North Ogden Jottings.

(Correspondence of the DESERET NEWS.)

This township is pleasantly sheltered in the hollow of the hills lying north of the Junction City, and having shaken off its mantle of winter snow, it is again springing into activity and life. On the instrumental lines band music is heard for the lessons of efficiency with strong competition at Lynne this evening and carried away a beautifully engraved silver cup, having scored at points higher than any of its competitors. The band was organized about ten months ago and is under the leadership of J. E. Ansel.

The sisters of the Relief Societies have artistically decorated the interior of the meeting-house, with bunting and evergreens preparatory to holding the Jubilee meeting on the 19th inst.

On the evening of Friday, the 18th inst., Mr. Charles Ellis will lecture here.

We were visited by the Sabbath school committee yesterday. Brothers Knowles and Iniellie, after performing their labors in Sunday school, were called into inquisition in Church meeting held in the afternoon, which merit address containing timely counsel, and instruction to parents, teachers, and children, was listened to with deep interest. The "storm king" threatened to disturb the peace of revelers by the overpour of hail and rain. The thunder reverberated in the surrounding hills, and the day closed under a dark, heavy mass of ink clouds.

The people feel to rejoice in the great blessing of health and prosperity, there being little, if any, sickness reported in the township.

NORTH OGDEN, March 14, 1892.

Honoring a Veteran.

On March 12th, Father Robert Metcalfe, of Tooele City, being eighty years old, was on his arrival home from attending a Young Men's M. I. A. conference, happily surprised at finding his house well filled with a number of his children and grandchildren; also many of his old acquaintances and their wives, who had met to do him honor. Some of these present had known him from the time they first visited Nauvoo to the Great Gospel Gathering of baptism, over fifty years ago, having formed his acquaintance near the home of the river Clyde.

Happy congratulations were expressed and reciprocated, and many good wishes made for numerous good and birthday returns. The party enjoyed a bountiful supper, followed by music and dancing, and a social time spent in honor of the occasion. Father Metcalfe, in a pathetic speech, expressed his gratitude for the honor and respect shown him on his eighteenth birthday. Bishop Atkin also contributed a brief and appropriate address. SOLON.

Literary Notes.

The *North American Review* for March is full of suggestions on affairs of moment by men high in the councils of the nation. This is "The Issue of the Presidential Campaign" the principal topic of discussion, which parties will go before the ballot in the coming Presidential election are outlined with a precision and authority that is a marked anticipation of the convention, by Senator Brooks, Representative Benton E. McMillin, Senator Hale, Representatives W. C. P. Breckenridge, Governor Merriam, Senator McMillan and Representative Aldrich. The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone continues his scholarly papers on "The Gymnasia Religion." In the notes and comments are explanations as to some of the newest features in medical progress and thought, including an article on the nature of consumption, as too hereditary than contagious, and the cause to be taken at health resorts. An unpublished letter written by Henry Clay, on the telegraph in its early days, is of interest. Julian St. Ruhlipe defines what seems to be the solution of the problem of navigating the air.

There is an interesting group of bright girls at the New England Conservatory of Music, in Boston, who represent the majority of pupils character istic of the American girl. There are some thirty-five of these girls, and they are being musically and vocally educated by *The Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia. Some time ago this magazine offered as a stimulant to girls to get subscriptions for it free education at the Conservatory. The American girl is quick to use a chance, and one by one these thirty-five girls have come from all parts of the country to Boston. They receive the very best the Conservatory off ers, the most desirable rooms in the building are theirs, and they have all their wants carefully looked after by a matron in charge. And it is said that the magazine is also educating a number of other girls at Wellesley, Smith and Vassar Colleges. —*Boston Journal.*

The leading articles for *The Forum* for March, which begins Vol. xiii, are "Political corruption in Maryland," by Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, of Baltimore; "The question of free coinage"—"Would free coinage bring European silver here?" by E. O. Leech, director of the mint, and "Free coinage and an elastic currency," by Hon. R. P. Bland, a pro-coinage article. "Methods of restricting immigration" are discussed by Senator Chandler, chairman of the Senate committee on immigration. Prof. David Swing, of Chicago, points out the change that has come within recent years in the observance of Sunday, and indicates what he thinks the American Sunday ought to be. Prof. F. G. Peabody, of Harvard, has made a special study of the municipal government of Dresden, which he analyzes and compares with our system of municipal government. "The Education of the Future"—the way to use great advance are educational work now done, by Mr. Clarence King and Prof. John Fiske, of Harvard, author of "The Dawn of English." Of interest to all literary workers are Mr. Walter Besant's consideration of "The Work of the Edition Society of America." Gen. E. P. Alexander, president of the Georgia Central railroad, writes of "Practical Progress in the South;" Mr. Courtenay De Kalb, of the International Railroad Problem;" and Col. A. A. Pope, of "An Imperial Revolution for Good Roads." Forum Publishing Company, New York.

The *New England Magazine* for March opens with a pleasant paper, "Recollections of Louisa May Alcott," by Mrs Maria S. Porter. An article that will be read with curiosity is "Harvard Clubs and Club Life," by William Dana Orcutt. Captain Charles King, the novelist, writes a description of his western home, Milwaukee. Well known author contributes his "Stories of Salem Witchcraft." Isaac Russell Cooke contributes an interesting paper on "America in early Long. ago Literature." Henry Cabotte Wood writes of "Negro Comy Meadows." Walter Hazeltine Hatte is a poetic on "Literary Account;" with the usual variety of a class of literary goods, who proper upon the wants of insatiable scribblers. Henrietta S. Nelson continues an article on "Hyde's New England Home," well illustrated. Mr. Edwin D. Mead considers the Chilian question from a common sense point of view. Ethelia Cooke contributes a brace of sonnets, Schumann and Schubert. Mira Clarke Parsons and Mary J. Garland furnish two stories, and the names of Clinton Scollard, Isaac Gledhill, and Philip Morris Morton are among the poets who contribute to the number.

HEADLORY OF THE RAILS.

Trademarks of Some of the Well Known Railroads in This Country.

Almost every railroad company has a device or motto which is printed on the time table folders, the letter heads and the illustrated cards that hang on walls of stations, waiting room and business offs. These devices are usually printed in colors, and some of them are quaint and clever. One of the most familiar is the common United couple boat, the main adverse of which dominate the decks of the Chesapeake and Ohio and Kansas City road, which is popularly called the "Clover Route."

The Houston and Texas Central railway has adopted as a trademark a design so ugly. Its main feature is a steel colored horseshoe bearing the name of the road. Encircled by the shoe is a green four leaf clover resting on a background of red, and surmounting the heels of the shoe is a rider's boot labeled "Lucky Route." To the right just above the horseshoe appears a long star. The four leaf clover is also the device of the Boston, Watertown and Oglensburg road, which had bearing a letter, as "B. W. & O." The long wind of the clover calls laughingly through the French word "Bichon," conveying assurance of good luck.

Jay Gould's Missouri Pacific road has a large red seal, crossed by a red road track, with the name of the road in black letters encircling the entire face of the seal. The lovable status of the Wabash road is a red flag with a black center, in which appears the forward end of a locomotive, the headlight flashing the word "Wabash." The Lehigh Valley has a red pennant with a diamond shaped border of black, upon which are the letters "L. V." in white.

One of the simplest of these advertising devices is that of the Pennsylvania railroad, which is a small red keystone with the words "Pennsylvania Lines" across its face. The Florida Central and Peninsular railroad prints upon its time tables a red shield, upon which appears the front of a locomotive, the trunk of an elephant dangling from the headlight, encircling which are the words, in red letters, "Florida Trunk Line."

The Georgia Southern and Florida railroad has for its device a shield printed in dark tints. On the horse surface of the shield is a pictorial scene view showing a railroad train crossing a stream on a long iron bridge. Just above the picture are the words "Savannah River Route to Florida." The Richmond and Danville Railroad company embraces it well with the oddly designed initials "R. and D." operated by an arrow and painted in bright red. A yellow disk on a black square constitutes the trade mark of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, the letters "B. O." appearing on the yellow disk on each side of the family traced picture of a monument.

A most peculiar device is that which the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railroad has clung to for a great many years. It is an oblong open space, with a reliefed at the left, labeled "The Great Rock Island Route." Occupying the greater part of the space are the words in big, thick letters, "Ax-Man," and crowding close upon the latter "A" is the diminutive figure of a man with a stick over his shoulder and a satchel in his hand. The device of the Erie railway is both simple and familiar. It is a black disk on a tinted square, the face of the disk bearing in white letters the words, "Erie Lines."

An Indian arrowhead, showing the words "Tampico Route," is the distinguishing stamp of the Monterey and Mexican Gulf railway.—New York Times.

The Royal Highlander.

The Highlanders are loyal to Scottish genius. Sir Walter Scott, while making a tour of the western Highlands, wrote to the makeupsg of Ar roquhar, Loch Long, to have rooms prepared for him.

On the appointed day it rained ceaselessly. As Scott drove near the inn, he was met on the hill near the house by the landlord, who with bared head and backing every yard as Scott advanced, thus addressed him:

"Dale guid us, Sir Walter! This is just awfu'! Sae yon a downpour! We never the like! I really beg your pardon. I'm sure it's no fault of mine. Dinna think how it should happen to rain this way, just as you, or a man of the world, should come to see us. It looks unmit personal! I can only say, for my part, I am just ashamed of the weather!"—Youth's Companion.

A Good Thing to Know.

If you have time to chose, learn the name of your next door neighbor. It may save the grocer's boy some trouble when he comes to your house with the wrong bundle and is also made in case of funerals.

AN OFFENSIVE PROVERB.

How an Observer Once Remark Caused a Lot of Hard Feeling.

"Talks that quotes, had engineer be mighty fearful who Only'es hitting," said Abner Griggs, the whiskers of Sparkville corners, one day again, he added, "Joke hadn't anything be a fearful insult, seems we'd—Hasn't you got anybody name Jones in your mind, Uncle Abner?" asked the young man to whom the old farmer was talking. "Well, yes, I don't mind says I I has," replied Mr. Griggs. "Of course it's a coincidence I bears on my mind's eye chaw is a general way. But what yo can just sayin' 'bout takin up these Jones people's Fred Jonesboro put me in mind o' Hill scouts, Sioux an Rosecrans they did fore your day.

"What's the story? I've heard of 'em both," said the young man, as the old farmer paused for a moment, evidently lost in reflection.

"Well," said Uncle Abner, "you see they was gettin on in years, but they didn't seem t realize it. Twas common for folks t speak of 'em as them two old fool gals, but they never ever resented it, not fr a minute. But they was terrible touchy, allus on the lookout t assume an insight, an inside t kind o' hard fr folks.

"One evenin they went to a sociable t Mr Dean's Emmonses. It appears I somewhere or nother they thought t much's could be they was expected when they work. They parts fer how was meant fr th young folks.

"Well, sure, Sissy an Rebecca was a good forty years older n th oldest o th' rest on 'em. They didn't seem t hev some length t go away when they found how things stood, so they stuck right there. Maybe Emmonses, she was set partials to sec as she knew more, but they seemed t be kinder offish.

"Well, after th' bee was over, some o th young fellers come in—I was 'mongst th' lot—an they got to playin games. Th Hill sisters, they could right along with th' young folks, they knew they their fun, but they was kinder stiff, an didn't hitch hold o th' games near n above quick.

"Pr'ly one o th' gals said, 'Let's play Shanda Perverse,' an little 'Mosty French, t hed just come home fr n boarding school, she spoke up an said, 'Shanda Perverse, mockery allus an says she. Oh, Shanding Pretendie is as old as th' hills!'

"As she never re'lised what she'd said till she saw them two Hill sisters rise up stiff n accompanied polaces, an make a crunchy, such as, 'oh! Oh! Dear n Emmonses, an say, 'Th hill yo good evenin!'

"Th'n t'ey set n, tryin t' explain," concluded Uncle Abner with a reminiscent chuckle of amusement. "They allus thought th' day of their double t' hevn intended fer a slap at th' Hill sisters. Th' hev good reason t' hev 'em a common sayin, a kind of a proverb like! When folks wanted them Hill sisters to a gathering after that, they allus hed t' make a point of inquirin 'em special, fr word o' mouth, an they never least t' 'notice' mouth bee, hour 'a they lived!"—Youth's Companion.

A Doctor for Mademoiselle's Dog.

Here is a good story of a doctor and a painter's wife. The doctor's name does not appear, but the painter was Meissonier. Mme. Meissonier went for the family physician to a great house, he claim, thinking some illness had overtaken the artist. But it was not the artist; it was only a lapdog. He pacified his patient and attended the patient, who soon recovered. At the end of the year the bill came in, but there was no item for attendance on the dog. Mme Meissonier noticed the omission and told the doctor to charge. He would not charge; he said he could not charge, he was not a vet. He was very glad to be kind to the dog, etc. The lady insisted. Well, said the doctor, the hinges of my garden gate are rusty; ask M. Meissonier to bring his brush and paint them for me.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Teeth of a Shark.

In respect to its dentition the shark is a very remarkable creature. The white shark has seven rows of teeth, while other species vary in the number of rows they possess. It must be understood, however, that the shark only uses one row at a time. The other rows lie down inside the mouth behind the edge of the jaw, erecting themselves when it is time for them to take successively the place of the first row. When one observes how keen edged these incisors are it seems no wonder that they can bite off a big piece so readily as if it were pack thread.—Washington Star.

Growing Old Gracefully.

The Lord helpme me, when I am really and truly an old woman, which there is no further dispute concerning the fact, when I can no longer keep step with the music or join in the song, I shall take my seat in the corner "like a little lion," and leave the world to young folks. It is the old folks who keep hoping to see fresh the young faces of those who help them along in an upward way. Why not grow old gracefully, as long as there is no appeal from the cast iron law of advancing years? What if an old captain, who claimed to be riding on a ship manned by a crew of young and competent men, should insist upon standing on the quarter deck and running the ship after a navigation chart of fifty years ago, pleased for another and a distant port? What the confusion on shipboard would be in such a case is but a faint symbol of what things are in a house where the old folks meddle and interfere in the management of affairs of which they know as little as the old captain knows of the new chart and the new sea. I love old folks, but I love them in easy chairs and easy corners, graceful, peaceful and acquiescent.

Sunshinets of Human Life.

Written on curious subjects often refer to a "curious will made by a certain general of Revolutionary fame in which there is a clause providing that the skin of the deceased is to be made into two drumheads. I notice that these same writers always neglect to give the name of this "general of Revolutionary fame." The fact is, the scientific person who left this curious "last will and testament" was not a general at all, but a common everyday person who happened to live at Medford, Mass. The name of this patriot was Solomon Simpson, and he was a warm friend of the now venerable doctor poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes. In his will Simpson left his body to Dr. Holmes on condition that the doctor would carefully remove and tan the skin, which was finally tanned and made into two drumheads. These, properly filled in a drum, were to be inscribed, one with the Declaration of Independence and the other with Paine's "Universal Prayer."

Had everything been carried out as Mr. Simpson intended it should be, this drum would have been presented to a local drummer, a friend of both Simpson and Dr. Holmes, on condition that he, the drummer, repair to the foot of Bunker Hill monument on each successive anniversary of that famous battle and beat the most stirring strains of "Yankee Doodle" upon the dried cuticle of the departed patriot. The proceeds were never carried out.—St. Louis Republic.

How to Treat the Dangerous Patients.

The person who carries a stick or umbrella under the arm, or perhaps tilts over his shoulder, is a nuisance. If he does it going up or down stairs or a crowd he becomes a dangerous nuisance. A person who does this is doing more out at once that he is doing wrong for the inconvenience he imposes upon the other people. And everybody around will expect the owner to be polite. If Americans were taught this rule it would be many times the disconfort of city life.

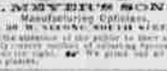
Florida Week.

The coast of Florida are not the same to those of the Hudson river, or the Connecticut, or the Susquehanna. The same fish come each year to the particular river where they spawn, but the fish in Florida appear above and are slightly different.—New York Press.

How Crows Are Regarded in Ireland.

Crows, like cricklets, come for good or evil luck, but the "crow of the cross" is a malediction to be afraid of. If goat luck abides in the house upon where they build their rookery they should not be molested.—Irish Times.

Do You Value Your Sight?



A. MEYERS & SONS,
Manufacturing Opticians,
No. 36 W. SECOND SOUTH STREET
For the addresses of the pillar to their stock, nearly twenty years, of satisfaction. Spectacles or eye glasses.

MONEY FOR LAND.
MANY PERSONS WISH TO SELL THEIR land, but when they find a willing purchaser, we time to the land is not perfected owing to the patent not being issued, children then the entries were so to be in a poor and not into the patent shall be issued in such a case, which cannot always be done. Hence many have lost money through delay and not receiving the patent at once, as money had to pay for patent at once, as money had to pay for patent at once, as money had to pay for