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EMERSON CORRECTED.

A man named Em'son, as they say,
Got off a party thing one day
Along a ship—I don't know when—
Who "builded better than he knew,"
In spite of Em'son, now, I swan,
He was built on a curved plan.
According to a strange law,
That don't at all resemble one
In spite of all that I can do
I've builded wiser than I knew.

I was a young and lazy lad,
But had my pulses all plastered out
Its beauties never can be told—
Rosewood, mahogany an gold.
It was a scrumptious sight to see
With all the gilt and fixings
But my reel beam snarls stops the rain,
An has an old bat in the pane.
I did the best that I could do,
But builded wiser than I knew.

I used to build my stately ships
An launch 'em gracefully from the slips,
An in my dreams dis I behold
Their freight of freny an gold.
Oh, they sway gracefully over the bore
An rode therefore like a swan,
But the reel ship I set afloat
Was nothing but a lumpy boat.
Without the smallest thrust or sail—
I bale it with an ole tin pail.
But for a Bible smack. Will do—
I builded wiser than I knew.

Yes, Mr. Em'son, very fur
Have builded better than they knew;
'Tis ten to one, however we watch,
We'll make a bungle an a botch.
It ain't because I don't know how
To set the beams from south to low,
But my bar tracions so, I vum,
I cannot get the timers plumb
An so it is, my life all through,
I've builded wiser than I knew!
—Sam Walter Foss in Yankee Blade.

HORRID BEDFELLOWS

TARANTULAS CRAWL ALL OVER A SLEEPING TRAVELER.

A Tired Camper Who Awoke One Morning to Feel a Poisonous Reptile Exploring His Anatomy, White Another Made a Bed of the Man's Upright Hair.

Joseph Grandelmyer, a well known mining man of Nevada, has passed through many startling experiences during a residence of twenty-eight years in the far west, but is perhaps the only man who can boast of having had a round baker's dozen of deadly tarantulas for bedfellows and surviving the terrible experience without material injury. It happened a number of years ago, but even now it causes cold shivers to chase up Mr. Grandelmyer's spinal column when his mind reverts to that particular event. However, surrounded by a circle of friends at the Palace hotel a few evenings since, he was induced to relate the incident.

"In 1864 I came to San Francisco," said the gentleman, and with the hopefulness of youth determined to make my fortune. I had a little money saved up, but was a raw tenderfoot, and whatever I put my money into failed to pan out. Finally I concluded to strike out for Nevada. It was a new section of country then, that had been explored to a very limited extent, and when I made known my intention many and urgent were the requests for me to refrain from being as foolish as to encounter dangers in such a wild and almost unknown country.

"Stopping decided, however, and not allowing myself to be dissuaded from my purpose, one day in the summer of 1864, after inducing three acquaintances to join me, I set out for the land of sagebrush. My particular object in going was to better my fortune by any method I could. Two of the party were prospectors, and the fourth, a Dr. Heath, went along to spy out a good location for a hog ranch.

"Well, after crossing the Sierras at Walker's pass, we found ourselves in Owen's valley, which is now in Inyo county. Dusk was approaching, and when, after riding a distance in the teeth of a cold wind, we found ourselves at a deserted adobe hut by the roadside we halted, unpacked and unsaddled our animals, and prepared to camp for the night.

A TERRIBLE AWAKENING.

"There was feed for the horses in abundance, and while one staked them out the others began preparations for supper and made the beds ready. My friends preferred sleeping under a large oak tree near, but I chose a spot adjoining the old adobe house, where I spread my blankets close to the wall where the wind would not reach me. After a hasty meal we all retired to our respective beds on the ground and readily dropped off to sleep.

"I presume it was within an hour of daybreak when I awoke with a sudden start. A peculiar prickly feeling, worse than any nightmare, took possession of me. I felt paralyzed and was afraid to stir. There was something moving on my face. It was not a large object, but as it moved about the trail left seemed to scorch my face. I felt the thing traverse my face from the left eye down over my nose and mouth. Then it crossed to the other side and explored in the region of my ear. This it was going.

"I knew it was not a snake gliding over my face, but some animal much smaller, though what it was I was utterly unable to conjecture. I was wide awake, of course, but such an uncomfortable horror held me fast that I was unable to move a muscle and gazed helplessly up at the stars. Once I tried to call out to my companions, but not a sound could I utter. I lay there rigid as a log, maybe for one minute, maybe for five, when I again knew that the same thing, or something like it, was on my hand, which rested outside the blanket, and a cold chill ran up my arm and through my whole body. Still I was absolutely powerless to move a limb, and involuntarily closed my eyes, almost expecting to feel them closed to death, so dreadful and indescribable was the sensation.

A HORRIBLE SUSPICION.

"Next I knew the thing was climbing up over my throat, then to my chin and along my nose. An irresistible impulse caused me to open my right eye, and I saw by the dim light the fiery eyes of a big tarantula looking into mine, with its hairy body on my face, and two inches away!

"Knowing that death or at least painful injury might result if I moved my body, I immediately dropped the eyelid and had the satisfaction of feeling the spreading spider crawl over that eye to my forehead and into my hair, where it prepared a nest and finally settled down, no doubt as snugly as a bug in a rug. You may think you can imagine my feelings, but you cannot. For a full half hour, I should judge, I endured all the suspense and torment that comes to most mortals in a lifetime, and allowed another spider to slowly crawl up my leg, not knowing at any of time I would feel those black fangs sink into my flesh.

"But, thank God, that did not happen, or I should probably not now be alive. Ages after that, as it seemed, Dr. Heath arose, and, after dressing, came to me to see if I was awake. I whispered to him the particulars of my plight, and in my hair, which had been standing on end for I don't know how long, he discovered and at once killed one of the tarantulas, an immense fellow, fully three inches long. Carefully turning back the blankets and examining me, he found twelve others that had unobtrusively sought my quarters for warmth. These he quickly but quietly dispatched in a manner not to alarm the others. When the strain was over I fainted and was delirious with brain fever for many days. Upon them, you may depend upon it, I have always taken good care in the selection of a sleeping spot. For all the bedfellows one can encounter one of the most terrifying is a tarantula."—San Francisco Chronicle.

TOWERS RICHLY LINED WITH GOLD.

Wealth in the Old Chimneys Where the Roasters Once Were Refined.

For nearly a quarter of a century two tall towers have stood at the foot of Hyde street, near Lombard, almost on the edge of the beach. One rises to a height of 115 feet and the other reaches more than fifty feet in the air. They are both very broad and thick, and they have brick enough in them to construct several buildings.

They are relics of the flush old days of the Comstock mining era, when Flood, O'Brien, Fair and others banded together and erected the famous Selby Smelting and Refining works. There, from the bonanza days of 1860 to as late as 1885, the great chimneys belched forth fire and smoke. They never stopped. Wreaths of flame and volumes of soot circled in the air over the domes at night time, while hundreds of men toiled in and about the works, coaling and shoveling ore and slag, molding bars of tallow and refining it to pure silver, gold, lead and copper.

In 1885 the Selby company constructed to move its works. It was found that the old underground flue that connected the furnaces with the chimneys, as well as considerable of the ground all about, was permeated with gold and silver settings and solid metal. On the advice of a skilled European expert the company dug up the ruins as well as a large amount of soil to the depth of five or six feet and transported it by tons to the new works at Port Costa. There the stuff was run through the works, and it is said realized not less than $300,000.

Selby & Co. did not dream that in the towers which were left standing and in the million tons of slag and mineral permeated soil such wealth remained. The ground was sold and nothing was thought about it for a long time.

Some time ago W. B. Cluff, the well known merchant and politician of this city, acquired the ground on which the old works and the present slag pile and chimneys remain. It consists of five fifty-vara lots, or 2¾ acres. Meantime he had several experts make examinations of the brick towers and the surroundings. They reported that the metal and black dust of the towers was a veritable mine of wealth, and that the gritty matter that filled the interstices and in one form or another permeated the brick racked with valuable minerals. Also that the gray slag which had been carted away from the blazing furnaces in primitive days contained large quantities of gold and silver and should be worked over. Promptly Hermann Mr. Cluff secured the silver and gold lined towers and the debris. He is said to have paid $40,000 for the chimneys alone. His object is to work them up and get the money out of them.

"I do not think I will have any trouble in getting the gold, silver and other mineral out," he said yesterday. "It was on the advice of an English expert that Selby & Co. took a lot of the debris to Port Costa, and I am informed they got over $300,000 out of that. Several skilled mining men have come to me lately and offered to buy me out or work the chimneys, slag and soil on a percentage. I have not closed with any body and do not think I shall. There is an immense amount of slag there. In some places it is 200 feet deep. It all contains gold, silver and lead, with some copper. I have had the ground assayed around there, too, and it all shows up well. In some places it is very rich."

Mr. Cluff's intention is to tear down the great towers, which have so long been landmarks in the history of the city, and which can be seen for miles out at sea and in other directions, and wrest from them their gold and silver lining.—San Francisco Examiner.

A Judge's Jocose Retort.

"I think the late Judge Devens," said Mr. Arthur Mary to me the other day, "was the greatest after dinner speaker I ever heard. I remember a striking instance of his readiness in jocose retort. He made a five minute speech at a club dinner, and in the course of his remarks he established his claim to his place at the dinner by instancing his authorship of a large volume that was made up of tragedy and comedy and of many startling pieces—some dramatic, some humorous, some pathetic—of human life and nature.

"The book was the 1414 volume of Massachusetts laws. Immediately a member was on his feet and thanking the judge. He had been on a jury case, and the judge who was trying the case said that a verdict should be rendered substantially in accordance with a decision that was contained in that very volume of which the judge had just spoken. The verdict was rendered accordingly and the jurymen secured a good night's rest, for which he was thankful to Judge Devens and his book.

"Without a moment's hesitation, Judge Devens replied: 'If the gentleman will imitate Jacob and wrestle for a blessing, he will find it in the 1414 volume that I have spoken of. I assure him that he will secure many a good night's rest.'"—Boston Globe.

A Rich but Unappreciative Country.

There are said to be five counties in Missouri and eleven in Arkansas, comprising a strip of country 125 miles square, that have no railroad connection with the outside world, and are yet wonderfully rich in that one. The section of the country lies south and west of the Memphis railroad, northward west of the Iron Mountain, south and east of the St. Louis and San Francisco and north of the Arkansas river. The area embraces of this region 9,000 to 10,000 square miles, and the "pick" is 90 per cent of pure fine ore.

A traveler, Mr. W. E. Wisner, of Kansas City, says that he found by the mountain a cave very large from the Memphis cars. The manner of life of the people is extremely primitive. They live in by boxes without windows. Bacon is their main staple of diet and tobacco their main luxury. They raise corn in long rows for their bare food and tobacco in the hoes. But they are virtuous, peaceable and kindly disposed to the stranger.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

"Get Down the Church."

A small New Yorker while on a visit to his aunt, who lives in a New Hampshire town, was taken to church and Sunday school. As he entered the church his aunt said:

"Now, Georgie, you must remember to be very quiet while in church. You know that it is God's house, and he wouldn't like it if you did not behave well."

The young man needed this admonition and was quiet as a lamb.

Later he was taken into the Sunday school room. Then again he was cautioned.

"You must be very good while you are in here, Georgie," said the aunt, "because Elisha Quincy, the superintendent, does not like little people who make any noise."

Again the caution was well received, and young Georgie was a model of propriety.

When he reached home his mother inquired how he had liked the church and if he had been a good boy.

"He behaved beautifully," said the aunt, and the mother was much pleased.

Young Georgie said nothing just then, but a little later he astonished everybody by remarking, "The church belongs to God, but the Sunday school belongs to Elisha Quincy."—Chicago News.

Curious Words of the Toulibees.

The Yezidees, a peculiar Turkish sect, are perhaps the only people in the world which consider certain letters, words and phrases as being cursed, and the person who pronounces them a worthy subject for theological instruction. They attach to value to human life and to these ordinary dangers are added those arising from the embarrassing etiquette of conversational intercourse with them. If one of them unwisely speaks the word "devil," "satan," or anything with the same meaning, he commits a mortal offense, and to cut off his head is a God pleasing act, a sacred duty of the Yezidee, the fulfillment of which will insure him a place in paradise.

In a like manner several letters are wholly banished from their language, chiefly those which contain the sound of "shin." The Arabian word nullet, "Thou art damned," is also expunged because it is believed by the Yezidees to have been the word uttered by God when the fallen angels were thrown into hell. These and similar words and phrases are not alone and combinations which do not belong to any language used instead.—St. Louis Republic.

Amending Her Prayer.

I am prompted to send you the following anecdote about a half-past-8 midget who is quartered in our domicile. She is accustomed at bedtime, after having had a hilarious frolicsome disbabilite, to repeat the words:

Jesus, gentle shepherd, hear me,
Guard thy little lamb tonight,
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

These lines she has faithfully repeated, word for word, with the remarkedness lamentable pronunciation common to all children at her age, but last night she astonished us by saying—

Guard the little lamb tonight,
Through the—that old cyclone, that—
Bedbug!

And sure enough, a new lamp post had been erected during the day on our corner, and so the "little lamb" no longer needed protection through the darkness, but through the gaslight. She thought, I suppose, that she must be liteal or die.—Cor. Boston Transcript.

A Delightful Place for a Woman.

What a delightful day one could spend rummaging in the great cellars of Windsor castle, where are stored away all the gowns that Queen Victoria ever wore. For the queen's robes are never worn twice. Despite the numerous attempts which have been made from time to time to induce the attendants to part with some of these thousands of gowns, which their wearer has probably forgotten, or at least, which have been the coronation robes, bridal gowns, mourning garments of stately fête and royal ceremonial, worn in the old days before the magnificence of queenliness was forgotten in the service of womanhood. What will become of these relics when the long reign is ended and the enormous cabinets are made ready for the new queen's arrival?—London Letter.

Prizes for the Suburban Resident.

It is better to let the heels of your shoes go unblackened than to miss a train.

It does not pay to invest in accident insurance policies. The accident always happens to some other train than the one in which you are traveling.

Late to bed and early to rise will shorten the road to your home in the skies.

Always try to eat at least one meal each week with your family. It keeps up the acquaintance and continues to establish.—Chicago Tribune.

Some years ago a man named Hiram Craig, hailing from Kentucky, claimed to be the heaviest man in the world. His weight was given at 792 pounds. It took thirty-two yards of cloth to make him a suit. He was 6 feet 4½ inches high, and at birth weighed only seven pounds. At two years of age he took a $1,000 prize in New York, and tipped the beam at 240 pounds. His father and mother were normal in weight, both under 150 pounds.—Pittsburg Leader.

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CORRECT TIME TABLE

In Effect January 1, 1892.

LEAVE SALT LAKE.

No. 1—Fast Mail—Denver, Grand Junction, Ogden and all points East ..... 9.00 a. m.
No. 3—Fast Express—Denver, Grand Junction and Ogden ..... 4.00 p. m.
No. 5—Local Denver, Pueblo and Intermediate points ..... 4.00 p. m.
No. 7—Local Denver, Pueblo and Intermediate points ..... 4.00 a. m.
No. 9—Local Ogden and Intermediate points ..... 5.00 p. m.
No. 11—Local Ogden and Intermediate points ..... 10.30 a. m.

ARRIVE SALT LAKE.

No. 2—Fast Mail—Ogden, Grand Junction, Denver and all points East ..... 10.05 p. m.
No. 4—Fast Express—Ogden, Grand Junction and points East ..... 10.30 a. m.
No. 6—Local Ogden and Intermediate points ..... 10.30 a. m.
No. 8—Local Denver, Pueblo and Intermediate points ..... 9.15 a. m.
No. 10—Local Ogden ..... 9.15 a. m.
No. 12—Local Denver, Pueblo and points East ..... 5.45 p. m.
No. 30—Ogden Nights and the West ..... 6.15 p. m.
No. 32—Ogden Nights and the West ..... 6.15 p. m.

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From Ogden, Portland, Oregon, Puget Sound and California ..... 10.45 a.m.
From Ogden ..... 6.15 p.m.
From Garfield, Alta, Bingham and Ophir ..... 7.00 p.m.
From Ogden, Morgan and intermediate points ..... 5.15 p.m.
From Park City ..... 7.00 a.m.

DEPART.

For all points East ..... 4.00 a.m.
For Ogden, Portland, San Francisco and Puget Sound ..... 10.45 a.m.
For Ogden ..... 6.15 p.m.
For all points East and West ..... 8.00 p.m.
For Ogden and intermediate points ..... 4.15 p.m.
For Garfield, Alta, Bingham and Ophir ..... 7.00 a.m.
For Park City ..... 7.00 a.m.

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