easily produced and cultivated, and though they may not be quite so good for the purpose as the foreign ones, yet I am quite sure that they could be made to answer the purpose. These native salt bushes were quite extensively gathered for the winter feed of stock by the early settlers of Salt Lake valley, but since the introduction of alfalfa and the cultivation of the choicer kinds of hay plants, we see no more of the saltbush hay stack. The saline flavor of the salt bush hay makes it a palatable fodder for sheep, cattle, horses and mules, and all eat it readily in the winter time.

Another point that should not be overlooked is the character and situation of much of the alkaline soil in these valleys. Generally this soil is found occupying the lower parts of the valley and has thus been for ages the depository for the alluvium from the higher lands. Hence, if such tracts can be controlled and brought under cultivation, they will make a deep, rich and strong soil.

ORSON HOWARD,
Professor of Botany University of Utah.

A SUGGESTION FROM OGDEN.

To The Salt Lake Herald:

I would advise you, through the columns of your valuable paper, to warn the Republicans, if they value L. W. Shurtliff so much, they had best give him an office right quick, or the next time they hear from him it will be as a socialist.

I see by tonight's Standard that the city council has appropriated $50 to George Graves to go to New York to teach the fire chiefs to build little boats, and, in return, I hope they will give him a few lessons in fire fighting and a few more lessons in driving.

A PROPERTY HOLDER AND TAXPAYER.

Ogden, Sept. 3.

The Emblematic Eagle.

(New York Press.)

We have a habit of speaking of the American eagle as if only America had an eagle. "Let the eagle scream!" is a pet saying. The eagle is dominant in the coats of arms of Mexico, Russia, Chile, Austria-Hungary, Prussia and Germany. It was the ensign of the ancient kings of Babylon and Persia, of the Ptolemies and Seleucides. The Romans adopted it, and Marius made it the ensign of the legion. The French under the empire assumed the same device. The eagle is used for lecterns in churches, because it is the natural enemy of the serpent. The Mexican coat of arms is an eagle holding a serpent in its beak and talons. Austria, Germany and Russia have two-headed eagles, one facing to the right and the other to the left. The two heads symbolize the Eastern or Byzantine empire and the Western or Roman empire. The eagle signifies fortitude.

The Boundary Line.

(Boston Herald.)

Where is the exact boundary between life and death? Up to within a few years it was supposed that a human being was really dead a few moments after breathing ceased, but Dr. Laborde, director of physiological work to the faculty of medicine in Paris, has proved that life may linger in the body hours after all signs of respiration have ceased to be observable. In all cases of suffocation, asphyxiation, narcotic poisoning, drowning and the like, Dr. Laborde moves the tongue of the patient back and forth in regular cadence instead of employing the usual means of raising and lowering the arms. The doctor has made what he calls a lingual tractor, a machine which moves the tongue back and forth a fixed distance and with exact rhythm. By its use persons have been revived who had apparently been dead for three hours. The doctor calls attention to the fact that a majority of persons who meet death in the water are killed by heart disease, and not by suffocation, which accounts for many failures in attempted resuscitation.

Too Many Marys.

(Washington Star.)

"You say your daughter goes around telling the neighbors that you are no good?"

"Yes," answered the young woman's father.

"And she turns up her nose at work of any kind?"

"She'd have a fit if anybody asked her to help wash the dishes."

"And are the reports true that she says things which shock the minister when he comes to call?"

"I'm afraid they are."

"Aren't you going to do something about it?"

"I don't know what to do. I don't know whether to get angry or to try to feel proud because we have a Mary MacLane in the family."

SUNSHINE BEHIND THE CLOUD.

(Whitcomb Riley.)

If you should see a fellow man with trouble's flag unfurled,
An' looking like he didn't have a friend in all the world,
Go up, and slap him on the back, and holler, "How d' you do?"
And grasp his hand so warm he'll know he has a friend in you.
Then ax him what's a-hurtin' him, an' laugh his cares away,
And tell him that the darkest night is just before the day.
Don't talk in graveyard palaver, but say it right out loud,
That God will sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.
This world at best is but a hash of pleasure and of pain;
Some days are bright and sunny, and some all sloshed with rain,
And that's just how it ought to be, for when the clouds roll by
We'll know just how to 'preciate the bright and smiling sky.
So learn to take it as it comes, and don't sweat at the pores
Because the Lord's opinion doesn't coincide with yours;
But always keep rememberin', when cares your path enshroud,
That God has lots of sunshine to spill behind the cloud.

Sang Hymn While Walloping Mule.

(Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.)

A coal-black negro perched on a cart who alternately walloped a bay mule with a snake whip and sang snatches of hymns in a high key caused a stir and much merriment on Germantown avenue, at Wayne Junction, yesterday afternoon. The negro saw no incongruity in his double performance, and the mule, judging from the way in which he laid back his ears and essayed to kick the bottom out of the cart, saw no humor in the situation. But the onlookers, who were at first shocked by the sacrilegious aspect of the negro's conduct, finally succumbed to the ludicrousness of the affair.

"Neahah, my God——" sang the ebony-hued driver, the sacred song being cut short by the "crack!" of the snake whip smiting the mule's flank. "to Thee," rang out between two skillfully prolonged "c-r-a-c-k-s!" which were resented vigorously by the heels of the hybrid. "E'en though it be——" twanged the negro, scaring the animal into a run with a stinging blow on the elongated right ear —"that raiseth me——" continued the black-skinned Jehu, in the midst of a succession of reports of pistol-like sharpness which sent a mounted policeman clattering in pursuit of the fast-disappearing negro, the crackings of whose whip continued to drown alike the words of the hymn and the laughter of the spectators.

A Royal Love Story.

(Exchange.)

There is a royal love story, which is very human and very tender, and of which very few people know anything. When Princess Beatrice was quite a young girl, Eugene Louis Jean Joseph, who was a son of Emperor Louis Napoleon, came to Windsor, and the two fell instantly in love with each other. For months they kept the secret, but the day came when their affection was discovered. Then fate proved very unkind.

The engagement was broken off, and the prince imperial went away, filled with despair. With sorrow in his heart, he went out to the Zulu war, where, after fighting with dare-devil desperation, he was unhappily killed on June 1, 1879, and England mourned his loss. The princess, who loved him, was heartbroken, and with her own hand she placed a wreath of porcelain upon his coffin.

"I want it to last like my love for him."

These were her only words. And she went away sorrowing.

The mother of Eugene Louis Jean Joseph still thinks of her lost son and the woman he wanted to make his bride. Eugenie, the empress, lives in retirement in England, and the princess frequently sees her now. The two women love each other, and when Eugenie dies Princess Beatrice will inherit all the fortune which would have been given to the dead prince, whom the present English king declared had "lived the most spotless of lives and died a soldier's death."

Many Disappointed Choctaws.

(Mobile, Ala., Register.)

There are a great number of disappointed and dissatisfied Choctaw Indians in the central and eastern portion of the state of Mississippi because of the report of the Dawes commission to the Five Civilized Tribes to the effect that only seven of their applications for claims of land in the Indian territory have been approved. There were 5,969 applicants as Mississippi Choctaws, representing more than 20,000 persons, but out of that number only seven passed muster. It is explained that these rejections are because of errors in the applications—some of the red tape requirements having been overlooked or neglected by the Indians, and which they do not understand. There are quite a number of Indians in the state who declined to make application for claims in the territory, preferring to live out their lives in the land of their fathers on the banks of the Yokahockany, Funnegusha or other tributaries of the Pearl. Many of them own their own homes and are quiet, peaceful, law-abiding citizens.

Never Hurry Your Barber.

(Philadelphia Record.)

"Take my advice and never try to hurry a barber," said a subordinate yesterday. "You only lose time by it. If you are in a hurry don't let him know it. I speak this from long experience in getting shaved just before I take my train at Broad street station. I usually patronize a shop not far from there, and often I have just about fifteen minutes in which to catch my train. I used to make the mistake of saying to the barber: 'Now, I want a quick shave, for I've got to catch the 6 o'clock train.' He would look up at the clock and say: 'I guess I can do it all right.' He would start in leisurely, but as I would twist my head around to look at the clock he would begin to get rattled. When a barber gets rattled it's all up. You may as well resign yourself to your fate. I never say anything about trains any more. If I have barely time to make it when I get in the chair I keep my mouth shut and let things take their natural course. Nine times out of ten I will make my train, with a couple of minutes to spare."

Business Before Pleasure.

(Philadelphia Times.)

Jonas, the elder of two frugal, hard-working and stolid "Pennsylvania Dutch" brothers known generally throughout Lancaster county, recently died. A Lancaster acquaintance met Elias, the younger, in the streets of that city the day for which the funeral was scheduled.

"Why, Elias, I heard Jonas was dead!" he exclaimed, in surprise.

"Yah—he be dead since Sunday last," said Elias.

"Well—well," stammered the acquaintance, "that is, I heard the funeral was to be today—and—and how is it you're here in town?"

"Vell," explained the mourning relative, "t'ings half been dull and still since Jonas died. I hafs a chance for some pizness here in Lancaster today; and you know it is always pizness before pleasure mit me."

What He Knew About Saturn.

(Philadelphia Times.)

Congressman Bingham, chatting with some friends at the Union League regarding the effectiveness of the civil service examination, confessed that some very absurd things often crept into the questions asked applicants. One young man who wanted a clerkship in the treasury department was asked, among other things:

"What is the distance of Saturn from the earth?"

In reply, he said that, as the position he sought pertained to the earth and not to the entire solar system, he had neglected to post himself on astronomy, and that, while he was unable to tell the exact number of billions of miles, he felt sure the said planet was sufficiently far away not to interfere with his duties as a clerk, or to involve him in any of its rings, should he get the position. And General Bingham says, he got it.

Short of Ammunition.

(New York Times.)

A belated reminiscence of the battle of Gettysburg illustrates the strict attention to business of the professional soldier under the most distracting circumstances.

When General Hancock was wounded he was carried to the rear, where the surgeons cut away his clothing and found and extracted the missile. The general became much interested on seeing it, and insisted upon sending for an aide-de-camp, in spite of the medical admonitions against exciting himself. When the aide appeared, the general called out to him:

"Go straight to General Meade and tell him the enemy is running short of ammunition. I have been wounded with a tenpenny nail!"

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University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah.