

SATURDAY MORNING ON MARKET ROW IN SALT LAKE CITY.



Photo by Fries.

ONE SOLID BLOCK OF FARMERS' TEAMS AND WAGONS.

On his way to business between 8 and 9 o'clock in the morning, the average Salt Laker falls to realize, perhaps, that a few hours beforehand the district which he passes—First South street, between East Temple and West Temple—has been a scene of immense activity.

In the accompanying illustrations, "Market Row," the site of 50 per cent of the green grocery stores of Salt Lake, is shown at 5 o'clock in the morning of a first rate market day. There are more horses than any ten circuses require and all of them have carted farm and dairy produce to the local market. It is in this spot that Salt Lake obtains its "grub" and the producers are there to sell their "truck" to the retail dealers.

From Bountiful, Wood's Cross, Farmington, Layton, Kayville, Murray and West Jordan the great influx occurs every morning. It begins at about 4 a. m., when city people are asleep, and continues until 6:30 or 7 o'clock, by which time most of the producers have disposed of their goods and are starting homeward. When they first arrive, if early, the farmers open lunch boxes and take the breakfast that has been hurriedly prepared by the house-wife. This over, they are ready for business. The wagon has been backed up to the curbstone. A rush is made for water pails and the vegetables, fruit, etc., are sprinkled liberally, in order that they may appear fresh to the dealer. Some of the hucksters use up a little time patting their exhibits in better order. The changing of their baskets so as to show the largest and best specimens of a fruit or vegetable on top is not an unusual sight.

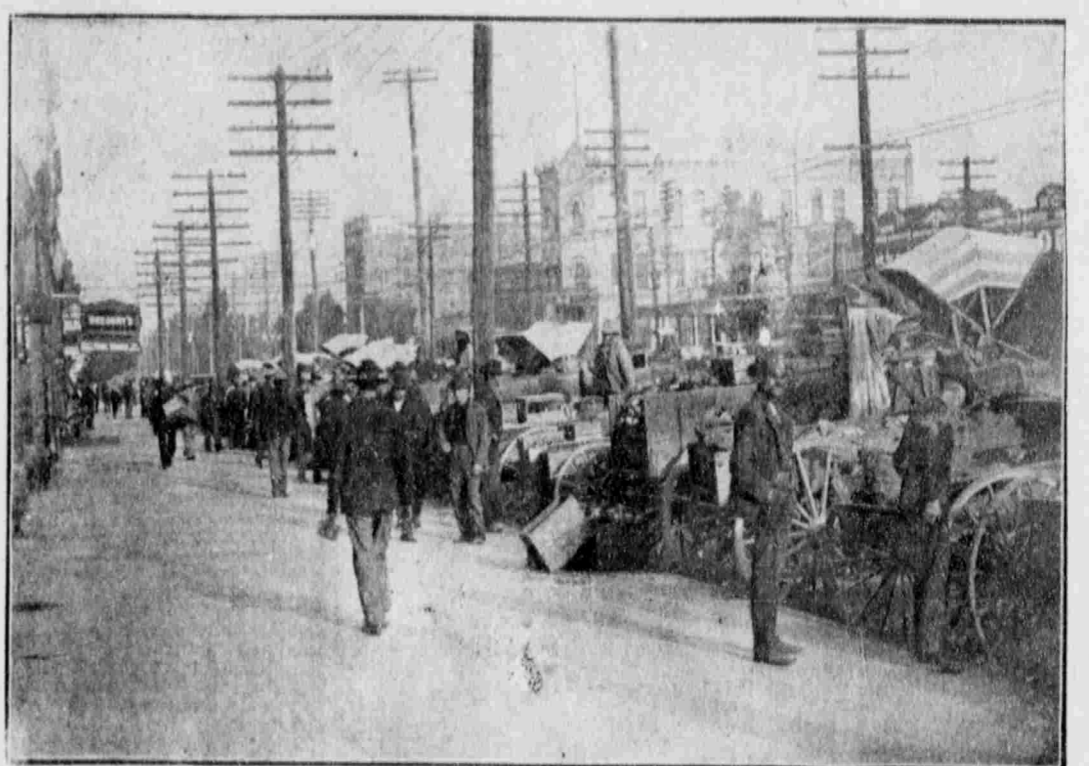
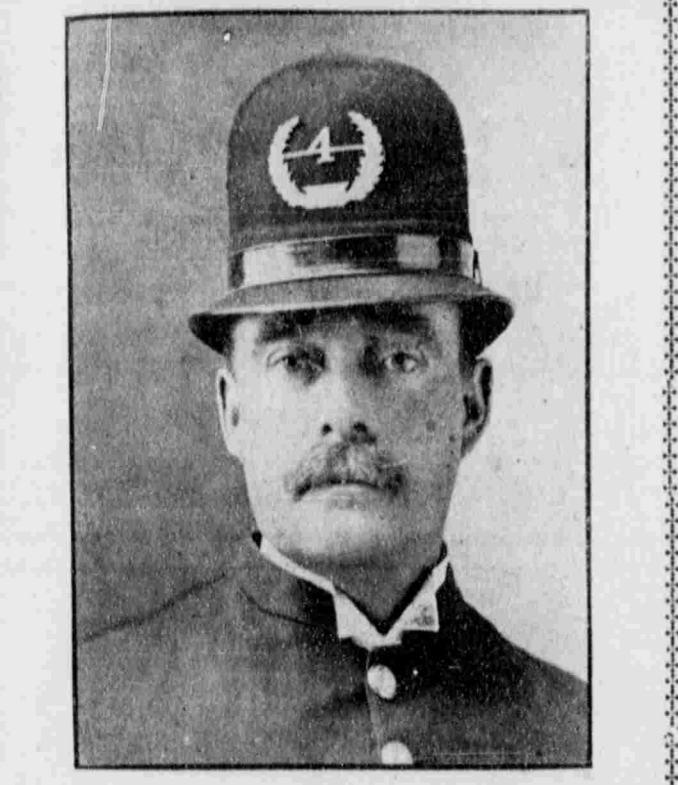


Photo by Fries.

BACKED UP TO A WIDE SIDEWALK ALREADY FOR BUSINESS.

The grocer wants to pay as little as possible, and the farmer, naturally, wants the best price he can get. A great many sales are made by the load, but more frequently the retailer secures consignments from a half-dozen different wagons. It often happens, too, that there is an over-supply, in which case it is more interesting than the mining exchange in its palmy days to watch price drop.



THIRTY YEARS A POLICEMAN.

"Billy" Hilton, the Oldest Officer on the Force in Point of Service.

"Once a policeman always a policeman" is a saying that would be true much oftener than it is if it were not for the uncertain sweep of politics which frequently causes men to drop their clubs, take off their uniforms and go back to the work they were engaged in before they sought a "place on the force."

Salt Lake has some policemen who are old—in point of service as well as in years. Among these is "Billy Hilton," whose course of conduct has ever been such that he has remained anchored to the department through all the storms that have raged and rocked it. There have been new mayors, new marshals, new chiefs and captains of police almost without number. Veterans have fallen upon the right and upon the left, and green men have taken their places, but "Billy" has, like the brook of the mountains, gone on forever—that is pretty near it; for he has gone on for 30 years, it being that long since he became a regular member of the police force department. Before that he was a watchman. In his official career he has witnessed some exciting episodes but never permitted himself to be greatly disturbed no matter what the occasion or circumstance. How many arrests has he made? He doesn't know. There is no record of them and he can't remember. However, he does know that the most stirring times in his long service as a police officer were when the soldiers were taken down from Fort Douglas in droves, paint the town red and defy the civil authorities. The soldiers, says "Billy," were always armed with revolvers and knives and were always spoiling for a fight. They felt that they owned the town and the fullness thereof, with a decided emphasis on the fullness. Of course that meant trouble, and sometimes there was shooting, cracked craniums and many abrasions and sacrificed cuticles before the roundup was complete. Gradually, however, the boys from the hill commenced to have more respect for the civil arm of the law and the collisions were less frequent than formerly.

Since those days "Billy" has gone about his business as he learned it when many of his brother officers were running around in knee trousers, breaking into orchards and raiding watermelon patches. And the queer thing of it all is, he now looks younger than they do. The general impression is that he has served but half of his time as a policeman.

695, not less than 300 of the present products being dyes.

The system of identification by finger-prints proves to be not so new as we have supposed. A London clergyman, Rev. Mr. Collyer, was missionary in Korea for some years, and he reports that the Koreans—a sharp-witted people, by the way—have long made use of finger-prints in the deeds for the sake of slaves. He has been able to trace the practice back, in fact, for 1,200 years. The slaves are all women, and each is required to place her hand upon the sheet of paper on which the deed is written, the outline of the fingers and thumb being traced, after which an ink impression of each of the fingers is taken.

The reappearance of sharks in the Baltic Sea, after an absence of 150 years, is causing much speculation among naturalists. One explanation is that the fishes have been led to return by the recent unusual climatic conditions. Another guess is that the configuration of the bottom of the sea has been changed by earthquakes, and that this may have forced the sharks to abandon their later haunts and take refuge in their earlier homes.

Protective mimicry in insects takes many curious forms. One of the most striking, lately shown at a meeting of the Selborne society in London, is that of a tiny insect from Costa Rica, which is a perfect model of a rose thorn, and which escapes its natural enemies by ranging itself in perfect sympathy with the real thorns on the bush.

An interesting optical illusion has been brought to notice by T. Terada, of Tokyo. Lycopodium powder, on the surface of water is made to grate by a jet of air, and after this has been regarded steadily and the eyes have been turned toward a table near, the surface of the table appears to move in a direction contrary to that of the lycopodium.

Double-Value Hose With double heels and double toes, are selling at 35 cents a pair at our store. These are oddities in broken lots, worth 75 cents and \$1. BROWN, TERRY & WOODRUFF CO., 163 Main St.

A KOREAN SIGNPOST.

Korea seems to be a veritable land of curios. Even the most ordinary articles are invested with so many deviations from the natural that, to western eyes at least, the whole country seems designed for no other purpose than to afford amusement. The above grotesque object is a signpost, and the Korean landscape is dotted with them.



HE LOOKED OUT FOR THE PAGES.

Senator Ben Wade of Ohio was noted for his brusqueness of manner, yet he had a heart that was bubbling over with goodness toward those less fortunate in life. He took a fatherly interest in the pages of the senate, and he was ready any and all times to battle in their behalf.

As president pro tempore of the senate, Wade enjoyed the privilege of appointing the keeper of the restaurant on the side of the Capitol. That establishment, elegantly fitted up in the basement story of the senate wing, brilliantly lighted and supplied with coal and ice, was enjoyed rent free by the person fortunate enough to obtain it. It was customary, however, for him to send a good lunch every day to the vice president's room without charge.

One day the restaurant, hearing that he was to be succeeded by a caterer from Cincinnati, called on Senator Wade and said, obsequiously: "I am the keeper of the senate restaurant, Senator."

"Oh, yes," Wade replied, "you run the cook shop down stairs, don't you?" "Yes, sir." "Well, what can I do for you? What do you want?" "I am called to express my wish, sir, that I may continue to keep the restaurant, and anything that you want, sir, you have only to send a page down stairs, and it will be furnished as quick as a flash, without costing you a cent, sir."

Just then Senator Wade appeared to recollect something, and, looking the man directly in the eye, he said: "Oh, I don't want you to feed me. When I do I will pay you for what I eat, like other people. But listen: Complaint has been made to me that you don't treat the little pages fairly and kindly. They complain that they can't get anything to eat except expensive things, for which they have to pay a large price. Now, sir, just remember that these pages are our boys, and you had better overcharge senators, who are able to pay, than these little chaps, who want to save all their wages that they can for their mothers. You must be civil and kind to these pages, sir, or I'll have you moved out of your cook shop and put in some one there who will treat the boys well." The restaurant promised that he would do so, and bowed his way out. Senator Wade after this made inquiry of the pages from time to time, and found that they were civilly treated and lunches of reasonable cost were provided for them.

SETTLING UP IN THE SOUTH.

"I have just completed my first business trip through the south," said a New York commercial traveler whose territory heretofore has been the northwest. "Except in the larger cities, I found merchants doing business by the old methods. In some of the mountain towns the old credit system still prevails. It does not know just how they do it, but I think it is on some system of reciprocity."

"I was in a store in eastern Tennessee when an old family doctor came in to settle his account. The merchant owed him for professional services, and he owed the merchant for dry goods and groceries. After they had compared accounts, the merchant owed the doctor something over a dollar.

"Shall we settle up now or let it go over on next year's account?" asked the merchant.

"I reckon we'd better settle now," was the reply. "I have a patent up the creek that needs some cod liver oil, and as I haven't any, and you have, you can square by giving me the difference in cod liver."

"The cod liver is only a dollar, Doc, and I still owe you something over. Do you think of any little thing you'd like to make it even, or how?"

"The merchant's stock was general merchandise, including druggists' sundries. The old doctor looked around for a few minutes, and then said: "You might make the balance in a porous plaster. I've got to put one on Jim Hoffington, who sprained his back yesterday trying to pry his wagon out of the mire."

"The merchant got out the article and handed it over. Then he flared and said: "That leaves me 5 cents in your debt, Doc. How'd you like it?"

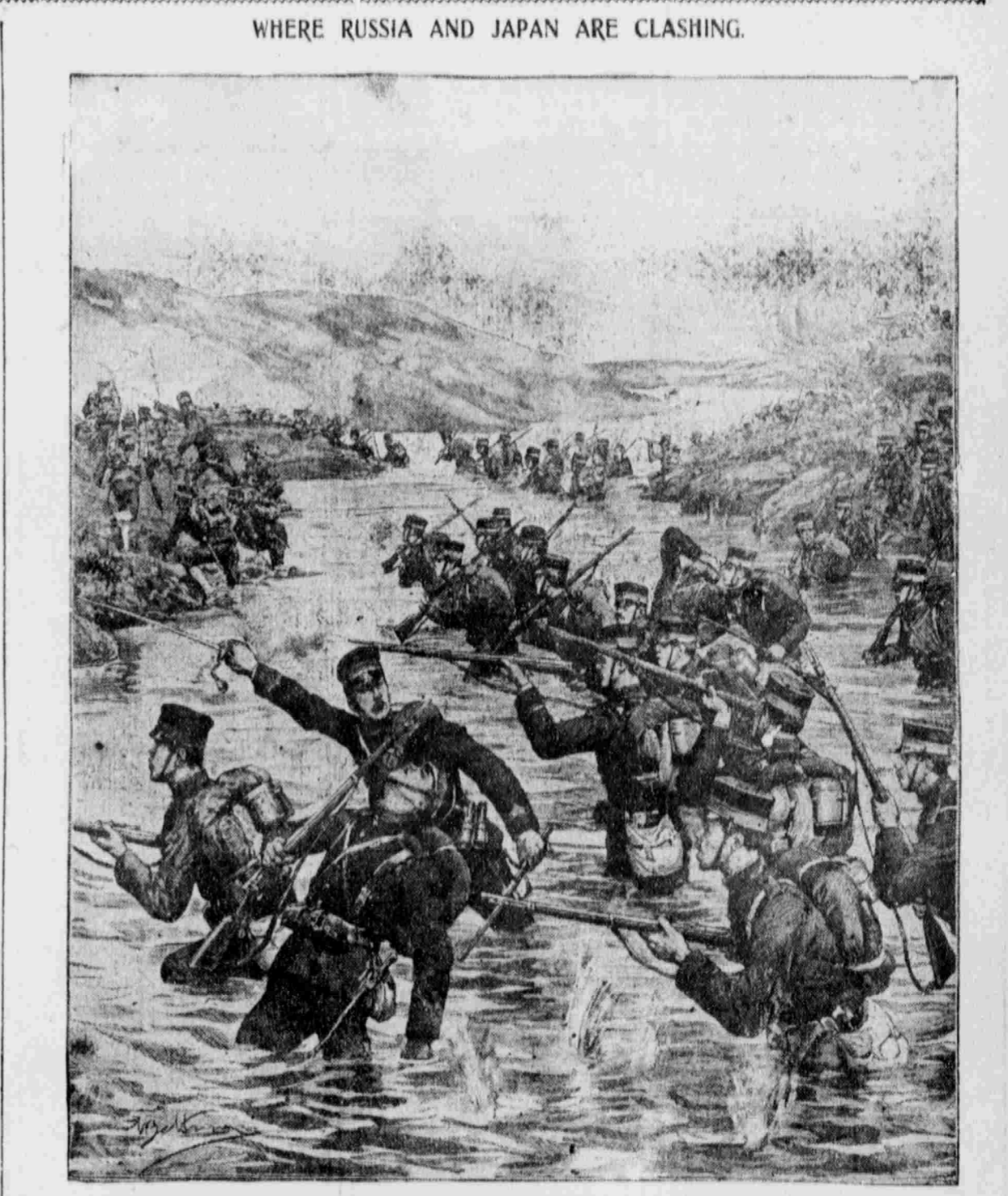
"You might give me a nickel's worth of court plaster to make it even. I've got a case about a mile out where it'll come handy."

"And so the account was squared. "Another thing I noticed in the southern towns that I never saw in the north or northwest; most of the newspapers print a chapter from the Old Testament in each issue. If not a chapter, they print a verse. I was told that in some of the settlements these chapters or texts were cut out by the subscribers and put into scrapbooks. They may have been stringing me about that," New York Sun.

LEADER OF TAMMANY WHO OPPOSES PARKER.



Chas. F. Murphy, the leader of Tammany, is a man of great force of character. His weight thrown for or against a candidate must make its influence felt.



The bloody drama that is being enacted in Manchuria is affording a spectacle of the wildest sacrifice of human life. The stories of the battle show that both armies are heroically hurling themselves at each other.

"The office equipment. He rushed back into the train, grabbed his valise and started down town. Entering the office of the Bugle a few minutes later he addressed the tired-looking young man who was working off a job of sales bills for a farmer.

"Young fellow," said he, taking him to one side, "are you the editor and proprietor?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much would it take to put your paper on its feet and make it a paying institution?"

"It would take at least \$2,000," responded the editor, looking at him with suspicion.

"Two thousand nothing? Young man, will you accept a present of \$5,000 from a total stranger who has money to burn and wants to help his fellow-men?"

The editor passed his hand nervously across his brow and cleared his throat.

"No, sir," he replied, huskily, "I would not want any man's charity."

All this sounded extremely absurd, but he didn't balk at it. The story isn't all told yet.

"Young man," persisted the caller, "what is the subscription price of your paper?"

"One dollar a year."

"In advance?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, my name is—"

"—and I want to subscribe for one

copy of the Bugle for 10,000 years, and will pay in advance. Will you take the money for that? Here is my check for the amount."

"Yes, sir," promptly replied the editor, "I'll take it because that's business, and the paper will go to your address all that time. The Bugle is here to stay."

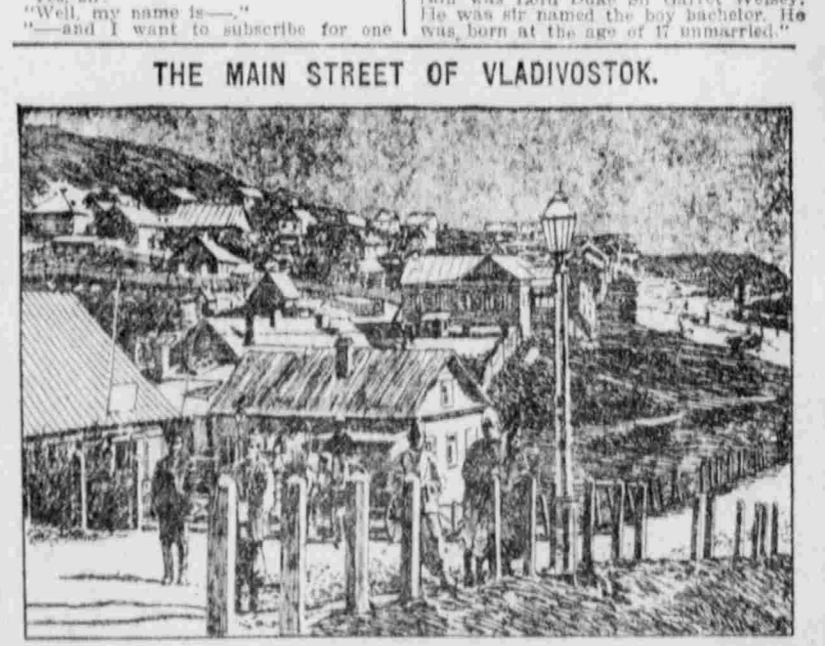
Pocketing the check and shaking his new subscriber warmly by the hand, he went back to his job of sales bills as if nothing unusual had happened.—Chicago Tribune.

A REMARKABLE ESSAY.

Hamilton Wright Mabie, at the end of an address before the League for Political Culture of New York, quoted verbatim a child's essay that had come into his hands through his relation with the New York Kindergarten association. The essay, which was on Henry VIII, follows:

"King Henry 8 was the greatest widower that ever lived. He was born at Anns Dumind in 1565. He had 435 wives besides children. The first was beheaded and executed. The second was revoked. She never smiled again, but she said the word 'calais' would be found on her hair after her death. The greatest man in his reign was Lord Duke Sir Garret Weisley. He was six named the boy bachelor. He was born at the age of 17 unmarried."

THE MAIN STREET OF VLADIVOSTOK.



The Russian port of Vladivostok, which has already played some part in the war in the far east, is certain because of its key position to Siberia and its contiguity to Manchuria and Korea to be an important point as long as the struggle lasts. The city extends for two miles or more along the foot of the hills that surround the harbor. On the water front is the main street, which extends in an irregular fashion the entire length of the town. This street, which is called the Svetitskanskaya, is shown in the foreground of the picture. Vladivostok is a city of nearly 40,000 and is something over forty years old. It is the seat of the viceroy of the far east.

The Wonders of the Scientific World

About a dozen years ago M. Richter showed that the mysterious fires in benzene cleaning establishments are due to electricity, which produces sparks as pieces of wool are drawn from the combustible fluid on cool or dry days, and he found that the sparks could be prevented by adding magnesium oleate in as little as 0.02 per cent—to the benzene. The reason of this remarkable effect of the oleate has not been understood. It has now been investigated by G. Just at Karlsruhe, and he finds that the conductivity of the benzene is very slightly increased, this change being sufficient to prevent the accumulation of dangerous electric charges. In pure benzene an electrode kept its charge for minutes, while in the diluted oleate solution it refused to take any charge.

A new camera of great importance, photographing for the first time the interior or back of the eye, is the production of Dr. Walther Thornor of Berlin. A telescope-like focusing glass gives accurate focus under the mild illumination of a kerosene lamp, and a flashlight limited by an electric spark impresses the image upon the plate. The pictures show the variations of the eye in health and disease, making it possible now to follow the progress of disease step by step.

The new four-cylinder compound locomotive of the Adriatic Railway, Italy, is claimed to yield 9 pounds of steam per pound of coal, an increase of 2 pounds over the old style of engine. The cab is in front of the boiler, the smoke-stack at the rear, the low front track admitting a furnace of unusual width and depth. Remarkable power results.

The 300 spiracles of the nineteenth century furnished nine instances of the fall of two stones on the same day in two successive years. This suggests streams of stones in space.

Electrochemistry, says a practical worker in this new field, "is a virgin

continent of undeveloped possibilities."

The electrolytic refining of copper has grown already into a great industry, and calcium carbide is now produced by the electric furnace by thousands of tons annually, while the electric refining of other metals and the production of other carbides on a large scale are to be expected soon. Even silicon, the most abundant of metals but one of the most difficult to reduce from its oxide, is now offered, fresh from the electric furnace, at a fraction of a dollar a pound. In the direct preparation of metallic compounds from the metals, the transformation of metallic salts into other compounds, the fixation of the nitrogen of the air, the electrification of soils, the sterilization of water by electrically-made ozone, the disinfection of sewage, and hundreds of other likely developments, electrochemistry gives promise of future industrial and commercial revolutions.

Waves in nerve responses were shown some years ago by Dr. Charpentier, the French physiologist, by the fading away of lumpy impressions in flashes. In his later experiments he has proven that radiations from nervous tissue increase the brightness of phosphorescent calcium sulphide, and that nervous energy having the same effect can be transmitted to the screen of calcium sulphide over a wire. This has enabled him to detect and even measure the oscillations of intensity. The nerve-oscillations are found to number from 750 to 800 per second, with a wave-length of an inch and a half; and with two wires the effect can be made to vanish in a way that demonstrates wave-interference.

The sound-deadening arrangements tried on the Berlin elevated railway include felt under and at the sides of the rails, wood-filled car wheels, steel and wood ties resting on sand, and cork-lined floor planks. Low rails on deep wooden stringers proved the most effective.

The distinct compounds from coal-tar have increased from 454 in 1894 to