THE OLD PRINTER.

He Was Short of Type and When "Thirty" Came, His Spirit Had Flown.

And so, year after year, he wrought among the boys on a morning paper. He went to bed about the time the rest of the world got up, and he arose about the time the rest of the world sat down to dinner. He worked by every kind of light except sunlight. There were candles in the office when he came; then they had lard oil lamps that smoked and spluttered and smelled; then he saw two or three printers blinded by explosions of camphene and spirit gas; then kerosene came in and heated up the newsroom on summer nights like a furnace; then the office put in gas, and now the electric light swung from the ceiling and dazzled his old eyes and glared into them from his copy.

If he sang on his way home a policeman bade him "cheese that," and reminded him that he was disturbing the peace and people wanted to sleep. But when he wanted to sleep, the rest of the world, for whom he has sat up all night to make a morning paper, roared and crashed by down the noisy streets under his window, with cart and truck and omnibus; blared out with brass bands, howled with hand organs, talked and shouted, and even the shrieking newsboys, with a ghastly sarcasm, murdered the sleep of the tired old printer by yelling the name of his own paper.

Year after year the foreman roared at him to remember that this was not an afternoon paper, editors shrieked down the tube to have a blind man put on that dead man's case, smart young proofreaders scribbled sarcastic comments on his work on the margin of his proof slips that they didn't know how to read, long winded correspondents learning to write and long haired poets who could never learn to spell wrathfully cast all their imperfections upon his head. But through it all he wrought patiently and found more sunshine than shadow in the world; he had more friends than enemies.

Printers and foremen and pressmen and reporters and editors came and went, but he staid, and he saw newspapers and sanctums filled and emptied and filled and emptied again, and filled with new strange faces. He believed in his craft, and to the end he had a silent pity, that came as near being contempt as his good, forgiving old heart could feel, for an editor who had not worked his way from a regular devil ship up past the cases and the imposing stone.

He worked all that night, and when the hours that are so short in the ballroom and so long in the composing room drew wearily on, he was tired. He hadn't thirteen in a very full case, he said, and he had to climb clear into the boxes and chase a type up into a corner before he could get hold of it. One of the boys, tired as himself—but a printer is never too tired to be good natured—offered to change places with him, but the old man said there was enough in the case to last him through this take, and he wouldn't work any more tonight. The type clicked in the silent room, and by and by the old man said:

"I'm out of sorts."

And sat down on the low window sill by his case, with his stick in his hand, his hands folded wearily in his lap. The types clicked on. A galley of telegraph waited.

"What gentleman is lingering with 13 D?" called the foreman, who was dangerously polished and polite when he was on the point of exploding with wrath and impatience.

Slug nine, passing by the alley, stopped to speak to the old man sitting there so quietly.

The telegraph boy came running in with the last manifold sheet, shouting:

"Thirty!"

They carried the old man to the foreman's long table and laid him down reverently and covered his face. They took the stick out of his nerveless hand and read his last take:

"Boston, Nov. 25.—The American bark Pilgrim went to pieces off Marblehead in a light gale about midnight. She was old and unseaworthy, and this was to have been her last trip."—Bob Burdette.

Various Uses of One Tree.

One of the strangest of trees is the Ita palm, found abundantly on the banks of the Amazon and other South American rivers. In the swampy regions, which cover immense areas, the Ita palm furnishes food, drink, clothing and comfortable homes for the natives.

The Indians that inhabit these swampy districts make a tolerable wine from the sap of the palm, and they distill a stronger stimulant by crushing and fermenting the young fruits. The food is derived from the soft inner bark of the stems, and is a substance that in taste and appearance closely resembles sago. The soft and fibrous bark is used for garments and for making strings, ropes, hammocks and the like.

In times of high water, often lasting two or three months, the natives make floorings in the trees with the bark ropes and live there in comfort and contentment.—Philadelphia Times.

Hard Work Made Mackay Rich.

John W. Mackay was born in the humblest circumstances in Dublin, Ireland, some fifty-five years ago. Coming to this country very early in life, he worked for a time on board ship. During the years that followed in whatever occupation he engaged he labored industriously and faithfully. He saved his money and watched his opportunity, which so very few people do. He is now twenty times a millionaire.—Henry Clews in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Devil's Knell.

Among the famous bells of Dewsbury, Yorkshire, England, is one known as "Black Tom of Soothill," which was presented to the church in expiation of a murder. "Black Tom" is always rung on Christmas eve. Its solemn tolling as it strikes the first tap at exactly midnight is known all over Yorkshire as the "devil's knell," it being the notion that when Christ was born the devil died.—St. Louis Republic.

Negroes in London Fast Life.

In London a negro can go into the finest restaurants and be served just like a white man. He can sit at any public table if he is quiet and can pay the bill. White waiters serve him without a murmur, and the American darky imagines he is sitting sideways on a cloud, picking a harp with one hand and eating honey with the other, when he is turned loose in the English metropolis with fifty dollars in his pockets.—Richmond Dispatch.

Pleasant for His Children.

I heard yesterday of a practice of a man of this town who has a large family of children, boys and girls. The effect is about eighteen. Whenever a child has been born unto him he has bought a blank book. He has written the child's name upon the cover and he has entered upon the pages, in a firm, precise handwriting, all sums of money spent upon the child from the day of its birth. He can tell at a glance the cost of its food, its dress, what he paid for the services of nurse and doctor, the price of its schooling, and every [illegible] of its amusements. And he proposes when each child is twenty-one to give it a birthday book, and after the cake is cut he will present the book to his offspring, saying, "Here you can see what you have cost me."

The expenses of the feast will be included in the sum total. His theory is that the child will thus learn the value of money, and that he will be more prudent and grateful in after years. I do not as yet know whether he expects these sums to be repaid to him in installments, or whether they will be considered as sums advanced and to be deducted from the legacies. But I confess such a system of bookkeeping shocks me, and I shudder when I think of the fate of these little ones.—Boston Post.

A Singular Horse.

A funny story is told of Dean Swift, who was a witty man and fond of a joke at the expense of other people as most witty people are. One very cold night when he was traveling he stopped at a little inn. There was only one fire in the room, and the guests of the inn crowding about it left no place for the newcomer.

With a solemn face Dean Swift called to the hostler and told him to get a peck of oysters immediately and take them out to his horse.

"Will your horse eat oysters, sir?" asked the astonished man.

"Just take them out and see," said the horse's master.

The people around the fire stared at the man who owned this curious horse, and nearly every one of them left his seat and went out to see the remarkable horse eating oysters.

Then the cunning dean made himself comfortable in the warmest corner, and ordered his supper.

Presently back came the hostler with the disappointed crowd after him.

"He won't touch them, sir," cried the hostler.

"Then take the foolish animal all the oats he can eat," replied Dean Swift. "You can bring the oysters here. I'll eat them for supper myself."—Harper's Young People.

Silken Hangings.

Silk faced portieres and others called Doria are very handsome, and seven of them are reversible, requiring no lining. All silk portieres are made reversible also, with exquisite bordering in Colonial designs. Some of the portieres are to be lined, and they are made of rich satin damask, in two and three colors, in the most delicate and pleasing tints, in Louis XV, XVI and Colonial patterns, the loveliest elegant enough for a queen's gown.

Then, when used for curtains and portieres, are lined with silk made in the same width, called [illegible] drapery. It is changeable in two tints, one following the principal one in the damask and the other contrasting, and thrown over the surface is a trailing fretwork in white, which makes of it an exquisite material, which is also used separate from the damask in some instances, as it is reversible.

Table covers are made to match the portieres and hangings, and come in several sizes, so that a room can be completely furnished, so to speak, from one piece of goods. A few years ago this all would have been beyond the reach of any but the very wealthy, but these silks and tapestries are now being made in America, and while they are every whit as good and handsome as well as durable as the imported ones, [illegible].—Decorator and Furnisher.

Corn fed cattle have not been plentiful in the early part of the present season. But with this year of great crops in the west they will now be more plentiful on the market.

Captain, thy name is hen, according to a newspaper correspondent. This veracious authority asserts that a hen in Walla Walla changes the size of her eggs every day.

There will be a great market this Thanksgiving and Christmas for turkeys and fine poultry. Last Christmas in New York the supply of turkeys gave out entirely and immense prices were offered. Making your dressed poultry look attractive when brought to market is half the battle.

Unclaimed Funds.

There are tens of thousands of dollars lying in the vaults of the subtreasury in New York which belong to pensioners. Checks have been issued probably covering the whole amount, but from one cause or another the money has never been claimed. The checks have never been presented. The money stands to the credit of the various pension agents acting as disbursing officers of the government. An account with one of these officials is never closed until all the checks come in and no more are to come. He may have overdrawn. There is no way to determine this until everything is squared up.—New York Herald.

George D. Burton, an iron manufacturer of Cincinnati, has made gratifying progress in electrical forging. By a process perfected in his own establishment he is able to turn out six steel railroad spikes per minute. Mr. Burton also makes auger screws, with an absolutely true spiral, by his electrical process, and he can mold and weld any metal however hard and refractory. He uses both the constant and interrupted currents.

Mr. Irving M. Scott, general manager of the Union Iron works, of San Francisco, went across to Europe to see in what respect, if any, his iron shipbuilding plant and yard were behind those of the Old World. He finds that we in America are disgracefully behind Europe in regard to modern shipbuilding plants; that England leads the world in this respect, but he believes that the finest workmanship work has been turned out by France.

LIST OF LETTERS.

Remaining in the Post Office at Salt Lake City, Utah, November [illegible], 1891, which, if not called for within two weeks, will be sent to the Dead Letter Office at Washington, D. C.

LADIES' LIST.

[illegible]

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

[illegible]

PACKAGES.

Angelo Pearle Nauds [illegible]

To obtain any of these letters the applicant must call for "Advertised" Letters and give the date of the list.

A. A. BENTON, Postmaster.

BROKEN OUT!

How often do we see this on the faces of children and also of people who otherwise are healthy! What causes it? Bad Blood. The thought is terrible; the trouble is worse. No ordinary help can remove it. It requires something unusual. Do not take cheap sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. You must have something that has proven its power in both Europe and America. General Wheatcroft Nelson, of London, says: "My experience in the English army, as well as in America, convinces me that nothing so thoroughly purifies the blood, or adds to the health, vigor and life, as Dr. Acker's English Blood Elixir."

This grand Elixir is sold by druggists in all parts of America. It is a good, pure, honest medicine. Try it to-day.

ECLIPSE! * 11 E. FIRST SOUTH * ECLIPSE!

The general verdict is that the Eclipse Grocery and Fruit Company carry the very best goods in their line to be found anywhere in the city, and that, coupled with the courteous treatment and obliging manners of their salesmen, make it one of the most attractive places of business in town. We invite our friends and the public generally to call and see for themselves.

[illegible] SAVILLE, [illegible] M. BARLOW. | TELEPHONE No. [illegible] | D. S. EMERY, A. H. WOOLLEY.

SELLING OUT REGARDLESS OF COST.

\$125,000

Worth DRY GOODS and GENTS' FURNISHINGS

Having decided to RETIRE FROM THE DRY GOODS BUSINESS, I have therefore commenced the sale of my entire stock on

MONDAY, OCTOBER 19th, 1891,

And WILL CONTINUE UNTIL EVERYTHING is SOLD OUT, REGARDLESS OF VALUE. I also wish to inform the public that any purchaser for this Fall and Winter wear [illegible]

The STOCK of LADIES' and CHILDREN'S CLOAKS IS BY FAR THE CHOICEST IN THIS CITY, And the Stock of Dress Goods and Silks will compare favorably with that of any West of the Missouri River.

S. KELLNER, 205-207 Main St.

CHARLES E. JOHNSON. FARLEY E. PRATT, JR.

-(32)- THE .·. BOYS! -(34)-

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Carry Everything in the DRUG Line.

"FROM A NEEDLE TO A THRASHING MACHINE." CALL ON THEM FOR THEIR [illegible]

FINE .·. WINES .·. LIQUORS .·. AND .·. CIGARS.

-(MAIN)- THEY WILL TREAT YOU RIGHT -(STREET)-
Wholesale and Retail. Mail orders solicited.

WHAT IS A GUARANTEE?

Many merchants and salesmen are in the habit of indiscriminately "guaranteeing" their wares with no thought of being called upon to make the "guarantee" good. It is a pernicious and foolish custom more [illegible] in the breach than in the observance.

A guarantee, to have any value, should be made with knowledge of the meaning of the word and a set purpose to carry out the terms of the guarantee. On this basis the maker is bound not to warrant, and we replace any tool found imperfect in use.

We have used our best judgment, acquired by a considerable experience, in selecting the following items for our stock and sell them to our customers with an absolute guarantee that if they do not prove to be all that we represent them, we will refund the purchase money in full.

"Jewel" Steel Range. A finished article, perfectly proportioned, made of the best material. Don't fail to see it. It will pay you.

"Quick Meal" No Generator, Evaporating. Light it as you do your gas burner. No smell. No danger. No complication. Every objection to the use of a Gasoline stove done away with. Think of the discomfort missed in Summer by avoiding the heat of a big Kitchen Range.

"Superior" Cooks and Ranges. Superior as bakers. Superior in economy of fuel. Superior in design. Superior in construction. Superior in everything that goes to make a perfect cooking apparatus.

The "Foot Refrigerators." An Ice saver. A Health promoter. Cellular shoe lined. What is that? Investigate it. It will more than repay you.

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