

body of the lamp; but which, in reality, is nothing else than small particles of the ordinary grey colored sandstone which is now so extensively used in this city for building purposes, and which is positively worthless for the purposes for which a gullible public are purchasing it from him at the rate of fifty cents for each piece. The fellow has confidentially admitted that his fraudulent business yields him a net profit of ten dollars per day, and also that he gets his material from the stone-yards in this city, which statement is verified by one of the policemen of this city seeing him in the act of picking up and carrying away the pieces of rock. The same bilk some weeks since procured a quantity of damaged dye—stuff left at the old Deseret Woolen Mills at the time of the removal of the factory, and with one arm tied up in a sling to enlist sympathy and a sympathetic story about the limb being broken in a shocking manner, hawked the stuff around the country as superior bluing. Some of the tender-hearted ladies who patronized him in that capacity were quite surprised at meeting the fellow a few days subsequently minus his sling and all appearance of injury to his arm.

He is probably the same fellow, also, who some months since was engaged in peddling colored lamp wicks said to possess the same virtues now claimed for the small chips of stone, but which the credulous purchasers found to their chagrin to be no better than wicks they could buy at any store for a hundred per cent less than the price they paid him.

The next person he attempts to impose upon ought to promptly report him to the proper officers and have him promptly prosecuted for fraud.

An Ogden Railroad.

Articles of incorporation of the Ogden and Hot Springs Railroad Company were filed with the Secretary of the Territory yesterday. The object and business of the corporation is to build, operate and maintain a railroad commencing at a point near the northern end of Washington Avenue in Ogden, near the corporate limits of said city, and run thence in a northerly direction to the Hot Springs, in Box Elder County; thence to a point in township 7 north, range 2 west, in Weber County; thence to a point at or near the corporate limits of Ogden, an estimated length of fifteen miles. The motive power to be used in conveying passengers or property may be either steam electricity, mules, or a combination. The capital stock is placed at \$200,000, divided into 2000 shares of \$100 each, the following being subscribers: W. R. Swan, F. W. LaFrentz, Robert Bolern, Myron Hume, M. E. Post, A. H. Swan, J. T. McIntosh, Ogden; W. B. Farr, St. Louis; H. K. Thurber, F. C. Calkins, New York City. The directors of the road are Robert Bolern, W. R. Swan, J. T. McIntosh, M. E. Post and T. C. Calkins.

FREE READING ROOM PATRONS.

In many public libraries of this city there are daily to be seen some decidedly eccentric characters. Their faces are familiar to all the attaches of the place they frequent, and every occasional visitor has speculated at one time or other about them.

In the Mercantile library, for instance, there are three men who spend the entire day there reading anything and everything, and thus they have been doing for years. One is an elderly man and both the others are middle aged. They are at the door of the room when it opens in the morning at 9 o'clock. They take their seats in the most methodical fashion and begin. One of them occasionally goes down stairs, gets a book from the library, and returning in a few moments, settles himself in his corner with a grunt of satisfaction and then appears oblivious to his surroundings for hours.

At noon, or thereabouts, this trio goes out to luncheon. Not together, as each seems to be unaware of the similarity of the other's habits. Sometimes one comes back in twenty minutes, sometimes in thirty, but none would presume to stay away longer than an hour.

In the afternoon their pastime is again resumed, and it is continued until the doors close at night, when they go away reluctantly.

When the library made a rule to close at 3 o'clock Saturday afternoons, these people and several others protested against the early closing movement as an outrage.

Over the Astor library there was formerly a peculiar looking German who wore waxed ringlets and a tremendous necktie. He studied Goethe entirely, and made notes by the bushful on dirty scraps of paper that he picked from the floor or fished from his pockets. He has been missed for some time.

There is one nice looking, white haired old gentleman who comes to the Cooper union reading room in the neighborhood of two o'clock every day and calls for "Anthon's Classical Dictionary," which is a sort of biography of eminent ancient characters.

He never asks for anything else, and when he is seen to enter, the librarian, if not busy, goes to the case and brings that work to the desk.

The peculiar thing about this character is that he has been pursuing this custom ever since 1883. The reading room was closed during the extensive alterations to the building during '85 and '86. When it reopened, almost the first visitor was this same white haired old gentleman, and Mr. Curtiss, the librarian, could not repress a broad smile as the old gentleman stepped before his desk and, laying down his check, said, "How d'ye do? Glad you're open again," and then adding, unconcernedly, "Anthon's Classical Dictionary, please."

There is another queer fellow who comes into the same reading room and follows attendants around as they file newspapers and periodicals.

As soon as the attendant places one of these in its proper place the queer individual takes it up and rapidly turns and scans the pages. When the next one is placed he props the first and skims over the second. This he does with each and every one. He seems to have no definite object in doing this, as he cares not what the publication may be.

At first the library assistants did not know what to make of him, but they are used to him now and would miss his companionship were he to leave off.

There is a third man who is also a daily visitor, and he must have information enough stored away in his breast to run the world.

He is probably between 55 and 60 years old. He has an air of comfort about him, and might be taken for a one time workingman who had amassed a competence upon which he proposed to live at his ease for the rest of his days. He has been coming to the library for several years and began his reading on volume 1 of the American Encyclopedia. That book he called for every day for goodness knows how long, and when he had presumably exhausted its contents he began on volume 2, and so he continued until he came to the last volume.

Then he began on volume 1 again and went over the entire ground. It is thought that he has read the Encyclopedia at least a dozen times, and he is still at it.

Up at the Mechanics' library on West Sixteenth street an old man had been a frequent visitor. He was fully 85 years old and feeble at that. He had a mania for reading that. He had a mania for reading books on longevity, and pored for hours over "Inman's Preservation of Life," "Collins' Secret of Long Life," and books of that kind.

"Look at that old man," said the librarian one day to his assistant. "I don't think his deep study on the preservation of life will keep him from the grave much longer. He has been looking bad for a week or two, and appears to be at the edge of the precipice now." The prophecy proved correct, for the next thing heard of the old man was that he had been called from this weary world, and the knowledge gleaned from Collins or Inman did not suffice to keep him.

Another character at the Mechanics' Library is an old lady who revels in the most sentimental love stories. Then there are several misses who draw out books of the deepest philosophy "just to show the high taste they have," the man at the desk says, and there are a number of old men who delight in reading tales of adventures for boys.

The ubiquitous tramp is a frequent caller at the Mechanics' and other free reading rooms, especially during cold or rainy weather.

The only peculiar thing about him, though, is his aversion to reading and his ability to sleep behind a newspaper without the quiver of the hand.—*New York News*.

Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.