MR. PRESIDENT, ONLY.

BUT ONE FORM OF ADDRESS FOR THE CHIEF EXECUTIVE.

Is Not "Your Excellency," Nor "Your Honor"—Neither Is He to Be Written to as "Dear Sir"—Facts Mr. President Is Sufficient—It Was So Decreed.

If you call a president's private secretary he will tell you, among other things, that not one person out of ten is writing to the president of the United States properly. Each correspondent seems to follow his own sweet fancy. Thus the man who writes and asks for a position or an office on the ground that he served in the war is apt to begin his letter, "Dear General," and after laying bare his wants he signs himself, "Yours truly."

This is pretty familiar. The president isn't a general, except in that he is commander-in-chief of the army, and he is not now fighting troubles, it is true as a theory, but is hardly correct on all occasions as a practice. If the letter from the old army man is answered, as nearly all letters are, the writer is addressed with due formality as "Sir," and not as "Dear Comrade." This ought to be a sufficient hint to him to keep his distance, but it is not, and a week later he bobs up serenely with another long communication to the "Dear General."

There are a number of his correspondents who wish to be very formal and respectful, and they always call him "Excellency." It sounds so big, is such a pleasing mouthful, that many people who ought to know better cannot resist the temptation of using this form. As between such an expression as "Dear General" and "Your Excellency" the former is preferable, for there is no law against it, while there is plenty in an unwritten law against the latter.

When the constitution was formed there was a great deal of discussion as to the form of address that should be applied to the president. Some people thought he should be addressed "Excellency," others would be satisfied with "Your Highness," while still others thought he should be called "Majesty." The New Yorkers who lived in about the days of the Dutch republic wanted the head of this republic called "His High Mightiness."

FREQUENT MISTAKES.

After a great deal of wrangling and considerable exhibition of party feeling over the matter, it was finally decided for all time to come that the chief executive should be addressed simply as "the president of the United States." That settled it and people in general prefer to call him "Excellency." The governor of a state has more form about him in ceremonious than the president, for no one here is a citizen in the constitution of the state expressly prescribing some other mode of address, it is correct to call him "Excellency."

The democratic spirit of some states has interfered to prevent this, and it has been prescribed that the governor never wears simpler title, but there are only two or three of these states. As a general thing the rule can be laid down that the governor of a state should be addressed "Your Excellency." To begin a letter to the president with a "Sir" is to establish an equality between the two executives that does not exist.

Another frequent mistake is made by those who begin their letters to the president, "Your Honor." He is not the presiding judge of a court, or usually the mayor of a city. Some men, from constant association with courts of justice, come to regard the judge as the highest and most distinguished personage on earth, and they are conscious of no greater distinction to be conferred on the president than to call him "Your Honor."

To cut a long matter short, but the correct form for addressing the president be given. It is simply this, "Benjamin Harrison, president of the United States, Mr. President." Then after you have said your say, if you are so good, you can finish the customary formula, "I have the honor to be, Mr. President, your obedient servant, John Smith."

ABBREVIATE BY KNOW.

Don't make the mistake that is sometimes perpetrated of signing yourself thus: "I have the honor to be John Smith." It may reflect honor on you to be who you are, but it is hardly modest of you to say so. What you want to say is that you consider it an honor to be your obedient servant.

To the rest of the world Uncle Sam and the president are one, and that is why the latter usually signs everything in his dealings with other powers. Probably the most familiar form of the form observed in correspondence between the president and the head of another government. It is part of the law of nations that they are all equal.

The king of Samoa writes to President Harrison in the same terms of equality as are used by the emperor of Germany, and the president replies in kind. The king of these little islands receives a magnificent salary of less than $300 a year—that is, he receives it if there is money enough in the treasury to pay it.

When Germany had trouble with his majesty and demanded an indemnity for damages of $60,000, a broad smile went around the world, for it was well known that the treasury of Samoa had never had, and in all probability never would have, a sum half as large in its coffers. Yet the king of Samoa is addressed by the president as "Good and good friend," and the president signs himself, "Your good friend," and when Queen Victoria receives a letter from the president he treats her with precisely the same formality and no more.—Washington Star.

Strength of Men and Asses.

An ass three-eighths of an inch long, carrying a burden of one-eighth of a grain, forces at the rate of one mile in eight hours. This weight—a small one compared with what this sometimes carry—is eighteen times their own. In carrying this weight they compare with men in first flight, weighing 130 pounds, carrying a ton and a half of load from St. Louis to Jefferson City, and back again in twenty-two and a half hours.—St. Louis Republic.

Money of China.

Money in China has been made at everything almost, from shell to pounds. The very interesting coins of ancient times of peculiar shape are said to represent the house holders that were current very long ago. The square hole in Chinese money is said to represent the openings through which the shell money of past ages was strung.—Philadelphia Press.

A "STRAIGHT TIP."

The Terrible Result of Betting Experience on a Dead Sure Thing.

"Talk about your sure things on horse races," said the veteran, "I never told you about how I was tripped up on the most beautiful straight tip you have ever heard of."

None of the party had ever heard the story, so the major told it.

"While we were in camp with McClellan," he began, "we had some pretty horses which were worked just about hard enough to keep them in fine condition. Several of them were pretty good steeplechasers, but the Colonel I think had a secret mare which could outrun anything in the Army of the Potomac. Well, one day a lot of officers came into the tent to see the mare and smoked cigars, tobacco and other little luxuries which help to make a soldier's life bearable.

"Some of the boys who had been to camp quite a long time looked enviously on the well filled cartridge and haversacks of the newcomers, and it was, perhaps, natural that they should begin to scheme to try to secure some of the luxuries for themselves.

"The idea struck some one to get up a Hippodrome from two. The scheme was of course to have Colonel Black's mare run against some of the poorer animals. And to have bets who were to win the deal to be laid against the secret mare. The effect of the mare, of course, would be a party to the deal and he would prevent the secret from winning the race.

"Well, the details were all arranged and the plan was working nicely. The newspapers had heard all about the fame of the secret mare and they took the bait like a charm. All kinds of articles came wagered—tobacco, whisky, coats, boots, and not a small amount of money on the result. We who had put up the job were laughing in our sleeves for three days before the race took place.

"On the day designated the mile course, which had been laid out on a fairly good road, was lined with thousands from one end to the other. When the horses took their places visions of the luxuries which I have named loomed up in our imaginations and we exchanged knowing winks as we looked down past the starter. As soon as the starter yelled 'Go!' the men in the two long lines began to yell and swing their hats in the air.

"The space between these two lines was not more than fifteen or twenty feet wide and this amount sight—and when frightened the secret mare. Well, she just took the bit between her teeth and the way she did skip down that road was a wonder. The force she ran the more the men yelled and the rider could no more check her speed than he could stop a cyclone. At the end of the mile the secret had her opponent by fully 300 yards, and not satisfied with this she ran nearly another mile before her rider could stop her."—New York Tribune.

Satisfaction at Cheap Restaurants.

The frequenters of some of the cheap restaurants of our large towns would probably suffer from a painful falling off in the appetite were they first to pay a visit to the kitchens from which their savory morsels issue. In the interests of their hunger they doubtless show sound discretion in taking the goods the gods of the gridiron send them without questioning or demur. On the other hand, in the interest of health and public welfare, it is quite as important that the cleanliness of our restaurant kitchens should be beyond suspicion as that of our baking establishments.

The local authorities are encouraged by the sanitary acts to do a way any work place which is not kept in a cleanly state, or not properly ventilated, etc., so as to be injurious or dangerous to health. It would be interesting to know what attention the local authorities have shown to those establishments.—Hospital.

Something About Honey.

There is no place on this wide earth of ours where there is neither to sell or any money to buy with. The lands of many people are so fenced in that we would know not who are familiar with gold, silver and strip green paper bags. Think of currency all the way from strips of silver dropped into bags to beautiful native pebbles and sea shells and bright beads' pleasure.

Of course we speak of money in its broad sense, meaning something convenient to carry, of substituted value, to be used in exchange or trade something that costs labor to get or make, and of which every man thinks it would be good to get plenty. The pieces of leather of the Greeks with the rude figures of an ox scratched upon them, standing for a rod ox, were just the one hook notes.—Philadelphia Press.

When Silk Was More Precious Than Gold.

Common as is silk nowadays, in earlier times it was a most precious material. When it was first brought into Europe silk commanded three times its weight in gold, and so valuable was it deemed that in the reign of Tiberius a law was passed forbidding it to all save noble ladies, and prohibiting men from wearing it on the grounds of its effeminacy. So unusual was it even 200 years later for a man to wear silk that every historian of the time of Heliogabalus noted the fact that that emperor had a silk gown. For ages it continued at an astronomically high price. Charlemagne, in the year 790, could send to King Offa of Mercia no more valuable present than two silk coats.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Problematic Sculptures.

The valley of John Day river, a modest tributary of the Columbia, seems to have become a rendezvous of far western archæologists. Recently some, carried into a lonelier ledge of that neighborhood, are supposed to represent "antique post ages," and the question is where the Oregon Indians could have won the originals of those sculptures. In Sumatra, India, or some age lamented region of the western continent? A less romantic solution of the enigma would be "no conjecture that the sculptures in question do not represent aught at all, but bears or buffaloes."—Philadelphia Times.

Worthy of Support.

Mr. Grasshoppe—I shall run for re-election again this fall, and I promise I will have your vote.

Citizen (doubtfully)—Well—I—don-no.

"What! You don't know? Why, Sir, I saved the taxpayers $500,000 this year."

"Eh! How?"

"By not stealing it, of course."

An Ounce of Gain.

Bloody, deadly and terribly more than battalions, came the dread, direful, fiery, serpent and up the stairs, through the bona fiend dwelling, across the square, and into every nook and cranny conceivable they scanned. The test and we they generally came at eight would be a loud yell from some of the boys, "here and there." There would be no more sleep this night.

After experience gained we found it the best plan to clear out of our houses, turn into the square and until sunrise of the second sa. To persons unacquainted with the garments had been first thoroughly soaked with a fire. Every now and then pole and canvas had been a foot or two had got caught in his hook. The walls of the tents, the rods and floor were simply a seething mass of stinging ants.

They were after the cockroaches, mice and other vermin that had taken up their abode in the tents. Now and then squeals of young mice told their story. As fast as the ants found their food, generally a cockroach, they would make off down the hill in long lines. Laughably they never touched our provisions, they seemed to prefer annual food. Toward morning there would only be a few thousand for some, similarly seeing about, apparently looking for the same body which had just decamped.

Usually these ants on or were made after a reinforcement, many of them came into the fort already staggering under loads, these appeared to wonder about till the others were ready. Next day not a cockroach could be found in the place, so that the ants did as a service in ridding us of these pests. The rule had decamped also, but did not return for some days.—Sherbrooke Century.

The "Lightning Arrester."

To the uninitiated it is a great puzzle how the dangers of lightning are avoided where there are so many conductors of electricity as there are in a telegraph office. More than 2,000 wires enter the big Western Union building in New York alone, and from one to a dozen such in other offices of that company throughout the United States. Each of these wires run more or less directly in the dollar of the operators. This being the case, how is they guard against the effects of lightning during times of great electrical disturbance? Even when less electric attractions are wanting most people confess to a certain feeling of uneasiness when the elements rage and wake up terrifying flashes of forked fury. But science has provided an answer to the question stated above, as well as to almost all other puzzles which stand in the way of human progress.

Every wire as it enters a building passes through the bottom of a long, narrow board, and then again through it at the top. This board is the "lightning arrester." If the current is heavy the first effect of the lightning is to fuse it of much of its force. Should the first succeed with the "arrester" fail to eliminate the lightning of its fatal power it passes on to the top of the board and touches a spring which connects wire with a "drop," instantly starting off all connection with the operating room. The spring is called the "plain magnet," and beyond it are centrifugal or lightning, whether proceeding from a flash of lightning or from a current of electricity, or from a wire with other wires, one positive gas.—St. Louis Republic.

Dogs Help Each Other to a Drink.

The episode on the Chicago side of the county building was the scene of a very funny incident the other afternoon. Two dogs, water spaniels, were tolling north when they came to the place and stopped for a drink. Water was both thirsty, but neither was half enough to reach the trough, and they talked the matter over as dogs will, and wondered why they had not been treated with as much consideration as had the horses. Presently they solved the problem.

One of them stepped himself under the edge of the trough, and the other, putting his fore feet upon the companion's back, was able to reach the water and slake his thirst. When he had finished he tripped down, assured to see the water was cool, and then in turn ranged himself under the edge of the fountain and the other mounted up for the drink he had earned. When he was satisfied they trotted away together, as well contented as any man would be who had met a problem and conquered it.—Chicago Herald.

Time in Japan.

One of the necessities of life in Japan consists of the fan, of which there are two kinds—the folding, and the non-folding fan. Paper enters largely into their composition. Bamboo forms a material very handy for the framework of the cheaper kinds. The paper is either decorated with paintings in all the different styles of Japanese art, or else brightly colored and varnished ones with silver and gold leaves. These fans are manufactured of all possible qualities and prices, the richest and largest being used for ceremonial dances, where they form accessories of great importance.

The place most noted for its production in fans is Nagoya, and superior ones are made at Kyoto, while the inferior descriptions come from Fukushima and Tokio. Several millions of fans are exported annually from Japan to America and Europe.—Paper Mill.

When Silk Was Costly.

When silk was first worn in England this material on the shoulders of noble ladies belonging to Elizabeth's court attracted more attention than even the queen. The enterprising Dutch weavers still began in England in 1604, and was brought to perfection by the Huguenot refugees in 1685. Even at that time, however, silk was ever costly, a pair of stockings costing in the one case a little over $100, a cloak a little less than $1,000.

Among the 3,000 dresses left by Elizabeth at her death only twelve were of silk, and Leicester, more than his knighthood, prided himself on a pair of silk stockings which he had imported from Italy at an expense of over $50.

A Destructive Sparrow.

Since the corn planting days some interested spectators in Maine the farmers have found a brand new defense against crows. They saved whole handfuls of the disturbed the scraps and next day hundreds of jobs now and found a dazzling array of adornments in the eye of the sun. This will scare crows, jumps and cows, and when traveling find themselves in the gutter with the carriage on top they at once understand that a tin hat is in view.—Lewiston Journal.

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In the Probate Court, in and for Salt Lake County, Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of Hugh Mahony, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT [illegible]

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court. By C. E. Allen, Deputy Clerk.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of James Mahony, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT [illegible]

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court. By C. E. Allen, Deputy Clerk.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Lucky Bill Mining Company. Location of principal place of business Salt Lake City, Utah.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT [illegible]

NOTICE OF SALE UNDER DEED OF TRUST.

WHEREAS [illegible]

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

The Belmont Mines Mining Company. Location of principal place of business Salt Lake City, Utah. [illegible]

NOTICE.—THERE IS DELINQUENT UPON [illegible]

Name	No. of Cert.	No. of Shares	Amount
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

[illegible]

NOTICE.

THERE WILL BE A STOCKHOLDERS' [illegible]

NOTICE.

THE REGULAR ANNUAL MEETING OF [illegible]

NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS [illegible]

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