THE SALT LAKE HERALD

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AMUSEMENTS TODAY.

Salt Lake—Nance O'Neil in "The Sorceress."
Orpheum—Vaudeville.
Grand—"Human Hearts."
Lyric—"A Gipsy's Romance."

WEATHER FOR SALT LAKE.

Fair.

SALT LAKE'S NEED.

It is understood the Galveston bills will be reported to the house by its special committee either today or tomorrow. Upon the disposition made by the house will depend the future city government of Salt Lake, and in such an important matter it is to be hoped the members realize the full extent of their responsibility.

Probably no measures ever had fuller discussion by the press and public; certainly no proposed change ever had more nearly unanimous support from the business community which will be affected by it. After all the discussion for and against the plan embodied in these bills, the only serious objection advanced is that while the plan itself is all right the city might suffer if the right men could not be secured.

It will be noted that this objection is advanced largely by politicians connected with the present city government or by those who are interested in some other branch of machine politics in the city and state. The sufficient answer to that argument is the visible fact that it is impossible under the present system to get the "right" men to serve and the results under the new system ought to be much better, because both the salaries paid and the authority granted would be much more of an inducement to good men than can possibly be offered under the existing conditions.

Everybody knows it is difficult now to get the "right" men to accept office, either as councilmen or as appointive employes. The reason is simple: a good man is handicapped in the council by the little political intrigues and divisions of spoils, by the men who are in the council, not to serve the public, but to get as much as possible out of public employ. A self-respecting citizen, such a man as Ferry, for instance, is embarrassed by political caucuses, by the exigencies of party necessity, until he is almost ready to despair of doing business on business principles.

Why shouldn't Salt Lake get the right men to serve if it gives them salaries commensurate with their responsibilities and entrusts them with the authority needed to achieve results? Why shouldn't conventions representing the whole city get as good men as are named for the district judgeships or for mayor or for congress? Is public spirit dead in Salt Lake? Isn't it possible to arouse an interest in city affairs that shall compel the politicians to take a back seat and let the people take command of their civic affairs?

The Herald believes that the time is ripe for such an awakening of the people, that it will not only be possible to nominate and elect good men, but that the citizens will have no other kind. If the Galveston plan is adopted, as seems likely, it is safe to say that the whole community will take part in the affairs of the city, in its nominating conventions, in its primaries and in its actual government.

Developments of the past few months show that the city is rapidly coming into its own, that it has passed the small city stage and is becoming the commercial and financial, educational and social center of the whole intermountain region. An era of improvement, public and private, is on, and the future of the city will depend largely upon the kind of government it is to have for the next few years. Business necessity demands that the management of municipal affairs shall be in the hands of good men working under the simplest business system possible. If the legislature will give Salt Lake the form of government it asks, the citizens will take care that none but able, honest men are entrusted with power in this critical stage of its development.

Having advised congress as to its duty regarding pretty nearly everything under the sun, it now seems necessary for the president to send in a message telling the members how to employ their spare time during the summer months.

The graft feature of the ship subsidy bill must be pretty well developed when the Republican members of congress refuse to stand for it.

THE SUNDAY HERALD.

It is with pardonable pride that The Herald occasionally calls attention to some of the striking features of its Sunday edition. All the big publishing and syndicate houses have come to recognize The Herald as the best buyer of high-class Sunday features in Salt Lake. As a result, nearly every time this paper gets the first opportunity to buy when a new feature is being put out. Good literature and fine illustrations come high. They cost much money, but the people of the intermountain region like them and they make The Herald's enterprise profitable.

At the present time there is scarcely a good feature running in the country that The Herald isn't publishing in this field. Peter Dunne's Dooley letters, Ade's humorous sketches, the Hearst comic pages, Franklin Fyles' theatrical letter from New York, and a quartette of the best Sunday features going. The Herald has them all. Good as they are, they form but a small part of the aggregate material collected for each Sunday edition. Every Sunday The Herald publishes many special articles on timely subjects. Fiction by the best authors receives due and ample attention. In its news service, local and telegraphic, The Herald is without a serious rival, while its illustrations and cartoons are approached by no competitor.

Next Sunday The Herald will introduce—rather reintroduce—a writer to Salt Lake. Ellis Parker Butler is to write a series of humorous sketches for this paper. Mr. Butler is the author of "Pigs Is Pigs" (published some months in The Herald, by the way), a short story that stamped him as a humorist of the first degree. His reputation is firmly established and his friends believe that the stories now to be put out will increase it. The sketches will all deal with Eliph Hewlett, a book agent, who sells Jarby's encyclopedia of useful knowledge under extreme difficulties. The first will appear next Sunday, simultaneously in The Salt Lake Herald, the New York Herald, the Chicago Tribune and the Kansas City Star.

The Herald also wishes to announce that a new series of "Under the Dead Line" stories will appear shortly in this paper.

The Herald has received a handsome calendar with the compliments of the state industrial school of Utah, which is located at Ogden. The calendar is well printed and contains a fine halftone illustration of the school band. The workmanship is good throughout and reflects much credit on the boys whose product it is.

District Attorney Jerome is a much more ferocious individual when dragging confession of wrongdoing from the unwilling lips of a frail woman than when he is "on trail" of life insurance thieves.

Idaho Republicans seem to draw a distinction between the kind of a man required for the federal bench and the individual who was elected chief justice of the state.

Take the outer edge of the sidewalk, brethren, lest the Easter bonnet in the window tempt you to sin. "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," saveth the preacher."

Iowa and Kansas cranks seem to dominate congress on the canteen question.

THE SMOOT ISSUSE.

(Denver Times.)

Reed Smoot is at last Senator Smoot with no strings tied to the title.

The Mormon church has thus been given to understand that it may make its theocracy as closely and directly political as it chooses and the nation will support it in the policy.

To make polygamy an issue in the Smoot contest the Times believes was a mistake. Smoot himself was not a polygamist, and his association with law-breakers in that regard was scarcely sufficient to warrant his rejection.

The most serious issue was based on Smoot's high official position in the Mormon church. It is a virtual recognition and indorsement of Utah's union of church and state to allow one of the Mormon hierarchy to be that state's representative in the senate.

Church control in politics is a serious menace to a free government, and in Utah this domination is undeniable and extremely strong.

Had Reed Smoot not been a member of the chief apostles in the Mormon church there would have been no issue. Other Mormons, neither polygamists nor members of this hierarchy, have been seated in congress.

But the question came when, as a climax in brazen church domination, the Mormon apostles forced to the front one of their own members, a member of the small, secret hierarchy in control of both the church and the politics of the church.

If Smoot had been a member of the Roman Catholic college of cardinals, and if this body controlled not only the spiritual management of that church, but the business affairs of many huge corporations, and if it kept close hold of every detail in partisan politics, the reason for refusing to seat him would have been much the same.

It was not a matter of religious discrimination. It was not a question of censorship of opinion. It was an issue involving the right of the people to govern themselves without ecclesiastical interference.

The decision was inevitable. The dominant party is too deply indebted to the apostolic hierarchy in at least two states to make it at all probable that the senate majority would antagonize the Mormon church.

But the question of church politics is not settled, and if the coming years do not reap deplorable harvest from such an encouragement of arrogant dominion the Times will own itself mistaken.

THREE GREAT WARSHIPS.

The British, the Jap and the Proposed American.

(New York Sun.)

What would happen if in the unlikely event of a war between Japan and England, the giant British bulldog Dreadnought and the heavier Japanese battleship Satsuma should meet in a duel on the sea? That speculation is calculated to stir the imagination of naval folk the world over, and experts will answer it according to their conception of the respective battery power of the ships, their constructive strength of resistance and the ability of the men behind the guns.

It has been demonstrated that the Japanese can shoot and that they are as courageous as the Caucasian. It is known also that the English are good at hitting floating targets; in fact, that they are second only to the bluejackets of Uncle Sam in sea practice with big guns.

The comparative ability of the ships is a problem the solution of which is rendered difficult by the mystery with which the Japanese have surrounded the Satsuma. She is 19,200 tons displacement, thus exceeding the Dreadnought by 1,200 tons. She has what the English themselves now seem to regard as the disadvantage of reciprocating engines.

The Dreadnought is propelled by turbines that give her greater steadiness when going at high speed. The more rigid the gun platform the more accurate the gun fire will be.

Both the Satsuma and the Dreadnought were built in record time. The Japanese ship has the distinction of employing only Japanese in her design and construction. She represents the highest genius of the Japanese adepts who went through the war with Russia as officers of the conquering squadrons. It may be that they found out a few things that escaped the observers of other nations who had less intimate knowledge of the sea fights, and that the Satsuma has been built and equipped in accordance with these discoveries.

The Dreadnought has the advantage in speed by nearly two knots. She is practically in the cruiser class in this respect, and if she were getting the worst of it she might run away. The Satsuma would have to fight to the end or surrender.

The somewhat indefinite reports about the Satsuma published just after her launching say that her main battery consists of four 12-inch guns in turrets forward and aft on the center line and twelve 10-inch guns in pairs in turrets on the broadside. She can concentrate the power of two half-inch guns and four 10-inch guns ahead or astern, and deliver a broadside of four 12-inch and six 10-inch guns. She also has a battery of twelve 4.7-inch rapid-firers to turn against torpedo boats and destroyers.

The Dreadnought has a main battery of ten 12-inch guns capable of piercing twenty-two inches of armor at 3,000 yards. She can concentrate on either broadside eight of these mighty rifles and can fire six either dead ahead or astern.

The British declare that the lessons of the Japanese sea battles have demonstrated the superiority of the 12-inch gun. The Japanese themselves, who were closer to the conflict than anybody else, apparently believe also in the efficacy of the 10-inch gun. Otherwise they would have placed more rifles of the greater caliber aboard the powerful Satsuma.

It may be inferred, although there are no accurate data at hand just yet to bear it out, that the Satsuma and the Dreadnought are much alike in having little top-hammer and in having their guns so placed that the blast of one will not interfere with the work of the crew shooting another. The Dreadnought has three separate conning towers from which the ship may be fought. Our own uncompleted big battleships, the South Carolina and the Michigan, have two each.

The Satsuma and Dreadnought are alike in having great beam (that of the British ship being eighty-two feet) and depth, which give them stability. Stays and shrouds have been abolished on both ships and the tubular masts are self-supporting.

Whatever the American naval expert may think about the chances in battle of the Satsuma and the Dreadnought, he recently has had reason to congratulate himself on the prospective possession of a greater wardog than that of either the mikado or John Bull. Uncle Sam has decided to go them one better by constructing a floating, or racing, battery of 20,500 tons displacement.

The plans submitted are receiving the consideration of a special naval board appointed by Secretary Bonaparte. They call for an armament of twelve 12-inch guns mounted in six turrets, all on the center line and so arranged that all may be fired on either broadside. The middle turrets of the group are to be forty-five feet above the water line.

The design provides also for sixteen 5-inch rapid-firers for defense against torpedo attack. All the virtues of the Satsuma and the Dreadnought, it is said, will be utilized in the proposed battleship, which will not be built in a hurry.

Secretary Bonaparte's board has six other plans than that of the giant battleship to ponder upon. It is said that all of them are for ships more powerful than the Dreadnought.

CLEVER PARAGRAPHS.

Then He Will Muzzle the Press.

(Atlanta Constitution.)

As soon as Roosevelt settles the Japan problem, and the canal problem, and the Cuban problem, and a few other little matters, he'll have a breathing spell to see what's the matter with Hayti.

Too Much Thaw Testimony.

(Baltimore American.)

It seems a long time since a message from the president has been printed, but perhaps this is because the president fears that there might not be room for one in the newspapers.

The Style Is Very Antique.

(Philadelphia Telegraph.)

A fashion magazine says that peek-a-boo waists are not of modern invention, and having heard of Mrs. Eve Adam's fig-leaf gown we are compelled to agree.

Most of Us Feel That Way.

(New York Herald.)

A dispatch from Servia says the king needs money. Doesn't that make you feel like a monarch?

Couldn't Keep Up With the Senate.

(Philadelphia North American.)

The senate has heard that the president has spent $7,000,000 shadowing lawmakers in the last two years. The story is absurd on its face.

Does That Mean the Panama Canal?

(Philadelphia Inquirer.)

Poultney Bigelow is resolved to die in the last ditch.

The Lost Ship Marigold

"It was last June that we steamed out of San Francisco harbor," said Dick. "The Firefly, as you know, is a quick runner—thinks nothing of fifteen knots. We struck out in the direction of the Fijis and stayed there a couple of weeks, all being very new and interesting to me; but Sir Harry had been there before.

"'Now,' said Sir Harry, after we had stayed a while, 'what do you say if we strike for Valparaiso and visit Pitcairn island on the way? I have a fancy to see these curious people.'

"Of course I was delighted and away we went. Pitcairn island, as perhaps you know, is a lovely little dot, lying 1,500 miles south of the line, and over 2,000 from South America. It is seldom visited, and the arrival of a ship there is an event of great rejoicing. Well, we got along swimmingly for about a week, when we experienced some uncommonly rough weather. Of course we took it philosophically enough; but when it came to the breaking of a blade of our screw, we felt that it was piling on the agony. In addition to being blown out of our course, we didn't get a sight of the sun for five days. Such things, however, don't last forever, and when it cleared up and our captain could use his sextant, he gave our latitude as—let me see; I've got down in my pocketbook. Yes; here it is—as 33 degrees 24 minutes south, 132 degrees 15 minutes west. I remember noting it down particularly, as Sir Harry and myself were curious to know where we were.

"Next morning I heard Sir Harry's voice shouting cheerily outside my state room:

"'Dick, I say, get out here. There's an island lying east of us which the captain says isn't on the chart. Just think; we're discoverers!'

"Sure enough there was the island, four or five miles off, looking as pretty as a picture.

"'There are people on it!' exclaimed the captain.

"As we got nearer the shore Sir Harry and I kept out telescopes to our eyes. Some scores of natives had collected upon the beach and were watching our approach. Before we could make out much about the people, we could plainly see, half a mile inland, a village of houses, some of them evidently wooden ones and painted, others made of mats and poles, as among the Fijis.

"'That looks uncommonly like civilization,' said Sir Harry. 'Can you catch what sort of dress they wear? Seems to me that they have clothes on down to the feet, anyway.'

"By this time we had got to the beach and jumped ashore, and if ever I was staggered in my life I was then. Twenty paces in front of us, and the same distance in advance of the crowd we saw at first, stood four of the queerest, the quaintest, the most nondescript figures. One had on a mantle reaching about to his knees, once evidently gaudy, but now faded from age, and patched. The legs were incased in boots of untanned leather. A long white beard fell from a pleasant-looking brown face, while on the head was a leather slouch hat with broad brim.

"The next was a well-proportioned, black-bearded young fellow, in a short mantle of faded silk. This one held his hat in his hand, and it had a long feather in it. At his hip hung a sword in a curiously chased sheath.

"May I be struck dumb and paralyzed on the spot, if the old fellow with the brigand boots didn't amble up and say, with a Chesterfieldian bow:

"'May't please your worships to go with us and taste of our cheer? You are right welcome to this island. We will entreat you well, for I bethink me ye do come from the land of England, of which our forefathers spake. We are right glad that ye have come, I warrant you. Suffer us to conduct you unto our homes.'

"'Yea, prithee, fair sirs, we entreat you,' chimed in the other three.

"We stopped before one of the most pretentious cottages, where we were met by two females—one middle-aged, Dame Elizabeth Martin, the other a girl of 18 or so, Amy Martin. The dame was like most elderly females, but the young lady was a veritable dusky beauty—bright, flashing eyes, rosy lips, jet-black hair and piquant features.

"'An't please your worships to be seated, we will fall to,' was the invitation to which we responded, the fair Amy being flanked by Sir Harry on the one side and Master Marigold Thomson, the young fellow with the dandy doublet and hose, on the other, while another lady was similarly cavaliered by myself.

"It was a sight for the gods to see our worthy captain hobnobbing and carrying on animated conversation with the buccaneers at the other side of the table. I could see, too, that Sir Harry was making his way in the good graces of damsel Amy, much to the perturbation of Master Marigold Thomson.

"Sitting in the shadow of a patriarchal palm, Master Martin told us the traditional history of the island, supported by the extraneous evidence of several articles, one of them a volume bound in black leather with silver clasps. This proved to be a black-letter edition of Edward VI's Bible, printed upon parchment—nothing else would have stood the wear and tear and thumbing of centuries. This, he told us, was the only book on the island, and from it he and all I saw around me learned to read.

"Besides the Bible, Master Martin showed us a manuscript book, a ship's log, much blurred, and rendered illegible by sea water and extreme age, but from which I made these extracts:

* * * The xxj of Awgust we entered the streyghts called Magellianes Streytes, the xxiij of the same we arrived at an Ilans where we had greate store of fowles which could not flye, of the bygness of geese; we kylde in lesse than one day above three thowsand of these fowles, and victualed our selves thrwly with them. * * * The last of September being a very foule night, and the sears sore growne, we lost the general's shippe and the Elizabeth running to the eastward to get the shore whereof we had sight the vij of October, falling into a very dangerous bay full of rocks; and there we lost company of M. Drake the same night * * * the ambush brake out and set upon them, and before they could recover their bote and get her on flote they hurt all of our men very sore with their arrowes. * * * John Bruer, John Marten, Thomas Flud, great Nele, a dane, littell Nele a fleming, John Gripe, John Mariner, Gregory Rayment escaped their wounds and were cured. * * * Here we do live unto this daye in greate peace and plentye, and in amitie with ye natives. Seeing that much time hath passed without syne of ship or rescue, all save Thomas Flud have taken unto themselves wives wherefrom they have children, by which we are much holpen. I do thynke we shall bringe all in ye feare of Godde. JOHN THOMSON,
Captain of ye Marigold.

At ye Iland of Malilua, this 25th day of December (Xmas) Goddes son his daye, as I recon in the yere of our lorde fifteen hundred eighty-three, V years have we bene here; God save Her Majeztle. J. T.

"So things went on from day to day, till we lived more on the island than we did on the yacht. Before we had been there a week I could tell that Sir Harry was snug in the meshes of the dimpled god. While I was potting wild duck upon the creeks, Sir Harry was making love to the fair Amy. Of course this didn't escape the notice of Master Marigold Thomson. One evening as we were lying in our hammocks smoking, Sir Harry began to talk.

"'Dick,' said he, 'did you ever see a girl like that? So simple, so artless, so innocent, such a beauty, so unlike those sophisticated, artificial hot-house exotics one meets in a London drawing room! By Jove! I've a good mind to do it.'

"'What does the girl say to it?' I said.

"'Tomorrow I mean to ask her,' sighed Sir Harry. 'I don't think I'm mistaken in the result.'

"But Sir Harry need not have worried as to the outcome, for on the following day she asked him. It seemed that there was a custom on the island that the first man who sought the hand of a maiden in marriage was usually given the preference; if she refused him, however, she was compelled to seek another lover and propose to him. Young Marigold, seeing the way the wind was blowing, had made a formal proposition for old Martin's daughter, but Amy declared for Sir Harry.

"That evening after dinner I was comfortably strolling along the moonlit beach smoking a cigar. About a hundred yards to my right I saw Sir Harry and Amy. They were strolling along as close as lovers near where a fringe of myrtle ran down almost to the edge of the water, when whang! came a sound out of the laurel thicket. The next moment the air was startled with a masculine groan and a feminine shriek.

"I ran, and found Sir Harry on the sand and Miss Amy tugging away at the arrow that had lodged in his back. So I slipped his arms out of the sleeve of his coat and waistcoat, ripped off the back of his shirt and underclothing, went to work on the flesh around the barbs, and brought out the arrow. A few minutes after he had been hit I had him plastered up—you know I always carry enough plaster in my pocketbook to fix up a regiment. Amy's shrieks had brought the old man and the old woman and a hundred of the villagers. They came running up with lights, and crying, with that melancholy cadence which is the distinctive mark of barbaric man, as if their hearts would break.

"Morning rose with Amy still hovering round his bed, when news was brought in of another calamity. Marigold Thomson had been found with his brains dashed out, at the foot of the highest coast bluff on the island.

"Nobody ever knew who fired that arrow. If they knew, they said nothing. Poor Marigold was brought in dead. He was covered with flowers—and we buried him with true grief, true tears.

"And so ended, after 300 years, the last descendant of John Thomson, captain of the Marigold, who had passed through Magellan's straits with Sir Francis Drake, and brought his ship safe to land on an island in the South seas.

"Oh, the travesty of fortune! Push that decanter this way and light another cigar. Tomorrow I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to Sir Harry and his island bride."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Blows Exchanged at the Bar

(Scrap Book.)

Over shrewd lawyers often furnish their adversaries with weapons.

"Did you see this tree that has been mentioned by the roadside?" an advocate inquired.

"Yes, sir; I saw it very plainly."

"It was conspicuous, then?"

The witness seemed puzzled by the new word. He repeated his former assertion.

"What is the difference," sneered the lawyer, "between plain and conspicuous?"

But he was hoist with his own petard. The witness innocently answered: "I can see you plainly, sir, among the other lawyers, though you are not a bit conspicuous."

* * *

In another instance a blow directed against the character of a witness forcibly recoiled.

"You were in the company of these people?" he was asked.

"Of two friends, sir."

"Friends! Two thieves, I suppose you mean."

"That may be so," was the dry retort; "they are both lawyers."

* * *

The blow that destroys the effect of an adverse examination is occasionally more the result of an accident than of conscious effort. In a trial not long ago a very simple witness was in the box, and, after going through his ordeal, was ready to retire. One question remained.

"Now Mr. ——, has not an attempt been made to induce you to tell the court a different story?"

"A different story to what I have told, sir?"

"Yes; is it not so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Upon your oath, I demand to know who the persons are who have attempted this."

"Well, sir, you've tried as hard as any of 'em," was the unexpected answer.

It ended the conversation.

* * *

Jim Jackson was brought before a western judge, charged with chicken stealing. After the evidence was all in the justice with a perplexed look said:

"But I do not understand, Jackson, how it was possible for you to steal those chickens when they were roosting right under the owner's window and there were two vicious dogs in the yard."

"Hit wouldn't do yer a bit o' good, jedge, for me to 'splain how I kotched dem chickens, fer yo' couldn't do hit yerself ef yer tried in fifty times, an' yer might get yer hide full er lead. De bes' way fer yer to do, jedge, is jest ter buy yo' chickens in de market, same ez odder folks does, and when yer wants to commit any rascality do hit on de bench, whar yo' is at home."

THE MOON'S INFLUENCE.

How It Works Miracles on This Old World of Ours.

(New York Press.)

The gorgeous moon has been attracting my attention of late. Colonel Jack Astor went to the moon on one of his inventions—and has invented nothing since. Jules Verne never grew weary of talking about the queenly orb. "From Earth to Moon" and "Round the Moon" are too advanced for this generation, as "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" was to the last. But didn't we see "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" at Coney Island last year? And isn't every up-to-date navy equipped with submarines? But I started to say something about the moon's influence upon terrestrial affairs. If we can believe some people it is of the highest consequence. Having made numerous inquiries I have at last found a man who knows something, or thinks he does, about the doings and meanings of her majesty.

I told you a little while ago that there wasn't an upright set of clothes poles in all America. Listen to what the oracle says: "Dig the holes and set the posts in the light of the moon; after a winter's freezing and thawing the posts have heaved up and lean toward each other. Again, dig the holes in the dark of the moon and plant your posts; then let all the freezing and thawing of the coldest winter come, and your posts remain just as you placed them."

It is supposed that every one of us has a roof to sleep under. Hear the oracle: "As a test, shingle half of the roof in the light of the moon and the other half in the dark. The shingles nailed on the roof in the dark of the moon will lie flat and smooth and even; those nailed on in the light of the moon will curl up a little at the ends."

The neighborhood gardener in the suburban towns cuts, prunes, trims, saws, chops, breaks and mutilates your orchard and vineyard as if he understands his busines—which, of course, you know nothing about. What does he know about the moon? The oracle: "I saw a man trim two rows of fruit trees in the dark of the moon. The tip ends of the cut twigs died an inch and a half to two inches back; he pruned the rest of the orchard in the light of the moon, and the twigs healed perfectly where cut off."

The lawn is prettier in summer than all the shrubbery, and it is the purpose of every man who lives in a cottage, no matter how humble, to have beautiful green, velvety carpets of nature surrounding the domicile. Attend the oracle: "Drop a plank, or a stone (flagstone) on your grass at any old spot in the light of the moon and let it remain there for a month or two. The grass underneath will turn a whitish yellow and continue to live and grow. Place another plank or flagstone on the grass in the dark of the moon and let it remain for the same length of time, and the grass beneath it will die, roots and all."

Sir Oracle: "Let the moon shine upon all kinds of edge tools for a length of time and it will take the temper out."

Consider this: "Kill a corn-fed hog or a corn-fed beef in the dark of the moon, and when you come to fry or broil or roast the meat it all shrivels up and isn't fit to eat. It goes to grease, and there is no taste or substance in it. Kill the same in the light of the moon and you have nice, plump meat."

"The man who shaves himself is supposed to know how to strop his razor. At times the razor seems to be dull. It pulls. Let him lay that razor aside till two moons have passed, and he will find that it shaves differently. It has had a rest, and its work is perfect. Man and beast, flesh and blood, must have rest. Nature's rest! Why, nature gets tired of growing crops; whence the famines?"

Sailors can buy for a song books a year ahead giving the tides at every port. All calculations are made from the moon. If the moon has so great an effect on the ocean, why shouldn't she have some influence upon the land? Are you in the street? Want to buy stocks? Then buy in the light of the moon. Are you going to sell? Then sell in the dark of the moon. Possibly you do not know the difference between the dark and the light of the moon. The light of the moon means the state of Mistress Luna from the birth of the crescent to the time she gets full, or well-rounded into shape. The dark of the moon means her retirement into oblivion, making room for the next new moon.

There are scores, nay, hundreds, of bright fellows in Wall street who came here from the country and do all their speculating according to the moon's changes, as they understand them. Did you know it? Well, learn something. They are farmer's sons, and were reared under the influence of the moon. They remind me of dear old Dave Gideon of Gideon's band. Gideon, who was born and brought up in the shadow of Charlie Murphy's gin mill, has made a million dollars on the turf by betting only at certain phases of the moon. Fact! Dave will wait two weeks for a good thing, and six months for a lead pipe cinch. If "Divine Right" Baer were to open a new coal mine he would do it in the dark of the moon. The McAdoo tunnels were started in the dark of the moon, and from a small hole in the mud have expanded into a colossal enterprise, involving many millions.

MORNING.

(Houston Post.)

When daylight comes in at the window
And I stretch and turn over and yawn,
And try to get back to my slumber,
Impatient and wroth at the dawn,
I hear two pink bare feet a-patter,
And hastily cover my head,
And with laughter and shrieking and giggles
My baby bounds onto my bed.

And then there's a pulling and tugging,
I'm given a twist and a thump,
I'm sat on and jumped on and shaken,
I'm treated to many a bump,
And, "You better come out of that, daddy,"
And, "I'm got a kiss here for you."
And then I bounce out of the covers
And grab her and holler out, "Boo."

And she jumps every time that I do it,
As startled as startled can be;
She knows it is coming, but somehow
It scares her—and then full of glee
She strikes at her dad with a pillow,
And he dumps her heels over head,
And the war is begun in a moment
And is carried all over the bed.

Then a bell in the dining room tinkles
And we look at each other and grin,
Then the fun that stopped still for a moment
Is ready again to begin;
But her mother's voice comes up the stairway
In a tone that more battle forbids;
"Are you trying to tear the whole house down?
Do you know it is morning, you kids?"

Then we tumble out and we hustle
And storm down the stairs with a laugh
And we race for our place at the table
With chattering, joking and chaff;
If it chances the morning is cloudy
Or the sunshine is warming and bright,
It doesn't much matter to towhead,
And for me the old world is all right.

TAKING A TUMBLE.

(Chicago News.)

Rounder—January has been a great month of wrecks.

Bender—Yes, especially water wagons.

Birds! Birds!

All kinds of talking parrots and rare fancy pet birds, with the most beautiful plumage, sweet singers. There is nothing better on the market that would be more appreciated by your friends or folks than a nice imported Andreasburg Roller Canary, with a silvery trill; day and night singer. Hartz mountain singing canaries $1.75 to $3.50 each; Andreasburg Roller for this week only $4.50 to $5.50 each. Come and get your first choice. Folks out of town treated just as well as those in town.

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