

to Windsor Trust company, corner Nassau and Cedar streets, New York City, New York, on or before November 28th, 1908.

Any stock upon which this assessment may remain unpaid on Saturday, November 28, 1908, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 11th day of January, 1909, at the company's office, in Salt Lake City, Utah, at 3 o'clock p. m., to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expense of sale. GIDEON SNYDER, Secretary. Salt Lake City, Utah.

AN ORDINANCE.

AN ORDINANCE CONFIRMING THE assessment upon the property hereinafter described within the district bounded on the south by the north line of Third Avenue, on the west by the west line of A Street, on the north by the north line of Sixth Avenue, and on the east by the center line of Virginia Street, in Sewer District No. 1, for the construction of sewers.

Be it ordained by the City Council of Salt Lake City, Utah:

Section 1. That the assessment list made by the City Treasurer as corrected, approved, and completed by the Board of Equalization and Review, heretofore duly appointed by the City Council for that purpose, of the property in Lot 3 and 4, Block 47; 3 and 4, Block 48; 1, 3 and 4, Block 49; 1, 2, 3 and 4, Block 50; 2, 3 and 4, Block 51; 1, 2, 3 and 4, Block 52; 1, 2, 3 and 4, Block 53; 1, 2, 3 and 4, Block 54; 1, 2, 3 and 4, Block 55; 1, 2, 3 and 4, Block 56; 1 and 2, Block 57; 1, 2, 3 and 4, Block 58; 1, 2, 3 and 4, Block 59; 1, 2, 3 and 4, Block 60; 1 and 2, Block 61; 1 and 2, Block 62; 1 and 2, Block 63; 1 and 2, Block 64; 1 and 2, Block 65; 1, 2, 3 and 4, Block 66; 1 and 2, Block 67; 1, 2, 3 and 4, Block 68; 1, 2, 3 and 4, Block 69; 1 and 2, Block 70; 1 and 2, Block 71; 1 and 2, Block 72; 1 and 2, Block 73; 1 and 2, Block 74; 2 and 3, Block 75; all in Plat "D," abutting on both sides of Fourth Avenue between D and I Streets, on both sides of Fifth Avenue between D and I Streets, on both sides of Sixth Avenue between D and H Streets, on both sides of D Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, on both sides of E Street between Fourth and Sixth Avenues, on both sides of F Street between Fourth and Sixth Avenues, on both sides of G Street between Third and Sixth Avenues, on both sides of H Street between Third and Fifth Avenues, and on both sides of I Street between Fourth and Fifth Avenues, in Sewer District No. 1, of Salt Lake City, for the purpose of constructing sewers upon said portions of said streets, is hereby confirmed and the assessments made and returned in said completed lists are hereby confirmed.

Section 2. This ordinance shall take effect upon approval.

Passed by the City Council of Salt Lake City, Utah, October 19, 1908, and referred to the Mayor for his approval.

J. B. MORETON,
City Recorder.

Approved this 20th day of October, 1908.

J. S. BRANSFORD,
Mayor.

State of Utah,
City and County of Salt Lake—ss.

I, J. B. Moreton, City Recorder of Salt Lake City, Utah, do hereby certify that the above and foregoing is a full, true and correct copy of an ordinance entitled, "An ordinance confirming the assessment upon the property hereinafter described within the district bounded on the south by the north line of Third Avenue, on the west by the west line of A Street, on the north by the north line of Sixth Avenue, and on the east by the center line of Virginia Street, in Sewer District No. 1, for the construction of sewers," passed by the City Council of Salt Lake City, Utah, October 19, 1908, and approved by the Mayor, October 20, 1908, as appears of record in my office.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the corporate seal of said city, this 21st day of October, 1908.

J. B. MORETON,
City Recorder.

(Seal)
Bill No. 143.
Sewer Extension No. 184.
Second Partial Estimate.

"Life is largely a pretense." "So's the rest of it." "I used to have to pretend that I liked cigarettes when I was a kid, and now it's the same with grand opera."—Kansas City Journal.

"What ails me, doc?" asked the genial clubman. "You need a job. You're suffering from overrest."—New York Sun.

DON QUIXOTE.

By E. H. Sothorn.

I.

Romance is dead, and knights have had their day,
Old Time now dances to a sobere tune,
No longer Strephon worships Phyllis' shoon,
The very Gods have fled this mortal fray;
Yet one heart owns fair Dulcinea's sway,
And bears her banner, praying as of yore
That he may dare the mountains o'er the moon,
The filched stars before her feet to lay.
Here Don Quixote holds his forehead high,
His lance in rest, his oriflamme uncurl'd,
Hitting at windmills or 'gainst giant-hurl'd,
Honor and Truth and Love his battle-cry,
Demanding only of a laughing world
Gently to live and with brave heart to die.

ONE ON COL. JOHN.

"Colonel John I. Martin, sergeant-at-arms of the Democratic national convention, lives in St. Louis, where he built himself a fine house. He thought it well to have a library, and went down to a book store, where he ordered some books, according to an apocryphal story.

"What kind of books?" asked the clerk.

"Why, books," replied the colonel. "Books, you know, reading books."

"The books came and were installed in the library. Soon after the colonel's friend, Hugh O'Neill, came up to look over the place.

"Here, Hugh," said the colonel, in my library. Here is where I love to get with a book and a pipe and forget the outside world."

"O'Neill is somewhat of a book sharp. He took down a book, looked at it and put it back; took down another, looked at that and put it back and repeated the process several times.

"Then he asked: 'John, where did you get these books?'

"Oh," replied Martin, 'I picked them up here and there. Whenever

And yet I love you so!

Oh, no, I cannot bear with me one tress
To waft the fragrance of your hair
Across my senses when the lights are low—
And yet I love you so!

I cannot breathe the perfume of your hair,
Nor steal a look—as you have none to spare;
That 'twas a wig I really did not know—
And yet I love you so!

—Town Topics.

A BOXFUL OF MINT.

Some one has sent me a boxful of mint,
With the smell of the dew and the green of its glint,
The dream of a spring at the foot of a hill,
A willow-oak spreading its shade o'er a rill;
A boxful of mint from the valleys of dawn,
With the breath of the blossoms of Eden thereon!

Some one has sent me a boxful of green,
With the spear-bloom all regal in purple-soft sheen;
An odor of gardens, old gardens of song,
Where roses recline and the daffodils throng;
A boxful of mint from the shores of a stream
Where barefooted Summer sits down in her dream!

Some one has sent me a whiff of the shine
And the green of the vales that are sweethearts of mine;
A glimpse of bright meadows, a gleam of sweet lane,
And a heart in the land of the Illes again;
A boxful of mint, full of dreams running over,
With lilac and rose and the honey-sweet clover!

It sits on my desk, and I see o'er its brim
The spring by the hill with the green round its rim;
The trees in their glory, the flowers in their grace,
And love in the door with a smile on her face;
A boxful of mint—and good luck to the lass
As I bruise the green joy on the brink of my glass!
—Volger McKinsey, in Baltimore Sun.

THE GLOUCESTER MOTHER.

When Autumn winds are high
They wake and trouble me,
With thoughts of people lost
Coming on the coast,
And all the ships at sea.

How dark how dark and cold,
And fearful in the waves,
Are tired folk who lie not still
And quiet in their graves;—
The morbid waters deep,
That will not let men sleep
As they may sleep on any hill.
May sleep ashore till time is old,
And all the earth is frosty cold—
Under the flowers a thousand soldiers
They sleep and dream of many things.

God bless them all who die at sea!
If they must sleep in restless waves,
God make them dream they are ashore,
With grass above their graves.
—Sarah Orne Jewett, in McClure Magazine.



Miss Eva Taylor at the Orpheum Next Week.

II.

Wisest of madmen, maddest of the wise!
We would adventure where thy fancies lead;
Where knightly thought quickens to knightly deed,
Where thy defeat shames meaner stories.
And all men view thee as a page through thine eyes,
Thy field of righteous sword when grief a weakness pleads
When were this world from all charters freed.
All mortals listed in thy high enterprise.
Microtic we would be—to still thy care
Thy cot a castle, and our lady a queen;
Bright unconquered, unarm'd, serene,
Finding God's poorest creatures brave and fair,
Thy bedding a glory over all things mean.
Thy this be folly, folly be our share.
—In Collier's Weekly

I found one I liked I bought it. It has been the work of many years.

"But, John," commented O'Neill, "isn't it strange that you should have bought six hundred copies of McGuffey's Fifth Reader?"—Saturday Evening Post.

"Do you regard the stage as a educator?" "Not exactly," answered Miss Cayenne. "It would be unfortunate if we were to set our ideas of society from the problem play and the ideas of costume from the musical comedy."—Washington Star.

Poreleigh—Yes, Miss Doris, I suffered dreadfully from insomnia, you know. Miss Doris (suppressing a yawn)—Did you ever try talking to yourself? Poreleigh?—Boston Transcript.

IMPOSSIBLE.

I cannot raise my eyes to you, dear girl,
And beg you for a favor—just one curl
To make remembrance sweeter as you go—