

evidence of Prince Giovanni di Russo, who states that while deliverin' milk at the back door of the palazzy about 3:30 a. m., he saw the Count Guiccioli kickin' Byron down the shteps, the pote apparently beln' full as a tick at the time.'

"The thing that bothers me, Dooly, is the thought of the shtangle hold this innovation gives publicity on a man an' his affairs. It's bad enough to have a corpse of rayporters from the gr-great dailles around with their dark lanterns, scentin' skeletons in the cupboard durin' a man's lifetime, but this gives him no chance at all for rest in the hereafter. You may escape in this life—your picture may appear tonight in the local pa-aper as a binnyfather to humanity, an' two thousand years from now a yalla magazine ull be usin' your mummy for a fotball an' callin' ye a monsther of immorality because it has finally leaked out that ye once missed the last thrain from Saltair or took a lady with dimon's to a Sunday school picnic."

"Well, annyhow," said Mr. Dooly, "the pin is mfighter than the soord."

"Yis," said Mr. Hinnssey, "an' I'd rather be blown up be a powdher magazine than a tin-cint wan."

SESTINA.

By Harris Merton Lyon.

Here in the moonlit garden where I dream  
The silver beams work sestines on the earth;  
Out from the acacia drips the nightbird's song;  
All honey-sweet, the orchard's stir of bloom  
Upwalfts a faint, lush scent, and I, the man,  
The poet, weave a sestine to my love.

O, Salome, O, Salome, my love!  
Come down among the pomegranates and dream  
Beside me while I make a song of Man.  
For, though you are the Princess of the Earth  
And though a king do homage to your bloom,  
Yet is there something for you in my song.

Oh, you have eyes like emeralds and a song  
Runs with a flute's note through your words; and  
love  
Smokes from your lips; your shoulder's rosy bloom  
Would call the gods down from the Hill of Dream,  
O, Salome, the jasmine of the earth!  
Yet I would sing to you a song of Man.

Beware of Man—for you shall come to man;—  
Your body with its beauty and its song.  
Then you shall wish that you are born of earth  
And that this maiden dream of faery love,  
Of spirit, grace and soul is but a dream  
That poets sing when orchards are in bloom.

Those tulips in your cheeks that hotly bloom  
You soon shall find are blossoming for man,  
And all those little arts which now you dream  
You use to lure,—your emerald eyes, your song,  
Your cloud-like hair, your bosom full of love,  
Do only lure the lily back to earth.

Earth is the end of all your passions—Earth!  
Is this too bitter, sweet? Tangle the bloom  
About your splendid forehead; tremble with love;  
Dream all your drowsy conquests over man!  
You are too young to-night to heed my song,  
Let down your incense-laden hair and dream.

I know, sweetheart, the earth is filled with bloom,  
With man a glorious song and many a dream,  
Why should I sing thus, love? I am a man.  
Mirror.

Ella—There aren't many faces like mine.  
Stella—No, but I guess the supply will equal  
the demand.—Town Topics.

AN APPRECIATION.

The following from one of our readers, received during the week, is self explanatory:

Salt Lake City, Aug. 11, 1909.

GOODWIN'S WEEKLY.

Gentlemen: I read with some interest the article which appeared in your journal a week or two ago regarding unnecessary noises, and simply write to state that I endorse in every particular what was said regarding the ringing of the chapel bell at the Holy Cross hospital during the sunrise hours.

Just a year ago I was obliged to spend some seven weeks at the hospital, where I received the greatest care and attention, resulting in my ultimate recovery; but during four weeks of that period I was in such pain that I rarely was able to sleep until nearly daylight. With the ringing of the bell summoning the able-bodied to their matutinal duties, I was harshly awakened, as were many others, and for that reason can realize the force of your argument. In an eastern state there is a law by which those responsible for untimely and unnecessary noises may be enjoined, and merely as a suggestion it is my belief that something of the kind could be done in this case.

Very truly yours,  
SATURDAY READER.

Frank L. Kramer of East Orange, N. J., for the last eight years the champion cyclist of America, has become an autoist, and may try his hand in various automobile contests.

The Smith Center (Kansas) Pioneer prints this story, which has been floating around in the Kansas papers for some time: A young man, being hard up, pawned his dress suit. When his finances were in better shape, he redeemed the suit. One day his mother was looking over the suit and found a ticket on the coat—the pawnbroker's ticket. "My son," she said, "what is that?" Then the young man explained that he had attended a dance, and, the room being very warm, the men took off their coats. The ticket was placed on the coat in the cloak room to identify it, he said. Then the mother found a similar tag on the pantaloons. "My son," she said, gravely, "what sort of a dance was that?"

"You don't seem to give Bykins credit for any originality whatever." "I don't. His memory is so wretched he can't quote correctly; that's all."  
—Washington Star.

"You seem to have a great deal of faith in doctors," said a friend of the sick man. "I have," was the reply; "a doctor would be foolish to let a good customer like me die."—Boston Home Journal.

So far this year Peary has omittet annual announcement that he intends to reconquer the North Pole. This aeroplane business is putting a lot of professional advertisers in the background. Roosevelt must have seen it coming when he broke for the jungle.



OUR UNDERMUSLIN Sale includes every muslin undergarment in the house---the season's very daintiest and choicest designs---finest lingerie fabrics---largest variety of designs and trimmings at a

25 Per Cent Reduction

