# DESERET EVENING NEWS.

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## CONSTINE'S LOST CHARM.

**Missed It in Atlanta and Had It Turned in Him in a Seattle Restaurant.**

H. L. Constine, of New Orleans, La., who has been in Seattle for several days, tells a story that would rival in its improbability the tales of the "Arabian Nights." Mr. Constine, however, declares that his story is true, and says that he is willing to swear to it.

"When I was in Atlanta, Ga., some time ago," said Mr. Constine, "I was invited by a friend, Mr. John Sawyer, to visit a peach cannery in which he was employed. After I had completed my tour of the cannery I missed a very valuable charm that I had been wearing on my watch chain. The loss was a sad one to me, inasmuch as the charm was a gift from a dear sister. I offered a liberal reward for the return of the charm, which I supposed I had dropped somewhere about the cannery, but all to no purpose, as I never heard from it.

"I had returned home and had given up all hopes of recovering the charm. About two months ago I conceived the idea of visiting the Pacific coast, and arranging my business in short order, started at once for the west.

"I arrived in Seattle and was visiting friends who live near Lake Washington. One day I was down town and stopped into a restaurant for lunch.

"After eating a hearty lunch I called for some peaches and cream. I started to eat the peaches, and was in the act of cutting one of them with a spoon, when the spoon struck some hard substance which appeared to be imbedded in the heart of one of the peaches. I worked the substance out with my spoon and held it up to the light. My surprise can be better imagined than described when I found that I held in my hand my missing charm, which I had long ago given up for lost.

"The story is a strange one," concluded Mr. Constine, "and I should hardly be willing to believe it myself if I told it to me by a stranger, but nevertheless every word of it is strictly true. The only way I can account for the mysterious disappearance and recovery of the jewel is that it became disengaged from the chain when I was watching the performance of a new paring and paring machine in which I was much interested while I was visiting the cannery in Atlanta, and it fell in among the peaches without my noticing it."

The charm, which Mr. Constine showed the reporter, was a gold rock, with a small diamond set in either end and a larger one in the center, and was of very unique design. The story is a strange one, but was told in a concise and straightforward manner that argued well for its veracity.—Seattle Press.

**Tumble Weeds Stopped the Train.**

Probably most readers have seen or heard of the tumble weed, but for the benefit of any who has not it may be said that it is a bushy plant growing eighteen inches to two feet in height, having a small root and the branches all curving inward at the top, giving the full grown weed a globular shape. These weeds grow and thrash as summer followed fall in parts of eastern Oregon, and especially along the line of the Oregon and Washington Territory railroad between Hunt's Junction and Pendleton. In the fall, when the summer fallow is seeded, the horses tear up these weeds, but as they are tough and very sharp one not broken up much they lie around on the fields like balls.

The first wind starts the balls rolling, and away they go for the first fence or railroad cut. The line above mentioned is not fenced, and some time ago these weeds piled into the cuts on it about Helix, in some places high as the headlight of the engine, and an amount of time being required under the wheels and "greasing" the track they held a train loaded with stock all night on the line. A gentleman who was on the train says that the wheels moving skipping over the balls into a cut in the dark of evening looked as if all the world like a band of sheep following their leader into the cut.—Portland Oregonian.

**When Happiness Had No Charms.**

An amusing episode recorded of the Peninsular war seems to prove that even the charms of our beautiful national bagpipes fail to soothe these savage hearts! It happened that, while one of the Highland regiments was marching across a desolate part of Spain, one of the pipers for some time plaintively moaned himself separated from his comrades. Halting on a lonely plain, he sat down to eat his breakfast, when to his horror he saw wolves approaching. When they came very near to fling them all the food he had with them, a fierce musician, however, that his terrapin would not stop their advance for many seconds.

With the resignation of desperation he then said, "Ay-ay-ay! but the most ye'll lose the music, too," and thereupon he proceeded to blow up his chanter. The wolves all fled in immediate panic from the first "Skirl" of the pipes, that they turned in wild terror and did not pull up for half four. Ay, would very fleeing, "Ohoh! ye!" said the piper, "Ay! I thought ye were as fond of the music as we! but gaber is always the reward of virtue." Then he gathered his wits, and, forgetting for the time to blow a blast on his wild and shrill as night effectually were any growling lion.—Temple Bar.

## A LAND OF QUEER CUSTOMS.

**The Ways People in Holland Have for Being Ordinary Things.**

All things are reversed in Holland. The main entrance to the finest public building in the country, The Palace, or late town hall, of Amsterdam, is its back door. Doubtful mariners hire houses to sweat them in the harbor, or fair, on festival days. Timid citizens are terrified in the dark of the night by their own watchmen, who at every quarter of the hour make such a noise with their wooden shoppes one would suppose the town to be on fire. Yon will see shots used in summer there. They go bumping over the Dutch cobbles, while the driver holds a dripping oil rag in advance of the runners to lessen the friction. You will see streets of water, and the country roads paved as nicely as Broadway. You will see vessels hitched like horses to their owners' doorposts, and whole rows of square rigged houses leaning over the street, as if they were getting ready to dance.

Instead of solemn striking clocks you will hear church chimes playing snatches of operatic airs every quarter of an hour by way of marking the time. You will see looking glasses hanging outside of the dwellings, and peculiarities displayed on the street doors. The first are called spionnen (or spionnetjes), and are so arranged outside of the windows that persons sitting inside can, without being seen, enjoy a reflection of all that is going on in the street. They can learn, too, what visitor may be coming, and watch him rubbing his soles to a polish before entering.

The peculiarities means that a new body has appeared in the household. If white or blue the new comer is a girl; if red it is a little Dutchman. Some of these signals are very showy affairs; some are not resplendent at all, but merely adorned with a wreath of lilies or lace; and among the poorest class it is not uncommon to see merely a white or red string tied to the door latch—it takes of the meager life the poor little stranger is destined to lead.

Sometimes, instead of either pincushions or shingles, you will see a large pierced hump outside the street door. Then you may know that somebody in the house is ill, and his or her present condition is described on the placard for the benefit of inquiring friends, and sometimes, when such a placard has been taken down, you may spell a gaby looking note on the street dressed in black tights, a black stock and a high hat from which a long, black streamer is flying. This is the Aanspreker going from house to house to tell certain persons that their friend is dead. He attends to funerals, and bears invitations to all friends whose presence may be desired. A stranger, weird looking figure, he is, and he wears a peculiar, professional cast of countenance that is anything but comforting.—Mary Mapes Dodge in St. Nicholas.

**Just in Time.**

In the good old times, when it was the custom to preface the banns in public from the pulpit on Sundays before the marriage of a couple, there lived in western New York a youth named Isaiah Gage, who was about taking to himself a wife.

It was the custom in the particular church which Isaiah attended for the minister to read the banns with the other notices just before the sermon.

Isaiah was familiar, of course, with this custom, and on the morning when his own banns were to be read timed his movements so as to come into church quietly just as the sermon was beginning.

The old minister was an eccentric, absent minded man, and as he saw the young man come down the aisle he paused—he had just announced his text—and said: "Oh! seeing Isaiah Gage reminds me of his banns with Polly McCabe. I have the document here somewhere!"

And to the overwhelming embarrassment of the now prominent Isaiah the banns were read.

Isaiah said afterward that it was done on purpose by the old doctor, but the minister solemnly declared that he had really forgotten the notice.—Youth's Companion.

**French Fruits and Vegetables.**

The French larder was much better furnished than the English in mediæval times, but such things were sandwiches, dainties which are now discarded. Our modern confectioners offer us candied violets, but the French of the Fourteenth century used to cook violet leaves like spinach or serve them as salad. They also used to eat the green ears of wheat, which looked like millet, but as in this country we eat the unripe ears of Indian corn. The young turgescence of the grapevine boiled and dressed with a piquant sauce was a favorite vegetable entremet on a French mediæval table. In general, however, it must be confessed that the most civilized parts of the continent of Europe 300 years ago people had fewer flowers, fruits and vegetables than we have now.—New York Ledger.

**He Would Be There.**

A few days before the election in the Country division of the county of Bulop, a peasant, a true Liberal and the blacksmith chanced to meet at the blacksmith's shop at Monkford's bridge, and the talk was of course about the election that was drawing near. "Well," said the blacksmith, "how many matches are to be selected for Bulopshire now?" "Five," said the peasant, "that is, four for the county and one for Bluxeberry." "Why," said the blacksmith, "then how many are there—parliaments, I mean?" "Seven to 700," said the peasant. "Why," said the first blacksmith, "I thought there was only Mr. Jepson and Mr. Stanley Leighton." "Do you mean to say," the peasant asked, "that you thought the members returned for this district would be there by themselves? Oh, no," said the first blacksmith, "and that's what I mean." "Bluxeberry Chronicle.

## DEATH CATCHES THEM ALL.

**Engineer McFadden Knew He Would Be Killed, and He Was Killed.**

The sudden and awful death of Engineer McFadden recalls very vividly a story that is told about the brave and merry man who met his fate while at his post of duty. Engineer McFadden was connected with the old Oregon and California Railroad company for many years. During that time (extending over a period of twenty-two years) he had been in a good many accidents and had run many narrow escapes.

All will vividly remember the fearful accident at Lebanon Junction, in which Engineer John ("Big Jack") Miller and Fireman Quint Gurnsey were killed. The tragic fate of "Big Jack" seemed to have made a very strong and lasting impression on the mind of Engineer McFadden, and had been regarded by him somewhat in the light of a presentiment. Very soon after Miller's death an old friend of McFadden met the latter, and curiously the conversation of the accident and the fate of Miller were discussed.

"Well, John," said the old gentleman, "the fate of poor Jack ought to be taken as a warning by all you railroaders. Take my advice and get out of it while your skin is whole. Sooner or later it catches all who follow it. Better get out of such dangerous business." McFadden smiled sadly and said he knew it was full of danger, and added, "It catches nearly every fellow with his boots on who follows railroading long enough."

Not long after Miller's death McFadden met with an accident near Turner station. The train was coming down the track at a lively rate when the locomotive suddenly plowed into a band of frightened sheep. The crushed and mangled carcasses kept piling up in front of the engine until they reached a height of several feet. McFadden put on brakes and reversed, but the locomotive climbed up on top of the bleeding mass of mutton and went over into the ditch. McFadden and the fireman had a very narrow escape from death, and did not come out of it without serious injuries. McFadden was laid up for some time, but on recovering went back. Like a brave fellow, he his post of duty. His prediction, "It catches all with their boots on who follow it long enough," had its ghastly fulfillment.—Portland Oregonian.

**Stocking Rugs.**

The materials needed are one and a half yards of carpeting, eight small brass rings, one stick of braid and a large piece of pasteboard. Cut three pieces of pasteboard each six and a half inches wide and seven and a half inches long. Bind one end of each piece. Take a strip seven inches wide from one side of the print, the whole length. Cover the pasteboards with this. Cut a piece nine inches long and the width of the remaining print. Hem one side, and round the other corner gather the end and rounded side and sew to one of the pieces of pasteboard, running an elastic into the hem. This is to hold yarn. Hem the ends of the remaining print, gather the side, and sew one side to the piece that holds the yarn, the other to another piece of pasteboard. Put in leaves on this piece of flannel for needles, and put the box piece over it, and button at the top. Sew the rings to the top of the bag, and run in the braid. Cost, thirty cents.—Housekeepers' Weekly.

**Indians Increasing.**

The commissioner of Indian affairs estimates that there are about 247,000 Indians in the United States, exclusive of those in Alaska, who are supposed to number about 30,000, and of the civilized tribes situated in different parts of the country, but whose numbers the census report does not give. Of the 247,000 there are 22,000 who wear citizens' dress wholly and 25,000 who wear part of this dress. There are 22,000 who can read the English language, and 20,000 who can speak enough English for ordinary intercourse. The Indians, too, are on the increase, as shown by the fact that in the year ended July 1 the commissioner's report there were 4,020 births among them to 2,616 deaths.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**"Losing" Pin Heads.**

One of the very best applications for the bites of mosquitoes and flies, also for other vexations attended with intense itching, is moistened in alcohol, one part to ten. This is very cooling and immediately effectual. It is also an excellent lotion for applications to the forehead and temples in headache, often at once subduing the same.—New York Journal.

**A Competent Authority.**

Cobb Lodge—"That woman is never at home. She seems to have merely manifested a rich man so that the model hour time and means to follow out her mission."

Brown—That's just it. She goes around the country lecturing on how to make home attractive.—Epoch.

**Premature Ignorance.**

Little girl—Maw, how old am I?

Maw (severely)—If any one asks you tell 'em you don't know. By the way, it's raining a little, and you'd better take a street car to school.—Good News.

**A Hint to Shoppers.**

When shopping take as much small change with you as possible. Take also a supply of cards, with name and address plainly engraved or written. When purchasing a variety of small articles, which are to be sent home, give the clerk, when a purchase is made, the exact change and a card and "move on." You save the five or three minutes usually in the time you would have to wait for change, and at the same time clear the mind of the clerk and shoppers at the counter for the next comer, and so help "off the wheels" of the big shopping machine.—New York Evening Sun.


# Catarrh

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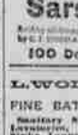

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