

FAITH.

How do the rivulets find their way?
How do the flowers know the day?
And open their cups to catch the ray?

I see the germ to the sunlight reach,
And the seedlings know the old bird's
speech;
I do not see who is there to teach.

I see the hare from the danger hide
And the stars through the pathless space
ride;
I do not see that they have a guide.

He is eyes for all who is eyes for the mole,
All motion goes to the rightful goal;
Oh, God! I can trust for the human soul.

CHARLES G. AMES.

BREVITIES.

An Oshkosh judge got two bars of soap for a marriage fee.

Unpopular music—Thomas's concerts on the back yard fence.

A Chicago sausage maker advertises his wares as "dog cheap."

How to pronounce a Polish name, sneeze three times and say ski.

Ladies are not allowed to wear bonnets at the performances in Drury Lane theatre.

"I preach no narrow God who allows myriads to be damned," says Beecher.

A man in Cincinnati advertising for a situation, says: "Work is not so much an object as good wages."

This is the latest form of wedding invitations: "Come around and see me capture a mother-in-law at 8 o'clock, sharp."

"How many people," says Jeremy Taylor, "are busy in this world gathering together a handful of thorns to sit upon?"

The fool seeketh to pick a fly from a mule's hind leg. The wise man letteth out the job to the lowest bidder.

Horse dealer—"I know you don't like his head, and I allow he ain't got a purty head; but lor, now look at Gladstone, the cleverest man in all England! and look at 'is head!"

The champion father lives in Carbon County, Pa. He is a German, 73 years old, and is a parent of 30 children, the youngest being only four months old.

A county treasurer in Alabama can't read or write, but he has put \$7000 where to one but himself can find it. This shows that a collegiate education isn't essential to the acquirement of wealth.

The most artless fashion editor yet heard from is the young Western person who closed her remarks one day by saying that she didn't know any more then, but was going to church the next day and would learn something.

It was Josh Billings who once urged upon his readers the propriety—nay necessity of assaulting all stray hogs with clubs and rocks, because if the animals were not returning from committing mischief they were on their road to commit mischief.

A Michigan paper advises the boys to marry for love, but reminds them at the same time that it is just as easy to love a girl whose pa has a hundred thousand in bank as one whose old man sits behind a pair of half starved mules.

"Will you please insert this obituary notice?" asked an old gentleman of an editor. "I make bold to ask it, because I know the deceased had a great many friends around here who'd be glad to hear of his death."

At a dinner party recently, Senator Nye put his new silk tie carelessly upon the sofa. A few minutes after, Gen. Butler sat down upon and crushed the tie fearfully. "D-n it," roared Nye. "I could have told you it wouldn't fit before you tried it on."

A colored preacher down South took for his text the words, "Though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God," which he divided into three parts as follows: "First, skin worms; second, what they do; third, what the man seen after he was eat up."

While dressing, Fanny Ellsler was subject to the deepest melancholy, which disappeared as though by magic, at the sound of the music. When dancing, she was, as it were, electrified by feverish delight, which sometimes became actually convulsive.

Every fashionable woman in Paris hangs to her belt an alms-bag, a fan, a card-case, a pocket-book, an umbrella, a turnip watch, a pin-cushion, some ivory tablets and a

little mirror. And the sons of women like these are expected to knock the nonsense out of Germany some day—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

They say that there wasn't a chignon, rat or friz visible at the opening of the operatic season in New York, the other evening.

In days gone by the darling girls wore high-necked dresses, natural curls, loved flannel, cakes and honey; but now, the dresses are quite low, false hair around their shoulders flow, their only love is—money.

The Cost of the German War.

The cost of the war of 1870, according to an article in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, was comparatively small. On the part of France, it amounted to \$371,000,000, to which \$173,000,000 may be added as the value of the ceded territory. The amount spent by Germany was, of course, less, the troops operating in the enemy's country, no towns having to be victualled, and the commissariat being much better managed than with the French. The cost to the North German Confederation is officially stated as \$47,000,000. When the truce was concluded the German treasury was empty, and but for the contribution levied on Paris, and the first instalment of the indemnity, a new loan would have been necessary. The \$6,000,000 of the German war chest and the \$58,000,000 of the war loan must have been exhausted. Contemporary wars have been far more costly. Brazil expended twelve and a half millions on its war against Paraguay; the American civil war cost \$30,000,000; the Crimean war cost England \$167,000,000, the Abyssinian expedition eight and one-third millions, and the Ashantee war one and a half millions. The cost of the Franco-German war is all the more moderate, inasmuch as private compensation is included—\$7,000,000 on the German and \$24,000,000 on the French side. The loss of 129,250 German soldiers who were killed on the battle-field or died in hospitals, would not, however, remarks the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, be compensated even were the cost of the war repaid thrice over.

Exciting Scene in Court.

An exciting scene occurred, Oct. 7, at San Leandro, Cal., on the occasion of the preliminary examination of Rev. T. G. Thurston, of Hayward, on a charge of burglary, before Justice Collingridge. "The good ladies of Hayward, who appeared to be all partisans of the accused, rallied early at the court room in large numbers and lent their moral support and sympathy to the persecuted parson. The day was extremely hot, and the uncushioned benches were hard and uncomfortable; but the ladies heroically sat out the investigation from 9 o'clock in the morning till 8 at night, with the exception of twenty minutes intermission which the court granted them for lunch and relaxation. They never flinched during the ordeal, and only left the field when the victory was with them."

After the case was argued and submitted, "the period that succeeded was one of deep and painful suspense. The eyes of the defendant protruded in a fixed stare at the Justice and all eyes were fixed upon the same person." The Justice discharged the prisoner, and then the excitement culminated. "The suspense was ended. The men and women sprang excitedly to their feet at once, and their feelings found vent in tumultuous cheers. As the Justice ceased speaking, the prisoner's head sank and he fell nearly fainting with joy upon the platform, the tears streaming down his cheeks. In an instant two of the sisters of his flock, whose sympathies had been most active in his behalf, sprang forward and caught him in their arms to keep him from falling. They cried over him hysterically and comforted him; and he soon revived. The audience rushed forward to catch him by the hand and he was overwhelmed with congratulations. The decision was unexpected, the leading attorney for the defense having just before privately expressed to the *Chronicle* reporter the belief that Thurston would be held to answer. It gave general satisfaction, and the Justice was overwhelmed with thanks by the friends of the pastor.

There appeared to be but two or three in the audience at all dissatisfied, and they had personal reasons for being so."

The Girls of the Period.

We boast of our system of education; we have female high schools, female colleges, female medical schools and female heavens. Our girls are refined, learned and wise; they can sing, dance, play pianos, paint, talk French and Italian, and all the soft languages, write poetry, and love like Venuses.

They are ready to be courted at ten years, and can be taken from school and married at fifteen, and divorced at twenty. They make splendid shows on bridal tours, can coquet and flirt at the watering places, and shine like angels at winter parties. But Heaven be kind to the poor wretch that marries in the fashionable circles. What are they at washing floors? Oh, we forgot—nobody has bare floors now; how vulgar that would be! What are they at making bread or boiling beef? Why, how thoughtless they are to be sure—they will board or have servants. What are they at mending old clothes? But there we are again—the fashion change so often that nobody has old clothes but the rag men and paper makers now. What are they at washing babies' faces and pinning up their trousers? And here is our intolerable stupidity once more—having children is left to the Irish! What lady thinks of having children about her now? or, if she is so unfortunate, don't she put them to wet nurses to begin with, and boarding school afterward? We repeat, we have come to a point where young men hesitate and grow old before they can decide whether they can marry and afterward keep clear of bankruptcy and crime. What is the consequence?

There are more persons living a single life. Are there more living a virtuous life? It is time for mothers to know that the extravagance they encourage is destructive of the virtue of their children; that all the foolish expenditures are, instead of answering that end, tending to destroy the institution of marriage altogether.—*Boston Instructor*.

The excitement over the wild animal, supposed now to be a lioness escaped from some menagerie, still continues in Benton county, Ind. At last accounts it had taken refuge in Parish Grove, which covers an area of six hundred acres, and is thick with underbrush and tree tops, since the saw-mill was established there. The weeds on the edge of the grove are higher than a man's head, and make a good hiding place. One man recently, on the hunt of the animal, had a fair chance to shoot him, but his nerve failed him, and he turned and ran. The excitement is high in the neighborhood of Parish, and all sorts of extravagant stories are afloat. One, however, which is credited by those living near it, that a herder saw the beast lately creeping toward his little son, who had been helping to herd and had got off his horse and laid down on the grass. He hastened forward in time to save the boy from destruction, and was close enough to have shot the animal had he been provided with a gun.

Anthony Trollope, in one of his novels, says, very cleverly, that nothing makes a man so cross a success, or so soon turns a pleasant friend into a captious acquaintance. Your successful man eats too much, and his stomach troubles him; he drinks too much and his nose becomes blue. He wants pleasure and excitement, and roams about looking for satisfaction in places where no man ever found it. He frets himself with his banker's book, and everything tastes amiss to him that has not on it the flavor of gold. The straw of an omnibus stinks; the linings of the cabs are filthy. There are but three houses in the city at which an eatable dinner may be obtained. And yet a few years since how delicious was that cut of roast goose to be had for a shilling at the eating house near Golden square! Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Green, Mrs. Walker and all the other mistresses, are too rapid and stupid and hum-drum for endurance. The theatres are as dull as Leith, and politics have lost their salt. Success is the necessary

misfortune of life, but it is only to the very unfortunate that it comes early.

Lord Rivers, who has visited the "claimant" in prison, says he has lost 100 pounds in flesh and his hair has turned gray.

The Brooklyn Heights Female Seminary this year opens with a falling off in attendance, for which the managers blame the scandal.

William J. Chase, of Nantucket, recently bumped his head against a bay window built out over the street by F. C. Stanford, and he has sued for damages, asking twenty thousand dollars.

Sheep shearers have been scarce in portions of California the past season. Five Mexicans went into the country and sheared over 100 head each per day, at ten cents each, or 8,000 in ten days.

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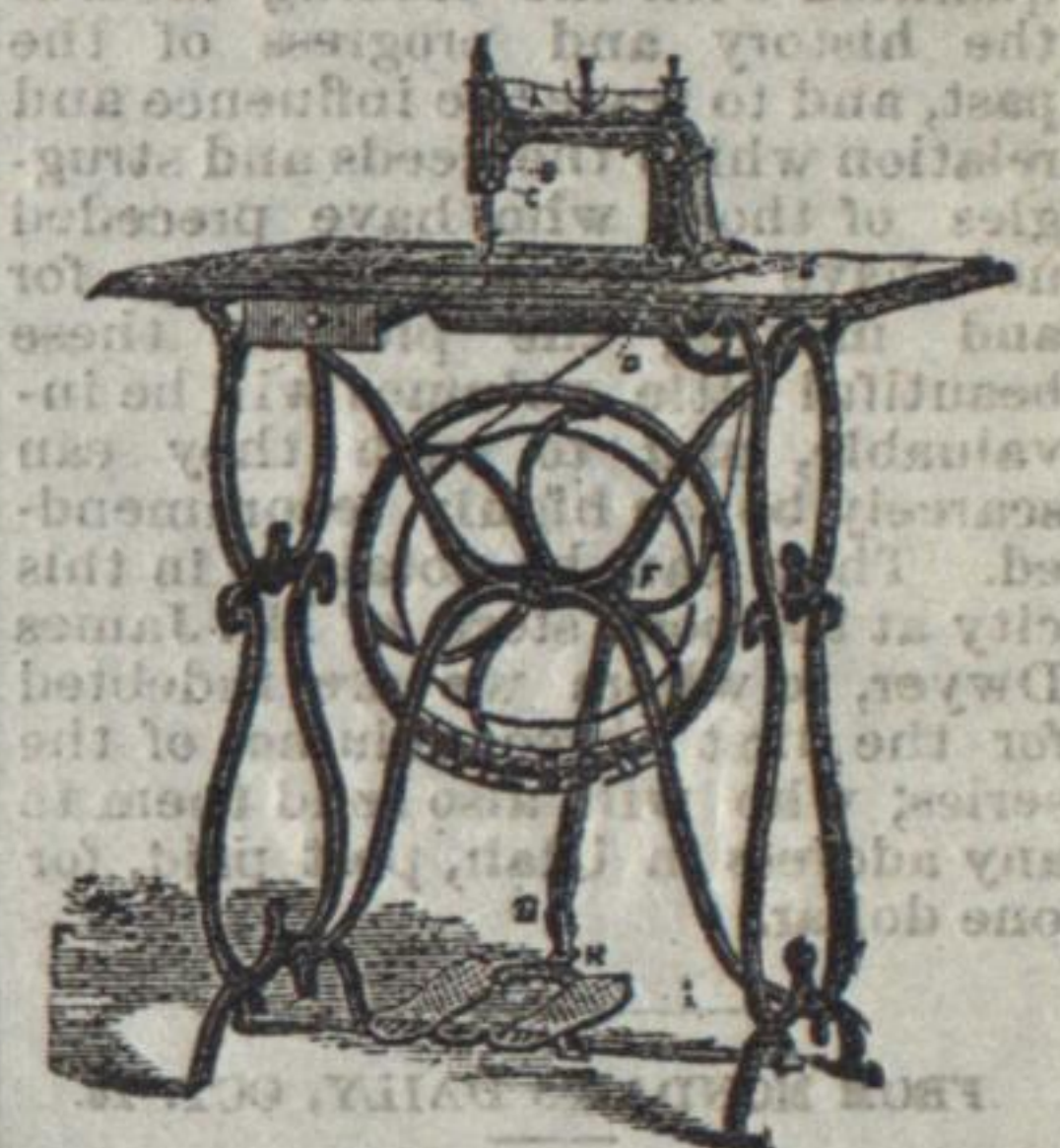
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