

SPICE

In one of his famous after-dinner speeches Horace Porter once told this story: After having wrestled with about thirty dishes at this dinner, and after all this, being called upon to speak, I feel a great sympathy with that woman in Ireland who had had something of a field-day on hand. She began by knocking down two somewhat unpopular agents of her absentee landlord, and was seen later in the day dancing a jig on the stomach of the prostrate form of the Presbyterian minister. One of her friends admired her prowess in this direction and invited her in and gave her a good stiff glass of whiskey. Her friend said, "Shall I pour some water in your whiskey?" and the woman replied, "For God's sake, haven't I had trouble enough already today?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

There is a young man of this town who has found that by appealing to the sense of humor of a wealthy uncle he can obtain funds that otherwise would be secured only with great difficulty and after much delay. Accordingly, on the eve of uncle's last appearance in town nephew wrote him in these terms:

"I am greatly rejoiced, dear uncle, that I shall see you on Saturday, and I will be at the station to meet your train. As we have not seen each other for some time, hold a \$100 note in your hand, so that I may easily recognize you. I myself will be holding the document which represents my most immediate necessity in the pecuniary line."—New York Times.

Park Crator—My friends, if we were each of us to turn and look ourselves squarely in the face, what should we each find we needed most? A voice from the crowd—An India-rubber neck, mister.—New York Times.

Monocled Caller (making conversation)—Last year, y' know, I came across a most extr-'o'd'n'ry book all about—er—things — don't remember the title—can't recall the author's name, but—aw—perhaps you've read it?—Life.

"Now," he said to the waiter, after waiting thirty minutes, "can you bring me some cheese and coffee?" "Yes, sir; in a minute, sir." "And," continued the diner, "while you are away you might send me a postal card every now and then."—Life.

"I engaged the rooms for my holiday," he said, "because the landlady wrote me that they overlooked a superb garden of 200 acres, richly adorned with statuary, where I was at liberty to promenade." "Well?" Jones inquired. "It was a cemetery," he said, bitterly.—New York Sun.

The teacher of a night school was trying to instill in the minds of some of the discouraged pupils some notions of ambition.

"Do you know," he asked of a seedy

looking boy of twenty, "do you know that every lad in this country has a chance to be president?"

"Is that so?" asked the seedy one, reflectively. Then he added:

"Say, I'll sell my chance for ten cents."—Town Talk.

"Have you a circulating library?"

"No, ma'am; but I can show you some nice revolving bookcases."—Judge.

"Will you please tell me where I can see the candelabra?" "All canneu goods is on the next floor," replied the new clerk.—Harper's Magazine.

Beggar—I haven't tasted food for a month. Dyspeptic—You ain't missing much. It's the same old taste.—Town Topics.

"Dead men tell no tales," observed the Sage. "Maybe not," replied the Fool. "But their tombstones are awful liars."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"As nearly as I can make out," said the supercilious person, "he is what they call a literary hack." "No," replied Mr. Penwidge, "he is not even a hack. He's a jitney."—Washington Star.

Fond Mother—Improvise? Why, my daughter can improvise any piece of music you put before her.—Judge.

"Poor old Jiggs! He found this a hard world." "Died in poverty?" "No; he fell out of an airship."—Buffalo Express.

"Mamma, is papa going to die and go to heaven?" "Why, Bobby, what put such an absurd idea into your head?"—Life.

"Mrs. Clinick thinks a great deal of her husband." "You've got the wrong preposition. Make it 'for' instead of 'of.'"—Browning's Magazine.

"Of course you are in favor of peace?" "So much so that I don't even want to get into an argument about the best way to secure it."—Washington Star.

Customer—I've taken seventeen of these bottles now and I'm feeling no better. Drug Clerk—But how would you feel if you hadn't taken them?—Dallas News.

"I follow the medical procession," remarked the newcomer, proudly. "Surgeon?" was asked politely. "No, undertaker," he replied gravely.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Why do you allow your wife to be a militant suffragette?" "When she's busy wrecking things outside we have comparative peace at home."—Baltimore Sun.

"I hope my daughter's playing doesn't disturb you," said the man who had just bought a new piano. "Not in the least," replied his next door neighbor; "I work in a boiler factory all day."—Musical America.

"Do you know everything, pa?" "Yes, my son." "What is the difference between a son of a gun and a pop of a pistol?"—Williams Purple Cow.

"What does MCMXIV spell?" asked the man who was looking at the calendar. "I dunno," replied the man who was looking into space. "New dance, I suppose. Some variation of the Maxixe."—Washington Star.

THE EAGER ADVISER

When first a stranger hits the town
He is profoundly moved,
And tells with many a solemn frown
How it could be improved.
He speaks in generous tones yet grim,
And really seems to tunk
The town, if it were not for him,
Would be on ruin's brink.

But when a while he has remained
He sees how well and long
Its men have struggled and attained
Mid difficulties strong.
How oft the man who lost his sleep
That he might have his say,
Concludes he'll simply try to keep
From getting in the way!
—Washington Star.

CREATING A DEMAND

"Doing any good?"
"Purty fair with a roach destroyer."
"Many people got roaches?"
"All got some when I call. I let
loose a few in the vestibule before I
ring the bell."—Louisville Courier
Journal.

THE STORIED PAST

By Ninette M. Lowater.
What were our lives without the glorious past?
The memory of white souls that lived or died,
As fate decreed, yet never turned aside,
But kept their straight, hard path until the last.
Each beating heart a memory retains
Of sweet, pure lives that blossomed long ago,
But through remorseless years that come and go,
Their fragrance still upon the earth remains.

Within our solitude they move and breathe,
Sydney, the Maid of Frances, and all the train,
Vivid, undying, whose names still enwreath
The measure of all greatness and all pain.
O Time, whatever doom for earth there be,
Leave to her still her precious memory.
—New York Sun.

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

Morgan Argentine Mining Company.
Principal place of business, Salt Lake City, Utah. Location of mines,

Argenta mining district, Morgan county, Utah.

Notice—There are delinquent upon the following described stock on account of Assessment No. 11 of half cent (½ cent) per share, levied upon the capital stock of the company on the seventh (7th) day of July, 1915, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective stockholders as follows:

No.	Name	Shares	Am't
322	H. H. Roelofs.....	15,667	\$78.33
77	Kate L. Chase.....	250	1.25
103	Kate L. Chase.....	500	2.50
	Kate L. Chase.....		
	Bal. on as't No. 10		1.44
51	A. B. Thomas.....	5,000	25.00
282	F. S. Dickinson...	5,000	25.00
65	C. H. Reis.....	1,000	5.00
270	C. H. Reis.....	200	1.00
287	C. H. Reis.....	100	.50
288	C. H. Reis.....	100	.50
291	C. H. Reis.....	100	.50
292	C. H. Reis.....	100	.50
322	C. H. Reis.....	100	.50
	C. H. Reis.....	100	.50
	C. H. Reis.....	666	3.33

And in accordance with law, and an order of the board of directors made on the seventh (7th) day of July, 1915, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at the office of the company, 431 First avenue, Salt Lake City, Utah, at three (3) o'clock p. m. on Monday the thirtieth (30th) day of August, 1915, to pay the delinquent assessment thereon together with the cost of advertising and expense of sale.

A. B. PEMBROKE,
8-14-8-28 Secretary.

NOTICE OF SPECIAL STOCK-HOLDERS MEETING.

The stockholders of the Arrow Mining company, a corporation of the state of Utah, are hereby notified that a special stockholders meeting will be held at the company's office at No. 310-11 Utah Savings & Trust Co., Salt Lake City, Utah, at 10 o'clock a. m. September 13, 1915, for the purpose of reducing the capitalization of said corporation, and in conformity therewith change article six (6) of articles of incorporation which now reads as follows: That the amount of the capital of said corporation shall be five hundred thousand dollars (\$500,000.00), which shall be divided into five hundred thousand shares of the face or par value of one dollar per share, to read as follows, to-wit: That the amount of the capital stock of said corporation shall be fifty thousand dollars (\$50,000.00) which shall be divided into five hundred thousand shares of the face or par value of ten cents (10 cents) per share.

SAMUEL V. HARM,
President.
A. P. HANSON,
8-14-9-11 Secretary.

PROBATE AND GUARDIANSHIP NOTICES.

Consult County Clerk or the Respective Signers for Further Information.

NOTICE.

In the District Court, Probate Division, in and for Salt Lake County, Utah, Department No. 1.
In the matter of the estate of Charles E. Worth, Carrie Worth and Peter Engberg, deceased.—Notice.
The petition of George Engberg, praying for the admission to probate