

Chester Nason's **Weird Ogden Tales.**

"We will not have a drawing room for three days, and all I can give you is a lower five," said Chester Nason, at the short line ticket office yesterday morning, as he dexterously shuffled a bundle of sleeper charts and placed them under the counter.

"Well, that is too bad," murmured the girl with the reticent nose, who was unmistakable evidence in her attire of being a unit in the overwhelming crop of June brides. "I suppose, Gerald, we will have to wait over here and see all there is to see."

Then turning to the affable ticket clerk, who was by this time thoughtfully wiping a pair of smoke pipe lenses which he has affected since the short line ticket agency took up its temporary abode in the Chicago & Northwestern headquarters on East Temple street, she said: "Oh, I have longed to see a real live Mormon since I came West. I guess they have nearly all died out by this time, but if you would be so kind as to point out one to me, if such a thing is possible, I would be extremely obliged."

Her companion smiled a sickly brand of a smile and adjusted his monocle; then Chester, rising to the occasion, to the manner born, promptly pointed out a non-forming pedestrian who happened to be passing.

"Thank you so much," sweetly smiled the young bride from the effete East as she and Gerald faded through the swinging screen doors amid an aroma of imported perfume and ditto cigarettes.

"They always seem to think that the Mormons are different looking people from anyone else," murmured Ticket Agent Laban J. Kyes, as he looked up from a stack of ticket coupons, at the table in the rear of the office.

"They always were that way, and they always will be so," soliloquized Nason, at the same time ousting "Ticket" from the cool corner near the telephone.

"I can remember the old days up at Ogden before the Union depot was built. It was the same then; but, we did have some fun. Those were the days when Joe Young was not superintendent of the Utah division, and Col. Benton was in the Gould office around the corner. Benton used to sell tickets at Ogden then, only he does not talk much about it now. Joe Young sold tickets there, too. Then there were two ticket windows in the old depot and the way the two rival lines used to hustle for business was a caution. It was as much as a man's life was worth to ask for a ticket East. No sooner did he begin to show signs that he had not bought his transportation than he was nearly pulled to pieces in the process of being hauled over to the rival windows. I remember one day a benign old lady with silver gray hair hesitated between the two cases. There was Benton leaning out of one window and Joe Young out of the other. Say, but she had a 'mauvaise quarte heure' as the Frenchman would say. She was bombarded with statistics, appealed to from scenic standpoint and yanked first one way and then the other. At last in desperation the good old soul said to Joe Young, 'look here, young man; I have always wanted to see a Mormon, and if you will only show me one I will buy my ticket from you.'

"Done," said Young and he proceeded to stamp her a ticket to Omaha. The old lady paid her money and then said, 'Well?'

"With the most courtly of bows, and at the same time pointing his index finger at his shirt stud, Joe said, 'I am

The outcome of the matter was that she spent an hour listening to the hot air that he handed her and finally bought up about seventy-five dollars worth of old junk to take home and adorn her boudoir. During the time that she was talking to Alf she expressed the desire to see a real Indian war dance. Love said that nothing could be easier to arrange than such an affair, but he was sorry that her time was so short, as such functions took some time to organize. Alf knew that she was leaving for the West in a few minutes, so he spread himself for all he was worth, knowing that his bluff would not be called, as she had already told him that she would return East over the southern route after she got through with her engagement on the coast. The Jersey Lily got her man to take the old junk into her private car, and after we had jollied Alf somewhat about his sale the incident was forgotten.

"About a month later Alf came rushing over one day in an awful state, bordering on collapse. He held in his hand a telegram, which when he had recovered sufficiently to show us proved to be a dispatch from Lily Langtry, stating that she had changed her mind and was returning via Ogden, and would Mr. Love provide that she dance at her expense. She and her company were going to see it and she had wired ahead from Reno, so that there would be no hitch in the affair.

"For the next few hours Alf sweat drops of blood. He scoured the town for Indians, without any result and was nearly desperate as the time drew near for the theatrical party to arrive. But Alf's luck never seemed to forsake him. About two hours before the time for the train to arrive and just as he was figuring on painting up some bobos, a freight came in from Pocatello over the old Utah Northern. It was literally loaded down with Bannock Indians. In those days you know the Reds were allowed to ride free. There must have been fully two hundred and fifty of them and they were about the meanest and dirtiest aggregation of red skins that I have ever seen. You could smell that train before they whistled for the yards. Oh, they were a royal lot. Alf was down there to meet them and the way he jumped around among that gang would have done you good to see. I guess he fixed things all right and must have smuggled in a lot of fire water for the first thing we boys knew at the depot was the whole pack of them yelling, whooping and dancing to beat the band. They started in about forty-five minutes before the Langtry train pulled in. When the train came in there was Lily out on the platform waving her handkerchief and the Indians raising enough dust for a herd of stampeding buffaloes. Half the town was there, too, and taken all in all it was a sight for the Loonios. Fester and fester danced the Indians and louder and shriller they yelled until things began to look serious. They tried to stop them, but it only made matters worse, until it seemed as though Ogden would have a big contrast on her face, as Lily was tickled to death and cheerfully paid out \$200 in bills to Alf, at the same time telling him that she would put her Eastern friends on to the deal so that he could get up a dance for them when they came West.

"Alf finally quieted down the bunch and sent them on their way, but he swore that he would not engineer another war dance, no, not even if Queen 'Violet' were to wire ahead for one at \$3 a minute."

At this juncture an individual wearing knee breeches and golf stockings came in and languidly asked the fare to Portland. "Ticket" sniffed dubiously at the hostelry and then apparently connecting the vivid red pattern with some painful reminiscences of Fourth of July fireworks, beat a hasty retreat into the back office, casting such 'James' meanwhile over his shoulder. The Willie boy in the radiant plumage took a time table out of the rack and drifted up the street.

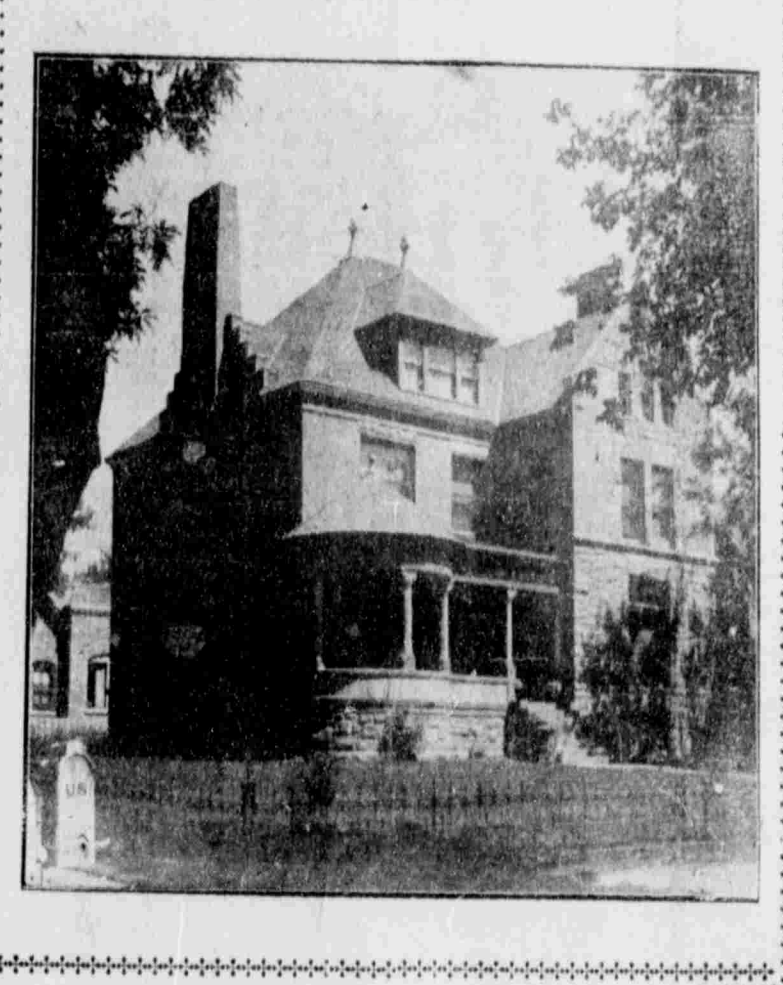
"Say, that fellow ought to be arrested for vagrancy," said Charlie Walker of the Northwestern, "because he has no visible means of support."

"Oh, that is old but now you mention it that fellow ought to wear trousers so that his legs could cast a shadow," ventured Chester. "He reminds me of a fellow I saw up at Ogden and I will never forget him, either. I was standing out on the platform, when I noticed a fellow talking to a girl. The next moment he drew a gun and shot her dead and then ran down the platform. Several of us took up the chase and when he reached the express office he turned round and faced up with the gun in his hand. The crowd was pretty badly worked up, but none of us was dead anxious for get plugged full of lead by the murderer, so there was a lively scramble for cover on the part of all hands. Then the man solved the problem by turning the gun upon himself and shooting. The next moment he fell in a heap with a bullet through his brain. Then we picked the couple up and laid them side by side in the baggage room."

"Yes; there was always something going on up in Ogden in the days before the Union depot was built. There was plenty of comedy and we did not lack tragedy once in a while."

"Yes sir, it will include all expenses for the six days' trip through Yellowstone Park; the train leaves at 9:45. Did you say lower six?"

BEAUTIFUL OGDEN HOMES.



RESIDENCE OF M. S. BROWNING.
 Ogden is proud of the magnificent home of her Mayor, M. S. Browning, which is shown in the above cut. This beautiful residence is modern in every particular and was built in 1900. It is located on the corner of Washington avenue and Twenty-seventh street, one of the most picturesque parts of the city. It is two stories high, including a basement, and is built of pressed brick with red sand stone trimmings. The interior is finished in polished oak and the furnishings are costly and elaborate. The lower floor is divided by a large hall, on one side of which are double parlors, and on the other the library and dining room. In the basement is a large play room for the children, a laundry room and a room used for storing household articles. Every modern convenience is used in the house, and the general air of the Browning home is proverbial in the Junction City.

Market Places of San Salvador.

Brigham Young Academy Expedition in Salvador's Capital.
 Received and Entertained by Friends - U. S. Minister Jenkins an Old Time Resident of Utah - Sights in the City Markets - Paradise for Smokers - The American Colony - Rainy Season Begun.

SAN SALVADOR, the capital of El Salvador, is a city of some eighty thousand inhabitants. Its location, its suburbs and especially the volcano comes on its east and west sides, make it one of the prettiest cities we have seen. In building and improvements as well as in size it is behind both Guatemala and Mexico, and yet many of the buildings are of good size and architecture. The public building in which is the post office, with its inner court covers a block and is two stories high. On the four corners as well as on the west side are port holes which with the soldiers even inside rather suggests a fort. The walls show that it has done service in time of the recent revolutions. The National college, and the Commercial college, both national institutions are in good buildings, two stories high and well appointed for the uses they are put to. The government building is occupied now by the legislature, the presidents palace, and the hotel Nacional, another building of note. The streets are well paved and as a general

ness, especially such business as would sell his fellow countryman. He is a man of perhaps sixty years, with sharp, gray eyes, white hair and iron gray mustache and goatee. He served in the Rebellion, reached the rank of colonel, and fought in the battle of Gettysburg. For several years he lived in Utah and was then engineer for one of the principal smelters in Salt Lake county. He has traded extensively in the central American and South American republics, speaks the Spanish language well, and from what I can hear, has enough grit and determination to get along well with the people among whom he lives.

No sooner were we introduced than we felt at home, and after the details of our trip were disposed of, details that seemed to interest the consul very much, the conversation turned to Utah and Utah affairs. Here Mr. Jenkins showed a broad mindedness that we relished very much. His religious ideas are not orthodox perhaps, he follows no particular creed, but he is perfectly willing to let people worship as they please and as they please, something that many so-called orthodox people are not willing to do.

The next day according to appointment he presented us to the minister of Hacienda, with the result that we were furnished with a letter of introduction to the military and civil authorities of the republic, that would enable us to obtain their aid in case of necessity. They might as well as give us a letter of introduction to do so, he could for us, that the government looked with favor on such expeditions, and desired that we should not only be protected but well received by the people. He was much surprised when informed that we had come all the way overland, and had already been over a year on the road. The next day we received a letter even beyond our expectations in expression, which has since been the means of obtaining accommodations for us many times.

THE AMERICAN COLONY.
 Besides the consul we met three other Americans, one Mr. Calve, representing the Sims-Dudley, a large company of New York city, and apparently very much interested in anything that tends to promote a revolution. He told of his experience with the revolutionary army of Colombia, of his assisting in the recruiting of soldiers, etc., and of marching with the army to the battle of Panama. His belief is that the revolutionists will still win. Mr. Albert F. Brown and Frank Maylar, the others we met, are both of San Francisco, and are here in the employ of the government, to adjust telegraph and telephone lines.

On Sunday, with Mr. Calve as guide and interpreter, we all took in the markets, of which the city has three. We chose Sunday not only because we were going to leave the next day, but because it is the best day of the week. People from the country for miles around come in, bringing fruit, vegetables, etc., to sell, and purchasers expecting a better assortment on this than on any other day, are on hand to buy. There are three principal markets, an eating place, a fruit and vegetable, and a general market. We visited them in the order named. The first was crowded to its utmost capacity. There must have been at least two thousand persons present. Many were vendors. They were seated every where irregularly over the floor, some with little charcoal stoves before them on which they had some dish cooking or keeping warm. The cooking was all ready cooked such as torti las, tamales, etc. Hundreds were taking their meal. A plateful costs 6c, and for 12c one gets a good breakfast. The place was dirty, and of bad odor.

The fruit and vegetable market was more interesting to us, but just as crowded. There were melons, oranges, papayas, coconuts, lemons, green corn, string beans, new peas, new potatoes, and a score or two of fruits and vegetables unknown in the North. Before each little stall stood a saleswoman. In fact, in all the markets and in most all the stores the business is done by the women. They can count the money, and they know the good and bad coin better than the men. In the markets both buyers and sellers are mostly women. While there are some fruits and vegetables in the general market, it is stocked principally with dry goods and groceries. The building covers a block, with little stores on the outside facing the street, and stalls facing inward on the inside. A very good showing

A GALLANT YOUNG UTAH SAILOR.

Robert Morris of Salt Lake, Naval Representative, Who Has Served on the Battleship Iowa, and Who is Now on the Philadelphia En Route to Samoa.



CADET ROBERT MORRIS.

The above cut is an excellent picture of Naval Cadet Robert Morris, one of Utah's representatives in the United States navy. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Morris of this city, have just received word from him that he is with the cruiser Philadelphia, which is now on her way to the Samoan Islands with a corps of officers to relieve those in charge of the government station at Pago Pago. He writes his parents that he is enjoying his life on the ocean very much.

Cadet Robert Morris after two years at the Salt Lake High school, won his spurs in a competitive examination and was appointed to the United States Naval academy by Representative C. E. Allen, in the spring of 1898. He completed his course in June of last year, standing twenty-first in a class of sixty-one. Immediately after his graduation he was assigned to duty on the battleship Iowa, where he served as one of the junior officers until last month, when he was transferred to the cruiser Philadelphia.

changed the center of gravity, but she did not drop them.

The roads were good, our animals were rested and we were able to make good time. At three o'clock today we reached San Miguel, and after some difficulty obtained good pasturage for our animals and a comfortable place for ourselves.

RAINY SEASON BEGUN.
 And now the rainy season has set in. While in San Salvador we were caught in two good storms and since then it has rained once a day either in the night or day. The day before yesterday a little cloud, light and apparently harmless, came over the south mountains. We were not alarmed. Presently, however, a few drops of rain struck us. The fall increased so rapidly that we hardly had time to get out our rubber coats, until it was fairly pouring down, and this pour continued for nearly two hours.

BENJ. CLUFF, JR.
 San Miguel, El Salvador, May 18, 1901.

AMERICAN VS ENGLISH LOCOMOTIVES.

The fact about the relative fuel economy of American and English locomotives is made tolerably clear in a letter published by an officer of the Baldwin Locomotive works. As usual in matters of controversy there is some truth on both sides, and, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch, "the American locomotives do consume more coal than the English locomotives and exert greater power with it. The Englishmen have found them uneconomical because they set them to drawing loads beneath their power. That it would

SHE LIKES THE PHILIPPINES.



Here are the photographs of Lieut. Cromwell Stacey of the United States army, and Mrs. Marion B. Stacey, his newly wedded wife. The couple enjoy the distinction of being the first Americans to wed in far away Cebu. The bridegroom has a gallant record, while his wife has shown herself to be fitting for a soldier's bride by making a perilous trip from Chicago to Cebu to join her lover and join her fortunes with his.

MAY ACCOMPANY WILLIAM.



It is regarded as extremely probable that the German empress will accompany her imperial spouse when he makes his contemplated visit to Russia. This is the first group picture of the kaiser and kaserin published by any newspaper.

SMOKERS' PARADISE.

One product of the country was seen in all the markets. It is exposed for sale in all the stores, the shops, the street corners, and in fact everywhere, both in places suitable and not suitable. It is the puro or cigar. From the time we reached Zacapa, until we came to the large valley of the Lampa river, we were in a tobacco country. Through here cigars of excellent flavor was made of sugar and rice, both raised abundantly in the republic. The coffee was displayed, but this product is mostly exported. Sugar in large cakes weighing twenty-five pounds, or in smaller lumps, or granulated, just as the purchaser liked was spread out on both sides of a tenk walk. We saw none of the clarified article.

Rice in all grades except the best was shown to advantage. In the cultivation and manufacture of rice the people use the most primitive methods. They are far behind the Chinese. The sickle is used in cutting, the flail in threshing, and in cleaning. The pounding is all done by hand. In fact there is no machinery at all used, and yet tolerable rice sells for 6c per pound. There was some flour for sale, but it was very dear, and very scarce. The dry goods were in abundance. Most of the prints coming from Europe, while the factories are mostly made here. On notions there were a great plenty, and in these the purchasers seemed to be as interested as in any.