

The Cardiff Giant's Big Brother.

Kansas City Times Interview.

But it was not of his lecture that the inquisitor desired to talk. It was the recently discovered stone man with a petrified tail. He jumped straight to the subject by the abrupt question, "Mr. Barnum, is that Pueblo petrification a real solid, bona fide stone man, or is it another Cardiff Giant?"

"I believe it to be just what it is represented to be. If I had not, I would not have offered Mr. Conant \$20,000 for it."

"Did you really offer the owner that amount of money for it?"

"I did, and he refused it; but he offered to sell it to me and retain one-fourth interest in it."

"So you feel assured, Mr. Barnum, that this new discovery is what it is claimed to be—a real petrified man?"

"No, I won't say that it is a petrified man, but it is a man or beast petrified into solid stone. I feel assured of this, because in the excavation or resurrection of the stone corpse the head was broken from the shoulders, and there, as large as life, was the crystalized spine, and other bones as natural as life. Oh, no, sir, I am satisfied that this is no Cardiff Giant affair."

"How does it look?"

"Well, sir, it is a well-defined human body petrified into solid stone. The most singular part about it is its tail, which is well defined and unmistakably a part of the body, which is about eight feet in length."

"Perhaps it is a petrified gorilla, Mr. Barnum?" interrupted the interested news gatherer.

"No, no, I do not think so. The cheek bones are high and projecting like the American Indian, and the formation of hands and feet indicate that it is not of the monkey species."

"What do you think it is?"

"Well, sir, it is my candid opinion that in this discovery we have found the missing link which Darwin claims connected mankind with the beast creation. It is certainly the petrified body of a man with a tail, and was dug up by an old man named W. A. Conant, near Pueblo."

"Is it a reliable party, Mr. Barnum? Perhaps it is a put-up job on you and the public."

"Yes, he is reliable. He is a respectable old man, and is an agent for the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad. He was once a member of the Legislature, and is much respected in Colorado, where he has lived several years. He says he will not sell the petrification until it has been examined by Prof. Marsh, or some other competent authority."

"Do you propose buying it, Mr. Barnum?"

"No, I have made my offer and it has been rejected, and all negotiations between me and Mr. Conant have been broken off. I offered \$20,000 for the body, but was refused. I declined taking a part interest in it. I will have no partners in such matters."

The Denver Tribune of Friday has this to say of the "giant."

It is generally conceded to be a piece of statuary, and the question to be decided is, whether it was manufactured by the Aztec Indians, or by some of the members and promoters of our own civilization. Professor Semper says that the head is very similar to the heads of all the figures of the Aztec Indians. But both he and Dr. Denison believe that it could have recently been manufactured and subjected to acid treatment that would make it look as it now does. Professor Semper believes it to have been made of prepared clay.

But let the giant be what he may a petrified human body, an Aztec statue or an American fraud, he will certainly remain a great curiosity, and is likely to receive his due share of attention from the public.

"That husband of Mine is Out," was the inscription which a rural visitor saw conspicuously bulletined in front of a book store. He read it in a wide-mouthed astonishment, and turning to his wife, who accompanied him, observed, "Do tell, now! Did you ever see anything like that before?" "Tell you what it is, Susan, if any woman was to post me in that style, just because I didn't come home right to the minute, I'll be darned if I'd live with her any longer—not if she could fry the best doughnuts in town!"—Boston Traveller.

How the Chicago Man Knows He's Away from Home.

Writes an American in London: "If there is any particular thing which is calculated to make an American homesick, to make him feel he is indeed in a foreign clime, it is the entire absence of profanity. Except what I may have overheard in a few soliloquies, I have not heard an oath since my arrival in England. The cabman does not swear at you, nor the policeman, nor the railroad employe, nor anybody else. Nobody in ordinary conversation on the weather, or in asking after some one's location, or inquiring after another's health, employs from three to five oaths every sentence. It's rather distressing to an American to get used to this state of things; to talk to a man for three or four minutes and never hear a single 'd—n'; to wander all day through populous streets, and not hear a solitary curse; to go anywhere and everywhere, and not be stirred up once by so much as the weakest of blasphemies. What wonder that the savage American becomes homesick under such a deprivation, and that he longs for the freedom and curses of his parry home?"

Another feature which I miss very much here are collections of tobacco-chewing citizens at street crossings and other places, who flood the sidewalks with saliva and make it 'interesting' for any lady who will happen to pass. I must confess that the entire absence of all such gatherings, engaged in ribald conversation, in staring insolently into women's faces, in making the air foul with tobacco smoke and curses, has convinced me that I am indeed far from home, and cast adrift among a strange, a peculiar and unsympathetic people."

A Perfect Climate.

Nadal, in his "Notes on England," says that the climate of that country has, notwithstanding its want of sun, its fogs, and dampness, one great advantage over that of the United States, inasmuch as there is hardly a day in the year when a man cannot work or take exercise out of doors in comfort. Many persons will feel inclined to agree with him. Up to the middle of September there had not been ten days since the middle of May when active exercise in this part of the country could be termed agreeable between 8 a. m. and 7 p. m., and often the night was even more oppressive than the day. It is true that we generally have in the later autumn six weeks of weather that is not surpassed in any part of the world, but we do not have more than three weeks at most of such weather in the spring, and nine weeks of delightful temperature, against forty-three in which we either shiver or sweat, is a small proportion. There is one perfect climate in the world, and men to whom that is more than all beside should go to, Tasmania. There the mercury in winter ranges from 50 to 55 deg., and in summer is seldom above 80, and mornings and nights are cool. During the greater part of the year the climate resembles our finest October and November weather. The scenery is exquisite, and from fertile valleys and splendid lakes you look up to mountains covered with snow. There are those who maintain that our climate was never intended for Europeans, and that the North American Indians are the natural outgrowth of it. Considering its trying extremes of heat and cold, it must be confessed that we have done pretty well under it.—New York Sun.

THE VALUE OF DIFFICULTIES.—The winds and storms are the educators of the tree no less than the sunbeams and the dew. In the intellectual world a strong mind thrives on difficulties. There is no falser method of education than to make all smooth and easy, and remove every stone before the foot touches it. God himself has hidden the knowledge of his creation in the depths of the sky and the bosom of the earth. He has demanded toil and travail, keen and patient thought, till study has become a weariness to the flesh, in order that man's intellect may rise to its proper stature. It would have been a strange thing if the spiritual world had been an exception.

"The people that walk in darkness"—The night patrol.

A Sanctified Woman.

In a camp meeting in New York a woman related her experience in giving up certain articles of ornament and gay attire that she had loved. She said that at first she resolved to wear no more artificial flowers, gay colored ribbons, hand-some silks, ear ornaments, nor brooches; but one idol remained. It was her wedding ring. At last she resolved to throw this away too, and when she did it the blessing of sanctification came. The Methodist says: "As she stood in the audience, relating the great change that had come over her, she displayed an immense mass of false hair wound up on the back of her head, upon which was mounted a top-not of a hat, neither protection from sun nor cold, nor ornamental to behold. She disclosed beneath a half cast-off shawl, a corseted waist which was reduced to such diminutive proportions as to appear painfully abnormal. She supported paddings, puffings, pannier, and pin-back, and a dress skirt sadly bedrabbled to the depth of the several inches which it dragged upon the ground. As she sat down after her testimony and an exhortation to erring sisters to renounce all pomp and glory of the world, she plied her fan and panted very like a ball-room belle who had waltzed too long and was dressed too tightly to breathe with ease. When at the close of the meeting the woman walked away, she had a parasol, a fan, a hymn book to hold in one hand, and the other was employed in gathering and holding the front breadth of her skirts high enough to enable her to step, while the limit of her mincing gait was determined by her contracted pin-back and stilted boot heels. And away she went, a sanctified woman."

A Puzzled Monkey.

Yesterday was a good day for the monkeys at the Fair Grounds, and they liked it. They frisked about in the sunshine and cut their merry antics with an abandon that showed them to be bubbling over with the spirit of fun and mischief. There is one of the number that by some amusing peculiarities of disposition and manner becomes an immediate favorite with every spectator, and attracts more attention than any other. A gentleman who was among the crowd yesterday that generally surrounds the monkey house when the grounds are open, happened to have a small pocket mirror in his hands, and just for sport passed it through the grating to the favorite. The monkey's behavior on seeing his face reflected in the glass was amusing in the extreme, and kept the crowd in a roar of laughter for nearly an hour. The monkey, of course, failed to recognize the reflection of himself in the glass and took it for another monkey, and his anxiety to get hold of that monkey was what made the fun. He would look behind the glass for it, and feel for it in such a comical way whilst he was looking in the glass, that one could not help laughing. Whilst the glass was close to his eye he gradually bent over, casually, and noticing that the evanescent monkey was then on his back apparently, he dropped the glass and made a sudden grab for him. When he did not get him he looked surprised, and commenced looking under the straw to see what had become of him. He was then seized with a luminous idea. He picked up the glass and ran up to the topmost branch of the dead tree that is erected in the cage, and climbing to the extreme end, again looked in the glass. It seemed as if he reasoned that in such a position the monkey could not elude him. He felt for it, grabbed at it, and tried all sorts of similar strategy to capture it, and, notwithstanding its repeated failures, seemed loth to give it up. At length the keeper, afraid that the monkey would cut himself with the glass or swallow some of the quicksilver from the back, took it away from him, and the fun ended.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Mrs. Juggins lost one of her lodgers lately. He went off suddenly on urgent private affairs, and forgot to settle his little account. "Ah," says the old lady, "when 'e come 'ere 'e called 'isself a capting; but I've discovered to my cost 'es only a left tenant."

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