

How Fashions are Sometimes Originated.

The following "o'er true tale" illustrates the origin of some modern fashion, and shows how things that are novel, however useless or absurd, are liable to be considered "nice" if displayed by those in high position, and are sure to be aped by toadies:

Years ago, in the city of Paris, a husband and wife of noble birth might have been seen descending a stairway. My lady was simply dressed in the then prevailing style—a skirt of nine straight breadths, short enough to clear the ground, gathered full and sewn upon a plain round bodice. Having been some years wedded, my lord—after the manner of men—had grown somewhat careless, and blunderingly trod upon his wife's dress, tearing the gathers in the rear, and ripping it from the waist. Thereupon his dutiful spouse, in a fit of passion, hit him a savage whack with her parasol, breaking the handle of that useful article.

"What shall we do now, you brute?" she said, with a sob. "I'll tell you, honey lovey," he replied, with that cheerful attempt at conciliation peculiar to husbands when they have hopelessly "put their foot in it"—"drop your shawl down below your waist, so, covering the rent completely, you see, and there you are, my rosey-posey, as good as new."

"How ridiculous," she rejoined, shedding tears in sheets: "I shall look like a fright, boo—boo! and shall be sure to meet that odious Lady Teazle, or the critical Lord Fitzspooney—boo—boo! I shall never dare to appear upon the streets again! Oh, boo—boo! You horrid wretch—you unfeeling monster; I shall be the talk of the whole town!"

"Well, Lady Matilda, it can't be helped, and we've got to get home some how," remarked the husband, with that sage philosophy which the married man knows so well how to assume. "My new silk!" moaned the lady, wringing her hands; it will be ruined. The skirts will sweep on unutterable filth; it will be loaded with mud and nut shells, and tobacco spittle and dust, and everything. Oh, you abominable person—I will go straight to America and get a divorce. You have annihilated me forever!"

This desperate threat completely melted the poor man, and he renewed his efforts at conciliation. Adjusting the shawl in the manner he had proposed, he assured her that the rent was concealed, and the dress looked as if it was made so on purpose. Quite a refreshing novelty, in fact. "And see here, my love," he added, "I am as unfortunate as you are. Observe how ridiculous you have made this hat, battering it out of all shape with your parasol, till it looks like a section of a badly-used stovepipe. I am ashamed to be seen in the street with it."

"And this parasol," she lamented; "the stick is broken off nearly up to the shade. I dare not go without it, and it looks so absurd, lopping over like a damaged sunflower, that I shall be the laughing stock of the street."

They were a considerable distance from home without their carriage, and in a portion of the city where public conveyances at that period were few. Then the ludicrousness of their situation dawned upon them; and they laughed long and loud; this banished vexation and restored them to so good humor that they became bold. Having pinned the shawl securely so that no chance breeze could dispart the rent, they marched out into the street and went on their way as if nothing had happened. People stared after them curiously, but they were known and respected, so there were no smiles and no questions. The ladies of Paris have an ill-bred fashion (which, of course, is never practiced by the ladies of Washington and elsewhere), of looking around for a back view of ladies whom they meet. In this instance the backward glances were numerous and full of interest, but by no means alarming.

"Just look at the Countess' dress," was the general remark. "It keeps the walk at least a yard in her wake! How sweet! The silken folds fall so gracefully! It is evidence that there is no stinginess in my lady's family. It shows that she will have away regardless of expense. It is the very consumma-

tion of elegance. And then observe that love of a parasol! It is just too bewitchingly divine! The shade just touches the tip of the Countess' nose. There is utility as well as beauty! What is a shade for but to keep off the sun, and what is the use of a yard of stick?"

The Count had no less reason for self-congratulation. "By gawg!" observed the members of his club, "the Count's hat is a stunner! Looks as if it had been accidentally elongated! How nobby! That's the perfection of art—studied carelessness, you know. Wonder where the Count got it? His own invention, probably. Just his duced good luck!" etc.

This little episode occurred long, long ago. A week afterward all fashionable Paris had parasols with a hinge near the top that made it lop over the owner's nose, and likewise the trail and the stovepipe hat. Since then these peculiar styles have traveled all over the world, and though they have undergone some changes, are with us yet.—Ex.

The Spirit of the Times.

As an illustration of the spirit of the times was the following little family scene, when a bright four year old little lady imitated her elders by playing, "make calls."

"Now, mamma, you be Mitheth Dones an I'll be Mitheth Smith, an tuin an mate you a tall.

Mamma—Very well, Mrs. Smith, I'm glad to see you, how do you do, and how are the children?

Totty—I'm twite well I tank you, but the children has all dot the hoopin toff.

Mamma—I'm sorry to hear it. How many children have you, Mrs. Smith?

Totty—Oh, I has ten, an dey is a gate tyal to me wif my housekeepin.

Mamma—They must be indeed. But how does your husband, Mr. Smith, do?

Totty—He's very well, tank you, but he's had bithnes and he hath failed.

Mamma—I'm sorry to hear that your husband has failed, but you haven't lost everything, Mrs. Smith, for I see you make calls in your own carriage.

Totty—Oh, yes! I keep my carriage. We has paid one cent on a dollar and doze right on.

The above is a fact.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

A schoolmaster tells the following story: I was teaching in a quiet country village. The second morning of my session I had leisure to survey my surroundings, and among the scanty furniture I espied a three-legged stool. "Is this the dunce stool?" I asked a little girl of five. The dark eyes sparkled, the curls nodded assent, and the lips rippled out: "I suppose so; the teacher always sits on it." The stool was unoccupied that term.

DIED.

In Harrisville, Weber County, Utah, April 13, 1878, of diphtheria, after an illness of five days, HARRIET, daughter of Joseph A. and Mary Taylor, aged 3 years 10 months and 10 days.

In the Eighth Ward, Salt Lake City, March 31st, 1878, of cancer in the face and neck, WILLIAM TURPIN, of West Jordan.

Deceased had been suffering for fifteen years, and was under medical treatment for the last twelve months. He was the son of John and Hannah Washington Turpin, of Clifton, Yorkshire; was born at Clifton, January 18th, 1813; moved with his parents to Birkinshaw, at the age of 13; married Elizabeth Tidwell, each being in their 24th year; he embraced the gospel on the 16th of April, 1843; was baptized by Henry Creden, confirmed by Lorenzo D. Barnes, and emigrated to Nauvoo in the fall of 1844; was ordained a member of the 29th Quorum of Seventies; driven with the Saints, by which he and his family suffered much; buried two children from exposure on the prairie; settled for a short time at Council Bluffs and Winter Quarters; reached Salt Lake in 1852, and settled in West Jordan, at which place he has since resided.—COM.

At Spanish Fork, April 19th, 1878, of disease of the kidneys, ISAAC BROCKBANK, Sen.

Born May 18th, 1805, at Underbarrow, Westmoreland, England; embraced the Gospel in Liverpool, in 1841; and gathered, with his family, to Utah, in 1852. Millennium Star, please copy.

At Panaca, April 6, 1878, of inflammation of the bowels, CAROLINE A. ATCHISON, wife of Lawson Atchison. Deceased was born at Kirtland, Ohio, in 1830; was with the Saints in all their persecutions, and lived and died a faithful Latter-day saint.—COM.

In the 15th Ward of this city, April 22nd, of whooping cough, CHAPLAIN HULME, son of the late Thomas, and Sarah Heath, aged 4 years and 24 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 implements 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.

SILK.

BEST ITALIAN SILKWORM EGGS for sale at \$4.00 per cunce. PAUL A. SCHEITLER, Salt Lake City.

March, 1878. \$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & CO; Portland, Maine.

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 nothing 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.

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Importers, Jobbers; and Retail Dealers in General Merchandise.

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Oliver Chilled Plows! Moine Plows

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

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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

HOWARD SEBREE,

South of the Theatre.

Salt Lake City, Utah

IMPROVED MITCHELL WAGONS

FOR 1878.

With Cottrell's New Patent Improved

STEEL SKEIN, used only on the MITCHELL WAGONS.

Other Improvements have been made on the wagons this year, with SPECIAL REFERENCE to their use in Utah. Call and examine the

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All styles and sizes of spring wagons and top buggies. Champion Reapers and Mowers. Massillon Threshing Machines, Gales Sulky Rakes.

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GOLD Any worker can make \$12 a day at home. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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