Chapter of Accidents.

Our northern exchanges report the following casualties:

On Wednesday Peter Johnson of Moulton, Box Elder county, was driving home, when suddenly the team took fright and ran away. The mowing machine was capsized and the separts all strewn over the ground. The babe was most injured. The heavy wheel struck the little one square in the face, knocking out five teeth, cutting the nurse lip through to the chin; also another part was cut from the corner of the mouth across the cheek bone.

A correspondent from Pleasantview says that while Sheriff F. G. Brown was out on the mountain road north of that station buggy riding with his two little daughters, his vehicle upset. The children were not hurt but Mr. Brown's foot caught in one of the buggy springs and he was dragged at a fearful rate by the frightened animal over rocks and sagebrush for a quarter of a mile. Fortunately his shoe slipped off and he released body was stripped to the ground, where it was subsequently picked up by hard boys. Mr. Brown is now around on crutches.

Tuesday morning a terrible accident occurred in Joseph Nordstom of Brigham City, which resulted in his death twenty hours after. He was standing on a high scaffold painting P. G. Nelson's house. Suddenly the scaffold gave way and fell with a crash, precipitating the victim to the ground. He fell twenty feet, striking on his head and shoulders. Blood spurted from his mouth and nose. He never regained consciousness and died at 4 o'clock this morning. Internal injuries caused death. A young wife and child are thus left without a protector.

Irrigation Convention Delegates.

Subjoined are the names of the delegates appointed by the Governor of the State of Washington to the Irrigation Convention, to be held in Salt Lake City in September next:

Wm. H. Brooks, Paso, Franklin county; Alexander Watt, Cheney, Spokane county; Howard Spinning, Sprague, Lincoln county; H. T. Cooper, Montesano, Chehalis county; J. H. Long, Chehalis, Lewis county; A. T. Van De Vanter, Kent, King county; David Lechman, Peone, Spokane county; J. G. Lawrence, North Yakima, Yakima county; J. E. Edmiston, Dayton, Columbia county; J. W. Richards, Roslyn, Kittitas county; Frank M. Dean, Unionville, Okanogan county; W. H. Smith, Austin, Austin county; J. C. Adams, Riverville, Adams county; R. C. McKinzy, Garfield, Whitman county; A. G. Hanson, Spokane, Spokane county; U. L. Collins, Tenino, Thurston county; L. R. Clough, Vancouver, Clarke county; D. M. Hall, Wawawai, Whitman county; W. J. Kennedy, Ritzville, Shoshanna county; Joseph C. Palmer, Estes, Walla Walla county; James Palmer, Pomeroy, Garfield county; W. E. Schricker, La Conner, Skagit county, A. F. Shaw, Vancouver, Clarke county; F. R. Spinning, Puyallup, Pierce county; R. A. Hutchinson, Meadow, Lincoln county; I. N. Cushman, Wilbur, Lincoln county; George Fellows, Spangle, Spokane county; Joseph Arnautte, Palouse City, Whitman county; P. E. Berry, Waterville, Douglas county.

Pioneers Day at Castle Gate.

Pioneers Day was splendidly celebrated at Castle Gate, by the children of that place, under the auspices of the Sunday school. They assembled at Brotherhood Grove where singing, recitation, and other exercises were given; after which fruit and confectionary were distributed among the children. Then followed a variety of sports, in which the children participated.

Mr. H. Waite, proprietor of the Hotel at Castle Gate, with his customary generosity gave the children free ice cream and other refreshments.

This is the first celebration of the kind that has been given in this newly created mining district and it was a complete success. Thanks are due to those who interested themselves to make it a day of joy, pleasure, and remembrance. W. T. L.

Pickle Company.

The Salt Lake Pickle Company, with a capital stock of $10,000, divided into 2000 shares of $25 each, filed articles of incorporation with the county clerk Monday.

The stock is subscribed for and held as follows, the five persons named constituting the board of directors:

	Shares.
Theodore A. Dunn	8
Alvin J. Dunn	8
Abner G. Hall	8
Joseph J. Annis	8
Edwin W. Sutton	8

The rest of the stock, 1700 shares, is to remain in the treasury as the property of the corporation and shall be disposed of by the board of directors for its benefit.

Alvin J. Dunn is president; A. G. Hall, vice-president; Joseph G. Jacobs, treasurer, and W. A. Chapman, secretary.

Probate Court.

Henry Woodmansee, estate; continued to July 28.

Sarah Varney, estate; order made allowing first account of Walter Murphy.

Hans C. Lund, estate; order made fixing Tuesday, August 18, at 10 a. m. as time to hear the first account and petition for distribution.

Susan Bowman, estate; petition for probate of will presented. Louisa Sadler, Mary H. Wilson and Frank H. Stephens, the subscribing witnesses, were examined. John H. Bowman was appointed administrator with the will annexed. Bond of $2000 was approved.

Alfred G. Lee, estate; final discharge of the administrator.

Statistical Reports.

The Bishops and clerks of the wards in the Salt Lake Stake of Zion are requested to see that their statistical reports are handed in at the next Priesthood meeting, which will convene on Saturday, August 1.

It is important that these reports be forthcoming at that time, on account of the approaching conference, stake and general.

J. D. SPENCER,
Clerk of Salt Lake Stake.

THE OBSTRUCTION.

Not all an angel with face as red as a rose,
Is apt to allow an obstruction to settle,
Can we remove the obstruction of this fairy,
Which took off wings to rapture at our birth.

Not all have come to all life's struggle and battle
Can we find silver linings for all their lives have
A wide emptiness for all human cares,
Or some disappointing depths of morbid woe.

Not all we see with eyes our energy means
Have we our sympathy, bright in the hand
To take the eyes to all great beauties
To be able to them, dear, can understand.

But all we such with time or lofty mountains
Can we gain nearer heights. And, oh, we build
When now we drive from an immortal fountains,
We are forward in the right heart of truth.

Therefore we must perfect life all service
A drooping spirit from some troubled sight,
Sympathy alone is a sweet life secret,
And everyone can find one at night.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in New York World.

JEAN'S LETTER.

Six years old, bonnet broken at the knees, hair black, curly, as rich and thick it would have coiled the heads of two pretty ladies, two great blue eyes that will tend to smile a little, though they had cried so much, a jacket well cut but failing to rape a girl's shoe on one foot, a very high on the other, both shoes and hose too wide and too long, turned at the toe and lacking in heels—this was Jean.

Little Jean, so cold and hungry this winter evening, who had eaten nothing since noon of the day before, and who had finally decided to write to the Virgin. And how, say you, did Jean, who so seldom knew how to write that he knew how to read, arrange his letter?

Listen, for it is that which I am going to tell you.

Below there, in the quarter of the Gros-Caillou, at the corner of the avenue not far from the Esplanade, there was a shop, in the days I tell of, of a public writer, for in those days also there were so many claims and petitions to be made to the government and so many people, like Jean, that did not know how to write.

And the writer that kept this shop was an old soldier far on in years, a brave man bute little body, who was anything but rich and had the additional misfortune of not being quite strong enough to pass to secure admission to the Hotel des Invalides.

Jean, without prying at all, had many times seen him through the dusty glass in his little reading hole mend his pen and scanning documents, and so today he entered fearlessly with a civil—

"Good-day, monsieur. I have come, if you please, for you to write me a letter."

"You was, little one," Pere Beain responded, laying over his spectacles at the subject before him.

Jean had no cap, and was therefore unable to lift it, but he did very politely.

"This excuse me" and he turned to regain the door.

But, pleased with his manners, Pere Beain accepted him.

"Stay" and he "left me first, little one, if you are the son of a soldier."

"Oh, no!" said Jean, "only maman's son, and she's all alone."

"I see," said the writer, "and you have not the sou even"

"No, no sou at all," said Jean.

"Nor thy mother either, to plain to be sent. And thy letter, little one—is it to make the soup boil, then?"

"Yes," said Jean, "exactly."

"Advance, then. The floor on a half stock. One is never too poor for that!"

And Pere Beain spread out his paper, dipped his pen in the ink, and wrote at the top of the page, in the beautiful hand of the quartermaster that once he had been:

PARIS, Jan. 12, 18—.

Then a fine lower
To Monsieur—

"Well, go on," said he, "how do you call him, baby?"

"Who?" demanded Jean.

"Parbleu! the gentleman."

"What gentleman, monsieur?"

"The one to make the soup come."

Jean this time comprehended.

"But it isn't a gentleman," said he.

"Ah! but a lady, then?"

"Yes—no—that is"——

"Name of sacred midget," Pere Beain cried, "don't you know which you are going to write a letter to?"

"Oh, yes" said the child.

"Out with it, then, quick! I can't wait all day!"

But little Jean stood all red and confused. The fact is, it is not so easy as it looks to address one's self to public writers for correspondence of this kind, but Jean was brave and presently answered softly:

"It is to the Holy Virgin that I wish to send a letter."

Pere Beain did not laugh, not at all, he simply sighed and laid aside his pen and took his pipe from his mouth.

"Jean, my child," said he severely, "I don't wish to believe that you make an old man; besides, you are too small for me to trounce. Face about, march! Out you go!"

Little Jean obeyed and wonderingly turned half, or four tables, since half he had none; and, seeing him so submissive, Pere Beain a second time remembered and regarded him more closely.

"Name of names, of name!" exclaimed he, "but there is misery in this Paris! What do you call yourself, baby?"

"Jean."

"Jean what?"

"Nothing—just Jean."

Pere Beain felt his eyes sting, but he only said:

"And what do you wish to say to the Holy Virgin?"

"To tell her that maman's been sleep since five o'clock yesterday, and that I can't wake her up."

The heart of the old soldier suddenly stood still. He found he comprehended. He knew it again.

"But that soup you spoke of a while ago"

"Yes," said the child, "I know I had to speak of it, you see, because maman before going to sleep yesterday gave me the last piece of bread."

"And what did she eat, pray?"

"Nothing for more than two days—she always said she wasn't hungry."

"And you tried to wake her, say you know?"

"As I always do—kissing her."

"Did she shudder?"

Jean smiled, and that smile made him beautiful.

"I don't know," said he. "Don't we always kiss her?"

Pere Beain had to hastily turn his head, for two big tears were rolling down his cheeks, and his reply to the child was another question.

"And when you kissed her," said he, "you noticed nothing strange?"

"Yes, I did," said Jean. "Now said she was cold, then we always so cold in our bed."

"She shivered, then, you mean—shivered with the cold?"

"No, she was just cold, but so pretty, her hands crossed on her breast and her eyes looking at the sky."

"And I wished rather!" Pere Beain murmured, "I, who have enough to eat and drink, when here is one that died of hunger!"

And lowering the child to him to look him on his knee and softly began to talk to him.

"The bitter, my baby," said he, "is sweet, sad and sacred. Now take me to thy mother."

"Oh, yes, I will, but—not why do you cry?" demanded Jean, astonished.

"But I am not crying, Jean—no, never cry! 'Tis rain, my pigeon, who will soon do that!"

Then, leaning him to his arms and mounting his arch kissed: "I, too, know you, little Jean, once had a mother, whom I see even now in her bed, so pale and white and saying to me, the tears of the Virgin mean at her bedside. Now, my son, be an honest man always, and always a Christian!' As honest man I have been, but a Christian—ah, Jean!"

He sprang to his feet, the child still hugged to his breast, and speaking as if to one invisible:

"But now, old mother, now, I say, rest thou in peace, for thou art going to have thy son! Presently, Jean, I will go if thou will, but where thou art I wish to go, and there will I be let to this precious angel here, who shall never leave me again. His letter, which was never even written, has made a double shot—it has given him a father and me a heart!"

That is all, this story without end is done. I know no more save that somewhere in Paris today there is a man still young, a writer also, but not as Pere Beain.

This man is a writer of elegant things.

His friends still call him "Jean," as he called himself, and though I know not, either, the name of the postman that carried letters this time, they always reach their destination.—Translated from the French of Paul Parve for Short Stories.

Hay and Cap Burning.

There are many of us who still fail to comprehend how any rational being, how any thinking man, can feel himself by the uncovering of a human creature's existence, and I am old fashioned enough to be reminded of certain historical stories regarding the doffing of hat and cap.

Queen Eva used to ask if the very Turks did not touch at the Christians in their prayers which said that "the Christians spend much of their time in pulling of their hats and whistling their hats hands to each other."

My contemporary, George Rehn, wrote "The preachers of Germany, and especially at Hamburg, which I have seen with my eyes, use both great partiality in their salutations that even usually they have two caps under their hats. The poor, except extraordinarily, they pass by without any notice; to others they doff the hat; others more rich in the world they salute with doffing the hat and one of the caps; and to those whom they count honor, or rather flatter, they doff the hat and both caps."

And did not our W. Penn say, in a more serious mood "The first and most pressing motive upon our spirits to define the practice of those present customs of pulling off the hat, bowing the body or knee, and giving people pack titles and epithets in our salutations and addresses, was that servil, sight and sense that God, by his light and spirit, has given us of the Christian world's apostacy from God, and the cause and effect of that pride and insatiable defection."—American News and Queries.

Man's Treatment of the Dog.

In nothing does social congeniture reach a brutal pinnacle so in its treatment of the dog. It coddles and nurtures him when he is worthless. It kills him ruthlessly when he is valuable. It supports high bred kennel clubs for his propagation, and it makes laws to destroy him at night. It breeds the brute and puts a premium on him and it gives every ignorant justice the power to order him shot. It preaches his fidelity and effusion with one breath and calls for his extermination with another. There is more superstition and ignorance associated with the dog than with the number thirteen.

I can take you tomorrow to half a score of professional dog fanciers, who to guard your pet against hydrophobia will undertake to extract the worm from his tongue or to bite the last joint of his tail off. For a hundred years they have put roll brimstone in his drinking water as a propylaxis without ever once knowing that water does not dissolve brimstone. The dog is the best bred and the most pampered of man's brute companions.—Hyas Crinkle in New York Sunday.

What Makes Hair Grow.

In the case of horses, where the skin has been abraded by the harness, if the pulled hairs is left to itself the hair will grow in, but be colorless, while if the skin is applied freely to the abraded hair of a dark or normal color will be produced, thus indicating that the color is evidently due to the secretions of the skin sinking down as a sediment to the base of the hair follicle, where it is absorbed by the shaft of the hair.—Roland C. Kirk in New York Times.

Why the Earth Is Round.

It seems as if textbooks for children were now made as simple as to have hardly any chance for misunderstanding, but the little folks still continue to commit to memory the words without much thought of their meaning. "How do we know that the earth is round?" asked a teacher of one of her boys. The pupil, as promptly and with a perfectly (?) expression, answered glibly, "We know that the earth is round for the following facts," and immediately set them again, evidently feeling that he had given a full and most satisfactory reply.

My Nerves Are All Right

And I have gained in pounds in 2 months, as the result of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, says Mr. S. H. Ross of the firm of Ross & Kelly, Rochester, N. Y. "I feel about

Chronic Dyspepsia

My digestion being very bad, and I was broken down from overwork so that I could not sleep nights. But my health is now in perfect condition, and for all this about boxes my gratitude to the Hood's Sarsaparilla."

"Water-Brash

And dyspepsia troubled me for years, and after trying a few things I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. The effect is marvelous so I soon felt in splendid health and vigor."—J. M. Jackson, 401 Jefferson Avenue, Toledo, Ohio.

Indigestion

Or dyspepsia troubles my family. Sarsaparilla is really alterative and corrector for stomach, sluggish digestion and relaxed or dyspeptic.

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