

IN UTAH

Personal Mention of People on the Other Side of the Rockies.

After a journey of a day and a half on the sleeper, the passengers, even if not acquainted, are still more or less attached or interested in each other. When we arrived at Salt Lake City one lady among the passengers said to others: "The Wilson House is not the highest priced hotel, but it is a good one, and it is a clean place." Her speech directed me to go to that stopping place. The reader may interpret the word "clean."

MEETING AN ABBEVILLE MAN IN SALT LAKE CITY.

In the "Wilson House," I was delighted to find an old acquaintance and a former citizen of Ninety Six—Mr. R. G. Johnson, brother of the wife of Dr. L. T. Hill of this city. He had been a little sick and was resting for a few days. Mr. Johnson is selling New Orleans Molasses and Vermont Maple Sugar. He is enthusiastic in reference to the Western country and its prospects along all the lines of industrial and commercial development. His own success has been phenomenal. His goods seem to be in demand wherever introduced, and the increasing trade is all for which Mr. Johnson could hope. He thinks there is a good opening in the West for competent young men of energy and integrity. The demand for this class of men is good, and the pay is all that any one could wish. He hopes to make his pile in a few years that will enable him to come back home in South Carolina. His headquarters are at Los Angeles, California, about a thousand miles from Salt Lake.

R. G. JOHNSON'S OPINION OF THE MORMONS.

Of course I asked him what he thought of the Mormons. If I set down his words of praise of them, their vanity would be flattered. He had had much dealing with them and he had never dealt with a more honorable or a more honest people. Being asked about the standard of their virtue, he said it was as high and as good as that of any people with whom he had ever met. As good, if not a little better, than that of the Gentiles. In reply to question about the women, he said they were as good as any others. Polygamy had been abolished for years, and no new plural marriages were being celebrated. He thought that the old marriages were respected at least to the extent that, as a rule, the husbands were taking care of all of their wives.

THE SHERIFF OF UTAH WAS BORN A MORMON.

I asked him if the husbands of the plural marriages which occurred before the banishment against polygamy were taking care of all their wives. His reply was: "I believe they are, and I feel like saying damn the man who doesn't do it." WOMEN VOTING. While I was in Salt Lake City the school election took place. The Mormons or church people were on one side, and the anti-Mormon people on the other. The parties were called "American" and "Non-Partisan." The "Non-Partisan" or Mormon party swept everything, and elected all their candidates. The "American party" was able by the daily Tribune, which made a vigorous fight in opposition to the Mormons or the "Non-Partisans."

AND NEVER WOULD A WOMAN AT THE POLLS.

I concluded that I would go to a polling place and see women exercising the right of suffrage. The women in Salt Lake City vote at school elections. I had not long to wait. The ballots and the envelopes were in a little table on one side of the room, from which the voter made his or her choice. Offering to vote the manager of the box asked the name of the proposed voter. Being told, he in turn asked the keeper of the poll list if it was there. After an answer in the affirmative the voter dropped the envelope in the box. And the deed was done.

ONE OF THE ON-LOOKERS, OR ATTENDANTS ON THE ELECTION MADE HIMSELF KNOWN TO ME, AND AFTER AN INTERCHANGE OF CIVILITIES, HE INTRODUCED ME TO ONE OF THE STately FEMALE VOTERS WHO WAS BEAUTIFUL IN FACE, GRACEFUL IN CARriage, PLEASANT IN SPEECH, MUSICAL IN VOICE AND VERY INTERESTING IN CONVERSATION.

Her name is Miss Sheppard, and she is the prettiest woman that I met in Salt Lake City.

NAUGHTY PEOPLE.

On the journey, people, their habits, and their religion came often under discussion. By various pious, patriotic and well meaning persons the following conditions were regarded with horror:

1. The South's cruelty to the negro in using force to make him work.

2. Cruelty incident to the employment of children in cotton mills.

3. Wickedness of the plural marriages among the Mormons.

4. Immorality of Catholic priests.

IS THERE ANY GOOD IN ANY OF US?

With all these fearful bills of indictment standing against people that are unknown to their accusers, I could not help from wondering if there was any good in any of us.

From my point of view:

1. Law-abiding and industrious negroes who do not seek to tramp on white people's corns, are well treated.

2. Cotton mills properly managed are a godsend to honest people, who must work or starve.

3. So-called plural marriages by Mormons are better and more desirable than the manner of plural marriages by Gentiles, who, when they marry more than one wife, must send the first one from beneath his roof, and possibly into the street. I do not believe in divorces and the man who marries again after throwing his first wife into the street, is not more to be respected than the Mormon who takes care of the first as well as the second or the third wife.

4. Accusations against the morality of preachers of any denomination is obliged to lower public respect for the clergy of any and all denominations.

SWEARING FOR VARIOUS PURPOSES.

But aside from marriage now. One man testified that it was against the rules of the Mormon church for any man to swear in the presence of a woman.

On the train was a family—husband, wife and three little children. In speaking of the Mormons she said that she did not like the Mormon preachers because they would swear in the presence of women. She objected to them, for the further reason that they would play the fiddle of a Saturday night for young people to dance. She did not like to hear a preacher on Sunday morning after he had added for dancers until the midnight before.

Her remarks about the swearing brought to my mind a remark by the Spartanburg Herald, namely: "Physicians use whiskey for medicinal purposes. Preachers use profanity for religious purposes," or words to that effect.

THEIR DOUBLE.

On the road I saw various persons that reminded me of men and women at home. One

man reminded me of my young friend and a favorite among the girls, Mr. Foster Hammond. He, like Mr. Hammond, was as good a man as could be found in a day's journey on a slow train. Among the attendants he paid to me and others was in reference to sandwiches that could be bought down the road. He said in some of the paper bags, such things as chicken necks and popovers—a popper's nose being that part of the chicken which is left to get over the garden fence—would be found, but if the buyer would examine the paper sacks, livers and bosoms of chickens would be found. Like the good man in the Bible when he heard news, I fell off my seat. Just to think of the "bosom of a chicken!"

One man who walked up street in front of me was an exact counterpart of Judge Hollingsworth, straight lines, stick and ball. One man looked so much like Judge Lyon that I looked for his left arm to be certain whether he was the Judge or someone else. One little girl reminded me of Miss Templeton, whose notes of people and events of Abbeville have so often entertained and pleased the readers of the Press and Banner.

LUNATICS.

A stylish and well dressed young woman took the seat immediately in front of me one coach. She was in a hurry, why, she re-echoed the words of the dream and the ardent hopes of a young man more than thirty years ago. They were then centered on the most charming of all the adorable sweethearts that ever carried captive a susceptible lover's heart and soul. I needn't tell the whole story of a lover who lost his head. As a rule lovers are a class of lunatics, and the young man of whom I speak had a clearly defined case of love.

ROBERT M. WITHERSPOON.

One of the most pleasant men I met in Salt Lake City was Mr. Robert M. Witherspoon of the Smith Drug Co., corner of Main and Second South Street. Mr. Witherspoon is a native of Sumter and our meeting was pleasant. He is connected with a store that does a large business. The house is a one-story structure of not great value. The lot, however, is more valuable than that it is in the 50's, when it was exchanged for a cow. It is now held at \$500.00. Hugh Wilson.

Attorney-General and His Assistant.

Abbeville furnishes the new Attorney-General in the person of Hon. J. Fraser Lyon. Mr. Lyon is a native of Abbeville and his Assistant Attorney General is the Hon. M. P. DeRubb. These gentlemen are well known to all the people of this county, and no introduction to them from us is necessary, but for the benefit of the outside world we would say that Mr. Lyon has been for several years a respected member of the Abbeville Bar; that he has been for some time President of the Abbeville-Greenwood Mutual Insurance Association; that he is a member of the Abbeville Lodge of the Grand Lodge of South Carolina; that he has taken a lively interest in all the affairs that have looked to the welfare of Abbeville county. In only one thing would we criticize him unfavorably. Although eminently qualified to be the head of a good family he has never married. But he has years to his credit, and it is to be hoped that he may yet come up to all the requirements along that line.

Mr. DeRubb is older than the Attorney-General and has been at the Bar for a greater number of years. Like the Attorney-General, he has enjoyed a share of the law business at Abbeville. He is modest in his demeanor, and a worker in his office. He is regarded as a safe counselor, and by all he is thought to be a good man.

These gentlemen leave Abbeville ostensibly for a short time, but in reality we are not sure but that their going impregnates and that they will be citizens of Columbia. Mr. Lyon will not doubt be re-elected two years hence. That will make at least four years in Columbia for him and his assistant. In that time they may become in love with Columbia, which meet together with their desire for a larger field, may take them away forever. May they prosper in their new home, and live for many years to come.

Governor Ansel.

Hon. Martin F. Ansel of Greenville, yesterday inaugurated Governor of South Carolina, and the people will never have cause to regret his promotion to the high and honorable office which he now fills. In the office of Governor Ansel the boys of this State have an object lesson. From his youth up he has been exemplary in his conduct all the way from school boy to Governor. He has been a good citizen, a good soldier, a good lawyer, and will be a good Governor. In every station he has come up to all the requirements. Only in one thing has he been lightly off his base, and that was his position on the dispensary while he was a candidate, but in his message as Governor he has swung back so nearly plumb that he will be checked up to the maximum on the score of good intentions and good words, even along the dispensary line. Governor Ansel may be depended upon to do the right. What he has done for the blind, he will do for the blind. We want somebody to telegraph us at our expense. Any lot of Martin F. Ansel being the dirty tool of the bar-room crowd, or winking at the tigers is to do him injury. He couldn't be a sympathizer with that crowd, if he tried.

See Plant for Abbeville.

We learn that there are or have been, at least three persons investigating the feasibility of building an ice plant at Abbeville. If any town of a population of 6,000 ever needed such a plant, Abbeville is certainly in that class. It is to be hoped that Abbeville may not be like the girl with too many lovers who lost them all. There can be no question that a good ice plant properly managed would pay in Abbeville. Beside the local trade, Abbeville might supply various neighboring towns.

Abbeville needs a laundry, too. And no place could offer greater inducement for such an enterprise. Abbeville, so we are informed, needs away from \$500 to \$550 a month for laundry work.

To the right man both of these enterprises would yield a handsome profit, and the likelihood that they will be carried out is probably more than good. The employment to men who wish to work, and the prospect of a few extra dollars for the plant owners will be a great help to the extent of the money so paid in circulation.

Abbeville needs and must have both an ice plant and a laundry. No other town of this size, we assume, is without them.

Mr. W. A. Klugh, a grand old friend of the Press and Banner, was in town last week. He is one of the best farmers of Greenwood, and always makes the farm support him. His sheep, hogs and corn are always to be found on his place. Hogs and corn furnish bread and meat, and the sheep furnish lamb and wool to sell. He thinks, with a little care, there is more profit on sheep than anything else. They cost little for feed, and then when he wants a pair of trousers he just takes the wool from the back of his sheep, and carries it to the mill. Mr. Klugh is a sort of a crank on the subject of honesty and believes that a man ought to pay his debts, whether he has the money or not. When he hasn't the cash, he ought to turn it. Long time ago he borrowed money on a farm. The mortgage was foreclosed. It lacked \$100 of paying the debt, but he took no advantage of the situation, but paid it all; dollar for dollar. He has passed the half-century mile post and owes no man anything that he cannot pay and will pay. He is an honest man and we will furnish a certificate to that effect, if he starts off to the post office, while we are still here.

Flunking.

The firm of Waldrop and Harrison have employed a first class plumber and joiner, and benevolence be glad to make estimate of work of that kind. They are practical mechanics, industrious and reliable. See their advertisement for further particulars.

Prof. C. H. Jindson is dead at 87. For 54 years he had been connected with Furman University.

Senator Graydon came home Saturday. He will well and truly look after the interests of the people.

Why is a lost article like a fog? Because it is (missed) mist.

What is it that which is brought to table always out, but never eaten? A pack of cards.

About Chimneys.

Our respected contemporary the Greenville News seems to think that there must be some mystery or some science in building chimneys that will not smoke. Neighbor, there is neither secret nor mystery about the building of a chimney. It is as easy as falling off a log. Let the flue have 14 inches of space all the way from bottom to top. Leave no projecting mortar in the flue to catch the smoke. Plaster the inside. See that the bricklayers in passing an upstairs fireplace do not reduce the air space below the 14 inches, and see especially that the plasterers stop places. If you neglect to see that the brick layer does not reduce the space when passing an upstairs fireplace will go his security that he will do so, and may possibly ruin your chimney. You needn't depend upon what he may say about leaving sufficient space. He no doubt thinks that a hole that would let your fat pass is big enough, and he will be sure to tell you, if you are standing on the ground, that the opening is all right you can then climb up to where he is at work with the certainty that the chimney needs tearing down and rebuilding. There is no way known to this editor, how a man may get a chimney, properly built, except that he see it done with his own eyes.

"Detective flues" that so often burn out houses, as if they were air spaces between the brick. "Detective flues," if the flues are plastered inside and when passing the front plastered inside plastered also on the outside, but are made perfectly safe, and will never burn your house, but the blaze or the sparks will sooner or later pass through the spaces between the bricks and set your house afire. It is safe to see with your own eyes stove flues as they are built. The building of a chimney or stove flue is one of the most important jobs about a house, and when improperly done is a source of constant annoyance and danger. If the flues are in the fire place do not project too far back, it will throw out heat.

The only known way to be sure of getting a chimney that will not smoke is to see with your own eyes that it is open from bottom to top. A solid brick pillar will not draw smoke. If there is a brick layer there doesn't think that a flue about the size of an auer hole is big enough to prevent a chimney from smoking, we have not heard of him.

If the chimney is built as suggested, and the top is high enough to keep the wind that sweeps over the roof of the house, or that of a neighboring building, from blowing down the top your chimney will smoke. It will give pleasure and satisfaction to the end of time. No chimney that was built as above indicated ever smoked.

Under no circumstances use terra cotta pipe for stove flues. Heating and cooling will make them crumble and crack them for such service, unless they are the best. Their use violates the insurance policy.

Contents in the Use of Words.

Our good and much respected editorial brother of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian is not only wise, but he is conscientious and careful in the use of words. In last week's paper we find these paragraphs: "For a minister to complain that his people don't esteem him about as well as for a young man to get into a girl because she loves him. Live as to win their esteem and if you can't do that, move on." The first one comes on the third Sabbath of January and is for the Ministerial Relief Association. The second one is for a congregation about remember to look up this collection. The money is needed and will be used for the good.

If name or name had been called in the first paragraph above quoted, no doubt somebody's feelings would have been hurt, but as it is, if reference was had to any conspicuous and admitted failure on the part of a preacher to do good, or to give improper return for the money that he receives, no body is authorized to place the cap on his head.

The second paragraph comes so near to referring to our means of money in Mexico that it would be fair to infer that the Presbyterian is too honest and too conscientious to say of the Mexican mission a "worthy cause" and that the money "will be well spent in Mexico. As far as we recollect no man has ever used such words in connection with Mexico, and we therefore assume that the conscientious writer would not be reckless in speech about a matter upon which he might be reasonably expected to be careful. If a doubt, we like the courteous speech of the Presbyterian because it is truthful and because nobody's feelings are hurt by rudeness.

They All Want It.

It makes us tired to hear of Senators and members of the House say they do not want an increase in their pay. Their patriotism, or their depreciation of the value of their services, may come from either of the people. If Congress deserve an increase in pay, it is a matter of course that they should have an increase of the treasury at Washington, and if they brought their salary home they set that much additional currency in circulation, which to each voter would be so small that it would be like a glass of about a thousand diameters to see it.

"Damage Suit Lawyers" Protect Us from Character Assassins.

If the bill to license newspapers to print libelous matters has been presented to the Legislature we have not seen a notice of it. This bill, we presume, is the only one of its kind. It may be said to have originated in the wholesome fear of "damage suit lawyers," since the anti-defamation law, defamers of good names, instead of having to look down the mouth of a pistol, must now look down the barrel of a "damage suit lawyer." And the better shadow citizens will ever hold the "damage suit lawyers" in grateful remembrance. It is the only protection that gentlemen now have against character assassins.

Peculiar.

Nobody "lives" in Atlanta. They all "reside" in that city. There are neither houses nor dwellings in that town. The people "reside" in "residences."

Nearly all men whose names get in the newspapers are "prominent," and nearly all the women who get into "columns" are "socially prominent." And Atlanta newspapers say "transpired" when they would say "transpired."

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Are They Paid-nah?

The Georgia delegation at Washington played last week when the sub-treasury game was on. When they found out that Atlanta could not win, they left.

As an original proposition this editor would have voted for Charleston or one of the Piedmont cities of this State—if he had had a vote. After that we would have voted for Atlanta in preference to Columbia.

But as between Columbia and Birmingham we certainly would have voted for Columbia. Columbia missed the sub-treasury in only one vote, and this, too, at a time when Georgia had voted to throw away. In this part of the State some of us at least feel a little like the knif to Georgia. And the Gate City is not far from Georgia. Her people have not been unfriendly, and her newspapers have manifested no particular dislike to people in this neck of the woods. Nobody recognized any attempt on anybody's good name or estate. For the reason that her newspapers have been friendly and because of the close railroad connection with the Gate City, her people feel friendly to the Gate City.

Besides, in the war, South Carolina and Georgia stood shoulder to shoulder. The Gooner Grabblers and the Rice Birds were good friends.

In 1876 when South Carolina was making a supreme effort for home and self-government, among others, her distinguished son, Bob Fombs, gave us the touch of the elbow and by the way, his eloquence, "aired up the boys." When the voting took place, the record was kept of the number of Georgians who voted for Hampton.

When we review the past and remember the former times, South Carolina, has reason to feel that she has been wounded by those from whom she least expected a stab. If the sub-treasury had been coming to South Carolina this newspaper would have preferred Charleston to Columbia, and we would have preferred either Anderson, Greenville or Spartanburg to Columbia.

Our first choice in South Carolina was Columbia, but we do not see how South Carolina can ever forgive those Georgians who went back on us in the sub-treasury contest. Charleston seems to be a bit friendly to the sub-treasury. For this reason we would have made that city our first choice. After that the Piedmont was the place to put the sub-treasury.

But it seems a little short of an outrage that our neighbors and friends across the river went back on South Carolina when the plum was in our reach.

Court House Lot.

Little towns like Anderson, Walhalla and Pickens must put their Court House on the public square. Feeling that the temple of justice is the greatest and best thing in a small town it must be exhibited or placed in the most conspicuous place, even in a place where commercial or industrial enterprises should flourish. Abbeville wants a court house. The people of this county are weary of the unsightly tobacco barn and they want a court house that will give the streets a new look. Having survived the provisions of the law, and when our people are desiring to enter upon a new era, they must have a court house that our children would not destroy.

The first thing to be considered is an eligible site. The public square is not a suitable place for it. If we were all lawyers, judges and other court officers we might want to hold court down on the calaboose lot, but we are not all lawyers, neither are we all judges. If a court house, neither are we all judges. If a court house, neither are we all judges. If a court house, neither are we all judges.

The council chamber or town hall could be built on one of the many vacant lots to be found. It seems to be a pity to tear down one house to build another, especially if we propose to build another cheap job of this kind. It is far enough from the square to be out of the noise, freedom from the annoyance of the noise incident to a crowded street.

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PECULIAR ENGLISH SPELLING.

English spelling is the most unsystematic and therefore the most difficult of all systems to acquire, except the Chinese. The French has not a complete alphabet to represent all its sounds in a simple and systematic manner, but the French use the complete and defective Roman alphabet much more consistently than we. The object of writing is to convey thought. An ideal system would allow of the conveyance of thought with the least expenditure of energy on the part of both writer and reader.

The sounds of the spoken language should be represented by the simplest, most complete and most logical system. There are in English 40 distinct sounds; 40 distinct letters are needed to represent them. With such a system the interminable difficulty of learning to spell would disappear, the time spent in printing and writing unnecessary letters would be saved and the learning of the language by children and foreigners would be greatly facilitated. There is no valid objection to phonetic spelling except the difficulty of introducing it. The etymological objection is unworthy of serious consideration.

The etymology, for example, of "sophism" (which, by the way, does not import a wise saying) resides in the real word, not in its spelling. Any one who knows the history of the word would associate that history with it, however it might be spelled. The Phonological Association favors phonetic spelling. It is, of course, impossible to make so radical a change at once, but it does not follow that the benefits of phonetic spelling, the metric system or any other great improvement will come to us in the surest and best way by simply leaving the matter to chance. There is a tendency to shorten spelling, but the benefits to be derived from improvement are not to be secured then early and to make the changes in the way that will be most beneficial. Changes for better and for worse will continue to come by chance as they have come in the past, but chance change is so important a matter as the language of the most enlightened and most progressive people of the world should not be satisfactory.—Self Culture.

Two Very Ancient Guns Whose Origin is Shrouded in Mystery. The Imperial army of Berlin has in addition to its armament a field gun as costly as it is unique. A cannon made of gold, such as is possessed by no other army in the world except the Hamburg museum, whose it came, is the great show piece just now for the domesticated Berliner, as well as the thousands of strangers who visit the German capital. The outward appearance of the monster jewel is most delicate in workmanship, such as is never seen in an arm of this kind. The cylinder is 10 feet long and strangely beautiful in its massive coat of burnished gold encased with delicate frieze work, with a handle formed of two nude wrestlers and a cascabel in the shape of an elephant's head with inverted trunk. The handle is in itself a work of the highest plastic art. In harmony with the elegance of the arm proper is the gun carriage, which is made of oak, inlaid with reddish pear wood and richly decorated with etched steel knobs, rosettes and other decorative designs. Twice in the chaste and unusually elaborate ornamentation are found the initials of the etcher, "H. R. M., 1648," but his identity has not yet been discovered.

Even more remarkable than the costliness of the material of which it is made is the construction of the cylinder. Its like is not described in any handbook on arms, and a similar arm has not been seen before. The copper cylinder has a diameter of 65 millimeters, with an inner and outer mantle. The filler consists of pine wood and leather. The origin of the two guns is an unsolved mystery, although mention of them is made in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Oldenburger, in his "Book On Travel" (1675), and Berlemyer, in his "Antiquarium" speak with great enthusiasm of the "golden cannon." According to these two sources, the guns were taken from a Hamburg merchant to satisfy a debt of \$12,000. The style of the guns would indicate that they were made in Holland, and the costliness of the work justifies the assumption that they would be made only by special order.—St. Louis Republic.

SAINT OF THE COOKS.

She Was a Queen of the Culinary Art and Was Canonized. Few people, perhaps, know before that cooks had a saint of their own, who, kind lady, will doubtless in the hereafter make the grilling of steaks as pleasant as possible. Santa Zita, as she is named, lived, it appears, at Genoa and was there canonized. She could, so runs the legend, cook better than any chef within 300 miles of the town,