A TARAHUMARE RUNNER.

That, outside mosses on his feet,
A bronze red frame, full of grace,
Injured more to cold and heat
He stands, the flower of his race,
Erect in the chief, with lower limb
Remodeled and bent and slim,
Of a man who runs swiftly in another day
Footed as antelope and as shy
And nearly as numerous herds
A northern race of moccasin tracks
By some cliff dwelling ancient savage
And to his course, black half unknown
His hair, born where his dark eye gone
The course, Confidence.

For in a warrior venture will
He makes his home the cliffs among
Where rains run in frightened grief
And shifts the Sierra's surfacing
Sinuous
Where the old fathers's fingers rows
All sudden through the whole world's
trunk,
And where his harvesters not early
Through mountain valley escape to path,
And here upon the desert's face
He follows on from day to day
From rabbit darts to rocky dens,
Five cliff and chasm, rock and vale,
The wind on walls he sees the
The Friend, Confidence.

A hundred miles a day is his
Is nothing to him with the wind
He takes it carelessly, and gain
Where the sweet natural deserved flows
Across the course to level field
Adown the plain not up the height—
The water will will seek repose,
And man shall be rude never and
Do more and not, when confined
The sun to flowing water, more than,
The natural speed can speed before
The course, Confidence.

—Ernest Wilkeffer in Independent.

Babies.

It is what a simple young writer once called "a beautiful theme" that baby is one of the oldest subjects in the world—indeed, it is almost as old as man, and yet it has neither a never been treated with completeness. No doubt one reason for this is the fact that baby has never been able to make itself heard except in inarticulate cries, and we doubt also an other reason is that people in general have not been until lately interested in any babies but their own.

The difference between ancient and modern times is remarkable in nothing more than in the treatment of babies. Homer, for, merely as such, was considered less sacred than then it is now, and the average view of the baby was simply utilitarian. Was the baby male or female, a healthy baby? Was it likely to become a sturdy citizen or a stout soldier, or to be the capable mother of strong children? These to the baby line.

Babies that did not satisfy these conditions were disposed of much as we dispose of superfluous puppies or kittens. And and even now, moreover, a baby life considered throughout all the world as something in itself delightful and valuable. Savage people and tribes are not such sinners in this regard as half civilized nations like those of India and China.—Strand Magazine.

Meditation.

That meditation should ever have been adopted as a penalty by the Christian church was finds it difficult to believe, yet the ecclesiastical authorities sufficient is for consequently twelve of fenses, and several councils emphatically attempted to suppress it. Thus the thirteenth canon of the Council of Merida in 666, deprived bishops and priests of the right of meditating the servants of the church. The ninth canon of the Council of Toledo in 675, while forbidding bishops to exercise exclusive jurisdiction in offenses involving the capital penalty, also interdicted them from ordering mutilation of the limbs, even in the case of their own serfs; and ordained that bishops violating this law should be deposed, excommunicated and shaved the last tiles of the church when in attendance. The eighteenth canon of the Council of Frankfort, in 794, forbade abbots to blind or mutilate their monks, whatever might be the offense.—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Tribute to Women.

Hon. William Chandler, who was chairman of the United States house committee on the World's fair, said he had been upon the board of trustees in the state of Maine, and that the women made much better trustees than did the men. They had the knowledge of the institution at least just as they had their own homes. He said they were not only always present themselves, but made it their business to see that the men were there too. This is the experience of most boards upon which women serve.—Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton in Warren (O.) Tribune.

All Were Fully Have.

One evening, during a friendly dance and while the company was in the midst of a lively quadrille, a young gentleman (?) pulled a long hair pin out of his pocket, and holding it up exclaimed, "Whose is this pin?" At this all the ladies present, by an involuntary impulse, put their hands to the back of their heads. The dodge had worked. Our way had been out what he wanted to know.—Contour Vandola.

At a Charity Fair.

A man who strayed into a "charity bazaar" had a trying experience.

He had made several quite unsatisfactory purchases, in knowing how to refuse the demands of the pretty salesswoman, and he felt, he says, that he could make one sensible investment, so bought a small microbrew and carried it off in triumph and haste.

Examining it after he had left the booth he discovered that there was no price on which to light the machine.

So, with the air of one determined not to be cheated, he marched back to the booth only of whom he had bought the

"There is a mistake here," he said. "You sold me this pocket microbrew, and there is no place on it to scratch the match."

"My dear sir," said the young lady, "you are quite right. I made a mistake. This is intended for a jewel box and costs fifty cents more, if you please."

"And what did you do?" asked a friend to whom he related his tale of woe.

"If you've ever been to a fair," replied the sitter in an aggrieved tone, "you know very well what I did. I paid the fifty cents, of course!"—Exchange.

A FRIDAY IN BILLINGSGATE.

Remarkably Clear Words Make the Market a Ticket of Conversation.

The word "Billingsgate" has, strangely enough, been transferred from the place itself to the language spoken there, for Webster says, "The word is from a market of this name in London, celebrated for fish and foul language." A visit to this renowned Billingsgate in these days will perhaps give one a better idea of the place than Webster's explanation.

There is considerable stung and good natured chaffing among the buyers and sellers, but one is not overwhelmed by that amount of foul language he has been taught to expect from his acquaintance with the word. The best time to visit the market is on a Friday morning. The wooden barn facing square where the fish is sold is crowded soon after 6 o'clock with shiny wet jackets and greasy caps.

Everybody round by Billingsgate is his worst clothes, and no one knows the length of time a coat can be worn until he has been to a fish sale. Over the backs of women are hung the shawls of the salesmen, who, with the white aprons, peeping above the heads of the men, stand on the tables ready to cut prices. All are having together—salesmen and buyers of purchasers, business and newspapers—till the place is a perfect Babel of competition.

"Ha a sixpence cod! Best in the market! All alive! alive! alive O!" "Yes-ed pavel! here's your fine Yarmouth bloaters! Which has buyer?" "Here you are, governor, splendid whiting! Some of the right sort!" "Turbot turbot! All alive! Turbot!" "Cheese or sow peppercorn, this cold morning! a penny a glass!"

"Here you are at your own price! Fine soles O!" "Oy! Oy! Oy! Now's your time! Fine grinding spratts! All large and no small!" "Hallo! hallo hallo! beautiful lobsters! good and cheap! fine crabs, all alive O!" "Fine brill and fine turbot! Have that lot for a pound! Come and look at 'em, governor! you won't see a better sample in the market!" "Here, this way! Splendid shrimps! shrimps! shrimps O!"

"Bad bad bad fish! all fresh and good!" "Current and most fashionable! a penny each!" "Now, you mussel buyers, come along! come along! come along! now's your time for fine fat mussels!" "Here's food for the belly and clothes for the back, but I will feed for the mind!" shouts the news vendor.

"Here's work O! Here ye are, fine flying fishes!" "Hot sauce! alive pea sauce! a-a-a! hot! hot!" "Alive! alive, fine plaice! fine plaice! all alive O!" "Now or never, whelks! whelks! whelks! Who'll buy buy! O! buy! O!" "Eels O! eels O! Alive! alive O!" "Five flounders, a shilling a lot! Who'll have this prime lot of flour here?"

"Shrimps! shrimps! shrimps! Wink! wink! wink!" "Hi! hi! here you are, just right sole left—just right!" "O hot O! this way! this way! this way! This way! Fish fish! alive! alive, O!"

This is a fair sample of what may be heard at Billingsgate on a fine Friday morning. But no ingenuity of printing can give any adequate conception of the peculiar intonation of the London fishmongers. That must be heard to enjoy to be appreciated.—Pen and Pencil.

Have Good Teachers at First.

A professor of music, a teacher of repute, has this to say: "No greater mistake is made than that committed by our parents in regard to their children's musical education. Until my daughter knows a good deal of music, a mother will say 'my teacher will do.' Later she can be polished by some high priced professor." Only yesterday a woman, a friend of mine, who was discussing her little girl's music with me, said, "I cannot afford to have —— begin with you, but she shall have a year or two at the end to finish her course." And I told her if she could afford only a year of my time to let it be the first year. In that year the pupil can form habits, if properly taught, which no amount of poor teaching can do away with.

"It is foolish to bring a girl, at the end of two years' unskillful teaching and wrong practicing, to somebody and expect him in a year or two years, or ever, indeed, to turn out an accomplished musician. A pupil should be well taught at the beginning at least—in my opinion she should be well taught all the way through. Girls who have any music in them are worth it, and girls who haven't might never to appreciate the game."

A Reporter's Way of Using Books.

On one occasion a prominent femal, to his great annoyance, that he had no pr paper. His companion, a brother journalist, was almost so badly off, for he had only taken a clean edge and it was too late to send out from the hotel where the two were staying to get any. All the other inmates of the place were, indeed, in bed and asleep. The journalist's eye wandered around the room in search of something to spill ink on and at last lighted kindly on a shelf of books in one corner. Then he went over and coolly tore the blank leaves out of the beginning and end of every volume.—London Tit-Bits.

Dockers on Cycles.

Soon we shall see dockers on bicycles, but the gentlemen who are now starved to carry the "material" yet. The authorities of St. Giles, Camberwell, have supplied their dust superintendents with bicycles, and already the experiment has proved a great success.—Gallantry.

A Frenchman's gallantry to ladies is said to be always equal to an emergency. At a party, a gentleman of that race stepped heavily upon the toe of a lady who looked up with an angry frown.

"Pardon, madam," he said, bowing low. "I have forgot to bring my microscope."

"Your microscope?"

"Yes; for to see so little foot of madam!"—Exchange.

AN AWKWARD SITUATION.

The Trouble Caused by Admitting Two Men to Succeed the Janitor.

The janitor of a flat is constantly locked down upon, which is not so extraordinary being as he usually does in the basement of the house. The tenants are apt to regard him as an natural, continually complaining of everything he does and showing power in his presence on all other people in the street.

When we present the janitor of his flat, anyway! Little children of other parents, the janitors of other houses are more polished, more polite and better than our own. No wonder that the women of flats lost a good janitor in such high esteem.

It was a janitor whose kids were so vehemently that parent sent an appeal to and one was admitted. Days passed, but he never came. An advertisement was again inserted to, and still a large number of ambitious men applied. A suitable one was again selected and my friend breathed easier. But, like his predecessor, he never came. My friend became desperate, so did the occupants of the flat. They hated janitors, but now they were lawless for one. As a last resort my friend advertised a third time, and to make sure of not being fooled again he accepted two men for the position. Here was certainly some possibility of one coming his appearance.

Early the next morning a truck loaded with furniture stopped before the flat. My friend sailed with triumph and satisfaction. A janitor was here at last. He thought of the other applicant that had been accepted, and unmiliously dispatched a messenger to his address to inform him that his services were not required. But, alas! for mind fate. The messenger's unusual activity had hardly brought him around the corner when another truck hove in sight and anchored directly beside the other truck before the door. The two applicants had come, and each was ready to take charge.

The situation was indeed a trying one. My friend surveyed the prospective battlefield for a moment and, summoning all his courage, he advanced to meet the new arrival, a burly gentleman, with not a very friendly countenance.

There was war in the air for the next ten minutes and there was danger of my friend being demolished, but to his great relief a settlement was agreed upon. He paid all expenses that the man demanded, and thanked heaven to see him depart satisfied.

My friend assures me that there will come a time when he will be able to select janitors for that flat.—New York Herald.

No Objection.

Mr. Luke Harton, an easygoing old farmer, is especially proud of his fowls, his stock and his poultry, and all visitors to the farm were taken out to see them.

Thus it chanced that Constable Short, who had come over from the village to serve on Farmer Harton a summons to act as jurymen, was on his hands and knees peering into the depths of a coop, examining a new variety of chicks. Suddenly, and without the slightest warning, something swift and terrible swoop him in the unprotected rear with such force that he was driven headfirst into the coop, to the consternation of its frightened inmates.

With some difficulty he was dragged out, and when at length cleared from the wreck, his hat was pulled from over his eyes, and then he saw his assailant, a sturdy young man, standing with lowered head, as if meditating another attack.

Full of wrath the officer cried, "Look here, Harton! Can't a man look at your hens without being knocked over by a confounded ram?"

"Well," replied Farmer Harton philosophically, "I dunno; ye might try again N' see how Y'could turn out. I'm sure I hain't any objection."—Youth's Companion.

Six of Thousands.

Theorizer—I can't understand it. I really can't. Here you left a comfortable home in Europe and come to this country because you wanted to be put down hardhead; yet you settle right down here in a big city and pay more rent for a dingy, stuffy cellar than you paid in Europe for your whole farm. Why don't you go west, where you can get land for nothing, or else go back to your comfortable home in Europe?

New Arrival—The west is too far to walk, and Europe is too far to swim.—Good News.

When the Fish Was Caught.

Gringoli, the son of a fisherman, a priest in a rich abbey in Florence, had a cut spread every day on the table of his apartment to put him, as he said, in mind of his origin. The abbot dying, this disembodied humility prompted Gringoli to be his successor, and the cut was used no more. A friend who came to see him the day afterward on entering his apartment said, "Where is the cut?" "There is no further occasion for the cut," replied Gringoli, "when the fish is caught."—Notes and Queries.

A Great Reason.

He—She's a remarkable girl. She doesn't hesitate to tell everybody that she is twenty-seven. Don't you admire her for it?

She—No, because I know she is twenty.—Life.

My Nerves Are All Right

And I have power to attend to my business, as the result of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, says Mr. E. H. Bass of the firm of Bass & Eddy, Rochester, N. Y. "I had almost

Chronic Dyspepsia

My digestion being very bad, and I was broken down from overwork so that I could not sleep nights. But my stomach is now in perfect condition, and for all the good brought by gratitude to our Hood's Sarsaparilla."

"Water-Brash

And dyspepsia troubled me for 10 years, and other medicines failed to take them. Hood's Sarsaparilla. The effect is marvelous as I seem to be almost entirely cured." J. M. Jackson, 427 Lyon street, Toledo, Ohio.

Indigestion

Dyspepsia and Indigestion are by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It gently tones and vitalizes the stomach, restores digestion and creates an appetite.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Only $10 — Down With High Prices. This SEWING MACHINE ONLY $10 — Warranted for 20 Years. Sent C.O.D. on 10 Days' Trial. Buy of the Manufacturer and save the Middleman's Profit. Agents Wanted. Address CHICAGO MFG. CO., CHICAGO.

THE Thomson & Taylor Spice Co., Importers and Manufacturers of the FINEST SPICES AND FLAVORING EXTRACTS KNOWN TO THE TRADE. Proprietors of the Famous Brand of RED CROSS LYE. Michigan Avenue, Cor. Lake CHICAGO.

Star Horse Nails. Polished or Blued. Have been used by C. C. M. I. for over 15 years. They are the Best Nails Made, and guaranteed to give the best of satisfaction. Will last a Shoe one longer than any other. MADE BY THE UNION HORSE NAIL CO., Chicago, Ill. For sale by Z. C. M. I. and Branch Stores.

GUNPOWDER. Let the world know what we mean when we say Dupont, and then what we mean when we say Hazard. HAZARD'S "Grocery Rifle." HAZARD'S "Trap Shooting." HAZARD'S "Duck Shooting." HAZARD'S "Sporting and Blasting." HAZARD'S Brands the most reliable in the market. MANUFACTURED BY THE HAZARD POWDER COMPANY, Hazardville, Conn. Represented in Utah by Paine & Lyne, Agents.

PLEASE REMEMBER. We are Only a Complete Line of Disston's Celebrated Saws, Consisting in Part of: Cross Cut, Rip, Hand, Mitre, Panel, Veneer, Patternmakers', Compass, Butcher, Cook, Keyhole, Etc., also Circular, both Solid & Chisel Point Teeth And "TRIUMPH," For Frozen Tree Wood, and are Selling at LOWER PRICES THAN EVER! Also a Full Stock of Disston Renowned HANDS & FILES always on hand. Z. C. M. I.

DICKINSON BROS. & KING, Importers of the Best English and German PORTLAND - CEMENTS, Chicago: 208 to 212 Market St. | New York: 32 to 38 Park Street. New Orleans, Representative. We refer, by permission, to this paper. Prices on Cements mailed free on application.

Southern White Lead Co., ST. LOUIS. Manufacturers of Strictly Pure White Lead. RED LEAD. LITHARGE. SOUTHERN COMPANY WHITE LEAD IN OIL ST. LOUIS & CHICAGO.

THE SOUTHERN WHITE LEAD IS MADE by Patented Machinery from the best refined Pig Lead, and is ground in Pure Linseed Oil, and as the Company manufactures only STRICTLY PURE, parties buying White Lead branded "Southern Company" are absolutely sure of obtaining A PERFECTLY PURE ARTICLE.

For Sale by all Dealers in White Lead.

HENRY WAGNER, SALT LAKE CITY, — CALIFORNIA BREWERY. LAGER BEER, ALE & PORTER, Wholesale & Retail. 80 EAST FIRST SOUTH STREET.

HOGAN, EVANS & CO., Limited, Successors to Evans & Co. Manufacturers of Annealed CLIMAX Chimneys. Every Lamp and Lantern Lamp, Reflectors, Lamp Trimmings and Supplies, Chemicals, Fancy Goods and Specialties of Vienna Glass. Glass Tubes Extra Size, Wide and Narrow Gauge. PITTSBURG, PA.

WOLFE BROS. & CO., LIMITED. Manufacturers and Importers of Bronze. 504 Wood St., PITTSBURG PA.

THE FISCHER-LEAF COMP'Y. Manufacturers of Marbelized Iron, Slate & Wood Mantels, Grates, Stoves. HOLLOW WARE, AIR GRATES, Sash Weights, Etc. Agents for American & English Tile. Office & Salesroom: 111 & 113 West Jefferson st. Louisville, Ky. Agents in Salt Lake City: Kiles Morris, Watson Bros., Utah Stove and Hardware Co.

SAPONIFIER. Is the Cry Everywhere. Contractors, Law Firms, Hotels, Restaurants, Steamboats, Steamships, and Private Families are using it. Ask your grocer for it. SAPONIFIER, not soap or crude. Made only by Paine's Salt Works Co., Philadelphia.

A. S. HOBBY. A. P. DUNCAN. GEO. DUNCAN & SONS, Manufacturers of Fine Crystal and Colored Glass Table Ware, Bar Goods, Jars, Lamps, Etc. 10th Street, S.S. PITTSBURG, PA. For sale by Z. C. M. I. and dealers generally.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS 1878. W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa. Warranted Absolutely Pure. No Chemicals are used in its manufacture. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoas mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent per cup. Delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health. Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

ESTABLISHED, 1869. Joseph E. Taylor, Pioneer Undertaker of Utah. Manufacturer and Dealer in All Kinds of Mouldings, Wood and Cloth Covered. COFFINS AND CASKETS. Full Line of Coffin Furnishings kept constantly on hand. Telephone & Telegraph Orders Promptly Filled. Riding Presented to Any Inland Cemetery, without extra charge. OPEN DAY & NIGHT. Factory and Warerooms: 70 to 76 W. First South. One and a Half Blocks East of Theatre. TELEPHONE No. 19.

Jos. William Taylor, Successor to Joseph E. Taylor, UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER. Carries the Largest and Most Complete Stock of COFFINS, CASKETS And Undertakers' Goods in Utah. Wholesale Dealers in Coffins and Caskets Should Find Our Goods Cheaper than Any Other House in Utah. LOTS AND GRAVES. Purchased in any Cemetery in the City. All Orders Filled Day or Night at the Shortest Possible Notice. Orders and Warerooms never Closed. 21 AND 23 WEST TEMPLE STREET. P. O. Box 858. Telephone 564.

F. AUERBACH & BRO'S GREATEST MUSLIN UNDERWEAR SALE

BEGINS

MONDAY, AUGUST 3rd,

AND WILL CONTINUE UNTIL EVERY ARTICLE IS SOLD.

☞ *Come Early and Avoid the Crush.*

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR SALE!!

LADIES, why stitch, stitch, stitch, and crook your back over a Sewing Machine when you can buy nicely made and well-fitting Underwear at Less Than Cost of Material.

WE OFFER

Ladies' Night Gowns, Chemises, Drawers, Skirts and Corset Covers, Misses' Drawers, Children's Slips, Dresses and Skirts at the uniform price of 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50, $1.75 and $2.00.

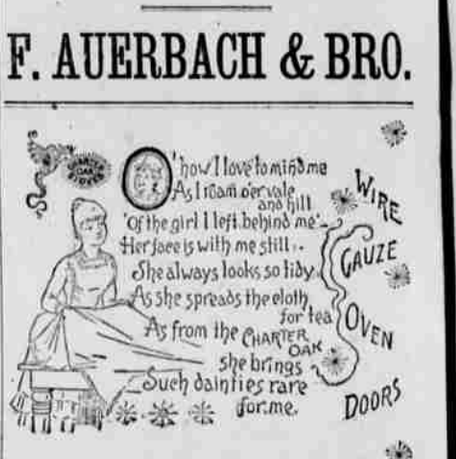
This sale will comprise Finer Lines of Goods than were ever before put into a sale, and will be subject to our unalterable rule that ONLY THREE GARMENTS OF EACH KIND AND PRICE WILL BE SOLD TO ONE CUSTOMER.

Colossal.·.Bargains!

The Extraordinary Success of our Special Sale of the pas two weeks stimulates us to increased efforts.

SEE THE RESULT.

F. AUERBACH & BRO.



FOR SALE BY

Z. C. M. I. Sole Agents in Salt Lake City.

BARTON & CO

PLEASE NOTE. WE HAVE

REMOVED

BACK TO OUR OLD STAND,

«43 and 45 MAIN STREET.»

We invite our Friends and Patrons to call and inspect our Stock of

Clothing, Hats and Gents' Furnishings

ALL NEW SINCE THE FIRE.

BARTON & CO

43 and 45 MAIN STREET.