

remained there until his release. Among the work accomplished was the translation of tracts setting forth the leading principles of the Gospel in the Tongese language. These tracts are distributed freely and will be of much use, as the inhabitants generally are able to read. Elder Smoot arrived home on the 19th of December, 1892. Elder O. D. Merrill is now in charge of the Tonga mission.

THE DRUGGISTS' PLAGUE.

The first plague of the druggist is he, who, having no business of his own to attend to, determines to kill time pleasantly in his friend's drug store. Sometimes he goes so far as to announce his fiendish intention in some such considerate remark as, "I have an hour or so with nothing to do, so I thought I would come in and spend it here." Often the loafer is a chronic one, and the poor druggist groans aloud as he sees him enter his store. Naturally one with nothing to do is not likely to have much interesting conversation to share with a friend, so he repeats his tale until the suffering drugman knows it all by heart.

It may be that the loafer is musical, in charge of a choir, training a chorus, or teaching an orchestra; it may be that he grows cucumbers and currants; it may be he has time to waste fishing, or it may be he has a horse. The result is always the same. The druggist's ears are racked by the well worn familiar tale of musical capabilities, vegetable monstrosities, immeasurably large trout, incalculably swift horses. So rapt is he in his enthusiasm a customer entering deters him not, but, like the Ancient Mariner at the wedding feast, he holds the agonized drugman until he finishes his tale. It is usually at night, that he, bat-like, emerges from outside shade, and while gas, oil or electric light blaze at the proprietor's expense, he steals from the suffering one the few minutes of leisure so coveted for gathering up the loose strands of the day's work before "folding his tent like the Arabs and as silently stealing away."

Well, if it be only this. But how often has the tired drug man, after twelve hours of duty, to say in modest suggestion, "I'm sorry to disturb you, but it is past the time for closing and I am very tired." But the druggist's annoyances are not the only aspect of the question. His business is injured by this blood-sucking nuisance. Patrons of drug stores dread the loafer, fear his remarks, and resent his knowledge of their wants, and the victimized storekeeper often sees a possible customer approach the doorway, and at the sight of the vampire turn upon his heel and proceed towards another store.

There are worse loafers even than these—the self-satisfied young man of the present day seated upon your counter and tapping his Russian leather shoes with his walking stick while he puffs his cigarette smoke over the down on his upper lip; and the hardened old smoker hilling your store with the stench of his ancient pipe and the rankest of tobacco.

What, now, is the remedy for the plague? It is idle to hint, "I am very busy just now." No such mild sug-

gestion vanquishes the selfish tyrant. It remains simply to allow him some day to tax your good nature beyond all endurance and then pour into his astonished ear (as he has so often poured his tale into yours) your unvarnished opinion of his fascinating habits. It will pay you in the end whether he be your best customer, or, as is usually the case, no customer at all. Rid of him, you will do more than enough work extra to pay you for the loss of his custom, and others more profitable will take his place.

Of the loafer above named, one might suggest a partial botanical description: Perennial evergreen; habitat, drug stores; epidermis, much indurated and difficult of penetration; general structure, woody and very dry; limbs, capable of entwining around adjacent objects; leaves, very late at night; as regards inflorescence; ovaries, rarely any; properties, emetic, nauseating, irritating, depressant, exciting to murder or suicide; uses, much cultivated by the simple druggist, but proved to be injurious rather than useful; suggested remedy, total extermination.—*Canadian Druggist*.

TWO COUNTY COURTS.

There was a singular "circuit" at the session of the County Court, or, more properly, "courts," this morning. The old board was called to convene at 11 o'clock, and soon after that time Judge Barch, Selectmen Cahoon, Butler and Harvey Hardy, put in an appearance and took their seats, with their brand new clerk, H. V. Meloy, at the desk. About the same moment Messrs. Simon Bamberger and Jos. R. Morris, who were returned as members of the County Court at the last November election, came forward and took their places also. It was then the fun began.

Mr. Morris at once moved the suspension of the reading of the minutes, which Mr. Bamberger very heartily seconded.

Judge Barch took in the situation at a glance, and was proceeding to say something, when Messrs. Butler and Hardy produced their certificates of election. These showed that they were elected a year ago last August, and that their term is for two years. They maintain, therefore, that they are entitled to hold on until August, 1893.

Judge Barch remarked that there appeared to be a conflict in this matter, but held that, under the certificates which they held, he should have to recognize the old officers, Messrs. Butler and Hardy. This was not the court, he said, to decide the legal aspect of the dispute.

Mr. Morris then moved that Selectman Cahoon take the chair, and officiate as chairman of the meeting of the "new board," which he and his colleague seemed determined should proceed.

Selectman Cahoon complied with the request, and took the chair without any further ado; but Judge Barch protested against this as being out of order, and took an exception to this proceeding.

Mr. Morris then renewed his motion, that the reading of the minutes be dispensed with. This was "adopted," and the "new board" adjourned till 2 p. m.

Judge Barch then had his turn. He

called upon Clerk Meloy to read the minutes of the previous meeting of the "old board," but that officer had just previously picked up his books and left the room. He was desired to "step in," but declined to comply with the request as to the reading, when made to him, on the ground that the Court had already decided to dispense with that formality.

Finding that they were without a clerk, and in a sure quandary, the "old board" appointed as their clerk pro tem, Attorney J. M. Thomas.

By this time the "new board" had adjourned till 2 p. m.

Mr. Thomas, when called upon to read the minutes, reported that he was unable to do so, as Clerk Meloy had gone into another room, taking all the books, documents, etc., with him.

The members looked at one another in blank astonishment, and eventually resolved that as their rivals had taken an adjournment till 2 o'clock this afternoon they would adjourn over until the same hour on Wednesday.

And so at noon the curtain was rung down upon the close of the first act.

There is now some talk of injunction proceedings, and that at an early period.

All the trouble is brought about by the action of the last local Legislature, which so changed the law that all elected county officers are required to take their seats on January 1st, without having made provision for those already holding office.

The few who this afternoon dropped into the arena where formerly the possessions of those who have gone were parceled out to the living and the fiscal affairs of the county were adjusted in a businesslike manner, encountered nothing sufficiently animated to keep them awake. The proceedings were conducted by the "new board" in such dove-like tones as to be inaudible most of the time. Things moved along in this executive session style till 2:30, when a resolution was quietly put and tenderly carried by an unanimous vote (of 2, the chair not voting) requiring the new clerk to notify the old probate judge that the county court was in session. The clerk thereupon descended from his perch and went into the antechamber, returning as suddenly as though in fear of his own seat being usurped during his absence. Soon thereafter Mr. Causten Browne, the clerk's deputy, dawned upon the scene and without formality proceeded to announce that the door of his honor's office was locked and that was as near as they had got to him, or something implying as much. Then the session dragged its slow length along till 2:50, when it broke up and slid out for the day, to resume business at 1:30 tomorrow afternoon.

Sheriff McQueen stood conveniently around like a sentinel on the border; Attorney Murphy sat near the solons like a double-barreled gun ready to fire at the drop of a hat; while a lawyer or so and as many reporters made a kind of fringing for the scene.

The question now is, what next?

On Monday the Grand Opera house at Ogden was turned over to the owners by Manager Bowes, under the order of the court issued at the conclusion of the case recently tried before Judge Muier.