WOMAN AND HOME.

A CLEVER GIRL WHO TRIED A NEW BIT OF PHILOSOPHY.

The Glory of Woman—Dress of American Women—Rest a Little—Home, Women and Newspapers—A Timely Word on Long Engagements.

One of the cleverest girls I can ever hope to know told me once the history of a day of small things and its tragic ending. Everything "went wrong" with her that day, as the phrase goes; her most dependent on story came late, "dinner with invalid" her overshoe sprang a leak and soaked the rheumatic ankle; her dressmaker's bill was discovered, by ingenious furnishing of "evidence," to have well high doubled itself; the dainty bit of Dresden china which was a philopena present from "him," caught in her shawl fringe and was swept to the floor and broken to bits; and so on down the maddening list.

But she tried that day a new bit of philosophy, "to small evils, small remedies," she said to herself; and through all the annoyances of the day she sustained her soul with the vision of the nicely cooked beefsteak muffins which, it being a "company tea" that night, would adorn the family board. She came in to the dining room, weary and weary, into stifled and irritated nerves in their final gasp of protest and revolt. The maid passed to her a plate of thin sliced cold bread. "Where, mother?" she cried impatiently, "where are the muffins?" "My dear," said the gentle mother, "I am so sorry; but Mary Ann left them in the oven just a moment too long, and——"

That was the last straw. With a bitter and heartbroken wail of "No muffins after all!" the overtrained nerves gave way, and she rushed from the table, crying as though her heart would break.—Boston Commonwealth.

The Glory of a Woman.

"The glory of a woman is her hair," we are told, but that depends in some measure upon the way in which she wears it. If, as is the custom of some women, she brushes it backward from her forehead and then, after stretching the fibers to the tension of fiddle strings at concert pitch, bolays the tightened mass behind her sore, we must say that the appearance her head presents is anything but glorious. By what technical name this frightful arrangement is known we do not know, but it might appropriately enough be called the cemetery style.

The "horrid hair" of a comet is always drawn back at a right angle from its focal line by reason of the speed at which it travels; but why any female slave of fashion should emulate that erratic specimen of fast life in the upper circles in this particular is beyond our ken. The only wonder is that the hair, under the tremendous pull necessary to impart the requisite tension, does not give way at the roots or the tail of Tam o' Shanter's mare in the lurid gorge of Cutty Sark.

Seriously, ladies, this high pressure method of dressing your "glory" is, in every sense of the word, a serious drawback to your comeliness. Possibly you may think that it prevents your face from wrinkling, but the reverse is the fact. The skin of the forehead is unnaturally stretched in the process, and when the pressure is removed it is apt to become corrugated. If you wish to attract admiration and not ridicule don't dress your hair in that manner.—Lodge.

Dress of American Women.

In Mrs. Kendle's "Further Recollections" she takes American women severely to task for their extravagance. "I have new here," she writes, "seen extravagance in excess with that of American women, especially in dress. I knew one woman—I was going to say lady, but I retract that—who, wearing during the summer exquisite linen dresses made for the American market, light and cool for the heat, never had one washed, but as soon as it had just its first crisp freshness threw it away. Another lady of the same stamp paid fifteen dollars for the ironing of a flowered dress that was never worn twice!"

The latter performance can scarcely be called extravagance on the part of the owner of the dress. She was either the victim of the extortion of the contractor or the work was actually worth it and its being a boon to some poor person. Concerning the second count in the indictment, that was extravagant and wasteful. It is hardly fair to visit the sin of an individual upon an entire class. American girls with money are liberal spenders unabashedly, and as they possess to an exceptional degree the desire of all women for fresh, dainty things they tend to be. This writer, though, has nothing to say for the American women with very little money, who, by their skill, economy and management contrive to "have things" and "go to places" on such limited expenditure. With an income that an English girl would deem poverty, exile and seclusion her American sister lives in good style and finds a pleasure in existence.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Rest a Little.

Good mother, maker of numerous pies, member of numerous boxes, overseer of a great province called household—rest a little. Have a chair by the stove, and when you pop into the oven, sit while you look, you, even a moment after you will work all the faster for the short change of posture. While mending have your chair in the noisiest corner, where good light will come in, and let the noise rattle about you if possible, so that you may get the strengthening, health giving influence of it.

Drop your hands occasionally, and let them rest. Let your eye wander out through the window glass as far as possible, and rest your eyes by looking at something interesting out of door. Don't rush all the time. Drop the reins of household government for a little while, unbend yourself and sit down on the rug and play with the children, and, as it were, become again a child.

Economize your strength. Sit when you can. Do not hold the baby when it can rest and grow fat as well in its crib. Try resting when you can, by planning the work to be done, and by being systematic and orderly in all things, a woman's work at home is more easily done.—Living Issues.

Home, Women and Newspapers.

"I am glad," said the clever woman, "to see that the newspapers are giving some of their distinguished consideration to the 'weaker sex.' Now, I am not willing to admit that I do not take a good deal of interest in Gladstone, the Bulgarian question, the triple alliance and our own affairs of state and finance. Perhaps it is because I like to know a little about the things which my father and husband and sons are interested in. However, that is neither here nor there. I am a woman. I have my love. That is my first thought and care.

"So, when I find the newspapers devoting valuable space to home, to women and to their affairs I think better of the newspapers and better of women. Why shouldn't we have our own share in our own part of the paper? Why shouldn't we, when we don't feel like reading about congress, find something about fashions or about some pretty thing for one's home? Don't our husbands buy for us the papers of which we like best? Then we ought to be considered by those papers." "Well, aren't you?" asked the man. "Of course we are now," said the woman. "But that's my point. Men are only now waking up to the fact that we want our 'share,' do I say? I am glad that they are."—Chicago Tribune.

Red Lead for Roaches.

Many years ago I lived in Virginia and experienced my first real misery as a housekeeper. I had never before seen roaches. Imagine during the day, an answer had the night time arrived then they mustered by thousands into the deserted kitchen. The walls were black with them. They penetrated into the barrels of flour and meal in spite of every precaution. They ran over dishes in the pantry, and it was impossible to keep a bucket of water with hot water, else the first placed on it was sure to be spoiled. I tried every remedy I could hear of, and I was always disgusted. They seemed to fatten on my poisons; at least their numbers did not suffer diminution.

One day I took up an old almanac and idly turned its tattered yellow pages, and on the last fragment of a leaf came upon this: "Equal portions of corn meal and red lead mixed with molasses and spread on plates will destroy roaches." And it did. I put it in several dishes and set them on the floor, and all of a sudden apparently not to see if they ate it. The dishes were so covered with roaches that the mixture was scarcely visible. The next night there were fewer on the floor. And in a week not a roach was seen. I lived seven years thereafter in the same house and never saw one.—Our Good House-keeping.

Where Should She Stay?

Which is better—to stay well at home and in your friend's parlors, or to be a public singer of mediocre ability? Does not the question answer itself? Mediocrity is never desirable. Good public singers are scarce, and, although good parlor singers are far from usual, the possibility of an increase in the number is rather more to be expected. A girl who can sing well at home, unless she possess unusual talent, is more than a number in various ways. Her talent may be a boon to her friends, and be in a position to receive the best of instruction, will do well to remain there.

By parlor singing, too, a singer's repertoire may be extended, and as a good singer should adapt more than one style, if she to do so, this is most useful. Ballad singing, which is so successful in parlors, loses so much of its effectiveness when transplanted to the stage as do the airs and more florid examples of concert and operatic music if removed from their proper environment. A good parlor singer can do the future work perhaps better than the average public singer, but the good public singer should be able to sing both styles of music equally well.—Mlle. Clementine de Vere in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Graceful Table Decoration.

A woman who gave a charming luncheon had neither vases of cut glass nor silver in which to arrange her flowers; she used in their place a wide leghorn hat filled with damp moss, as it was to be a whole luncheon she wired the flowers in small bunches of ten or twelve, and set them in irregular general fashion in the moss, and tied the brim of the hat in toward the center with a wide band of lavender satin ribbon made into a large bow at the side. From beneath the hat a narrow ribbon of the same color was laid to the place of each guest, and terminated in a small, careless nosegay bunch of violets. White and creamy foods in salads and soups, cakes and cremes look best when violets are chosen for a luncheon. The table damask should be white or creamy, too, and wholly without starch or lining, so that it will hang in graceful folds.—New York Post.

Be Use Absent.

As we swung into line at the battle of Williamsburg to advance on the Confederate sharpshooters posted in a slashing, the regiment halted to dress. I was within one man of the extreme right of the front rank. To the right of us was a narrow lane, and about forty rods up this lane the Confederates were getting a gun into battery.

"That's for us," said the man on the right.

"Yes."

"Solid shot, probably?"

"Guess so."

"I'll hit me first?"

"Of course."

"How much'll you take to trade places?"

"How much'll you give?"

"Five dollars."

"Couldn't think of it."

"Ten."

"Not enough."

"Will you take twenty?"

"No."

"Well, I'll give you twenty-five dollars cash down and my note——."

At that moment the gun was discharged and the missile went screaming twenty feet above our heads, and my comrade finished——

"—For not one dumed cent! Thunkee, Johnny—I'm fifty dollars ahead on this!"—Detroit Free Press.

Mock Fasting.

When a stranger comes upon a person living in a lonely place he is usually struck by the complete identification of the man with his locality, and the effect is often droll enough. An illustration of this is given in a scrap of conversation between a traveler and a man who lived in an isolated house on a western prairie.

"You must find it terribly lonely here," observed the visitor, who was prospecting with a view to establishing a cattle ranch. "I suppose there is never any passing?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "sometimes there is considerable. Why, only day before yesterday there was three hundred went by."

"Three hundred people!" the visitor exclaimed in amazement. "I shouldn't have thought it possible."

"Oh, not people," said the other, equally surprised at being so mistaken. "Three hundred head of cattle."

"I see," the stranger answered, smiling at his own error. "I have not become part of the country yet or I should have known what you meant."—Youth's Companion.

A Mother's Eyes.

Mistress—Do you like children?

Domestic—Depends a good deal on the children, mum.

"Well, yes, I presume it does. Where did you work last?"

"With Mrs. Goodheart, mum. She had only one child."

"Oh, well, if you could stand that horrid little brat of Mrs. Goodheart's I'm sure you will not object to my six little darlings."—Good News.

HOW HE WORKED IT.

A Boy Sells His Newspapers and Charitable People at the Same Time.

As I was ascending the steps of the "L," about noon, not long ago, I nearly stumbled over a very small boy seated on the bottom of the second landing. He was an Italian, about eight years of age. Under his arm was a couple of newspapers, although the hour for selling them was late—10 p. m.

Stopping on the landing above to finish my cigar before boarding the train, I again noticed the boy, who had settled his head comfortably upon his arm and lay apparently fast asleep.

A man came up stairs, lingered a moment at the lad's side and then softly slipped a coin in the boy's hand, making no attempt to awake him. When his benefactor's footsteps died away the urchin started up to examine the coin, spat upon it for luck and stored it away.

The rumble of a downcoming train caused him to pick up his wares and fall back again into his somnolent attitude. A certain infantile grace peeped forth through his smudgy face as he lay upturned, partially revealed by the flickering glare of the gas. His papers dangled carelessly under his left arm, that hung limply and dejectedlike by his left side.

It was an effective pose in its pathos. Interested, I still watched the artful little fraud.

Passengers began to ascend. The fleet, a prim, spinsterlike female, stopped short, handed him a coin, bade him keep the change, took a paper, advised him to go on, and went on.

After her tripped an airy, fairylike miss, attired in a great ruffling of skirts, radiant in beauty that set off to advantage sparkling jewels and rich raiment. She threw up her hands in dismay and emitted a little cry of horror.

"Oh, George," she cried, "see there!" George was her escort.

He gallantly rose at once to the situation. Diving into his pocket he transferred therefrom quite a little sum of jingling change into the boy's hand.

Sympathy seemed contagious.

Other passengers contributed liberally and went their ways leaving the boy alone.

He sat upright, carefully counted the spoils and then settled down again for more business. How long this lasted, whether the little fellow had evolved this scheme from his own inner consciousness or been prompted, so to say, into it I had no time to ascertain.

This is but one incident in a thousand in metropolitan life which reveals that charitable people are bamboozled very often in their indiscriminate almsgiving.—New York Herald.

The simplicity of mechanism and the total absence of all reciprocating parts make the electric motor peculiarly adapted to the operation of a high speed car, and to these features its decreased weight, in comparison with the steam locomotive, lends additional value.

NOTICE.

PLANS ARE INVITED FOR THE REDEMPTION of a boys City and County Building to be erected in the center of the Eighth Ward Square (size of block 132 feet square). The proposed building is to have four floors, three stories high besides attic, and connected on the plan of what is known as close construction. Cost of building complete not to exceed $50,000. All plans to be submitted on or before May 20, 1891. City and County reserve the right to reject any and all plans. For further particulars apply to

HON. C. M. SCOTT, Mayor.
HON. D. W. BARNES, Probate Judge.
Salt Lake City, Utah, April 6, 1891.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

THE FIRM HERETOFORE EXISTING under the name and style of Cannon, Parkes & Cannon, embracing a nursery 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 10th, 1891.

MARTIN CHRISTOPHERSEN,
401 HUGH J. CANNON.

SPECIAL.

Z. 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 punctually at 8 a. m. and close at 6 p. m. except on Saturdays and the day prior thereto, when they will remain open for business until 10 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.

4 T. 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 lower prices.

Nursery one mile south of city limits, on state road.

401 MARTIN CHRISTOPHERSEN.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR.
Hooper Block, Salt Lake City.

JOHN M. CANNON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Rooms 207 & 9, Third Floor, Constitution Building.

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

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Rooms 206 and 207 Constitution Building.

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Be sure you get the genuine.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah, made on the 23d day of February, 1891, in the matter of the estate of Dorothy Jones, deceased, the undersigned, administrator of said estate, will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder for cash, the interest of said deceased at the time of his death in and to all that certain piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in Salt Lake City, County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah, and bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at the northeast corner of said land, running thence west 10 rods; thence south 16 rods; thence east 10 rods; thence north 16 rods to the place of beginning, containing one acre. Said sale will be made on the premises to the highest bidder for cash, subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on the 23d day of April, 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at Richards & Moyle, in the Constitution Building, Salt Lake City, County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah, at the right, title and interest of said deceased in said estate.

Dated April 1st, 1891.

EDWARD W. PALMER,
Administrator of the Estate of Dorothy Jones, deceased.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Alonzo Farr, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of Alonzo Farr, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at the law office of Richards and Moyle, Constitution Building, in S. Main St., Salt Lake City, in the County of Salt Lake.

Dated April 1st, 1891.

EDWARD W. PALMER,
Administrator of the Estate of Alonzo Farr, deceased.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the Estate of James F. Cleary, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, Administrator of the estate of James F. Cleary, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at the law office of Richards and Moyle, Constitution Building, in S. Main St., Salt Lake City, in the County of Salt Lake.

Dated April 1st, 1891.

EDWARD W. PALMER,
Administrator of the Estate of James F. Cleary, deceased.

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