

been used to see the love-light that made her heaven.

A woman of good impulses, but with scarcely any self-control, was Mrs. Lyon. She loved her children, and desired their good. That they showed so little forbearance, one with the other, manifested so little fraternal affection, grieved her deeply.

"My whole life is made unhappy by it!" she often would say. "What is to be done? It is dreadful to think of a family growing up in discord and disunion. Sister at variance with sister; and brother lifting his hand against brother."

As was usual after an ebullition of passion, Mrs. Lyon, deeply depressed in spirits, as well as discouraged, retired from her family to grieve and weep. Lifting the frightened baby from the floor, she drew its head tenderly against her bosom; and, leaving the nursery, sought the quiet of her own room. There, in repentance and humiliation, she recalled the stormy scene through which she had just passed, and blamed herself for yielding blindly to passion, instead of meeting the trouble among her children with a quiet discrimination.

To weeping, calmness succeeded. Still she was perplexed in mind, as well as grieved at her own want of self control. What was to be done with her children? How were they to be governed aright? Painfully did she feel her own unfitness for the task. By this time the baby was asleep, and the mother felt something of that tranquil peace that every true mother knows, when a young babe is slumbering on her bosom. A book lay on a shelf, near where she was sitting, and Mrs. Lyon scarcely conscious of the act, reached out her hand for the volume. She opened, without feeling any interest in its contents; but, she had read only a few sentences, when this remark arrested her attention.

"All right government of children begins with self-government."

The words seemed written for her; and the truth expressed, was elevated instantly into perception. She saw it in the clearest light; and closed the book, and bowed her head in sad acknowledgement of her own errors. Thus, for some time, she had been sitting, when the murmur of voices from below grew more and more distinct, and she was soon aroused to the painful fact, that as usual, when left alone the children were wrangling among themselves. Various noises, as of pounding on, and throwing about chairs, and other pieces of furniture, were heard; and, at length, a loud scream, mingled with angry vociferations, smote upon her ears.

Indignation swelled instantly in the heart of Mrs. Lyon; hurriedly placing the sleeping babe in its crib, she started for the scene of disorder, moved by an impulse to punish severely the young rebels against all authority; and was half way down the stairs, when her feet were checked by a remembrance of the sentiment—"All right government of children begins with self-government."

"Will anger subdue anger? When storm meets storm, is the tempest stilled?" These were the questions asked of herself, almost involuntarily. "This is no spirit in which to meet my children. It never has, never will enforce order and obedience," she added, as she stood upon the stairs, struggling with herself, and striving for the victory. From the nursery came louder sounds of disorder. How weak the mother felt! Yet, in this very weakness was strength.

"I must not stand idly here," she said, as a sharper cry of anger smote her ears; and so she moved on quickly, and opening the nursery door, stood revealed to her children. Julia had just raised her hand to strike Emily, who stood confronting her with a fiery face. Both were a little startled at their mother's sudden appearance, and both, expecting the storm that usually came at such times, began to assume the defiant, stubborn air with which her intemperate reproofs were always met.

A few moments did Mrs. Lyon stand looking at her children—grief, not anger, upon her pale countenance. How still all became. What a look of wonder came gradually into the children's faces, as they glanced one at the other. Something of shame was next visible. And now, the mother was conscious of a new power over the young rebels of her household.

"Emily," said she, speaking mildly, yet with a touch of sorrow in her voice that she could not sub-

due; "I wish you would go up into my room and sit with Mary while she sleeps."

Without a sign of opposition, or even reluctance, Emily went quietly from the nursery in obedience to her mother's desire.

"This room is very much in disorder Julia."

Many times had Mrs. Lyon said, under like circumstances, "Why don't you put things to rights?" or, "I never saw such girls! If all in the room was turned topsy turvey, you'd never turn over a hand to put things in order," or, "Go and get the broom, this minute, and sweep up the room. You're the laziest girl that ever lived." Many, many times, as we have said, had such language been addressed by Mrs. Lyon, under like circumstances, to Julia and her sisters, without producing anything better than a grumbling, partial execution of her wishes. But now the mild intimation that the room was in disorder, produced all the effects desired. Julia went quickly about the work of restoring things to their right places, and in a little while, order was apparent where confusion reigned before. Little Tommy, whose love of hammering was an incessant annoyance to his mother, had ceased his din on her sudden appearance, and, for a few moments, stood in expectation of a boxed ear; for a time he was puzzled to understand the new aspect of affairs. Finding that he was not under the ban, as usual, he commenced slapping a stick over the top of an old table, making a most ear-piercing noise. Instantly, Julia said, in a low voice, to him:

"Don't Tommy—don't do that. You know it makes mother's head ache."

"Does it make your head ache, mother?" asked the child, curiously, and with a pitying tone in his voice, as he came creeping up to his mother's side, and looking at her as if in doubt whether he would be repulsed or not.

"Sometimes it does, my son," replied Mrs. Lyon, kindly; "and it is always unpleasant. Won't you try to play without making so much noise?"

"Yes, mother, I'll try," answered the little fellow, cheerfully.

"But I'll forget sometimes," he looked earnestly at his mother as if something more was in his thoughts.

"Well, dear, what else?" said she encouragingly.

"When I forget, you'll tell me; won't you?"

"Yes, love."

"And then I'll stop. But don't scold me mother; for then I can't stop."

Mrs. Lyon's heart was touched. She caught her breath, and bent her face down, to conceal its expression, until it rested on the silken hair of the child.

"Be a good boy, Tommy, and mother will never scold you, any more," she murmured gently, in his ears.

His arm stole upwards, and as they were twined closely about her neck, he pressed his lips tightly against her cheek—thus sealing his part of the contract with a kiss.

How sweet to the mother's taste were these first fruits of self-control. In the effort to govern herself, what a power had she acquired. In stilling the tempest of passion in her own bosom, she had poured the oil of peace over the storm-fretted hearts of her children.

Only first-fruits were these. In all her after days did that mother strive with herself, ere she entered into a contest with the inherited evils of her children; and just so far as she was able to overcome evil in herself, was she able to overcome evil in them. Often, very often, did she fall back into old states; and often, very often, was self-resistance only a light effort; but the feeble influence for good that flowed from her words or actions, whenever this was so, warned her of error, and prompted a more vigorous self-control. Need it be said, that she had an abundant reward?—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

Mammoth Men.

The Bible says "there were giants in those days," and it mentions seven cases of giants, as the Rephaim, the Anakim, the Emims, the Zononims and others.

Profane historians also mention giants; they gave seven feet of height to Hercules; their first hero, and in our day we have seen men eight feet high. The giant who was shown in Rouen in 1836

measured eight feet and some inches. The Emperor Maximin was of that size; Shenkins and Ploterus, physicians of the last century, saw several of that stature, and Goropius saw a girl who was 10 feet high.

The body of Orestes, according to the Greeks, was a 11½ feet. The giant Galabro, brought from Arabia to Rome under Claudius Cæsar, was nearly 10 feet, and the bones of Secondilla Puffo, keeper of the gardens of Sallust, were but six inches shorter.

Farnum, a Scotchman, who lived in the time of Eugene II., King of Scotland, measured 11½ feet, and James Maire, in his voyage to the Straits of Magellan, reports that on the 17th of December, 1815, they found at Port Desire several graves covered with stones, and having the curiosity to remove these stones they found human skeletons 10 feet long and some 11 feet.

[These seem to be well authenticated cases, and there are others, some of which are incredible.]

The Chevalier Scory, in his voyage to the Peak of Tenerife, says they found in one of the sepulchral caverns of the mountain the head of a Guancho with 80 teeth, and that the body was not less than 15 feet long.

The giant Ferragus, who was slain by Orlando, nephew of Charlemagne, was 18 feet high.

Roland, a celebrated anatomist, who wrote in 1814, says: Some years before there was seen in the suburbs of St. Germain the tomb of the giant Isoret, who was 20 feet high.

January 11, 1813, masons digging near the ruins of a castle in Dauphine, in a field which by tradition had long been called the giant's field, at the depth of 18 feet, discovered a brick tomb 30 feet long, 12 feet wide and eight feet high, on which there was a gray stone with the words "Theutobochus Rex" engraved thereon. When the tomb was opened they found the skeleton 26½ feet high, 18 feet wide across the shoulder, and five feet deep from the breast bone to the back. His feet were about the size of an ox's foot, and his shin bone measured four feet.

Near Mezarine, in Sicily, in 1585, was found a giant 30 feet high. His head was the size of a hog's head, and each of his teeth weighed five ounces.

Near Palermo, in the Valley of Mazara, in Sicily, a skeleton of a giant 30 feet long, in the year of 1843, and another, 33 feet high, in 1850; and many curious persons have preserved several of these gigantic bones.

The Athenians found near their city two famous skeletons, one 34 and the other 36 feet high.

At Totu, in Bohemia, in 758, was found a skeleton, the head of which could scarcely be encompassed by the arms of two men together, and whose legs, which they still kept in the castle of that city, were 26 feet long.

The skull of the giant found in Macedonia, September, 1891, held 210 pounds of corn. The celebrated Hans Sloane, who treated this matter very learnedly, says he does not doubt these facts, but thinks the bones were those of elephants, whales or other enormous animals. But elephants' bones may be shown for those of giants, but they can never impose on connoisseurs. Whales which, by their immense bulk, are more probable to be substituted for the largest giants, have neither arms nor legs, and the head of that animal has not the least resemblance to that of a man. If it be true, therefore, that a great number of the gigantic bones which we have mentioned have been seen by anatomists, and have by them been reputed real human bones, the existence of giants is proved.—*New York Tribune.*

A Fatal Box on the Ear.

The practice, which is sadly too prevalent among schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, of "boxing the ears" of their pupils, has been frequently shown to be a dangerous one, and probably many more injuries result from it than are ever heard of or suspected. A blow on the head may easily produce fatal injuries, and a lesson on this point, well worth the attention of hasty-tempered teachers is conveyed by the evidence given in the case of a man who was tried this week at the Central Court for manslaughter. The case, as the counsel for the prosecution truly stated, was remarkable in its surgical aspects.

The deceased was a gate keeper at some paper mills at Wandsworth. The prisoner went there on the 25th of August to seek employment. As he was coming out, the deceased refused to let him pass through a gate known as the "traffic gate." The prisoner, however, watching his opportunity, managed to pass through the gate, and as he did so the deceased kicked him. The prisoner then struck the deceased, but whether with his fist or open hand was not clear. The deceased fell down, and, although he bled from the mouth, was able to give evidence against the prisoner on the 8th of September. He died, however, on the 15th of that month, his death resulting from hemorrhage, caused by the severance of an artery in the mouth, and, strange to say, the artery had been divided by a piece of fractured bone, his jaw having been broken by the blow received from the prisoner. The jury having rendered a verdict of guilty, the judge said he would not inflict any punishment in the case, but simply directed the prisoner to enter into his own recognizance to come up for judgment when called on. In the meantime, the story shows that a "box on the ear" may kill a man.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Bringing the Dead to Life.

Mrs. V. J. Yost, of Metropolis, passed through the city last evening, on her way home from Hot Springs, where she had been to see her husband, who is stopping there for his health. Several days since Mrs. Yost received a dispatch from Hot Springs, saying her husband was dead. She hastened to Cairo, sorely stricken with sorrow, expecting to receive his body here. Here she received another dispatch saying her husband was not dead. These different dispatches confounded her, and she hastened to the Springs to find out his situation for herself.

There the contradictory telegrams were explained to her. To all appearances her husband was dead, and he was laid out as a dead person. But after the lapse of several hours it was discovered that the dead body did not grow cold as it should. A consultation of physicians was held, there being nine in council. The majority insisted that Mr. Yost was dead; but one, a Dr. Reed, insisted that he was not dead. In deference to his opinion two galvanic batteries were applied to the body and immediately it began to show signs of life. Bringing the dead back to conscious life was a slow progress, but was eventually accomplished, and Mr. Yost has been gaining ever since, until he is now able to partake of a fair meal, converse, write, etc., and he appears to have a better prospect for recovering his health than he has had for several months.

This is one of the marvellous cases we occasionally read of, but is seldom brought home to the knowledge of one with whom they are acquainted.—*Cairo (Ill.) Argus.*

Disagreeable People.

—We should bear with disagreeable people better—and generally find them more agreeable, probably—if we were accustomed to look on their mental infirmities with more of the pity with which we regard their physical deformities. We have only commiseration for the man who is born with club feet, or cross eyes, or St. Vitas' dance. We do not blame and berate him that his efforts are crippled by such disadvantages. But the man is just as deserving of pity who comes into life afflicted with club-footed sense of propriety, or a cross-eyed judgment, or an epileptic temper. At least the reflection that we might not do near as well as he, were we in his place, should temper our criticism and dislike. "You are pale," said one soldier to another, as they were waiting for the enemy's attack, in a tone that implied some question of his courage. "If you were as afraid as I am you would run away," was the pat reply.—*Good Company.*

If all the napkins that contain the one talent were unwrapped by those who have tied them up and sit complaining at the world for its favoritism, plenty, contentment and happiness would become universal.

NOTICE.

To Depositors of Zion's Savings' Bank and Trust Company.

On and after January 1st, 1880, monies left on interest in this Bank, will draw interest at the rate of Six per cent. per annum.

By order of the Board of Directors,
B. H. SCHETTLER,
Asst. Cashier.
Salt Lake City, Nov. 24, 1879.

döt & wdt

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of JOHN R. GEBY, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned, administratrix of the estate of John Rigby, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administratrix, at her residence in Centreville, Davis County, Utah Territory.

LUCY ANN RIGBY,
Administratrix of the estate of John Rigby, deceased.
Dated at Centreville, Nov. 3, 1879. wlm

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Rheumatism, Swellings, Stiff Joints, Contracted Muscles, Burns and Scalds, Cuts, Bruises and Sprains, Poisonous Bites and Stings, Stiffness, Lameness, Old Sores, Ulcers, Frostbites, Chilblains, Sore Nipples, Caked Breast, and indeed every form of external disease.

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Sprains, Swinny, Stiff Joints, Founder, Horns, Hoof Diseases, Foot Rot, Screw Worm, Scab, Hollow Horn, Scratches, Windgalls, Spavin, Farcy, Ringbone, Old Sores, Poll Evil, Film upon the Sight and every other ailment to which the occupants of the Stable and Stock Yard are liable.

A twenty-five cent bottle of Mexican Mustang Liniment has often saved a valuable horse, a life on crutches, or years of torture.

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