

SHADOWS OF A CITY AS SEEN BY A SALT LAKE WOMAN

THE Ruggleses of Salt Lake were to have their pictures taken. A family group. The departure of an elder son upon a long journey had caused Father and Mother to decide. The day was appointed, and in order to avoid all possible misunderstandings, delays and hitches at the last moment, every precaution was taken in selecting and voting upon the most convenient hour in the whole 24, when shining and looking pleasant, clothed in their proper minds and their "Sunday-to-morrow" the family should rally forth to the photographer's.

The hour arrived. In a desperate hurry, and hard pressed on all sides by countless business appointments, Father and Mother appeared; on time to the dot, and fully expecting Mother and the entire Ruggles regiment lined up to march. But alas! Elder Son had been endeavoring to meet a thousand engagements beforehand, was late. Father began to stride about, vainly calling upon memory to supply him with every known joy of his youth, to keep his expression pleasant, when Elder Son appeared and the atmosphere cleared.

At this precise happy moment it was learned, however, that the Misses Ruggles were far from ready; they had been killing two birds with one stone, or trying to, in making candy and dressing for their picture at the same time; flying wildly from kitchen stove to mirror and back again to kitchen stove, with but sad success in the end—the candy had spoiled and likewise their countenances.

Clouds were gathering. Father was saying things. Elder Son was cringing. Imaginary Hazel nuts in his teeth as an outlet to impatience while Mother was growing frantic over the fact that the Littlest's clothes could not be found anywhere. The family was turned loose throughout the house, searching from cellar to garret. At length the small wardrobe was gathered together piece by piece and held firmly in one spot by loving hands still the small one was surely dressed.

The sun was beginning to glimmer once more, when it was borne in upon every separate consciousness of that chaotic household, that Youngster Ruggles was missing. Himself forgetting, he had been entirely forgotten. Pandemonium broke loose. Every home in the neighborhood was communicated with by telephone. No Youngster! The different members of the family were dispatched here, there and everywhere, with but one result—no one had seen Youngster that day. All were about to give up in utter hopelessness when a small boy loomed up at the Ruggles gate with the glad word that Youngster was "up at the cave." The "cave" proved to be a dugout on an empty square, given to the dignified use of a club house for the baseball nine calling itself the "Lafayette Bulldogs." On this particular day the Bulldogs were holding convalescence in order to originate some new and startling twist in baseball strategy, to down their rivals, the "East-side Wildcats."

Within this sacred haunt Youngster was discovered, calmly oblivious to all sensation produced by his absence from the family group. Almost before he was aware of it, he was hustled home to meet the reproaches of Father and Mother—almost driven to the verge of madness; while the remaining members of the family pleaded with the late heads to not make Youngster cry lest they spoil him for the picture. Youngster, in turn, pleaded to be let out of the picture, altogether.

"It isn't necessary," he wailed; "and I'd heave rather be in the cave than on cardboard."

"We'd be only too glad to let you out if we could," said his mother hurriedly throwing his clothes upon him; "but you're in the family and have to line up with the rest."

The family sallied forth to have its picture taken. Clothed in its right mind? It is left with the reader to guess. On starting out, Youngster rebelled.

"Gee Whilleeks!" he grumbled, "do we all have to go over there in a bunch?"

"No; it is not necessary; we're only too glad to get rid of you," said mother with withering alacrity. "You're a disgrace to the family, anyway; take the valise and go the back way."

LADY BABBIE.

LIFE STORY OF POCAHONTAS

Jamestown Exposition Arouses New Interest on Subject.

THE interest aroused by the preparations for the Jamestown Exposition in the colonial history of Virginia and the suggestion that has been made by the recently-organized Pocahontas society, that a day be set apart during the exposition as Pocahontas day, give particular timeliness to the delightfully-written monograph on "Pocahontas and other Colonial Dames of Virginia," recently prepared by Robert S. Bright, the well known attorney-at-law, of Philadelphia, and read before the Seneca Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution at Geneva, N. Y., says the Baltimore American. While the paper deals especially with the ever-fascinating story of this colonial dame of the Indian race, the author gives charming glimpses into the lives of some of the colonial dames of the English of Ellinor, the daughter of Gov. White, of Roanoke Island, and of his little granddaughter, Virginia Dare, the first English child born in America; of Miss Burwell, who came near breaking the heart of Gov. Francis Nicholson when she refused his hand; of Catherine Willis, the wife of Achille Murat, who had the unique distinction of being the niece of both Washington and Napoleon, and of Mary Ball, the mother of Washington.

"Oh joy!" exclaimed Youngster and started off with the baggage in high glee—sure enough going the back way. Arrived at the gallery, another wait. In the desperate struggle to get the family ready, Mother, of course, had found no time to properly arrange her hair. And now, at the eleventh hour and past, her pompadour became impossible—the rat refused absolutely to pose itself at a graceful angle. She fussed and fumed, growing crimson in the face and more and more nervous for the family, one after another kept up a series of wild calls for haste. Finally in despair, she gave up and went forth to take her position in the family group.

"If I am ever called upon to have my picture again," she groaned, "I hope I may never feel like this." Whereupon Youngster made answer: "I hope you won't, Mother."

One or two more hitches before the crucial moment—Youngster could not or would not be posed; one last wait from him!

"Oh, I wish I were a statuette!"

A YOUNG Japanese lad landed in San Francisco a short time ago to ply his trade as a tailor. He had not been long before his family sent a tender little brother of nine years to be placed in his keeping. Falling to do well in the coast city, the young fellow brought his small charge to Salt Lake, took a house and furnished it and set up housekeeping; the little brother attending the Lafayette school. After a time, however, Fort Douglas offering more work to the young tailor, he moved up to that quarter, leaving the little one to keep house alone. Seemingly fearless and happy, Little Jap kept the house scrupulously clean, prepared his own meals and attended school. Because of his utter loneliness and bravery, Little Jap soon appealed to another little boy attending the same school, and who has the name of taking in hand and brooding over little boys who have not the joys he knows in his own home. Little Jap was so clean and such a thorough little gentleman, that he quite won the hearts of his little white friend's family, and it was not long before he was taking his meals and getting his lessons there altogether; but always going home at night to guard his own house.

By and by, Little Jap's brother took him away to Ogden, much to the sorrow and regret of his little comrade, who has since received the following letter, and kindly allows it to be published. The letter is typewritten by Little Jap:

April 17, 1906.
Ogden, Utah.

Dear —: I have received your letter a few days ago, and I am now going to answer it. I have heard that in San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, Santa Rosa and Lonsangeis, Berkeley and in Stanford has had a great earthquake and it has caused to kill many.

I have wrote a letter to my brother and to my sister and asked them if they were hurt. It is terrible thing to have such thing as a earthquake.

You might think that it is time that you ought to get a letter from me but I did not received your letter but few days ago. I was waiting for a letter from you and at last I got one from you.

I knew it that it was from you before I opened the letter.

You need not send me the manual training plan for I do not need it. The school I am now going to is Central School. It is a small school, and we have two grades in one class. The room of the school is about half of our room in Salt Lake.

If your sister wants one of my picture tell her I will send it in the next letter.

How are you and every body else? I am now learning how to use typewriter now.

All the schools in Ogden had a parade and our School beat them in marching and uniforms.

I am glad to hear that the Lafayette beat the Oquir in baseball.

I will now close this letter and a special love to you and your sister. Goodbye.

Yours truly,
LADY BABBIE.

I have changed my address, so please be careful about it.

I have made many mistakes.

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spacious times of great Elizabeth" was condensed in the Virginia woods, bent upon his country's protection. They in their way inspire us with admiration; she inspires us with love.

"A child of nature, wild and untrained as the vines over her father's sylvan court, the birds and flowers were her friends and companions, but in her heart was a kindness and sympathy unknown and unfeigned by many a royal prince surrounded by the refinement and softening influences of an emperor's palace."

To make the picture more complete, the writer gives this sketch of the Indian princess as drawn by Esten Cooke, the Virginia historian:

"Her dress was a robe of doe skin, lined with down from the breast of the wood pigeon, and she wore coral bracelets on wrists, and a white plume in her hair, the badge of royal blood. It must have been a very interesting woodland picture—the soldier, with tanned face and swarthy mustache, shaping wrinkles for the small slip of Virginia royalty in her plumes and bracelets."

"Smith spent the last half of December, 1607, with Pocahontas on the York river," continues Mr. Bright, "and we can now picture the hardy campaigner of the Turkish wars trying to teach the innocent little maiden of the wigwam something of the 'Child of the Manor,' telling her that, though Palestine was far from Virginia, the star of Bethlehem shone on both."

POCAHONTAS TO THE RESCUE.

After Smith's return to Jamestown and when the colonists were suffering from lack of food, relief came from the Indians themselves, and "at the head of the wild train was Pocahontas," who, "clinging to the breast of her father, the chief, she begged for the starving colony."

"The colonists were much touched by this gracious act," the chronicler relates, "and years afterward, in reminiscence of the deed, the queen of the wigwam wrote: 'During the time of two or three years she, next under God, was still the instrument to preserve this colony from death, famine and utter confusion; which, if in those days had once been discovered, Virginia might have lain as it was at our first arrival to this day.'"

The story of the Indians' treachery is told of Pocahontas' warning of impending danger, saving the English from massacre at the hands of the would-be assassins. Smith's recall to England, following the death of Captain John Rolfe, and Pocahontas' visits to Jamestown were discontinued and how she did not return there until carried prisoner as a hostage for the good behavior of her father.

"She arrived at Jamestown in the fall of 1612 in tears, but they were soon followed by smiles," the story goes. "Master Rolfe, a young colonist of good behavior, was soon looking with melting eyes on the little woodland beauty, who coyly shot back a glance of notice now and then. The autumn in scarlet and purple gathered new warmth for the winter days from the two hearts that roamed together in the 'Red Deeps' about Jamestown, and the little chrysalis of love was tenderly nurtured behind the palisades of the old capital until spring, with its birds and blossoms, brought it to perfect flower. As Rolfe won her heart, so the old English clergyman at Jamestown won her soul, and, renouncing the few pomp and vanities of this wicked world that she had known, she was christened Rebecca, possibly after Rebekah of Genesis."

The marriage was solemnized in April 1613. In the church at Jamestown, the old emperor gave his consent, and though he would not attend the wedding, he sent the bride's uncle and two brothers to represent him. The Apostle of Virginia, the devout Whitaker, performed the ceremony. The scene is picturesque and new to the eyes of the small church is decorated with arbutus, dogwood blossoms and spring's first flowers. The little sylvan princess, tremblingly stands by the side of her big English lover; on her left the colonists from far and near stand hushed and expectant in best bib and tucker; on her right the delegation from her father's court in plume and feather, headed by uncle Opechancanough, who, clad from head to foot in Wampum, Armed with all his warlike weapons, Painted like the sky of morning, Streaked with crimson, blue and yellow.

Two RACES JOINED.

"The day is warm, the windows of the church are open and the balmy breeze from the James nervously stirs plume and blossom just enough to give some movement to the picture of color and beauty. The voices of the devout as he invokes God's blessing on the union, lingers with the hushed assembly, and the Indian maiden, on the arm of her English lord, gracefully withdraws. The wedding guests follow to the church green, where among the violets and buttercups a feast is spread, and the gay assemblage in mirth and jollity enjoy the beauty of the scene until dispersed by a violent thunderstorm, harbingers of the stormy scenes that were to rend further apart the two races which this union sought to bring together."

"The rest of the well-known story of the life of the Rolfe in this country for the next three years, of their visit to England, and of their reception at court and the immediate popularity of the Lady Rebecca, and of her death when but scarcely 22, as she was on the eve of returning to her own country, is told with genuine sympathy."

"Buried in the parish church at Gravesend, which was afterward burnt, her grave today is unmarked and unknown. She left one son," the writer continues, "John Rolfe, who was educated in London, married a young English lady, and removed to Virginia, where he became a gentleman of note and fortune, commanding, as Lieut. Rolfe, some of Virginia's most respectable families are descended from him. John Randolph of Roanoke, proud of the fact that he came of a race that never forgot Fort Mifflin, the Chickahominy river, or forgave an injury, was sixth in descent from Pocahontas through Jane Rolfe, her granddaughter."

MEANING OF THE NAME.

"Pocahontas, meaning in the Indian tongue, 'Bright Shining,' between 'Two Hills,' was a name uniquely appropriate for the gracious little woodland princess who held the scales between the bold, resourceful soldier of the Elizabethan age, keen for his country's advancement, and the crafty, dignified Indian ruler of the Virginia woods, bent upon his country's protection. They in their way inspire us with admiration; she inspires us with love."

IF YOU DON'T

Succeed the first time use Herbine and you will get instant relief. The greatest liver regulator for Constipation, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Chills and all liver complaints. M. C. of Emory, Texas, writes: "My wife has been using Herbine for herself and children for five years. It is a sure cure for constipation and malaria fever, which is substantiated by what it has done for my family." Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept. 112 and 114 South Main Street.

Tea Leaves Used Again.

"There are some men," said a health officer, "who buy from hotels all their used tea leaves. These they dry, and put on the market again as fresh tea. As a matter of fact, there is still a good deal of very strong tea—plus a good deal of tannin—in these used leaves. They make as black and bitter a brew as the greatest tea fiend could want to drink. But such a brew is wholesome, for the percentage of tannin in it is much larger than in an ordinary cup of tea."

Used tea leaves are very easily made to resemble fresh ones. They are dried on hot iron plates, the heat of which curls them up nicely, giving them a very natural appearance.

A cup of this second-table tea refreshes you tremendously, but afterward your mouth is drawn up as if you had been sucking alum."

Antiquity Came in a Day To Dear Old San Francisco.

IN a day antiquity came to San Francisco.

One builds a romance of the last days of Pompeii. These were 2000 years ago. The glamour of another age hangs over them; but what reaches the heart in the story are the things that do not change and are never buried—youth and love, the sweetness of life and its paths.

One saw all these in San Francisco. The city may be rebuilt; love and youth and gaiety will again inhabit it. But they will not animate the former places; they will create new memories. The San Francisco of yesterday will not again arise. It has passed forever. It has vanished as completely as the doomed cities of Vesuvius.

The romance of the first vessel around the "Horn" seemed always to have stayed in the San Francisco that was. You felt the inspiration of the first gold discovery. Maybe something of the same spirit will cling to the ruins to invest the new city, save the Kansas City Star. But of the old city it was the life. The veneer of eastern manners could not hide it. The great stone buildings, the steel skyscrapers, made obedience to it. The mysticism of the orient that dwelt in Chinatown, did not that, too, come in ships? Did it not form a part of the early days? What were the palaces of art and amusement but a refinement of the early dance halls and of the exuberance of unconventional life that came from the sea and the plains?

The love and the joy of living; the instinct—too buoyant to be the fruit of conscious effort—to get the most

out of life in its passing, was that Parisian? A little, perhaps. For of all men the Frenchman has the most sophisticated exterior and is most elemental underneath—the most responsive to natural impulses. But only in that sense was San Francisco the "Paris of the West." It was of the West. Western. The names that made it distinctive, told of quick fortunes gained and lost. You thought through them of the venturesome spirit of '49. Old melodramas, "Nobody's Claim," "The Danites" and "Mills," seemed not out of place in the streets of the city ablaze with light, vibrant with music and splendor with their throng of gorgeous women.

When the new, more regal city arises, one feature of the old will come back with it. The ships from all the seas will glide into the Golden Gate. The forests of masts along the water front will present the old enchantment. The charm and the power that blow in with the salt smell of waves are inseparable from the place as God has made it and as man adapted it. But the city of romance that as born of discovery and luck; the city in whose blood were the mountains and the plains, that city has become the Pompeii of a modern age.

Ogden and Return, \$1.00

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