DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Published 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 SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS.

Published every Tuesday and Friday. Subscription price, in advance, per year $5.00, six months $2.75, three months $1.50, payable or delivered by carrier.

THE DESERET WEEKLY.

A 56 to 64 page magazine, fine designed and built this morning, specially adapted for a office of country newspaper. Price, per copy, 25 cents, $2.00 per year, $1.00, postage.

SEPARATION.

If were land, oh, weary feet could travel!
If it were sea, a ship might cleave its wave;
If it were Death, and Love could look to leave,
And see, through tears, the sunlight on the grave.
But land or sea or death keeps us asunder,
But only death, ah, only death, can part!

If it were land, through yearning thoughs I'd travel;
If it were sea, I'd cross to thee at dip;
If it were Death, I'd take Death by the forelock
Then I might see thee with a smile or sigh.
Ah, none of these could keep my soul apart;
Forgot, forgive, oh, unforgiving Heart!

—Anna Harris Athlett.

IN THE GARDENS.

"My little story is very old," said Jean Bridelle, half apologizing, "but if you would like to hear it I will tell it to you. It is as vivid to me as though it had occurred yesterday.

"I am now fifty years old. I was young then and I was simplying law, prone to sadness, a little of a dreamer, impregnated with a melancholy philosophy. I did not care for the noisy cafes, the roistering students or the grisettes of the Quarter. I always rose early, and one of my favorite pastimes was to wander alone, about 4 o'clock in the morning, in the nursery gardens of the Luxembourg.

"You others did not know these gardens. They were like an enchanted garden of a past century, a garden as pretty as the sweet smile of an old lady. Boxwood hedges separated the straight and narrow alleys, silent and deserted alleys, between two walls of methodically clipped foliage. The gardener's scissors relentlessly clipped those dividing hedges, and here and there you came upon a patterre of flowers and plantations of young trees, set out like collegians on parade, magnificent groups of rose bushes and a whole regiment of fruit trees.

"One corner of this enchanted garden was given over to the bees. Their straw houses set at certain spaces apart, on benches, admitted the sunlight by doors about as large as a thimble, and all along the paths the gilded and humming bees, true denizens of these silent alleys and corridors, real mistresses of this peaceful spot, flew in every direction.

"I used to go there nearly every morning, and seating myself on a bench would read; sometimes I let my book fall on my knees dreamily faintly hearing the sounds of living Paris all around me, and enjoyed to its utmost the infinite repose of this remnant of ancient regime.

"But I found that I was not the only frequenter of this spot after the opening of the barriers; I sometimes encountered, face to face, in the corner of a grove a strange little old man.

"He wore shoes with silver buckles, knee breeches, a snuff colored redingote, a fall of lace instead of a cravat and an indescribable gray hat, with immense brim and long hairs, which looked as if it might have been the fashion before the deluge.

"He was thin almost to attenuation, angular, puckered and smiling. His quick glancing eyes were never still, and his lips were contracted by a nervous twitching. He always carried a superb gold headed cane, which must have been from the careful way in which he handled it a souvenir of priceless value.

"This good man astonished me at first, and then he interested me beyond measure. I watched him across the leafy wall; I followed him from afar, stopping near the flowerbeds so as not to be seen.

"And now a strange thing happened. One morning, thinking himself unseen, he commenced to make the most singular movements; first a few little bounds then a bow; then he threw out his slender leg and cut a light caper; then he commenced to pivot gracefully, jumping, fluttering in a queer fashion, smiling as though to an audience, bowing, throwing out his arms, twisting his poor puppet of a body, throwing to empty space tender and ridiculous kisses. He was dancing.

"I remained petrified with astonishment, asking myself which was crazy, he or I!

"He stepped suddenly, as though to the footlights, then bowed, backing away with gracious smiles and airy kisses, which he threw to the two rows of clipped trees.

"Then he gravely continued his promenade.

"From that day I watched him each morning go through with his indescribable gymnastics.

"A foolish desire came over me to speak to him. I risked it, and one morning, meeting him face to face, I bowed to him, saying:

"'It is a beautiful day, sir.'

"He bowed.

"'Yes, monsieur, it is verily a day of the olden times.'

"Eight days later we were fast friends and I knew his story. He had been ballet master at the opera during the reign of Louis XV. His beautiful face was a present from Clermont. When once started on the subject of dancing there was no stopping him.

"One day he told me the following.

"'I married La Castris, musician. I will present my wife to you if you wish, but she does not come out until late in the day. This garden is our joy and our life. It is all that remains to us of our past. It seems to us as though we could live without it. It is old and distinguished, is it not? Here I seem to breathe an atmosphere which has not changed since the days of my youth. My wife and I pass all our afternoons here. But I come alone in the morning, I rise so early.'

"As soon as I had finished my breakfast I returned to the Luxembourg gardens. Presently I perceived my old friend, who recognized me and ordered me to a very small old lady dressed in black. This was La Castris, the great dancer, beloved of the king, the favorite of princes, the adored of that gallant reign which seems to have left to the world an odor of love.

"We spoke supposed to one of the three beauties. It was in the month of May. The perfumes of flowers permeated the air around us. A clarion sunlight filtered through the leaves and cast every of light around us. La Castris' black dress seemed bathed in sunshine.

"'The garden have changed. In the distance could be heard the rumbling of vehicles, the noise of new Paris.

"'Will you explain to me,' said to the old ballet master, 'wear the minuet really was?'

"He trembled.

"'The minuet was the queen of dances, the dance of queens. Since there is no longer a king, there is no longer the minuet.

"'And then he commenced in a pompous style a long dithyrambic eulogy of which I did not understand one word. I begged of him to describe the steps, the movements, the poses. He became rather provoked at my obtuseness, and turning toward his grave and school companions he exclaimed:

"'Gilles!, would you—you would be most obliging—would you be willing that we should show this gentleman what it was?'

"She turned her restless eyes on all sides, and being satisfied that we were alone she rose without a word and placed herself in front of him.

"Then I saw a sight never to be forgotten.

"They went and came with infinite grimaces, smiling, balancing, bowing, leaping like two old dolls that had been set dancing by an old fashioned mechanism, a little out of order, but continued in spite times by a skillful workman, according to the prevailing fashion.

"And I looked at them, my heart torn by conflicting emotions, my soul moved by an indescribable melancholy. It seemed to me that I was watching a sad yet comical apparition, the old fashioned shadow of a past century. I wanted to laugh and could hardly refrain from weeping.

"All at once they stopped; they had finished the figures of the dance. For some seconds they remained facing each other, panting in a most surprised manner; then without warning they fell into each other's arms, sobbing bitterly.

"Three days later I left Paris for the provinces. When I returned two years afterward the nursery gardens of the Luxembourg had been destroyed. What had become of the old couple, without their beloved garden of other days, with its labyrinthine paths, its perfumes of the past and its gracefully turned hedges?

"Are they dead? Are they wandering through the streets of modern Paris, like two exiles lost to all hope? Do they dance, spectrelike, a fantastic minuet among the cypress trees of a cemetery, along the pathways bordered by tombs, by the light of the moon?

"Their remembrance haunts me, torments me, tortures me, remains in me like a wound. Why? I do not know why.

"Do could you think me a silly old man, with all these memories of the past?"—Translated from the French of Guy de Maupassant for Romance by B. M. Sherman.

Prices of Rare Coins.

The bronze cents, such as are in circulation now, were first coined in 1864. Now of them bears a premium except the issue of 1877, which is valued at 3 cents. Some of the old fashioned half cents are high priced. On a basis of "good" condition the half cent of 1793 is worth $15. The issue of 1831, 1836, 1840, 1848, 1849 and 1852 fetch $3 each, while those of 1795, 1799 and 1803 are put at $2 each. Some of the nickel cents is worth a premium except that of 1856, with a flying eagle, which you can sell for $5. A 3 cent nickel of 1857 is worth $1, and a nickel 3 cent piece of 1873 has a market value of 75 cents; there is no premium on those of any other year. Nickel 3 cent pieces of 1877 we pay 75 cents each for, while those of 1878, 1879, 1885 and 1886 are worth 5 cents each; none of the others bears a premium. If you are so lucky as to get hold of a bronze 2 cent piece for 1873 you will have no difficulty in disposing of it for $1, but no other issues have any extra value.—Interview in Washington Star.

The Discovery of the Gulf Stream.

Ponce de Leon, while on his famous search for the fountain of youth, made the discovery of the gulf stream. The whalers of New England were the first to gain a fairly accurate knowledge of the limits of the current between America and Europe by following the haunts of the whales, which were found north of one line and south of another, but never between the two. This, they reasoned, was the gulf stream current.

Benjamin Franklin received this information from the whalers and published it on a chart for the benefit of the mail packets plying between England and the colonies. The chart was first issued about 1770, but was not accepted by the English captains. Before it came to be generally known and used the trouble between England and the colonies began, and Franklin, knowing the advantage the British would derive from the British naval officers, suppressed it all he could until hostilities ceased.—Detroit Free Press.

THE SHUT-IN SOCIETY

A UNIQUE AND HELPFUL ORGANIZATION FOR INVALIDS.

A Remarkable Work That Is Being Done by Unfortunates, Most of Whom Are Women, to Aid One Another—Various Branches of the Good Work.

Fifteen years ago Miss Jennie M. Dolbeare, now Mrs. Conklin, of Madison, N. J., was shut in her room by a long and serious illness. Time hung heavily on her hands, and she wondered as she sat alone, was not so obviously full of sunshine as she, that the wonder is that some one has not thought of it long before. She entered into a correspondence with another invalid personally unacquainted her, in order that they might be mutually cheered and entertained. This was the origin of that admirable organization of invalids known as the Shut-In society, which has a membership of many thousands in every country of the civilized world.

The correspondence so pleasantly begun proved so pleasant that it was extended to other invalids, until in 1884 the correspondents organized themselves into the Shut-In society, and the next year the society was incorporated under the laws of the state of New York, with Miss Conklin as president. Of course the primary qualification for admission is illness. "To be a sufferer shut in from the outside world is sufficient to be a good candidate for membership in the society," says an advocate. But there is a character and a spirit also, and all applicants for membership must "send with their application a positive, the sense of their power of their proposition, or at least convince them that they are of the right stamp."

The essential members are invalids, but "being in bodily sympathy with the suffering, sunshine in his sickness" is a high qualification for membership. Members are expected to correspond with members in a certain assigned district and is expected to subscribe or hand out a dime a week.

The society is managed by an advisory board composed of associate members. As might naturally be expected, the society is largely composed of women. There is a men's department, however, under the direction of Mr. Will E. Meyers, of Chicago. There is a flourishing children's department, the members of which are popularly known as the "sunshine baskets." It is under the direction of Miss G. L. Leach, of Boston, and Miss Jessie A. Frost and Miss Addie A. Miller, of Dorchester, Mass.

There is also a department of children's sunshine baskets, which had charge of Dorchester was a band called the Little Cup Bearers in the Way. Members of boys and girls from six to sixteen years of age, who promise themselves to carry sympathy and comfort to some little sufferer. It is hoped that children will view the work with great enthusiasm, and the following days are hoped to be a good and every sufferer to become a sunshine maker.

Another department of the society is the white ribbon department, of which Mrs. U. O. Ross, of Newark, N. J., is the active manager. Its object is to collect the contributions of the sick in numbers by forwarding them, either in money or by work, to the Home, which is a home for the poor. It was a wonderful gift from a girl shut in for years on the back of the chair occupied by the recipient of the gift. The idea of it is not back to the committee, to be used to make other comfort. The King's Daughters are interested in the work, and it is said that a number of circles of King's Daughters have been formed among members of the Shut-In society. Many of the members therein are shut in by reason of poverty.

The library of the society is one of its important features. Books, magazines and papers are freely sent to invalids in every section of the United States and to many foreign countries. In Philadelphia a Poor Relations club has been formed, which circulates periodicals among invalids. The Western Shut-In Circle, of Chicago, is another fund of sunshine. It is the same in spirit as the Mariner Wilkinson hospital at Shanghai, China, and is also under a fund of sunshine. It is the same in spirit, to be known as the "invalids outside in bed." Another branch of missionary work done by the society is the writing of letters to prisoners, and to the inmates of poor houses and to filling their cities. They are sent addressed to the chaplain, who authorizes them personally to the inmates. The letters and sunshine are received with great pleasure, given to the inmates. It is the testimony of the chaplain that these letters have done much good.

The letters written by invalids to other invalids have resulted in many warm friendships, and the term "letter friend" has become a recognized phrase in the society. The association of the society has brought out the fact that a surprisingly large number of invalids have been shut in for a long term of years, and for twenty years or thirty years. One member of the society, who died last year, had been confined to her bed for sixty years.

The condition of such long suffering patients is apt to become very desolate, as their early friends die or drop away and they are made to feel that they are a burden on those who are left behind to care for them. To such invalids the society comes as a blessed boon, for it not only puts them in direct communication with many kind hearted and sympathetic friends, but the various branches of the society give them something to think of, and thus break the dreary monotony of their lives.

One of the best known members of the society is Miss Jennie Cassedy, of Louisville, who has been confined to her room for twenty years. She is regarded as a widespread reputation as the literary and national president of the Flower Mission.—New York Tribune.

Mothers' Debts to Their Daughters.

Were it not for their daughters thousands of mothers would scarcely ever be able to go outside the house for an even little pleasure or change of scene. Mothers are under great and many obligations to their girls, many of which are entirely overlooked and appreciated only when their daughters belong to some one else.

The average girl returns from school at least as neat and pretty as she left home. As a rule she does not shun work, bustle into dresses, play tennis or give her mother hours of work repairing injured garments; on the contrary, she is a distinct help to her mother. There is the hat to trim, the things to iron, antimacassars, stockings and a host of other articles to make and mend, to say nothing about dusting to run and accompany her mother when her mother of household duties.—London Tit-Bits.

The Largest American Flag.

The largest American flag ever made will float from the top of a very lofty "liberty pole" in front of the Administration building at the Worlds fair. Upon request the state of Washington will furnish this big flagstaff, as well as two or three others of the largest size are required by the exposition.

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