

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF A CITY AS SEEN BY A SALT LAKE WOMAN

"ND this day shall be unto you as a memorial,"—Exodus.
"To show that we still hold sacred their hope, and their faith, and trust, by placing the ten-der tribute of roses above the dust."

Rose bushes bordered each side of the long walk from the gate to the front door. There were tiny buds in profusion, but alas, no roses, for a week or more to come. That was the reason Gransy was so sad and unhappy Wednesday morning. That was why the tears rolled down the withered cheek. No roses for Tim's grave on Decoration Day.

Tim was Gransy's beloved boy who had "got some few trifling steps ahead" on that trail leading from earth into the mystic land of flowering roses and all flowers. Tim was the boy who had remained at home with mother long after the other children had settled down in homes of their own.

Tim was a good boy to his moth-

er," said Gransy to a friend that morn-

ing, as she vainly searched for even so much as a fair-sized bud. "He and I set out these bushes. Come in, dear and let me show you his picture."

Gransy's cottage was scrupulously clean, and there were old fashioned rag carpets on the floor, mottled on the wall; tides on the chair backs. A bird sang lustily in the kitchen window among the plants, and the stove shone with the smoothness of black onyx.

That's Tim's room, just as he left it. God love him! And that's his picture, the enlarged one—and like him in life!

Ah! Tim was a good boy to his old mother, and only to think I've no roses for his grave this year!"

Out on the little back porch, where the morning glories will soon be climbing, Gransy grew reminiscent over her boy and his kindness. It was good to listen to such sons are rare—and comforted her and caused her to forget for a time her lament over the roses.

"Never a morning could he allow me to get breakfast out when I was tired he brought it to my bed. When I was sick, he nursed me like a baby. He was like a girl about the house; but now he's gone, and the house is so empty, and I am so lonely without him."

The friend tactfully proposed a visit to the chicken yard, and Gransy brightened up again. She pointed with considerable pride to her tiny spring frys, trotting about like yellow putt balls.

After commenting upon everything in the kitchen garden, which consisted of tender lettuce, vigorous young cabbages, sweet peas four inches tall, old-man and sweet-Mary of our grandmother's days—Gransy led the way back to the steps of the back porch once more, and Tim:

"Always thro' the cold winters, did you always warm my blanket at the kitchen fire, and tucked me in for the night, as I had done for him when he was a little fellow. Better than my own daughters was Tim. They say girls grow better than boys, and another goes thro' better than her children. That was not the case with my Tim. He understood better than my girls, and made it all up to me. And to think I've no boy now, and no roses for his grave, this year!"

The white head sank into the withered hands, and the tears were falling thick and fast, as the friend gently reteated those beautiful lines, written by Robert Louis Stevenson, which gave such comfort to his family and friends such as Tim:

Though he that ever kind and true, Kept steady step by step with you, Your whole long gusty lifetime through, Be now awhile before.

Now a moment gone before; Yet, doubt not, soon the seasons shall restore Your friend to you.

He has but turned a corner—still He pushes on with right good will, Through fire and marsh, by heugh and hil.

That self-same arduous way— That you and he through many a doubtful day Attempted still;

He is not dead, this friend—not dead But in the path we mortals tread, Got some few, trifling steps ahead, And nearer to the end; So that you, too, once past the bend, Shall meet again, as face to face, this friend.

You fancy dead,

Push gaily on, strong heart! The while You travel forward mile by mile, He litters with a backward smile Till you can overtake,

And strains his eyes, to search his wake



POSSIBLE AMERICAN-JAPANESE ALLIANCE.

Or, whistling, as he sees you through Waita on a stile.

"That was surely written for Tim and me," said Gransy, smiling through her tears as she walked to the gate.

"God love you, dear, and I'll meet you at Tim's grave in the morning."

"A simple child.

That lightly draws its breath,

And feels its life in every limb,

What should it know of death?"

A little tot was trudging along on the hillside of the cemetery, Memorial day, with a tiny flower pot held tight in her arms. In that flower pot was a "freshly potted geranium slip." She was looking about for an interesting grave, and then she stopped, and in another, like hosts of others hunting for graves. By and by she paused and looked perplexed, though not unhappy. Thinking she had wandered too far from her folks, a kind woman said to her:

"Are you lost, little girl?"
"No; I'm lookin' for Willie," answered the child.

"And who is Willie?"

"My brother; I tant find him, an' I want to dive him dis," said the little flower pot.

"What's Willie going to do with it—put it on somebody's grave?"

"No; he's doin' to keep it to himself, Willie is."

"Oh, you mean it's for Willie's grave?"

"No; for Willie, himself," persisted the child.

"Oh, there he is; see?" she said joyfully, and led the way to, not a little boy, but a tiny green grave.

"Willie is here, now," she said. "Aunt you Willie? He likes flowers, and comes here to see 'em. My mamma said so."

"Sisters and brothers, little maid, How many may you be?"
How many? Seven in all," she said And wondering looked at me.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie, My sister and my brother;"

And, in the churchyard cottage, I Dwell near them with my mother."

"You run about, my little maid, Your limbs they are alive;"

If two are in the church-yard laid, Then ye are only five.

"How many are you then?" said I.

If two are in heaven?"

Quick was the little maid's reply, "O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead, those two are dead!"

Their spirits are in heaven!"

Twas throwing words away; for still The little maid would have her will, And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

LADY BABIE.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

To improve upon the present methods of bringing coal to London is a fascinating problem. By the plan of B. H. Thwaites, cheap slack would be used for producer gas, which would supply engines for driving electric generators, and a current of 60,000 amperes would be sent from the coal fields over 120 miles of wire to the metropolis. The fuel would cost about one-fifths as much as is usually paid, while there would be an enormous saving in the rent of land for generating stations. A project of Arthur J. Martin is to generate gas at the coal mines of North Yorkshire, and transmit it under pressure of 200 pounds per square inch by a pipe line of 173 miles. The 40,000 millions of cubic feet of gas required annually by greater London could be conveyed through a single line of pipes 25 inches in diameter. Though the pipe line would cost \$7,000,000 or \$8,000,000, and 40,000 horsepower would be needed to compress the gas, it is estimated that the London companies could be supplied with gas at 15 cents per 1,000 feet—much below present cost.

The crescent-shaped sand domes which move in thousands across the desert of Islay, near La Joya, Peru, have been investigated by Aspinwall and S. L. Ballew. They found the points of a crescent to be 160 feet apart, while the convex side measured 477 feet and the greatest width was more than 100 feet. The estimated weight was 8,000 tons, yet it was carried 125 feet a year by the prevailing south winds.

Novel experiments by Prof. A. Doris have proven that, while alcohol is therapeutically a food, its efficiency is so small that half a gallon would be required to run the human machine for

"Plant stones" seem to be among the rarest of the strange products of the Philippine Islands. The tabibush is a variety, and sometimes deposited in the nests of the bamboo and the beautiful greenish-yellow, translucent specimens of the Philippines are stated by a German publication to be much more costly than the ordinary opal. Thousands of cane stalks may be examined without finding one of these curious gems, which are probably the result of disease or injury. Beautiful bluish pearls or stones of great size are occasionally formed in some coco-nuts, and are found ranging in size from a pinhead to a pea—by carefully examining the interior of ripe nuts. About a dozen of these exquisite pearls—all from the Philippines—are said to be preserved among the treasures of European museums.

The preservation of wood with sulphur, applied in liquid form, is gaining special favor in Germany. The material completely fills the cell spaces of the fiber, and at moderate temperatures is a little affected by heat and air, and becomes solid, though it oxidizes readily at high temperatures. Poplar is best adapted for this treatment, results with oak and pine being less satisfactory.

Natural soap baths are not an unmixed blessing. The curious soaps in various forms, which were sold in large in Timor, East Indian Islands, consist of a small elevated mud cone from which bubbles up water, heavily charged with alkali and mud, the discharge giving the appearance of a miniature volcano. A disadvantage of such a washing place is that vegetation is ruined for miles around.

Heating with "wool wool" and compressing is a new method of converting horn cuttings into a plastic material. The vegetable fiber increases the strength, giving also an attractive notched appearance to the finished product.

A long-established belief now seriously questioned, if not disproven, is that the various sensory nerve fibers in the brain convolute on the third cerebral convolution on the brain's left side, and it has been understood that removal of part of this part of the brain would cause loss of speech or that the brain of a person attacked by aphasia would show a lesion in this place. After investigation by Dr. Pierre Marie of Paris, does not confirm this theory. More than 40 autopsies of aphasic subjects have shown no case in which this part of the brain has been attacked, but an extensive cerebral hemorrhage has been noted in most cases. Further, than this, loss of speech is usually attended by a diminution of the general intelligence, indicating that speech cannot be assigned to any special part.

WILL CURE CONSUMPTION.

A. Herren, Phich, Ark., writes: "Foley's Honey and Tar is the best preparation for coughs, colds, and lung diseases. It is a powerful expectorant and a great stimulant in the first stages. You never hear of any one using Foley's Honey and Tar and not getting well."

MILLIONAIRE'S WIFE ON TRIAL FOR MURDER.

Mrs. Emma Kaufmann, wife of Sioux Falls, S. D., has been brought to trial on the charge of murdering her 16-year-old servant girl, Agnes Poirier. The inquirer is said to have been committed because the girl resembled the dead daughter of Mrs. Kaufmann, who, the claim is made, became insane when she realized that the servant lived, while her daughter had to die. Mrs. Kaufmann is charged with having beaten the girl black and blue, hacked her with knives, scalded her with boiling water and poured turpentine and lye in the wounds before death came to end the suffering of the child. Forty-nine wounds were found on the body, and Mrs. Kaufmann narrowly escaped lynching at the hands of the



CLEAN-UP SALE!

ACH year our Great Annual May Sale leaves us with a number of broken lines. This year is no exception to preceding years. We are determined, however, to rid our stocks of all odd lots and accumulations by actually cutting prices to exceptionally low figures commencing Monday morning. To make the sale additionally attractive our entire line of Ladies' and Misses' Cloth Suits will be sold during the week at Half Price, and for Monday only all Dark Colored Millinery will be sold at Half Price. It will be a week of money saving opportunities.

Great Half Price Suit Sale



MONDAY AND WEEK our entire line of Ladies' and Misses' Cloth Suits in Eton, Jumper, Pony, English Cut-away and Jacket effects. A fine line of Novelty Checks, Plaids and Mixtures, and a splendid assortment in the Plain Panamas, Serges and Cheviots, ranging in price from \$16.00 to \$90.00. To be sold during the week at

Half Price

Covert Jackets at Half Price!

During the cool summer evenings a Jacket will be indispensable. Next week we offer a nice line of this season's Covert Jackets, all new models, sizes 34 to 42, ranging in price from \$6.00 to \$21.50, Monday and during week will be sold at

Half Price

Silk Remnants.

A number of Silk Remnants that will sell readily at the generous price reductions made to clear them out.

A lot of short ends of colored wash silks, in stripes and checks, formerly sold for 50c and 65c a yard, will be closed out during Clean-up sale at 25c per yard.

A few choice remnants culled from our regular stock, consisting of plain and figured white Jap Silks, will wash splendidly; during Clean-up sale will be sold at

Half Price

Millinery at Half Price! FOR MONDAY ONLY.

Our Millinery department is always a center of attraction—the newest styles and fascinating creations being found here in great variety. For one day we will sell at Half Price our entire line of DARK COLORED MILLINERY beautifully trimmed with plumes, wings, ribbons and flowers, all stylish and seasonable headwear. Only the very light summer hats not included in this offer.

MONDAY ONLY YOUR CHOICE AT

Half Price

Dress Goods.

Attractive price reductions will prevail in our Dress Goods Department on All Wool French Chaffies and pure Mohair Waists.

All Wool French Chaffies, in satin stripes, Persians and polka dots, sold regularly at 50c and 65c a yard; during this Clean-up Sale will be sold at

37½c

A line of pure Mohair Waists, white ground with dark colored stripes and figures, sell regularly at \$1.00 per yard, during this Clean-up Sale will be sold at

65c

Staple Department.

Remnants sirable goods—there is a great variety of fabrics and designs, and these will be

Half Price

SUMMER WASH GOODS.

MERCERIZED SUTTINGS, in checks, fancies and plain, ranging in price from 20c to 50c per yard; during Clean-up Sale

Half Price

10c

COTTON TAFFETA, in navy blue only, regular price 30c a yard; during Clean-up Sale

10c

COLORED DIMITIES, regularly sold at 15c per yard; during Clean-up Sale

10c

AGR. SILK OMBRA SUTTINGS, in six different colors, regular 30c a yard; during Clean-up Sale

12½c

HANLEY SERGE, regularly sold at 25c per yard; Clean-up Sale price

12½c

INVISIBLE CHECK SUTTINGS, in wool finish, regular price 30c; Clean-up Sale price

15c

COTTON POIS DE SOIE, regularly sold at 25c; Clean-up Sale price

20c

FUJI YAMA, Japanese Kimono Goods, regular price 25c; Clean-up Sale price

20c

ARNOLD EMBROIDERED LINEN, regularly sold at 60c; Clean-up Sale price

30c

WOOL FINISH BATISTES, in checks and figures, regular price 65c; Clean-up Sale price

50c