DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Published every day except Sunday at 4 p. m. Subscription price, in advance, $10.00 per year, $5.00 for six months, $2.50 for three months, in cents per week, payable or delivered to subscribers.

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THE NEWPORT SCHARTANT.

How the Regular Citizen Rejoys Himself After the Season.

Once in awhile on a Newport street one meets the winter people—those who do not let their houses in summer and fly away before the invaders, but barricade themselves in their cozy homes as if the British held the town. They walk out occasionally to get their native air, and as they walk they glance with grave interest and subdued curiosity at the gay gadflies absent them, who turn old familiar spots into a pandemonium.

With patient resignation they wait for the summer to pass, looking forward with quiet joy to the bright fall months when the restless ocean of society will subside into safety; when the flash and dash of strange vehicles shall have disappeared and the white tipped, long footed creatures who have been encountered stalking out of stores, standing right at gateways and hopping wildly up behind gaudy looking women on high carts, shall have given place to quiet looking drivers of steady horses, and carriages shall be mounted from the curbstone without a stepladder; when shopkeepers shall not be weary and sick up there and for home grapes and send a Washington street order to Orbis Polki.

When Sundays shall be undefiled by organs, and no more red coats, stumpy

When sunny, quiet noons shall succeed cool, bright, hazy mornings, and pleasant afternoons of social intercourse glide swiftly into the respectable Newport evening, that doesn't have to end in mixed drinks. The summer seems long to them, but they cannot bring themselves to the thought of letting their home to this prowling population, who do not always raise the Newport hare at pennies as they are valued by their owners; neither do they care to leave for others what is free to all—the soft air and gentle breezes of their own beloved city. The place is large enough for all, and so they linger lovingly behind their wine shaded windows and doors, listening to the whispering of their elms and beeches and the distant roar of the surf, and shutting out the hum and hurry of people and the dreadful twang and whir of the hated electric cars.—Newport Daily News.

Quarrels.

Directness goes with ignorance, and "imperfect sympathy" is responsible for half the quarrels, private and public, which afflict society. We quarrel with what we do not know, and fight across the black abyss of ignorance. Were we to be enlightened about each other, as we imagine the over to be enlightened in his own way, we should live in peace because in mutual confidence and mutual esteem. We should know, therefore we should be able to appreciate, as now, in our ignorance, we cannot do. We should be able to hold fast by our faith in good, and yet not condemn those who seem to do evil. This is a difficult thing to do, but not impossible. The great bulldozer up of bottles and philosophies have not been the exterminators of sects. Their disciples may have been, but they themselves were not, because their creed rested on the desire to help men to a better life, not on the wish to punish those for what they were.

It is a sake thing to suppose that we all wish to do what is right in the main. We fall here and there for prejudice, for passion, for ignorance; but the pardon which we seek for our own shortcomings because of our darkness we ought to be ready to accord to others; and when we are most inclined to condemn, we should do well to think of what we ourselves should feel if the disclosure of the ignorant overpowered us and took the place of the respect of those who know.—New York Ledger.

Men Who Study for Pleasure.

Most of the discoveries of comets, small planets, variable stars and star clusters are the fruit of individual researches. Were not all these amateur astronomers, who, in the first ages of history, in Chaldea and Egypt, China and Mexico drew from nature the first explanations of celestial phenomena? From the beginning of historic time down to near our period astronomical science has advanced only by the labors of philosophers, who pursued it as a matter of taste and not officially.—L. Boston in Popular Science Monthly.

Carlyle's Sense of Humor.

With Carlyle, as with all persons of his temperament, the disposition to lay the words on strong is half spiritual, and under the gravest overstatement lies a humorous intent. He has no thought of being taken literally. He means much always, but he often means much less than he says, and he trusts to the reader's sense of humor to make the due deduction. If the reader chances not to have a sense of humor, evil misunderstandings arise; but if he have it, he comes to greatly relish the tonic that Carlyle demands of it.—E. C. Martin in Scribner's.

Selling Fish.

"Are these mackerel quite fresh?" asked a lady of a ragged but pompous old fishmonger who came to her door.

"Oh yes, positively so, positively so!" was the reply. "Jess restrikin them and so."

"Restrike them! What do you mean by that?"

"Why, lady," said the fish peddler, with a look indicative of her ignorance, "smell 'em! smell 'em!"—London Tit-Bits.

A Dog's Love for Another Dog.

I had two puppies of the Molossus, commonly called the Maremma, breed, large, white, very beautiful dogs, with long hair; varying in size between Newfoundland and a mastiff, the old Greek race of watch dogs to which, quite certainly, Argus belonged. These puppies, named Pan and Pluto, lived together, fed, played and slept together and were never separated for a moment for seven months. In the seventh month Pluto fell ill of distemper and died.

Now, by my own observation, I am declared that Pan cannot his brother so sedulously as any boy could have mourned another; licked him, sniffed him, brought him tempting bits to eat; did all that he could think of, and when his brother no last lay there cold and unresponsive to his efforts, his grief and astonishment were painful to see. From that time he ceased to play; from being a very lively dog he grew grave and sad; he had a wistful, searching inquiry in his eyes which it was pathetic to behold; and although he lived for many years after, and was as happy as a dog can be, he never recovered his spirits. He had buried his mirth in the grave at Pluto. Something was lost for him with his brother which he never regained. This is the only instance I have known of a dog's love for another dog.—Guide to North American Review.

The Manufacture of Caps.

In that subject, another part of New York, the French quarter, 6,000 or 8,000 men and girls make annually $1,000,000 worth of caps, exclusive of the $1,000,000 worth made by the furriers of that region. At least 1,000,000 dozen caps are turned out in this quarter every year. As to styles, there are nearly 500 varieties. Of yachting caps alone there are something like two dozen kinds, if, indeed, nonsense is not nearer the correct number.

A few leading styles, however, persist with little or no change from year to year. The most constantly demanded a cheap cap with cut coverings. Every year one sees many cap for girls the high finish caps sell by the hundred thousand dozen. A hint comes from Paris, and in a few weeks the new caps swarm in every street.—New York World.

What He Feared.

"While I was in England," says one woman, "I was told of an American who on his first trip on an English railway quite held his breath at the rapid running. When his companions rather overcame him he appointed the guard.

"'I say, guard,' he ventured, 'this is pretty fast travelling for safety, isn't it?'

"'Oh, no, sir,' replied the guard; 'we never run off the line here, sir.'

"'But,' said the Yankee quickly, resuming the patronage, 'it is not the line. I'm afraid of running off some overhanged little island.'"—New York Times.

He Changed the Day.

The story is told of the late "Pig Iron" Kelley that on one occasion a young woman, the daughter of an old Pennsylvania, who had been one of Kelley's political lieutenants, applied to him for a position, which he promised to secure for her the next day. On the following morning, when the young woman called on the judge, he had forgotten all about her case, but upon being reminded, apologized profusely and told her to "call tomorrow." The judge kept this up for nearly a month, when the young woman had her patience. On the occasion of her last visit the judge, who was very absentminded, did not catch her name as the servant announced her presence in the parlor and, walking hurriedly into the room, shook hands with her and began the old formula.

"My dear young lady, I am very busy today; you will really have to call tomorrow." "But, judge," she pleaded, "that is what you have told me for a month. I have come almost every day, and you have invariably told me to call tomorrow." "I beg your pardon, I am sure," said the judge with great severity. "Call day after tomorrow."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Rare Owl.

How soft is the plumage of the owl, and how noiseless her flight. Watch her as she floats past the ivy tod, down by the ricks and silently over the old wood; Gem away over the meadows, through the open door and out of the keepside of the barn; round the fluted tower and along the course of the brook. Presently she returns to her four downy young with a mouse in one claw and a vole in the other, soon to be ripped up, torn and eaten by the greedy, snapping tops. Young and eggs are not unfrequently found in the same nest.

If you would see the midday sleeps of these birds climb up into the haymow. There, in an angle of the beam, you will see their owlships snoring and blinking with their great round eyes. Their nest is the most untidy, ribbonlike, grain scene conceivable, unless anything you ever heard. There they will stay all day, digesting the mice with which they have gorged themselves until twilight, when they again leave forth upon their nocturnal revels.

This clever mouser has a strong claim to our protection; so let not idle superstition further its destruction.—Manchester Times.

The French National Printing Works.

The French national printing works date from the year 1640, and were established in Louis XIII, who established them under the title Imprimerie royale. The works were suppressed at the beginning of the revolution and reorganized in the Year II. The state printing office has had many homes. It is now in the former abode of the princely house of Rohan, in the Rue Vieille du Temple, which still retains traces of its former splendor.

Besides executing all the printing of the ministries and other public bodies, the process of the Imprimerie nationale are at the service of all private individuals who require in their works types impossible to procure elsewhere. The collection at the Hotel de Rohan is unique and contains 200 varieties. It would almost satisfy the architecture of the story whose sermons could not be printed because the printer had only one fon of parenthesis in stock.—London News.

At the seventh annual meeting of the Society of American Florists, in Toronto, the secretary reported the total number of members as being 605. The next place of meeting will be Washington. James Dean, of Bay Ridge, N. Y., is president of the society; secretary, W. J. Stewart, Boston.

Telephones in Hawaii.

A telephone up the volcano in Hawaii is a novelty for the dwellers on the islands. In the old days men rode on horseback ahead of the news from the northern island, and there had been an exception, but hereafter it will be necessary only to turn the crank and call up "Central." E. K. Richards, who built the volcano telephone line and who is the superintendent of the largest telephone company in the Kingdom, says:

Honolulu has the most wonderful telephone system in the world. You can get any number you want or some as you ask for it and can hear perfectly a very great distance. There is a good system in Hilo, too, and the lines run the whole length of the island and go to the houses of many of the largest planters. The people of Hawaii use the telephone much more than do the people in any part of the United States that I was ever in. If a man wants to know what time it is instead of going out of his seat to look at the clock or rings up the operator and finds out, if a ship makes port on either side of the island all the planters are notified at once so that they can go to the docks if they desire.

Hawaii could not well get along without her telephones. The line to the volcano runs along the road about half the distance and then cuts through the woods to the top. A forest, deep and almost impenetrable, blocked the way, but men with axes literally cut through it.—New York Telegram.

The Press Relied Poet.

"Bowsley, Sept. 19.—The popular author of the volumes of "Verse and Crisp Ballads, Legends, Festivals," etc., has lately been making substantial gains which his admirers will note as he finds leading issues of the various periodicals and it is quite possible that Harper & Bros. will put out a sixth volume of his poetry. Quite an interesting by her way is the wife of the noted poet and lecturer. She has to do with, nearly all the territorial concerns, besides being one of the managers of the Brooklyn Home for Children. Mrs. Coleman, who is a native of Tennessee, was married, at the age of nineteen, as a special errand of missionary work in British Burmah, where she remained till 1875, her marriage taking place four years after her return.

She is a generous woman of great dignification, attractive in appearance and dear to a large circle of friends who know her in her happy home life in all Greene avenue, this city.

This Dog Knew a Good Thing.

It would be very impossible for any thirsty being, it would seem, to be insensible to the charms of camp life. One morning when the Lizzeser was in camp, a queer looking black dog of uncertain race, but hitherto unknown to the regulation bull dogs, suddenly popped into the place, evidently upon some journey around the lake. He looked about him in astonishment, and then sat down and looked again. Then he smiled instantly down, in a sort of glad, grateful way, which was as much as to say, "This is exactly the sort of place that I've always been looking for!" Not another step did he make on his journey.

He adopted the camp from that moment and everybody in it. Nobody knew whence he came from or to whom he belonged. He was a total stranger to the people who lived on the farm not far away. He slept in front of the tent at night, and barked at any stranger who came this way, and answered sullenly to the name of Liberty Moses. Nevertheless, when the camp broke up, he went back to his more civilized home, wherever it was, but as long as that charming spot remained in existence there was no other place for him.—Boston Transcript.

To Remind Him.

Little Pete is a good boy as well as a boy of a great deal of originality in his "sentiment," but he has the serious fault of being extremely forgetful.

One day, after having gone on an errand and forgotten what he was sent for, he exclaimed tearfully to his sister:

"Oh, dear! I wish I was a snake!"

"Pete, what do you want a snake?" said his sister, horrified.

"Yes, and a great long one—as much as six feet long."

"Why, what for, Pete?"

"So I could tie knots in myself to make me remember things!"—Youth's Companion.

How Elephants Express Their Feelings.

Pleasure is often expressed by elephants in an entertaining speech for them pleasurable to the auditor. Rubbed and nuzzled the animal purrs gently. Fear finds expression when its a remarkable screechering note and sometimes in a shrill squeak. A thoroughly enraged elephant utters a deep warning sound in the throat, often a hollow, reverberating, rumbling sound.

When suspicious or desirous of giving a slight warning the tip of the trunk is tapped upon the ground, while from the trunk is heard a volume of air, which at times sounds like a short cut the being sulled. Young or baby elephants express their wants by singular sounds uttered from the throat. Another sound made by wild elephants is produced by striking the trunk sharply against the sides.

That elephants use these and other sounds as methods of communication or as language there can be no doubt.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Spectacle Cures.

R. H. Clifford, New Canaal, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his Stomach was disordered, Liver and Bowels out of order, nervous debility, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Stephens, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Cincinnati, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve completely cured him entirely. Sold by A. C. Smith & Co's Drug Store.

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