Religion and Morality

Religion and morality are not two entirely distinct things; but rather different phases of the same thing. They can not be separated, in fact, without fatal injury to both. Religion, apart from morality, is a shell. Morality, apart from religion, is a carcass. All movements truthful in tendencies ethical results have a religious origin. The power of the world making for righteousness works through religion as its instrument. The choice of this instrument only shows that the Power understands human nature, for there is more in man than reason or common sense—the idea of the eighteenth century—or even that of conscience. There is imagination, emotion, the mystic faculty of faith. All these must be brought into play in order to give the highest kind of results. Merely rational morality and purely ethical organization can never do much for the world. Let an man dream that it were good for the world if religion died out.—Professor Bruce.

AN INTERESTING FIRM.

What It is Doing Toward Building Up the West.

An interesting half day might be spent in the manufactory of Hewlett Bros. company in Salt Lake. This firm is known throughout the intermountain region, and its history has been one of fair dealing, growth and development for ten years.

About ten years ago the business was commenced in a one-story frame building. The making and bottling of root beer, cider and soda water were the chief items of manufacture. They made their own extracts for use in the preparations enumerated above, and it was the phenomenal success attained in putting up these flavored drinks which led to the manufacture of the now celebrated Three Crown Triple extracts which today are giving such universal satisfaction on the market.

They manufacture these extracts from natural fruit, hence their elegant, satisfying flavor. The freshness and purity of all these goods is a special recommendation which is not overlooked.

An important item is Three Crown Baking Powder. Analytical tests of all baking powders in use have proven that none are more pure, or of greater strength, than the above brand.

The firm further conceived the idea of grinding spices, and when the Western Spice Mills failed, they bought the plant of the defunct concern and added to it until they now have a capacity of five tons of ground spices per day.

These spices are ground fresh every day, and delivered to customers with all their strength, which accounts for their popularity.

Their building is an extensive structure, and has been added to from time to time. Last year a structure 30x50 feet, two stories, was added, and they have again become crowded for space, which will necessitate a further addition.

At Pocatello they have even a larger plant than the one in Salt Lake, built specially to handle their growing business in the northwest.

A Harvard Lottery.

As late as 1800 Harvard College was raising money by a lottery. It offered 20,000 tickets for sale at $5 each, with prizes ranging from $15,000 down to $2. "In the above scheme," said the prospectus, "the just expectations of the publick and the interest of the University have been consulted. It is worthy the attention of adventurers that the highest prize is nearly double in value to any that has been drawn in this commonwealth for many years past, though the usual price of tickets is preserved. The managers solicit the patronage of the publick in general, and of the friends of Literature and the University in particular, and, considering the object of the Lottery, they will combine the prospect of gain with the certainty of benefitting the University, and by lending their aid to the means of education will promote the best interests of their country."—New York Tribune.

As Awful Dream.

Mrs. Durocks—"Alfred, I had a horrible dream last night." Mr. Durocks—"What was it?" Mrs. Durocks—"I thought that you and I were alone together upon a desert island." Mr. Durocks—"Well, I believe that you have always pretended heretofore that that would be an ideal existence." Mrs. Durocks—"Oh, Alfred, but you know in my dream there wasn't anybody around to see my new spring suit."—Cleveland Leader.

Prospectors' Map of Utah.

The Passenger Department of the Rio Grande railway has just issued an up-to-date map showing all mining districts of record, together with an outline sketch of the older districts, and calling special attention to several partially developed regions which recently have shown important discoveries of gold and copper, now attracting notice of prospectors, investors and others.

The issue of this valuable map address F. A. WADLEIGH, G. P. A., Salt Lake City

The Supreme Power.

"Do you mean to say," thundered the court, "that you hold any human authority higher than the laws of the land?"

"No," stammered the timid witness "except when I'm at home. My wife makes the laws there."—Detroit Free Press.

Fogg's Dilemma.

Fogg—"Henry, run out and get me a magazine." Henry—"Yes, sir; which one?" Fogg—"Oh, it doesn't matter. The same pictures of bicycles, kodaks and typewriters are in all of them. Any one will do."—Boston Transcript.

A KISS ASTRAY.

TWO men were sitting at a table in a quiet corner of the cafe of one of the uptown fashionable hotels of New York one evening last winter. From time to time one of the other took up the glass standing before him, examined it with gratuitous minuteness, sipped a few drops of its contents, and set it back on the table. Nothing was said by either beyond some commonplace remark about the weather or a guest at another table. Both were waiting for something—one to tell a story, the other to listen to it. But the first could not apparently force himself into a mood for confidence, and the second could not force a confidence sin freely given.

Supposing them to be unmarried, a stranger would say that there would be little to choose between them in the eyes of the other sex, since one was quite as attractive as the other, and both would pass for fine-looking.

Finally the one who was to tell the story interrupted the exchange of trivial remarks with this, apropos of nothing that had gone before it:

"Well, of course, this ends me with the Templetons."

"Oh, I don't see why, Jack," was the answer, taken up evidently where it had been left unfinished on some former occasion. "You'll have to go there, all the same. Once in a while, anyway, just as if nothing had happened."

"No; this ends the whole business. Naturally you don't see why; but you would if I told you everything. It's just as well, though. I was rather expecting to go abroad next month, and now I shall have all the excuse I need for going at once."

"But she——"

"Oh, no matter about her. I've finished myself in that quarter for good and all."

"H-m. Even so. Why should you——"

"What's the use of springing that old stuff about other fish in the sea on me? This isn't that sort of an affair with me. Like an infernal ass I couldn't keep it to myself, not from you, anyway. But I can trust you. What did those old Templetons want to interfere with it for? I've been a trifle fast; I've spent a pot of money. I've done heaps of things I'm not particularly proud of remembering. But with her I would be only too glad to settle down. I don't suppose I could make much of a fist of working for a living now. Luckily, I don't need to, though, and I could be a decent citizen at any rate. But those Templetons seem to have an idea that I'm a kind of well-dressed tough, and they let me know through mutual friends—confound their friends—that I wouldn't have any chance with her if they could prevent it. Still, I've kept on calling there pretty often. I couldn't stay away, and finally one day I told her how much I felt toward her."

There was a long silence here, but Archie made no attempt to end it. Jack took a sip from his glass, whirled it around back and forth half a dozen times on the table by the stem, and at last went on without looking up.

IN DUMB HORROR.

"I suppose I may as well tell you the whole thing. We went on afterward just the same as ever, as far as the Templetons saw. They probably took me to be a pretty industrious caller, but nothing more. They took good care, though, not to leave us together much. Still we found means of keeping our affair going, and she promised to wait, dear girl, as long as necessary, or until her father and mother get into a different frame of mind about me. You know that way I have of drumming out tunes on the piano?"

The question seemed so irrelevant that Archie looked up amazed.

"Why, yes," he answered, hastily. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Everything, everything. When I called on her I often used to sit down at the piano while waiting for her to come downstairs and play some melody she liked. I was intimate enough with the family for that. I had a fool idea, I suppose, that my playing was a kind of love message. Rubbish, of course. But a fellow in my condition will suppose anything. Sometimes I'd be playing louder than usual and wouldn't hear her when she came into the room. Those times, if the old folks weren't around, she would steal up behind me and put her hands on my shoulders. Then I—well, I used to put my arms up and pull her sweet little face down to mine, and—pshaw! What's the use of remembering that now?"

Another pause which Archie filled up by lighting a fresh cigar and offering one to Jack, who gazed blankly at it some minutes without accepting it, and then continued:

"Night before last I called on her. The maid said she was dressing, but would see me as soon as possible. After my usual fashion, I went to drumming on the piano. I remember I was playing at that time the lovers' song in 'Aida,' where they are buried alive. I was blue, and it seemed to fit the situation somehow. We were buried alive I thought, in the depth of the Temple-Beautiful. I don't know how long I played. I got deadened to the music. Suddenly I felt the light pressure of two hands on my shoulders, and I reached back over my head, as I had dreamed times before, and drew her face quickly down to mine and kissed it madly. In another second I had leaped off the piano stool in dumb horror. I had seen the face and it wasn't my little girl at all, but her mother, old Mrs. Templeton. Heaven knows what had possessed her to do what she did, but she had done it. I absolutely gasped with embarrassment, and began stammering all sorts of awkward apologies, finally blurting out like a double-dyed idiot, as I was: 'I didn't—didn't know—it was—you!'"

"Who did you think it was?"

"That was all the old lady said, but she said it with a ninth pole sort of deadly composure that set me shivering to my vitals with a cold perspiration. I saw in an instant that I had betrayed everything, so I plunged deeper into complete imbecility. 'My dear Mrs. Templeton, I didn't exactly mean that. I'm sure I didn't mean anything, but I was so startled—I—in fact I'm not at all well this evening. Please give my compliments to Miss Templeton, and say I was not feeling well, and had to leave without seeing her. Good evening!' With that I fairly ran out of the room and the house. By the way I left that case you like so much at the house, but I'm satisfied so long as I got out alive. Now, do you think I shall do any more calling at the Templeton's?"

If Jack was expecting either sympathy or advice, now that his story was told, he certainly got neither article from Archie, who broke out into a peal of laughter that attracted the wondering attention of every one in the room, and even startled the sedate waiters.

"I really beg your pardon, old man," he said, when he could finally speak, "but there is a tremendous funny side to your adventure. Honestly, my dear Jack, I'm not laughing at you, but just think of making such an awful break with old lady Templeton! Why, she's the main brace and chief pillar in Dr. Barton's church, and this is her first scandal in her long and highly respectable career!"

Jack gazed ruefully at Archie.

"Well," he sighed, I daresay there is something funny about it—for somebody else. But how about me—and her? What shall I do?"

"Do? Do nothing, old man," was the hilarious rejoinder. "You're all right, and I'll bet a hat on it. You just keep quiet and wait. Meanwhile trust to me to keep mum."

* * * * * *

When Jack reached his bachelor quarters that night he found this note awaiting him:

West Fifty-first Street,

My Dear Jack:—What did you do to mamma the other night? I came downstairs and found her in the drawing-room instead of you. The gentleman you call Jack (rather familiar it seems to me) is ill," she said. "At least, he told me so, and he asked me to present his apologies for not waiting to see you." Of course, I was dreadfully frightened, but mamma said she was sure the illness was not in any way dangerous, because she knew what caused it. Were you really very ill, Jack? Do you know, mamma was just as sweet as she could be about it. She comforted me, and said I should write this note to you, "with her compliments,"—she was very particular about my putting that in—to ask you to call at the house tomorrow morning. She says she wants to talk to you about your illness (she told me to be sure to underline that word). And, Jack, she actually said she has been looking up your record, and she convinced you are a much better young man than she has been led to believe.

You will call tomorrow, as early as possible, won't you, Jack? I shall have lots to tell you. Always yours,

December 16, 1895. GRACE.

"I rather guess there will be a good deal to tell all around in that house when I get there," thought Jack, as he performed some foolishness over the little note. "I don't understand a bit what Mrs. Templeton is driving at, but I'll call to see her tomorrow, with my life in my hands, if the heavens don't fall in the meantime."

* * * * * *

Jack, at the present writing, is a "decent citizen, at any rate," and a married one. He recovered that note from the Templeton house some time ago, by the by, and Archie is carrying it now as a gentle reminder that certain things are not to be discussed outside of certain circles. Archie, also, has a hat more than usual in his collection of headgear.

Success at Last.

Author—"Yes, at last, I have written a story that has more than paid the expense of publication." Friend—"Good! How do you account for it." Author—"I mention 'Peterson's Pure Family Soap' in it twelve times at $50 for each insertion."—Cleveland Leader.

Conceded.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—"I don't believe a man ever stole anything but he lived to regret it." Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"You stole my heart, once, John." "Yes."—Yonkers Statesman.

Wants to Know.

Meantime, where is all the finance legislation which Mr. McKinley talked about so persuasively and earnestly some months ago?

One of the commonest curiosities—said by the microscopes to resemble the animal that looks like a bear.

An extraordinary thing about this tiny creature is that he is found in the gutters of houses, where he is at one time dry as dust and scorched by the blazing sun, at another active and full of life under a refreshing shower of rain.

The water bear has the scientific name of tardigrada, because he takes life as easily. He is always fat and plump, and spends his waking periods in constantly grubbing with his four pairs of legs among whatever rubbish comes in his way. Having eyes, brain and a nervous system, he is much ahead of most of his tribe, and he is altogether one of the most interesting and amusing little animals known to science.

Executive Notice.

On account of the annual meeting of the National Educational Association at Milwaukee July 6 to 9 the following rate will be made by the Rio Grande Western Ry.: One lowest first-class regular fare plus $2 (account membership coupon) for the round trip—to Milwaukee and return. Tickets will be sold on July 2, 3 and 4. Continuous passage both directions. Final limit, August 31, the date parties holding tickets will have to leave Milwaukee, Wis.

A Convenient Theory.

"I must say, dearest," said the young man, in a tentative way, "that you—ah—er—make love rather—um—scientifically for a girl who never kissed another man."

"I suppose," said the young lady in the case, "that I must have had some practice in a previous incarnation. Don't you think so?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Fourth of July Rate.

For local Fourth of July excursion a rate of one single fare for the round trip is authorized between any two stations on the line of the Rio Grande Western Ry. Tickets will be sold July 3, 4 and 5, limited to July 6, 1897.

W. N. U., Salt Lake.—No. 27, 1897
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