

Iron County Record.

CHAS. A. and JOSE T. WILKINSON, Publishers.

CEDAR CITY, - - - UTAH.

NORTHWEST NOTES.

A cloudburst at Heppner, Ore., on Sunday did considerable damage to property.

Butte has been chosen as the convention city of the Western Federation of Miners for next year.

The Carbon county industrial association has been formed at Rawlins, to prepare an exhibit for the St. Louis exposition.

State Treasurer Hay of Wyoming has issued a statement declaring he has not resigned and has no intention of doing so.

Frank O'Keeran and Hans Austed, two bartenders, of Great Falls, Mont., were drowned while attempting to cross the Missouri river in a skiff.

The secretary of the interior has approved permits for grazing 10,474 horses and cattle in Big Horn forest reserve, Wyoming, during the present summer.

Jeff Johnson has been arrested at Sheridan, charged with cashing two checks for \$25 each, to which he forged the name of Sam Davis, a ranchman.

On July 1, the salary of the postmaster at Cheyenne, Wyo., will be increased from \$2500 to \$2600. The office at Green River will be relegated to the fourth class.

Every saloon in the town of Brenterton, Wash., has been permanently closed, owing to the ordinance passed by the town council, and the town is now strictly prohibition.

Convict Williams, who escaped from the Wyoming penitentiary by climbing out on top of the building and letting himself to the ground by means of the bed clothes, has been captured.

While wrestling with Joe Beaumont, a friend, Frank Davick, manager of the Deer Lodge, Mont., Electric Light company, broke his neck and died instantly. The two were wrestling for fun.

About fifty Union Pacific striking machinists and boiler-makers returned to work in the Cheyenne shops last week, and it is understood that the blacksmiths will resume work. The strike is practically ended.

J. S. Barbee, a young ranchman of Carter Creek, Wyo., last week killed a large silver-tip bear measuring nine feet in length. Barbee's companion fired at the animal, but missed, and bruise started for the hunters.

Alexander Healy of Buffalo, Wyo., was among those awarded the bachelor of science degree at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology commencement. He has been taking the mechanical engineering course.

George O'Brien, who killed John Flynn at Rexburg, Mont., on June 1, was last week found working in a railroad grading camp and arrested. O'Brien killed Flynn for the money in the till of his store and saloon.

J. F. Curran and F. M. Phares, two of the trainmen arrested for looting Union Pacific box cars, have been found guilty in the district court at Cheyenne. This makes four of the gang of eight who will go to prison.

The Western Federation of Miners, in session at Denver last week, gave the striking smelters at Golden, Colo., notice of moral support, and have warned all union men to keep away during the trouble at that place.

The Wyoming commission of the Louisiana Purchase exposition has been given a free scholarship in the Missouri School of Law for one year, which will be presented to some student from Laramie county, Wyoming.

John Wignian, a baker employed at the Nevada insane asylum, at Reno, was found dead on the ground under the window of his room in the third story of the asylum building. It is thought that he fell from the window.

After an erratic career, in which he was knocked down with a club by a woman he had threatened, Jacob Kachel, an Ovando, Mont., rancher, drowned himself in Fish lake before the posse in pursuit of him could lay hands on him.

The Great Northern Railroad company will move the divisional headquarters from Kallispell to White Fish, Mont., a new town on the line of the cut-off, sixteen miles north of Kallispell, according to reliable reports. The shops will be moved to the new town.

M. V. Boughton of Great Falls, Mont., has filed claim, through his attorney, at Sioux City, Ia., for \$50,000 alleged to be due from the United States government for losses sustained by the plaintiff through depredations of the Indians of Deadwood in 1876.

James Downing and Michael Collins, two miners in the Stribad mine at Butte, were compelled to wade knee-deep in scalding water through the breaking of the exhaust pipe in a pump. Both men were severely burned, their legs being literally cooked.

OUT OF THE CITY: A STORY OF THE NEW WOMAN.



INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED).

"It is a very welcome invasion, ma'am," said he, clearing his throat and pulling at his high collar. "Try this garden chair. What is there that I can do for you? Shall I ring and let Mrs. Denver know that you are here?"

"Pray do not trouble, Admiral. I only looked in with reference to our little chat this morning. I wish that you would give us your powerful support at our coming meeting for the improvement of the condition of woman."

"No, ma'am, I can't do that." He pursed up his lips and shook his grizzled head.

"And why not?"

"Against my principles, ma'am."

"But why?"

"Because woman has her duties and man has his. I may be old-fashioned, but that is my view. Why, what is the world coming to? I was saying to Dr. Walker only last night that we shall have a woman wanting to command the Channel Fleet next."

"That is one of the few professions which cannot be improved," said Mrs. Westmacott, with her sweetest smile. "Poor woman must still look to man for protection."

"I don't like these new-fangled ideas, ma'am. I tell you honestly that I don't. I like discipline, and I think every one is better for it. Women have paid a great deal which they had not in the days of our fathers. They have universalized all for themselves, I am told, and there are women doctors. I hear. Surely they should rest contented. What more can they want?"

"You are a sailor, and sailors are always chivalrous. If you could see how things really are, you would change your opinion. What are the poor things doing? There are so many of them and so few things to which they can turn their hands. Goodness! But there are hardly any situations. Music and drawing? There is not one in fifty who has any special talent in that direction. Medicine? It is still surrounded with difficulties for women, and it takes many years and a small fortune to qualify. Nursing? It is hard work, but none but the strongest can stand it. What would you have them do then, Admiral? Sit down and starve?"

"Tut, tut! It is not so bad as that."

"The pressure is terrible. Advertisers for a lady companion at ten shillings a week which is less than a cook's wage, and see how many answers you get. There is no hope, no outlook for these struggling thousands. Life is a dull, sordid struggle, leading down to a cheerless old age. Yet when we try to bring some little ray of hope, some chance, however distant, of something better, we are told by chivalrous gentlemen that it is against their principles to help."

The Admiral winced, but shook his head in dissent.

"There is banking, the law, veterinary surgery, government offices, the civil service, all these at least should be thrown freely open to women, if they have brains enough to compete successfully for them. Then if woman were unsuccessful it would be her own fault, and the majority of the population of this country could no longer complain that they live under a different law to the minority, and that they are held down in poverty and serfdom, with every road to independence sealed to them."

"What would you propose to do, ma'am?"

"To set the more obvious injustices right, and so to pave the way for a reform. Now look at that man digging in the field. I know him. He can neither read nor write, he is steeped in whisky, and he has as much intelligence as the potatoes that he is digging. Yet the man has a vote, can possibly turn the scale of an election, and may help to decide the policy of this empire. Now, to take the nearest example, here am I, a woman, who have had some education, who have traveled, and who have seen and studied the institutions of many countries. I hold considerable property, and I pay more in imperial taxes than that man spends in whisky, which is saying a great deal, and yet I have no more direct influence upon the disposal of the money which I pay than the fly which creeps along the wall. Is that right? Is it fair?"

The Admiral moved uneasily in his chair. "Yours is an exceptional case," said he.

"But no woman has a voice. Consider that the women are a majority in the nation. Yet if there was a question of legislation upon which all women were agreed upon one side and all the men upon the other, it would appear that the matter was settled unanimously when more than half the population were opposed to it. Is that right?"

Again the Admiral wringed. It was very awkward for the gallant seaman to have a handsome woman opposite to him, bombarding him with questions to none of which he could find an answer. "Couldn't even get the tompons out of his guns," as he explained the matter to the Doctor that evening.

"Now those are really the points that we shall lay stress upon at the meeting. The free and complete opening of the professions, the final abolition of the senatus I call it, and the franchise to all women who pay Queen's taxes above a certain sum. Surely there is nothing unreasonable in that. Nothing which could offend your principles. We shall have medicine, law, and the church all rallying that night for the protection of woman. Is the navy to be the one profession absent?"

The Admiral jumped out of his chair

with an evil word in his throat. "There, there, ma'am," he cried. "Drop it for a time. I have heard enough. You've turned me a point or two. I won't deny it. But let it stand at that. I will think it over."

"Certainly, Admiral. We would not hurry you in your decision. But we still hope to see you on our platform. The rose and moved about in her long, long, Oh, my cousin fashion from one picture to another, for the walls were thickly covered with reminiscences of the Admiral's voyages.

"Hullo!" said she. "Surely this ship would have furlled all her lower canvas and reefed her topsails if she found herself on a lee shore with the wind on her quarter?"

"Of course she would. The artist was never just Grassensid, I swear. It's the Penelope as she was on the 14th of June, 1871, in the throat of the Straits of Banca, with the Island of Banca on the starboard bow, and Sumatra on the port. He painted it from description, but, of course, as you very sensibly say, all was snug below and she carried storm sails and double-reefed topsails, for it was blowing a cyclone from the southeast. I compliment you, ma'am, I do indeed."

"Oh, I have done a little sailing myself—as much as a woman can aspire to, you know. This is the Bay of Funchal. What a lovely frigate!"

"Lovely, you say! Ah, she was lovely! That is the Andromeda. I was a mate aboard of her—sub-lieutenant they call it now, though I like the old name best."

"What a lovely rake her masts have, and what a curve to her bows! She must have been a beauty. Her eyes glistened. His old ships bordered close upon his wife and his son in his affections.

"I know Funchal," said the lady carefully. "A couple of years ago I had a seven-ton cutter-rigged yacht, the Banisher, and we ran over to Madeira from Falmouth."

"You, ma'am, in a seven-tonner?"

"Oh, it was glorious! A fortnight right out in the open, with no worries, no letters, no callers, no petty thoughts, nothing but the great silent sky. They talk of riding, indeed, I am fond of horses, too, but what is there to compare with the swoop of the little craft as she pitches down the long steep side of a wave, and then the quiver and spring as she is tossed upwards again? Oh, if you could transmit me to be a seaman above all birds that fly! But I keep you, Admiral Adm."

"The old sailor was too transported with sympathy to say a word. He could only shake his broad muscular hand. She was half way down the garden path before she heard him calling her, and saw his grizzled head and weather-stained face looking out from behind the curtains.

"You may put me down for the platform," he cried, and vanished abashed behind the curtain of his times, where his wife found him at lunch time.

"I hear that you have had quite a long chat with Mrs. Westmacott," said she.

"Yes, and I think that she is one of the most sensible women that I ever knew."

"Except on the woman's rights question, of course."

"Oh, I don't know. She had a good deal to say for herself on that also. In fact, mother, I have taken a platform ticket for her meeting."

CHAPTER VI. AN OLD STORY.

BUT THIS was not to be the only eventful conversation which Mrs. Westmacott held that day, nor was the Admiral the only person in the wilderness who was destined to find his opinions considerably changed. Two neighboring families, the Winslows from Anierley, and the Cumberbatches from Sippy Hill, had been invited to tennis by Mrs. Westmacott, and the lawn was gay in the evening with the blazers of the young men and the bright dresses of the girls. To the older people, sitting round in their wicker-work garden chairs, the darting, stopping, springing white figures, the swoop of the skirts and twinkle of canvas shoes, the click of the rackets and sharp whirr of the balls, with the continual "fifteen-love-fifteen all" of the marker, made up a merry and exhilarating scene. To see their sons and daughters so flushed and healthy and happy gave them also a reflected glow, and it was hard to say who had most pleasure from the game, those who played or those who watched.

Mrs. Westmacott had just finished a set when she caught a glimpse of Clara Walker sitting alone at the farther end of the ground. She ran down the court, cleared the net to the amusement of the visitors, and seated herself beside her. Clara reserved and refined nature shrank from the boisterous frankness and strange manners of the widow, and yet her feminine instinct told her that beneath all her peculiarities there lay much that was good and noble. She smiled up at her, therefore, and nodded a greeting.

"Why aren't you playing, then? Don't for goodness sake, begin to be languid and young ladyish. When you give up active sports you give up youth."

"I have played a set, Mrs. Westmacott."

"That's right, my dear. She sat down beside her, and tapped her upon the arm with her tennis racket. "I like you, my dear, and I am going to call you Clara. You are not so aggressive as I should wish, Clara, but still I like you very much. Self-sacrifice is all very well, you know, but we have had rather too much of it on our side, and should like to see a little on the other."

What do you think of my nephew, Charles?"

The question was so sudden and unexpected that Clara gave quite a jump in her chair. "I—I hardly ever have thought of your nephew Charles."

"No? Oh, you must think him well over, for I want to speak to you about him."

"To me? But why?"

"It seemed to me most delicate. You see, Clara, the matter stands in this way. It is quite possible that I may soon find myself in a completely new sphere of life, which will involve fresh duties and make it impossible for me to keep up a household which Charles can share."

"Clara stared. Did this mean that she was about to marry again? What else could it be?"

"Therefore Charles must have a household of his own. That is obvious. Now, I don't approve of bachelor establishments. Do you?"

"Really, Mrs. Westmacott, I have never thought of the matter."

"Oh, you little silly puss! Was there ever a girl who never thought of the matter? I think that a young man of six-and-twenty ought to be married."

Clara felt very uncomfortable. The awful thought had come upon her that this ambassador had come to her as a proxy with a proposal of marriage. But how could that be? She had not spoken more than three or four times with her nephew, and knew nothing more of him than he had told her on the evening before. It was impossible, then.

And yet what could his aunt mean by this discussion of his private affairs?

"Do you not think yourself?" she persisted, "that a young man of six-and-twenty is better married?"

"I should think that he is old enough to decide for himself."

"Yes, yes. He has done so. But Charles is just a little shy, just a little slow in expressing himself. I thought that I would pave the way for him. Two women can arrange these things so much better. Men sometimes have a difficulty in making themselves clear."

"I really hardly follow you, Mrs. Westmacott," cried Clara in despair.

"He has no profession. But he has nice tastes. He reads Browning every night. And he is most amazingly strong. When he was younger we used to put on the gloves together, but I cannot persuade him to now, for he says he cannot play light enough. I should allow him five hundred, which should be enough at first."

"My dear Mrs. Westmacott," cried Clara, "I assure you that I have not the least idea what it is that you are talking of."

"Do you think your sister Ida would have my nephew Charles?"

Her sister Ida? Quite a little thrill of relief and of pleasure ran through her at the thought. Ida and Charles Westmacott. She had never thought of it. And yet they had been a good deal together. They had played tennis. They had shared the tandem tricycle. Again came the thrill of joy, and close at its heels the cold questionings of conscience. Why this joy? What was the real source of it? Was it that deep down, somewhere pushed back in the black recesses of the soul, there was the thought lurking that if Charles prospered in his wooing, then Harold Denver would still be free? How mean, how unmanly, how unwholesome the thought! She crushed it down and thrust it aside, but still it would push up its wicked little head. She crimsoned with shame at her own baseness, as she turned once more to her companion.

"I really do not know," she said.

"She is not engaged?"

"Not that I know of."

"You speak hesitatingly."

"Because I am not sure. But he may ask. She cannot but be flattered."

"Quite so. I tell him that it is the most practical compliment which a man can pay to a woman. He is a little shy, but when he sees himself to do it he will do it. He is very much in love with her. I assure you. These little lively people always do attract the slow and heavy ones, which is nature's device for the neutralizing of bores. But they are all going in. I think if you will allow me that I will just take the opportunity to tell him that, so far as you know, there is no positive obstacle in the way."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Life in Massachusetts.

A unique entertainment was given last evening in the Second Universalist Church in Lynn, says the Boston Herald. It was called a "Tom Thumb" wedding, and the "contracting parties" justified the title by their shortness of stature, which almost equalled the shortness of the term of the marriage contract. The bride was Miss Ruth Williams, 5 years of age, and the groom was Master Thomas Casey, 6 years of age. The ceremony took place beneath a daisy bell in the auditorium of the church, which was prettily decorated. The bride and groom were attended by Hazel C. Towne, 4 years old, maid of honor, and a groomsmen, six bridesmaids, six ushers, two flower-girls, and two pages, all attired in full court costume, completed the bridal party, which passed beneath three floral arches to the altar, where the bride was given away by her "father," Master Harlan Drown, 4 years old.

The ceremony was performed by the rector, the "Rev." Harry Dale, 4 years old, attired in clerical vestments.

After the ceremony the bride and groom held a brief reception and a wedding breakfast was served.

Making Himself Useful.

A woman residing in a flat ordered a piece of ice from the grocery. The youth who brought it was a German. He put it on the dumbwaiter in the basement to be hoisted up. She pulled away.

"Gracious!" she exclaimed, "how heavy this ice is. The grocer must have given me good weight."

By great exertion she succeeded in getting the dumbwaiter up. To her astonishment she found the boy seated on the ice. With what breath she had left she demanded:

"What did you make me pull you up here for?"

"Why," replied the boy, "I thought the cake would be too heavy for you to lift, so I came up to help you off with it."

Artificial eyes were first made in Egypt. They were of gold and silver; and cheaper ones were of ivory and copper. Hundreds of years later, in the sixteenth century, they were made, in Europe, of porcelain.

THE TRAINING OF A CHILD.

Several important points that must be remembered.

To teach a child with success requires only common sense, good judgment and gentleness. There are, however, three other important points that must ever be foremost in the mind of the teacher.

First of all, she must remember that to teach is to impart instruction; not to find fault with ignorance, with lack of comprehension, with listlessness or with forgetfulness. Often, indeed, for these last named faults, poor teaching is to blame. Second, there is the inflexible rule that requires a teacher to prepare every lesson carefully before giving it, in order to present it in an interesting and intelligible way. Third, there is the ever present danger of overdoing, against which the teacher must always be on guard.

In the beginning short lessons frequently varied give the best results. Ten or fifteen minutes for each study is enough, and this time limit must not be overstepped so long as tomorrow represents another day.—The Household.

New Idea in Physiology.

It is possible that the school child may be quite as readily fatigued by inspiring the waste products of his fellows as by his own, and that the business man is more liable than the agricultural laborer to become run down, not so much because he works harder or more monotonously and therefore personally manufactures more waste products, but because his tissues are more liable to become saturated with the waste products of himself and others derived from the confined atmosphere in which he works. Excessive fatigue from a railway journey is likely to be noticed if the cars are crowded or ill ventilated.

Arizona's Copper Belt.

The copper belt in Cochise county, Arizona, is three or four miles wide and can be traced for sixteen miles across the line into Mexico.

DOAN'S GET BACK REST.

Aching backs eased. Hip, back, and limb pains overcome. Swelling of the limbs and dropsy signs vanish. High colored urine with brick dust sediment, heavy colored, pain in passing, dribbling, frequency, bed wetting, Doan's Kidney Pills remove calcium and gravel.

Relieve heart palpitation, sleeplessness, headache, nervousness, dizziness. Doan's Kidney Pills are now recognized as a kidney remedy for kidney, bladder, and urinary troubles. They bring relief and cure when despair shadows hope. The free trial is an open door to self proof.



DEAR SIR, I was called rheumatism. I could get no relief from the doctor. I began to improve on taking Doan's sample and got two boxes at our drug store, and, although 58 years of age, I am almost a new man. I was troubled a good deal with my water—had to get up four and five times a night. That trouble is over with and cure more I can not say. I feel that Doan's Kidney Pills is a good medicine. I thank you ever so much for the wonderful medicine, Doan's Kidney Pills.

J. H. HUBBS,
President, Hildesville,
Indiana, State Bank.

BAXTER SPRING, KANSAS.—"I received the free sample of Doan's Kidney Pills. For five years I have had much pain in my back, which physicians said arose from my kidneys. Four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills have entirely cured the trouble. I think I owe my life to these Pills, and I want others to know it." BAXTER DAVIS, Baxter Springs, Kans.

FALMOUTH, VA.—"I suffered over twelve months with pain in the small of my back. Medicines and plasters gave only temporary relief. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me." F. B. BROWN, Falmouth, Va.

Four Varieties of Projectiles. Four classes of projectiles are used in the United States navy—armor-piercing projectiles for use against armor, common shell for use against unarmored or very thinly armored parts, shrapnel for service against exposed detachments of men a considerable distance away, and canister, which is employed against detachments of men lacking protection within close range.

ROYALTY AT THE RECEPTION

Wearisome Duties Imposed on Those in High Position. How royalty and their suites ever manage to survive those weary hours of standing is always a mystery to me, says "The Countess," in the London Outlook. "You get used to it in time," say the maids of honor, but apparently not till they have been carried out two or three times in a faint to the gentlemen-at-arms tightly buttoned up in uniforms and smothered in helmets get used to the ordeal.

It is within the memory of many who in Dublin a certain distinguished viceroy in the middle of a drawing room gave the order to close the doors, and having cleared the room the entire vice-regal party sat down on the floor in various stages of collapse, and I often wonder how it is that our own king and queen are not similarly overcome on these occasions. Royalty is the best paid profession, but assuredly, it must be also the most wearisome.

Most Costly Handkerchief. The dowager queen of Italy is in possession of the most costly handkerchief in the world. It is of the earliest Venetian lace. Though made in the fifteenth century, this unique handkerchief is in a perfect state of preservation. Its value is estimated at \$10,000, but Queen Margherita would not part with it at any price. Queen Margherita always was fond of collecting old lace, and she still has this passion. After her majesty's death the matchless handkerchief descended to her daughter-in-law, Queen Helena.

Compairiot of Browning's. Robert Browning, who during his lifetimes was a persistent visitor at art exhibits, said one day to a friend whom he met on such an occasion: "The Chinese ambassador is here. I have been introduced, and a member of his suite was specially mentioned as a poet. I asked him what kind of verse he wrote, and he said he practiced the composition of enigmas. 'By Jove!' I thought, 'a brother of my own!'"

Value of Different Environment. Edmund Clarence Stedman delivers himself thus of the race of which he is a member: "We New Englanders are fine specimens of humanity—when we are transplanted."—New York Times.

With the old surety,
St. Jacobs Oil
to cure
Lumbago and Sciatica
There is no such word as fail. Price, 25c. and 50c.