

Gentlemen who are now raising money for steamer fare to Alaska will do well to remember that the walking will not be good coming back.

Down at Atlantic City the other day a New York man announced that he was about to burn up the ocean. Fortunately he was arrested before he did it.

The London Globe says that the Japs can easily whip the United States; but it evidently underestimates the fighting abilities of the Yankees, as John Bull has done on two previous occasions to his own sorrow.

A New York woman 32 years of age was arrested on a Chicago street for wearing male attire. She explained that she had worn the same garb for years in Gotham, and "couldn't see why these Western towns should be so particular." It is queer.

The St. Louis Republic remarks editorially: "We can whip Spain. We can whip Japan and we can whip England, too." Well, if it comes to the worst, it is a sweetly solemn thought that a St. Louis paper stands ready to lick all of Uncle Sam's enemies at a moment's notice.

Atlanta Journal: Lynchings in Georgia will never be suppressed by encouraging the mob to believe that they, as vindicators of justice, are superior to the law, or by encouraging judges of the superior courts to yield to the demand of mobs and trying men where prejudice is overwhelmingly against them.

Mrs. Charlotte Smith, the professional reformer, who is helping to make Boston truly good, will ask Congress to appropriate enough money to send 100,000 unmarried women to Alaska. How delightful! That ought to be a great place for ice cream the year around if somebody would furnish the cream.

A poor miner in Pennsylvania is said to have fallen heir to \$75,000 by the death of an uncle who came to him in the disguise of a tramp and was kindly received. This story reads as though it had been written by some William Whiskers with a fancy for tales of imagination and a desire to have his kind treated well by those whom they would in the future solicit for "handouts."

Boston rejected Bacchante because in the excess of his artistic emotion Sculptor Macmonnies utterly overlooked the trifling detail of clothes. Now a substitute for the brazen beauty has been found. Boston is ready to adopt Sculptor Miranda's draped figure representing the "Spirit of Research." If the current newspaper illustrations are correct, the new figure looks like a Boston spinster with a tablecloth over her head and in hysterics over the approach of a mouse.

When the Venezuelan cowboy wishes to catch a bull or cow for branding, or for any purpose, he rides alongside it and, with horse and bovine on the dead-run, stoops from his saddle, grasps the creature's tail, and, with a sharp, peculiar twist, sends the animal rolling on its back. From the force with which it falls, the creature's horns almost invariably pin its head to the ground, giving the vaquero time to dismount and sit on its head, holding the animal helpless to rise, while a companion ties its legs.

Some things may be done better in Canada than in this country. For example, there is the gold commissioner. He sits on the case on the ground where the dispute arises, hears evidence while the witnesses are yet alive and available, uses his own common sense and good judgment and renders his decision in time for the legal owner to work his claim next day. The chances are ten to one that the gold commissioner gives better satisfaction generally in a mining camp than could any poking process of appeal.

The author of a work called "The Gold Standard" has raised his voice in protest against the action of a Senator who incorporated the entire text of the volume in a speech he made and had it reprinted in the Congressional Record. It is now being distributed free of charge to the constituents of the Senator and others. The author has a clear case against the Senator under the copyright law if he wishes to prosecute it. This is not the first time that Congressmen have done this thing, but this man is the first to protest against it. It is a piece of high-handed piracy.

Twenty-five years ago scientists predicted that abundant coal fields would be found on both sides of the British channel, and the predictions have been fulfilled. Besides the great Kentish fields discovered several years ago and yielding bountifully ever since immense tracts of coal have been recently found between Calais and Cape Griznez. The French discoveries were the result of those in England, geologists being sure that the same belt of coal extended under the water from one country to the other. This last discovery is of the greatest importance to industrial France.

The announcement is made that seven convicts in the Kings County penitentiary, New York, have gone insane and that two more are upon the

verge of insanity. This is not surprising, considering the fact that under the law of that State it is prohibited to employ the convicts in any gainful labor. The wonder is that the penitentiaries of New York are not all full of lunatics. Imprisonment under such a law is inhuman. It is a retrograde step and it cannot but result shamefully for the State. No power has the right to drive even its convicts insane, and that is the tendency of this law.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat is trying to ascertain by letter how the various newspapers of the country look upon the old problem of the government ownership of the telegraph. It appears from the Times-Democrat's inquiry that it is prompted by the fact that most of the telegraph stations in the South are closed by 6 p. m., and that it finds trouble in securing news by wire unless its order is in long before that hour, which, of course, is not always possible. If the telegraph in the hands of a corporation does not find it profitable to keep its offices open for the transmission of news matter or any other messages it is not likely that the government controlling the wires would find any profit in it either.

As the cry in 1857-59 was "Pike's Peak or bust," so now the argonauts are yelling, "Ho, for the Yukon." The rush of the enthusiasts continues and the vessels at the Pacific coast points are not able to accommodate the crowds desiring to take passage. Some even propose to make part of the journey to Sitka on foot. It is not likely that they will actually make this journey, or if they do that they will be heard of again. A St. Louis man proposes to go to the diggings in a balloon, and he is not less wise than many who are starting for the gold fields by other means. Hundreds of those who are going to the Klondyke region are totally unfitted for life under the circumstances they will encounter there. The hardships there are intolerable almost, and the chances of fortune decidedly against the "tenderfoot."

Americans need not think that they are the only people who have made the bicycle popular. The London Cycle, a trade journal, has made a computation of the capital invested in the manufacture of wheels and the annual expenditure of cyclists, and the result is some astonishing figures. It estimates that no less than £16,500,000 are invested in the making of various parts of the bicycle, in the 800,000 wheels now in use, in agencies, depots, repairers, the manufacture of bells, lamps and saddles, clothing, shoes, and the keeping up of race tracks, clubs and riding academies. The annual expenditures are placed at £12,500,000. If these figures are even approximately correct there must be about \$5,000,000 a month expended in Great Britain on account of the bicycle. As a great deal of this is spent by people of moderate means, there must be somewhere a consequent falling off in expenditures for other things. Indeed, shopkeepers in England, like their brothers in America, complain that the bicycle craze has hurt business.

Readers of Scott's "Anne of Green-gable" will remember the description there of Pilatus, the grim Alp, to which, say the legends, Pontius Pilate retired after the trial of our Savior and there took his life. It is so often swathed in mists that its passage is extremely perilous. The book opens by describing the dangerous trip of some travelers across its face. The mountain has always had a fascination for tourists, both on account of the legends surrounding it and because of the peril to be encountered there. It claims its victims every year, and the cable has brought the news of the adventure of a young woman tourist which ended in her death. Spurred on by the boasts of some friends who had descended the mountain by means of the Heltterantli, a very dangerous passage, she too attempted to make her way, but lost her footing and was dashed to death. A fortnight before a man had been killed at the very same spot. She knew of this catastrophe, but it did not deter her from making the attempt. The long list of Swiss fatalities is not sufficient to keep tourists from trying the race with death every year. The wonder is that the careful Swiss government does not take some steps to prevent such fool-hardiness.

The New York Times prints a very serious editorial article objecting to the quality of English used by the reporters of baseball games, and it quotes from a contemporary to show how unintelligible and vulgar the language in such accounts is. This is an old complaint, and one which time has done nothing to rectify. There have been frequent efforts to simplify and purify base ball English, but they have failed. The readers of the base ball column do not want to read intelligible English. That is all there is to it. If the report of a ball game were written in ordinary English, the base ball crank would not understand it. The same is true of all sports. The racing man, the golf enthusiast, the bicycle crank, the yachtsman, each has his own vernacular in which he insists that the report of his particular sport be written. This is of course, all Greek to the average newspaper reader, but so, too, would be the game itself, and so long as the men most interested are satisfied with the odds? The plea that the language is being corrupted has long since been exploded. Rather, it is being enriched. Every year sees incorporated into our colloquial tongue and our written words expressions owing their existence to sporting and other walks of life which are both strong and graphic, and which add to the terseness and vigor of our language, and hurt no one.

UTAH'S BIG JUBILEE.

RECENTLY CELEBRATED HER SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

Fifty Years Ago Brigham Young, the Mormon Prophet, Led His People Into the "Promised Land" and Laid the Foundation of a State.

Founding a State. The people of the State of Utah recently completed their big celebration of the semi-centennial anniversary of the arrival of Brigham Young and his band of 1,160 pioneers in the valley of the Great Salt Lake. Almost a full week was required to fittingly observe the great empire-building work of Brigham Young.

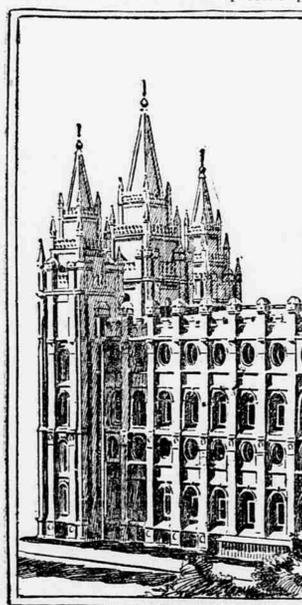
It was on July 24, 1847, that the pioneers emerged from the rugged defile now known as Emigration Canyon and faced a broad and sunny valley, which sloped gently to the shores of an inland sea. On the east, the Wasatch Mountains, and on the south and west the Oquirrh range made grim walls about the desert. When the pilgrims had proceeded a little further they saw a large fresh lake a few miles to the south, emptying its surplus waters into the inland sea through a slender river. These odd conditions suggested a striking comparison to Brigham Young, who felt that he was a Moses leading a new tribe of Israel to a new promised land. The fresh lake was the sea of Tiberias, the salt one the Dead Sea, the river was, of course, the Jordan. This, then, was the new Palestine; and here the leader and his followers would build a new Jerusalem. Advancing a few miles into the valley, and halting near the banks of a roaring brook, Brigham Young struck his staff upon the ground and exclaimed: "Here we will rear our temple in holiness to the Lord!"

The small party of emigrants who ended their tiresome and dangerous pilgrimage in the Utah desert fifty years ago gave but the slightest promise of founding an enduring State. They had come to an arid land, and possessed neither canals nor the slightest knowledge of the art of irrigation. They had but a scanty store of provisions, and a thousand miles of deserts and mountains lay between them and any base of supplies. They had no shelter save that offered by the canvas coverings of their crowded wagons, and there



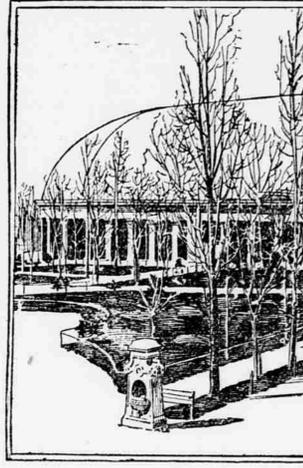
were no forests near at hand from which lumber could be made. But they went to work under the direction of a masterful leader, turning the waters of a canyon stream upon the hard alkaline soil and staking the last of their stock of potatoes on the venture. The result of this desperate beginning is seen in the Utah of to-day.

Utah of Today. This latest of American States contains nearly 300,000 people on the occasion of its fiftieth anniversary. Of these less than one-third live in large towns, Salt Lake City, the metropolis and capital, containing about 60,000, and Ogden, its cheerful rival, about 10,000. More than two-thirds of the total population is dispersed in mining camps, on the stock range and over a myriad of farms.



While Utah owes much of its present prosperity to its mines, and will be even more deeply indebted to this item of its resources in the future, the broad foundation of its economic life is in its irrigated soil. There are some remarkable facts to be recorded about its 19,816 farms. In the first place, 37,684 of them are absolutely free of all incumbrance. The average size of these farms is twenty-seven acres, but as some large ranches are included in this estimate, the figure given for the average is a little higher. The typical

farms range from three to twenty acres—the smallest of any State in the Union. They are universally devoted to diversified agriculture, and thus render their unmortgaged proprietors absolutely self-sustaining. In another important respect these farms differ from those elsewhere. Their owners do not live, as a rule, upon the farm acreage, but in villages or home centers. These are located at central points in bodies of 5,000 to 10,000 acres. The farmers have their homes on acre lots in these villages, getting from this small area many of



THE MORMON TABERNACLE.

the things they consume, and having the social advantages of town life to a considerable degree. The church is also the dance hall, and in the remotest hamlet there is a Sunday night dance led by the bishop. These social arrangements have contributed much to the contentment of the farming population. There has been less temptation for the boys and girls to leave the soil and go to the large towns than elsewhere. The people live under such conditions that neither panics, strikes nor wars could seriously menace their three meals a day.

The Mormons are admittedly the founders of irrigation among Anglo-Saxons. Until they made their first rude canal from City Creek on that July day, in 1847, men of their race had never dealt seriously with this industry. As the pioneers enjoyed a practical equality in the matter of property, their irrigation works were necessarily built by means of co-operative labor. Every man performed his share of the work and received his proportion of stock in the company which owned the canal. It was nearly forty years after the first settlement was made before costly works were built by outside capital, and the innovation was not regarded with favor by the Mormons. In Utah the stores, factories and banks are owned very generally by joint stock companies, consisting of multitudes of small shareholders.

The Mormon Church. After a half century the Mormon church is still a dominant factor in the life of Utah. In numbers and in wealth it is, of course, a far greater church than it was fifty years ago. The practice of polygamy, suspended by formal edict in 1890, is now a thing of the past, speaking in broad terms. But the doctrine is still religiously held among the tenets of the church. It is doubtless sincerely believed in by the majority of the people, and is usually more vigorously defended by the women than by the men. There are occasional arrests under the Edmunds-Tucker law, but there seems no reason to doubt the good faith of the church in discountenancing the practice.

The older generation of Mormons rule the church, but the younger generation rule the State. The Governor, the two Senators and one Representative are natives and of Mormon parentage, though Senator Rawlins is said to be an apostate. Contrary to general expectations, this fact has not deprived

years of political solidarity appears to be genuine, and the people carry on their discussions with the proverbial zeal of new converts.

HE WAS A BRILLIANT CLERK.

How a Virginia Prodigy Gave a 10 Per Cent. Discount.

I once had a promising bud of genius in my store down on the James River, said a Virginian to a reporter. I keep a general store there, and this bud, that promised to bloom into seven kinds of a loo loo flower, came to me from the



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far end of Prince George County, on the introduction of a friend of mine and his, who said as he wasn't good for anything else, perhaps he might be made handy in a store. I took him, just to be accommodating, of course, and promised to give him a chance to rise.

He was about 19 years old, and wrote poetry between times, so I put him to sweeping out as a starter. He could sweep well enough, and after a week I put him to doing the chores, and advised him to study the stock while he was resting.

After about six weeks of this kind of training I concluded he knew enough to take charge of my scrap counter, which was a counter where I put all my old stuff about every sixty days, with the most of it marked in big figures and with the additional information to those looking for bargains that there would be 10 off for cash.

Trade was lively the morning I put him at it, and he was doing as well, if not better, than the more experienced clerks, for I noticed several people getting around his way and getting out pretty quick with what they had bought. I didn't think much about the why and wherefore until the young fellow came to me at the desk with a suit of clothes in his hands to ask me to explain something. The suit bore a large white card inscribed with a big black "88."

"I don't quite understand this," says he. "The others I sold were marked \$10.75, \$11.50, \$11.98, \$12 and \$12.48, and it was easy enough to calculate what 10 off would be and sell them for 75 cents, \$1.50, \$1.98, \$2 and \$2.48, but I'll be doggoned if I see how you're going to throw \$10 off of an \$8 suit, unless you want to give the customer \$2, and I reckon you ain't that liberal, even at the scrap counter, are you?"

It mighty near gave me a spasm, that did, concluded the gentleman, and I put another clerk at my discount counter p. d. q.

Present Decision.

If, instead of being influenced by a lazy and undefined feeling, we bring clear thought to bear upon it, we shall find that the only supreme and final test of conduct must ever be the convictions which we hold at the time. Not whether any other person or the whole world approve or disapprove, nor even whether we may or may not continue in future years to maintain them ourselves, must be our question, but whether at the present moment we believe in our inmost heart that such a course is the true and right one to pursue.

If this be not our guide—if any other voice, opposing that of conscience, be obeyed—then we act in defiance of our own moral sense, which is plainly the snapping of character.

A Congressman's Horseshoes.

Congressman Russell, of Connecticut, has something like a bushel of horseshoes which he has picked up. Six or eight fine specimens ornament or disfigure his apartments at the Hamilton in Washington, and the remainder of the bushel, except a few, are stored in an old box at his home in Killingly. The few which are especially reserved from the collection in the box are hanging on the port waist or which Russell used to pull a winning stroke with in the old six-oared crew of Yale College in '73.

Lives on Insects.

There is a quaint plant which grows in pea bogs. It has large flowers, with an odd umbrella-like shield in the corner. The leaves are generally about half full of rain water, in which many insects are drowned. Some naturalists say that the flower lives on the drowned insects.

Uncrowned Rulers.

There are many reigning sovereigns at the present time who have never taken the trouble to be crowned. Among them may be mentioned the German Emperor, the King of Italy, the King of Spain, the Queen of Holland, the King of Bavaria, the King of Saxony.

We do not admire everything Cupid does, but there is no denying his good taste and sense in dressing.



Come, Nancy, old horse, and keep movin', I want to get home to my tea; You've been loafin' a little—improvin' The chance of my dreamin', I see. 'Twas the cold and the moonlight, I fancy, And the snow on the pine and the birch, But they've sent me back forty year, Nancy, To the sociable down to the church.

I remember so plain, when I last her If I might see her home, you said, "Yes, Caleb." By Jinks! if I'd daster, I'd a sartainly stood on my head. And when we walked out there together Right by my old rival, Ike Murch, My heart was as light as a feather At the sociable down to the church.

'Twas a night of the Lord's own design, In— Too good for us mortals below: All still, with the moonlight a-shinin', And the world fast asleep in the snow. And she—well, God bless her!—she fitted The scene like an angel whose perch Up in heaven had somehow been plighted For a sociable down to the church.

Ah, hum! I dunno how I said it, But somehow I told her, you see, What would seem mighty flat if you read it.

But meant all creation to me. And there's more in that simple old story Than in ages of study and search, For my life's been lit up by the glory From the sociable down to the church.

Well, Nancy, I've been settin' here, dreamin', And our journey is pretty nigh through, There's her lamp in the window, a-beam-in'—

She knows how I watch for it, too, The chief of God's blessin', I'm summ'n', Is that I wasn't left in the lurch When I ast her to marry me, comin' From the sociable down to the church. —L. A. W. Bulletin.

Cubans.

The Cubans, like the inhabitants of all the Spanish-American States, are a mixed race, being the descendants of the Spanish invaders, of the Indian aborigines, with an occasional cross of negro blood. The Spanish soldiers who conquered the new world in most cases married Indian women, and the descendants of the adventurers who accompanied Cortez, Pizarro, De Soto, Almagro, Balboa and others inherited the estates of their fathers, so that the ruling class in Spanish-America is almost without exception of mixed blood. In Cuba the proportion of Spaniards and descendants of Spaniards is probably larger than in any Spanish-American country of the continent, for not only was the native population of Cuba almost entirely exterminated by the savage conquerors, but when the revolutions of 1820 broke out many Spaniards fled from Mexico, Central and South America to Cuba, and thus the Spanish element acquired a preponderance in that island which sufficed to retain it after the continental possessions had all been lost. The insurgent bands in Cuba are said to be generally composed of the mixed Indian and Spanish races, with a considerable proportion of negroes and mulattoes.

National Wagon Road.

The "national road" from St. Louis to Indianapolis was part of one of the great systems of roads which, before the days of the iron horse, were projected by the national government to connect the East and the West. One such road was planned to cross the Alleghenies, traverse the Western States, connecting Cincinnati and St. Louis by means of branch roads with all side-points of importance, while other systems connecting New York with Philadelphia, Washington and the South. Considerable progress was made on these roads before the invention of the railroad, but after the tramway system was found to be practicable work on the national roads was almost abandoned, and these highways were, as a matter of fact, turned over to the State and county authorities through which they passed. In some cases the national roads were maintained in good repair; in others the changes in the centers of population have also effected a change in the highways, and the national roads were abandoned for more convenient routes.

Fruit in Hot Weather.

It is a popular fallacy that the free use of fruit in summer is the cause of bowel disturbances, while as a matter of fact no diet can be more healthful at this time than one composed of fruit and farinaceous foods, with perfectly pure milk. Flesh of all kinds decomposes with great rapidity both before and after eating, and summer heats greatly accelerate this process. Hence flesh food frequently causes grave derangement of the bowels, as the poison produced by this decomposition acts powerfully as an emetic and purgative. All meats are so heating that they should be used sparingly during hot weather, and there is the added argument that the whole system craves a change from the winter's diet.

A Bloodless Battle.

In 1518 a battle was fought near Milan, in Italy, and so perfect was the armor of both armies that, although the conflict raged from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m., no one on either side was either killed or wounded, though one man broke his collarbone by falling off his horse.

A water spout—A temperance oration.