Mania for Creamery.

There seems in nearly every town a desire to have a creamery.

Moroni talks of having one of large capacity, separator, extractor and everything complete since from the state of Vermont. On the border line between that city and Chester is the approved location. In the enthusiasm on the matter no one seems to ask the questions, would it not be wise to import a butter maker? Would it not be wise to seek a good open market for a guaranteed quality of butter? Will the parties today who sell milk to the creamery buy the butter make there?

The one established at great cost in the heart of Mt. Pleasant suspends operation—cause "an overstock of butter!" and no market. Is it because the butter is unattractive in color, composition, etc? Have we not the lesson to learn, that the commodities we have to sell must be attractive in style, make and quality?

Why should there be a ban on Utah butter, when all the facilities for an A No. 1 article are so pre-eminently in favor of its production? In no place in this fair valley can a finer range for cows exist; hence a paying creamery, unsurpassed artesian water, etc., are all here. Is the mixing of butter, like bread making, an art? Does every woman that makes butter offer for sale a delicious, creamy-looking butter, and does the taste disgrace the look?

Here is room for a large consolidated creamery; towns are all round us; milk of almost unlimited quantity, with a business manager seeking orders based upon uniquely-made product—who shall figure its possibilities? One in every town would never do. With the railroad so contiguous, Mount Pleasant, Spring City and Ephraim could send by train the milk to this great central creamery. Cost at $2.50 per ton two and a half miles from here is a factor. The cows do not have to be driven every night and morning to a decreasing range.

Speaking of railway, the good folks have asked, will the Sanpete Valley railway ever start up again? We would willingly go to Moroni, eight miles, for our freight rather than pay the exorbitant, monopolistic charges of the one railway we have. The writer smiles on the questioners, because he painfully remembers the slurs, contempt and business hindrances those same questioners dealt the Sanpete Valley railway, a road if his expensive subsidies, a road liberal in passes and rates and gentlemanly. Oh, this ill-seed opposition in all things, railways and politics especially!

Your city should be designed with good butter from the Moroni and Chester, the Ephraim and Gunnison creameries, as I hear it is all coming to the fore. ON THE QUIRK.

CHESTER, Sanpete county, January 12, 1893.

WOMEN MORE TACTFUL THAN MEN.

At Least That Was the Consensus of Opinion at a Brooklyn Reception.

"Do women lack tact?" Mrs. Frank Leslie-Wilde was asked by a Brooklyn woman while visiting at the latter's house in Washington park recently.

"Why, my dear, what a foolish question," replied Mrs. Wilde. "That is, I do not mean you are foolish to ask the question, but such an admission is a reflection on the sex as a whole. As you know I have just returned from abroad. While at Trouville I met a young American and his wife. I knew the wife quite well. In fact she had been a schoolmiss for me, and the man she married was one of Philadelphia's Hundred and Fifty. Being a clever and a pretty woman, and having met her husband in the regular way, she had caught him, although he was unaware of her social position. I met them on the promenade, and could hardly disguise my surprise when the girl was introduced by the Philadelphian as his wife. Perhaps had the girl not been so clever I might have made a blunder.

"Here is what she said to me even before I had a chance to catch my breath: 'Dear, dear Mrs. Leslie, I am so glad to see you. We need no introduction. What a delightful time I had at your house in New York the last time you were so good as to entertain me! Pray tell me how are ——?' mentioning the names of friends of mine in New York, and then without giving me time to reply said, 'We would like to stay and talk with you ever so much, but have a pressing engagement,' and with this my friend's pretty wife grasped her husband's arm and pulled him away. While the whole proceeding may be looked upon as one in which assurance played a prominent part, the wife displayed a tact that to me was charming. I do not mean to infer that she was not good enough for her husband. She was fearful that in an unguarded moment I might say something that would give him an idea into the true state of affairs."

There were other women in the party, one the wife of a well known general who had this story to tell: "I know one of the most charming and beautiful of women. She has not been married long, but has one great fault—a lack of civility to her husband's friends. In fact she has been so uncivil to a dozen or more of them that now the poor fellow has to go out to find them, whereas formerly they visited him and often spent the evening at home. In this way the wife is deprived of her husband's society as well as that of his jolly companions. She is also careful that her husband shall not meet any of her women friends, and perhaps in this she is right. Tact is more valuable to a woman than to a man, but nowhere is it more indispensable than in the home."

And so the talk passed around the circle with the consensus of opinion that women are the superiors of men in point of tact.—Brooklyn Eagle.

He Was from the Grandest State.

A New Jerseyman was standing on the Battery sea wall in New York city when a wave suddenly came along and drenched both him and the carpetbag he had laid at his feet.

"Here's an interstate outrage," he exclaimed. "We'll see about this." He walked up to a policeman and asked if there wasn't some redress. He said he thought the city ought to post up bills telling of the dangers of the Battery."

"Oh, come off!" said the policeman, "you don't look one I'll arrest you for being loose without a keeper."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't you know that strangers aren't allowed in New York without keepers?"

"I didn't know it," said the New Jersey man earnestly.

"It's a fact, all the same."

"Where can I get a keeper?"

"Go up the park police office."

"What do they cost?"

"Nothing. The city provides them free. If you had had a keeper he wouldn't have let you go across the waves. Do you see, it's your own fault?"

"You don't say! By gosh, it's a funny town! Where's the nearest ferry to the grandest state in the Union?"

The policeman told him how to find the foot of Liberty street.—New York Herald.

Oaths and Bible Clubs in Parliament.

A correspondent writes: "When will some legislative reformer with a just appreciation of the rights of presidency strike out a due share of the importance of the public time left at his disposal with the meaningless and wholly unnecessary ceremony in which the new house of commons has been giving up its precious days? To see the solemn array of five New Testaments on a table to which over and anon some five members go to kiss the covers in response to some mumbled words understood to be an oath of allegiance certainly would not give a stranger among us a favorable idea of the practical good sense of the English people.

"Decently and reasonably expressed that form of allegiance will be a bit more fine in their allegiance to the occupant of the throne of this realm because they have been compelled to make the mechanical demonstration of loyalty. In numerous other departments of the state machinery came here long since disappeared in face of Bentham's ever-waxing logic. Why should the house of commons in these days be the stronghold of the practice of swearing in this wholesale fashion?"—London News.

A Quick and Easy Way.

Even the poor beggars who get a few cents for posting out "designs" on the unwilling passersby have their ways for "beating the boss." One of the fellows once was seen in a cross seat in an L car last night distributing his bundle of "dodgers" in blocks of five every thirty seconds—out of the window. If his employer should grow suspicious he could take him up the west side of Third avenue and show him his circulars lining the curb—where of course they had been dropped by the passersby after reading.—New York Times.

Lions and Buffaloes.

A well known traveler in Africa says that in one of his long journeys he came across the dilapidated skeleton of a buffalo almost intermingled with the broken bones of a lion, the skull of which was lying near, while the skull of the buffalo was also near at hand, but devoid of the nasal bones. The ground evidently was the scene of a desperate combat in which both animals had succumbed.

It is a common practice among lions, this gentleman says, to hunt in company. A friend of mine in South Africa had a peculiar example of this. His friend Y—— had wounded a bull buffalo, which had retreated within the forest. The two hunters carefully followed the blood track, but after a short advance were startled by a succession of loud roars, which betokened lions close at hand.

There could be little doubt that the wounded buffalo had been attacked. Therefore with proper precaution they approached the spot until an exciting scene presented itself suddenly on the other side of a large fallen tree, which happily concealed the approach of the two hunters.

Three lions were engaged in a life and death combat with the gallant old bull, who made a desperate defense, first knocking over one of his enemies, then goring another to the ground, and exhibiting a strength which appeared sufficient to defeat the combination.

Suddenly the buffalo fell dead. This was the result of the original wound, as the rifle bullet had passed through the lungs.

The lions were not aware of this, and began to quarrel among themselves about their imagined victory. One huge beast reared to half its height and placed its forepaws upon the body of the prostrate buffalo, while at the head and the hindquarters an angry lion clutched the dead body in its spreading paws, and growled at the possessor of the center. This formed a grand picture within only a few yards' distance, but two rifle shots stretched two lions rolling upon the ground, and the third bounded into the thick covert and disappeared.—Youth's Companion.

Sparing Patti's Nerves.

An anecdote has been traveling around the circles of the Back Bay which has created ripples of merriment wherever it was told. It appears while Mme. Patti was over here and was suffering from the bereavement of her dear dog, at the same time and in the same hotel there sojourned Mrs. Iyasagi and her little daughter, who had just returned from a trip to California, and who were waiting for their boxes to be put in order. The great diva was nervous and anxious, the loss of her favorite having played havoc with her nerves, and she thought that the romping and merriment of the little girl in the next suite of rooms was particularly trying on her sensitive temperament.

Accordingly her maid presented herself at Mrs. Iyasagi's door, and presenting madam's compliments requested, if possible, to restrain the young lady from being more lively than absolutely necessary. "Madam says," she added, "the death of her dog is a very great sorrow to her; she has not gotten over it yet, and if she gets too excited she could not sing."

The message was received with all the grace such neighborly messages are usually received with, and was subsequently related to the young lady personally concerned in the matter. She listened, pouted prettily and then said, "Oh, mamma, will you send up and tell Mme. Patti not to sing so much, because my alligator is sick, and if he dies I'll be ever so much worried over it." It has not transpired whether the appeal ever reached the diva.—Boston Globe.

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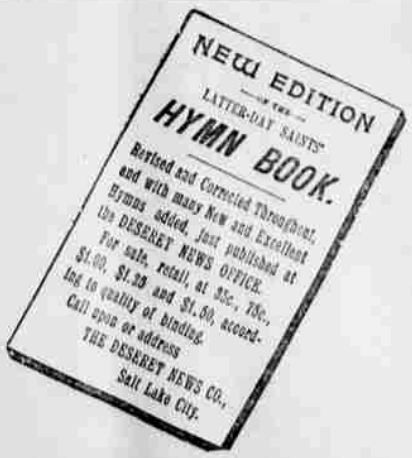

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