

The task of settling the exact delimitations of the new principality has been intrusted to a European commission. The fortresses on the Danube and in Bulgaria are to be dismantled.

BERLIN, 26.—Bosnia and Herzegovina will be occupied by Austrian troops within a fortnight.

MAERID, 26.—The Queen of Spain is dead.

### A DANGEROUS DUCHESS.

THRILLING EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON III.

A Corsican, the Chief of the late Emperor Napoleon's Secret Guard, relates the following episode: Shortly after the marriage of Napoleon III and the Countess Eugenie de Montijo, the papers announced the arrival in Paris of an Italian lady of wondrous beauty. The "glided youth" of the Capital rushed with impetuous haste to leave their cards at the Hotel Beauvau, the residence of the magnificent Duchesse Castiglioni, for that was the incomparable creature's name. For a single word they were prepared to ruin themselves; for one touch of her taper fingers they were ready to kill themselves—or each other. The director of the opera, the managers of theatres placed their most luxurious boxes at the disposal of la belle Castiglioni; ministers and great dignitaries offered her their salons; the Court sent her a tabouret, and this compliment was the only one the superb Duchess deigned to accept. She accepted the tabouret and honored with her gracious presence a grand State ball at the Imperial Palace. Her entrance into the ball-room made a tremendous sensation. The dancers stopped dancing, the orchestra forgot to play, the gentlemen stared and the ladies pretended not to look. The Empress alone kept her presence of mind. Gracefully rising, she gave the Duchess her hand, and, leading her towards the throne, signed to her charming guest to be seated on the tabouret, which had been specially placed for her. Then the band struck up a waltz, and the Emperor, who could not keep his eyes off La Castiglioni, begging the Grand Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg to step a measure with the Empress, gallantly offered his hand to the fair Italian, and the next moment they were mingling with the whirling throng. After a few turns Napoleon proposed a promenade, and the pair walked slowly round the room, gaily conversing while the others waited. The next day, as we returned from the Bois de Boulogne, General Fleury told me to be in waiting in the Salon de Service that evening at eight o'clock. As he spoke to me I had such a rush of blood to the eyes that I was forced to close them for a moment with my hand. (The amiable Corsican was superstitious, had presentiments, believed in talismans, and so forth, and whenever murder was in the air he never failed to be apprised of the fact by this ominous warning.) According to the Emperor's orders I presented myself in the salon, but a little before the time fixed. His Majesty, seeing me so early, asked if there was anything new. "No, sire, I only wished to know whether we are going."

"And why?" asked the Emperor, curiously eyeing me, "because this night something will happen." As I made this remark Fleury came, and we set off at once—Napoleon, Fleury and myself. As we went into the Hotel Beauvau, and just as I put my foot on the first step of the staircase, I spoke these words to Monsieur Fleury, "Look out, General, we are in the house of an Italian!" I was the last, and as we came on the landing I slipped aside into the shade, while a woman servant showed the Emperor and his aide-de-camp into the salon. When the servant had done this she closed the door, and after walking a few paces across the corridor, clasped her hands three times. The same instant a man emerged, I know not from where, and advanced softly towards the salon. He carried something in his hand. Before he reached the door he was a dead man—a dagger stroke, dealt from behind, had pierced his heart. The shock of the body falling on the floor, and the cries of the domestic, brought General Fleury hastily to the spot. He saw at a glance what had happened, and while he looked the servant up in the housemaid's closet, I dragged the corpse into an

adjacent room. Making a sign to me to remain, the Emperor and the aide-de-camp hurried from the house. Directly afterwards the former returned, bringing with him two carriages and the secret agent Zambo. Into one of the vehicles were thrust the dead body and the servant, and intrusted to the care of the agent. The General and I, taking with us the Duchesse, entered the other. A few minutes later I was summoned to the Tuilleries. I found Napoleon in his cabinet, leaning heavily on a table, his head between his hands. He regarded me gravely, saying, in a tone of reproach: "What, more blood! How do you know that the poor devil whom you have just killed was not the servant's sweetheart?" "Servants' sweethearts do not generally carry with them such recommendations as these," laying on the table before him a four-barreled revolver and a poignard with a poisoned blade. His Majesty examined the weapons attentively, especially the poisoned dagger, and after making me a present of 3,000 francs, told me to inform Pietri of all that had happened. The Duchesse de Castiglioni was escorted to the Italian frontier, and betook herself immediately to Milan. From this city she wrote angrily to the Emperor, threatening if she were not allowed to return to Paris she would make revelations. A fortnight after the receipt of this letter at the Tuilleries, the beautiful Duchesse gave a splendid entertainment at the Hotel Beauvau, at which the elite of the capital were present.

### 'Outdone by a Boy.

A lad in Boston, rather small for his years, works in an office as errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small, and said to him:

"You never will amount to much, you never can do much business, you are too small."

The little fellow looked at them. "Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something which none of you four men do."

"Ah, what is that?" said they. "I do not know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do that none of them were able to do.

"I can keep from sweating!" said the little fellow. There were some blushes on four manly faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on the point.

You can't reap the fruits of religion unless you have the religion first. There is an old proverb which reads, "You may walk a long while behind a goose before you will find an ostrich feather."

Burlington Hawkeye. In the bright lexicon of American youth there is no such word as fail. A man merely becomes embarrassed and compromises with his creditors for thirty cents.

A photographer presented a revolver at the head of a gentleman who was sitting for his photograph with the cheering remark: "My reputation as an artist is at stake. If you don't look smiling I'll blow your brains out." He smiled.

The phonograph may bottle up the voice and pass it down to future ages; but the smile that twists the face of a man as he seeks solitude and gazes upon his name in print for the first time will always have to be guessed at.

### BORN.

To the wife of Mr. William Woods, of the 19th Ward, June 21st, a boy, being the seventh son. Mother and child are doing well.

### DIED.

At Vernon, Tooele County, May 25, 1878, after a long sickness resulting in palsy and paralysis, P. A. PERHSON. Decayed was born in Orebro County, Sweden, July 7, 1839; received the gospel August 23, 1856; emigrated to Utah in 1861, and lived and died a faithful latter-day saint, leaving a wife and three children and many relatives and friends to mourn his departure.—[COM. Scandinavian Star, please copy.]

In the 9th Ward, Salt Lake City, June 20, 1878, of whooping cough and pneumonia, CAMELLIA HIRD, daughter of John L. and Jane Maxwell, aged 7 months and 13 days. [Deseret Star, please copy.]

At the residence of her son Isaac, Macadown House, Sheldon, Warwick, England, on Friday, June 21st, Mrs. JANE JENNINGS, aged 90 years and 2 days.

In this city, this morning, June 24, from the effects of accidental burning, which occurred two weeks ago, ELKANOR, daughter of E. L. and Eleanor Plant, aged 9 months and 8 days.

## GANG & SULKY PLOWS.

IMPROVEMENTS are constantly being made in all kinds of labor saving machines, and more especially in farm implements, and farmers are learning that the saving of time and labor can best be accomplished by using the best implement manufactured. In this connection we wish to speak more particularly of the

## GANG & SULKY PLOW

made by Avery & Sons of Louisville, Ky., which we have recently examined at the sales-rooms of

### J. W. LOWELL & CO.,

of this city. About 60 of these plows have been sold by them in the last few weeks, probably a larger number than has ever before been sold in this Territory since its first settlement. Farmers are getting tired of being jerked and twitched around all day by following the old style of plows, and find that by using the

## EVERY GANG OR SULKY PLOW,

which is a beauty to look at, as neatly built as a carriage and about as comfortable to ride on, they can do their plowing with comfort, and even a child can handle it and do a man's work. We do not wonder that scarcely any other style of GANG OR SULKY PLOWS are sold in this market, for the Avery is unquestionably the best manufactured, as hundreds of the leading farmers of Utah will testify.

We give below a letter from Mr. John Rouse, of Goshen, known as one of the oldest settlers and leading farmers of this Territory, who has tested the AVERY PLOW and knows its merits.

GOSHEN, Utah,  
Feb. 19, 1878.

J. W. Lowell & Co.,

Gentlemen.—A twelve year old son of mine plowed 60 acres last fall with the Avery Gang and Sulky Plow, eight acres of which were plowed 12 inches deep and laid level and better than any other plowing I have seen since I left England; and I consider myself a judge of such work. My boy can handle the plow with ease. As for the draft, three horses can handle it readily in breaking with the sulky plow, and the same team is sufficient for the 12 inch gang plow in old land. I am well pleased with the plow, and do not know where it can be improved.

Yours respectfully,  
JOHN ROUSE.

# EAGLE EMPORIUM!

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

DO NOT FORGET TO CALL, as we are now offering the balance of our WINTER STOCK at greatly reduced prices, consisting of

DRESS GOODS,  
REPELLANTS,  
FURS, SHAWLS,  
BLANKETS,  
LADIES' KNIT GOODS,  
HATS and CAPS,  
MEN'S RIBBED UNDERSHIRTS,  
and DRAWERS,  
BUFFALO BOOTS & SHOES,  
CARDIGAN JACKETS,  
SCARFS, RUBBERS,  
ARCTICS, &c., &c.

### OUR STOCK OF

## CLOTHING

Is all New, purchased at a great decline from any other stock that came in the Territory before. If you will call and examine quality and prices, you will say that AUCTION PRICES are nowhere.

If you want a COOK STOVE, do not fail to look at our SUCCESS, as there is n thing as cheap in the market of the same size. Its draft is perfect and will bake better than any other, with less fuel.

GROCERIES we always sell as cheap as the cheapest, and carry nothing but First Quality Goods.

AGENTS for DuPont's Blasting, Rifle and Sporting Powders.

## WM. JENNINGS & SONS,

### EAGLE EMPORIUM,

Importers, Jobbers; and Retail Dealers in General Merchandise.

## BAIN WAGONS!

Oliver Chilled Plows! Moline Plows

Cultivators, Single and Double Shovels, Harrows, etc., etc., etc.

### WISNER'S

"TIGER" SELF-OPERATING SULKY HAY RAKE

Wood's Reapers and Mowers,

Buggies and Light Spring Wagons, Wagon Material and Hardwood, Iron, Steel, Horse and Mule Shoes.

All of the above standard goods and many more can always be found and SOLD CHEAP FOR CASH, at

FIRST WAGON DEPOT

South of the Theatre.

HOWARD SEBREE,

Salt Lake City, Uta

## THRESHING MACHINES!

H. A. Pitts' Sons' Mfg. Co.

We have on sale these Improved Machines, and all kinds of

EXTRAS FOR REPAIRS.

THESE Machines are manufactured with care and a strong and durable, and well and beautifully finished, are very easy draught, and recommended themselves on their merits wherever used. They are not the light shoddy machines that are often times sold, and prove a curse to the Farmer, but are

## FIRST-CLASS!

In every function and part, and will be sold at the very lowest living price, and on

VERY EASY TERMS.

Send for Price List and Circulars.

REUBEN MILLER & SON,

Mill Creek,  
Salt Lake Co., Utah.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

\$55 to \$75 a week to Agents. \$10 outfits free. P. O. Vick- yer, Augusta, Maine.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HAL- LETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

## SASH, DOORS,

## Blinds, Mouldings,

And Everything in the

## HOUSE BUILDING LINE

Wholesale and Retail.

## Window Glass

OF GREAT VARIETY OF SIZES, BY

LATIMER, TAYLOR & CO.