

THE MAN AND
HIS METHODS.

What Does New York Think?

Hollander Germany, and the three Scandinavian countries.

Last week Elders Wm. R. Horne of Richmond, Ches. L. Aebischer of Logan, Heber J. Webb of St. George, Samuel Allen of Goshen and J. F. Barton of Bluff, Utah, passed through London on their way to the Continent to fill missions. Elders Horne and Aebischer were headed for the Netherlands, while the other brethren proceeded to Switzerland via Paris.

Our latest arrival from Zion is Elder Claude T. Barnes, and he has been appointed to turn in Hammersmith, with the writer.

TRACY Y. CANNON.

AN AMATEUR REFORMER.

An oblong piece of colored paper, printed and filled out in due form and signed by the postmaster at Morgan-taupe, instructed the postmaster at Chicago to pay to Henry M. Gwilliams the sum of \$1.65.

A tall, lanky person who had dropped in at the postoffice presented it at the proper window.

The clerk read it through carefully and looked up at the lanky person with some suspicion.

"Are you Mr. Gwilliams?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir."

"How much? Who sends the money to you?"

"Hanson Hiker, Morgantown, state of Kentucky." "He's a man, if I remember her rightly, with a frizzily mustache, wart on each side of his nose, sandy complexion, blue eyes, pleasing expression of countenance, good talker, voted for Bryan in 1896, but believes in the gold standard. This money was sent to balance a local account of long standing—"

"I don't care for any of that," interrupted the young man on the other side of the glass partition. "Have you papers or anything of that kind about you to identify you as owner of this order?"

"Here's the letter it came in," said the person professing to be Mr. Gwilliams. "You can see the name on the back of the envelope."

"Anything else?"

"Oh yes."

Here he laid the contents of the inner breast pocket of his coat before the clerk.

"That's a letter from a cousin in Iowa," he explained, pointing out the one on top of the pile. "Deccepted bill from gas company. Here's my bank-book. Name, I think, agrees with name on postal order. Letter from client on the next slide. Involved in suit over the same invitation to club banquette factory, offering to—"

"I guess that'll do."

"I want you to be satisfied. It's a serious thing to pay out a dollar and six bits—or is it five—of your trifling stock—who hasn't anything but an honest face and a few documents to recommend him. Here's—"

"I told you I was satisfied."

"But I'm not. I want to make the proof overwhelming."

"Look a dollar or two of his professional cards from a small morocco card case and scattered them profusely about."

"That's all I have with me," he said, "but if I can have the use of your telephone I can tell the office boy here in ten minutes with a hundred more."

"Don't get funny. I told you the identification was satisfactory."

"Quite sure?"

"Yes, sir."

"Please if you are not—"

"Please let that lady behind you—"

"Ah! Beg pardon, ma'am. I hope you will not have as hard a job in establishing your identity as I had."

He raised his hat, took up the article in the case which the clerk had shoved at him, replaced his documents in his various pockets and moved toward window No. 25.—Chicago Tribune.