SAY WHAT YOU MEAN.

How the Elder Pierpont Taught a Young Reporter a Lesson.

"There should be a rule in every newspaper office prohibiting the use of certain phrases and expressions," said my friend, the old war correspondent, as he threw down a paper in the elevated car. "It distresses me to see good, old, trustworthy, well and expressive words lost at work, daily when they would have been retired long ago. Why should a reporter always refer to a man's 'immediate from,' when he means to say that the man was a close friend? And why in heaven's name should a man or woman be described as 'well groomed?' Horses they are both in one paragraph, and just beside them is the man who, according to the reporter, is always saying something and drinks 'with a twinkle in his eye,' and the other fellow who sends their or their remark 'as he lit a fresh cigar.'

"There should be a cemetery for stale and used up words and phrases that have suffered their usefulness. If they ever were useful, and about a thousand of them should be laid away in quicklime at once and never resurrected.

"Speaking of cemeteries, why should a man be seen up for to be dead, be referred to as 'poor' Here I read of a railroad conductor, who was killed in a railroad collision. Yesterday he was the 'genial Conductor Brown,' today he is 'poor Brown.' The word seemed to be applied equally to men who in life were good fellows, and also to those whose death was caused by their sins. It is not used in connection with great men. You never read or hear of 'poor Napoleon,' 'poor Bismarck' or 'poor Frederick the Great,' do you?

"I do not expect the reporters to reform so long as their employers allow the use of such idiotic words and phrases. When I was younger than I am today, and thought I knew about as much as an ordinary man could be expected to know this side of the grave, I was reporter on The Herald under the elder Bennett. Mr. Bennett sent for me one day. He said: 'Young man, I understand that in your efforts to find out when you have been instructed to interview you never enter a hotel.'

"'Never enter a hotel, Mr. Bennett?' I said.

"'No, sir, you invariably write that you 'drifted' in and when you do drift in you never meet the man.'

"'Never meet him?'

"'Yes, I observe that in every case after drifting in you either 'ran against' or 'stumbled across' the object of your search. I wish that in future you would simply walk into the hotel and meet those people. That's all sir.'

"I was angry, for I prided myself on my English and on my literary style. I said, 'Mr. Bennett, I have been writing now nine or ten years and have worked as a member of newspapers on good as The Herald. I flatter myself that I know something about the English language, sir!'—

"'Young man,' interrupted Mr. Bennett, 'did you ever read of how a man was burned to filthy death that the rich he earned had been taken around the world, and how Smith took the cook and also carefully examining it, said, 'And you—and yet, it is only a stick after all?'—

"'What did you say to that?' I asked my friend, the war correspondent.

"I mentioned a tumultuous shower, and—no, I did not drift out—I went out of the room."—J. Armoy Knox.

The Children Hundreds.

The necessity for the appointment of a second of the Children hundreds has appeared long ago, but the three hundreds of Hicks, Burdick and Dick, Lovejoy, Buckinghamshire, are still overwhelmed by the old name, and a second is still maintained by the indefatigable of the children, with a salary of twenty shillings and the fees of the office. To make these it was the duty of the curator to protect the people of Hicks from the robbers of the Children Hicks. The sole importance of the office at the present day consists in the fact that its acceptance enables a member of the house of commons to resign his seat on the plea that he holds a place of honor and profit under the crown. This appropriation of the post only dates from the eighteenth century, and its continued legality has been called in question, but the custom is now completely legitimated by a long line of precedents.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Sub Night" Towns.

"In the theatrical profession Saturday is known as a 'sub night' town," says Mr. John C. Stewart, Jr. Being asked what he meant by the odd expression he gave the explanation: "In antebellum days Saturday night was devoted to taking bulks by the citizens of many places. In such towns the theaters were simply closed for the last night of the week, and the reason was that the people were in their bulk into cleaning up for Sunday. The term sticks to many cities. I do not mean that the theater goers of any of these cities actually do stay at home on Saturday night to take a bath, but as they do not go out to see a performance it has kind the effect on the boxoffice is the same."—Atlanta Constitution.

An Extended Examination.

He—Are you sure I am the only man you ever really and truly loved?

She—Perfectly sure. I went over the whole list only yesterday.—New York Weekly.

Dubious as a Grandfather.

To some men who have seen, and hope to live to see, the most unavoidable position of grandfather is fraught with terror. Even Charles Dickens, with all his straightforward common sense, could not bear it. As little reference as possible was made in his family to the troubled fact, the sweet grandfather was already laboured, even by his children's children, who were instructed to address him as "Wemmbledon," a name cannot which, however, failed to hide the sarcasm with which the patriarchal condition was borne.—London World.

Don't Get Up Too Early.

Poor Richard averred that "a man who rises late may lean all day without overtaking his business," but this depends wholly upon his pick. If he is very, very lazy, plump and relaxing he can lean pretty fast without serious fatigue. In a word, it is the respective power which we have gained or alone much more than the time at which determines our working power in any direction for the day.

To be sure it will not do for the bakers or the influence who be in their beds too late in the morning, but the merchants or the professional men need not get about so early providing of course that their business has been properly attended to before retiring. The merchant need not be on hand much before the hours when he can get want to stir about until they have partaken of their morning meal.

We are often informed that severe thrift, not indolence, is the besetting sin of the average American; hence the serious penitentiaries and their attendant brain disorders. Insomnia with them is also too common. And pale, haggard looking individuals are more often encountered here than remark, well fatigued, comfortable appearing people.—Laurie L. Pancher in Housekeeper.

Effect of Sun and Moon on Edged Tools.

It is not generally known that the light of the sun and the moon exercises a deleterious effect on edged tools. Knives, drills, scythes and sickles assume a blue color if they are exposed for some time to the light and heat of the sun; the sleep edge disappears, and the tool is rendered absolutely useless until it is retempered. Purchasers should therefore be on their guard against buying tools from road dealers and peddlers which, for show purposes, have probably been exposed for days together to the glare of the sun.

The unfavorable effects of tools acquired under these conditions is generally wrongly attributed to bad material or to inferior workmanship. A similarly prejudicial effect has been exercised by moonlight. An ordinary crescent saw is reported to have been cut out of shape in a single night by exposure to the moon.—Iron.

A Scandinavian Dealer's Experience.

A strange adventure came happened in this way to me. My little son was sent for a walk to the park, and always a quarter of a mile from our place, in company with his elder brother, said nine. Here they came not by an old woman, who gave the eldest boy a penny to go and fetch some sweets, saying she would mind baby for him till he came back. While he was away the stripped him of his clothes and left the crying in the road, where the elder brother found him, on his return, with nothing on but his little shirt. It was some strange, but it is true, that the same woman came and offered to sell me my own child's clothes.—London To-Day.

Thirteen and Thirty.

After all little children do it best. They are the superlative conclusive, and it is because they are that we delight to give them things. They are healthy and delightful, appreciative. Oblige them all on them so tightly as ale. They value their gifts simply by the pleasure they get out of them, and the real baby to the deed of a fetch home. They take a jumping jack from Harr, the Hardtime, and a jewelled pin from Ann Melinda Cramer with the best discretion of happy approval. The more we get to their gratefulness, the nearer we approach perfection in receiving.—Scribner's.

The Female Bigamists.

We are becoming a little excited with those wild women as globetrotters and travelers. Their adventures, which for the most part are fictions based on a very small substratum of fact, have ceased to impress, partly because we have ceased to believe, and certainly ceased to expect. Who cared seen to see all these rules, supposing them to be true? What good have they done to their days of excitement and nights of sleeplessness? Their profit by fact and not their chances of being devoured by wild beasts or stuck up by inebriated bears, by brigands or insulted by rowdies of all nations?

They have contributed nothing to our stock of knowledge, as Marianne North has done. They have solved no ethnological problem; brought to light no new treasures of nature; discovered no new field for British spades to till, no new markets for British manufactures to supply. They have done nothing but lose their beauty, if they had any; for what went out fresh and comely comes back haggard and weather beaten. It was quite unnecessary. They have lost but the world has not gained; and that doctor's bill will make a hole in the publisher's check.—Mrs. Lynn Linton in Nineteenth Century.

A Second Case.

Customer—My watch won't go.

Jeweler (examining it)—Hi—My! my! Have you been in a railroad collision?

Customer (surprised)—Why, no.

Jeweler (mournfully)—When you undress you should not throw your vest on the floor when your watch is in the pocket.

Customer (thoughtfully)—I never do. I have been accustomed to carrying that watch. Don't know how it got hurt. How long will it take to fix it?

Jeweler (after another examination)—You'd better leave it here at least a week, but if you can get along without it, I would advise two weeks.

Customer—Very well. Do it up right. Good day.

Jeweler (to assistant)—Here, blow that speck of dust off this wheel, and charge up five dollars for repairs.—Good News.

Any single man or woman, also any man or woman who is the head of a family, when twenty one years of age or over, can take up a homestead of United States land. These lands are divided into two classes. Either a tract of one mile or 160 acres of the other can be homesteaded at one's option.

A WOMAN IN A MILLION.

For Many Miles Her Hands Shared, but She Knew Why Now.

She came here on "L" from all the shopping district and took passage toward Upper Harlem.

She started with her friend early for a few minutes, when suddenly the lady sitting across the aisle from her noticed her very, very. The woman with the parcels was all to a flutter in a moment.

She glanced hastily in the little mirror. Yes, her hat was on straight.

Then she went over on a new tack, dusting down her jacket for a back hanging and rubbing her gloves, lest the fault there might be a speck of rust on the jacket.

The lady across the aisle continued to stare.

The woman with the bundles tried to continue her conversation, but it came in short gasps and was decidedly disjointed. The man beside her, of course, noticed nothing. He is old, needless, that he was making a great hit. He went on:

"The force show is a great success, sir."

"Yes," she said, in a frightened way, tightening the ribbons on her hat.

"It is a great success. All the world are there"—

"What's that you say? Oh, yes, of course. I'll be pleased to go," she echoed, giving her arm a sweep still after the problematic speck of dust.

"I do like that bonnet, sir."

"If it doesn't move it may gone collie," the gasped, turning very red and pulling her face down in a perplexed way.

But it was no use. The women across the aisle kept on staring to the most provoking way in the world all the way up to Fifteenth street, where she got up and left the train.

"Did you notice her?" said the distressed woman; "she kept staring at me for two miles."

"She did?"

"Yes, she did. My hat is on straight, isn't it?"

"I think so."

"And there is no rent on the end of my coat?"

"No," he gasped faintly.

They both thought a long time.

"I'll tell you," he said gleefully. "She was trying to copy your style of"—

"No, she wasn't," cooed the woman.

"That it must have been only one other thing," he said, feeling for out the sixteen. "It must have been that you noticed that you wear a pair of gloves exactly like your own, and of stores with rings in needs. She was perhaps wondering why you didn't wear only one glove, for all women who have gone to show the money feel you have two gloves. How do you explain it?"

Here he set a theme, three lawyers, a reporter, a physician and a preacher, but none of them could explain the phenomenon. The woman, woman, she, took it as a compliment and blushed.—New York World.

How Child Expands the English.

There is a popular delusion in the effect that the Children call themselves "the English of South America." No one within the memory of man ever had heard them do so, and the statement seems to have had its birth in the self-flattering imagination of some Anglo-Saxon within. The fact is that, taking them "by and large," they do not like the. The effort of conversion of the native Indian and religious antipathy is not easily effaced. The people of Chiling and Christian have failed to find an all resolution of those of Peruvian and Bolivian. And it was on account every of here of silver in our silvery save at the request of more or less constituted authorities, we do manage to make and take a great deal of money out of the country. Those we are by no means such grateful passengers in Chili as may be fondly imagined.—London Saturday Review.

Amber.

Amber is a very strange substance. If you give it a second glance it looks very much like the yellow glass bulbs that are sold, but when you think of its many wonderful properties and the beautiful legends attached to it, a new interest seems to be thrown over the little of mellow gold reflected in soft radiance from its surface.

The history of this gem of the sea, "dowdiest amber that ever the sorrow sea birds have wept," its formation, its antiquity, its mysterious properties and its rich variety of coloring have been subjects of investigation and discussion from a period long before the beginning of the Christian era.—Philadelphia Times.

How the Expression "Before You Can Say Jack Robinson" Originated.

The curious phrase is derived from a humorous song by Hudson, a tobacconist in Shoe lane, London, England, who lived about the close of the last century. He was a professional song writer and vocalist, and sang his songs at supper rooms and theatrical performances.

If you are thinking of making a Christmas Present, buy something useful as well as pretty. Let us name a gold-mounted Buggy Whip, or a rich warm Buggy Lap Robe as a sweet present at low prices at Studebaker Bros., Main Street.

For the Children.

Our readers will notice the advertisements in these columns of Chamberlain & Co., Des Moines, Iowa. From personal experience we can say that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has broken up bad colds for our children and we are acquainted with many mothers in Centerville who would not be without it in the house for a good many times its cost if necessary to buy it every day.—Centerville (S. D.) Chronicle and Judex. 50 cent and $1 bottles for sale by Z. C. M. I. Drug Store Dept.

Whooping Cough.

There is no danger in whooping cough when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is freely given. It keeps the cough loose and makes expectoration easy, and relieves the whole case. 50 cent bottles for sale by Z. C. M. I. Drug Store Dept.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the estate of George Martin, Deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

MARGARET A. WHITE, THE ADMINISTRATRIX of the estate of George Martin, deceased, having filed her petition, that it may be lawful for her to sell the real estate of said deceased at public auction for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased, and the expenses of administration, and the costs and charges of said sale, and of the last sickness, and funeral expenses of said deceased, and the expenses of said