

PICKING CHERRIES WITH THE ROBINS.

(By C. M. Jackson.)

July the Fourth's a-comin' with its racket and its noise;
Its bursting firecrackers, its red rockets in the skies;
With its half-shot celebrators, its powder-burned small boys
A-nursin' of their many hurts, sore thumbs and bunged up eyes.
All over this broad land of ours we'll hear the eagle scream;
On the platforms spiling orators will rant, and rave and shout,
'Till we get the notion up our nose that once we get up steam
We can lick entire creation; can knock the whole world out.
Now for me the Fourth has no delights in the fring of guns;
The thing I want—and when I think, my old heart goes to throbbin'—
Is to go back to "Dan Theodore's" and have my bit of fun
Up in the old black cherry tree, on the same limb with a robin.

I've read the Declaration; once knew it all by heart;
In the constitution and the law I'm tolerably astute;
Of the hist'ry of my country I've learned a no small part,
And ought to know why, on this day, we all get out and shoot.
No howling speaker from a stage can team me something new—
Nor do I care to jog around a lighting noisy things—
Like Chinese bombs, or flower pots o' flaming red and blue;
Or touch off Roman candles, or send up balloons with wings.
No, let me climb up Britton's hill, and on past "Jabe's" old farm;
And then, with Ed. and Steve again, up a tree just go a-bobbin'—
The tree I mean is 'crosst the road in the corner from the barn—
And celebrate my freedom eating cherries with the robins.

The robin is a knowing bird, with an intellectual eye,
And taste for good things, like the fruit that there in clusters hung;
So glossy, black, so rich, so sweet, so lovely, Oh, my, my,
No wonder that the happy bird e'er after eating, sung.
With tall aflirt, and juice-stained beak, he'd slice a cherry clean.
And hop from twig to twig in search of those which were dead ripe;
While I, oh, dear, it makes me sigh, and wish me back again
With the red-breast in the cherry tree; to hear him gaily pipe.
To tell the absolute, plain truth, as I sit here tonight.
With mem'ry of that juicy fruit, I scarce can keep from sobbin',
For I'm honest when I say my purest, best delight
Would be found up in a cherry tree, on the same limb with a robin.

'Twas said in centuries a-gone that they who lotus ate,
Ne'er could be brought to leave the land in which its petals grew;
No matter what had been their lot, or what their previous state,
They'd not forsake the lotus for prospects old or new.
And where a chap has tasted of such cherries as now burn
In luscious-colored pendants upon that old, old tree,
You can bet your last simoleon that fellow will e'er yearn
For a glimpse of the dear country, where their beauties he can see.
So let the small boy celebrate; the tippler take his dram;
The orators screech forth their stuff while up and down they're bobbin'
I'll celebrate the glorious day by dreaming, if I can,
I'm back at old "Dan Theodore's" on the same limb with a robin.

HIP POCKET AND REVOLVER

Ex-Ranger Says Weapons Are Not Carried There by Cowboys.

"I have just been reading one of these books of Texas life, so-called," said an ex-ranger, who has had many dangerous experiences with "bad men," according to the San Antonio Express. "The hero was a Texas cowboy, who wore a pistol in his hip pocket. Now, anybody with a grain of sense would know that cowboys don't go into hip pockets for their shooting arms. It's clumsy and unsafe.
"When a man needs his gun he needs it bad and so he will keep it in handy reach. He isn't going to take any chances of throwing his coat back or having his pistol stick when he tries to pull it out. Besides, a pistol big enough to do the work, with a barrel long enough to insure accuracy of aim, wouldn't go into the hip pocket anyway.

"Some fellows carry theirs in their holster, fixed on the right side of their belts and they let the belt swing loose, so that the pistol hangs well down on the hip. That's well enough; but I always preferred to carry mine in a holster under my left arm suspended from the shoulder and a little to the front.

"In this way there is no vulgar display of the weapon; yet when you need it, all you have to do is to let your right hand fall carelessly, as if you were going to take a lead pencil out of your vest pocket, and you are ready for any kind of argument."

American Hunting the Best.

Lord Headley of Aghaboe castle, Killarney, Ireland, a noted hunter in many jungles, who recently arrived in New York, declares he prefers hunting in America to any other land.

"Some of the best hunting in the world is in this country," said Lord Headley, according to a New York special to the Kansas City Star. "I don't think much of the sportsman who goes hunting in Africa. Out there you can almost knock game over with a club. I have knocked about a bit and the best hunting I have had was in the Rocky mountains. The mountain goat is hard to get at and more difficult to hunt than larger game. There is plenty of work and interest in stalking the goat, and the huntsman must have nerve and staying powers. The puma is more dangerous to hunt than the African lion. He has less to feed upon than the lion and will turn on the slightest provocation."

Healthy Place to Live.

St. Vincent de Tyrosse, a French village with a population of some five hundred people, must be a healthy place to live, if the old age of its inhabitants is any criterion. On a single day recently no less than five couples of the village celebrated their golden wedding together.

The five couples have a combined age of 765 years, and are named Darcant, Fabes, Lataillade, Fortabat and Coustets. A sixth couple in the village only lacked a few months of being able to join in the celebration. All of the parties concerned are agricultural laborers, and they are all in good health, and every day finds them at their usual tasks.

Slight Difference.

"There goes a successful author."
"Great genius, eh?"
"No, I didn't say he was a genius; I merely said he was a success."

8412 TELEPHONES

IN SALT LAKE CITY UP TO M.y 1.

They are all in talled.

They are all in the Book

Count your Directory when you have a half hour to spare and make sure you are getting all the solicitors promised you

Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Company

\$44.50

CHICAGO AND RETURN.

Tickets on Sale

MAY 27th, 29th, JUNE 3rd, 5th, 10th, 12th,

via

UNION PACIFIC

and

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Line,

Reduced Rates to Other Eastern Points,

SOLID THROUGH TRAIN TO CHICAGO.

Ticket Office:

106 W. 2nd South St.

Claude S Williams,

Com'l Agent, Salt Lake, Utah

ADVERTISE IN "TRUTH"

A HOT THING

OUR NEW

GAS HEATER

COME IN AND SEE IT

NO. 11 SOUTH MAIN
STREET

Utah Light & Railway Co.