DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Published every day except Monday at 4 p. m. Subscription price, in advance, $10.00 per year, $5.00 per month, 85 cents per week, postpaid or delivered by carrier.

DESERET SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS

Published every Tuesday and Friday. Subscription price, in advance, per year, $5.00; six months $2.75; three months, $1.50; postpaid or delivered by carrier.

THE DESERET WEEKLY

A 32 to 40 page Magazine, the cheapest and best in the country, specially adapted to a class of current literature. Price, per volume of 12 numbers, $1.00; per year, $1.00, mailed.

A GOLDEN RIDDLE.

The husbandman one golden morn
A white seed dropped among the corn,

Beneath the summer's mystic spell
It lurked six long and glowing weeks,

And twice the brown hawk's robed coat
Its emerald leaflets spread around,

Through heartening days of rain and shine
Fast grew and throved the glorious vine,

And lavish the changing seasons held up
Now sun and now its golden cup,

Till in his wine there flowed the
Had wrought a mystery divine,

And given to the world a book
Fair as the golden lunated moon.

The ruddy globe against the world
Unfurled the fabled stock of gold.

Each day a viper hot in gallant,
And while the season waned and waned

Tall knights with gleaming lance and sword
Guarded with ceaseless watch and ward

Through midnight hush and noonday hum
The golden treasure at their feet.

And when the corn was garnered in,
And granary and barn and bin

With wealth of goodlier gold were stored
Thus that which greedy misers hoard,

When glad lips sang the harvest home
Hands lowly and and lowly thoughts,

And kith and kin, from grange to hearth,
Had gathered for the harvest feast,

Ah, richer than the rarest wine
This yellow fruitage of the vine,

Transmuted by the husbandry's skill
To guests dear with flaky frill.

No fairer fruit the fields afford,
No thicker vines decke the board,

And grateful hearts their praises lift
To him who gave the golden gift.

—Mary D. Bright in Harper's Bazar.

Deserters Never Lack Friends.

Not one deserter in fifty is caught, and the unwillingness of citizens to give information that will lead to their apprehension sometimes leads to curious complications. Some years ago a young graduate from West Point was sent to the west and detailed for special duty with a squad of Indian scouts. So long as he was with his party he, of course, was able to keep his bearings, but one day, returning from an expedition into the mountains, they stopped for dinner, and after dining he directed the Indians to go on to the post while he would follow an hour or two later. Not accustomed to the mountains, he lost his way. The Indians came to the post without him and reported that he had not overtaken them, but as they were directed to go on they obeyed orders and did not return to search for him.

A day or two passed and as no news came of the missing officer his friends, who esteemed him highly, sent out the Indians to trace him up and find him. They followed his trail for 200 miles, and repeatedly had news of him, as he was seen by miners and prospectors, but could get no information from them as to the direction he had taken, for he was supposed to be a deserter from the army, and no one would aid the soldiers to run him down. He was found at last after over a week's wandering, almost dead and out of his head with hunger, thirst and exposure, all of which he owed to the general sympathy for deserters, for had the civilians aided the scouts he might have been overtaken in a few hours.—Interview with Lieut. Sayre.

Cost of a Society Dinner.

New York has become a city of extravagance in dinner giving, and many of these entertainments, with all the delicacies of the season and rare wines, cost from twenty to one hundred dollars per cover. Of course the latter is the outside figure; but reckoning that one gives a dinner once a week to a party of say fifteen at the first named figure, it will prove a snug sum at the end of the year. In order to render these dinners complete and perfect, the hostess must possess a dinner service more or less elaborate, and it is rarely, if ever, that the majority of outsiders stop to consider what these consist of and how much money is spent in this direction. In the old Roman days no greater magnificence could have added to the way of table decoration, wines and service, than a millionaire New Yorker displays when his wife gives a large dinner.—Foster Coates in Ladies' Home Journal.

One Way of Buying Books.

"An annoying book store customer," said my book clerk friend, "is the one who has to get out of purchasing a book by saying 'Now if you only had this in such and such a style I would buy it,' mentioning a style which he was sure we didn't have. Not long ago I caught one of this customers badly, for it so happened in his case that I had the very style he was so particular about having concealed in my desk. I said nothing about it till I had cornered him by getting him to say that if we only had that style he would take it in a minute. Then I brought it out, and his consternation was quite evident and very amusing. He couldn't very well get out of the fix so he bought the book, but he never forgave me and always goes to some other salesman now."—Edward W. Bok in New York Commercial Advertiser.

A curious fact brought out recently is that the determined values of the longitudes of Berlin, Potsdam and Prague vary in a periodical manner throughout the year, the difference between the values as measured in midsummer and midwinter being 0.6 second. The cause has not yet been ascertained, and is being made a subject of scientific inquiry.

THE WOMAN AND THE TELEGRAM.

The Terrible Emergency Which Obliged Her to Use the Lightning Plant.

The ways of "lively women" when she calls to her aid the telegraph service, together with a glimpse into whole ordered household, were both shown at the Twenty-third street telegraph station, near Fifth avenue, one afternoon. It was close upon a o'clock when a young woman, tall, well dressed and considerably agitated, appeared there, and seizing a black wrote rapidly for a moment before she stepped over to the sum in change.

"Won't you hurry that along as fast as possible, please?" she said, pushing the dispatch through.

It was addressed to an office in Nassau street, near Wall. The operator, used to this request, took the message and began the usual annotation.

"Twenty-six cents," he said, still jobbing at it with his pencil.

"How soon will it go?" asked the sender.

"At once."

"It ought to get there before half-past 4?" she hazarded with a rising inflection.

"It ought," assented the operator.

"But will it, do you think?" she persisted.

"If there is no delay at the other end."

She paused in the act of putting down the money.

"I wonder if a messenger would be quicker," she said half to herself.

The operator waited.

"I'll be back in a minute," she went on, and hurried to the messenger desk.

"What is your shortest time to Nassau street, near Wall?" she burst out, breathlessly.

"We have done it in twenty-five minutes. Fifty-six," called the manager, in anticipation of a quick service.

"Oh, I don't believe he could get there as soon as that," objected the young woman, as a boy presented himself.

"In thirty he could," said the manager.

"How would he go?" persisted the questioner.

"By crosstown car, elevated train and a run up Wall to Nassau."

Still she hesitated. A glance at the clock decided her. "It's on the stroke of 4," she said, "and the message must be delivered before half-past. I think the telegraph is quicker," and now in frantic haste she returned to the operator. He was busy with a message, and two more precious minutes were lost.

"Send that dispatch just as fast as you can," she said when her turn came; "and do put on it to deliver at once, can't you?"

"I'll rush it," said the operator.

"Oh, do!" urged the young woman. "You see how important it is," and for the first time she unknit her pretty brows. The operator indulged, too, in a fleeting smile. The dispatch read: "Don't bring Mr. —— home to dinner. Cook just left in a tantrum."—New York Times.

How the Russians Eat.

"The Channiere" in Moscow is certainly the most luxurious and elegantly appointed restaurant in Europe. The large dining hall is a huge winter garden with feathery and blooming palms as a background for the exquisitely served tables. In the middle of this unique restaurant garden is a great marble fountain, whereon trout and other delicately flavored members of the finny tribe swim in deep, clear water. When a guest orders a fish for his dinner he is forthwith conducted by the head butler to this novel aquarium and is requested to select the fish most likely to tempt his fancy.

A long handled silk net is then given to him, and he can, if he pleases, catch his fish with sportsmanlike net and dexterity, a feat which materially adds to his enjoyment and general appreciation of the dinner. he is about to eat. Russians, who are very fond of flowers, do not relish a repast when the table is not one mass of fragrant blossoms, and nowhere else in Europe does one see such gorgeous table decorations as in St. Petersburg or Moscow. Thousands of rubles are often spent for rare orchids to adorn the table of some wealthy Boyard, and at the dinner given some time ago by Prince Natolkine to the diplomatic corps at St. Petersburg the flowers in the dining hall cost over 20,000 rubles.—Kansas City Times.

How Spiritual Impressions a Character.

I simply try to be the character I am playing; to think with his brain, to feel with his feelings, to cry with him and to laugh with him, to let my heart be anguished by his emotions, to love with his love and to hate with his hate. Then, having thus let the character out of the block of marble provided me by the dramatist, I clothe him with his proper clothes and endue him with his proper voice, his tricks of gesture, his walk—in short, his outward and inward appearance, as distinct from, though doubtless depending upon, his inward and spiritual fashioning.

When this is completed to my satisfaction, when I have my man shaped, both in his inner and outer being, as I would have him, I am ready to place him before my public, and then help me to his further completion.—Salvini in Century.

The Egyptian papyrus is an aquatic plant, having a stem from three to six feet high. Its soft, smooth flower stem afforded the most ancient material from which paper was prepared. Its flowering stems and leaves are twisted into ropes, and the roots, which are sweet, are used as food.

Topicality of a Tiny Crisis.

Little Margery, of the mature age of 5, has been keeping the closest watch upon a baby boy visitor all the week. The first night at dinner, after her grandmother had asked a blessing, Margery said sternly, pointing to the baby, "He didn't bow down his head."

"How did you see that?" was the elder sister's discouraging question. Margery's critical spirit was crushed.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

What's in a Tone?

Have you ever noticed how if one person chances to yawn in a car or omnibus every other passenger who sees him secure or later follows suit? There appears to be something contagious in the act—something that no one can escape. The other day, coming down town in an elevated railroad car, a friend who was with me yawned, and forthwith more than half his mouth when a short man on the opposite seat took up the performance. He was followed by a pretty girl across the aisle, and then all the passengers whose faces we could see soon began it. The effect was so ludicrous and generally that we both remarked it, and even several of the passengers smiled as they reported the act.

After we were well down town and the passenger list of the car had considerably changed my friend remarked that he would be if he could compel all the passengers to yawn by filming a yawn himself. He succeeded admirably to his counterfeit, and in a few seconds every passenger in sight again was yawning. As we left the car at Park place the guard passed so he opened the gate for us.—New York Sun.

Have and Lessons.

"When I was in London," said Col. Cody, "I was going to dinner one night and told my driver to get me there as quickly as possible. As my carriage clattered along over the cobblestones of a narrow street we nearly took a funeral procession. Immediately my driver got into a dispute with the driver of the hearse over the right of way. I told my driver to keep straight on the trail, and not cut through the funeral, showing my dogs religious humanities, and he said he wouldn't. He said he'd beat the hearse if it took a year. Well, we settled on. The race was growing interesting and exciting. My driver, I found, was getting the worst of it. Presently, however, they stopped to argue the matter, and I heard my man say to the cheerful driver of the hearse:

"'Here, my man's in a hurry; pure isn't.'"—Chicago Tribune.

Misunderstood.

The Young Rector (in evident embarrassment)—My dear Miss Clara, I—(trying to leave his chair)—I believe I have formed an—attachment, and—

Miss Clara (blushing furiously)—Oh! Arthur—I mean Mr. Greene—this is so unexpected. I must—

The Young Rector (frantically)—Beg pardon, Miss Clara, but I was about to say that I have formed an attachment for this chair, due to the presence of a lot of shoemaker's wax, placed here by that unmanageable younger brother of yours.

(Intense delight of the small boy in ambush.)—Brooklyn Bulletin.

It is a curious reflection on the intelligence of mankind that while animals easily learn our language, we make no advance at all in learning theirs. One cannot help hoping that some future generation of men may be sufficiently kind and patient and large hearted to believe that what these dependent creatures have to say to us may sometimes be as important as what we have to say to them, and to act accordingly.

In China a girl who is partaking of the last meal she is to taste in her father's house previous to marriage sits at the table with her father and brothers only, but she must not eat over one-half of the load of rice set before her, otherwise her departure will be followed by confirmed scarcity in the dominion she is leaving.

The Geographical Institute in Weimar estimates that German Africa contains 923,000 square kilometers. All European Germany contains approximately 540,000 square kilometers.

Stanley traveled 5,460 miles in the interior of Africa on his last expedition, all but 1,000 miles of it on foot. Three hundred persons were rescued in the three years.

To prevent that shine on the skin with which so many are annoyed, especially in warm weather, use a little camphor in the water when bathing the face.

Tacoma is one of the cities as well as largest and best known towns in Africa. In fact it is so old that there is no record showing when it was first settled. When the first Spanish explorers visited the country about 1550, they found an old Mexican village there, and it was then said to have been inhabited for centuries.

A trade journal has just published some statistics concerning poultry in France. It states that there are in the country 45,000,000 of hens, which, at an average price of 2 francs 50 centimes per head, represent a value of 112,500,000 francs.

Of What Are We Made?

Take in your hand a crystal of quartz, a stick of coal, a daisy and an acorn and you will not find in them a single element of matter that is not also found in your physical frame.—Boston Globe.

Didn't Like the Phrase.

The first book of any kind published in Philadelphia was Aitkin's Almanack for the year 1686. It was an unpaged pamphlet of twenty pages, only two copies of which are now known to exist, each being worth more than its weight in 20 notes. The first copy of the "Almanack" printed was sent to Col. Markham, Penn's deputy, who reported to the provincial council that it insinuated Pennsylvania to have been organized by "Lord Penn." The council emphatically disapproved of this emphatic falsehood, and directed both author and printer (William Bradford) "to blot out its words 'Lord Penn.'" This caused the scrap of the whole edition and the obliteration of the offensive words.—St. Louis Republic.

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, reaches the impurity which causes and promotes the disease, and effects a permanent cure. Thousands of persons bound to the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh when other preparations had failed.

Satisfied by Healing.

"I will say I have suffered for several years with that terrible disagreeable disease, catarrh. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla with the very best results. It cured me and I feel thankfully in my heart and soul that I am free from the disease. I am now happy and rejoicing in the fact that I am free from the disease, which has caused me years of trouble and which defied all remedies." Mrs. E. D. Slade, Fulton, N.Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

L. WOLFF MFG. CO

FINE BATHROOM OUTFITS.

Sanitary Specialties - Bath Tubs, Lavatories, Slate Closets, Kitchen Sinks. Lasaday Stoves. Fit the finest and most costly dwellings.

Catalogue of other specialties furnished on application.

SALESROOMS: 77 WEST LAKE STREET. STANDARD SANITARY MFG. CO. Factories: 127 West Lake Street.

CHICAGO, ILL.

SCHULTZ & HIRSCH

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

Feathers and Feather Pillows,

MANUFACTURERS OF

COMFORTERS and MATTRESSES

DEALERS IN

Curled Hair, Moss, Wool, Excelsior, Tow, Ticking, Etc.

251 and 253 Desplaines St., Chicago

Only $10

Down With High Prices.

This SEWING MACHINE ONLY $10

Top Drawer, 100 Shuttle, Self-Threading Shuttle, Self-Adjusting Tension, Self-Setting Needle, Self-Winding Bobbin, Self-Adjusting Bobbin Winder, Self-Regulating Lift, Self-Releasing Presser Foot, Self-Tracing Shuttle, Self-Adjusting Feed, Self-Adjusting Stitch Regulator, Self-Adjusting Tension Release, Self-Adjusting Bobbin Winder Tension, Self-Adjusting Thread Guide, Self-Adjusting Thread Cutter, Self-Adjusting Thread