THE LEADING WAGON AND IMPLEMENT HOUSE OF UTAH.

GRANT, ODELL & COMPANY,

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We take pleasure in announcing to our Patrons and the Public generally that we have purchased the entire Utah and Southern Idaho business of the Howard Sebree Company. In effecting this transfer of the important agencies held by said company to our house, we have perfected a combination of the Finest Lines of FARM AND AGRICULTURAL SUPPLIES that have ever been offered to the Public. It is not necessary to laud the merits of the goods we are now able to supply. The accompanying lists embrace ALL FAVORITE LINES OF WAGONS AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, which are so well and favorably known to the public that their announcement in our establishment is the only recommendtaion they require.

THE MITCHELL

FARM AND SPRING WAGONS.

ALL SIZES. Covers, Seats and Extras. Every man needs a Mitchell Wagon who hasn't got a Bain.

THE WALTER A. WOOD

BINDERS, MOWERS AND REAPERS.

Celebrated for Lightness of Draught, Easy Management and rapidity of Movement.

The Deere & Co.

Plows, Cultivators and Harrows

Of world-wide reputation and universal use.

THE RUSSELL

HORSE POWERS, ENGINES AND SAW MILLS.

Durable, Serviceable and Cheap.

THE GALE

Chilled Plows and Horse Hay Rakes.

Perfect Assortment of Sizes and Styles of these Favorite Goods.

GILPIN SULKY PLOW,

The Only Single Lever Sulky Plow Made.

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A Complete Threshing Machine, with all its Extras.

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Farm and Freight Wagons.

ALL SIZES. Covers, Seats and Extras. Every man wants a Bain Wagon who don't use the Mitchell.

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Binders, Mowers and Reapers,

Celebrated for Durability, Even Running and Perfect Work.

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The favorite of a thousand Utah Farmers.

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Spring Wagons and Buggies,

Made for the mountain region and adapted to the s of the Utah people

THE TIGER RAKE,

Self-dumping, Perfect Action, Quick Work.

CASADY SULKY PLOW,

The only Plow made without a Land Slide.

MOLINE PLOWS;

Including the favorite Hand Plows and the FLYING DUTCHMAN SULKY, the lightest weight and lightest riding Sulky Plow.

FRAZIER CARTS, CONCORD HARNESS, BUFFALO BARBED WIRE,

TRIUMPH GRAIN DRILLS, THE RANDOLPH HARROW.

HARDWOOD. HARDWOOD.

And a large assortment of Agricultural Supplies of Every Description.

Grant, Odell & Comp'y,

The Strongest Combination of Agencies ever presented by one House in Utah.

EVENING NEWS.

Saturday - May 29, 1886

THE MAILS

WHEN THEY ARRIVE AND DEPART.

MAILS.	ARRIVE.	CLOSE.
Eastern	8 05 pm	9 am
California and west	11 10 am	4 pm
Montana and north	8 00 pm	7 0 am
D. & R. G. East	5 20 pm	10 0 am
Ogden, Utah	11 05 am	7 0 am
Ogden, Utah	8 05 pm	4 pm
Park City, Utah	8 05 pm	7 am
Tooele, Utah	4 00 pm	am
Alta, Utah	5 20 pm	6 30 am
Bingham, Utah	4 40 pm	6 30 am
Southern Utah	6 50 pm	6 20 am

The above is standard mountain time.

WM. O. BROWE, Postmaster.

TIME FOR STRAW HATS.

Come out, old straw, 'tis seven months
Since you were duly laid away.
March forth, old hat! let people laugh;
I'll spring them on you while I may.

June know, Eliza, where's that hat
I autumn meet it summers here.
If it is gone my hopes are flat,
And I shall suffer some, I fear.

Why, everybody swears to-day
Because the mercury gets high;
And when I told a crowd 'twas hot,
There wasn't one who said "July."

I don't lie; my August form
Was nearly weak enough to fall,
What do I want? Eliza Jane,
I want my old straw hat—that's all.

You burnt it up? That sort of thing
Should be prevented by the law.
Straws show which way the money goes,
But women never care a straw.

—*Stray Spring Poet.*

THE STRANGE STORY OF AN EPITAPH.

BY THE REV. T. P. HUGHES.

A remarkably good story has been going 'round the papers. It is this: A missionary who lived at Peshawur, on the Afghan frontier, was shot by his watchman, and the people of the place inscribed on his tomb, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

It is a capital joke. It appeared first in the London *Vanity Fair*. It is even told in Mr. Wylie's guide to his maps of Central Asia, which are drawn with such mathematical precision. It is related at every dinner table in India. And it is likely to be handed down in every book of clerical anecdote for generations to come.

The story as told in "Vanity Fair" is as follows: There resided at Peshawur a Presbyterian missionary, who was a learned man, but of a highly irascible temper, and who was consequently, but little loved by his Episcopal brethren. The learned man was a Jew and an American citizen, and when he was accidentally shot by his watchman the English residents of Peshawur collected a considerable sum of money, and requested the Episcopal missionaries to erect a suitable monument over the grave of their Presbyterian brother. But they took their revenge. They put on the monument: "The Reverend ——, shot by his watchman. Well done, thou good and faithful servant.'"

The story is recorded as an comical instance of clerical bigotry. But it unfortunately lacks one important element, the element of truth. It is not true. Not a word of it.

She inscription runs thus:

"Erected to the memory of the Rev. Isidore Lowenthal, missionary of the American Presbyterian Missionary, ociety, who translated the New Testrent into Pushto, and was shot by his chowkidar, April 27, 1854. 'I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ. For it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.'" Rom i., 16.

That is all: not one word more. And yet if you travel in India you will meet with the most respectable people who will be ready to swear that they have seen the words. "Well done," ect, on the tomb with their own eyes. I was once dining at the mess of the Royal Artillery in Peshawur, and heard the chief civil officer of the district tell the story amid roars of laughter (for a joke at the expence of the clergy always takes). "I beg your pardon, Caption G——," I said, "but do you know that little story of yours is not true?" "I beg yours," the magistrate replied, "but I have seen the words on the tomb myself." A friend of mine called upon the officer commanding the Nineteeth Cavalry at Peshawur, when the gallant colonel told the story of the epitaph. Upon hearing it again repeted, I called upon the colonel of the Nineteenth Cavalry and assured him that the story was not true. But I have read it on the tomb," was the reply. On another occasion I was dining at the house of the Sessions Judge at Peshawur, when the lady of the house entertained her guests with the story. After dinner I informed my hostese that it was not true. She said: "I have read it on the tomb." I offered to take her to the cemetery the next morning, and I then pointed to the inscription as it stands. "Then you have changed it," she exclaimed, "for I am certain I once read it." Now, here is one of the most remarkable instances of the unsatisfactory nature of circumstantial evidence. The chief magistrate tof a civil district, the colonel of a cavalry regiment, and the wife of a sessions judge, all three witnesses of undoubted reputation, were, I firmly believe prepared to swear to the existence of that text of Scripture on the tomb of the Rev. Mr. Lowenthal, and now we have not only. "Vanity Fair," but "Wylie's Guide," and a host of papers asserting the some thing. "But what proof have you that the text was never on the tomb?" it will be asked. My reply is, I am the person who selected the text which is on the tomb. I did not write the inscription; that was written by a clergyman now at Umritsar, in the Punjab. But, at his request, I selected the text—Rom. 1,16 and there never has been any other text on the tomb. Then how could such a story originate? Its history is as follows: In the previous year to Mr. Lowenthals, death, a missionary died at Peshawur and the chapiain of the station wrote over the entry of the death in the register of burials. "Well done, thou good and faithful servaut."

When his Presbyterian brother was shot, the chaplain, who was a personal friend of his, wrote the same text across the entry of his death, without the least intention of perpetrating a joke. I related this fact to the chaplain's successor—for the chaplain who made the entry died soon afterward—who sent it to a church paper in India. "Ruffler," the Indian correspondent of "Vanity Fair," got hold of it, and perverted the facts as they are now related. But it may be asked, How do you account for so many respectable witnesses being so confident that they have read the words on the tomb? The whole circumstance I have always found to be exceedingly interesting to students of legal evidence.

The Rev. Mr. Lowenthal was a remarkable man. He was born at Posen, in Prussian Poland, of Jewish parents, in 1827. He emigrated to America in 1847, and was reduced to poverty, and became a peddler in the streets of New York. Having made a little money, he became a teacher in Lafayette College. In the autumn of that year he embraced Christianity, and was baptized. In 1852 he became a student in Princeton College, where he graduated. He was accepted as a missionary of the American Presbyterian Society in 1857, and went out to Peshawur, where he was celebrated for his linguistic attainments, and where he translated the New Testament into the language of the Afghans. He was accidentally shot by his watchman in 1864, the year I first went to Peshawur. His memorial tomb is an exceedingly handsome monument of Delhi sandstone, and it is likley to be one of the most historic monuments in India, for not only is there the strange story of its epitapth, but it was afterward discovered that in the Persian translation of the English inscription the Mohammedan sculptor had added the words, "Don't laugh;" a circumstance which is related in "Murray's Handbook," the writer of which verifies the truth of my present narrative. And thus it happens that the memory of this distinguished graduate of Princton is more likely to be handed down to posterity by the strange blunders regarding his monument in that distant cemetery than by his literary reputation, or even his translation of the Scriptures into the language of the Afghan people.—*Christian Union.*

A CHEERFUL DAKOTA LIAR.

WHERE IT DOESN'T PAY TO PLANT IN THE PROLIFIC PHASE OF THE MOON.

Dakota letter to the Italie Miller: While in the East thousands of people plant and sow in the moon" to insure rapid growth, but in Dakota it is dangerous to plant in the paolific phase of the moon, so they are careful to plant at such a time that the moon will exert its influence in holding the crop back. I have known several disasters to result from neglect of this precaution. One day last January I got lost out in the country, and while I was strolling through the the long new grass I saw a man with nothing on but his suspenders, tearing along like mad. He stooped just long enough to tell me what was up and off he went again for the Iowa side of the Sioux river, which he cleared at a bound, and left on all fours into a snowdrift four feet deep. He said he and his wife had looked up the moon business and had planted their garden the evening before, but happened to get hold of last year's almanac, and missed it about four days. The result was when he woke up that morning the beets that he had planted forty acres from the house and crushed in his cellar-wall, and had also taken the door off its hinges, and were just mopping the floor with all that was left of his hired man, whom they had snatched out of bed in the attic. He didn't know where his wife was, but he saw some shreds of a night-gown and several agate buttons in the front yard as he fled. He said there were pea-vines after him with pods on'em large enough for boats; and one could see by the way he was dressed that, if he was a liar at all, he was not a regular Dakota throughbred sample. If I really thought I would ever become an average Dkaota liar I would want to skip. This territory must be divided sometime before the day of judgment, for how could the Almighty ever and it his accounts with only one set of clerical angels at work at a time?

About two weeks ago I saw a farmer out behind a straw stack gathering into a heap a lot of old bones and pieces of hide and sprinkling salt on them. Yesterday I saw the same man selling a fine pair of steers to a butcher up town. They were so fat and had filled up so fast that he had pieced out their hides with an old buffalo robe. This granger was a Sunday school superintendent before he came to Dakota, but he swore that these were the same cattle I had seen him kicking together behind the straw stack. He said all that they had eaten was wild grass that had sprung up in his door yard, where the women folks had thrown out a few tubs of warm soap suds on wash days. He said that he had learned that the best way to winter stock in Dakota was to knock them all to pieces in the fall and get them up again as wanted; otherwise, unless we get a blizzard every week, they were liable to get too fat and round on the native grass.

Last fall I stopped at a house to borrow a match to light my pipe with. The man told me to go right out in the garden and pick all I wanted, I did not know what he meant at first; but he went out with me, and—I'm almost afraid you'll think I am a liar for telling it—there was about half an acre growing of the finest parlor matches I ever saw. They were as thick as hairs on a blind mole. He said he had a poor crop the year before because the seed was too good for such soil. This year he had mixed his seed matches with about one-fourth toothpicks and got a splendid yield.

I went out after breakfast and saw the man blowing up Hubbard squashes with gunpowder. They were too large to be moved, and the farmer wanted the ground. I noticed that one of his wife's legs was about eight inches longer than the other, and the man explained it thus: He said when they first came to Dakota they lived in a "dugtus," with nothing but the ground for a floor, from which they had to mow the grass once a day to find the baby. He said his wife had a habit of sitting with one leg over the other knee, and the leg that remained in contact with the soil got such a start that the other could never catch up.

Jakey'll Spoil.

"Iowa is a temperance State," said a traveler with a very red face, "and I always go around it when I can. But once in a while business compels me to pass through the darned old prohibition territory. I always get thirsty the minute the train gets into Iowa, and never get over it until I get out. I believe you all know that no liquors are sold on the dining cars while in that state.

"I passed through on the Rock Island route last summer. It was awful hot and dusty, and water would not keep my throat moist. A very near neighbor of mine was a descendant of the tribe of Israel. I had a bottle of whisky in my valise, and, having informed him of the fact, agreed to share wirh him provided he would get the ice. He assented, and going forward, soon returned with a goodly supply of ice. We drank on the sly, of course, and got away with the ice by eating what was left after cooling the liquor. We got dry again, and for the second time he went for some ice. He brought back but a small amount. We drank and were temporarily satisfied. In the course of time the dust accumulated in our throats and a drink became absolutely essential. My chance Israelite friend passed forward to get the ice. He returned without it.

"'I can't get no more,' he said, as he seated himself on returning from his trip to the forward part of the car. 'De baggageman won't give no more. He say Jakey'll spoil.'

"'Jakey! Spoil!' exclaimed I. What do you mean? Where did you get that ice, anyway?'

"'Jakey, he's my broder. He's dead. De ice am by his coffin around.'"—*Ex.*

NO CHOLERA WHERE THERE WAS COPPER.—"There was a curious feature of the outbreak of cholera in 1849 that has not been referred to in recent years," a physician said recently. "It was observed that no workmen engaged in copper mines or in manufacturing any sort of article out of copper or in handling copper or copper ore, was afflicted with cholera. M. Audrand demonstrated that there was much less electricity in the air in those parts of Paris where cholera raged most fearfully than in other parts of the city. The two discoveries were put together, and it was inferred that the galvanic action generated by the copper acted as a preventive. It may be that the copper absorbed into the system by the workmen, served as an antidote. At any rate the, action of copper in alleviating some kinds of cramp is well known, and there will be no harm in wearing strips of clean copper, or of copper and zinc next to the body, as has been recommended by an English physician."—*New York Sun.*

BABY-KISSING.—"Don't You Dare to Kiss My Baby" is the title of the latest piece of alleged original poetry that has started on its rounds. The bard sets forth in emphatic language the dangers of the practice of baby-kissing. The communication of contagious disease by kissing, so often the subject of warning against farewell kisses of the dead, is the climax of the poem. The young and tender years of babies make them peculiarly liable to danger from diseases which may be transmitted by kissing. If fond mothers will only take the hint and refuse to let people kiss their babies unless they have a special right to do so, instead of urging people to kiss them, it would be a great relief to Presidents and candidates for other offices, all of whom expect to be Presidents.—*Philadelphia Times.*

WHY THE CLOCK WOULDN'T GO.—"The queerest cause of a clock stopping I ever came across," said a West Madison street watch repairer, "was in an old Seth Thomas clock which was brought in here one day last week. 'Please, sir,' said the little shaver who brought it in, 'mam says the clock won't go no more, and she wants you to fix it.' It's no wonder it won't go,' says I, opening it up. 'take the clock back and tell your ma to give it a turpentine bath. It is so full of bedbugs the hands have hardly got room to move' And this was the truth. 'Bedbugs had stopped that clock.'"

FROM THE FOUR WINDS.

Speaking of Switzerland, its scenery is remarkably fine, but its climb-it is very rough.

Ten measures of talk were sent down from heaven, and women took nine.—*The Talmud.*

An editor in Connecticut signalized his recent marriage by publishing a rose tinted edition of his paper.

Dishonest railway managers profit by watering their stock. But every honest farmer waters his stock.

The 14 miles of street railway in Glasgow are owned by the city, and bring to the treasury a rental of $76,000 annually.

The Columbian Typographical Union, of Washington, D. C., has fixed the price of composition at fifty cents per thousand ems.

There are still public lands open to settlement in nineteen States and Territories, at prices ranging from $1.25 to $2.50 per acre.

"Are we running on time?" asked the nervous passenger of the conductor. "No, sir; we are doing a strictly cash business. Fare, please."

The Sundayschool boy was slightly confused when he said: "Esau was a man who wrote fables, and sold the copyright for a bottle of potash."

There are 633 German papers published in the United States, of which 83 are daily, 26 Sunday and 474 weekly. The circulation is from 400 to 65,000.

A woman's school of journalism has been opened in Detroit. The girls are to be taught type setting, short-hand, revision of manuscript and proof-reading.

A minister not long ago preached from the text, "Be ye, therefore steadfast." But the printer made him expound from "Be ye there for breakfast."

A little boy whose sprained wrist had been relieved by bathing in whisky, surprised his mother by asking: "Did papa ever sprain his throat when he was a boy?"

Magistrate—"Have you been arrested before, Uncle 'Rastus?" Uncle—"Yes, yo' honah, jess wunce." "What was the charge against you?" "Ten dollahs an' costs, sah."

A woman may not be able to sharpen a pencil or throw a stone at a hen, but she can pack more articles in a trunk than a man can ina one-horse wagon.

"The cockroaches in this house are remarkably versatile," said an actor at a hotel table, picking up a biscuit. "I notice that they appear in different rolls every morning."

Guest—"Bring me some smelt." Waiter—"We have no smelt, but we have codfish." Guest—"I want smelt." Waiter—"Well, sir, the codfish will be smelt as soon as it is brought in."

Little girl diplomat: Papa, I have called upon you to ask your advice. Papa: About what, my dear? Little diplomat: What do you think would be best to give me on New Year's?

"Who is that lady you bowed to so politely?" "My mother-in-law." "Your mother-in law?" "Yes; don't you see she is worth $50,000 in her own right and has a consumptive cough?"

It is stated on high authority that, of the many commission merchants in Boston there is not one who does not sell bogus butter. This is a sad commentary on New England morals and the food of her people.

It is edifying to see a stationer give $10 to the Society for the Prevention of Vice, and then turn round and sell the *Police Gazette* and the "Memoirs of Cora Pearl." Verily, consistency, thou art a paste jewel!"

The Queen of Italy is said to insist on having a big plate of strawberries every day of the year. A western man thinks this is probably the first time the Queen has ever exhibited symptoms of being an American girl.

"Senator Edmunds is mad again," observes a Washington correspondent. In connection with this we may remark that Senator Edmunds is the evenest tempered man in the country. He is always mad about something.—*Puck.*

Troy parishioner: And so you don't like this place?" Rector: "No, I can't say I do exactly. I don't find the right field here for me." "Right field? We'll be very sorry to lose you; but they're looking for a right fielder at Albany."

"Mother, what is an angel"? "My dear, it is a little girl with wings, who flies." "But I heard papa tell the governess yesterday that she was an angel. Will she fly?" "Yes, my dear, she will fly away the first thing tomorrow."

A countryman, who has been several times married before, has brought a new bride to the parsonage. Clergyman (about to perform the marriage ceremony)—Will the bride and groom please rise? Countryman—We allus sot before.

The scholarly people give a philosophical reason for speaking of steamboats, fire engines, etc., as she. The Lowell *Record* says the fire engine is called she because all the men turn and look at it when it passes along the street.

The Chicago *Tribune* is capitalized at $250,000, the ownership being divided thus: Joseph Medill, editor, forty shares; William Bross, president, fifteen shares; miscellaneous, five shares. In some years the profits are equal to the capitalized value.

Two months ago a baby that weighed but one pound was born in Clinton, Pa. The little thing is alive and healthy now, but has grown very little, and a museum man of this city offers the mother much money if she will bring it here and place it on exhibition.

"Dan," said the president, "I understand that some of the guests last night complained of a lack of Jeffersonian symplicity." "I don't see why they should," replied Dan. "I left a two-gallon jug of it in the gentlemen's dressing room."—*New York Sun.*

Changed His Order: Temperance advocate (to young man in restaurant)—"My dear young friend do you know that the Bible says, 'Look not upon the wine when it is red?'" Young man (surprised)—"No, does it? Here, waiter, make that Rhine wine instead of claret."

An inventive railroad conductor, who is also benevolent, says that a newspaper folded lengthwise and thrust down the back under the coat so that the end comes up against the back of head, is a most comfortable head-rest for people who wish to sleep on the cars.

It is impossible to count a billion. Had Adam counted from his creation to the present day he would not have reached that number, for it would take him over 9,512 years. At the rate of 200 a minute, there could be counted 12,000 an hour, 288,000 a day, and 105,120,000 in a year.

If thy friends be of better quality than thyself, thou mayest be sure of two things: the first, that they will be more careful to keep thy counsel, because they have more to lose than thou hast; the second, they will esteem thee for thyself, and not for that which thou dost possess.

A clerk who is dismissed by his employer says to him when he is taking his final leave: "Well, sir, this dismissal will cost a good many people their lives." "Do you mean to threaten me?" demanded his employer. "Not at all. It simply means that I am going to become a doctor."

"Well, I thought Buffalo would be the last city in the country to develop prohibition principles," remarked Ebenezer Jones. "So should I," assented Zebedee Smith; "what has been done in the temperance line in Buffalo?" "Why, a man has sued his tailor for making a pair of trousers tight."

New York, and the territory within ten miles of her City Hall contains 2,000,000 people, all of whom are swindled into the use of bogus butter; for of the many millions of pounds of the counterfeit stuff sold there it has yet to be found that any has ever been sold to the consumer under any other name than butter.

A young lady teacher in the High School at Tiffin, O., accomplished the feat of whipping thirty-five boys, ranging from 9 to 14 years, in the thirty-five minutes. Next day she wrote an essay entitled "Woman the Weaker Vessel," and that night sat up with a young man six hours. Dispite her many talents she can't vote.

Henry, 14 years of age, has just fallen the entire length of the front stairs and broken his arm. Mamma—"Oh! this is terrible! To think that my dear boy has broken his arm. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" Papa—"Yes, it is awful, wife. But we must remember that all clouds have silver lining. Henry will not need a bicycle now."

Charles Godshaw, of Louisville, has invented a new bottle for beer, champagne, and other effervescent liquors' which he claims does away with extra fastening for the cork. The lip of the cork is in the side of the neck of the bottle, and there is no opening at the top. The harder the gas pushes the faster the cork stays, says the inventor.

A Denver man being asked by a member of the Cochise Local Committee what he thought of the Chinese question, promptly responded: "They must git." "Why?" "For twenty different reasons." "Name one." "Well, four of the infernal heathens salted a silver mine and sold it to me for $10,000. Anybody who can beat a white man in that exactly has got to git."

If Chief Engineer Perry of the United States Navy, who has been granted a vacation for the purpose of exploring Greenland, is really "beat upon having some Arctic experience on an empty stomach," the Springfield *Republican* thinks it will be cheaper for the government "to hire a room for him and buy in the open market what ice he may need" than to fit out an expedition for his rescue.

"Why don't you try the cold water cure for your rheumatism?"

"Cowld wather, is it? Arrah, man, yer foolin' wid me. Didn't I tumble into the cowld river last summer, an' wasn't I nearly drowned in the cowld wather, as ye call it, an' wasn't I hangin' upside down on a matehook for an hour, beside bein' rowled on barrels, an' divil a bit o' good did it do me!"

Hostess (to Bobby, who is dining out with his mother)—Will you have another piece of pie Bobby?

Bobby Yes'm,

Hostess (smilingly) And so you are one of the fortunate little boys whose mammas let them have the second piece of pie?

Bobby—Yes'm; she does when we're out visitin', but at home I never get but one piece.

"Johnnie," said the four-eyed school teacher, "do you know what capital punishment is?"

"Yes'm," said Johnnie brightly.

Well, Johnnie," said she whom the children irreverently called old "Double-windows," "you may tell us what capital punishment is."

"Bein' put in a seat over among the girls, 'm," said Johnnie, and he wasn't put there forthwith.

An epistle of novel character passed through the post office yesterday. The novelty consisted in the material on which it was written, which was a gentleman's linen cuff. There was nothing unusual in the contents, which were simply a dun couched in the following language: "Please call around and pay your wash bill. Your laundryman." The cuff was adorned with a two-cent stamp.

—"Good, miss," said he, addressing the daughter, "you'se lookin' mighty peart, you is, and growed a big 'oomen, too, since I fust know ye. An' dar's yo' mudder, too. Lawd! Lawd! 'stonishin' how smart she looks. I ain't gunne ter say 'at you looks old 's yo' mudder, but I 'clare it am a sartin fack yo' mudder look's young as you." And the courtly old coon chuckled softly as he resumed his shoveling.

A good suggestion: Some men find it difficult to grow old gracefully. Colonel Yerger is one of them. The other Sunday his little daughter caught him at work on his own head with a pair of tweezers. "Papa, what are you doing to your hair?" she asked. "I am pulling out the white hairs, Mollie." "Why don't you pull the black ones out? You will get through quicker. There ain't half so many black ones as there are white ones."

If President Cleveland was a real nice man, says the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, he would leave the Presidency for a month in the hands of Secretary Bayard, pretend he had caught a bad cold and was taking a rest and going to catch fish, borrow Jay Gould's yacht, take Sammy Tilden along as a sort of ex President, and run over to France and marry Miss Folsom. The boys and girls would give him a thundering reception when he returned with his bride.

"Yes, sir," said Jones to Smith, "as men grow in age and experience they advance in knowledge."

"I don't think so," replied Smith.

"Don't think so? That's rather singular"

"The opinion I hold on the subject is the universal opinion, nevertheless, and that is that the younger we are the more we know. When I was a youth I knew twice as much as my father. Now I am aged and I don't know half as much as my son."

First Belle—"There, dear, I want you to look over this list of people I'm going to invite to the theater party, and I wish you'd suggest another young man. I've got seven girls and only six young gentlemen so far. There's Harry Westerly, now. Do you think he will do at a pinch?"

Second Belle (blushing)—"Well, dear, I don't know. I'm sure; but you remember I sat next to him when we went on the sleighing party last winter, and he's very good at a squeeze."

"Oh, no, I suppose you weren't intoxicated last evening when you came home?" said Mrs. Dumbleding to her patient husband.

"No, I was merely tired and went into the library to enjoy a cigar."

"You were perfectly sober, were you?"

"Yes, perfectly."

"Then, please explain if you can, how you came to mistake my bustle for your smoking cap and went to sleep with it on your head."

She had a very bashful lover, and despaired that he would ever reach the the popping point.

"I hear," she said, as they were seated alone in the parlor the other evening, "I hear that you said three months ago that you intended to get married this year."

"Ah, er—who told you?"

"But didn't you say so?"

"No, indeed, I didn't."

"Well, even if you didn't there is still over two weeks of 1885 left, and I'm sure I can get ready in a week. Shall I order my wedding dress tomorrow?"

Of course he had to say yes. And the revenue of Pennsylvania is to be increased 50 cents by the sale of another marriage license.

A waterbury young man is soon to wed a fair Naugatuck girl, and the romance of their courtship is as follows: The young man is an enthusiastic bycyclist, and careering along the road that leads to this fair girl's home one day a year ago, he took a "header" directly in front of the house. The young woman happened to be seated by the window, and thinking the victim to be an acquaintance, rushed to his relief. As he picked himself out of the dirt she saw her mistake. There was a charming, blushing confusion an embarrassed young man an invitation into the house to repair damages, an acquaintance, a courtship with objections by the girl's parents, an overcoming of all obstacles by the young people, and now there will be a marriage.

Dr. FOOTE, Senior,

Of 120 Lexington Avenue, New York,

Hereby cautions the public NOT to Employ or Communicate With a man styling himself "Dr. Foot, Jr." without making due inquiry.

This man came to Salt Lake City representing himself as the son of Dr. E. B. Foote of New York, the well known specialist, as abundantly proved by affidavits. As rumors came into Salt Lake City from Dakota and Montana from an exposé made there, he changed his base and represented himself as the son of a more noted specialist in New York City than Dr. E. B. Foote, the well known author, Mr. JOHN F. Foote, of the well known Trow's Directory, in New York City (forty years in the directory business). Ex-Governor FRANK FULLER, of Utah, and the Hon. ADRIAN CARRON, for many years Postmaster in New York City, also Surveyor of the Port, have given affidavits that there are no other physicians in New York by the name of Foote except the E. B. Foote, the late author of "Medical Common Sense," etc., and his two sons, Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., and M. Henry C. Foote. The genuine Dr. Foote, Jr., will hereafter always explain he is E. B. Foote, Jr., imagining his name the same. He says, with known not to be a man of truth, wherever his publications appear (as reported), the name of Dr. Foote, Jr. Greater care will be taken in future, in view of the fact that an unprincipled person has attempted to profit by the son's father's reputation.

Dr. Foote's genuine and more detailed [illegible] in regard to this matter, will be sent free upon receiving four 4¢. Stamps [illegible] by Utah.

Persons having information of advantage to [illegible] kindly communicate the [illegible] with Sutherland & Mc[illegible] Utah, Utah.

The [illegible] consult Dr. Foote personally or to order remedies should address

Dr. E. B. FOOTE, Sr. or Dr. E. B. FOOTE, Jr.,

[illegible] Ave., New York.

[illegible] for in person or by letter. Utah