

# COALTER & SNELGROVE'S HOME ENTRÉE.

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Published Monthly.

COALTER & SNELGROVE. - - Managers.

### TERMS:

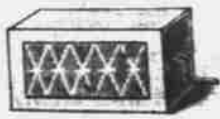
Per Copy. - - - - - Five Cents.  
Per Year. - - - - - Fifty Cents.

Upon receipt of twelve cents per year in postage stamps, this paper will be mailed to the address of any person who owns or will purchase a Story & Clark reed organ. The number of the organ held must be forwarded to Story & Clark, Canal and 16th Streets, Chicago.

Address all communications relating to this paper to the managers.

Our Editorial Observatory is being repaired this month. Our telescope is somewhat effected by the hot weather. We however, sighted McGarigle upon the lakes, evidently taking his summer vacation. We hope it may prove to be only this.

Our poetical machine is still at work. It runs fluently during the summer months. The results you will see later. Here is a tolerably correct likeness of the renowned piece of mechanism. While it may resemble a hand organ, it is in no wise related to the accursed thing. It works automatically. The manager alone keeps the key.



### A Clever 'Squire.

[ARKANSAS TRAVELER.]

'Squire Patterson, wearing an air of dread concern, approached his friend, Farmer Glover, and without speaking, leaned on the fence and sighed.

"What's the matter, 'squire?"

"I don't know what this country's coming to. What would you think if your daughter should run away and marry an ignorant man?"

"Oh, I don't know, 'squire, but I would not take it to heart if I were you. I would try to think it had happened for the best."

"Would you forgive the girl?" asked the squire. "Yes, I believe I would. There's no use in holding out, you know. When did it happen?"

"Just a while ago."

"Who performed the ceremony?"

"I did."

"What! Then you could not have been opposed to the marriage?"

"Oh, it makes no difference to me," replied the 'squire, "for you see, it's your daughter instead of mine."

### The Hungry Musician's Chance.

[BENJAMIN T. REEDER.]

"Please give me something to eat," murmured a tramp, piteously. "I have been four days without food or drink."

"Four days, eh, pretty hungry then. I reckon. Are you willing to do something for your dinner?"

"Oh, yes—anything. I may say right here that I'm a musician; you look like a man of refined tastes, and perhaps if I were to give you a few selections upon the piano—"

"Musician, eh? Just the man I've been looking for. Take that axe and hump your back over a little Chopin out on the woodpile."

### Two Pictures.

[EXCHANGE.]

Miss Blanch Murray is a very proper young lady. Last week she caught her little brother smoking.

"You terrible thing," she hissed, "I am going to tell father on you."

"This is only corn silk," murmured the boy, penitently.

"I don't care what it is. I am going to tell on you, and see that you don't get into that beastly, horrid, degrading habit. I wouldn't have anything to do with smokers."

II.

It is evening. Miss Murray is sitting on the front stoop with Algernon. It is moonlight, and the redolent spirits of the honeysuckle and syringa are wafting bliss to their already intoxicated souls.

"Would little bird object to me smoking a cigarette?"

"Not at all," replied Miss Murray. "I like cigarettes, they are so fragrant and romantic. I think they are too delicious for anything."

"Then I'll light one."

"Do, and blow some of the smoke in my face, it is so soothing and dreamily Paradise."

Then he lit a cigarette, and they talked about the weather for two hours and a half.

You can scarcely imagine the power and influence of a Story & Clark organ. Strike but one note and it moves tons of atmosphere.

### A Monkey Hero.

[CHILDREN'S TREASURE.]

A nobleman had a favorite monkey, a large orang-outang. This monkey was very much attached to his master and to the baby boy who was a pet of the whole family. One day a fire suddenly broke out in the house, and everybody was running here and there trying to put it out, while the little boy in the nursery was almost forgotten; and when they thought of him the staircase was in flames. What could be done? As they were looking up and wondering, a large hairy hand and arm opened the window, and presently the monkey appeared with the baby in his arms, and carefully climbed down over the porch and brought the child safely to his nurse. Nobody else could have done it; for a man can not climb like a monkey, and is not near so strong.

You may imagine how the faithful creature was praised and petted after that. This is a true story, and the child that was saved was the young Marquis of Kidare.

The S. & C. organ meets the wants of all classes—the teacher, the preacher, the lodge, the critic and all.

### A Bret Harte Fable.

A kind-hearted she elephant, while walking through the jungle where the spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle, heedlessly set foot upon a partridge which she crushed to death within a few inches of the nest containing its callow brood. "Poor little things!" said the generous mammoth. "I have been a mother myself, and my affection shall atone for the fatal consequences of my neglect." So saying, she sat down upon the orphaned birds.

### THE PRUDENT TIGER.

A prudent tiger having observed a procession bearing the remains of a sainted Brahmin to the tomb, communicated the intelligence to his wife, who said: "My dear, we are almost out of meat, and though the deceased, from the austerities of his pious life, was in poor condition, I make no doubt that among his surviving friends we may encounter others more succulent." "Miserable tigress," exclaimed her lord, "cannot you see that if we permit the deceased to be canonized, pilgrimages will be instituted to his tomb, and the producer and consumer will be brought together in accordance with the true principles of political economy? Rather let us, then, offer a chrono for each pilgrim." This prudent advice being followed, the tiger enjoyed a free breakfast table to the end of his days.

Moral: Beware of breaking the egg that hatches the golden goose.

Results attained by a free use of that King among instruments: The Story & Clark organ.  
Joy and Happiness.  
Peace and Contentment.  
Mirth and Laughter.  
A lovely, lovable Home.

Human nature reveals itself in the smallest concerns of life. A lad was watching a man beating a carpet, and said: "That man's son must have good times; why, that man couldn't lick the stuffing out of a ten-cent doll."

The symmetrical proportion of the case, the beauty and responsive movement of the action and the exquisite harmony of its chords are Story & Clark's best recommendations.

A WORTHY Quaker wrote thus: "I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to any fellow human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I will not pass this way again."

Cheap, shoddy goods are but for a day. The Story & Clark organ lasts a life-time. Ergo.

Mr. Spurgeon says: "Have you read the 'Ancient Mariner'? I dare say you thought it very queer—dead men pulling the rope, dead men steering. But I have lived to see the same thing in churches—dead men in the pulpit, dead men for deacons, dead men handling the plate, and dead men making up the congregation, however, not in Chicago."

## STORY & CLARK FACTORY, CHICAGO, ILL.



Extensive additions are being made to the south of this already model factory, which will nearly double the capacity. Thus prosperity attendeth an honest, enterprising house.

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New style cases at the Story and Clark factory constantly.

Cash and old organs in exchange for new Story & Clark organs.

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The names of parties wishing organs. To first informant an elegant lithograph in colors will be mailed. Address, Story & Clark, Canal and 16th Streets.

### FREE.

We should be pleased to receive the subscription price from parties receiving this paper. This is not compulsory, however.

### NOTICE.

This paper is set up and printed at the private offices of Story & Clark, Canal and 16th Streets, Chicago. The only organ company in the world which publishes a paper of its own.

## THE STORY & CLARK ORGAN.



COALTER & SNELGROVE, General Agents,  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.