

"I will do exactly as you say," said the now thoroughly alarmed patient. "Am I eating too heartily?"

"Much too heartily. You should eat simpler food and not so much of it. If you follow my advice you'll cut your butcher's and grocer's bills just about in half."

"I'll do it, doctor."

"You ought to take more exercise, too," continued the physician. "How do you go to your office now?"

"By bus."

"Stop it at once. You must walk to and from your office every day, rain or sunshine. Do you ever go to the theatre?"

"Quite often."

"You mustn't do it, while you're under my care. How about smoking?"

"I smoke, of course; but only in moderation."

"Don't smoke at all," instructed the physician. "Throw away all your cigars. Don't buy another for thirty days, at least, or I'll give up the case."

"I'll do it, doctor; but—but—"

"Do you drink?"

"Occasionally; but I—"

"Stop it entirely."

"A little claret on the table now and then ought not to—"

"Not a drop at any time."

"All right, doctor. What next?"

"Nothing. Follow these instructions for thirty days, and by that time—"

"Yes?" said the patient, eagerly, "By that time, what?"

"By that time," repeated the doctor, "you ought to have saved enough to pay me the balance due on that little bill you have owed me for a matter of eighteen months. Good day."

SONG.

By Alice Morgan Wright.

I never knew till I knew you
That May was May or June was June,
Or if the sea were red or blue
Beyond the dune.

I never knew that all this land
A garden was, till through the street
You came with roses in your hand
And 'neath your feet.

I never knew why men should kill
And burn and torture, day by day:
Myself I never knew, until
You went away.

—Harper's Magazine.

Ask for Roederer Brown Label (Champagne.)

A RIVER.

By Charlotte Becker.

A glimpse of the river—it glimmers
Through the stems of the beeches;
Through the screen of the willows it shimmers
In low winding reaches;
Flowing so softly that scarcely
It seems to be flowing,
But the reeds of the low, little islands
Are bent to its going.

And soft as the breath of a sleeper
Its hearing and sighing,
In the coves where the fleets of the lilies
At anchor are lying,
It looks as if fallen asleep
In the lap of the meadows, and smiling,
Like a child in the grass, dreaming deep
Of the flowers and their golden beguiling.

A glimpse of the river—it glooms
Underneath the black arches,
Across it the black shadow looms,
And the eager crowd marches,
Where, washing the feet of the city,
Strong and swift it is flowing;
On its bosom the ships of the nations
Are coming and going.

Heavy laden, it labors and spends
In a great strain of duty
The power that was gathered and nursed
In the calm and the beauty,
Like thee, oh, my river, like thee,
May our lives in beginning and ending,
Fair in their gathering be
And great in the time of their spending.

—New York Sun.

MILD RESULT.

The courtroom was crowded. A wife was seeking divorce on the grounds of extreme cruelty and abusive treatment. Guns, axes, rolling pins and stinging invectives seemed to have played a prominent part in the plaintiff's married life.

The husband was on the stand undergoing a gruelling cross-examination.

The examining attorney said: "You have testified that your wife on one occasion threw cayenne pepper in your face. Now, sir, kindly tell us what you did on that occasion."

The witness hesitated and looked confused. Every one expected that he was about to confess to some shocking act of cruelty. But their hopes were shattered when he finally blurted out:

"I sneezed!"—Everybody's.

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