DESERET EVENING NEWS.

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DESERET SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS.

Published every Tuesday and Friday. Subscription price, in advance, per year, $5.00, six months $2.50, three months, $1.50, prepaid or delivered by carrier.

THE DESERET WEEKLY.

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LIFE.

Life is a bottled flower, and what it holds
Is a bee-set, full, exhaling nectar in itself.
It shows a sweet, a sudden joy to the eyes
And leaves its fragrant heart in visible brake.

For when the beauty and sufficiency
Upon our earth failed sense break at last,
Back to the dust the flower leaves; purchased
Eye we have learned by enacting life to peak.
—Eleanor M. Dewey in Youth's Companion.

WITNESSED A TRAGEDY.

I don't like Meakes. Undoubtedly he is a clever—almost a brilliant—observer, but he is, to my mind, just a trifle too unconventional in his ideas.

He is, however, very good company, and I have passed a good many evenings with him over a pipe, and will acquit him of ever having bored people.

I went to his lodgings with him a few nights ago from the club, and soon found myself seated in an armchair by the fire-side, with a pipe in my mouth and a glass of most scandalous whisky and water beside me. We talked of many things, till at length, I forget how, the conversation turned on murderers and murders.

Some time previous London, and indeed the whole country, had been appalled by a series of ghastly murders, all apparently committed by the same hand, though in no case was a clue afforded by which the murderer might be discovered.

Meakes explained a theory of his own on the subject, as novel as it was startling, when the subject turned to circumstantial evidence and its value.

"After all," I said, "in ninety-nine murders out of a hundred circumstantial evidence and motive are the only helps to conviction. No one in his senses commits a murder if there is any one in the long run."

"No," said Meakes slowly, "people prefer doing these things in private, if possible. But sometimes they are not aware that there are witnesses."

He paused and filled his pipe.

"It is not every one," he went on, "who has been accused witnessed a murder, but I have."

"You?" I exclaimed.

Meakes nodded.

"Was he convicted and hanged?" I asked.

"It wasn't a 'he,' but a 'she,'" said Meakes smiling. "And 'she' was not convicted and hanged, poor child."

"But surely you"—I was beginning when Meakes broke in.

"My dear fellow, nothing I could have said could have convicted the woman. It was a very odd case altogether; one of the most ingenious things I ever heard of. I will tell you the story, if you like. It will be simpler than you getting it out of me by cross examination.

"About four years ago I was traveling in Switzerland. In the course of my rambles I reached Tauerwald. I was much taken with the place; the scenery was superb, the hotel old fashioned but delightfully comfortable.

"There were several people staying there besides myself, but as I am a gregarious sort of fellow, I was rather glad of it. After I had been there about a fortnight, on entering the dining room for dinner I noticed some new arrivals. Among them was a party of three English—an old gentleman, his young wife, and a daughter of the old gentleman's by a former marriage. The daughter, poor girl, was blind. She was about twenty, and looked delicate. I cannot say she was pretty, but yet she was not unpleasing. The old boy, her father, was just like other English gentlemen you see about.

"The wife was decidedly pretty; she was about eight and twenty, fair, with gray eyes and a neat undeniable figure. They seemed to be well off, but they did not hold much intercourse with the rest of the inmates of the hotel.

"You know I rather pride myself on my powers of observation. Though I made no attempt of acquaintance with the party, I used to watch them and study them, as I do all my fellow creatures whom I come across.

"I was not long in finding out three facts, that the old gentleman was madly fond of his wife and indifferent to his daughter, secondly, that the daughter adored her father and did not like his wife; thirdly, that the wife hated them both.

"I was all the more pleased with my perception of these facts, inasmuch as no one else in the hotel had the least idea of the situation. Outwardly there was perfect harmony in the trio.

"One morning, after the party had been in the hotel about a week, the old gentleman did not appear at usual at breakfast, and in reply to inquiries his wife said that he was not feeling well. In the course of the day the doctor—an Englishman, by the way—was sent for, and in the evening the landlord, who was as angry with the old man as if he had got his illness on purpose, told me confidentially, with tears of rage, that the old gentleman had been pronounced by the doctor to be ill of gastric fever, and that the case was serious. The landlord's anxiety was not without reason. The fact could not be concealed, and the visitors began to leave in haste. Only a few hardies are remained. I am not in the least nervous about illness, and I had no intention of leaving the place for such a cause, a resolve which raised me greatly in the landlord's esteem.

"One morning, about ten days after the old gentleman's seizure, I met the doctor coming down stairs. He looked much less anxious than for some days past; indeed, there was an expression of satisfaction on his face.

"'How is your patient?' I asked.

"'The crisis is past, or almost past,' he answered cheerfully. 'He owes his life, if he pulls through, to the nursing of his daughter and his wife, especially the daughter, who is a strange' He is now asleep, and upon that sleep everything depends. If he wakens in three or four hours of his own accord he will be safe, to all human probability. Everything depends on his sleep. I have told the landlord to give short orders to every servant to be most careful. There must be no noise of any sort. If he were wakened suddenly the shock would kill him as certainly as if you fired a bullet through his brain. I have just told his wife of this. All that is wanted is sleep.'

"The doctor nodded to me as he went down the steps from the hotel, smiling as if anticipating a triumph for his art.

"'Monsieur,' said a voice at my elbow. I turned, and saw my friend the landlord. 'Monsieur knows,' said he, smiling sourly, 'that Anglais count who was going to be so brave? Well, he is afraid for shadows! Well, that an honest man, he also is now frightened—he has got, monsieur! He went early this morning, making excuse, but he could not deceive me! He was frightened. He tried to pass by—he could not sleep, that he had heard all night long—tinking in the wall, within, he said, unsay death.'

"'That is an English superstition, too, I suppose.'

"'Dieu!' said the innkeeper, with concentrated scorn, 'these are not jokes for such foolish superstitions. Monsieur has no such foolish fancies?'

"I laughed. 'Oh, monsieur is brave! Look. The Anglais's room is that very room monsieur wished to have when he first came. It looks out upon the glacier, and is perhaps my best room. Monsieur thought he would prefer one less expensive, on the first floor above. Monsieur remembered. Well, courage deserves to be rewarded. Monsieur shall have the room for the same price as the one he has now.'

"I thanked my friend, the landlord. It was certainly a room I had coveted. The view was superb. It was nearer the dining and smoking room—in every way a great improvement on the one I was occupying.

"'Can I have it once?' I asked.

"'Oh, certainly! Of course monsieur knows,' the landlord went on slowly and looking a little doubtfully at me, 'that it is the room next to the sick-room where that old man is lying ill!'

"I laughed, and I think the expression of my face reassured the landlord as he my being emphatic indifference to such matters, for he went on:

"'Monsieur is a man! The room is ready and at your disposal.'

"He was going away, but came back quickly. 'Only monsieur will pardon me for reminding him that the doctor has ordered that no noise shall be made near the sick-room. He says the old man's life depends on his sleeping quietly. It would be better, perhaps, not to move monsieur's luggage down till the evening.'

"Of course I assented, but feeling desirous of seeing my new and much coveted possession, and feeling sure of my ability to enter it without making any noise, I went up stairs, quietly stole down the narrow, and entered the room without a possibility of my being heard. It was a large, bright, cheerful apartment, in the other part of the hotel. It was wainscoted, with oak panels. The window was large, and, as I have mentioned before, commanded one of the most exquisite views to be found in Switzerland.

"I looked around the room with a sense of satisfaction. I have told you I am observant of my fellow creatures; I am not less so of inanimate objects. I have an eye for such matters a detective might envy. I soon saw a crack or cut in the wainscoting on one side of the room. It was so small that I believe many men might have passed days in the room without noticing it. I am an inquisitive man, and I at once went to it and examined it. It was a chink in the wood; I stooped and looked through. The whole of the interior of the sick-room was visible. Three silent figures were the occupants. On the bed lay an old man sleeping, his gray hairs on the pillow, at the side knelt in prayer his blind daughter; behind the daughter—close behind—was the wife. She alone seemed living. She was directing steadily—oh, so resolutely and slowly—a small round table taken with jugs and medicine bottles across the floor.

"At first I did not realize what she was doing. I knew she had every motive to be silent in her movements, but I caught sight of her face! It was the face of a devil! Never was eyes so hideously expressive of murderous hate! In a flash I understood it all.

"She was moving the table to a position such that the slightest movement of the kneeling figure of the blind daughter, praying for her father's life, would hurl it and its fragile burden to the ground.

"I dare say you think I am a callous sort of fellow, but I assure you I was horror struck. I would have given worlds to warn the poor child, but how was I to do it? To have called out would have been as fatal as the catastrophe itself.

"I felt stupefied—paralyzed. The end came before my swimming brain could find any way to help. The poor girl rose, her hands still clasped. I saw the table reel, and as I, sick with horror, withdrew my eyes I heard the crash, followed by a piercing shriek.

Meakes paused. "Give me the whisky, old chap. Thanks."

"Did he die?" I asked.

"He was as dead as if you had fired a pistol through his brain," said Meakes quietly.

After a pause he went on: "I slipped out of the room before the bedlam broke out. No one saw me, I feel, I was in it. I had, however, to sleep in it that night, and though you know I am not a superstitious fellow, I tell you, I assure you it was a very uncomfortable night. I kept starting out of my sleep, thinking I heard the crash and scream next door. It took me nearly a week to get over it."

We smoked in silence for some minutes.

"I wonder what became of that woman?" I said.

"Oh, she married again. The daughter died about a year after this happened, I believe.

"How did you find out?" I asked, a little surprised.

"Well, it was rather curious. I went to stay down in Devonshire last summer in a country house. The first person I saw was our witnessed friend, the murderess, quite cheerful and jolly. I was her to dinner."

Remember I don't like Meakes, but he never looks out—Cornhill Magazine.

Bees never attack sound fruit. It is only when birds or insects have first punctured it that the bees suck the juice which runs out.

In the live stock importations this season Hampshire sheep and Clydesdale horses predominate.

Frank Day in Colorado.

Yesterday was Frank Day at Grand Junction. It was the first formal day of the kind ever observed in the state, or perhaps in any other. Colorado, indeed, seems to have set the example of setting apart days for the commemoration of special resources and special products. Last Rocky Ford had its Watermelon day, then Monument on the divide established its Potato Bake Day, and now Grand Junction has followed with its Peach Day.

The governor and his staff graced the occasion. Representatives of every city, town and section of the state were present. The arrangements for the entertainment of the great throng were simple and perfect and passed off smoothly.

The peculiarly appropriate thing about the celebration was the astonishing furnished of the marvelous growth of the fruit, a growth that would be possible only in a country of wonderful fertility of soil. Five tons of peaches were put up in tempting condition and bestowed as gratuitously distributed to the admiring crowd. Yet only six short years ago the country where the spot where the city of Grand Junction is now situated was reported in disgust by one of the leading newspaper men of modern times as a dreary, dismal waste of sand and cactus and sage brush.

Since then irrigating ditches have been built. The glistening water has been made flow over the sand, and it has developed a wonderful fertility. Or, to ordinary sod could ever hope to bring fruit orchards to developed within six years or less.—Rocky Mountain News.

Looking for Morse's First Message.

The Western Union Telegraph company is trying to get hold of the first message that was successfully sent over the wires, in order that it may be placed in the exhibit that the company will make at the World's fair in Chicago. Major Stephen Johnston, of Piqua, O., to whom Professor Morse handed the slip, with the message in cipher, in 1844, has seized it somewhere among his papers, but it is thought that it will be found.

J. W. Kirk, the veteran telegrapher, tells an interesting story of the way the slip happened to come into the possession of Major Johnston. In 1844 Professor Morse was experimenting with his telegraph line from Washington to Annapolis, and Mr. Kirk took Major Johnston to his room in the Capitol. Professor Morse said that he had sent a man to Annapolis to see if he could send a message over the wire, and while Major Johnston was there a message began to come in.

Professor Morse cut off the slip of paper and handed it to Major Johnston, who carefully put it away in his pocket. The next day Professor Morse notified Washington by connecting an hour longer than he intended, and it was the first delayed message at the Weary convention in Baltimore.—New York Times.

Immunization for Diphtheria.

Among the European medical news recently reported are those of seven diphtheria, which quickly removed after they were attacked with erysipelas. This led the physician to experiment with the treatment of diphtheria by inoculation with the cultures of erysipelas micrococci, fourteen patients being treated by this method. The inoculations were made by means of scarifications in the neck, at the side, directly under the jaw. The symptoms of erysipelas showed themselves in from four to twelve hours, and as this disease progressed the diphtheria membrane gradually disappeared from the throat, the glandular enlargements went down and other associate symptoms disappeared. In twenty-one only was this treatment ineffectual, and in three death occurred before the erysipelas developed. No additional treatment was resorted to.—New York Tribune.

Two Boys Fish for an Electric Current.

Walter Fitze and Velozer Bailey, boys of Houston, procured a piece of wire which they threw over one wire supporting the trolley wire on Fanning street for the purpose of getting a shock. The wire came in contact with the trolley wire, and at sooner had the boys each seized hold of their wire, when the deadly current began to turn them, causing them to fall to the ground, the smoke issuing from their clothing and causing the victims to emit piteous screams for help. Young Bailey was badly burned, and young Fitze had his right hand so fearfully burned that he will probably lose all the fingers and part of the palm of the hand mutilated.—San Antonio Express.

Big Peach.

Mr. John Miller was exhibiting five big peaches Sunday, the combined weight of which was three pounds and seven ounces. They were of the Bartlett variety and grew on a tree four years old on Mr. Miller's place. There were twenty-one peaches on the tree and they were all of the same size, perfectly formed and matured.—Jefferson City (Mo.) Tribune.

An Early Bird.

Marion Parlmeier reports something phenomenal in the way of chicken enterprise. He has a pullet that first saw the light of day on March 11. She laid eggs and hatched a brood of "chicks" on Aug. 26. He requested us to state that if any one can beat this record he would like to hear from them.

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RAILROADS.

Rio Grande Western Railway.

STANDARD GAUGE.

CURRENT TIME TABLE.

In Effect Sunday, November 1, 1891.

North and Eastbound.	No. 6.	No. 4.	No. 2.
Lv Ogden	8 00 a m	5 25 p m	9 40 p m
Lv Morgan	9 15 a m	6 45 p m	11 00 p m
Lv Salt Lake	10 30 a m	8 00 p m	12 40 a m
Lv Provo	11 45 a m	9 20 p m	2 00 a m
Lv Fruita	1 45 p m	11 35 p m	4 40 a m
Lv Grand Junction	3 45 p m	2 35 a m	8 00 a m
Lv Mack		4 55 a m	
Lv Dolores		6 45 a m	
Ar Rico		10 45 a m	
Ar Leadville		4 45 p m	
Lv Grand Junction		10 40 a m	1 40 p m
Lv Cameo		12 40 p m	3 40 p m
Lv Grand Junction		3 35 p m	8 00 p m
Lv Palisade		4 15 p m	8 40 p m
Lv Grand Junction		5 35 p m	10 00 p m
Lv Glenwood		8 40 p m	1 20 a m
Lv Orand Junction		10 40 p m	4 00 a m
Lv Gunnison		3 45 a m	10 00 a m
Lv Crested Butte		7 00 a m	1 30 p m
Lv Gunnison		10 40 a m	4 00 p m
Lv Lake City		2 00 p m	7 00 p m
Ar Ouray		6 15 p m	11 15 p m
Lv Grand Junction	10 20 a m	7 00 p m	11 00 p m
Lv Thompson	12 05 p m	8 45 p m	12 45 a m
Lv Price	2 35 p m	11 05 p m	3 35 a m
Lv Provo	3 55 p m	12 35 a m	5 05 a m
Lv Salt Lake	5 30 p m	2 00 a m	6 30 a m
Lv Ogden	6 45 p m	3 15 a m	7 45 a m

West and Southbound.	No. 5.	No. 1.	No. 3.
Lv Ogden		7 00 a m	7 00 p m
Lv Salt Lake		8 30 a m	8 30 p m
Lv Provo		10 05 a m	9 40 p m
Lv Fruita		11 20 a m	11 00 p m
Lv Grand Junction		1 20 p m	1 20 a m
Lv Glenwood		4 40 p m	4 40 a m
Lv Grand Junction		7 00 p m	7 00 a m
Lv Gunnison		1 15 a m	1 15 p m
Lv Crested Butte		7 00 a m	7 00 p m
Lv Gunnison		10 40 a m	10 40 p m
Lv Grand Junction		3 35 p m	3 35 a m
Lv Cameo		5 15 p m	5 15 a m
Lv Palisade		6 05 p m	6 05 a m
Lv Grand Junction		8 00 p m	8 00 a m
Lv Dolores		10 45 a m	
Ar Rico		1 45 p m	
Lv Leadville		8 00 a m	
Lv Mack		11 15 a m	
Lv Grand Junction	6 15 a m	4 55 p m	11 15 a m
Lv Thompson	10 25 a m	8 35 p m	1 45 p m
Lv Price	12 05 p m	10 20 p m	3 35 p m
Lv Provo	1 35 p m	11 50 p m	5 05 p m
Lv Salt Lake	3 40 p m	1 45 a m	6 30 p m
Lv Ogden	4 45 p m	2 45 a m	7 45 p m

LOCAL SERVICE.

Ogden and Salt Lake.—Leave Ogden 7:00 a. m., and 5:25 p. m.; arrive Salt Lake 10:30 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. Leave Salt Lake 8:30 a. m. and 4:45 p. m.; arrive Ogden 11:20 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sundays excepted.

MORGAN.

Leave Salt Lake 7:00 a. m. Morgan arrive 8:45 a. m. Leave Morgan 4:45 p. m. Salt Lake arrive 6:30 p. m. Sundays excepted.

D. C. DODGE, A. E. WEIRY, J. H. BENNETT, Gen. Manager. Supt. Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

Utah Central Railway

TIME TABLE.

In Effect April 1st, 1891.

Passenger Trains will Run Daily, between Salt Lake and Park City, as Follows:

SALT LAKE CITY.

Stations	Morning	Noon	Night
Lv Salt Lake City	8.00 a m	12.00 m	5.00 p m
" Bingham	9.30 "	1.30 p m	6.30 "
Ar Park City	10.30 "	2.30 "	7.30 "

PARK CITY.

Stations	Morning	Noon	Night
Lv Park City	10.50 a m	2.50 p m	8.00 p m
" Bingham	11.50 "	3.50 "	9.00 "
Ar Salt Lake City	1.20 p m	5.20 "	10.30 "

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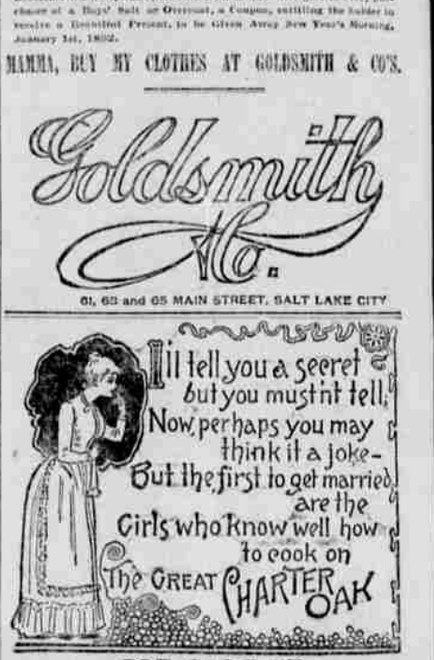

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