

IRON COUNTY NEWS

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An eastern manufacturer says that employers prefer to hire foreigners to Americans because they are more sober and more reliable day after day the year through. It is a significant fact, however, that the employer in question is himself a foreigner.

An offer made by a Philadelphian last year of a prize for the best essay on a method of destroying mosquitoes has brought out many curious ideas. But none of the plans suggested are deemed both feasible and effective. The surest way is to first catch your mosquito and then put a finger on him.

The prodigal use of wood in this country will have to stop sooner or later—the sooner the better. To begin with the country had an immense forest, but it has been reckless with its timber. While the United States has but 11 per cent of its area covered by forests, the empire of Germany has 26 per cent of its entire area so covered.

The little codfish of the polar seas, although a pigmy compared with the true cod of the Grand Banks and George's, stands to the Esquimaux in as important a relation as its bigger relative to the people of New England. Perhaps the time will come when its commercial importance will be as great as the Alaskan seal is at the present time.

The briefest notice in the new congressional directory is that furnished by Mr. Whitelaw of Missouri, who sums up his life history in three lines, two of which recite his name, place of residence, and election as a democrat. There are other names there which might have been followed by as brief notices without leaving out anything of particular importance.

It will be long before outrageous cruelty to domestic animals will be entirely suppressed. But it is fortunate for them, as fortunate also for human progress and development, that these cruelties to speechless brutes are at last placed under the ban of human laws, designed not less for the protection of animals than for the benefit of the men whom they restrain from acts of unnecessary cruelty.

AND now another class of immigrants are to be sprung upon us. The wealthy Arabs of New York are working at a plan to induce a large importation of their countrymen here to engage in silk raising and fruit growing. It is somewhat comforting to contemplate that they cannot be more objectionable as a class than many of the immigrants who have been flooding the country from southern Europe during the last decade.

Did you ever notice how the meanest and most utterly demoralized man on earth does cling to his wife and children—when occasion arises for him to assert a claim to respectability, or to avoid paying a debt? The wife is the last link between himself and the respect of honorable men. When chance throws him in the way of self-respecting companions, how his thoughts do fly back to the wife, how affectionately he speaks of her and quotes her, and how he does pat himself on the back at the impression he has made.

Most of us are extremely skeptical in regard to aerial navigation. We will believe that the problem has been solved when we see the practical demonstration. Until then we will incline to the opinion that the difficulties are insurmountable. So long as air ships have to be suspended from huge bags or tanks of hydrogen gas we will be reluctant to believe that they can be propelled against air currents, and inclined to the opinion that they must be at the mercy of the winds and incapable of becoming a reliable means of transportation.

The administration of benevolence or associated charitable organizations has been signally successful throughout the country. In all large cities there is a large amount of fraudulent pretended want. In all communities there is a great deal of genuine poverty. So long as the giving aid is left to individual impulse, fraudulent appeal is more likely than genuine need to receive assistance. Organization, common co-operation, became essential for the help of the worthy who were suffering and the detection of the unworthy who were shamming. In cities where charity organization has for some time systematically prevailed, incalculable good has been accomplished without publicity as to recipients.

SYMPHONY GIRLS.

The Roshing Crowd at the Rehearsal of One of Boston's Features.

Collectively, symphony girls are quiet. Before the doors are opened their faces are anxious, and around the mouth of each is an expression of repressed speech. You are not conscious that there is a homely woman about you, nor could you positively declare that any person in the crowd, 95 per cent, of which is composed of the tamer sex, is remarkably pretty. No dazzling garments, no top-heavy bonnets to distract one's mind from true art are visible. The symphony



THE SYMPHONY GIRL.

girl asks no favors, and should you step on her toe, even though you be a man, she exhibits no resentment, for it may so fall out that she will have to step on your toe by and by. If you are the possessor of any heavily mortgaged gallantry, leave it at home before you lie to the symphony. The music-breathing symphony girl can take care of herself. The big doors are slowly opened. There is a rush, not exactly a Harvard rush, but rush enough to sweep you off your feet, if you are not cautious. Through the crack of the opening doors a woman's form is squeezed, and before the janitor has completed his work dozens have been swept into the lobby. Now a gallop for the ticket office, a hurry-scurry for the balcony stairs. The first girl skips up the stairs, snatches a programme while on the run, and switches around the corner, leaving to those behind a memory of an agitated skirt.



AFTER THE DOORS WERE OPENED.

To the right and to the left of the balcony keeper they rush, poking tickets at him. He unconsciously embraces them, tries to stop them, staggers, falls back and shouts: "I won't let any of you in if you don't stop crushing." They don't mind him. Armed with the pastebord they charge on him more spiritedly than ever. For a while he is able to prevent the entrance of more than two at a time. Finally, however, he has to give way.

The whole army is now on the move and at a rapid gait. Stepping on your heels, elbowing you out of the way, laughing at your discomfiture, their footfalls echoing through the narrow halls and around the sharp corners, on rush the symphony girls.

First come, first to get a seat. Gallery gods are no match for gallery goddesses.

"Is this seat engaged?" a sweet voice asked.
"No, indeed," was the reply.
"I wonder if I can't get in there," and she prepared to climb over the back of the seat.
Several of the symphonists who had brought their crochet work began to spin, others ate bananas, others discussed the Apollo. The stairs leading to the stage were covered with women, some of whom sat squarely on the top landing, their backs braced against a wall.—Boston Globe.

The stockholders in the Eiffel tower enterprise are feeling blue just now in consequence of the steady diminution of their receipts. In the season now closing 665,000 francs were taken in. The cost of keeping the tower open was 350,000 francs, and 300,000 more were spent for repairs. Next season the small profit of this year will be wiped out, it is expected, and a considerable deficit will appear in the place of it. In view of this probability 168,000 francs were reserved for future use from the profits of the exhibition year.

HIS MOTHER'S SONGS.

Beneath the hot midsummer sun The men had marched all day; And now beside a rippling stream, Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests, As swept the hours along, They called to one who mused apart, "Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear I cannot please," he said; "The only songs I know Are those my mother used to sing For me long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried, "There's none but true men here; To every mother's son of us A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice Amid unwonted calm, "Am I a soldier of the cross A follower of the lamb?"

"And shall I fear to own his cause?" The very stream was stilled, And hearts that never throbbed with fear With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended this song, the singer said, As to his feet he rose, "Thanks to you all, my friends; good night, God grant us sweet repose."

"Sing us one more," the captain begged; The soldier bent his head, Then glancing round with smiling lips, "You'd join with me," he said.

"We'll sing this old familiar air, Sweet as the bugle call, 'All hail the power of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall.'"

Ah! wondrous was the old tune's spell, As on the singer sang, Man after man fell into line, And loud the voices rang!

The songs are done, the camp is still, Naught but the stream is heard; But ah! the depths of every soul By those old hymns are stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip, In whispers soft and low, Rises the prayer the mother taught The boy long years ago.

—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

LINK BY LINK.

A THRILLING STORY OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

BY MAURICE LEGRAND.

CHAPTER I.

JEALOUSY.

"AND so Ninette marries to-morrow?"

"True enough. And a fair wife, and a good one, too, she will make."

"You may think so. Mere Mivert; to my mind it seems that a flighty, giddy girl, always thinking of her own wax-doll face and the dress for her next dance, and the new kirtle for the village feast, is not by any means the best wife for a hard-working man like Pierre Leroux."

"You are very harsh on the young thing, Rose Michel. She is so fair and sweet, and so dainty in all her ways, the wonder is that she is not a thousand times more vain with all the flattery she has received since ever she could run through the village alone."

"She's come of a bad stock, and will bring no luck to any honest man's house," muttered a brown-faced Norman peasant-woman who stood gossiping in the market place with her neighbors this fair summer morning.

"Ay, ay, true enough," exclaimed a fresh-looking country-woman, joining in the conversation with alacrity. "I remember her mother; the girl is just like her. She was beautiful if you like—handsomer far than even Ninette will be. They came of a good family, and were very proud. The girl had a craze for the stage—she ran away to Paris."

"Yes, yes, we know all that," chimed in the market-woman.

"Ah, well, she came back, you remember, so changed; all her beauty faded, all her gay bright eyes gone. And then the child was born. I nursed her. Dear heart, how she wept over the babe! It was so like its father, she said. And the pretty tales she told it, of how he would come to see it, and what it must do, and how it must look—she was such a child herself; and then time went on and he never came, and she pined and faded, and grew pale and so thin one would not have known her for the same."

"And he?" asked the gossips.

"He of course, never came. She died with his name on her lips. A life thrown away for a man's sake! Ah, well, it is common enough."

"Do you believe she was married?"

"I saw her wedding-ring. She always said he married her; but in that great vile city it would be so easy to deceive, and then—he never came."

"He has never been near the child either?"

"No; and the grandmother is so old now, and the girl so fair. Ah! it is a good thing for all that she will marry soon, and have one so loving and steady as Pierre Leroux to look after her."

"It is to be hoped Pierre Leroux won't find it more than he can manage to do that," said the sour-visaged Rose Michel.

"True," echoed the others; "she is so gay and flighty. A pity one so well-to-do as Pierre did not choose a steady well ordered maiden to keep his house and study his welfare. Ninette will want everything and give nothing."

"You have all daughters more suitable for Pierre Leroux than the girl he has chosen, is that not so?" laughed the cheerful-faced country woman who had spoken before.

"A pity that he could not see

it as plainly as you do!" and laughing and nodding to the knot of market-women, she passed on with her basket poised on her head.

"Hush! here comes Ninette herself."

The gossiping tongues ceased. A score of curious eyes turned toward the street, up which a girl was coming—a girl with a face and figure whose swelling curves and delicate outlines were shown to perfect advantage by the pretty Norman costume.

She came gaily up to the group, nodding to one, laughing to another, chatting to all in her free, girlish, graceful fashion. Some answered her cheerfully, others seemed constrained and ill at ease.

"You will wish me joy for to-morrow, will you not?" she said, as she turned away at last. "To-morrow I shall be Ninette Leroux."

"No good comes of using your new name before it's your own," said the surly voice of Rose Michel. The girl laughed brightly.

"You were always one to croak, Rose," she said. "At all events there's no fear of you ever committing that mistake." The old maid looked sourly at the winsome face.

"A day may come when you will wish yourself in my place," she cried, with a spiteful bitterness in her raised and croaking voice. "It is not married life that brings the greatest joy, though the young and foolish always think it."

"Well, at all events, I mean to try," said the girl gaily. "Perhaps you wouldn't mind being in my place for once, Rose Michel, and doing the same; and without waiting for further words she turned and went on her way up the sunny village street.

She did not hear the muttered curse that followed her. She did not see the vengeful expression on the wrinkled face and trembling lips; but Ninette, in all her fair and happy life, had never made a foe so fierce, an enemy so vindictive, as Rose Michel was now.

Pierre Leroux was a well-to-do miller—a man young and handsome, and accounted a great match in this quaint little Norman town. His mill lay some way out, set amidst fields and orchards, and with an arm of the river winding through to turn the great wheel, whose sound was so sweet to Ninette's ear as it churned the foam-bells at her feet, and dashed the cool shower of water over her sweet flushed face.

She stood there now in the hot summer noon, her lover by her side, her eyes downcast, and her little hands clasped round his arm, her fragile girlish loveliness looking doubly fragile and childish in contrast to the stalwart frame and sunburnt face of the young miller.

"It pleases you, then? It is all as you wish?" he was saying. The girl's face flushed, her shy eyes drooped more shyly.

"It is perfect—all," she said softly. "The whole place is beautiful."

"Not half good, enough or beautiful enough for thee," he said passionately. "My only wonder is that ever thou couldst bring thyself to love one so unworthy."

"In what way are you unworthy, Pierre?"

"I am so rough, so coarse. I am but one of the people, and you well-born, beautiful as an angel. True, I have some little learning, and a trick of speech that served me well when the storms of warfare and faction threatened to disturb our little village; for the rest—"

"You are a hero, Pierre, and—I love you."

He drew her to his heart with hasty passion. He was delirious with the sudden joy those sweet bashful words had brought to him. Never before had she dropped the mask of carelessness, and let him see that for once she could be loving, tender, grave. In words he could not thank her. He only clasped her in his arms that had never hungered for living woman before, that were faithful, honest, true, as few are, and kissed her with a lover's passion and a good man's reverence.

"You are content, my beautiful?" he murmured at last.

"If only you will love me always, as now," she answered, with the longing that comes to every woman's heart, when she knows that what is a lover's privilege will soon be a husband's right.

"Do you doubt it?"

"I shall not be your foolish giddy little sweetheart then, in whom you will never see fault or wrong," she whispered. "Oh, Pierre, I am so faulty, so weak, so vain, you do not know."

"I do know. I know I love you with every fault, as I have loved no one with every virtue. I know, with thirty years' experience of life that to lose you would be worse than death a thousand times, you are my soul's soul, my life's life."

The burning impetuous words, half awed, half gladdened the girl's young heart, even on the brink of that close and perfect happiness for which she longed. To be so much to another life, and she a thing so fragile, careless, weak, almost terrified her now. The hot sun gleamed on the mill

water at their feet, the pigeons plumed their feathers on the gray stonework of the house, the sweet scent of dry crushed grasses, and ripened fruit and summer roses filled all the air. In the dusky, shadowy nook where they stood a silence and a hush fell upon them. With the rapture of every heart-beat, with the throb of every pulse, the scene and the hour and the words were mingled, never again to be forgotten.

"Why do you tremble so?" he asked.

"Because for once I fear—"

"For me? Surely you trust me?"

"No; not for you," the girl said, in low hurried accents. "For myself."

Months after he remembered those words; now he smiled, and, bending down, kissed the lips that uttered them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Brotherhood of Man.

The brotherhood of man expresses a grand principle of unity and fraternity which appeals to common necessities and universal recognition. It is sanctioned by the laws of nature, and by Christian precept. And so we read "of one blood he created all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth." Good enough for this sentiment. Good enough for both Christian and infidel. It affords a common basis for all, of whatever belief and condition. This fact should provoke good feeling and excite a generous action. A fellow feeling is a wondrous humanizer which destroys prejudice, puts down bigotry, liberalizes thought, and conducts the world at least to freedom.

Brotherhood is a force working in the heart of humanity to excite love in fellow men; to lift up the low down and level the high and lofty. It is the savior of the poor, and an encouragement to all honest endeavor. Herein it excites a lively hope and vital entity. Thus a glowing future opens and men work together for the good of one another, while isolation is discarded and the social feeling predominates among men.

The press is a great motor of influence in this direction. It opens fire and keeps on fighting—by moral means—from week to week and year to year. It influences public opinion, which, based upon natural right is the controlling force in government and social life. Let it be imbued with the sentiment of human brotherhood and it becomes a power for good anywhere.

The Seal Fishery.

More than \$1,000,000 worth of seals have been captured by the seal hunters of St. Johns, N. F., within the past six weeks. The catch has been unprecedented, and has led to the fitting out of many other vessels for that industry. The steamer Wolf was the first to return with a full cargo. She left port on March 9 and struck the seals on the 11th, midway between Quirpon and Grosns Island. On the 12th her crew killed 10,000 seals, and on the 13th to the 18th they took 18,000 more on board and started for home. Seals are worth \$2.50 each. The value of the Wolf's cargo is \$70,000. Since she Wolf's arrival the Ranger has come in with the first cargo of the season. She had on board 38,000 seals, valued at over \$100,000. She was out nineteen days. The Walrus arrived next with 15,000 seals, her full capacity. Then came the Neptune with 30,000, the Hector with 15,000, the Esquimaux with 32,000, the Terra Nova with 31,000, the Falcon with 27,000, the Vanguard with 19,000, the Kite with 29,000, and the Panther with 16,000. The latter vessel lost 5,000 from her decks in a heavy swell. In the gulf there are at least a dozen vessels, nearly all of which have been heard from, reporting excellent catches.

It is thought that the catch this year by vessels will exceed 450,000, and to this is to be added the shore catch, which will probably amount in Newfoundland to between 50,000 and 70,000. When it is known that this is all done inside of six weeks it is a remarkable showing.

Equine Hospitality.

Billy, a horse attached to a police patrol station in Boston, has become known throughout the hub for its liberality. A member of the mounted squad while answering roll call ties his horse to the post forming one corner of Billy's stall, and as soon as the animal is fastened Billy picks up a mouthful of hay, forces it through the iron grating above his stall, and waits until his guest has eaten it up. Then he repeats the operation and continues his hospitality until the officer returns for his horse. Billy began to do this early in the fall, without any suggestions from the men, and he does it twice a day much to the satisfaction of his visitor.

Result of Picking Up a Pin.

Lafitte, the eminent French banker, owed his first start in life to the circumstance of his being seen to pick up a pin in the courtyard, as he was going to call upon a wealthy person for the purpose of seeking employment. The man who would pick up a pin, thought the wealthy person, must have some thrift about him, and so he gave him employment, and found that he had not mistaken his character.