

PROPHET BUSINESS.

Bill Nye Adopts it in Opposition to Wiggins and Webb.

HE BUYS MORE REAL ESTATE

The Vicissitudes of Winter Traveling Across the Continent--The Ways of the Railroad.

For THE SUNDAY HERALD--By special arrangement with the author.

I have just bought some more real estate. It occurred in Oakland, Cal. I had the assistance of a prophet. I hope the loss will not overbalance the prophet. It occurred in this way: A prophet on a bicycle, who was hard up, came to Oakland suddenly a few weeks ago and began to ride up and down on a two wheeler and for to warn the people to



MEETING MR. J. SIDES.

flee to the high grounds and also the wrath to come, for, he said, the waters of the great deep would arise at about the middle of the month and smite the people of Oakland and slay them, and float the pork barrels out of their cellars, and fill their cisterns with people who sneered at the prophecy. This prophet in this way did a good business. He attracted much notice, and had all he could do as a prophet for several weeks. Many Oakland people were frightened, especially as Wiggins, the great intellectual Salara of the prophet industry, also prophesied a high wave which would rise at least above the hills at the Palace hotel in San Francisco. With the aid of these two general, middle weight prophets, I was enabled to secure some good bargains in corner lots and improved property in Oakland at 10 per cent. of the estimated value. In other words, I am putting my limited powers as a prophet against those of Professor Wiggins, the painstaking and gifted ass of Canada, and the bicycle prophet of the Pacific slope. I am willing to stand or fall by the result.

As a prophet I have never attracted attention in this country, mostly because I have been too busy with other things. Also because there was so little prophesying to be done that I did not care to take hold of the industry; but I have ever been ready to purchase at a great discount the desirable residences of those who contemplated a general collapse of the universe, or a tidal wave which would wipe out the general government and cover with a placid sea the mighty republic which God has heretofore, for some reason, smiled upon. Moreover I can hardly believe that the deity would commission a man to go out over California on a bicycle to warn people, when a few red messages and a standing notice in The Examiner would do the work in less time. Reasoning in this manner with a sturdy logic worthy of my rich and unctuous past, I have secured some good trades in down town property, and will await the coming devastation with a calm and entirely unruffled breast.

California at this season of the year is a miracle of beauty, as most every one knows. Nature heightens the effect for the tenderfoot by compelling him to cross the Alpine heights of the Sierra Nevada mountains and freeze to death in the cold heart of a snow blockade. Thus, weather beaten and sore, he reaches the rolling green hills and is greeted with the rich odor of violets. I submitted to the insults of a tottering monopoly for a week, in the heart of the winter, and, tired and sick at soul, with chilblains on my feet and liniment on my other liniments, I burst forth one bright morning into this realm of eternal summer. The birds sang in my frozen bosom. I shed the gunnysack wraps from my tender feet even as a butterfly or a tramp bursts his hull in the spring time, and I laughed two or three coarse, outdoor laughs, which shook the balmy branches of the tall pomgranate trees and twittered in the dense foliage of the magnolia.

The railroad was very kind to us at first. That was when we were buying our tickets. Later on it became more harsh and reproached us at times. Conductors woke us up two or three times in the night to gaze fondly on our tickets and look as if they were sorry they ever parted with them. On the Central Pacific passengers are not permitted to give their tickets to the porter on retiring. You must wake up and converse with the conductor at all hours of the night, and hold a lantern for him while he slowly spells out the hard words on your ticket. I did not like this, and several times I murmured in a querulous tone to the conductor. But he did not mind it. He went on doing the behests of his employer, and in that way enduring himself to the great adversary of souls.

I said to an official of the road: "Do you not think this is the worst managed road in the United States--always excepting the Western North Carolina railroad, which is an incorporated insult to humanity?" "Well, that depends, of course," he said, "on what standpoint from which you view it from." "Well, if you were trying to divert travel to the Southern Pacific, and the rolling stock, the good will, the culverts, the dividends, the frogs, the snow sheds, the right of way and the new laid train line, everything except the first, second and third mortgages, which would naturally revert to the government, would you not think we were managing the business with a steady hand and a watchful eye?" I said I certainly would. I then wrung his hand softly and stole away, as he also began to do the same thing.

to observe the city from the car platform whilst waiting for the blockade to be raised. We could not go away from the train more than 500 feet, for it might start at any moment. That is one beauty about a snow blockade. It entitles you to a stop over, but you must be ready to hop on when the train starts. I approved the time by cultivating the acquaintance of the beautiful and picturesque outcasts known as the Piute Indians. They are a quiet, reserved set of people, who, by saying nothing, sometimes obtain a reputation for deep thought. I always envy anybody who can do that. Such men make good presidential candidates. Candidates, I say, mind you. The time has come in this country when it is hard to unite good qualifications as a candidate with the necessary qualities for a successful official.

The Piute in March or April does not go down cellar and bring up his gladioli or remove the banking from the side of his villa. He does not mulch the asparagus bed or prune the pie plant or rake the front yard or salt the hens. He does not even wipe his heart broken and neglected nose. He makes no especial change in his great life work, because spring has come. He still looks serious and like a man who is laboring under the impression that he is about to become the parent of a thought. These children of the Piute brave never mature. They do not take their places in the history or the school readers of our common country. The Piute wears a bright red lap robe over his person, and generally a stiff Quaker hat with a leather band. His hair is very thick, black and coarse, and is mostly cut off square in the neck by means of an adz, I judge, or possibly it is eaten off by moths. The Piute is never bald during life. After he is dead he becomes bald and beloved.

Johnson Sides is a well known Piute who had the pleasure of meeting me at Reno. He said he was a great admirer of mine and had all my writings in a scrap book at home. He also said that he wished I would come and lecture for his tribe. I afterwards learned that he was an earnest and hopeful liar from Truckee. He had no scrap book at all. Also no home.

Mr. Sides at one time became quite civilized, distinguishing himself from his tribe by reading the Bible and confining his shirt tail to the narrow confines of a pair of cavalry trousers instead of giving it to the irresponsible breeze as other Piutes did. He now established an hotel up the valley in the Sierras and decided to lead a life of industry. He built an hotelery called the Shack-de-Poker-Hunt-us, and advertised in The Carson Appeal, a paper even the editor of which, Mr. Sam. Davis, says fills him with wonder and amazement when he knows that people actually subscribe for it. Very soon Piutes began to come to the Shack to spend the heated term. Every Piute who took The Appeal saw the advertisement, which went on to state that hot and cold water could be got into every room in the house and that electric bells, baths, silver voiced chambermaids, overclothes and everything else connected with a first class hotel could be found at this place. So the Piute people looked up their own homes and, ejecting the cat, they spat on the fire and moved to the new summer hotel. They took their friends with them. They had no money, but they knew Johnson Sides and they visited him all summer.

In the fall Mr. Sides closed the house, and taking a rubber cuspidor, with a capacity of two gallons, he resumed his blanket and went back to live with his tribe. When the butcher wagon came the next day the driver found a notice of sale, and in the language of Sol Smith Russell, "Good reasons given for selling."

Mr. Sides had been a temperance man now for a year, at least externally, but with the humiliation of this great financial wreck came a wild desire to flee to the maddening bowl, having been monkeying with the maddening crowd all summer. So silently he concealed a bottle of Reno embalming fluid and secreted himself behind a tree, where he was asked to join himself in a social nip. He had hardly wiped away an idle tear with the corner of his blanket and replaced the stepper in his tear jug when the local representative of the U. G. J. E. T. A. of Reno came upon him. He was reported to the lodge, and his character bade fair to be snatched so badly that nothing but salt peter and a consistent

LOOKING INTO THE LAND OF FLOWERS. life could save it. At this critical stage Mr. Davis, of The Appeal, came to his aid, and not only gave him the support and encouragement of his columns, but told Mr. Sides that he would see that the legislature took speedy action in removing his alcoholic disabilities. Through the untiring efforts of Mr. Davis, therefore, a bill was framed "whereby the drink taken by Johnson Sides, of Nevada, be and is hereby declared null and void."

On a certain day Mr. Davis told him that the bill would come up for final passage and no doubt pass without opposition, but a sack would have to be raised to defray the expenses. The tribe began to collect what money they had and to sell their grasshoppers in order to raise more. Johnson Sides and his tribe gathered on the day named and seated themselves in the galleries. Slim old warriors with firm faces and beetling brows, to say nothing of having their hair roached, but yet with no flies on them to speak of, a doll in their seats. Large, corpulent squaws, wearing health costumes, secured by telegraph wires, listened to the proceedings, not knowing anything that was going on any more than other people do who go to watch the legislature. Finally, however, Sam Davis came and told Mr. Sides that the bill had passed and that he was now pure as the driven snow. I saw him last week, but it seemed to me it was about time to get some more special legislation for him.

street and was so glad to see him that he said, "Johnson, I like you first rate, and would always be glad to see you. Whenever you can, let me know where you are." The next week Sam got quite a lot of telegrams from along the railroad--for the Indians ride free on account of their sympathies with the road. These telegrams were dated at different stations along the way, and were hopeful and even cheery, all being marked "collect." They were about as follows: "Sam Davis, Carson, Nev.; "WINNEBUCCA, Nev., March 31, '80. "I am here. "JOHNSON SIDES." Every little while, for quite a long time, Mr. Davis would get a bright, cheery telegram, sometimes in the middle of the night when he was in bed, assuring him that Johnson Sides was "there," and he would go back to bed cheered and soothed and sustained.

How She Could Comfort Him. Departing Wife--And, John, is there anything you would like me to say before I die, any little word that will comfort you when I am gone? Stricken Husband--Well, Jane, I don't know of anything--oh, yes! Can't you tell me now you make those cookies, so that I can write the recipe for my second wife. I don't think I should ever get over your death if the secret of making those cookies should die with you.--Boston Transcript.

A Warning That Was Ample. Mrs. Coon--For pity's sake let still, children! Here comes the man who's wearing your father.--Judge.

Great Head for Business. Little Addie had been told by her parents of the advisability of keeping an account of her daily expenditures, to the end that she might get into the habit of saving some of her pennies. A few days afterward her mother found a piece of paper upon the floor, upon which was printed this account: Two cents..... 2 Spent on..... 2 Spent all..... 0 --Boston Herald.

The Englishman Abroad. Attendant (at the museum)--Sir, smoking is prohibited; you will have to pay a fine of ten marks. Englishman--Here's a sovereign. Attendant--I can't give you change. Englishman--Oh, never mind; I'll smoke two cigars.--Gazzetta Piedmontese.

Force of Habit. Teacher--Who shot President Lincoln? Tommy Jones (whose mind is not on the lesson)--Please, 'am, it was Willie Brown. Willie Brown--Naw, 't warn't. Tommy Jones did it, ma'am; I saw him!--Lawrence American.

No Wood to Saw. First Tramp--Let's go in this house and ask for a meal. Second Tramp--Why not the other one? First Tramp--Because in this house they use nothing but oil stoves.--Munsey's Weekly.

A Lumbering Joke. Razzle--How do you like your new bearding place? Dazzle--Worst I've struck yet. The pudding, today tasted like sawdust. Razzle--Well, sawdust is very fine board, I'm sure--Exchange.

A Youthful Financier. "Say, mamma, how much am I worth?" "You are worth a million to me, my son." "Say, mamma, couldn't you advance twenty-five cents?"--Exchange.

A Mystery. At early morning Farmer Brown had lusted from the door; His face was darkened with a frown That off had shone before. "It's bad," said he, "to keep things straight; Last Tuesday 'twasn't so. Confound that miser 'ble old gatel! What makes it sag so low?" And honey Kate, a dainty sight, Stood still, denture and alay; The house dog, who had barked all night, Half closed a knowing eye; The swallow, chuckling, told his mate Of chafe 'neath star beam's glow; And Farmer Brown said, "But that gatel! What makes it sag so low?" --Washington Post.

An Embarrassing Tongue Slip. She was a peculiar lady, and a rich one, too, as indicated by the fact that she owned a pew in one of Chicago's most fashionable churches. She wore large diamond earrings and a costume most elaborate. In fact, she carried with her an atmosphere of ultra-respectability which was almost oppressive, as she entered church last Sunday, a trifle late, and observed from a distance that her pew was already occupied, and by strangers. Walking down the aisle, with her nose in the air as if pointing the North star, she stopped at her pew and, turning laughingly to the usher, who had followed at a respectful distance, inquired in a tone of concentrated but suppressed contempt: "Who are these persons occupying my pier?" And the minister wondered what made the congregation laugh.--Chicago Tribune.

She Got the Doll. Senator Stewart, of Nevada, has a long white beard and a kindly face. Just before Christmas, as he was walking up the avenue from the Capitol, a little girl saw him and rushed after him. "Oh, Santa Claus!" she said, as she caught him by the coat tails, "won't you bring me a doll for Christmas?" The doll was forthcoming, and the kid doesn't know any better.--Washington Star.

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