

ducing at the rate of one, one and a half, two, and some days as high as four pounds a day, I felt encouraged and persisted. The first month I lost twenty-two pounds, and in a few months more I was so reduced that I could walk a mile or ride on horseback. That did me good."

"You smoked some during the time?"

"Yes, fifteen or twenty cigars a day. Smoking doesn't seem to be injurious to me. I had to do something to keep my nerves soothed."

"Do you still keep up your rigid system of diet?"

"Well, while I am here in the East I am eating as much in a day as I ought to in a week, but the moment I see I am gaining flesh I start in again with the weights and measures."

"How much flesh have you lost since you began two years ago?"

"I weighed 270 at the start; now I weigh 190. I have reduced the waist measurement from fifty-eight to forty inches, and I wear an eighteen and one-half inch collar where I used to wear a twenty-four inch. I feel ever so much better. I can get around easily and take some comfort. There is nothing like it. According to insurance tables a man of my height and build should weigh about 158 pounds. I presume I could diet down to nearly that, but I am satisfied."

## TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

SALT LAKE CITY,  
November 22d, 1892.

Editor Deseret News:

I was much interested in your "suggestions to teachers," in the News of Wednesday, the 15th, and fully endorse the ideas advanced, as there are, I find, many who have had good opportunities at school, but being young, did not give the attention to the subject that they would do now if the facilities were again offered in an available shape, having realized the necessity for education, by being placed in positions where the want of it is more or less felt.

There is another branch of this subject to which I wish to call the attention of those of the public who may be interested therein, namely, technical or art education, for our young men who are learning trades; that is a special education varying with each trade and which schools colleges as now constituted, cannot impart.

For instance, where is an opportunity in this city, or even in this Territory for a carpenter or mason to learn the sizes and proportions of the timbers used in roofs, or the thickness and general design of walls, so that in the event of his being called upon to design a structure larger than usual, he would be able, without considerable uncertainty, to build intelligently, with the maximum of strength consistent with the economy of material. Or for the engineer and machinist to learn the science and principles which underlie and are interwoven with the design of the work on which he is daily operating, and to control the forces of nature for the use and benefit of mankind by understanding and obeying her laws.

One of the branches primarily necessary to any course of Civil or Mechanical Engineering instruction is mechanical drawing, or the art of representing mechanical constructions as they are, or as they are intended to be, as distinct from the representation of them as they appear to the eye as is done by the artist or photographer.

This is an art of great exactness and in common with any exact science, the study and intelligent understanding thereof has its effect upon the habits of the interested student, rendering him more exact and precise in any other occupation which he may follow.

Having called attention to the lack of opportunity for obtaining a technical education I will propose a remedy. There are in this city two Railroad Companies employing a number of men and several machine shops, builders, etc. Now let them combine together, obtain a hall in some suitable location, and let the proprietor or superintendent of each shop devote some portion of his time, perhaps for one evening each week as a teacher of the science which he does or should practice, and by all uniting their efforts in an organization where each one can teach that branch or part thereof in which he is the best informed, the pupils will have the benefit of the ideas of each teacher.

Who should be so well able to teach the science of building as those who build? and who should be as well able to teach the art of designing machinery as those who are daily engaged in such work?

Perhaps some may say that they are busy and have not the time. So am I, as busy as any one dare to be, and I will devote one evening each week the coming winter to such an enterprise.

Some may say that they have learned what they know by hard study, and see no reason why they should impart it to others. Such are welcome to all the satisfaction such a feeling may give them, and I would remind them of the fact that a well that contains but little water has the most need to fear being pumped dry.

In conclusion, I would say that having thrown out the above ideas, and asked for co-operation, if any one feels that he can offer a better proposition, go ahead, and I will join with you, I do not expect that there is any money in it, but I am one of those who, while he can appreciate the good things of this life, think that there is something to be accomplished in a lifetime besides merely making money.

ENGINEER.

## Words of the Wise.

Where children are there is the golden age.—[Novallis.]

Attainable health is a duty; avoidable sickness is a sin.—[M. C. Tyler.]

Life is not so short but there is always time enough for courtesy.—[Emerson.]

All that I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all that I have not seen.—[Emerson.]

Abuse is the argument of a bad heart. Calm reasoning is the logic of a good head.—[Bungay.]

Action may not always bring happiness, but there is no happiness without action.—[Beaconsfield.]

There are two things for true men and women to do—to receive from God and to give out to their fellows.—[Mrs. A. T. D. Whitney.]

If a man be gracious to strangers it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them.—[Bacon.]

Books are all very well; but when a girl tells me she prefers reading a book to talking to a man, I always set her down as mendacious, or else a little simple.—[Robert Grant.]

If you wish to know whether you are a Christian inquire of yourself whether in the love of God you seek to make happy those about you by smiles and pleasant sayings.—[Gail Hamilton.]

Show me the man you honor. I know by that system, better than other, what you are yourself. For you show me then what your ideal of manhood is, what kind of a man you long inexpressibly to be.—[Carlyle.]

There is no more powerful preacher of righteousness for a young man, from eighteen to twenty-five, than a lively, winning, warm-hearted girl whose beauty and brightness are sacred to truth and piety.—[Phoebe McKeen.]

Curiosity in the children is but one great reason why children abandon themselves wholly to silly pursuits, and trifle away all their time insidiously, it is because they find that curiosity balked and their inquiries neglected.—[Locke.]

My friends, we can't all be Washingtons, but we can all be patriots and behave ourselves in a human and Christian manner. When we see a brother going down hill to ruin let us not give him a push, but let us seize right hold of his coat tails and draw him back to mortality.—[Artemus Ward.]

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.—[Bacon.]

Time never works; it eats, and undermines, and rots, and rusts, and

destroys; but it never works. It only gives an opportunity to work. If every man, woman, boy and girl, would daily strive to make the best of all powers God has given them and do all the good they can, there would be but little misery in the world. Never sit by your fireside and complain of ennui, weariness or scandal or any other trifling gnats-bite. If you suffer from such things it is your own fault.—Phoebe McKeen.

## A Hunter's Extraordinary Shot.

The Santa Fe (N. M.) News tells the champion hunting story of the season: H. J. Sheldon left his camp at Cooper City, on the Pecos, New Mexico, last Saturday afternoon, in search of game. Saturday night he camped at the upper forks of the river, and Sunday, bright and early, was again on the march. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the burro, which had wandered ahead, came running back, apparently in great terror, ears and tail erect, eyes glaring, making that peculiar mournful sound for which its species are noted, and refusing to be caught or comforted. Not being able to make out from the report of the confused burro just what had happened, Mr. S. cocked his gun and advanced slowly and cautiously on the unknown enemy. Crawling along on his hands and knees for about a quarter of a mile, he at length doubled a bend in the river, and there, standing in full view in the meadow, and not more than 150 yards away, he saw a huge grizzly bear with three cubs, and, just beyond the bear and in direct range with her, an animal that he at once recognized as the long-sought-for elk. Neither of the beasts were aware of his approach, so, quietly rising upon one knee and resting his rifle across the other, which is Mr. S.'s favorite position in shooting, he took a deliberate aim. Bang went the gun, away sped the bullet and down fell two animals—in fact, three—the bear, the elk and Mr. S. himself. The bullet had cut the backbone of the bear completely in two, and passing through had lodged in the heart of the elk, and the extraordinary task to which the rifle had been subjected produced such a violent recoil that the hunter himself was stretched flat upon the ground. Recovering himself speedily, Mr. S. advanced upon the prey, hunting-knife in hand, but life was extinct in both animals. The little cubs on hearing the report of the gun fled, but being only a few weeks old were speedily captured, tied in bags and fastened on the back of the horse.

## A Spider Snares a Snake.

Things are constantly occurring that cause the public to look with wonder and amazement and it is supposed by many that no such thing ever occurred before, but very frequently such impressions are erroneous. Some weeks ago a spider was found under the settee in Esquire Robinson's office, with a snake entwined in his web. Many thought it a most remarkable feat for the spider to accomplish. Well, it was, but spiders in years past have shown just as much ingenuity. We find in the *Easton Gazette* of 1824 the following statement, which was copied from the *Connecticut Mirror*, the statement of a case very similar to that Esquire Robinson's snake: "One day last week the workmen in Mr. Peck's machine factory in Southington, discovered under one of the work-benches a black snake of the white throat species, and about six inches long, suspended by the web of a spider. The spider was of the common house sort and not uncommonly large. When first discovered the little insect had raised his victim about half a foot from the floor and it hung by a single thread. The ingenuity and power of the spider were truly wonderful. Passing rapidly down his line he would fasten his cordage around the neck of the snake, pass back to his own nest on the under side of the bench, then going again down "cast a hitch" around the tail and returning to his nest would avail himself of the contortions of the snake, alternately hanging up his lines so as to bring his game nearer home. In this manner he continued his labor until evening, leaving the snake alive, but so completely exhausted and secured to be safe for the night. In the morning he was dead.—*Easton (Pa.) Gazette.*

## A Baldheaded Cat.

A member of the Hartford County bar, in relating some reminiscences of the court in times gone by, told of a case wherein one of the famous advocates of that time had badgered and crowded a witness until he lost his temper. The witness incidentally said something about a cat, and the crafty lawyer seized upon this as the means of still further worrying the witness.

"How old was the cat?" asked the attorney.

"I don't know," was the answer.

"How old do you think she was?"

"It was a Tom cat."

"I didn't ask about the sex of the cat. I asked how old it was."

"You asked how old she was."

"Well, how old was the cat?"

"I told you I don't know."

"Well, how old do you think?"

"Oh, I can't tell."

"You can tell how old you think she was?"

"I tell you I don't know."

"Now," said the attorney, I want a plain answer to a plain question. How old do you think the cat was?"

The witness looked straight at the attorney, whose shining bald head was the most prominent feature of his figure, and calmly said: "Oh, I can't guess how old the cat was, but she was old enough to be bald-headed."

The lawyer's ruddy face assumed a deeper hue, the spectators and members of the bar tittered, and even the stern features of the court relaxed into a smile at the answer which ended that line of cross-questioning.—*Hartford Times.*

## "Very Pretty, but No Likeness."

Miss Van Zandt, the American prima donna, who has won such enviable honors in Paris, was lately the heroine of an exquisite little comedy at the Musee Grevin. She went to that famous gallery of wax figures with her mother and some friends, and, seeing a vacant niche draped with red curtains in a room where there were no other visitors than her own party, slipped into it, gave her friends an admonitory glance, and sat still. The curtains were drawn so that only her bust and head were visible. Pretty soon visitors thronged in. "See," said one "there is a new figure, Mlle. Van Zandt. What a good likeness!" A group gathered round, expressing some admiration, others disapproval, the fair singer meanwhile keeping perfectly still. At last a languid, supercilious, and altogether superior lady came along, viewing the dainty features, fair locks and sparkling eyes, and then said: "So this is Mlle. Van Zandt, is it? Quite pretty, but no likeness. I never would have recognized it if I hadn't been told"—and then the supposed wax-figure burst into a merry peal of laughter, sprang from the niche, and tripped away amid the astonishment and chagrin of the critic and the applause of the crowd.

## Softened by Time.

Less than a month ago a woman about fifty years of age walked into the headquarters of a Georgia railroad, announced her name and said she had come to make a settlement.

"Settlement of what?" asked the superintendent.

"For killing my old man."

"When?"

"Nine years ago yesterday."

"Where?"

"About fourteen miles from Macon."

And so it proved. When the circumstances were hunted out it was found that she was the wife of a deaf man who had been killed while walking on the track, and no one had been able to identify him.

"Why didn't you come here sooner," was asked.

"Just heard of it the other day," she replied. "I supposed the old man was parading around somewhere and would come home when his knees wanted new patches."

"And what damages do you ask?"

"Well, it was a long time ago, and my grief has been softened up a good deal, and I reckon that \$25 and a pass to Atlanta will be about right."

Settlement was made on the spot and she took the next train for the capital.

## The Cook's Accommodating Lover.

When a certain family on the Brush farm took a new cook last

month it was specifically stated and fully understood that she was not to have any men hanging around the kitchen. She held to the agreement for three or four nights, and then the family discovered that she had a beau. He came regularly every night after that, and three or four nights ago the Colonel was at the back gate waiting for him. When the young man appeared the Colonel threw a whole iceberg into his tones as he inquired:

"Well, sir, did you come here to spark?"

"I did," was the calm reply.

"In love, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who with?"

"Sarah, the cook."

"Oh, I didn't know but you loved one of my daughters," sneered the Colonel.

"No, I don't at present," said the man as he seemed to catch a sudden idea, "but the thing hasn't gone so far with Sarah but what I might break off in case you had something better up stairs for me."

Sarah doesn't work there any more, but the Colonel won't get over being mad for several weeks yet.

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