SAY WHAT YOU MEAN.

How Sir Robert Peel Taught a Young Speaker a Lesson.

"There should be a rule in every newspaper office prohibiting the use of certain phrases and expressions," said my friend, the old war correspondent, as he threw down a paper in the elevated car. "It disheartens me to see some old, hackneyed, worn out expressions kept at work daily when they should have been swept into the ash pile. Why should a reporter always say that a man's 'memory has been taxed to its utmost' or that he was 'a chain slave'? And why in heaven's name should a man or woman be described as 'well groomed'? How they are both in one paragraph, and just beside them is the man who, according to the reporter, is always saying something pert or Cockney 'with a twinkle in his eye,' and the other fellow who made this or that remark 'as he lit a fresh cigar.'

"There should be a cemetery for senile and used up words and phrases that have outlived their usefulness, if they ever were useful, and about a thousand of them should be laid away in quicklime at once and never resurrected.

"Speaking of cemeteries, why should a man, as soon as he is dead, be referred to as 'your?' Here I read of a railroad conductor, who was killed in a railroad collision. Yesterday he was the 'genial Conductor Brown,' today he is 'poor Brown.' The word seemed to be applied especially to men who in life were good fellows, and also to those whose death was caused by violence. It is not used in connection with great men. You never read or hear of 'poor Napoleon,' 'poor Blaksgaard' or 'poor Frederick the Great,' do you?

"I do not expect the reporters to refrain as long as their employers allow the use of such idiotic words and phrases. When I was younger than I am today, and thought I knew about as much as an ordinary man could be expected to know this side of the grave, I was a reporter on The Herald under the other Bennett. Mr. Bennett sent for me one day. He said: 'Young man, I notice that in your efforts to find men whom you have been instructed to interview you never enter a hotel.'

"'Never enter a hotel, Mr. Bennett?' I said.

"'No, sir; you invariably write that you 'drifted' in and when you do drift in you never meet the man.'

"'Never meet him?'

"'Yes; I observe that in every case you drifting in you either 'run against' or 'stumble across' the object of your pursuit. I wish that in future you would simply walk into the hotel and meet those people. That's all, sir.'

"I was angry, for I prided myself on my English and on my literary style. I said, 'Mr. Bennett, I have been writing good English for years and have worked as a member of a newspaper as good as The Herald.' I flatter myself that I know something about the English language, and I——

"'Young man,' interrupted Mr. Bennett, 'did you ever read of how a sick man traveled to Hilltop Heights that the doctor had advised had been twice around the world, and how Hezekiah took the sick man, after carefully examining it, said, "And you—and you, is only a sick other sick?"'

"'What did you say to that?' I asked my friend, the war correspondent.

"I understood a humiliation thrown, and——I did not drift, and I went out of the room."—J. Armoy Knox.

The Uniform Brotherhood.

The necessity for the appointment of a steward of the Uniform Lodge is illustrated from time to time, but the three hundred of Pythias Knighthood and Rowenough Knighthood are not all distinguished for the odd coats, and a steward is still maintained by the chief ruler of the orderings, with a salary of twenty shillings and the fee of the office. In olden times it was the duty of this steward to protect the people of Banks from the ribbons of the Clifton hills. The sole importance of this steward at the present day consists in the fact that his acceptance enables a member of the house of commons to assign his seat on the plea that he holds a place of honor and profit under the crown. This appropriation of the post only dates from the eighteenth century, and its intrinsic loyalty has been called in question, but the custom is now completely legitimated by a long line of precedents.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Gab Night" Towns.

"In the theatrical profession Savannah is known as a 'gab night' town," says Mr. Adam C. Stewart, Jr. Being asked what he meant by the odd expression he gave the explanation: "In antebellum days Saturday night was devoted to taking baths by the citizens of many places. In such towns the theaters were slowly attended on the last night of the week, and the reason was that the people were in their bath tubs cleaning up for Sunday. The term sticks to many cities. I do not mean that the theater goers of any of them actually do stay at home on Saturday night to take a bath, but as they do not go out to see a performance of any kind the effect on the box office is the same."—Atlanta Constitution.

An Extended Examination.

He—Are you sure I am the only man you ever really and truly loved?

She—Perfectly sure. I went over the whole list only yesterday.—New York Weekly.

Dickens as a Grandfather.

To some men who have seen, and have to view across the intervening perspective of grandfather is fraught with horror. Even Charles Dickens, with all his straightforward common sense, could not bear it. As little reference as possible was made in his family to the grandfat. fact; the word grandfather was never allowed, even by his old dove's children, who were instructed to address him as "Wemmidge," a nonsense word which, however, failed to hide the sorrows with which the patriarchal condition was borne.—London World.

Don't Get Up Too Early.

Poor Richard wrote that "a man who rises late may rest all day without overtaking his business," but that proverb wholly upon his part. If he does has to be poorly and refreshing he can not pretty well without some fatigue. In a word, it is the recuperative power which we have gained by sleep much more than the time we gain which determines our working power in any direction for the day.

To be sure it will not do for the laborer or the politician who lie in their beds too late in the morning, but the merchants or the professional men need not get about so early, providing of course that their business has been properly attended to before retiring. The merchant need not be on hand much before his customers, who are apt want to stay about until they have completed their morning work.

We are often informed that overwhelming, and indolence, is the besetting sin of the average American; hence the nervous prostrations and their attendant train disorders. Insomnia with them is, also, too common. And pale, haggard looking individuals are more often encountered here than referred, will invariably complaining of sleeping night.—Fannie L. Fletcher in Housekeeper.

Effect of Sun and Moon on Edged Tools.

It is not generally known that the light of the sun and the moon exercises a deleterious effect on edged tools. Knives, drills, scythes and sickles are some a blue color if they are exposed for some time to the light and heat of the sun; the sharp edge disappears, and the cast is rendered absolutely useless until it is retempered. Purchasers should therefore be on their guard against buying tools from retail dealers and peddlers which, for show purposes, have probably been exposed for days together to the glare of the sun.

The unserviceableness of tools acquired under these conditions is generally wrongly attributed to bad material or to inferior workmanship. A similarly prejudicial effect has been observed by moonlight. An ordinary crescent saw is asserted to have been put out of shape in a single night by exposure to the moon.—Iron.

A Sensational Dealer's Experience.

A strange adventure once happened in this way to me. My little son was out for a walk in the park, not above a quarter of a mile from our place, in company with his elder brother and sister. Here they were met by an old woman, who gave the eldest boy a penny to go and fetch some wools, saying she would mind baby for him till he came back. While he was away she stripped him of the clothes and left the infant in the road, where the elder brother found him, on his return, with nothing on but his little shirt. It may seem strange, but it is true that the same woman came and offered to sell me my own child's clothes.—London Tit-Bits.

Children and Gifts.

After all little children do it best. They are the appreciative receivers, and it is because they are that we delight to give them things. They are loving and delightfully appreciative. Oblations of us on them are lightly to us. They raise their gifts simply by the pleasure they get out of them, and prefer a rag baby to the chief of a book house. They take a jumping jack from Mary, the introvert, and a painted pin from Aunt Melinda Clinton without the least distraction of happy interest. The donor we get to be our gentlemen, the nearer we approach perfection in receiving.—Scribner's.

The Female Registrars.

We are learning a little satisfied with those well women as philosophers and teachers. Their advantages, which for the most part are fictions based on a very small appreciation of fact, have ceased to impose, partly because we have ceased to believe, and certainly ceased to respect. Who wanted them to run all their rules, supposing them to be true? What good have they done by their days of starvation and nights of sleeplessness, their pride by fault and war their disease of being deranged by wild issues or stuck up by bumsuppers based to brigands or insulted by wooden of all nations?

They have contributed nothing to our stock of knowledge, as Madame Necker has done. They have solved no ethnological problem, brought to light no new treasures of nature, discovered no new field for British spades to till, no new markets for British manufactures to supply. They have done nothing but lose their beauty, if they had any; for what want our fresh and comely cousins back hagged and weather beaten, it was quite unnecessary. They have lost, too, the world has not gained; and that doctor's bill will make a hole in the publisher's check.—Mrs. Lynn Linton in Nineteenth Century.

A Severe Test.

Customer—My watch won't go.

Jeweler (examining it)—My! my! Have you been in a railroad collision?

Customer (surprised)—Why, no.

Jeweler (solemnly)—When you undress you should not throw your watch on the floor when your watch is in the pocket.

Customer (thoughtfully)—I never do. I have been exceedingly careful with that watch. Don't know how it got lost. How long will it take to fix it?

Jeweler (after another examination)—You'd better leave it here at least a week, but if you can get along without it, I would advise two weeks.

Customer—Very well. Do it up right; good day.

Jeweler (to assistant)—Hans, blow that speck of dust off the wheel and charge up five dollars for repairs.—Good News.

Any single man or woman, also any man or woman who is the head of a family, were twenty one years of age or more, can take up a homestead of United States land. These lands are divided into two classes. Either in areas of one mile or in areas of the other can be homesteaded at one's option.

A WOMAN IN A MILLION.

For Many Years She Made Stand, but the Knew Why Now.

She sates back on "it" little at the dainty dessert, and took passage to wind Lower Harlem.

She started with her friend gaily for a few minutes, when suddenly the lady sitting across the table felt very hard over her way. The women with the gaunt was all in a flutter in a moment.

She glanced hastily to the little table. Yes, her hat was on straight.

Then she looked over in a new light, dining down to her pocket for a hand kerchief and rubbing her nose, thinking that perhaps might be a speck of soot on the nose.

The lady across the aisle continued to stare.

The woman with the hankies tried to continue her conversation, but it seems to short gasps and was decidedly disjointed. The man beside her, of course, noticed nothing. He thought, moreover, that he was making a great hit. He went on.

"The dance show is a great success."

"Yes," she said, in a frightened way, tightening the ribbons on her hat.

"It is a great success. All the swells are there——"

"What's that you say? Oh, yes, of course. I'd be pleased to go," the school, giving her nose a scrap still after that problematic speck of soot.

"I do like the weather——"

"It is doesn't seem it may grow cold," the gaunt, turning very red and pulling her face down in a perplexed way.

But it was no use. The woman across the aisle kept on staring in the most provoking way in the world all the way up to Fifteenth street, where she got up and left the train.

"Did you notice her?" said the distressed woman. "she kept staring at me for two miles."

"She did?"

"Yes, she did. My hat is on straight, isn't it?"

"I think so."

"And there is no soot on the end of my nose?"

"No," he gazed faintly.

They both thought a long time.

"I'll tell you," he said gladdily. "She was trying to copy your style."

"No, she wasn't," snapped the woman.

"Then it must have been only one other thing," he said, leaning far out the window. "If some have been thinking without that you wear a pair of $5.00 diamonds in your ears, and of shows with rings to match. She was perhaps wondering why you didn't wear only gems, like all women who have gems, or why you wear those that you have been given. How do you explain it?"

Sure by not a doctor, time however, a report, or a physician and a preacher, but none of them could explain the phenomenon. The woman, nonplussed, took it as a compliment and blushed.—New York World.

How Cold Reaches the Equator.

There is a popular delusion to the effect that the Dalkeys call themselves "the Anglos of South America." No one within the memory of man ever had a Dalkey in his eye, and the assertion seems to have had its birth in the self-flattering imagination of some Anglo-Saxon author. The fact is that, taking them "by and large," they do not differ. The effect of centuries of the latest racial and religious intensity is not easily effaced. The Dons of Cordova and Cordovans have failed to kill out all resemblance of those of Dalkeys and Dalkeys. And if we see people carry off lots of silver in our worships sure at the expense of more or less constituted authorities, we do manage to make and take a good deal of money out of the country. Hence we are by no means such grateful personages in Chili or may be loudly imagined.—London Saturday Review.

Amber.

Amber is a very strange substance. If you give it a second glance it looks very much like the yellow glass bottles of itself, but when you think of its many wonderful properties and the beautiful legends attached to it, a mysterious charm is thrown over the little of mellow gold reflected in soft sullen rays from its surface.

The history of the gem of the sea, "Novellest amber that ever the screaming sea birds have wept," its formation, its antiquity, its mysterious properties and its rich variety of coloring have been subjects of vague speculation and discussion from a period long before the beginning of the Christian era.—Philadelphia Times.

Man the Inventor "Before You Can Say Jack Robinson" Originated.

The current phrase is derived from a humorous song by Hudson, a tobacconist in Bond street, London, England, who lived about the close of the last century. He was a professional song writer and vocalist, who was engaged at supper rooms and theatrical performances.

If you are thinking of making a **Christmas Present**, buy something useful as well as pretty. Let us name a gold-mounted Buggy Whip, or a rich warm Buggy Robe; an elegant assortment at low prices at Stoddaker Bros., Main Street.

For the Children.

Our readers will notice the advertisements in these columns of Chamberlain & Co., Des Moines, Iowa. From personal experience we can say that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has taken up last ends for our children and we are acquainted with many mothers in Centerville who would not be without it in the house for a good many times its cost and are continually recommending it every day.—Centerville (Ia.) Citizen's and Index. 10 cent and 50 bottles for sale by Z. C. M. I. Drug Store Dept. 6s

Whooping Cough.

There is no danger in whooping cough when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is freely given. It loosens the cough more and makes expectoration easy. 50 cent bottles for sale by Z. C. M. I. Drug Store Dept. 6s

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of George Hawkes, Deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

MARGARET A. WHITE, THE ADMINISTRATRIX of the estate of George Hawkes, deceased, having filed her petition herein praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said deceased, for the payment of debts of said deceased, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the court from said petition and the records in said estate that it is necessary to sell the real estate of said deceased for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased, and that it is for the interest of said deceased and his heirs that said real estate should be sold for the purpose of paying said debts, and that there is no personal property of said deceased with which to pay said debts, and that the heirs of said deceased are all of the heirs of said deceased, and that the ages of said heirs are as stated in said petition, and that said administratrix is the administratrix