

FIFTEEN O'CLOCK.

Few better fellows live among the journalists of Gotham than Jim D—and "Ship," the former a heavy dealer in metaphysics (professionally), and the latter a "scissorist," whose slight deafness has never yet been known to mar either his hearing or his appreciation of a "good thing." One Saturday night, not long since, they were on their way home from a very convivial party, at which beer had been the lightest beverage permitted, and their course, by the time they had crossed the Fulton Ferry and got up into the "city of churches," was an extremely zig-zag and uncertain one. As they staggered onward, the bell of a neighboring church started to peal the hour of midnight.

Jim stopped and caught hold of a lamp post: "Hole on, ol' feller," said he, thickly, "less see what time 'tis."

"Ship" also embraced the lamp post, and they both counted the strokes of the deep-toned bell.

"One—two—three—"

At this point the clock of another church, just down a diverging street, slightly behind the time of its neighbor, commenced to strike; and so nearly did its notes harmonise and time in with the other, that the obfuscated senses of our two adventurers did not catch the double strokes.

They counted on, loudly and in unison—"eleven—twelve," and without break of time or rhythm, the belated clock kept on to finish its work, and the convivial knights kept on with their counting.

"Thirteen!—Fourteen!—Fifteen!" shouted Jim, his voice rising in a crescendo.

"Fifteen o'clock!" cried "Ship," transferring his hold from the lamp post to the shoulders of his com. anion.

"I say, Jim D—, I ken remember, (hie)—man an' boy for (hie) nigh on to forty years, but (hie) bless me if I ever before knew it to be so late as this."

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT NOSE.

Snyder kept a beer saloon some years ago, over mit der grindstone factory und Kensington. Snyder was a ponderous Teuton of very irascible temper—"sudden and quick in a quarrel"—getting mad in a minute. Nevertheless his saloon was a great resort for the "boys," partly because of the excellence of his beer and partly because the boys liked to chafe "old Snyder," as they called him.

One day Snyder was missing, and it was explained by his frau, who "jerk-ed" the beer that day, that he had gone out fishing mit der poys. The next day one of the boys who was particularly fond of "roasting" old Snyder, dropped in to get a glass of beer and discovered Snyder's nose, which was a large one at any time, swollen and blistered by the sun until it looked like a dead ripe tomato.

"Why, Snyder, what's the matter with your nose?" asked the caller.

"I peen out fishing mit der poys," replied Snyder, laying his finger tenderly against his proboscis. "The sun peesh hot like ash de tife! unt I punnt my nose. Nice nose, on't it?" and Snyder viewed it with comical sadness in the little mirror behind the bar.

It entered at once into the head of the mischievous fellow to play a trick upon Snyder. He went out and called half a dozen of his comrades with whom he arranged that they should drop into the saloon one at a time and ask Snyder "what's the matter with that nose?" to see how long he would stand it. The man who put up the job went in with a companion, and seating themselves at a table called for beer. Snyder brought it to them, and the new-comer exclaimed as soon as he saw him,

"Why, Snyder, what's the matter with your nose?"

"I jüst tell your frient I peen out fishing mit der poys, and the sun he punnt 'em—swi—lager—den cents all right."

Another of the boys came rushing in and exclaimed:

"Hallo, boys, you're ahead of me this time. Here Sny—(he appeared to catch a sudden glimpse of Snyder's nose) why, Snyder, wha—what's the matter with your nose?"

Snyder says in a tone sternly emphatic: "I've peen out fishing mit der poys, unt de sun it jüst ash hot as ter tife! unt punnt my nose; dat ish all right."

Another tormenter comes in and insists on "setting 'em up" for the whole house. "Snyder," says he, "what's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder's brow darkened with wrath that time, and his voice grew deeper and sterner. "I peen out fishing mit ter poys on de Schoolikill. The sun peesh hot like as hail, unt I punnt my pugle. Now, dat is more vot I don't got to say. Dat ish all right; I punnt my own nose, don't it?"

"Burn your nose—burn all the hair off your head, for what I care; you needn't get mad about it."

It was evident Snyder wouldn't stand more than one more tweak at that nose, for he was tramping around behind the bar growling like an exasperated old bear in his cage. Another tormenter walks in.

"Why, Snyder—who—wha—ha—ha—ha, what's the matter with your nose?"

Snyder was absolutely fearful to behold by this time. His face was purple with rage, all except his nose. Leaning his ponderous figure far over the bar, and raising his arm aloft to emphasize his words with it, he fairly roared:

"I've been out fishing mit ter poys. The sun it p-se hot like hail—tam-na-tion, I punnt my nose. Now, you no like dose nose, you jüst take dose nose unt wr-wr-wr-wring your tam American fingers mit 'em! Dat's the kind of a man I am!"

Lions and Lion-Taming.

The process of lion-taming is elaborately described by a writer in the London *Daily News*, part of whose story we copy:

Whatever is the reason, the forest lions are more intelligent and teachable than those bred in confinement. The lion-tamer begins by taking the feeding of them into his own hands, and so gets them to know him. He commences feeding them from the outside of the den, then ventures inside of one at a time, always carefully keeping his face to the animal and avoiding any violence, which is a mistake whenever it can be avoided, as it rouses the dormant devil in the beasts. Getting to handle the lion, the tamer begins by stroking him down the back, gradually working up to the head, which he begins to scratch, and the lion, which, like the cat, loves friction, begins to rub his head against the hand. When this familiarity is well established, a board is handed in to the trainer, which he places across the den, and teaches the lion to jump over it, using a whip with a thong, but not for the purpose of punishment.

Gradually this board is heightened, the lion jumping over it at every stage, and then comes the hoops, etc., held on top of the board to quicken the beast's understanding. To teach the animal to jump over the trainer, the latter stoops alongside the board, so that when the lion clears one he clears the other, and half a dozen lessons are ordinarily about sufficient to teach this. To get a lion to lie down and allow the tamer to stand on him is more difficult. It is done by flicking the beast over the back with a small "tickling" whip, and at the same time pressing him down with one hand. By raising his head and taking hold of the nostril with the right hand, and the under lip and lower jaw with the left, the lion, by this great pressure on the nostril and lip, loses greatly the power of his jaws, so that a man can pull them open and put his head inside the beast's mouth, the feat with which Van Amburg's name was so much associated. The only danger is lest the animal should raise one of his fore paws and stick his talons in, and if he does, the tamer must stand fast for his life until he has shifted the paw.

A maiden lady who had once been jilted wrote her own epitaph as follows:

"Here lies the body of one
Who died of constancy alone.
Stranger! Advance with steps courteous,
For this disease is not contagious!"

The practice of muzzling dogs, during summer, is based upon the popular supposition that hydrophobia is induced by hot weather. Statistics show that dogs are more liable to attacks of madness in winter than at any other time, and this disease is unknown in countries where the heat is intense.—*Ex.*

Vevay, Ind., has been enjoying a first class sensation in the shape of a pious old man who moved there from Louisville, bought a farm, built a church and employed a preacher, all at his own expense. On the night of the 22nd of February, a couple of detectives from Philadelphia made their appearance in the burg, and the pious old man was arrested on the charge of obtaining goods to the value of \$10,000 on false pretenses, and committing forgery for \$5,000 more.

140,000

SINGER SEWING MACHINES

WERE SOLD DURING THE PAST YEAR.—Scientific American, June 10, 1871

The Singer Manufacturing Company,

AT THE

WORLD'S FAIR.

Constituted by the homes of the people,

Received the Great Award of the Highest Sales! and have left all Rivals far behind them! As the following article shows:

"SEWING MACHINE SALES FOR 1870.

The magnitude to which the manufacture of sewing machines has attained is shown by the "sworn" returns (to which anyone can have access) of the manufacturers for the year 1870 to the owners of the leading patents, on which they pay a royalty. According to these returns the number of machines sold by each manufacturer in 1870 is as follows:

The Singer Manufacturing Company.....	127,833.....	Difference.
Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Company.....	83,208.....	44,625
Howe Machine Company.....	75,176.....	52,677
Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company.....	57,402.....	70,431
Weed Sewing Machine Company.....	35,002.....	92,831
Wheeler & Gibbs Sewing Machine Company.....	28,890.....	98,943
American Buttonhole & Overseaming Company.....	14,573.....	113,260
Florence Sewing Machine Company.....	17,660.....	110,173
Gold Medal Sewing Machine Company.....	8,912.....	118,921
Ætina Sewing Machine Company.....	5,806.....	122,027
Empire Sewing Machine Company.....	3,560.....	124,273
Finkle & Lyon Manufacturing Company.....	2,420.....	125,413
Parham Sewing Machine Company.....	1,765.....	126,067
Wilson.....	50.....	127,333

And several other Companies who sold a few Machines.

It will be seen by this table that the popularity of the Singer Machines far exceeds that of all others, their sale being one-half greater than even that of the famous "Wheeler & Wilson" Machine. This is owing to the fact that the Singer Company have lately commenced making, besides their old and well-established manufacturing machine, what is known as their "New Family Machine," which is selling at the rate of nine to one better than the old style. Their total sales for 1869 were 86,781 machines against the 127,831 of 1870, showing an increase of one half in the latter year.—*New York Sun.*

The total Sales of "Singer" Machines are very nearly

THREE QUARTERS OF A MILLION!!!

Two Thirds of which were Sold within the Last Three Years, and all are in

SUCCESSFUL DAILY USE!

And still there are Agents, for even the poorest Machines, who persist, in the most "unblushing manner," in decrying ours, as if it were possible for the "Overwhelming and Rapidly Increasing Majorities of Singer Purchasers" to be mistaken.

We are not so vain as to suppose that these large sales are due to superior business capacity so much as to the superior merits of the Singer Machines, as well as the

OBSERVATION OF THOSE WHO BUY AND USE,

And are personally interested in comparing the merits of the different Machines before making a selection.

THE

'NEW FAMILY SINGER' SEWING MACHINE,

WITH ATTACHMENTS FOR ALL KINDS OF WORK,

We claim and can show is the cheapest, most beautiful, delicately arranged, nicely adjusted, easily operated, and smoothly running of all the Family Sewing Machines. It is remarkable not only for the range and variety of its sewing, but also for the variety and different kinds of texture which it will sew with equal facility and perfection, using silk twist, linen or cotton thread, fine or coarse, making the INTERLOCKED-ELASTIC-STITCH, alike on both sides of the fabric sewn.

The only STITCH that is Universally Approved, or is at all adapted to FIRST-CLASS WORK.

Thus, beaver cloth, or leather may be sewn with great strength and uniformity of stitch, and, in a moment, this willing and never-wearying instrument may be adjusted, even by a child, for fine work on gauze or gossamer tissue, or the tucking of tulle, or ruffling, or almost any other work which delicate fingers have been known to perform.

All Machines Sold Guaranteed to give Entire Satisfaction!

Terms to Suit All!

OTHER MACHINES THOROUGHLY REPAIRED AT REASONABLE RATES!

WE MAKE NO CHARGE FOR CARTAGE WITHIN SALT LAKE CITY!

BEWARE of Spurious Needles, Poor Silk, Twist, Linen and Cotton Thread, Bad Oil, etc., Which may render the Best Machine Useless. The Singer

Company manufacture their own Needles, Silk and Twist; furnish Linen and Cotton Thread and Oil—all of Superior Quality—but which can be relied on only when obtained through their

Principal or Branch Offices.

THE SINGER COMPANY have, for the past three years, been unable to supply the demand for their machines, though much has been done to increase their manufacturing facilities. Much more is being done at home and abroad in enlarging their present manufacturing, building new ones, availing of the best machinery, and the services of the most skillful artisans, in the hope of being able to accept propositions for agencies, where such are not already established, though they are now tolerably well represented throughout the civilized world.

Be Sure to get the Best. Before you Purchase be sure to see the "Singer" at the Central General Agency, Singer Sewing Machine Depot Z. C. M. L., EAST TEMPLE ST., second door South of Eagle Emporium, SALT LAKE CITY.

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H. B. CLAWSON, Supt.