LAICAL FAIRY TALE.

In the days when workmen worked with their hands, not machines, it was difficult to been a good blacksmith or a good shoemaker. The chemistry of labor imposes an intimacy with the painful apprenticeship of artisans, but it is much more difficult nowadays to form a good poet. To catch quickly an aspect of nature or of the world; to fuse at once the words that shall express it and place them, words in the right places under the light; to imagine a novel and unexpected relationship between rhymes that come and go like wave; to create a harmony at once more precise and less brutal than that of music; to make of the word a sculptor, a painter and a dancer; to make it suggest by its magnetic the infinite and express the inexpressible—such are the least objected of a poet's work, and surely one who does it is not lazy.

A young man of New Orleans whom his father had sent to New York to learn how to become a successful business man was studying law, or imagine a poet. He knew nobody, had no desire to know anybody, but looked at the passersby and read in their faces the secrets of their minds. He loitered also at the streets, the buildings, the scenes on the rivers, and he painted them in solid verses. He made proud poems, odes, sonnets, rondels, ballads and other works with marvelous fidelity. He stuffed books also and newspapers. He had no other ambition than the true ambition, and cared for fame, celebrity and glory no more than an elephant cares for a violet. In New York, where the millionaires are so poor, a young man picked by the singing and dancing chorus of Bloodine may live happily on $20 a month.

This young man lived happily. One morning that he was rewriting his "Double Ballad of Olde Willow" a knock at the door. He said, "Come in!" and there appeared a fellow old man, clean shaven, with thin white hair in bristles brushed from a forehead expressing joy and well being.

"I am," he said, "Jose Mangobara, the owner of this house."

"Have I forgotten to pay my rent?" asked the young man, offering a chair to the visitor.

"On the contrary," said the old man, "you are only too punctual, but I intend that you shall have no rent to pay in future. I wish to offer this room to you in exchange for a great service that you may render to me, if you wish. I am a theatrical manager."

"There are other trades," said the young man conciliatingly.

"Bohemian," said the old man, "not at all as less pleasant ones. I began life as a brigand in the Abruzzi. It was since I ceased to sleep in caverns on the knees of a upper colored woman, to be dressed in a gentlemanly costume and to attend dramatic coaches, but there are so few stage coaches now that my profession became stationary. I had to look out for another situation. I am not 'kicking,' as Miss Winsford, my star dancer—have you not heard of her?—says, but I hold, which is more crowded. I have already picked up millions. Crowds are crushed at my doors, and the newspapers hand me to the skies. My children, whose mother is dead, are married. I intend to marry a young woman who is pretty, stupid, childish, and who deceives me with exemplary fidelity. I have objects of Asia, rare furniture of all ages, and you may eat at my table delicious meals. My cook is a nationalist, steeped in crime, but he knows how to make a sauce. I can safely say one of my whims, and that is why I have called on you. I should like to produce an opera with as silly as all those that I have produced, but written in excellent verses. What do you think of the idea?"

"I don't think of it at all," said the young man. "I never go to a playhouse and do not wish to go ever."

"Right you are," said Mangobara, "but the wise resolution may not prevent you from fulfilling the object of my visit. I have essential elements; a musician who requests the poetry that he interprets and has no objections to composing masterpieces; a libretto, 'Queen Lilliokalani,' which is stupid, but which the public will like, and conscientious actors. The author of the libretto is a friend who writes like a thief, but he has caught the public's ear, and by the way that he martyrizes that our everybody may know that he has it. What I want, the only thing that I lack, is poetry. I know that you can supply that."

"I never rented verses to anybody," said the young man. "Who told you that I could write any?"

"The janitor's daughter. She knows, for she has read Tennyson, and she says that you write when by. Here is an analysis of 'Queen Lili okalani.' It is six lines in length, and that is long enough. You may readily understand that the contrabandor and the queen, being in love with each other, may say anything that they like. Which will your book be finished?"

"You may come for it after dinner," said the young man. As the appointed hour the work was done. Weeks passed and the young man began to think that he had done very little work for so much lodging. He continued to write rondels and ballads, and never asked himself why he had become of his Mangobara verses. He learned this one day that he was the theatrical manager in the street. "The manager said to him, 'You rascal be satisfied with your copyright.'

"'Your what or what is Copyright?' asked the young man.

Mangobara explained to him that he had earned 100,000. With this fortune in certified money the young man started for New Orleans, but when the train stopped at Pass Christian he saw at the station a young girl and said to her eyes that she was saying to herself, "If a man so handsome as this waits me, he can have me." He stepped out of the train, asked for her hand in marriage, got it and has been prosperous ever since, except the thought of creating his wife happy.

If you do not believe this story, which is a very faithful, unadorned recital of facts, go to Pass Christian and ask any child in the street that wants at the railway station for the interval and thousands of trains to tell you the address of Professor Lambrie de Morthunis, who looks like Hebrew, and whom everybody knows affectionately.—New York Times.

Sagebrush Judge Light.

This is one of the wildest and bleakest of light stations of that savage region, and, according to a story told there, it was once the scene of a remarkably plucky adherence to duty on the part of its principal keeper. He was the son of the keeper, and on this occasion was left alone in the tower while his father went ashore for provisions in their early boat. Before the latter could return a violent storm arose, and for the next three weeks there was no time in which the keeper's boat could have lived for a moment in the wild seas that raged about the lonely rock. But the light was kept burning by that 15-year-old boy, who had little to eat and but scant time to sleep. Night after night for three weeks its steady gleam shone through the blackness of the pitiless storm and gladdened the father's straining eyes. When the vessel was called, the boy was so weak from exhaustion as to be barely able to speak. At the same time there was no gender father or happier young light keeper on the Maine coast than those who met on the storm swept ledge of Saddleback that day.—Kate Masons in Scribner's.

The Way of Genius.

"I wonder why geniuses always have to drink so much water?" asked the innocent looking boarder.

"On account of their burning language," said Arbury Peppers promptly.

"But the fellow I was thinking of," said the innocent looking boarder, "was dealing solely in figures."

Then the innocent one looked triumphant until Mr. Peppers came back with the statement that they must have been coy statistics.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Does Against Country Pigeons.

An agriculturist of Westphalia made a list that 12 hens, released at a distance of three miles from the hives at the same time as 18 pigeons, would travel over the ground in exactly 4 minutes. The first hen entered the hive one minute or a minute before the first pigeon reached its columbary. Three other hens arrived before the second pigeon, and the remainder of the competitors reached home simultaneously.

As He Understood It.

"Well, Tommie, I hear you've got a new baby at your house."

"Yes."

"I suppose it's a red little thing, isn't it?"

"No, it's a little pallor."—Cleveland Leader.

No other oil and no other medicine has ever been discovered which can take the place of Cod-liver Oil in all conditions of wasting. New remedies come, live their little day and die, but Cod-liver Oil remains the rock on which all hope for recovery must rest. When it is scientifically prepared, as in Scott's Emulsion, it checks the progress of the disease, the congestion and inflammation subside and the process of healing begins. There is the whole truth. Book about it free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, November 16, 1896.

A DIVIDEND OF FIVE (5) PER CENT has been declared on the capital stock of the Utah Sugar Company for the day year ending, payable at the office of the undersigned, on and after November 20, 1896, in stockholders of record on November 16, 1896.

HORACE G. WHITNEY, Secretary.

The transfer of books of the Utah Sugar company will be closed on November 16, 1896, and reopened on November 21, 1896.

HORACE G. WHITNEY, Secretary.

NOTICE.

In the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the Territory of Utah, in and for Salt Lake County.

Stephen Davis, Plaintiff,

The Tonopah Gold and Silver Mining Company, a corporation, William Shakespeare and Andrew Christopherson, defendants, Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE undersigned sheriff will sell at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day of November, 1896, commencing at the office of said sheriff, in Salt Lake City, Utah, in the premises of an Act of the Governor and Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Utah, entitled, "An Act to secure men to workmen and others and to repeal an act approved March 9, 1896, which seeks to allow against mines and other mining claims, approved March 9, 1896, which seeks to allow against mines and other mining claims, approved March 12, 1896, which seeks to allow against mines and other mining claims, approved March 12, 1896, which seeks to allow against mines and other mining claims, approved March 12