WOMAN AND HOME.

Brica-Brac.

Will women ever cease to be children? The holiday rubbish with which the shops are filled year after year, and which most find purchasers, makes one despair of intelligent judgment among them. Such as eternal premonitions of "shams," of plated knickknacks, of titles and dollies, of fashion and jewelry dropsies, enough to supply the world. Walls that can be whitewashed, plain blinds at the windows, and the cheapest kind of chairs to sit upon, are my ideas of happiness," said a lady recently, who has been famous for the variety of her bric-a-brac and the number of her "pretty things." "I am so tired," she continued, "of living in a house that looks as if it were afflicted with perpetual smallpox, and taking care of things that have no real use or value, but simply occupy space."

The rage for ornament has reached such proportions that it must be followed by reaction. The discovery of materials and methods by which precious metals, gems and rarer rich and rare substances can be closely imitated has interested the masses and made the semblance of splendor so common that wealth must take refuge in refinement and simplicity, in order to avoid the community of display. Cheap jewelry work, or worthlessness, of "bribery" displays is easily estimated by looking at a collection of the rubbish after the "sale." While taste is spoil over the fickle body of buyer, is over, and the influence has departed. It is then seen with quite different eyes, its character, or want of character, stands revealed, and it is offered for a song—which no one cares to sing.—Homemaker.

Energy in Women.

At the fireside the woman may be very quiet, and not a bit venturesome in any great or sensational undertakings; but she will not be apathetic if she is wise, for that is death in life, bringing perplexity and mistake. She will make an effort to the interest of some little benefiaiee every hour in aid of her better nature or the demands of some one, and thus keep the energy of her small sphere for the best. The great men of the world have been those who constantly renewed their energy; and I think if many of us made a brave effort every day the thinkers and pioneers would not stand so solitary on the heights.

"There is a belief abroad that one should receive power for an effort, while it is really energy which brings power, as the seed brings the fruit. We have selfish energy all about, but the very imitation is to a poisonous variety. The strength and penetration of those devoted to the happiness of others and the spend of learning are the result of prayerful self giving, no matter whether the effort is to smile into the eyes of one who sorrows today, or to minister to a thousand sufferers for all of life. Effort made Louisa Alcott, Clara Barton and Julia Ward Howe, and it makes as well every cheery home spirit who loves another more than herself.—Rose Hawthorne Lathrop in Harper's Bazar.

Is Beauty a Blessing?

Of the beautiful women I have known, but few have attained superiority of any kind. So much is expected by the world accustomed to admiration that she plays and pallies with her fate till the opportunity is all that is left her. This we see illustrated again and again. Walls the earnest, lofty, sweet smiling woman of the past half and doubtful one of now has perhaps one true lover whose worth she has time to recognize, an acknowledged beauty will find herself surrounded by a crowd of short sighted admirers whose admiration dazes and bewilders her that she is sometimes tempted to bestow herself upon the most impossible one in order to end the unseemly struggle.

Then the incentive to education and to the cultivation of one's especial powers is lacking. Forgetting that the temple which have made a holiday of youth must lessen with the years, many a fair one neglects that training of the mind which gives to her who is poor in all else an endless storehouse of wealth from which she can hope to produce treasures for her own delectation and that of those about her, long after the fitful bloom upon her handsome sister's cheek has faded with the roses of departed summer.—Anna Katharine Green in Ladies' Home Journal.

She Teaches the Nation.

Mrs. Mary Lowell is a woman of many resources, and has ingeniously perfected an arrangement which serves as an automatic domestic teacher more easily managed than the genuine article. The bane of housekeeping to a woman is the lighting of the kitchen fire in the chilly, dismal dawn.

Mrs. Lowell is a scientific electrician, and has found a way to wire the kitchen which communicates with her bedstead in such a way that she has but to touch a knob and a little chart is given to the fire, which is carefully laid every night. When she hears deliberately dresses and goes down to her kitchen the fire is cheerfully burning, the kettle is nicely boiling and the oatmeal is nearly cooked. When a process is perfected by which a lady can attach an electric button to her rocking chair which will wash the dishes while she rocks in embroidery a great problem will cease from troubling.—New York Sun.

Ridicule.

We may satirize error, but we must compassionate the erring; and this we must always teach by example to children, not only in what we say of others before them, but in our treatment of themselves. We should never use ridicule toward them except when it is evidently so good natured that its spirit cannot be mistaken. The agony which a sensitive child feels on being held up before others as an object of ridicule, even for a trifling error, a mistake or peculiarity, is not soon forgotten or easily forgiven. When we wish therefore to excite contrition for a serious fault, ridicule should never be employed, as the feelings raised are opposed to self-reproach.—New York Ledger.

It Is Best to Wait.

There come times in the life of each of us when some one we cared for and trusted turns to us deeply, deals us a blow that bitter for a moment—as keen and unexpected and cruel it is—to sense and reason and generosity. It may be that the power of retaliation is ours, and in the first passionate smarting of that hurt we may reach out in anger, cruel hand to return blow for blow. But wait; I tell you there will be more pleasure to you in the consciousness of the act if you let each hot, rash unkind word pass by in grieved silence than if you bitterly resent. Dear heart—wait.—Ella Higginson in West Shore.

Airing the Bed.

It is not everybody who can make a bed well. Most servants produce bad results in this respect. Beds should be stripped of all bedclothes and left to air thoroughly. Don't, however, leave a window open directly upon the bed and there with a fine air only increasing coldness. It is not unusual to see sheets and bedding hung out of a window with, perhaps, rain actually falling, but with 10 per cent. of humidity in the atmosphere, and the person sleeping in that bed at night breathes the next day where he got his cold. A room may be aired in most weather, but the bedding and bed must not stand any dampness.—New York Times.

THEY ALL HAD SOAP.

Chicago Politicians Fall Easy Victims to the Persuasive Fakir.

The other evening as a representative of The Post walked down the corridor leading to the Mayor's office he met Private Secretary O'Neil wending his way homeward. The genial Tom carried under his arm a lengthy and somewhat peculiarly shaped parcel. On being asked jocingly what it contained Mr. O'Neil blushed, but, like the father of his country, he couldn't lie about it, so in a low tone he answered:

"It's a bar of soap."

A moment later Deputy Comptroller Frank Barrett was encountered. He, too, carried a parcel. The curiosity of the reporter was aroused. "What's that?" Frank was asked. Mr. Barrett glanced around him, and he replied hastily:

"Oh, it's only a bar of soap."

Just then Alderman John Summerfield was stepping out of the city clerk's office. Deputy Clerk Van Cleave brushed past him quickly; both carried parcels.

"Bet a quarter I can tell you what you've got under your arm," shouted the alderman after Van's retreating figure.

"I'll go you," said Van.

"It's a bar of soap," interrupted Mr. Summerfield.

"Right you are," interrupted the deputy city clerk. "I owe you a quarter."

"She's mine," muttered the alderman, as he descended to the street floor.

A scene enacted in the mayor's office in the early morning explains this mysterious occurrence. About nine o'clock a picturesque looking gentleman, carrying a large sage, entered and placed the sage on John Pfaisimmons' desk. John took a look at it, and then beat a hasty retreat. The object that had disturbed the equanimity of Mr. Pfaisimmons was a bar of enormous dimensions, with gauzy, filmy wings, such as lost two feet long, and the head and body of a monstrous rat.

"What's that?" exclaimed Tom O'Neil in horror stricken accents.

"The great vampire of South America, whose food is the blood of sleeping victims and which bites off—" and the gentleman with the sage talked until he ran down.

"What do you feel it on?" asked Alderman Summerfield, who had just happened in, and was gazing thoughtfully at the sage. "How heel and feel," was the prompt reply.

By this time a crowd of goodly proportions had gathered round the vampire and its owner. Just then the latter drew from his pocket a long slab of something that looked like a sheet of cork and placed it beside the sage. It was grooved on one edge, and everybody thought it was the vampire's food. With that wonderful unanimity which, like the proverbial "touch of nature," often shows the whole world to be kin, the entire crowd cried out:

"What's that?"

This was the vampire man's opportunity. "That, gentlemen," he exclaimed, while a ray of luminous intelligence played round his countenance, "is a piece of bark of the sapp tree of South America. From it has been manufactured a preparation unrivaled in cleaning gloves, taking grease spots from hats." And before anyone could break away the fakir had the respective lot of at least six in the crowd, diligently rubbing away at them with his preparation. That's how the aldermen, the deputy city clerk, the mayor's private secretary and the deputy comptroller went home that evening each with a bar of soap under his arm.—Chicago Post.

Formation of Coal.

There are half a dozen or more theories to account for the formation of coal, each of which differs from all the others in some particulars. It is known, however, that most of the coal was formed in what the geologists call the carboniferous age, which was far earlier than the appearance of the higher animals or man upon the earth. In that period large areas of the globe were covered with a vegetation much more luxuriant than is found even in the tropics now. The atmospheric conditions were favorable at that time to the formation of beds of peat from this vegetation after its death. This peat, being submerged by the downward movement of the earth's crust and eventually buried under an immense weight of sediment, lost much of its moisture by distillation, and at last, after hundreds of centuries of time, became hardened and changed into the condition in which it now appears as coal.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

She Stopped for Breakfast.

A Dominican, in vogue in Paris as a preacher, the Rev. Pere Ollivier, is renowned for calling to order, without scruples, his pretty hearers. A lady arrived very late at his sermon. The noise of the moving of the chairs, as she walked up the church, much disturbed the reverend father, who spoke to her ironically in these words: "Madame is late. She doubtless stopped to take her cup of chocolate." At first surprised and embarrassed, she grew very red, and then replied, in a clear voice that resounded in the deep silence of the church, "Yes, my reverend father, and a little roll with it."

Cousin's Have Made One.

Hoffman House—I may remind you, sir, that my ancestors left me no land.

Tom Kross—And a very thoughtful act it was in them, to be sure.—Puck.

Juvenile Definitions.

Being asked what sonnetsense was, a boy replied, "Air forward sonnitor." Asked what a canine meant, the ready answer was, "An ironclad vessel."

Another lad was asked what he understood by "velocity," and, perhaps from experience, he described it as "something to put hot plates down with."—Exchange.

Teeth as Index of Character.

A leading dentist says: "To determine a person's character by the teeth take the upper front teeth. They are a true index of the nature of a man or a woman. "Here," he said, "is the tooth of a young lady who has a lovely disposition and is universally beloved. See how regular and dainty the formation is, and yet possessing all the requisite points for a perfect tooth. Here you see the tooth of a man who is cruel, although his cruelty is of the refined kind; notice that the tooth is white and rather sharp and long. Then this tooth, strength and coarse in form, denotes brutality. It is from the jaw of a man of brutal nature. Here is a curious tooth from the mouth of a peevish, fretful woman. The crown has a sharp, fretful turn to it.

"Now we have the tooth of a sensuous woman. You see it is square, although of good shape, and depressed in the center. Now we come to one that belonged once in the mouth of a lady who is noted for her refinement and intellectual development. It is slender and perfect in shape—one of the kind of teeth going with long, slender fingers. Now, this tooth is taken from the mouth of a much grosser nature. This woman is selfish, but has, on the whole, a kindly nature and would not willingly hurt another's feelings, but it is her nature to be regardless of others."—New York Ledger.

The Heroism of a Child.

In the Bodleian library at Oxford is a most touching record of heroism and self sacrifice on the part of a child.

The lower door of St. Leonard's church, Bridgesworth, was left open, and two young boys, wandering in, were tempted to mount to the upper part and scramble from beam to beam.

All at once a joist gave way. The beam on which they were standing became displaced. The elder had just time to grasp it when falling, while the younger, slipping over his body, caught hold of his comrade's legs. In this fearful position the poor lads lung, crying vainly for help, for no one was near.

At length the boy clinging to the beam became exhausted. He could no longer support the double weight. He called out to the lad below that they were both done for.

"Could you save yourself if I were to loose you?" replied the younger lad.

"I think I could," returned the elder.

"Then goodby, and God bless you!" said the little fellow, loosing his hold.

Another second and he was dashed to pieces on the stone floor below.

His companion clambered to a place of safety.—Chatterbox.

A Wisconsin lady, the wife of a secretary in the Brazilian war department, has the somewhat solitary distinction of being the only newspaper woman in South America.

Among the tiaras jewels possessed by fortunate women is a beautiful pearl necklace, well known in London, owned by the Countess Toletti. It is composed of stones large and perfect in shape and nearly black in color. They cannot be called more beautiful than the shimmering white favorites, but on account of their rarity they are considerably more valuable.

NOTICE.

PLANS ARE INVITED FOR THE REDUCTION of a brick City and County Building to be erected in the center of the Public Square. Size of block 60 feet square. The building will have basement, two floors, three stories with basement, and constructed in the form of what is known as nave construction. Cost of building completed not to exceed $25,000. All plans to be submitted on or before May 15th, 1891. City and County reserve the right to reject any and all plans. For further particulars apply to

HON. G. M. SCOTT, Mayor,
HON. G. W. EARTCH, Probate Judge,
Salt Lake City, Utah, April 4, 1891.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

THE FIRM HERETOFORE EXISTING under the name and style of Christopherson & Carson, consisting of a money business in the city and county of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Mr. Martin Christopherson, having purchased the entire interest of Hugh J. Cannon in the concern.

Dated April 20th, 1891.

MARTIN CHRISTOPHERSEN,
HUGH J. CANNON.

SPECIAL.

E. C. M. I., SALT LAKE CITY,
April, 1891.

To Our Patrons:

WE RESPECTFULLY INVITE ATTENTION to the fact that on and after Friday, May 1 next, the several departments of our main store will open daily at 8 a. m. and close at 6 p.m., except on Saturdays and the day preceding any public holiday, when the hour of closing will be extended to 9 p. m.

It is believed that this arrangement will meet with the appreciation of all our friends, and that the patronage will continue to be as liberal as heretofore.

E. G. WEBBER, Supt.

SALT LAKE NURSERY.

HAVING BECOME SOLE PROPRIETOR of the Salt Lake Nursery, I am now prepared to furnish Fruit, Shade and Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, of best quality and at lowest prices.

Nursery one mile south of city limits, on State Road.

MARTIN CHRISTOPHERSEN.

F. S. RICHARDS. J. H. MOYLE.

RICHARDS & MOYLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Office in Constitution Building,
36 S. MAIN STREET,
SALT LAKE CITY.

S. W. DARKE,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR,
Wasatch Block, Salt Lake City.

JOHN M. CANNON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Rooms 211 & 3, Third Floor, Constitution Building.

RICHARD W. YOUNG,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Third Floor, Constitution Building, opposite U. C. M. I.

DR. E. S. WRIGHT,
OFFICE: 240 South Main Street.
RESIDENCE: 155 E. First South St.

CHARLES M. CANNON,
SURGEON-DENTIST.
Rooms 404 and 407 Constitution Building.

Do You Dine?

If yes, your dinner should begin with soup. Soup can be most easily, most economically, and most expeditiously made with

Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Beef

without other meat stock.

This is how a jar of the genuine looks. It has a blue signature like this on the wrapper.

Ask for Liebig COMPANY'S

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah, on the 6th day of February, 1891, in the matter of the estate of Thomas Rees, deceased, the undersigned, administrators of the said estate, offered at private sale to the highest bidder, the real estate hereinafter described, in Probate Court, on the 20th day of April, 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the law office of Rossiter A. Heyn, in the Constitution Building, in Salt Lake City, in said county and Salt Lake Territory of Utah, all the right, title and interest of said estate of the said Thomas Rees, at the time he died, or the right, title and interest thereto acquired by said estate in addition to that of the said Thomas Rees, at the time of his death, in and to the following described real estate, situate in Salt Lake County, Utah, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point on the east side of said rock, seventy two hundredths (.72) chains, from the southwest corner of said rock, thence north one and seven ten hundredths (1.70) chains, from the southwest corner of said rock, thence north one (1) degree east ten (10) links, thence north (8) chains, thence south five (5) chains, thence south ten (10) degrees and ten (10) minutes, thence eight (8) chains, thence north five (5) chains, thence north ten (10) degrees and ten (10) minutes, thence eight