

Lack The Bird Instinct

CERTAIN species of birds have two annual migrations. They fly south when the winter is approaching and north when the warm weather is near.

That is not all, they know when to fly. In spring and autumn their journeys are sometimes a month earlier than at other times. Their instinct is a knowledge beyond the ken of mortals. It was given them at the beginning for self protection. In the same way the trees give out certain signs which aboriginal man has learned to take cognizance of. Thus when the nut pine trees are loaded with nuts, the crafty Piute shrugs his shoulders and says, "Heap cold winter coming." And he is always right. It is nature's foresight to provide food for her animals. Out on the alkali desert, after a few days, the one thing the traveler longs for more than anything else is something sour. And if he can find a spring the chances are that he will find bordering the stream that flows away from the spring a row of currant bushes. Wise old mother nature knew in advance that if any of her birds were on that desert in August the thing they would most need would be some sour fruit and so planted the currant bushes. The woodsmen and plainsmen know all these things and the man succeeds best who follows the rules set down for the birds. Miners and prospectors come nearer succeeding in this than any other class of men. They have their migrations in their regular seasons. Only it is spring for them when they are flush and its late in the autumn with them when they go broke. So we see them come into town and if it is mid-summer, swallow-like, their first idea is to get a rest, and they live on the choicest bugs and grasshoppers to be had. But they are not wise like the birds. When it begins to become cloudy and cold for them, they begin to talk about going back, but they never do until the cabin is cold and the larder is empty. Then

there is a struggle for a "grub-stake," and that secured they start on another migration. The birds come back in the spring, the men do not always come. The hills have hidden away many a one of them, and will continue to, for they lack the bird instinct to know whether the mine is going to be spring or autumn to them. The wild goose and swallow are wiser than the prospector.

SALE OF THE HERALD.

Taking shape in a story which now bears every ear mark of authenticity, the recrudescence of the old rumor that someone had secured an option on the Herald from Senator Clark comes in the announcement that the Republican and the Herald will be one, the latter passing under the control of the "Mouth" within the next fortnight.

At this writing, there is every indication that the deal has been consummated, though a profound silence has been maintained by both of the above named journals, while speculation has been rife among the forces of both journals as to what will result after the general shake-up.

The passing of the Herald to church Republican control will, in the opinion of many political thinkers, change the complexion of several situations, and if what the Tribune, in its stories of the deal says is true—and there seems to be little doubt that the greater part of it is—there will be a display of fireworks, now in the making, the like of which have never been seen in this state.

This journal dislikes to see the passing of the Herald, but there is this much for us to be thankful for, that after the Republican has taken it over, and the fall campaign has fairly begun, the only local paper a man will dare to allow his family to read will be GOODWIN'S WEEKLY.

There is a rumor that in the shake-up which will occur when the sale is completed, that the delectable Hessian who edits the Smoot sheet will

be dropped through. It is hoped that this is unfounded, for the filthy abuse from this renegade is a great asset to the American party, and he is expected to make many votes for the Americans in his capacity of editor of the church Republican organ.

But to revert to the Tribune story, which sounds very much like the truth, wouldn't it be great to know exactly what George Sutherland and Arthur Thomas are thinking? For though D. C. Jackling has more than once been mentioned as the one best bet as a senatorial possibility, those who have been paying the most attention to his business since the rumor first gained ground have never had a very good news peg to hang on until the Tribune said that he had put up the greater part of the money in the Herald-Republican deal.

Regarding the senatorship, no one, to our knowledge, has ever been able to extract from him the slightest expression regarding it, but if he ever does begin to talk, it is almost certain that he will have something to say.

To a man sitting up on a hill with a spy glass, if the Tribune story is true, it looks very much as though Mr. Jackling is in a position where he can do about as he pleases, though there are those among his political affiliates, if he has any political affiliations whom he will have to keep an eye on. However, he has a very good eye.

It is an interesting situation to say the least, and there is a possibility of the fur flying a little faster and earlier this season than ever before.

Just what the eleven remaining Democrats now in the state will do without a party organ is not known, but it is very doubtful if the threat of the local leaders to start one will be carried out.

Naturally, Senator Clark will come in for much censure, but no one has ever accused him of giving his party first consideration, and the Senator second.

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