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**As They Say in Mexico.**

Editor Lights and Shadows.—No, no, senior; you have tell not the right way to spik Juarez. It is not "Jewair-ez," and it is not "War-ez." J is like h in your language. U is like oo. A is like ah.

R is like end of tongue-wriggle a little. E is like ai, or you can say like "a-lone." "Hoo-ahr-r-r-r-!-aiz." Maybe like you say to some man, "Who are yez?" and you say "are" pretty loud and wiggle it, and you say all the sounds near the others, and quick. Si, senior?—Los Angeles Express.

**A Large Topic.**

Senator Newlands of Nevada was soaring in debate one day, soaring so high he "hit the ceiling." He realized he was getting a trifle flowery, and, to excuse himself, said: "Indeed, Mr. President, perfervid oratory may be pardoned, for this subject furnishes all the food eloquence needs." That sounded pretty good to Mr. Newlands, but he was a bit abashed when he read in the Congressional Record next day that he asserted his topic "furnished all the food elephants need."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

**Literary.**

Agnes was being hurried off to bed at her usual hour, 8 p. m., despite the fact that there were guests in the house. "Why, Agnes, you go to bed with the chickens, don't you?" a visitor sympathetically remarked. "No, I don't," replied Agnes, resenting this reference to her youth. "I go to bed with mamma."—Harper's Magazine.

**Tit for Tat.**

"Dear Clara," wrote the young man, "pardon me, but I'm getting so forgetful. I proposed to you last night, but really forget whether you said yes or no." "Dear Will," she replied by note, "so glad to hear from you. I know I said yes to some one last night, but I had forgotten just who it was."—Red Hen.

**Why Daniel Was Unharmed.**

"Can any of you tell me," the Sunday school teacher asked, "why Daniel when he was cast into the den with the lions, was unharmed?" "I can, please," piped the juvenile who always figures in this brand of anecdote.

**"Well?"**

"Cause, teacher, he belonged to the show."—Everybody's Magazine.

**Cruel and Inhuman.**

"I hear that Mrs. Cole, the wife of the dentist, is suing him for divorce." "Yes. Too bad that he treated her that way, wasn't it?" "What did he do?" "She had to have a tooth filled one day, and when he got her into the chair and gagged with one of those rubber contrivances, he stood there and talked at her all afternoon, refusing to give her a chance to answer back."

**A Great Invention.**

The Peddler—This is a little device especially designed for use in our spring weather. The Housekeeper—What is it? The Peddler—It may be used one minute as a fan and the next to shovel off the snow.

**His Claim to Fame.**

"You say that hard-faced young fellow over there is your most eminent citizen?" "He shore is. Mebbe you don't believe it, mister, but that young fellow took a spring trainin' trip with the Glants one year."

**A Confirmed Pessimist.**

Appropos of Canadian reciprocity, N. C. Goodwin said the other day at the Lambs in New York: "But you can't rely on Senator Blank. Blank is never satisfied. I visited his ranch one day and he had the finest crop I ever saw harvested. I knew, though, that Blank would have something to complain about, and, sure enough, when I remarked, 'This is a record crop, you lucky rascal!' Blank frowned and said: 'Yes, but I'm afraid it's going to be a terrible strain on the land.'"

**EASTER OFFERING**



**Season of Joy**

Helen Bruce Wallace

Even with all our faith that deadening question, "What's the use?" lurks in wait for us at every obstacle in the road. Did we not believe in what lies on the other side, though unseen, we would turn back like Phileas from our miry Slough of Despond.

Take away temporal hope from a man, from a nation—what follows? For the man discouragement, inertia, despair, then uselessness; for the nation disintegration. How much farther reaching in its effects for ill is a hopelessness that this rough earthly path leads to eternal life.

Are we discouraged today? Have the worries of the money-troubled winter hit us hard? Have we trials that none but ourselves may know, the more bitter that they must be hidden? Are we bowed under a weight of illness, of morbid dread of the future, that will not lift?

Let the joyous message of the Eastertide bring healing. Hope is being voiced on every side today, in the swelling notes of the organ, in the soaring voices of choir and chorister, in the inspiring message that is proclaimed from every Christian pulpit in the land. It but remains for us to reach not for that hope and make it our own, to loosen the sordid, depressing earth cords that have us tightly bound.

The joyousness of Easter. Alas, for the woman who cannot feel it; who is not lifted out of herself today.

What though the old gloom returns? Is it not something to have stood on the heights and sung aloud with the joy of living; to have seen the sun piercing the clouds, to have caught a glimpse of the radiance beyond? Never again will the blackness be so dense, for is there not the hope of that joyous day when the sunlit heights will be ours, to inspire us to keep on climbing.

Let us not be content to keep the season's joy in our hearts. Real joyousness must find an outlet, in cheery greeting, in forgetfulness of old grudges, in taking brightness into the lives of those who may be shut out from it. Wear your Easter flower, typical of hope, be heartened by the Easter message, but share both flower and message with those whose need of cheer may be greater far than yours.

**The Easter Egg**

I am the tinted Easter egg, at whose bespangled shell you peg with careful stroke of knife or spoon, regarding me as quite a boon. And as I feel your lusty stroke I chuckle gayly at the joke, for you I know are in the mesh of placards worded "Strictly Fresh." You trust the crafty grocer man who sells his eggs just as he can and never is the least afraid to claim that they are "Newly Laid." The grocer man, he puts his trust in men who are not wholly just, for they sell eggs the whole year round and often in deceit are found, because they keep the eggs on ice until there is a raise in price. However, I would advise that you should turn your happy eyes upon the tintings of my shell—the hues are laid on so well, the dreamy pinks and reds and blues with which the dye my form embues; or possibly I may present designs that for true art are meant—a landscape or an ocean scene wherein there are faint hints of green, or maybe, limned with dainty grace there is a most bewitching face that smiles into your joyous eyes which shows the sparkle of surprise. Do as you please, but it is best to act, perhaps, as I suggest. Put down your knife with which you aim to crush my most artistic frame, and simply feast your inner man upon the pictures that you scan. For all you see and all you know; for all my cunning pictures show I may be of the overflow of Eastertime a year ago. Old masters may have painted me in some forgotten century and left me in some cherished hoard—some warehouse where fresh eggs are stored—and it might fill you with regret if you should heed me not and let your appetite for works of art gain headway o'er your mind and heart. O, listen, listen, let me beg—I am a simple Easter egg, bedaubed with paint and drowned in dyes, but let me beg of you: Be wise! How often do we weep to see things not what they're cracked up to be! Remember, I have made no claims—I leave the dealers all such games; I may be but a cheat and sham, but I am only what I am. Think over what I say—think twice; all men may profit by advice. If you should crack me to your woe, remember that I told you so. Now all my little speech is done. Strike! Strike, but first prepare to

**Changed Their Minds**



"Your Easter hat?" says the first dear friend, while the other dear friends listen joyously. "Your new hat. It looks, my dear, as though some man had made it." "Humph!" remarks the angelic creature who has asked for their

opinion of the headgear. "You guessed it correctly. A man did make it—the highest-priced man milliner in Paris." Then, naturally, the smiles of amusement were changed into smiles of amazement.

**IT CURED HER.**

His wife was gloomy and depressed, inclined to be most critical. And questioned all his actions in a manner analytical.

He sought an office building where he was given her diary—M. Sig. And carefully he told the Doc. What his wife's disposition was.

The doctor wrote: "Take one wire base Which has an Easter bonnet on. Also a dress of costly silk Bedecked with filmy Honiton.

"This is a certain cure, if it is given her diurnally—M. Sig. Unpack them from the box And then apply externally."

**THE PLEASURES OF YOUTH.**

"I have some Easter eggs, too," says the nice little boy, "but I am going to take mine to the children's exercises this afternoon."

"S'm l," answers the bad little boy. "Dey's a bunch o' us children g'in' to have some exercises in de gallery at de matinee o' 'De Hero o' Deep Gulch.' I been savin' dis egg for 'ree weeks for it."

**NO INDUCEMENT.**

"The missus always gives her dresses to the servants after she has worn them a few times."

"Well, I'm not going to stay unless she changes her style. She got another blue dress for Easter and blue doesn't suit my style of beauty!"

**CHANGED HIS MIND.**

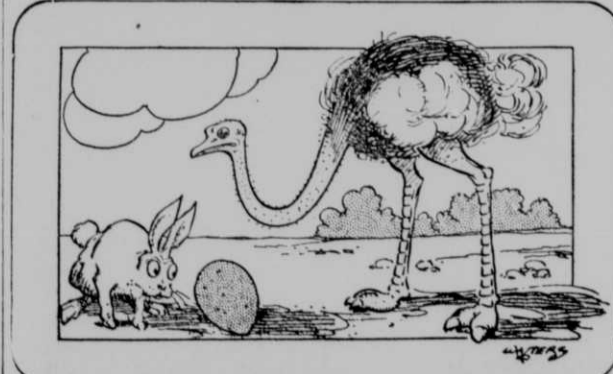
He wrote a dreamy sonnet To buy an Easter bonnet—He did his best. Alas, his little lyric Met with a fate satiric—He was assessed So much to buy the bonnet That he cashed in the sonnet And odds the rest.

**MUTUAL FELICITATIONS.**



"Aren't you glad," said the first chick, "that we were hatched too late to be spring chickens?" "Yes. And aren't you glad we were hatched soon enough not to be Easter eggs?"

**Another Myth Dispelled**



Said the ostrich to the rabbit, "Will you tell me, sir, I beg, if you think, you'll claim the honor of this splendid Easter egg?"

**PARTIES ARE DIVIDED**

LEADERS HAVE LITTLE HOPE OF RESTORING MORE THAN SURFACE HARMONY AT PRESENT.

Storms Ahead in Extra Session of Congress, There Being Virtually Four Parties, Each With Large Representation, Working Very Much at Odds.

Washington.—It is daily becoming manifest that congress is facing a stormy session, and there can be no forecast of the probabilities.

The fact that both of the great political parties are divided is no longer denied, and the leaders appear to have little hope of restoring more than surface harmony.

There are virtually four parties, each with a large representation, working at odds, in the present session. The Republican minority of the house is divided between regulars and insurgents, as was evidenced by the vote on the speakership contest. The breach between these two factions is even wider in the Republican majority of the senate.

A sharp line has been drawn between the conservative Democrats of the senate, who are opposed to any attempt at dictation by William J. Bryan, and the progressive Democrats, including practically all the new members and several veterans like Senator Stone of Missouri, who are Bryan adherents. The house Democratic majority seems to have escaped a break, but the leaders fear the party contest in the senate may at any time spread to the other branch. The situation has interfered with the selection of committees and the beginning of legislative work.

Possibly there never has been a congress where so much uncertainty existed and where the uneasiness has been so equally distributed between the two major political parties. Of course this is due in part to the fact that in the present congress the Democrats are in power in the house and the Republicans are in control of the senate.

The real cause of the anxiety is believed to be the proximity of the party conventions which will select the standard bearers for 1912, and the knowledge that a slip by either in the extraordinary session of the regular session may determine the result of the next national campaign.

**IDAHOANS IN TROUBLE.**

Indicted on Charges of Misuse of the Mails in Selling Lands.

Boise, Idaho.—The indictment by a federal grand jury in Spokane of D. W. Standroff, president of the First National Bank of Pocatello, A. B. Moss of Payette, I. B. Perrine of Twin Falls and Paul S. A. Bickel of Jerome, all prominent southern Idaho men, for fraudulent use of the mails, has created a genuine sensation. The indictments contain three counts each charging the six men with being interested as officers in the American Hardwood company, a corporation, organized to promote sale of eucalyptus tree lands in Kerns county, southern California. The lands were sold to innocent purchasers, who are alleged to have been duped.

**Will Not Prorogue Congress.**

Washington.—Discussion on Sunday among congressmen of the letter written by President Taft to Representative McCall of Massachusetts, assuring Democratic leaders in the house that he had no intention of proroguing congress immediately after the passage of the Canadian reciprocity agreement, led to an authorization from the White House to Mr. McCall Sunday to confirm the president's views. Democratic leaders were appraised by the president that there was no foundation for the report, and it is believed the Canadian reciprocity agreement will be acted upon before general tariff legislation.

**Calls President Inspired Leader.**

New York.—The Rev. Dr. Charles F. Aked, after four years of service here, delivered his farewell sermon at the Fifth Avenue Baptist church on Sunday and will depart for San Francisco to assume the pastorate of the First Congregational church. A thousand persons crowded into the church, which normally holds 600, and a special squad of police had to be called to restrain the hundreds outside. Dr. Aked referred to President Taft as the "inspired leader" in the cause of international peace.

**Wyoming Man Convicted.**

Laramie, Wyo.—After being out twenty-five hours the jury on Sunday rendered a verdict of murder in the second degree against C. C. Yeager for the killing of Policeman John Johnson, June 11, 1910.

**Two Hundred Burned to Death.**

Bombay, British India.—Two hundred men, women and children were burned to death in a fire which destroyed a thatched structure in which they had gathered for a festival. Five hundred persons were in the building.

**Storms in Euphrates Valley.**

New York.—The men of the desert in the Euphrates valley have been decimated and their property to the extent of \$7,000,000 has been destroyed by snowstorms and cold such as have never before been experienced.