

PROVO LETTER.

The Sheriff's Office—Street Car Fare—Car Forfeited.—Notes.

Special Correspondent of the News.

Provo, Jan. 10.—Ex-Sheriff Turner has received a call from Nay and Hawley, who have just been released from the Nevada penitentiary at Carson City. Nay and Hawley are two of the five robbers who hold up the C. P. train at Tacoma, a station just within the borders of Nevada, ten years ago this month. They attempted to rob the Wells Fargo express car, but were baffled by the plucky express messenger, Aaron Y. Ross, of Ogden. After a fight of several hours the robbers departed, taking with them a couple of watches and \$15,000 worth of the train. They were captured by Sheriff Turner and passed as a pair about forty miles southwest of Deseret, after a long fight in which two horses were killed and Nay and Hawley wounded. They were tried in Nevada and convicted of robbery. Two of them were sentenced to twelve years imprisonment, and three to fourteen years imprisonment. On account of good behavior they were released before their time was completed. Of the three, Francis is in California, and Nay and Hawley are on their road to the San Joaquin gold fields. They were very friendly with the sheriff and expressed to him their determination to become good citizens.

The Provo City council have declared forfeited the franchises of the Provo City Railway Company. The company had been given a franchise running for four months past, thus violating the terms of the franchise. Should the company desire to resume operations, they will probably be granted another franchise, a little less liberal, however, than the old one, which permitted the use of steam engines or motors.

The Provo Milling Company have made arrangements to have a race meet right to Provo City to use the rail race in the southern part of the city for the purpose of shooting the waterworks, or the consideration of \$300.

The police force of the city has been reduced. We are now dependent for safety upon the city marshal and one officer.

The attendance of students at the Jr. Y. Academy at the beginning of the second semester on Monday, was larger than ever before in all the regular departments, except the high school and university departments.

John Madison, son of Bishop Madison of Lake View, and Miss Susan K. Scott, of the same place have concluded to join hearts and hands. The ceremony takes place this week.

The rifle teams of American Park and Springville have been engaged in another contest. The score was: Springville, 43; American Park, 37.

Sheriff Foster is at Benjamin making investigation concerning a pile of ties and rails found on the U. P. track near that place on Monday evening. The rails were discovered in time to prevent a wreck.

Mrs. Mary A. Russell Worthy died at 7:15 this morning. The funeral services will be held at the family residence at 2 o'clock Wednesday.

MUSY FODDER.

Shake It and Let the Wind Blow the Dust Out of It.

It is a serious mistake to feed fodder that has been damaged by rain and wet weather to animals without first drying it out to dry. The injurious effect which such fodder has upon stock more than equals the entire loss of all the foliage gathered. Such fodder gathers insects, lice, and mites which have been accumulated during the winter, then the sheep bay or common upland hay that has been left in the time of sowing will be infested with disease germs that will be communicated to the animals that eat the hay. Stock of a very robust nature will find their health seriously impaired if fed regularly upon such fodder.

A great deal of our soday hay must be cut and gathered when the feet of the plants are wet. During many seasons the meadows never get dry enough to allow early harvest. This hay is generally selected for fodder in the barns, and in a very few cases is mold and mildew free, but most of the bottom and even the sides. If the decomposers grow on long enough the stack will rot before it, and as a rule most of the stack is short hay. The storms of winter only aggravate the matter and make the hay poorer in the fall. It is a cheap fodder, however, and probably the manner which it forms eventually pays for the work of gathering it. Otherwise the great loss would make it unprofitable to cut hay.

All fodder thus stacked when it is wet, either it is salt hay, fresh upland hay, or fodder in any plant growth, will contain a great amount which under favorable circumstances will develop rapidly. The heat of the stack and constant moisture are just the conditions that are needed to develop fungi. The value of the fodder changes gradually, and the odor that arises from it when mixed is strong and disagreeable. If such damaged fodder is to be given to stock, the ration of each day should be limited so that the stock may sicken up thoroughly that the wind will dry it and all else will be destroyed. In case the wind and sun will dry it, however, it is safer for the stock. After it has been dried it will be well to mix it a little with a weak salt or salt solution, so that not only destroys disease germs, but also makes the fodder more palatable for the animals.

Grasses are often damaged in the same way and fed in a deadly condition to the animals. There is just as much danger in the grain as in the fodder, however. Damaged grain is often bought by farmers for cheaper rates and stock is not upon it right along. This will be to no use as the pure grain if it is going to injure the health of animals. Therefore all damage can be avoided by cleaning the grain out well and mixing it with the weak solutions mentioned. In this country and abroad it is quite a common thing to feed wet, damaged fodder to animals regardless of consequences, but for all such carelessness there is strict payment to be made to nature.—C. S. Walker in American Farmer.

A GOOD DAY FOR BEANS.
Why a Young Man Speculates with the Baker's Wife.

"How much do you ask for beans?" inquired a small boy of the baker's wife.

"Twenty cents a pound, give you back five cents when you return the pan," answered the woman without looking up from the equally noisy task that she was stirring into cream salt stale. It took her about half a second to make her answer.

The boy had hardly gotten before a young woman in a blouse sat down in the chair.

"Will you please tell me?" said the woman, "the price of your beans?"

"Twenty cents a pound, give you back five cents when you return the pan," answered the baker's wife as she scooped a heaping spoonful of beans and drove it spiraling into one of the piles.

"What's their beans worth?" demanded a hungry-looking man whose appearance indicated that he was in the furnace.

"Twenty cents a pound, give you back five cents when you return the pan," answered the baker's wife.

"Good morning, madam," said an old man with a white whisker, "beem find my, madam."

"Twenty cents a pound, give you back five cents when you return the pan," said the baker's wife, "nice air."

"Kind of air to give a man an appetite," suggested the person.

"Yes, I should think so," asserted the baker's wife.

The old man looked about the store a minute, and then going up in front of the baker's wife he asked, "Mad am, will you kindly tell me the price of those appetizing beans in the window?"

A shade of sadness passed over the fair face of the baker's wife, but she answered as before, and without a second's loss of time. "Twenty cents a pound, give you back five cents when you return the pan."

"I should think you'd go crazy over those blamed beans," said a young man who was having coffee and cakes at a little table in the rear of the shop. "What's that?" demanded the baker's wife sharply.

"I said that I should go crazy if I had to fool with those old beans in you do," said the young man.

"So would I if it kept up like this all the time," the baker's wife said. "But it don't. Beans go in sticks just as everything else does. I may not have another injury to beans this whole forenoon."

She had thought, before the day had finished, paying for the coffee and cakes a tall, lank creature, in a faded calico wrapper, had been there asking, "How much's your beans?" and the baker's wife had told her.

"Twenty cents a pound, give you back five cents when you return the pan,"—New York Times.

The Sailor's Memory.

A grizzled old seafaring set on the strum-pieces of a Delaware avenue wharf one evening recently and discussed wistfully upon maritime topics. "Plots have kind of one-sided kind of memories" he said. "You know they get paid so much per foot draft, and so when they pick up a nice big deep water vessel with a full cargo why she pays 'em handsome. And yet they hardly ever remember the names of the vessels they take up and down the river and bay, and you'll hear 'em yarning together and salting about 'that'll bring up that' or '15-foot 6-inch ship or that four-masted schooner the-she-oil-ham' it, the ones that draw about twenty-five foot and steered us all fixed land."

"Why, I know one old pilot who'll spin good yarns all day long and all night right on top of that, and tell of what happened to him on fifty vessels from small yachts to whale big clipper ships, and he'll never mention 'em by any mark except what water they drew when he had 'em on charge. Pilots is mighty important men, but their memories is awful warped for names"—Philadelphia Record.

Anglo-Indian Words.

Colonel Yule, the editor of "Marco Polo," has published, with John Murray, of London, a glossary of Anglo-Indian colloquial words. In this work, along with well-known local words from remote oriental tongues, are many surprises to meet "Just the chouse," derived from chief; "muntor," "hong," also, "Don't m' shun," derived from dana, a small copper coin and equivalent for a "bacon rasher." "Candy" comes from khanda, and means "candy" sugar, "Chinie" and "Chinaman" are derived from French, "Tibet" means dragon, however, or what we call tibet, name which was coined for the second time since it was imported into Europe from the east before the Middle Ages. Dungburgh is not from French dung-jeune, but the town of Dungburgh, in Perse. Turban is a corruption of dastan, a Persian word for a head-wrap—Exchange.

Tree Appreciation.

"I did not bear of your bereavement, old fellow, until yesterday," observed in the electric train to another passenger; "let me offer you my condolences. I feel terribly sorry for you. It must be a awful affliction to lose one's wife."

"Yes," replied the other, "it is certainly very hard on me. Until the died I did not know for twenty years what it was to put a set of studs in my shoes"—New York Times.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

W. D. WALTER'S TESTS AND BATH TREATMENT
A New System of Therapeutic Treatment
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