AN AVERAGE MAN.

A mellow story
Without any dark orders,
With an emotional twilight
Across serious stories,
Would a poor old businessman
Who was over with his business,
And who couldn't tinkle the river,
And who worked out by the day,

And a common fellow
Who has Democratic Writer,
With the usual share of curious,
And who takes his pleasure [illegible]
But on hard gift of beauty,
Be an average man of mark
Neither very good nor evil?
Just about the pen not an.

And he will an average woman,
Who she are very human,
Who wants the Democratic
Rather than good or bad,
Yet is happiest they're evening,
Since they would wind and sunshine,
But they first back other money,
And that good is continued back.

Money had enough to Money
To enjoy the money life money,
Some more speech to Speech
To enjoy speech life speech,
Work hard in November,
Time and work hard in November,
Yet not work hard in November,
Since the hard work of money.

They worked on now year or season,
Yet have not enough to money,
And are pleased to pay money,
And no wages did were much.
Yet they have other they were elderly
And they put them in the pleasure,
And they left them there. There's all.

A mellow story
Without any dark or gloomy—
Let me have Democrat
Represent the human class
Be an average share of pleasure,
Be the average share of pleasure,
Be the average for and sorrow
Of the common average man.
—Walter Ewer in Twelve Pads.

MIGGLES' SPEECH.

Griggs was washing himself, and was in a hurry. The telegraph had run just all afternoon; unusually heavy—"Business startling," Griggs said, when the editor asked him how the wires were working, "only the news seems to pour in from all quarters." Griggs was glad this supper time came. He had an engagement that evening and anticipated pleasure.

Suddenly a change came over Griggs' face. He hastily slipped into the vinegar in his face and took, were wide-awake suddenly and placed on the edge of the book, as he listened to the voice of the editor, who was standing at Briggs's desk.

"Are you there, Griggs? Here's a dispatch from Ground Hog's Glory. Press Miggles. On his way to Pompey Smash. Look to a business, Griggs."

Griggs stuffed at the towel, dried himself as he approached his room and faced the editor.

"Griggs, this is of the very first importance."

Griggs' manner indicated earnest attention.

"I may tell you—in confidence, Griggs—that Miggles' speech must go in tonight. No matter what else is crowded out, on no account must you permit Miggles' speech to be abbreviated by so much as a line. I would remain myself, but I have an engagement that will be broken unless so important, in fact, as this speech of Miggles', which is the turning point in the canvass for the district. A change of forty or fifty votes—you, twenty—at Pompey Smash, will elect our candidate. Griggs, I predict it will make Miggles."

"All right," said Griggs as the editor left his room. He was putting on his coat when Stimmett returned.

"Put a good head on it, Griggs—something that will catch the eye." Stimmett was moving away the second time when he halted, turned back, and dropping his voice said: "I may as well tell you. It will be known soon anyway. Miggles' election means a great deal, a vast deal. Now, to keep a sharp lookout. See that the speech goes in all right—no mistake or ridiculous errors."

"All right," said Griggs. He glanced at the dispatch Stimmett had laid on his desk as the editor and proprietor of The Morning Star hastened away. Then he walked up to the composing room and inquired if Diggs was there. Diggs was foreman, and in answer to Griggs' request turned down, as by previous agreement.

"See here, Diggs, we've a dispatch from Miggles. He has referred us to print his speech—the speech he will make at Pompey Smash this evening. How is it?" Griggs pulled a drawer out, brought out three proof slips and handed them to Diggs. "Now, as you are going to run this thing tonight for me, I want you to be sure there are no errors in it. I guess I'd best crack a book on it for you before I go—the main thing is to see that it goes in. That is Stimmett's impression. Stimmett wants to see what is left out—if the president does not counter your Miggles' speech out. I'm sorry it so happens I must be off tonight, but he's plenty of time. You've got my desk clean enough to know pretty what to do. That's all, Diggs. I'm off. He had up—take the speech and give it to the foreman to get in hand at once."

"Where is Miggles' speech, Griggs?" said Diggs, dashed off a few lines, looked at them, waited them up the elevator and went out. He was engaged; was to be married in a fortnight, and as a matter of course Stimmett's The Morning Star Miggles and his speech from his mind before he reached the corner. What young man would not who was on his way to his sweet, with the certainty of spending an evening with his affianced as the theme?

"See here, Burton," said Diggs, as he neared the composing room hastily, "Griggs gave me imperative orders—imperative orders—that this be kept out of the paper. Just put it out this thing. Must see matter what else is left out—Miggles' speech goes in."

"All right," answered Burton. The foreman took the proof slips, glanced over it with a critical eye, then laid it down.

"A pretty good first page. The head looks first rate. You can pop a head on with Griggs, Diggs."

"It's Griggs'. Tend mine."

A footstep sounded near. It was Griggs.

"I—in fact, I was detained later than I expected, Diggs, as you stepped around to see how you were getting on. That condensed speech of Miggles' has run up my mind all night."

"Nothing else?"

Burton and Diggs laughed.

"Oh, I am all right."

"What's that, Griggs?"

It was the night editor.

Almost at the same moment the night clerk, who was in the rear of the business office, was calling by the telephone.

"Hello there, Star office?"

"Well," said the clerk, fumbling for his pencil, and making ready for a new advertisement.

"That you, Baker?"

"Yes, sir."

It was the proprietor's voice. He had popped into a drug store to speak to the night editor.

"Parker there?"

"No, sir."

"Well, tell him when he comes to see Griggs at once. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have given Griggs special orders. Tell him. Do that?"

"Yes, sir. To tell Mr. Parker you've given special orders to Mr. Griggs, and for Mr. Parker to be sure and see Griggs."

"That's all."

The night clerk went to his desk and was soon connected in his labors. In the upper story of The Star establishment the Morning Star was coming in a dozen tiny way Bigger's column—called Miggles' for the complimentary plum."

"What sort of a place is Pompey Smash, anyhow, Doggy? Ever been there?"

"No but Griggs has. There's a lot of some backed Democrats over there—Go-out Shel vote for Jackson and Van Buren, and opposite there is another lot of straight Democrats, and the Pompey Smash—uncorrected version, allows you."

"Anything in disagreement of Miggles?"

"Shot if I know."

"What's the point—what makes him go out to Pompey Smash to fire off?"

"Oh! Why, it's a mighty close vote, you know. As near as I can make out, the idea is to tickle the people there—to honor them with the opening speech—to have the people talk about the speech Miggles makes at Pompey Smash. A hundred votes, one way or the other, will settle it everybody knows that."

"Here," said the foreman.

Then he turned around, and lifting his voice said in tones that could be heard by all in the composing room:

"Boys, pull out so Miggles' speech. I want to get it in early."

Then there was silence in the composing room.

The wires worked well that night. The night was a repetition of the day. Diggs was up to his eyes in news from all quarters. "Nothing stunning," she called up to the foreman: "just a steady glut of stuff from all sources that could be chopped off any place and never or hinder."

When a newspaper office is in order it's surprising how smoothly everything runs. The Morning Star was run on a sound system; so thoroughly that although the proprietor and editor, business manager and telegraph editor were absent they did not seem to be missed.

Along about 3 o'clock in the morning Diggs thought he would run up the stairs more and see how the speech looked in type.

"Looking for Miggles' speech?" asked the foreman. "There it is—fine column."

Diggs glanced over the form. It was all right.

"You read the proof—I sent it down to you—or, rather, the revise."

"I looked at it—I guess it's all right," said Diggs returned to his desk, which was in.

Just then a messenger laid a fresh dispatch on the table. Diggs glanced at the clock. "Two fifteen." He handed the boy back his book after acknowledging the receipt of the message, and began to whistle again as he tore it open. Diggs' lips retained their position, but no sound escaped them. The message was from Pompey Smash, and contained four words:

"Don't print Miggles' speech."

Diggs was thunderstruck. He rushed to the pigeon hole he was going to call to the foreman, when he bethought himself. He turned the dispatch up to the light. It was filed at 8:00. What did it mean? There was no initial appended—that it was he would not ask no one. Possibly it was a mere trick of the opposition.

He ran up stairs and laid the mysterious message down before the foreman.

"What do you think of that, Burton?"

"I don't think anything. There's only one meaning—it says plainly, 'Don't print Miggles' speech' and here we are printing it."

"Well, but Griggs' orders were to print it. What could Stimmett have particular about this speech? Why, he must have expected a trick. Anyhow—my orders are imperative."

"Take my advice—as I'll have to consult Parker. He's night editor, and he is the man to decide."

The foreman whistled to the composing room:

"Mr. Parker there? Send him up at once."

"Not here."

"Where is he?"

"Hasn't been here tonight. Thought he was sick yesterday."

"Do you know anything about this speech of Miggles', Baker?"

"Oh, never heard of it."

"Look around—see if there's a note or message for me—anybody!"

A minute elapsed.

"Nothing here."

"Here's a pretty battle of fife," said the foreman, turning to Diggs. "What do you think? You've got precious little time to decide. In or out—which is it? I can check the form full of miscellany and shut lying over here—in or out?"

"Why, when it we break the owner?" said Diggs, with Napoleonic decision.

Ten minutes later the forms were in the roller, and twenty minutes after that Miggles' speeches were thrown out as a Ridiculous Sensation. Diggs took down to the pressroom, taking up a handful of paper, returned to the composing room and laid them down before Burton.

"Made all right, Burton."

The foreman picked the paper up, turn it in his hand a moment, glancing over it with a critical eye, then laid it down.

"A pretty good first page. The head looks first rate. You can pop a head on with Griggs, Diggs."

"It's Griggs'. Tend mine."

A footstep sounded near. It was Griggs.

"I—in fact, I was detained later than I expected, Diggs, as you stepped around to see how you were getting on. That condensed speech of Miggles' has run up my mind all night."

"Nothing else?"

Burton and Diggs laughed.

"Oh, I am all right."

"What's that, Griggs?"

It was the night editor.

I put back earlier than I expected, and run up to see if everything is right. What's this?"

"Miggles' speech, delivered over at Pompey Smash. Mr. Stimmett gave me special orders to get it in tonight."

Griggs held a paper up and said:

(SPECIAL TO THE EDITOR.)

[illegible]

ALONZO ALGERNON MIGGLES, [illegible]

A Masterly and Lucid Analysis of the Situation—Speech Received in the Shape of an Earnest Appeal.

"Knock all right, Griggs," said Parker, "but if I had been here I'd have left that out. It is an accident, of course, but it may have been fatal."

"No, I don't see," said Griggs. "Yes—"

"What Griggs was going to say is lost to the world, for at that moment Eddie Stimmett laid a hand upon their shoulders.

"What is it, Parker?"

He gave one startled—double startled, to be—on the morning star. Harvey was standing at the door opposite the desk and by a gesture he indicated to the man he wanted to be interrupted in the make before it departed. Then he slowly lifted his hands. His mouth opened—but no words came from it. He staggered, supported by the round him. Then he fell. There was a sound like the crumbling of heavy paper, and the broken mass. For a time two women and a half-grown boy appeared on the second floor unknown knew what commotion.

Then the element of attention to a special, from a shady house to the gas that leaves the force between the third relations.

"Didn't you get my message, Parker?"

"I was not there when you got all right."

"You—you got it, Griggs?"

"Yes, sir. I was tired, too—I got Doggy to run my desk."

Stimmett groaned. Doggy looked. The editor had caught to the net of stealing a marble.

"Did you get my message, Doggy?"

"Yes, sir! ——"

"Stop! I won't hear a word," said Stimmett.

"You, you will, Mr. Stimmett," said Griggs, with a white face but resolute eye. "Your orders were imperative. I told Doggy so. No matter what comes he was to print Miggles' speech."

"Who could that message was much more Bigger's and consequently than the message that preceded it.

"Let me see the message."

Doggy brought it out, and Stimmett turned it over in an abstracted way in his hand.

"What is wrong, Mr. Stimmett?"

The editor gave the night editor one glance. It spoke volumes.

"Nothing—nothing—only Miggles could delivered did not get to Pompey Smash at all. Consequently he did not make a speech. He cannot. Bill Carruthers, not we, and told me he telegraphed us not to print. This will do for him. The paper will never be up to it. The people at Pompey Smash will never forgive Miggles for making them ridiculous. It's bad enough to assume that he had dinned such a thing into them—or turn a vote. It's worse to palm off a speech on the public he never made at Pompey Smash or anywhere else. Miggles is ruined now and forever."

It was ruined. A hundred Morning Stars were flying to Pompey Smash with Miggles' great effort on the editor spoke.

There was war along the line for fifteen ten days. Not a man in Pompey Smash called for Miggles. There was war in The Morning Star office, but peace came over it speedily and cabined the disturbed elements like a dose of soothing drug.

The editor, Parker, Griggs—everybody had the good sense to see and acknowledge it was a concatenation of circumstances unavoidable in the best regulated families, and today, when anything unusual or disastrous sets in The Star, Stimmett or Parker or Griggs, his partners, will refer to "Miggles' Great Effort."—David Lowry in Pittsburg Bulletin.

One Form of Marriage Ceremony.

The following is a southwestern Missouri form of marriage ceremony: "Do you solemnly swear to be a husband to the maiden of Missouri, by the golden fields of corn and wheat that were to add from the gentle summer breeze, by the good fences of stock that are continually balking the way to the different markets of the world, by the monotonous croak of the cat on the backyard fence, and by the pumpkin vine whose climbing tendrils shade the cottage of a common laborer, by the whole earth and sky and all that is in them, I pronounce you man and wife, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls."—Yankee Blade.

Candy Stores and Savings Banks.

The funds in the school savings banks would increase much more rapidly if confectioneries could be induced to locate out of the school ground or public schools. As it is, the child who school runs the gauntlet of all the confectionery temptations on his daily path and deposits his pennies instead of the school bank, will make a citizen who can afford to be trusted with the funds of a larger bank at some later day.—Boston Commonwealth.

What Makes Hair Curly.

The difference between straight and curly hair is very apparent on a microscopical examination.

A hair is a cylinder tube, and a straight hair is round and a rock walls a curly hair is always flattened on both sides and curls toward the side of the flat side, never toward the edge. It is a curious and little known fact that the hair of women is coarser than that of men, as well as thicker on the scalp.—National Review.

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A Cough and Croup Medicine.
For children a medicine should be absolutely reliable. A mother must be able to pin her faith to it as to her Bible. It must contain nothing violent, uncertain, or dangerous. It must be standard in material and manufacture. It must be plain and simple to administer; easy and pleasant to take. The child must like it. It must be prompt in action, giving immediate relief, as children' troubles come quick, grow fast, and mortality or otherwise in a very short time. It must not only relieve quick but bring them around quick, as children chafe and fret and spoil their constitutions under long continued suffering. It must go to work in moderate doses. A large quantity of medicine in a child is not desirable. It must not interfere with the child's spirits, appetite or general health. These things can not as well as young folks, and make Schoebe's German Syrup the favorite family medicine.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the estate of George Martin Bigelow, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of Sale of Real Estate should not be made.

MARGARET A. WHITE, THE ADMINISTRATOR of the estate of George Martin Bigelow, deceased, having filed her petition, duly verified, praying for the order of a general sale of the real estate of said deceased, for the purpose mentioned in said petition, and it appearing therefrom that the said deceased, at the time of his death, had in his possession or control a certain parcel of real estate situated in the county of Salt Lake, State of Utah, and that it would be for the benefit of the heirs, devisees and creditors of said deceased that a sale of said real estate should be made, and it appearing to the court that said petition should be heard on the 25th day of January, and that it would be proper that a notice of said petition and hearing thereof should be given to all persons interested in said estate, and that the court should order the heirs, devisees and creditors of said deceased to show cause why an order of sale of said real estate should not