DESERET EVENING NEWS.

For home every day except Sunday at 4 p. m. Subscription price, in advance, $10.00 per year, $5.00 per month, 90 cents per week, payable or delivered by carrier.

DESERET NEWS WEEKLY NEWS.

Published every Tuesday and Friday. Subscription price, in advance, per year, $2.00; six months $1.00; three months, $0.50; payable or delivered by carrier.

THE DESERET WEEKLY.

A 32 to 40 page Magazine, the cheapest and best in the country, specially valuable as a source of correct information. Price, per copy, 5 cents; or 10 cents, $1.00 per year, $.50, mailed.

MATURE.

I know she loves me. Every day she lifts
My soul with joy that only true love thrills
Its free, I cannot measure if I would
Her love for me, yet well understand,

'Tis never more the same, this tale of love,
For now 'tis written in the blue above;
And if the land be laid, yet still I trace
The sacred Sonnets of her lovely face.

Or yet she breathes it in my ravished ear,
No sweeter romance can we mortals have,
For when among the trees the south wind
stirs
Each little trembling leaf has love letters.

Or now she drops, all invisible, a flower,
As if to conceal my secret quite bare;
Or yet the throat of some sweet singing bird
Repeats the text, and all my soul is stirred.

So, like a mortise, everywhere I array
This sublime poesie too, as for holiday,
As if to draw me in her closer embrace,
And, lo! it is Love, was we face to face.

—Mary Westwood Westbrooke in Boston Transcript.

A BAD CASE.

My husband is at last convinced of the error of his ways, and has implored me to give his free and frank confession to the world. My husband is—or was—a very enthusiastic man, and inasmuch that he has a fine eye for the arts. Being a lawyer, he enjoys considerable leisure in the afternoons, and it is this that has proved his ruin. I shall never forget his first offense. It was very shortly after our marriage. I was wondering why he was so late for dinner when suddenly a sob drove up to the door.

For one moment I fancied that it must be his mother (when have their mothers-in-law as well as husbands). Imagine my astonishment when out jumps my husband, with a guilty jauntiness of demeanor, presents the entire world with five shillings (I noted this extravagance myself from the window), and is followed by that functionary, staggering under an enormous burden, enveloped in brown holland, up the steps. The usual hodge-podge forward and a fresh gravity is distributed, to the horror of my economical mind. At last the thing—apparently a miniature of the great pyramid—is deposited in our small hall with a consonant bang, and its bearers depart.

"What on earth makes you so very unpunctual, dear? The soup will be quite spoiled. And what, in heaven's name, is this?"

"I thought you'd like it, darling (this with a nervous flush). It's the most wonderful bargain, and it would have been really wicked to have let it slip. It's a genuine Elizabethan—but, there, see it for yourself."

The mummy like bandages were at last removed, and what do you think I beheld? An enormous rusty, musty, dusty and hideous clock!

"You," he continued, "a real, antique, Elizabethan musical clock. It plays six tunes of the period, and, what's more, look at the initials graven on the face—'W. R.' I've very little doubt that it once belonged to Shakespeare himself, who was very fond of mechanical inventions. I shall have, of course, to have it repaired and done up, and then it will look splendid in the dining room."

He quite took my breath away; I could only ejaculate, "Where on earth did you pick it up, and what did you pay for it?"

"At the sale of an old house. Every one said it was ridiculously cheap, and that they'd have given twice as much if only they had known. Just think, only a hundred dollars! Why, I could get two hundred for it any day."

While raptures were nothing to this disgusting "horologe," as I found it described in the catalogue. It cost twenty dollars to put right, and then it munched twenty dollars' worth of things in being fixed up. It sometimes played its miserable so called tunes to regularly that you had to stuff your fingers in your ears at others, it emitted a spasmodic and even like croak that was positively alarming.

At last, thank heaven! it stopped—"never to go again," and I firmly resolved that not one penny more should be spent in "doing it just up."

Add to this that I subsequently discovered a famous author's name inside. I could wish that I had been more firm on this first occasion, but I was weak, like too many young wives, and was satisfied with a scolding. The result was that we gradually became deluged with the most miserable miscellany of rubbisky bric-a-brac, damaged furniture, dirtiness pictures, and, in a word, the refuse of the auction room.

To believe my husband, we were the proud possessors of Cromwell's hat, Byron's toothbrush, one of Sheridan's I O U's, a curl of Marie Antoinette's, a Rubens, a Rembrandt, a George Morland (I believe this latter is the evil genius of the Poker up and a whole rosarium of spills and useless "Chippendale" and "Sheraton," etc. And all had been acquired at "sales which had a history," at an "absurd sacrifice," and to the admiration of the disappointed bystanders who had thus foolishly allowed my husband gradually growing upon him, like drink or gaming. I hope I know my duty. I resolved to protect myself and him, and, after an awful scene ensuing on his acquisition of an inlaid ebony chair, I succeeded from him a solemn pledge to give up this pernicious habit once and for ever.

But I was inexperienced; I should have known the male mind better. Deterred from the open pursuit of his nefarious designs, he determined to smuggle his purchases in secretly. I had observed him lingering somewhat suspiciously over the auction advertisements of the dailies, and I noticed also that his coat pockets bulged out variously on his slightly return. One day I had occasion to dip into a good wife should periodically dip the contents of his dressing room. What do you think I found? The drawers, the pigeon holes, the interstices even, were literally crammed with heaps of stacked and tarnished trifles—mutilated busts, enamelled knife handles, unfashioned watch cases, pocket revolvers and the like.

I was horrified. It was too true; deterred by the dread of discovery from "picking up" his things he had resorted, under a miserable subterfuge, to secret. But my presence of mind did not desert me. I have a strong will, and I vowed that our child's inheritance should not be thus squandered. My hitherto kept a handsome volume in which to record, at a minutely a description, the price and the dates of his purchase of this miscellaneous collection. My mind was made up. I numbered and ticketed every one of these horrible knickknacks with my own hands. I compiled their catalogue, and I headed it as follows:

Messrs. Hammer & Tongs have the honor to announce that on Thursday next they will sell by auction, in their great rooms in Bond street, the valuable collection of pictures, porcelain, furniture of the Georgian, Adams and Chippendale styles, arms, Japanese cabinets, ormolu watches and clocks, formed with considerable taste and at heavy expense by a gentleman who has no further need for them.

I myself arranged with the auctioneers, who, with some amplification adopted my catalogue, and a day was chosen when my husband was at last occupied (I believed commercially) in court.

Well, the time came. I was so excited that, although sorely tempted to be present, I did not dare to attend the "rooms" of Messrs. Hammer & Tongs. The evening came, and with it my husband, in a frantic state of exhilaration.

"You've won the case!" I exclaimed, faintly and admiringly.

"Oh, never mind the case!" he rejoined impatiently; "it was settled, and I got away quite early. Having made the money I turned to—now don't be angry, darling—for a moment to Hammer & Tongs—most exciting sale of an content virtuoso's curios, and you'll admit that after all my judgment was not so bad; for it was an exact replica of my own—thing for thing and picture for picture, only that his Rembrandt and Rubens were poor copies, and his George Morland evidently spurious. The whole lot were going for a perfect song, so I—"

"Good heavens!" I ejaculated; "you don't mean to say that you bought your own?" But at this crisis a merciful fits cause over my eyes, and I swooned away.

* * * * * *

My husband is completely cured, and we are gradually now trying to collect modern curios, which we pick up cheap where than in salerooms.—St. James' Gazette.

When Our Sleeps.

A shrewd man says: "A man can deceive me as to his real character when he is awake, but if I can once see him asleep I can tell you what he is." And there is a strange truth in it. In sleep a man is off guard. The will no longer dominates, and first nature comes back and asserts herself. One can make his face say what he chooses when he is awake, but when sleep touches his face it tells the truth. The forced smile slips away and the cruel lines about the mouth stand out. The closed eyes shut out the look of determination that sometimes gets into a man's face without the reality in his soul, and the childish indecision and irresolution that some lack show you that the man is weaker than he makes you believe.

It was a half knowledge of this fact that a clever French woman used to phrase when she declared that she never would see any of her friends early in the morning, because she hadn't got her mask on yet. Her face hadn't got the sort look of it yet—or hadn't got the sort into it, which was it?—and she instinctively shut herself away from detection. We all juggle with our real selves and appear to be what we are not, more or less, but the truth does manage to get itself said somehow and sometimes.—New York Evening Sun.

Funny Mistakes of Authors.

Everything lies in the application of a manuscript to the right channel. I have seen some funny mistakes made by authors. One would imagine that any author would send the error of sending a short story or a serial novel to The North American Review or a poem to The Forum, and yet scores of authors are doing these very things every month. I know a bright literary woman who persistently sent six batches of poetry at different times to The Popular Science Monthly and felt aggrieved because in each instance her verses came back. "Misapplication" would be an appropriate epitaph for the tombstone of many a dead author.

The trouble is that there are a lot of careless, unthinking authors writing today who ought to be in some other business. They hear some one speak a certain title—perhaps it may be in naming a list of dead magazines—and they immediately grasp at the same as a new channel for their wares, and next day off goes a manuscript addressed to the periodical they hear mentioned. I know of magazines which stopped publication years ago to whom manuscripts are still being sent.—Edwin W. Bok.

An Improved Caster.

A useful caster of novel form is being used in England. It is intended to obviate the difficulties arising from the ordinary construction of casters, where the roller is carried on a cranked swivel arm which is easily broken off. The center pin of the roller bearing is fixed in a small plate, rotating freely round a center pin secured to the body of the caster. The plate named, when pushed behind into any position, rests on the base of the cup or disc of the caster and is then, while quite free to move in any direction, thoroughly supported in every position. It is, in fact, a well supported universal joint. The caster is a great improvement on the other types.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Do You Want One?

There are about thirty castles and palaces in Spain which can be rented at from $5 to $10 per week, each in advance, and any American who lands there with $1,000 in his pocket can fling an more style for six months than he could get here in fifty years on an income of $50 per week.—Detroit Free Press.

Not Practical.

Clara—Why did you refuse Mr. Hardhead?

Maude—I couldn't be happy with such a man as that. He is too intensely practical. He has no faith.

"No faith?"

"No. He doesn't believe in anything. Why, he doesn't even believe in dreams."—Boston Gazette.

Insect Life in the Washington Shaft.

Who built the Washington monument? Primary organisms with shells made in long ago age at the bottom of the sea. Some of them were little and some quite big, but all of them left their bones behind them when they died, for a ready material for a monument to the father of his country.

If you will go up to the top of the hill, at the foot of which stands the oak pondo and will examine closely some of the stones of which the monument is built, you will find their surface covered, with no visible trace of the individual shells that lent their substance to this mighty structure symbolical of obedity. This is because the shells in the body from which the marble came were so squeezed together by pressure and otherwise metamorphosed, as to be reduced to a single mass of lime.

In some marbles, however, you will discover the shells quite visible, so that they very fine, preserved for generations innumerable, in their great tomb in Rock street, the valuable collection of pictures, porcelain, furniture of the Georgian, Adams and Chippendale styles, arms, Japanese cabinets, ormolu watches and clocks, formed with considerable taste and at heavy expense by a gentleman who has no further need for them.

I myself arranged with the auctioneers, who, with some amplification adopted my catalogue, and a day was chosen when my husband was at last occupied (I believed commercially) in court.

Well, the time came. I was so excited that, although sorely tempted to be present, I did not dare to attend the "rooms" of Messrs. Hammer & Tongs. The evening came, and with it my husband, in a frantic state of exhilaration.

"You've won the case!" I exclaimed, faintly and admiringly.

"Oh, never mind the case!" he rejoined impatiently; "it was settled, and I got away quite early. Having made the money I turned to—now don't be angry, darling—for a moment to Hammer & Tongs—most exciting sale of an content virtuoso's curios, and you'll admit that after all my judgment was not so bad; for it was an exact replica of my own—thing for thing and picture for picture, only that his Rembrandt and Rubens were poor copies, and his George Morland evidently spurious. The whole lot were going for a perfect song, so I—"

"Good heavens!" I ejaculated; "you don't mean to say that you bought your own?" But at this crisis a merciful fits cause over my eyes, and I swooned away.

* * * * * *

My husband is completely cured, and we are gradually now trying to collect modern curios, which we pick up cheap where than in salerooms.—St. James' Gazette.

A Sick Hotel Beat.

The fellow had no baggage when he registered first at the Markham house Saturday, but had a very glib tongue and told such a plausible story that he was permitted to register and allow a room. He was well dressed and a very pleasant spoken fellow, and his bill fortnight was accompanied startling proportions. The hotel people became alarmed, and after he had been there several days a party employed to shadow the fellow, and the clerk hired up a scheme, and that evening to get him the fellow's room so some pretext after he had retired and unobtrusively entering the fellow's coat, vest and pants to his they would be removed at the office for the amount of his bill.

The fellow suspicious did not desert his room in this extremity. He invented a sandwiches rest from the clerk which resulted in his being shadowed to the room and his confederates, in order to go after some money, and waited to the Kindell house, where he hastily registered and was shown to a room, leaving word that when his baggage arrived it was to be kept until he got up in the morning.

At about 10 o'clock on Sunday morning he came jumping down stairs, making a great noise of a tale of robbery, in which he had had his clothes and $60 in cash. The hotel management, without stopping to investigate the fellow, gave him a new suit of clothes and paid him $40, rather than have such notoriety attached to the house. The fellow then walked back to the Markham house, paid his bill, obtained his clothes and jumped out of town.—Chattanooga Times.

Careful.

Charles—Dear girl, why will you keep me constantly on the rack?

Jenny—Don't want to get you separated from your hat.—Harper's Bazar.

Courtship in the Year 2000.

While the unmarried woman of the year 2000, whether young or old, will enjoy the dignity and independence of the bachelor of today, the important prosperity at present enjoyed by the latter will have passed into oblivion, if not, eclipse. No longer profiting by the effect of the pressure of economic necessity upon woman, to make him indispensable, but dependent entirely upon his intrinsic attractions, instead of being able to assume the fastidious airs of a sultan surrounded by languishing beauties, he will be fortunate if he can secure by his merits the smiles of one.

In the year 2000 no man, whether lover or husband, may hope to win the favor of maid or wife save by desert. While the poet, justly apprehending the ideal proprieties, has always persisted in representing man at the feet of woman, woman has been, in fact, the dependent and pensioner of man. Nationalism will justify the poet and satisfy the eternal fitness of things by bringing him to his merrow bones in earnest. But indeed we may be sure that in the year 2000 he will need no compulsion to assume that attitude.—Edward Bellamy in Ladies' Home Journal.

St. Jacobs Oil The Great REMEDY FOR PAIN IS THE BEST

Health is Wealth

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of tobacco, wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and ending in misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of power in either sex of the human. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the six boxes to cure or refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by JOHN DUNN, DRUGGIST & CO., Druggists, Sole Agents, 48 Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

WHY DO YOU COUGH?

Do you know that a little cough is a dangerous thing? Are you aware that it often fastens on the lungs and far too often runs into Consumption and ends in Death? People suffering from Asthma, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Consumption will tell you that

"IT STARTED WITH A COLD."

Can you afford to neglect it? Can you trifle with so serious a matter? Are you aware that

DR. ACKER'S ENGLISH REMEDY

for Coughs, Colds and Consumption is beyond question the greatest of all Modern Remedies? It will stop a Cough in one night. It will check a Cold in a day. It will prevent Croup, relieve Asthma and cure Consumption. "You can't afford to be without it." A 25c. bottle may save you $100 in Doctor's bills—may save your life! Ask your druggist for it, or write to E. S. ERKER & CO., 84 Vesey Street, New York, for book.

For sale by E. C. M. I. Drug Department.

ECLIPSE! 36 E. FIRST SOUTH ECLIPSE!

The general verdict is that the Eclipse Grocery and Fruit Company carry the very best goods in their line to be found anywhere in the city, and that, coupled with the courteous treatment and obliging manners of their salesmen, make it one of the most attractive places of business in town. We humble our friends and the public generally to call and see for themselves.

JAS. SAVILLE, JAS. M. BARLOW, TELEPHONE No. 519. D. S. EMERY, A. H. WOOLLEY.

Lumber Yard 758 E. Fourth South. All Kinds of Lumber, Frames, Doors, Sash and Mouldings on Hand. Builders' Hardware.

TENTH WARD LUMBER & BUILDING ASSN.

Telephone No. 502. Planing Mill. Buildings Erected. Contracts Given. Steam Mill Work a Specialty. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

The Scandinavian Mercantile Union, 70 E. FIRST SOUTH STREET.

HAVING LEASED THE SPACIOUS STORE NOW, LATELY VACATED BY HARDY Young & Co., 70 East First South, we offer the entire for a few weeks only, 1000 Shares of their Capital Stock at the par value of $5.00 per share. Each shareholder limited to 10 shares.

F. AUERBACH AND BRO

$50,000 Worth of Winter and Surplus Stock at almost half-price.

Black :-: Silks ! · Black :-: Silks !

Your qualities in Satin Rhadames, Gros Grains, Satin weaves and elegant Brocades at 50c, 65c, 75c, 90c, $1.10, $1.25 and $1.45, worth 50 per cent more than quoted.

Colored Gros Grains at 60c., 75c. and 90c. Faille Francaise at $1.10, worth 40 per cent more.

25 pieces of all Wool Surges, new shades, regular price 60c., now 45c. per yard.

25 pieces all Wool Dress Goods in plain, fancy weaves and plaids, worth from $1.00 to $1.50 per yard, now 75c.

66 elegant combination Suits, at a reduction of 33⅓ per cent.

DOMESTIC :-: DEPARTMENT.

1000 pairs of Curtains and Portieres, slightly soiled in handling, will be offered for one week from 75c. to $15.50 per pair, worth 40 per cent more, now than offered.

BLANKETS ·'· and ·'· QUILTS

At a reduction of 33⅓ per cent.

Quilts at 60c, each; 500 full size Crochet Quilts at $1.10 each; 300 full size Crochet Quilts, Marseilles patterns, at $1.50 each; 500 genuine Marseilles Quilts, full size at $2.25 each; 200 Satin Marseilles Quilts, extra size, choice designs.

Blankets at $1.00 per pair. Our celebrated White California Blankets, full size, at $7.00 per pair; extra quality White California Blankets, extra size, worth $7.50.

Special Attention is called to the Great Bargains in Andersen imported Scotch Zephyrs, at 25c. per yard, usually sold at 50c.

1500 manufacturers short lengths of Andersen imported Zephyrs at 16½c., worth 30c., per yard.

CLOAK ·'· DEPARTMENT.

To close balance of winter stock, tremendous reductions.

Ladies' Plush Capes,	reduced from	$15.00 to	$ 7.00
" "	"	17.50 "	8.50
" " Wraps,	"	22.50 "	12.00
" Black Clouvid Jackets,	"	12.50 "	5.00
" Astrachan Faced "	"	6.00 "	3.00
Misses Coats,	"	5.00 "	1.75
" "	"	6.50 "	2.50
" "	"	8.00 "	3.75

Ladies' Cashmere and Flannel Tea Gowns, below cost.
Ladies' Cotton Wrappers, at 90c.

OUR CHILDREN'S CLOTHING AND GENTS' FURNISHING DEPARTMENT

Offers Boys' Suits at $1.35, 1.75, 2.00, 2.25, 2.50 and 3.00, worth 50 per cent more. One lot each of Boys' Knee Pants at 35c., 25c., 50c., 40c. and 50c. Best value in city.

Boys' Outing Cloth Waists at 15c., reduced from 25c.
Boys' Outing Cloth Waists at 25c., reduced from 40c.
Boys' Outing Cloth Waists at 50c., reduced from 50c.
Mens' Unlaundried White Shirts at 37½c. each.
One lot each of Mens' Overshirts at 35c., 45c., 50c. and 90c.
Mens half hose reduced to one-half of regular prices to 12½c., 20c. and 25c.
Boys' Overcoats at a reduction of 33 per cent.

OUR ·'· SHOE ·'· DEPARTMENT

Will continue the 25 per cent and 10 per cent discounts.

SPRING NOVELTIES For all of our numerous Departments are beginning to arrive.

Mail Orders receive Prompt and Careful Attention.
One Price to All. Established, 1866.

F. AUERBACH & BRO.

BOOTS. Calf, Kip and Shoes. French Kip a Specialty.

NOW IS THE TIME TO GET GOOD FOOTWEAR AT OUR REDUCED PRICES!

SHOES. Children's School Shoes Warranted Throughout.

WE KEEP A FULL LINE OF BOOTS, SHOES AND SLIPPERS OF OUR OWN MAKE. HONEST GOODS AT FAIR PRICES.

WE HAVE THE BEST STOCK OF LADIES' & GENTS' FINE SHOES EVER IMPORTED. DANCING SLIPPERS FOR ALL! MADE TO ORDER OF ALL KINDS.

Felt, Cloth and Velvet SLIPPERS

SOLOMON BROS., 70 MAIN STREET, SALT LAKE CITY.

Alpine, Alaska Felt Boots and RUBBERS

COHN BROS.

SEASON 1891.

SPRING NOVELTIES -IN- DRESS GOODS AND TRIMMINGS.

Our Dress Goods, Silks and Trimmings Are arriving daily, and we can boast of having the Best and Most Complete Stock ever brought to the city. We have more than

200 French Robes Already in stock, which are perfectly superb. Amongst these are some exquisite patterns in Gold and Silver Embroidery, which will be one of the leading features this season. We have also an elegant line of

English and Scotch Mixtures. A splendid lot of

Checks, Plaids and Stripes In Fancy Spring Materials.

Without doubt we have the Most Beautiful importation in

High Art Fabrics and Novelty Pattern Suits French and Scotch Ginghams, Satines, China and Surah Silks, Challies and Lawns.

Our Stock of Trimmings is now complete, and includes some of the most exquisite designs in Passementeries ever produced. ☞ An early inspection of these goods will repay you.

COHN BROS.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE!

ON THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26th, 1891

I WILL COMMENCE THE SALE OF

$58,000

—WORTH OF—

DRY GOODS and GENTS' FURNISHINGS

REGARDLESS OF WHAT THEY COST!

SO AS TO QUICKLY REALIZE MONEY FOR THE BENEFIT OF

S. KELLNER'S CREDITORS.

THERE IS AN IMMENSE STOCK OF

Ladies' Tea Gowns, Ladies' Ready-Made Dresses,

And LADIES' and CHILDREN'S

CLOAKS, CAPES AND JACKETS,

WHICH I WILL SELL FOR LESS THAN

FIFTY CENTS ON THE DOLLAR

Of the Original Wholesale Cost. This stock is, without a question, the Finest in the city, and it will pay you to buy Goods now, whether you need them or not, for a like opportunity to buy the CHOICEST of Goods, REGARDLESS of WHOLESALE COST, may not present itself to you for a long time to come. I will offer EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENTS to PURCHASERS of LARGE LOTS of GOODS. Call early mornings, so as to avoid the inevitable rush of afternoons.

LOUIS LEDERER, Assignee.

205 and 207 Main Street. - Wasatch Block.

DIRECTORS.
O. H. Taylor, Geo. Romney, Gen. H. Taylor, Assistant Manager,
F. Armstrong, H. J. Romney, Geo. E. Romney, Secy. and Treasurer.
W. F. Armstrong.

Lumber Yard & Steam Planing Mill

TAYLOR, ROMNEY, ARMSTRONG CO.,

One Block East of the U. P. R. R. Depot.