THE WISHING HAT.

There was once a young count whose great-great-grandfather had been a very grand person indeed, with a string of titles to his name of Rufus as long as your arm. But this great-great-grandfather and the great-great-grandfather and the grandfather of our young count, whose name was Rufus also, had all been sickly young people, and they never thought of looking after the little things, and so, by little and little, all their money had slipped away from all these great people, and though our young count had all the titles left safe enough, he was obliged to go out into the world to seek his fortune, as he had much been one of the butcher, the baker or the candlestick maker.

When he was going, his old nurse said to him:

"Count Rufus, if you would find your fortune, see that you despise nothing, however small or worthless it may seem. Great wealth are made of little bricks."

And the count remembered the saying, because Nurse Deborah was a wise woman and never said anything foolish at all.

Count Rufus lived in a castle all made on the top of a mountain. All the mountain was covered with fir and stone, so that he had here woods to walk in, and to avoid a trouble into the black, deep ravine, a thousand feet below, and as the base of the mountain was a thick forest through which he must pass before he could reach the road that led to court.

"What can's be curse once be uttered, however?" said the count to himself as he walked slowly down the mountain.

On the way down he saw hanging on a bush an old hat that looked as if it had been dropped there by some poor peasant passing that way—a worthy old hat enough it looked. But the count remembered his nurse's saying, and picking it up put it in his pocket. Hardly had he done so when an ugly little old man stared out from behind a tree.

"Being fond that hat!" screamed the little man. "What are you picking honest folks hat!"

"Honest man," answered the count, laughing, "if that hat is honest I am prepared to that is one hanging on a tree instead of your head!" And to a spirit of mischief he put the hat on his own head. "It fits me very well," said he. "I have taken a fancy to the hat, my friend."

"Oh, you make game of me, do you?" cried the little man in a regional impet to run after the count.

That was not much matter, for the count was an excellent runner, but presently he found that the little man was after him, running on two legs, like himself, turned round and stared on one leg, and that he could go in that way too miles to the count's one. Soon there was a pack of dogs came presently to the forest, and there it was nearly as dark as midnight. He stumbled about, and as he did so heard the wood cries laughing at him.

"A fig for manes and her advice!" he said in a rage. "What did I want with this old hat? I only wish I was out of the forest."

He had not time to finish the sentence, for the earnest he said it he felt himself lifted up in the air, and, taking the entire forest at one jump, then he was on the other side, walking along the road that led to the city.

"That is very odd," he said to himself and rubbed his eyes and now to see if he were dreaming.

"I would be very comfortable," he said to himself, "to get one's wishes as easily as that. If I could say now, 'I wish my supper would come walking out of the hotel,' and there is a fine table, with a bottle of wine, should appear out?"

But, before he could get any further, out came a noble table of oak, with knife and fork, on a silver dish a bottle of red wine, smelling along suddenly, and plumed themselves before him.

"This is wonderful," cried the count, "but since it costs no little I wish also for some salmon, of which I am very fond, a dish of partridge and a basket of fruit."

Instantly the height of the tree under which he was standing lent death toward him, and he saw hanging from them salmon, baskets of fruit and partridges.

"Hem, hem is wonderful saving of fruit!" said the count, laughing. "If the trees do such things in the winter, what would they not yield in the summer?"

But all this time it never came into his stupid pate that the old hat on his head had anything to do with these wonders. When he had eaten and drunk to his satisfaction, he said to himself, "I wish I knew which of the two roads at the angle there leads to the court."

Out whipped a squirrel from among some stones.

"Take that road to the right," said the squirrel, emptying his cheeks.

The count stared after him, with his mouth as wide open that Master squirrel might have jumped down it he chose.

"Why, the squirrels talk, I think, and I should not have my wish. I wish I had a fine horse and know how I looked. I have not seen myself since I left home, and one wishes to be decent in a strange place."

Instantly pranced out a horse from among the trees, saddled and bridled and ready to mount.

At the same moment he heard some robins twittering: "Did you ever see such a shocking bad hat? He, he!"

The count pulled off the hat and threw it in the road.

"I can wish for a fine new one," said he. "But, no, you sa's, you blackbird; no, you sa's!" cried the little man in a rage, jumping out and coming around him. "That was the wishing hat, and you have thrown it away!"

"Oh, dear! Why did not my nurse tell me?" bemoaned the lady of a years. "But I shall know better the next time."

And so perhaps he profited by the next time never came. People do not pick up wishing hats twice in a lifetime.—New York News.

The Cut a Seat.

It was noon in a large quick lunch place. A young woman, comely as well as self-satisfied, entered, and cast a deliberately around in search of a vacant chair.

She saw one that appeared to be occupied, and pouting forward with a coquettish air, said in a low, coy voice, started to take possession of it. But a man's hat was on the chair, and the owner of the hat happened to be not alone at the table, but was lunching in his hand. "Hey pardon, but this seat is engaged," he said.

Returning to the counter, the young woman put down her tray and coffee and started to find an empty chair. She found one in a remote corner of the big eating room, and raising her hand to her hat she jolted out a couple of hairpins and let fling her hat into the chair with a defiant "There, that's taken!"

She then brought over her hat and coffee and enjoyed them to the consternation man who was deposited upon so man's gallantry for the comforts of life.—Philadelphia Press.

The Childhood of Genius.

As far as I have studied the childhood of genius it commonly shows itself less in performance than in character, and, also, not generally. The future genius is often unruly, fractious, fond of solitude, disagreeable to women, etc.

The great Dr. Gauss, the master of the English measure of Europe, was a most solitary boy. His parents had to make him dine in a table apart. He was rude, fractious, a bully; he beat everyone he could, and was fond of fighting. He ran away from home, he fed companions of present children against his parents, he was the terror of the neighborhood and the school room so to be, because "the uglier knight in France." This was the boyhood of a great military genius, the boyhood it was of a little artist.

Rosa's childhood was noisy. He called old people at the top of his voice. He loved the lonely hills. He read forever, when he was not scribbling, alone, and he was a passionate lover of the dead. He was a dreamer, a seller of romances to himself. He delighted in fictions, as did Keats. He studied everything except his books. His enthusiasm for poetry made his preceptors think he would end as a stumbling blind.

Napoleon, again, was sullen, lonely, a dreamer, and always "spelling for a fight." Like Rosa, he was a dreamer.

Unlikely, silent, dreamy, quarrelsome boys are not at all uncommon. They do not become fools—and not be was stolen—nor do they, as a rule, become "good." Nor do they become "Pollyanna" nor Pollyanna's mother.—Lester Ward in North American Review.

POZZONI'S COMPLEXION POWDER

CONSUMPTION

Utah Conservatory of Music

Miss S. P. Brown,
203 S. State St., Salt Lake City.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT PURSUANT to an order of sale issued from the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the State of Utah, in and for Salt Lake County, in a certain action pending in said Court, wherein Thomas Marshall, Jr., Receiver of the Utah Mining and Smelting Company, a corporation, is plaintiff, and Wilhelmina Kallstrom, Caroline Atkinson and others are defendants, I will sell at public auction on the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. of said day, at the south door of the County Court House, in said Salt Lake County, Utah, the following described property, to wit:

	Cash.	Series.	Amount.
Geo Arthur Rice	10	1,000	$ 10 00
Geo Arthur Rice	17	1,000	17 00
Geo Arthur Rice	18	1,000	18 00
Geo Arthur Rice	19	1,000	19 00
Geo Arthur Rice	20	1,000	20 00
Geo Arthur Rice	21	1,000	21 00
Geo Arthur Rice	22	1,000	22 00
Geo Arthur Rice	23	1,000	23 00
Geo Arthur Rice	24	1,000	24 00
Geo Arthur Rice	25	1,000	25 00
J. J. Dixon	10	10	10 00
J. J. Dixon	11	10	11 00
Geo Arthur Rice	26	1,000	26 00
Geo Arthur Rice	27	1,000	27 00
Geo Arthur Rice	28	1,000	28 00
T. G. Ferry	1	500	1 00
T. G. Ferry	2	500	2 00
T. G. Ferry	3	500	3 00
T. G. Ferry	4	500	4 00
T. G. Ferry	5	500	5 00
T. G. Ferry	6	500	6 00
T. G. Ferry	7	500	7 00
T. G. Ferry	8	500	8 00
T. G. Ferry	9	500	9 00
T. G. Ferry	10	500	10 00
Geo Lowell Lander	10	10	1 00
Geo Lowell Lander	11	10	1 00
C. L. Wolf	1	10	1 00
C. L. Wolf	2	10	1 00
C. L. Wolf	3	10	1 00
C. L. Wolf	4	10	1 00
E. M. Wolf	10	10	1 00
E. M. Wolf	11	10	1 00
Geo Carpenter	10	10	10 00
A. A. Reese	10	10	10 00
A. A. Reese	11	10	11 00
A. A. Reese	12	10	12 00
A. A. Reese