FREE THOROUGHFARE.

In bygone times
Who wrote verse, chimes, lute and lyre,
Of a lady's charms, but as her
Of peace our queen is as simple here.

Under the ground
Subways incline and motors are found,
And trains, the same, with a hundred miles
Speeds around the globe bound.

By the brook's brink,
Sitteth on the bank, musing and drinks,
Unequal to a doubtful chance so he,
A maiden's hand were the prize for me.

High over the rocks,
Look at the watch tower, dwells the fox.
Now I know that than the most wise is
Fit take a man one step to his.

Of men and book,
Pass and fall, it were sure to speak,
Every creature I much wonder
Who speaks wisdom and knows no sin.

Wickedness any one knows
The product is changed or sent to increase
Its number, with, not man, you see
The number of the wicked will be not less.
Adam D. Biddle in Springfield Republican.

A DOWRY OF HERRING

It was the 20th of January, 1795. The French army had entered Amsterdam, and the soldiers waited in groups in the square where they had stacked their guns to have their bayonets unfixed bare.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the Hollanders had left their houses and were collecting in the streets to welcome this liberating army. The greatest enthusiasm reigned in the city, and in the evening every house was illuminated.

Not the admiralty, however, stood on house where their and silent aspect contrasted strangely with the brilliant efforts of its neighbors. A Master Van Eilberg, mentioned in a high wall, with a few windows, intervened between the street and the house, and all the doors and blinds were now closed against. This was the house of Master Wooden.

Master Wooden was a rich Dutch merchant. Entirely taken up with his commercial affairs he was totally indifferent to the political events which so affected his countrymen, and whether he was thoroughly informed concerning the entrance of the French into the capital of his country.

At this moment Master Wooden was seated in a comfortable armchair in front of a blazing fire. He for hundred ten was fifty-five years of age, and his bald head rest pressed down upon his face, whose fine features gave hint about his protection from the sharp contrasts of frost air that found entrance at every opening of the dress.

On a table near him stood a pipe of long, a large pitcher of beer and a tray filled in the chimney corner on all around, upon extreme coldness, hanged over Flemish origin, occupied himself with occasionally stirring and pulling his open fire.

Presently the doorbell rang and the servant was quickly to answer it. A few minutes later a young man entered, who was his children on the sofa and approached the old man.

"Sit you, William!" exclaimed Master Wooden. "I had not expected you so early!"

"I left Brook this morning," he replied, with a respectful salutation, "but my uncle are so conducted with soldiers and fugitives that it was taken me all day to get here."

"Did you see Van Eilberg?"

The young man drank a glass of beer and sat down by the fire before answering the question.

"Yes, sir!" he said slowly. "Master Van Eilberg consents to the marriage, but he refuses to give his daughter more than 4,000 ducats as her dowry."

"Ah!" cried Master Wooden, frowning heavily, "then he may keep back his daughter and her dowry."

"But, father, let me"——

"Hold your tongue, William; at your age you could offer everything to see, but let me tell you free Talos away, while money remains."

"But Master Van Eilberg is one of the richest merchants in Holland, and what he will not give his daughter in his lifetime will surely come to her at his death."

"What then? Am not I as rich as he? Listen to me, my son. You will one day succeed me in my business. Remember this these two axioms—never give more than you receive, and do nothing for the sole benefit of others. These are good rules for marriage as well as for commerce."

"But"——

"Let the matter rest, my son. We will not speak further of it now."

William knew the self willed obstinacy of his father too well to reply, and sat still in great sorrow and perplexity, while the old man calmly smoked his pipe.

Across the doorbell rang, and the dogs in the courtyard began to bark furiously.

"Ah!" said Master Wooden, "it must be some stranger. Look out of the window, William, and see who it is."

The young man did so, saying in tones of surprise:

"It is a mounted militiaman, father!"

Presently the old servant brought in a letter, which Master Wooden received with an air of great dignity. He had on tearing open the envelope with impatient fingers his face assumed its wonted expression of serenity as he read the inclosure.

"That is well!" he said, as he handed the letter to his son.

It was a requisition from the government for 400,000 herrings to be delivered within a month for the use of the French army.

"William!" exclaimed the old man after a moment's reflection, "I have an idea! You shall marry Van Eilberg's daughter, and she shall have a good dowry too."

"Can it be possible?"

"Leave it to me. As the canals are all closed by the ice, be ready with two saddle horses at daylight tomorrow. All my zeal if you only inherit your father's genius!"

The next morning the riding are saw the two travelers on their way to Brook. They arrived about midday, but were obliged to leave their horses at an inn outside the village, as neither horses nor carriages were permitted to enter its streets. Brook enjoys in Holland an extraordinary reputation for neatness. The streets are paved with polished stones in different colors, which are arranged in arabesque designs. In front of each house is a space reserved for the use of its inhabitants, which is inclosed by an iron railing with bright ornaments as neat and furbished with artistic as a room. So great is the mania for cleanliness that a whitened leaf cannot fall in one of these elegant parquets without the family's rushing out to the street both to remove it.

When Master Wooden and his son arrived with somewhat shoes, many covert glances of indignation followed their progress toward Master Van Eilberg's house, but as they were at once well known and greatly respected no open remonstrance was made. On reaching their destination, however, the servant met them at the door with slippers in hand that they might leave their heavy boots outside.

When the travelers entered the parlor, not only Master Van Eilberg but his charming daughter also received them with much cordiality.

Dutchess were the customs of her country. The chest, full shirt richly decorated with gold, the velvet bodice, and the dainty cap with its lappets of lace, the gold band across her dark hair, and the heavy gold earrings finally set with jewels, made a pleasing contrast from the French of Hippolyte Eustache to Mary Cruger for Harper's.

"Good morning, Master Wooden!" cried Van Eilberg as he held out his hand cordially to his visitor. "You are welcome. Have the French scared you about from Amsterdam?"

"They have not troubled me in the least," replied Wooden. "You know I care as little for the Prince as for the Prince of Orange. Politics never interest me. I come to propose a good speculation."

"That is well. What is it?" returned Van Eilberg.

"I have engaged to deliver 400,000 herrings in a month. Can you furnish them to me in three weeks?"

"At what price?"

"Ten florins a thousand."

"Too dear! Too! I will undertake to supply them."

"Good!" returned Wooden, rubbing his hands together satisfactorily, as the dining room door was now open, displaying the plentiful breakfast which awaited them.

After partaking liberally of the good things before him, for the long ride had sharpened his appetite, Master Wooden glanced significantly at the young girl, who duly turned her eyes away from him as he began to discuss the question of the proposed marriage. For his part he had firmly resolved on giving his daughter only the dowry he had before stated. Master Wooden made but a feigned remembrance to those terms, and in his last interview with the disposed priest. It was then decided that the marriage should take place in eight days.

As they returned to Amsterdam the next day, William resolved to ask his father why he had thus agreed to Master Van Eilberg's terms.

"Why, sir," replied Master Wooden gravely, "dates sometimes at our office. The contract for herrings is a serious matter, and explains all we thought."

"Yes, sir," replied the young man, Master Wooden shut himself up for hours in his own room, and when he at length came forth he gave his servant a large package of letters to mail.

Three days later the old man, with his wrinkled face all alight with triumph, exclaimed to his son:

"Ah, William, I have your dowry all ready for you."

On the day appointed for the wedding Master Wooden and his son returned to Brook. This time they were received with great ceremony. The wide folding doors that are only opened for christenings, weddings and funerals were drawn apart, and a large party of friends and relatives were assembled. The master of the house, however, came to meet them with as pale and troubled a countenance that William feared he had some bad news to make known. Master Wooden did not share his son's alarm, for he knew only too surely the cause of his host's distress.

"What troubles you, dear friend?" he said, with a hypocritical smile. "You look anxious and worried!"

"Ah! I am cruelly embarrassed! I must speak with you at once!"

"Can it be the marriage that displeases you? Do you wish to retract your consent?"

"Oh, no!"

"Well then, let us go on with the ceremony, when that is over, and your friends are amusing themselves, we can speak at our ease of other matters!"

Master Van Eilberg hesitated. He would gladly have put all else aside out for distress of mind was explained, but seeing also how much vexed it would be to take the advice then given him, he gave the signal for the marriage to go on.

A few moments later the wedding pair were kneeling at the altar to receive the church's blessing on their union, and immediately on the return of the party to the house Master Van Eilberg hurried his guest into his private room.

"My friend!" he said anxiously, as soon as he had closed the door, "I have engaged to deliver 400,000 herrings to you in fifteen days, and I have not yet succeeded in getting a single one. They are all sold."

"Of course they are!" cried Master Wooden with a burst of laughter. "I have myself bought them!"

"Ah!" cried Van Eilberg, after staring a moment at his companion in utter astonishment. "What then do you expect"——

"That you will fulfill your engagement. Listen to me, my friend! You will one day leave your daughter a large fortune, and I shall do as much for my son. That is all very well for the future, but for today they are not on equal terms. I shall give my son a share in my business, but you give your daughter only 4,000 ducats. I have not wished to disappoint our children's hopes, but I have planned to compel you to be more just in your arrangements."

While Master Wooden thus spoke, his companion was beaming more and more brightly.

"This is what I have done!" continued the merchant of Amsterdam, "you have engaged to sell me these herrings at ten florins a thousand, but I already have them. You can only retrieve your honor by buying them from me. I will sell them to you for fifty florins a thousand. Thus, you will pay me 19,900 florins, and we are quits."

"It is well!" replied Van Eilberg, who had now regained control of his scattered wits. "You are a skillful merchant, and have caught me finely."

He hovered, ceased only to his companion, turned to his desk and drew up a check for the required sum, which he handed to Master W——, in silence.

The two fathers then returned to the parlor to take part in the wedding festivities.

Eight days later the merchant of Brook came to visit his daughter, who now lived with her husband at Amsterdam. He found Master Wooden in great tribulation.

"Ah, friend Van Eilberg!" he cried in despair. "What shall I do? The talent has been stolen from my herrings, and I cannot sell a single one to pass them off. They will all be spoiled!"

"Ah!" returned Van Eilberg coldly, "You bought up all the herrings and I have bought all the casks. I could sell them to you at an exorbitant price, but as I wish to keep my word also at giving my daughter her dowry of 4,000 ducats, I will only charge you the amount you so skillfully made out of me in the other transaction. You are very amusing, you merchants of Amsterdam, but we of Brook have politic jokes, you see."

"But you get the 19,900 from me!" responded Master Wooden peevishly. "I remember from the French of Hippolyte Eustache to Mary Cruger for Harper's.

The Schooner Yacht.

Although the schooner is generally deemed a big yacht, it is nevertheless a fact that small schooners are desirable boats to have, and that the number of schooners of small tonnage is increasing. There is no denying the advantage of the schooner's rig over that of the sloop. A schooner of forty feet is handier, safer and less expensive to run than a forty footsloop. The rig of the schooner is so adaptable to all weathers, and a small crew can handle such a vessel with ease, when to manage a sloop of equal size would require the best efforts of "all hands and the cook." The reason for this is that the schooner's sails can be attended to one at a time, which is not the case with the big mainsail sloop.

Any yacht of experience has seldom taken of hard knocks with a sloop in rough weather that would not have made a schooner's crew sick. The nature of the system would and if Bobbs Harbor have many of those little schooners, and their owners get from them an amount of comfort and enjoyment far beyond anything one who has had experience with both schooner and sloop.

Such a yacht is cheap to build, cheap to man, and very trusty. For such what can be better than a schooner? Yet, strangely, the schooner and the yacht are beyond question good boats. It is owing to the nature of the yachting man, however, the sail, jib and mainsail, sloop and center board yachts are the boats which most people will invest and sink his cash.—F. W. Pangborn in Century.

Alongside the Track.

"Stop," said Engineer Willard, "I see some trouble down my way some stock. An engineer always does to guard against killing stock, but if I find my shoulder I would rather run into cattle, horses, hogs or any other animals, rather than a sheep. Many thousands of sheep are in the great flocks that come from the tracks of western railroads. Worse than one to force a quick run in the road through a cut may find the locomotive moving right through them. It is well known how sheep follow their leader. Notwithstanding the moving train they continue to rush under the cars, and sometimes more are killed that the locomotive never touched. They really commit suicide, throwing under the wheels before the train can be stopped.

"Sometimes over 100 or 200 sheep have been killed. But the wool gets into the running gear of the engine, and this causes the engineer more trouble than the killing of other stock. Sometimes the engineer is compelled to stop and clean out the wool that works its way into the more delicate machinery. Sometimes I have a sheep in my way, and when I get it out of the way I find a sheep in the road. I may have escaped the attention of the engineer in his examination."—Denver News.

In Memory of Old Jim.

On the highly polished dashboard of No. 3 hose wagon, stationed at fire department headquarters, is a large silver plated horseshoe used worn by "Old Jim," an animal that did long service. Within the shoe, painted on the gilded surface in black letters, is this inscription: "In memory of Old Jim, eleven years of faithful service." The object of this shoe is memorial was 8 years old when taken into the service, and 21 when he died, five years ago. When he went to work there were only six horses in the department service. He bears the record for staying qualities.—Kansas City Times.

Bright Prospects.

We don't all think alike at questions of ethics in the same way. A young English traveler in Valencia became enamored of a gypsy girl, but told the mother that he was not rich enough to marry her. The mother brooded and said: "What! not rich enough to the kind of gentleman! Why, with so accomplished a thief as my daughter, you will be a millionaire in a twelvemonth."—New York Tribune.

QUALITY in smoking tobacco depends on the peculiar and correct selection of best varieties of leaf tobacco, and the proper knowledge of manufacture. Thirty years' experience has enabled us to produce the splendid

MASTIFF PLUG CUT

"German Syrup"

Asthma. "I have been a great sufferer from Asthma and severe Colds every Winter, and last Fall my friends as well as myself thought because of my feeble condition, and great distress from constant coughing, and inability to raise any of the accumulated matter from my lungs, that my time was close at hand. When nearly worn out for want of sleep and rest, a friend recommended me to try the valuable medicine, Boschee's German Syrup. I am confident it saved my life. Almost the first dose gave me great relief and a gentle refreshing sleep, such as I had not had for weeks. My cough began immediately to loosen and pass away, and I found myself rapidly gaining in health and weight. I am pleased to inform the—uninitiated—that I am in excellent health and do certainly attribute it to the Boschee's German Syrup. C. H. STICKNEY, Fulton, Ontario." 6

IT IS SALUTED EVERYWHERE BY THE LOVERS OF A GOOD ARTICLE

SEAL OF NORTH CAROLINA PLUG CUT

Packed in Patent Cloth Pouches and in Foil.

MONEY FOR LAND.

MANY PERSONS WISH TO SELL THEIR land, but when they find a willing purchaser, the title to the claim is not perfected owing to the patent not having been obtained. Then the parties wire to me in a great hurry and insist that the patent shall be secured in such a case, which cannot always be done. Why not let me get your own seventh year and send you the patent as soon as issued? Send me your land receipt or the number of your entry, and the address where you wish me to send the patent. I will attend to it promptly for you. Address: CHAS. W. STATKER, Attorney-at-Law, 614 Bond St., Washington, D. C.

The "LITTLE BEAUTY" A $5.00 Scale for $1.00

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.

Star Horse Nails

Polished or Blued.

Have been sold by S. C. M. I. for over 15 years. They are the Best Nails Made, and guaranteed to give the best of satisfaction. Will hold a shoe on longer than any other.

MADE BY THE UNION HORSE NAIL CO., Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE BY S. C. M. I. AND BRANCH STORES.

Gentle. Refreshing Sleep.

FLOUR SACKS. TWINES WOOL BAGS. BURLAPS

OMAHA BAG CO. OMAHA, NEB.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED BY DR. SNYDER, THE BUFFALO OBESITY SPECIALIST

"As to my treatment is a large amount of my patients, who have tried in vain for years to get rid of fat, have lost from 40 to 60 pounds in a few months, and have gained in health and strength. I have treated over 1,000 cases of obesity, and not one has left me worse than when they began treatment. Yours truly, DR. O. W. F. SNYDER."

Testimonial of Mayor Jonas F. Rose, Cape Ann, Mass.

PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL. Medicines furnished with no unpleasant effects. Consultation free. Office hours, 9 to 12 and 2 to 4. Address

DR. O. W. F. SNYDER, SNYDER'S THEATER BLDG., CHICAGO

THE UNION MEAT COMPANY

WILL SELL THE CHOICEST MEATS OF ALL KINDS AS CHEAP AS ANYBODY DARE DO IN THE CITY. CAREFUL DELIVERY AND GOOD ATTENTION PAID BY OBLIGING SALESMEN. TELEPHONE 65.

No. 54 E. FIRST SOUTH STREET

MEN'S SHOES. LADIES' SHOES. CHILDREN'S SHOES. BOY'S SHOES.

LOWEST PRICES in the CITY. QUALITY GUARANTEED.

Barnes, Lewis & Co., 16 Main St

"CORTICELLI." ROPE SILK. Wash, Embroidery Silk,

SPOOL SILK &c.

"CORTICELLI" KNITTING SILK. SUPERB WASH COLORS!

"CORTICELLI" ROLL DRESS BRAID ABSOLUTELY PERFECT.

There are the goods, in blue and in red, Made by the manufacturer, stamped of thread, The maker thereof, that every one knows Was worthy the Hills "Corticelli" bobbs.

C. H. SAMPSON, Agent.

TO MARKET, TO MARKET, AND WHAT SHALL WE BUY? SOME BEANS AND SOME BARLEY, SOME RICE AND SOME RYE. BUT NEVER MIND THOSE IF YOU'LL ONLY BE SURE

CLAIRETTE

AND REMEMBER SOME CLAIRETTE SOAP TO PROCURE

N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., ST. LOUIS, MAKE IT: ALL GROCERS KEEP IT: EVERY HOUSEWIFE WANTS IT.

THE PEOPLE'S DRUG STORE

JOHNSON, PRATT & CO.,

32 & 34 MAIN STREET.

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, Brushes, Combs, Rubber Gloves, Suspenders, and many articles in Rubber too numerous to mention.

AGENTS FOR UNEXCELLED STERLING BICYCLE.

AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED P. D. & CO. PREPARATIONS.

Everybody Well Treated by "The Boys." Give them a call.

COALTER & SNELGROVE CO.

WEBER PIANOS, ESTEY PIANOS, CAMP & CO. Pianos ESTEY ORGANS, 250,000 IN USE.

74 S. Main St. P. O. Box Coalter & Snelgrove Co.

FREE

Trial. Why suffer from the bad effects of La Grippe, Lame Back, Kidney and Liver Disease, Rheumatism, Impotence, Dyspepsia, any kind of weakness or other disease, when Electricity will cure you and keep you in health. If desirable referred to any one on trial, free.

DR. JUDD'S ELECTRIC BELT.

Pieces, $1, $2, $3 and $5, if satisfied. Also Electric Trusses and Box Batteries. Cure nothing to try them. Can be regulated to suit, and guaranteed to last for years. A Belt and Battery combined, and produces sufficient Electricity in stock. Free Medical advice. Write today. Give waist measure, price and full particulars. Agents wanted. Address DR. JUDD, Detroit, Mich.

THE CHARTER OAK, THE CHARTER OAK, THE CHARTER OAK FOR ME! WITH ITS CHARM GALORE, THAT WIRE GAUZE DOOR, SANG THREE MERRY MAIDS OF DEE.

FOR SALE BY Z. C. M. I. Sole Agents in Salt Lake City.

BEING IN A POSITION

To supply the wants of every gardener, or any one who may be engaged in gardening just now, and nearly everybody is—attention is called to our stock of

GARDEN TOOLS, GARDEN AND LAWN HOSE, LAWN MOWERS AND LAWN SPRINKLERS,

All of the Most Improved Make and Standard Grades. We are prepared to offer a small line of

Refrigerators, Ice Cream Freezers, Gasoline Stoves

And Stock of CUTLERY at Prices much under the market.

BIG INDUCEMENTS TO BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS.

E. C. COFFIN HARDWARE COMPANY,

PROGRESS BUILDING.

RUPTURE

PERMANENTLY CURED OR NO PAY.

No detention from business. We refer you to 800 patients in the State of Colorado and six National Banks in Denver, also McCornick & Co., Bankers, Salt Lake.

Let us tell you our method. Written guarantee to absolutely cure or refund MONEY. Of both sexes, with or without a truss. ONE DOLLAR, no matter of how long standing.

EXAMINATION FREE.

THE O. E. MILLER COMPANY,

Rooms 21, 22 and 23 Constitution Block, Salt Lake City. Office Hours, 9 to 12 and 2 to 5 daily. Sundays excepted.