DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Published every day except Monday at 14 to 18 Exchange place, in advance, price per year, $6.00, per month, $1 00; per week, postpaid, or delivered by carrier.

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Published every Tuesday and Friday, subscription price, in advance, per year, $2.00; six months, $1.25; three months, $1.00; postpaid, or delivered by carrier.

THE DESERET WEEKLY.

A 12 to 16 page magazine, devoted to the support and home circle, suitable for reading in office or natural history. Office, per annum, $2 00; postpaid, $2 50; per copy, $0.05; postpaid.

OUTBOWN.

Pap, you wrote her, my friend, but how are her wingly surprised.

Gus says read the whole section, commencing he found by the light of one's hole.

Two sparrows sat upon your window and you smile an indulgent smile upon the world.

Pass to have been in your, some dreaming your souls could be pulled back.

He loved you at that first meeting in the house of his office's daily life.

And it is not her fault—I repeat it—that she does not love you today.

Before never study this, you said, rather, they either go or go away.

And here her been scarcely smiling, but now he is here with your color.

He has engaged and pressed and written, spoke poetry and wrote love poetry.

The stars are not factual where you to you instinct supposition.

For she when you crowded with them from down yonder has seen them and taught her that learned from the fire of our duties to God and ourselves is to grow.

Her eyes now are encased and calmer, but their vision is clearer as well.

Her voice has a tendrier cadence, but it gave as a silver bell.

Here you, too, grown pure and wise as the months and the years have rolled out.

Did you ever hear this morning saying to the temples of vanity was?

Pap, hear me—the truth cannot have you—when today is her pressure you read

What the land that you gave her as wife and as mother as that of her mountains?

Go measure yourself by her standard, look back on the years that have fled.

Then ask, if you will, why she tells you that she loves of her girlhood is dead.

She cannot look down to her lover—her love, her lord, master.

He must wait for her side, or where her, who would fain be before him.

—Leslie Bangs Gainey in Arkansas Traveler.

A Mouse Walks the Tight Rope.

An amusing incident was witnessed outside Paul, Fayette and Clarke streets, in which a small mouse figured as a high wire performer, attracting the attention of a large number of spectators of both sexes. When the mouse was first seen he was on a telephone pole at St. Paul street and Bank lane, and is supposed to have come from one of the telephone conduits, which are infested with mice. From the pole the little rodent walked deliberately along one of the telephone wires and up St. Paul street to Fayette street.

Here he was seen by two sparrows, who immediately showed fight, probably because they thought the wires the exclusive property of their tribe and resented the intrusion. The sparrows would swoop down as near as they dared, giving vent to their peculiar, shrill notes of anger, but as the mouse also showed fight they were a little afraid of making too close an acquaintance. The two sparrows were soon joined by others, and if their ends had been of any avail would have come off victorious. As it was, the mouse traveled on up Fayette street to Clarke street and finally escaped.—Baltimore American.

Artificial Rubies.

About three years ago two French chemists succeeded in producing rubies artificially. The crystals obtained, however, were small, and since then the inventors have been occupied with the problem of increasing the size of the rubies obtained. To this end considerable changes have been made in their methods of operating. Instead of using pure alumina, as formerly, alumina adulterated by potassium carbonate is employed. The addition of an alkali does not alter the purity of the crystals obtained, while it facilitates their regular formation.

In the original experiments the operation was completed in twenty-four hours, but the reaction is now extended over several months, with the result of obtaining much larger crystals. As much as seven pound weight of rubies is said to have been obtained at a single operation. Although the crystals are still relatively small, they are sufficiently large to mount, which was not the case in the first essays of the inventors.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Purpose and Type.

Language is the dress of thought, and to the noblest sense or most graceful action would be degraded and obscured by a garb appropriated to the gross employment of racks or mechanism, so the most sublime sentiments will lose their efficacy and the most splendid ideas drop their magnificence if they are conveyed by words used commonly upon low and trivial occasions, debased by vulgar mouths and contaminated by indecent applications.—Samuel Johnson.

The reckless wrong spelling of names is an illustration of romance ignorance. It is safe to say that ninety out of every ninety acquaintances there are not two who can write correctly the names of all present. This is particularly true of city life, where one meets many persons daily. It is a common thing for men to be long acquainted and yet have but imperfect knowledge of one another's names.

Against the statement that the red men will not work so farmers may be placed the fact that the Indian Territory are thousands of wealthy and successful Indian agriculturists, who fill the soil and bargain so shrewdly for the sale of their products as any white man would do.

The course of legislation in Minnesota and Nebraska will be watched with feeling the end of this winter. In these two states the Farmers' Alliance has control of the legislature. We shall see how what they can do.

Her Clock Unparalleled.

"You are funny things about a theatre," said Alf Hayman, of the Columbia. "I was in the box office during the sale for the matinee when a fine looking and handsomely dressed lady came up to the window.

"'A ticket, please,' she says.

"Harry Sommers hands her a parquet seat and said, 'One fifty.'

"'Oh, I don't want to pay that much,' she says with a smile.

"'One dollar,' says Harry, handing out another.

"'Haven't you any nice seats for seventy-five cents?' says the lady sort of coaxing.

"'Yes, yes, ma'am,' says Harry.

"'Let me see,' says the lady, 'I guess a fifty cent one will do.'

"She got it and went to the door, where she offered the ticket for herself and three children. Well, you know we would generally around Geary. He looked at the party.

"'Four tickets,' he says.

"'What?' says the lady, as serene as a summer morning 'you don't charge for these children?'

"'Not if they don't go in,' said Harry in a tone that would put frost on the windows.

"The lady sailed back to the box office, measuring a little taller, where she hands in her card.

"'Will you send a messenger boy on a send four children to the theatre, and they the open back and taught her that home and a half.'—Chicago Mail.

In Passage.

Here a man may look about him, and almost forget that the world has grown older and colder. Here he will see the phenomenon and the carter guiding mine in one and shape such as the ancient Romans used, yoked to such primitive plows or carts as we can still see on Greek and Roman coins. Fairy rules and methods of tillage are the same simple and often foolish ones as the ancients followed. The old heathen superstitions still mingle with the new religion. The people's language is like to the old one that came from Rome than any other still extant, and plows and wagons and wagon the cheapest in his portfolio cost and the work on with her distaff, might all take their places in some anti-rural museum or we are mistaken in a Roman house or hut of the Augustan age.

The very aspect and nature, the grand air, the vines and olive trees, the noble vallons, running streams the range of vineyards and mountains of lava on their hills are all such as the ancient or all postical poets used as accompaniments to his stirring song of a happy rural life.—Rome's the Cicerone in Portugal.

Michael Angelo's Engine in Antiquity.

Before his return to the palace Michael Angelo had begun some of those fatal studies in anatomy to familiarize himself with every fact and detail of the figure. He spent at intervals for years, until he became proficient in the more facts was complete. He never painted or sculptured a figure without working out in a drawing the most minute details of the anatomy, so that no turn of vein or muscle could be false to the absolute truth. It is in such means that any mastery is secured. Behind every work of genius, whether book, picture or engine, is an amount of labor and pains—yes, and of pain—that would have frightened off a weak spirit.—St. Nicholas.

The Double Bass and Its Music.

It is well known that the double bass's weight is but a small fraction of an ounce, but what he strikes a small key in the vicinity of the orchestra reverse force is such as to make it appear that the weight is too. A full dozen able bodied bandits have been known to impart a portion of at least fifteen miles an hour to a whole country school, weighing in the aggregate perhaps a ton. No argument based upon such a comparison can quench man's ambition to fly or demonstrate its impracticability.—Reading Herald.

A Safe Mode of Transit.

There are few instruments or pieces of apparatus more delicate and fragile than many of the costly and intricate productions of mechanical skill in general use today by electrical companies for the purposes of refined electrical measurement, and it can easily be understood that the difficulty of shipping these expensive and easily damaged instruments from place to place without risk of damage from careless handling in transit is a perplexing question both to manufacturers and users. A famous English electrician says that he early adopted a plan which proved so successful that he has adhered to it ever since.

Finding that careful packing and exception as labels stating the contents to be "glass, with great care" were not always sufficient to prevent breakage and damage to delicate parts, he hit on the idea of sending out all his instruments in beautifully polished mahogany cases with brass handles and mountings. The exquisite appearance of the cases appealed successfully even to the callous natures of porters and dock hands; they positively had not the heart to be rough. The instruments polish by rough handling, and the freedom of the instruments from damage always repaid the extra cost of the handsome cases.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

An Old Lady Last Long in Bed.

One of the oldest men employed in the government printing office who resides on Capitol Hill not near the Baltimore and Ohio railroad recently on his way to work when the wind got heavily his umbrella and carried it out of sight. In his chase he tripped and fell his ankle. There was a long pause, and he just laughed until his sides ached, and then walked along in front of him to the office, not once offering his disaster beneath his umbrella. He laughed until he had almost reached the office, and then a blast of wind wrenched his umbrella out of his hand and he just followed it. "And then I laughed," said the young woman in telling the story.—Washington Star.

Few Books, but Good Ones.

In the distant days when I was a boy, books—at any rate among us schoolboys in secluded Monmouth—were not easily procurable. We possessed but few ourselves, had never heard of circulating libraries and saw only one weekly newspaper, if we saw any at all. Perhaps the modern schoolboy, who reads half a dozen newspapers, who is often familiar be hand with all the sporting newspapers and all the "society" newspapers, and all the literary and religious journals, and who, besides swimming every day in these turbid waters of popular journalism, may satisfy and satiate himself with scraps and tid-bits and shilling shockers, and novels with green and yellow backs, and sensational literature of every possible description, may be inclined to regard us with pity as very benighted beings. I think, on the contrary, that we were decidedly gainers by not being hurled under mountain heaps of immaturity and rubbish. We could get hold of Sir Walter Scott's novels, and Fenimore Cooper's and Capt. Marryatt's, and had read them all and discussed their characters among ourselves.—Canon F. W. Farrar in Forum.

As to the Nails.

A large set, early, as is said by Brown, some in the south a short time ago, and landed in the dead letter office because it was unmailable for three reasons—it is sharp pointed, it is over weight and over size. Axes are not allowed in the mails, although some people think there is no harm provided. There are persons who would start a threshing machine or a sawmill through the mails if a postmaster could be found reckless enough to give it a start.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Widespread Ignorance About Clocks.

There is a good deal of popular ignorance on the subject of correct hours and clocks. Many people manage to never have the right time and expend a good deal of money on watches which are not to be trusted to be noted by ordinary intervals. Timepieces clocks are especially liable to give much trouble to the careless or the careful, or to those who will not take the trouble to look time to see their watch properly. There are many people who "wind and set" their watches that because the minute hand goes through it in degree, although there may be nothing the matter with the mechanism, and that they are not half of that delicate precision into which the minute hand goes round to set.—New York Sun.

The Great Cure for Consumption.

The "great cure" for consumption is practiced by English physicians in this way: Take a cottage in England somewhere in the end of the month of November or a cottage near Cape Finisterre, or better still, the coast of the earth—the traveler may go as hard for twenty three months as he can go, with little to remind him of his native land, but lots to remind him of the place he left behind, beside the ocean, and the sea breeze blowing in land from the southwest which often comes therefrom.

For the best part, he is in a kindly climate, and the slow progress of his cure I apprehend has gradually to such climates as are his most suitable.

He subsists in Australia in the summer of that latitude. Here he is advised to climate, for a month or six weeks, and then to merchant on a sailing vessel bound for England. Optionally he reaches England on his return in a time when the "dangers to consumptives from the climate of that country are not high part.

Out of fifty all cases of consumption in which this treatment was followed, and of which records were kept, fifty four reported marked improvement. In five cases the condition remained the same, in four it became worse, and only one patient died.—Youth's Companion.

A Cure for Warts.

I removed a formidable wart from my daughter's hand by the application of simple lemon juice, which is an indelible cure. The wart requires saturating with the juice one or twice a day for three or four days, or about a week in some cases. The wart disappears gradually and disappears altogether without pain, and leaving no mark and without incurring any of the risks mentioned in connection with the professional process. Another equally efficacious and harmless method is to saturate the wart with potato water daily for about a week, or, better still, with the fluid obtained from the water while the potatoes are being boiled.—Cor. Home Queen.

To Use Crabs.

The canned fruits and meats exported by the United States have increased 20 per cent. in the last two years, and are again being largely purchased by the countries which had almost ceased to buy. Packers found the advantageous their goods, in haste to get rich, simply killed a market in one season, and only first class goods are now shipped.—Detroit Free Press.

A Change of Wind.

There are some smart boys up in Oneida county. Here is an interview with one of them:

Teacher—If you were skating south and the wind was in your face, which way would you call the wind?

Boy—I should say southeast.

Teacher—Now if you were to turn right about and the wind should be in your face, what would you call that?

Boy—Whirlwind.—Lewiston Journal.

Sold His Birthday.

"I'd give $5 if I hadn't this railroad pass."

"Why?"

"I'd like to run this blamed train for being so late."—Epoch.

Catarrh

Is a constitutional and not a local disease, and therefore it cannot be cured by local applications. It requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla which, working through the blood, eradicates the poisonous which causes and promotes the disease, and effects a permanent cure. Thousands of people testify to the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh when other preparations had failed.

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SUMMONS.

In the District Court of, and for the Third Judicial District of Utah Territory.

County of Salt Lake.

John H. Rennie and Porter Rockwell Lincoln, Plaintiffs,

vs.

Elizabeth Rennie, George M. Pugsley, John H. Pugsley, Richard E. Pugsley, Rosina E. Pugsley, Ann E. Pugsley, Mary Ann Pugsley, Joseph H. Pugsley, Lucy Ann Pugsley, Ann Pugsley, Jedediah M. Pugsley, Lillian V. Pugsley and Jesse C. Pugsley, minors, by their father and guardian, Jedediah M. Pugsley, Lucy Ann Pugsley, minor, by her father and guardian, Jedediah M. Pugsley, Lillian V. Pugsley, minor, by her father and guardian, Jedediah M. Pugsley, Jesse C. Pugsley, minor, by his father and guardian, Jedediah M. Pugsley, Mary A. Pugsley, minor, by her father and guardian, Jedediah M. Pugsley, Martha S. Pugsley, minor, by her father and guardian, Jedediah M. Pugsley, Mary A. Pugsley, minor, by her father and guardian, Jedediah M. Pugsley, Martha S. Pugsley, minor, by her father and guardian, Jedediah M. Pugsley, Mary A. Pugsley, Martha S. Pugsley, Mary A. Pugsley, Martha S. Pugsley, Mary A. Pugsley, Martha S