

interesting as she hopes to place in a specimen of every class of beautiful bird in existence. There is also to be an abode for fish, only, however, of the decorative order. Every kind of gold fish will be represented. The duchess has already a large collection of fish and is very proud of the fact that she has succeeded in getting some of them to show distinct signs of intelligence. People will scarcely credit that fish can be trained. The duchess' friends who have been lately at Floors say for a certainty she has accomplished this.

DIVORCED AMERICANS.
I wonder what on earth would the divorced Americans in London do who want to re-marry if they could not fall back upon All Souls', Langham Place, in which to have the service performed. The vicar there is the only Church of England clergyman in London who will perform the office for divorcees. It was there Mrs. Vanderbilt, the mother of the Duchess of Marlborough, married Mr. Belmont. There, too, Nancy Shaw pledged her troth to young Astor and at the same church, Evelyn Biglow became the wife of James Clark. Here at all events, every day the prejudice against the re-marriage of divorced people grows stronger. Some years ago it was only the Roman Catholics who were adamant on the point; now the Anglicans and indeed nearly all the Church of England clergy make as firm a stand against it. They are backed by the king and queen who will not receive divorced people.

Half the guests backed out of going to the Biglow-Clark wedding when they found out the big game had a wife living. Of all the grim weddings you ever saw it was foremost. Imagine a dreary unpretentious church, innocent of ornaments and of flowers with no lights save those necessary to guide the steps of the party, on a foggy December morning at 10:30! fancy a tall, tired looking bride in a gorgeous white gown that seemed dirty in the gloaming light and a bridegroom so ungainly with the behavior of English clerics that even on his wedding morning he gave the idea that he wanted to smash all he could lay his hands upon—now you have got the picture.

LADY MARY.

TORN TO PIECES BY INFURIATED PEASANTS.

Special Correspondence.
Warsaw, Jan. 5.—From a small village in "Little Russia" comes a gruesome story of a prisoner's escape from a Siberian exile train and his subsequent horrible death at the hands of infuriated peasants.
Michael Fiolka had taken a prominent part in some agrarian riots in which a landlord's house was burned down and many of his livestock killed. He was captured, tried by court-martial, sentenced to hard labor for life in the Siberian mines and placed in an exile train with a lot of other prisoners.
In the same car with him were several political prisoners who are always objects of great sympathy in Russia. At a way station the train was stopped to allow a passenger train to go by. While waiting here some people on the platform handed to the political prisoners, through the car windows, several big loaves of rye bread, such as peasant women in Russia bake for their families. As it is common thing for people to provide food for their exiled friends in this fashion, while en route, the incident attracted no attention from the guards and officials.
But great was Fiolka's surprise when he discovered that each loaf contained a revolver and several cartridges. Thus provided with arms, the political prisoners fell on their guards during the night while they were asleep, shot them and jumped from the car while the train was still moving, no very difficult feat at the slow rate of speed in these exile trains. Fiolka jumped with them and made good his escape. Breaking away from the others, he returned to his home town, a great unobserved into his own layoff, as night was falling, two days later.
That same evening it occurred to the "starosta" the head of the village, that Fiolka had a fine as and needing one, he sent his little son to get it, thinking that it would be of no further use to the rightful owner whom he imagined was well on his way to Siberia. As the child had not returned at the end of an hour, the father went to look for him and on entering the barn, to his horror, he stumbled over the little one's dead body at the foot of the ladder leading to the loft. His head had been nearly split in two, and as it was subsequently ascertained, by the axe which had been sent to fetch. Mounding the ladder, the "starosta" dimly perceived a figure crouched in a corner of the loft. Descending hastily he ran off as fast as his legs would carry him to the village and told the people that there was a devil in Fiolka's barn, and that the devil had killed his child.
A large body of peasants returned with him to the barn and discovered Fiolka. He endeavored to explain to them how he had escaped from the exile train and had hidden for safety in the hayloft. Hearing someone mounding the ladder, he imagined it was some soldier or policeman who had tracked him and was bent on recapturing him. As the head rose above the floor, he failed to perceive in the gloom that it was that of a child and smote at it savagely with the ax. But the peasants would pay no heed to him. In their rage, they would take no other view of the matter than that a foul murder had been committed which demanded instant vengeance. Throwing themselves on Fiolka like a pack of wolves, they literally tore him to pieces. Not until he had been dead some time and they had cooled down, did they conclude that he had told the truth. According to the Russian code of ethics, it is quite justifiable to kill an emissary of the law to escape transportation to Siberia, and had they been in a mood to consider the case calmly, they would probably have agreed that no blame attached to Fiolka under the circumstances because he had killed a child when he had intended only to slay a policeman or a soldier.

serious little note, like its writer, but it made me laugh. Lily's gentle braveries often produced that effect upon me, when the expert humorist's best joke would have failed, for I do not laugh easily.
"When we reached the White House and I was shaking hands with the president, he started to say something, but I interrupted him and said:
"If your excellency will excuse me, I will come back in a moment; but now I have a very important matter to attend to, and it must be attended to at once."
"I turned to Mrs. Cleveland, the young, the beautiful, the fascinating, and gave her my card, on the back of which I had written, 'He didn't'—and I asked her to sign her name below those words.
"She said: 'He didn't? He didn't what?'
"Oh," I said, "never mind. We cannot stop to discuss that now. This is urgent. Won't you please sign your name?" (I handed her a fountain pen.)
"Why," she said, "I cannot commit myself in that way. Who is it that didn't?—and what is it that he didn't?"
"Oh," I said, "time is flying, flying. Won't you take me out of my distress and sign your name to it? It's all right. I give you my word it's all right."
"She looked nonplussed; but hesitatingly and mechanically she took the pen and said:
"I will sign it. I will take the risk. But you must tell me all about it. You must tell me just what you can be arrested before you get out of the house in case there should be anything criminal about this."
"Then she signed, and to my very brief, very simple, and to the point. It said: 'Don't wear your arcles in the White House.' It made her shout; and at my request she summoned a messenger and we sent that card at once to the mail on its way to Mrs. Clemens in Hartford."

And how the New Town of Hurricane, Southern Utah, is Thriving—Viewed From a Great Natural Cave.
Hurricane, Utah, Jan.—Utah's youngest child comes to the front at the opening of the new year, full of life and vigor of youth. Though this place is young and small, its people have an ever increasing amount of hope and faith in its future. It is only six months since settlement was made here, but the name defines the push and determination of the residents to overcome obstacles and work for success.
One year ago the land upon which the place is built was the abode of wild animals—but now the merry shout of children is heard where once the howl of the coyote resounded, and the singing of hymns to the Giver of all good has replaced the lonely sounds of the wilderness. Instead of the land being



HUMAN ALARM CLOCK WAKENS ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Andrew Carnegie, who is nothing if not Scotch, despises the conventional alarm clock and so he has a Highland piper in front of his bedroom every morning at schedule time to waken him from his slumbers. He occasionally varies this by having a great pipe organ played at the first hour, in order that the first note another day may have no jarring effect upon his invariably serene nerves.

BRITISH MAYORS' QUEER "STUNTS"

(Continued from page seventeen.)

knock at the door interrupts the service and a verger invites the knocker to enter. The chief of police, armed with a strange sort of immense mace, marches up the aisle to the minister and presents a document containing the nominations. These are officially read and the worship continues.

DELIVERS SERMON.

The mayor of Cardiff, in Wales, he married or single, must annually deliver a little sermon on the privileges and duties of marriage. This is done when he hands over to the most virtuous servant girl of the city a dowry of \$100 at the time of her marriage. This dowry was provided for by the late Marquis of Bute for the purpose of enabling deserving couples to marry, and it is always presented publicly.
The mayor of Ilpon is favored with a nightly serenade. An official known as the "Wakeman" drives about the town every night at an appointed hour in a special conveyance. He is dressed in uniform with a three-cornered hat and has three horns on his shoulders, horn said to be 600 years old. At the mayor's residence, the official horn-blower gives three vigorous fourteenth century blasts. This ceremony is apparently the outcome of the old days of curfew bells.

"DOES" A PUBLIC DANCE.

Once in five years at St. Ives, in Cornwall, the mayor must "do" a public dance. A certain John Knoll left a large bequest to the town ages ago upon condition that the vicar and mayor of the town should dance once in five years around a monument erected to him just outside St. Ives. A procession is formed of young girls in white dresses and widows in black and they escort the performers to the scene. The spectacle naturally attracts admiring crowds from all parts of Cornwall. The participants in this vaudeville show are well paid out of the Knoll bequest after their "stunt" is done.
At Peterborough one of the mayor's



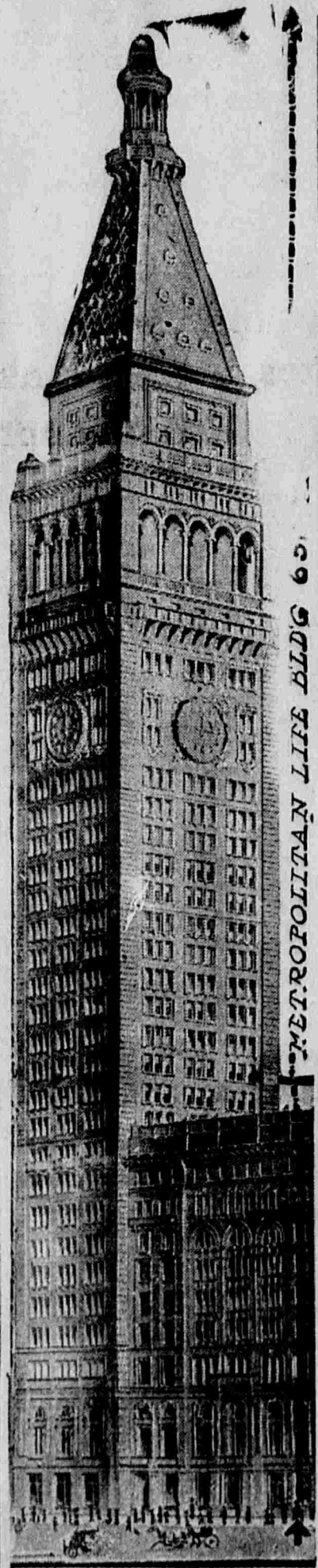
A PEEP INTO PINE VALLEY.

parched and barren, copious streams of water now nourish the roots of the peach and fig tree and the vine. The work of reclamation began 14 years ago, when a company of 75 young men organized for the purpose of building a canal to divert the water of the Virgin river to the Hurricane bench. It was a desperate struggle, but a contingency confronted the young men—it was simply a case of either enlarging the parent hive or for the increasing brood to swarm, where it could, and the latter alternative was deemed to be by all means the best.
Discouragements and hardships were encountered, as the only capital available was brain and brawn, but all went to work with a will and ere long a canal eight feet in the clear and several miles long, cut through almost solid limestone, was the result. Two

andies is proclaiming the bridge fair. He leads a gorgeous procession of citizens through the town to the meadows by the Neve where the fair is held. Many stops on the way are made and the town clerks read aloud the conditions under which the fair shall be held. A visit to the cathedral is made and a final proclamation is delivered by the mayor allowing the fair to be held. A "sausage supper" winds up the gala day.
MAYNARD EVANS.

NEEDLES OF ALL KINDS.

One needle is a pretty small item, but the daily consumption of something like 3,000,000 needles all over the world makes a pretty big total. Every year the women of the United States break, lose and use about 300,000,000 of these little instruments.
Our needles are the finished products of American ingenuity, skill and workmanship, and yet how many people, threading a needle or taking a stitch, have ever given a thought to the various processes through which the wire must pass ere it comes out a needle? The manufacture of a single needle includes some twenty-one or twenty-two different processes, as follows: Cutting the wire into lengths; straightening; rubbing while heated; pointing the ends on grindstones; stamping impression for the eyes; grooving; eyeing; the eye being glazed by screw machines; splitting; threading the double needle by the eyes on short lengths of fine wire; filing; removing the "cheek" left on each side of the eye by stamping; breaking, separating the two needles on the one length of wire; heading, heads filed and smoothed to remove the burr left by stamping and breaking; hardening in oil; tempering; drawing; straightening; crooking ones; scouring and polishing; bluing; softening the eyes by heat; drilling or cleaning out the side of the eye; head-grinding; point-setting; or the final sharpening; final polishing; then paucering; and finally, labeling. For wrapping, pure paper is used, because it prevents rusting.
There are many sorts and kinds of needles: First, there is the surgeon's gruesome outfit—the probing needle, made for tracking, the hairpin needle, the long pins for pinning open wounds, the post-mortem needle of curious pattern. Some of these little instruments are very fine and delicate. There are long and straight; others, again, curve once, twice or three times. The veterinary surgeon has his special outfit also. The cook's needles are wooden and fairly bulky. His larding needle is used to sew large pieces of meat together; the trussing needle is made on purpose to insert melted butter or sauce right into the joints of a Christmas turkey. It is hollow and has a large opening into which the sauce is poured. Not less interesting are the needles which the upholsterer uses; some are half-curve and some have round points. He has needles with curious eyes—long round, egg and counter-sunk eyes, the same kinds of needles are used by collar-makers. Then there are the delicate needles used by wigmakers, dressmakers and weavers; these are often as fine as a hair. The glove needles are splendid specimens of skillful workmanship; the finest of them have three-cornered points. The great sail needle, which has to be pushed with a steel palm, would puzzle most people; so too, the broom-maker's needle, which must also be pushed with a steel palm. The curious knitting-machine needle, with its latchet; the arrasene and cressel needles and the needles for stitching machines; the weaver's pick for picking up broken threads, with an open eye in the hook. The long instrument used by milliners, the needle of the rag baler, the knife-point ham needle used in the stock yards, the strachan needle—these and other varieties do not call for special notice.
The needle, as we see it today, is the evolved product of centuries of invention. In its primitive form it was made of bone, ivory or wood. The making of Spanish needles was introduced into England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Point of time, the manufacture has improved, until the little instrument is one of the highly-finished products of nineteenth century machinery and skill.—H. R. Christy, in Scientific American.



MAN'S GREATEST CONSTRUCTIVE ACHIEVEMENT.

Metropolitan Life Insurance millions will build the tallest business structure in the world. It will be a tower 658 feet high, to complete the company's home building overlooking Madison square, New York.
Man has built only one structure to a greater height—the Eiffel tower, which rises 884 feet above its base. But the Eiffel tower is not a general business building.
The highest of human structures will be the tower of the Singer building, at Broadway and Liberty streets, which will rise 612 feet.
The Washington monument is 555 feet; the Philadelphia city hall, 547; the Cologne cathedral, 516; the Pyramid of Cheops, 486; the Antwerp cathedral, 467; the Strasburg cathedral, 474.
The base of the tower will be 75x85 feet. The clock face will be 346 feet above the sidewalk. To tell the time, Diana, on top of the Madison Square

garden tower, will have to look up, for she is only 332 feet above the street.
At the forty-sixth story of the tower will be the lookout floor, 603 feet above the sidewalk. Just over the lookout will be a center window, the highest point of observation, 633 feet above the ground.

KEEPING GREAT FORTUNES TOGETHER.

Otto Young, a Chicago brewer who has left \$20,000,000; has followed the growing practice of American men of means by tying up his estate for as long a period as American law permits a trust.
In this respect our law is exactly that of England. If we have abolished primogeniture, or the rule that the eldest son takes all the real estate, or other words, while a man cannot, as could be done in England some centuries ago, leave his property permanently to go down, in a particular line he can tie up his estate among those of his heirs who are living. They can receive an income for a period as long as the longest life among them, the property being held together for that period, or he can leave it all to one heir and his heirs, if living.
In this particular instance Otto Young has made it certain that his estate will be kept together for 19 years, and perhaps longer, by providing that his daughters shall be paid the income of the estate as long as they live without issue. If all three of them die before his youngest grandson, now 21, reaches the age of 21, the estate shall be divided when this grandson reaches his majority.
The Gould estate was tied up and kept together as long as our laws permit. This has been done with two estates in this city. It is the case with nearly a score of large estates which have passed into probate in various parts of the country during the last ten years. As every one knows who has studied English law, the entailed estate, the estate in trust, and the various arrangements by which the bulk of the property is kept in the hands of a single heir, is not one which depends on any difference between English and American law. In this respect the law of the two countries is substantially the same, but in England it has become the habit and desire of wealthy Americans to have a plan of division of great estates. This has prevented in all these countries the growth of any large and overmastering fortunes.
If the habit of keeping large American estates together for years or in one hand grows, there is certain to be a constantly increasing agitation in favor of an income tax, a graduated inheritance tax, and the resulting division of great properties.—Philadelphia Press.

AN OPENING FOR EX-CONVICTS.

A California millionaire just released from prison after a 20 months' term finds himself much improved in mind and body, says the New York World. He is "in the best of spirits," and he has benefited by enforced abstinence from liquor. Moreover, his property interests have increased threefold in value. He is as convincing a humanitarian as could be cited by advocates of the reforming influences of prison discipline.
But it is the practical use to which he intends to put his acquaintance with prison life which makes his case important. He will devote himself to improving present conditions and has asked for the appointment of a special commission.
This is a new departure for ticket-of-leave men, though heretofore an ex-convict has become a member of a state pardon board. It outlines a novel field of usefulness for ex-prisoners from the higher walks of life, bank presidents, trust officers and all qualified by mental attainments for this form of supplemental sociological work, to which actual experience behind the bars should give a finishing touch of fitness.
Corporation heads and captains of industry in the day when jail accommodations are found for them should be still better equipped for the task by reason of their recognized aptitude for philanthropic pursuits. Altogether it is a promising innovation which the California millionaire ex-convict has initiated. His example also suggests the wisdom of criminals reforming in advance of the prison term so as to avoid disagreeable consequences.
If you desire to buy or sell real estate in any part of the city or state, it will be to your interest to communicate with the Geo. C. Cannon Association, 24 East South Temple St. Both phones 910.



little house-maid says cooking is a pleasure if you have nice kitchen tools

is your kitchen complete? is your kitchen work easy? have you a certain place for everything? do you always know where to find things?

in other words—have you a "sellers" kitchen cabinet? little housemaid says "economy always wins"—we say that

"Sellers Cabinet"

means economy. if you didnt get one for xmas, get it now. for it will pay for itself in a short time. it's better and cheaper than the rest. the big store sells them and makes the payments to suit you. remember if the breadwinner meets with death, his widow gets a receipt in full at

THE BIG STORE.

I. X. L. Furniture & Carpet Installment House
41-43-45-47-49-51 E. 3rd South St.

THE HOUSE FLY PEST.

The house fly is a ubiquitous nuisance, and through its carriage of disease germs a menace to health which should not be allowed to exist in any modern city. Ninety-nine percent of the house flies which are such nuisances in summer time have bred in the horse manure of stables, and almost complete relief may be gained by the proper care of this substance. If the proper measures are undertaken the screening of houses against flies will be unnecessary and all danger of the carriage of typhoid fever by the house fly will be avoided. A single untidy stable in which horses are kept will breed house flies enough to stock a large neighborhood. They breed rapidly, each female laying about 120 eggs, and generations follow one another at periods of 10 to 15 days. Estimates based upon count flies that many as 1,500 house flies may issue from a single pound of horse manure in 10 days. To mitigate the pest it is only necessary to bring about the prompt gathering of horse manure, and the proper care of this substance. In a specially prepared receptacle, and city ordinances compelling horse owners to follow such course are necessary. All stables should have the surface of the ground covered with a water-tight floor. There should be a bin or pit, provided with a suitable cover, in which manure should be placed daily, and from which it should be removed twice a week and carried away. The boards of health in most of our cities have the power to establish ordinances calling upon penalty for such procedure on the part of stable owners, and that such a course is not generally adopted is little short of an outrage upon the long suffering public.—I. O. Howard in the Independent.

These Are Days

When it makes one think that Winter has surely come and a Good Warm Overcoat would be very comfortable. We have them in the very latest, and are all going One-Third Less the Regular Price at

POULTON, MADSEN, OWEN & CO.

111-113 Main Street. "Where the Clothes Fit."

MARK TWAIN IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

Mark Twain, in the installment of his Autobiography which appears in the current number of the North American Review, gives a droll description of an incident that occurred at the White House.
He was always liable, as Mrs. Clemens knew, to absent-mindedness, and here is the story as Mark Twain tells it:
"When I was leaving Hartford for Washington, I carried a number of letters, and I have written a small warning and put it in a pocket of your dress vest. When you are dressing to go to the authors' reception at the White House you will naturally put your fingers into your pockets, according to your custom, and you will find that little note there. Read it carefully, and do as it tells you. I cannot be with you, and so I delegate my errand duties to this little note. If I should give you the warning by word of mouth, now, it would pass from your head and be forgotten in a few minutes."
"It was President Cleveland's first term. I had never seen his wife—the young, the beautiful, the good-hearted, the sympathetic, the fascinating. Sure enough, just I had finished dressing to go to the White House I found that little note, which I had long ago forgotten. It was a grave little note, a

A Cold
Easy to take
Hard to break
unless you use
Chamberlain's Cough Remedy
25c and 50c at All Druggists