DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Published every day, except Sunday, at 4 p. m. Subscription price, in advance, $10.00 per year, $5.00 per month, 10 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 $2.50; three months, $1; postpaid or delivered by carrier.

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WILL SHE REMEMBER?

She is coming, my love, o'er the sea.
She is coming back once more!
I will hasten to the port and be
The first she shall meet on shore.
But, oh, be still, my heart!
Will she yet remember the day
When we were wedded long before
Her last farewell was fled?
The day that she went away?

Where art and poetry were born
She has inspired, in palace and dome,
But she smiles to forget the hour of scorn,
She has trodden the wrecks of Rome.
But, oh, be still, my heart!
Will she yet remember the day
When she spoke not with words of scorn,
The day that she went away?

She has drunk of the grape where the vine
On the purple hillside flourishes;
She has pass'd the brink of the pine
And slaked her thirst in the rivulets.
But, oh, be still, my heart!
Will she yet remember the day
When she swore by life hand down,
The day that she went away?

She has learned the language of love
From lips that laugh in the sun,
Where the skies are so clear above,
Her eyes fresh from the well have won.
But, oh, be still, my heart!
Will she yet remember the day
Her vows wet our kiss did run,
The day that she went away?

When she left she was slender and slight
As the pampered rose in the world,
But now she will come back great
In the charms of her womanhood.
But, oh, be still, my heart!
Will she yet remember the day
She promised a disappointed,
The day that she went away?

Her tall ship's sails are full
With the wind that blows from the south;
The stalwart oarsmen pull
Her skiff from the harbor mouth.
But, oh, be still, my heart!
Will she yet remember the day
I was here to see her depart,
The day when she went away?
—Robert Bridges in New York Sun.

A BOMBSHELL.

The return of New Year's day recalls always to my memory an episode of the siege of Paris, which gained me some credit. I am proud of it.

Let the reader be assured. I shall not conduct him to the ramparts, nor to the outposts, but only to the Rue Trevise and the house of my old friend D'Jolly, a rich manufacturer of chemicals, the husband of an excellent wife, the father of a charming daughter, a skillful manufacturer, a good patriot, a little foolish respecting politics, but after all the best fellow in the world.

Surprised by the investment of Paris when he had packed his trunks to leave, he was convinced by the conviction that the city would not hold out a week. Bitter advised, Mme. Dutailly began at first by provisioning the house, in which she amassed such an abundance of food that had the siege lasted three months longer the Dutailles would never have starved. Then she finished her work by putting in her small garden a cow, a poultry house, even a pigsty, that three months later was worth its weight in gold.

In the month of October we blessed her. I first, for whom a plate was placed on the Dutailly table Tuesday and Sunday evenings, and who found there a recompense for the privations of the rest of the week. Why should not one be delighted in these days of scarcity at the sight of a lard omelette, or a morsel of cheese moistened by excellent wines which had no percentage, a rare thing considering the chemicals of the house?

I was not the only guest received at this hospitable mansion. Another person had his place by the side of young Anatole Brichant, principal clerk of the manufactory, the future partner and son-in-law of Dutailly. This quiet, serious and somewhat diffident young man was very much in love with the daughter of his patron, and Mlle. Gertrude was not insensible to his affection. Without having exchanged a word, the attentions of Brichant were received with favor by the Dutailles, and the union of the two young people was tacitly agreed upon; but unfortunately the war postponed the event.

Brichant, a corporal in the corps, moved to the Seine and barracks of St. Denis, did his duty as a soldier conscientiously, as he did everything else, but without a enthusiasm; it must be confessed he execrated this siege, which postponed his happiness, and mildly criticised the operations with a little bitter feeling. These criticisms did not fail to irritate Dutailly, who was a follower of General Trochu. There was something else; The Times just at that time published a series of articles whose author reconstructed the military operations of the province according to his own fancy.

Dutailly had taken these fancies as matters of fact. He placed his little flags on the chart, at the points decided upon by the strategist of The Times, followed with anxiety the fictitious marches and counter marches, and predicted after a brief delay decided victories. Brichant, incredulous, offered a timid objection. Dutailly was excited and angry. I interrupted to stop the discussion, but the heat at the bottom of his heart was not conceded for all the battles his clerk prevented him from gaining.

The presence of a new guest completed the matter still more. I was surprised one evening arriving late to find my place at the right of Mme. Dutailly occupied by a red faced, broad shouldered and beautiful stranger. He wore the epaulettes of a captain on his fantastic uniform—the cast off clothing of some theater—and was shod with enormous boots, in which it was impossible for me to recognize a hero.

"M. Robillard," said M. Dutailly, introducing us, "captain of the Enfants Perdus de Gerbevoie."

Before I had finished the soup I had made up my mind respecting Robillard. The exploits of the soldier of fortune consisted of stripping the houses in the suburbs of the furniture that might tempt the greed of the enemy and put it in a safe place. I asked how it happened that this heavy featured man had come this evening to partake of our cheer. Mme. Dutailly told me with some feeling she had had a fall on the Boulevard Ponsacomby, slippery with frost. Robillard, who was passing, had carried her, slightly bruised and painfully insensible, to the nearest chemist and returned home with her out of gratitude she could find no less than invite her persevere to dinner. This explanation satisfied me. I hoped to be rid of the hero from that time.

The repast was no bad. He said he was interested in a large coal mining business that obliged him to journey over Europe, and entertained us very pleasantly with reminiscences of his travels. The war brought him to Paris, whose danger claimed his presence. As to his exploits in the subsoils at the head of the Enfants Perdus they were all exclusive. Mme. Dutailly listened to these falsehoods with pleasure. Dutailly was desirous to believe, too. Gertrude alone was incredulous. As to poor little Anatole, pale and meek look that were in his large blouse and affected besides with a cold in the head, which makes one ridiculous, he seemed crushed by the neighborhood of the great hero, who did not fail to treat him to painful allusions, scornful glances and unpleasant comparisons.

I made an excuse to leave after the coffee, disgusted with the boasting of this gascon, to whom I thought in fact guilty of some crime. In that I was deceived. On the following morning, Sunday, I found him in the same place, then on Tuesday. Finally he had his plate placed at all our repasts.

The Dutailly household was fascinated. Robillard had interested Mme. Dutailly by his good humor and a graceful gallantry to which no woman of her age is insensible, and Papa Dutailly by the interest he seemed to take in the military operations of The Times and in arranging the little flags on the chart. Anatole, still suffering from his cold, lost at every meal by this braggart all the ground he had gained.

His disrepute was more obvious after the affair of Bourget, where the courageous boy had bravely done his duty, and whence he had returned wounded to the forearm. He told us about the fight, the death of Baroche, killed by his side, the surrender and retreat, the sad end of a brave combat, with so affective a despondency that the captain treated him for a while as a deserter and coward. If he did not continue to do so, it was only out of regard for his wounded turner, but he made him understand it. With what a noble indignation he demonstrated that, if the Enfants Perdus had been there, the fight would have had another result. Thereupon, seizing, he sketched a plan of sortie by the heights of Montmorency, Cormeilles, with the passage of the Oise, marching on Rouen, and then arriving triumphantly at Havre, which moved Dutailly to enthusiasm; while poor Anatole, humiliated, and suffering greatly from his still open wound, received no attention from any one but Gertrude and myself.

On the next day he had a fever and kept his bed, and for some weeks was absent from our meals. The captain quickly established his pretensions to the hand of Gertrude and her parents did not discourage him. The day on which Anatole returned to be convalescent, but thinner than ever, it seemed to me that Mlle. Gertrude's eyes were red, and she had on that day quarrelled with her mother, who was more infatuated than ever with Robillard. I thought it time to interfere in behalf of the poor children. This day was the last Sunday of the year, and consequently we spoke of the new year, saying that we ought to have a family festive.

"Certainly, Mme. Dutailly," cried the captain, "I must prepare a surprise for your gift."

That gave me an idea for mine.

On New Year's day Dutailly welcomed us very cordially. The strategist of The Times was soundly to beat Prince Charles in the environs of Cosnes, after having drawn him there by a simulated retreat, which was the finest deed of arms of modern times. Dutailly told us this good news for our gift. Anatole presented a rabbit he had caught in a net in the devastated Isle of St. Denis, a pet rabbit which had returned to its wild state. As for the captain, he gave Mme. Dutailly a large bag of marrons glaces in a Chinese helmet.

"Dear madame," he said smiling, "I would have lived to offer you the head of the owner of this helmet."

"What!" cried Mme. Dutailly, filled with admiration, "have you killed him?"

"To offer you this box of bonbons. May I say it is not in the power of every one? I will relate the adventure, as you think so well of the actor."

He had watched, surprised and frightened the wearer of the helmet, a observing sentinel, while hiding in a ditch. It is a hand to hand fight had strangled him in order not to attract the notice of the enemy by firing his revolver. Oh, what a miserable appearance "a rabbit caught in a net, also strangled, made by the side of this glorious trophy!

"As for me," said I, "I cannot rival the captain with so heavy a gift, yet I also have my little surprise. But it has not yet arrived, we will dine without it."

We sat down at the table, and the repast was very gay. They had killed a pig for the occasion, and the black pudding was a great success. We were having the coffee and had lighted our cigars when an artilleryman placed my gift in the drawing room.

We passed into the room where the object lay on a table, wrapped in a frosted paper tied with a blue ribbon.

"What can that be?" said Mme. Dutailly.

"Do not open it, dear madame; it is a shell."

"A shell!"

"Dutailly has often expressed his desire to have a shell, a genuine one that had been used, and my friend Roland, commander of a battery, at my request, sent me one from the plateau d'Avron which failed to explode in falling."

While speaking I untied the ribbon and tore off the paper. The shell appeared, black, sinister, menacing.

"Zounds!" said Dutailly. "You delight me. I will hang it in my cabinet."

"But," said Mme. Dutailly anxiously, "if it has not exploded?"

"Don't be nervous; it was agreed that Roland should send me one unloaded and empty. See his letter."

I opened a letter pasted on the side of the shell and prepared to read it aloud, but at the first line my countenance expressed surprise, then anxiety, for every one exclaimed:

"What is the matter?"

"Also," I said, "listen, and I will read it:

"Dear Farmer—I sent the shell requested. Only it has been impossible to find unexploded one which would not explode. I hope, however, it will be the same of the shrapnel inside the shell. Take the precaution, then, to be very cautious. Take the powder out. The time fuse, the best fuse, is so sensitive that it would explode, and the shell will explode.

"I was interrupted by cries of fear.

"Quick! quick!" cried Mme. Dutailly, "it is terrible! this shell in my drawing room!"

"Also!" said I, unbuckling my hook.

"Do not touch it."

"He colonel Roland assured! The artillery, Rue Trevise brought it will take it away."

"But, sir," said the servant, "we intend troubling on the contrary, "he has already gone."

New exclamations.

"Then," said I, "it is I—"

"I forbid you!" exclaimed Dutailly.

"You have not the strength to carry that all the way to the creek house."

"You will only let it fall on the stairs one or in the entrance.

"Fear Dutailly cried to me.

"Not you; it is too dangerous! not you!"

"This," said Dutailly, "is the deed of a soldier, a strong soldier, happily the captain is hale!"

"If" said the captain.

"Yes, you are as strong as a Turk and can do such deeds. You play with balls and shells as a schoolboy plays with marbles and football!"

"Pardon me, pardon me," exported the captain, growing pale, "it is a shell—the devil! Can's you wait until to-morrow to have it taken away?"

"What! cried Mme. Dutailly, "to-morrow! Why, it will explode in the night all night! I shall go to a hotel to sleep!"

Then Anatole said, quietly:

"Remain at home, madame; I will carry away the shell.

Dutailly stopped him.

"You are a fool, my dear boy, just convalescent with your weak arms. Do you wish to blow up the house?"

"Truly," said I, "this is not the task of a weak man."

"But the captain," said Dutailly, "I have confidence only in him. Gymnastic, captain, take the monster and deliver us from this nightmare."

The captain at this moment felt badly, that was evident, but he was not discouraged by so small a matter. "Surely," said he, smiling, "that is my right. I only wished to say, as you interrupted me several times, that to take this object and to walk is too dangerous. It is slippery, and a single false step might kill ten people in the street. To take it in a carriage is the only way."

"But a carriage," replied Dutailly, "at this time! They are nearly all required for ambulances."

"True," and the captain. "General Smith, who brought me to your house, dines at the Bratout, and his carriage is waiting at the door of the restaurant. I will ask him to lend it to me, as he is a friend of mine. It is done. Taking time to bestow on my sword belt and go there, it will be ten minutes or a quarter of an hour more."

"Go quickly," said Mme. Dutailly, "I shall not live longer than that jiffy."

"I will run, dear madame." Saying this, the captain took his military cap and cloak and went. By the way he ran down the stairs it was evident he was in a hurry.

I went back to the dining room, where fear reigned. Mme. Dutailly wavered between the wish to fly and the desire to watch over the shell. Without seeming to do so, I looked out into the street at my ease.

"It would have been so easy to let me take it," murmured Anatole.

"Be silent," replied Dutailly, a little surprised by the quiet courage of this boy. "It is better the captain should do it."

"Provided," groaned madame, "he does not wait too long."

"He will earn, dear lad—" said I gayly. "You may count on him. For he will never come back."

"He will never come back!"

"Certainly not. The way to go to the Bratout House is to take the right hand street; he went to the left and very quickly."

"What do you mean?"

"I wish to say, friend Dutailly, that your captain is an impostor, and I rejoice to have discovered the betterer of this hoaxer by the aid of this engine." Then taking a photograph album I struck a blow on the top of the shell, which broke into a thousand pieces—of chocolate, and scattered on the carpet a valley of sugar plums, burned almonds and pistachio nuts.

A chorus of laughter greeted the explosion, and, I may say, the climax.

Three months later Anatole married Gertrude.

And the captain was never heard of after—Translated from the French of Victorien Sardou for the New York Home Journal.

A Popular Study.

Uncle Waybum—Now, sun's th' sun o' teachin gals all these new fangled studies? Wot good is this 'ere astronomy you're studyin?

Cky Slacc—Why, uncle, it's a delightful subject to talk about on moonlight evenings. We point out Venus, and then the young man says something pretty, and then—see that ring?—New York Weekly.

White as a Color.

Speaking scientifically, white is a combination of all colors; that is, the pure light of the sun, when decomposed by the spectrum analysis, shows that it is made up of all the colors. Speaking popularly, white is a color, as a paint, and is not a color, as when we say that a person was "perfectly colorless."—New York Sun.

No cold.

"We went hang into the iceberg and slid off to one side. The ship fairly shivered."

That was natural. I think I'd shiver, to close to an iceberg.—Harper's Bazar.

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