# DESERET EVENING NEWS.

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THE DESERET WEEKLY

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## THE NEW TYPEWRITER.

Mr. Bullos, the broker, had a new typewriter. He made his head clerk try the different applicants and test their skill and engage the best one he saw fit. The one that did work engaged was a large, impossible looking woman of much beauty and with the manfulness of a duchess. She dressed well and richly, and her manner when sitting before her machine was that of a grand woman of society who condescended to play occasionally on the piano. She had much the air of a woman who was employing the time on the piano to take care of her nails and make up her accounts. Mr. Bullos always felt so though he might speak her permission to smoke, and was almost afraid to ask her to take down any of his correspondence. What work he did was done by her she did as well as it could be done, so he had nothing against her except her pride. He determined finally to break down her pride. He had been uncomfortably impressed with her dignity, now she should learn what it was to feel that way toward him.

So the next morning he called her in, and after dictating a few business letters he said: "Now, on the smaller paper, please. Are you ready? Let me see." He mused so he lit carelessly at the top of his cigar and spared out of the window:

"Dear Jim," he began. "Thanks very much, but it will be quite impossible. I have positively refused to go into political life in any capacity, and though the position of minister to so important a city as St. Petersburg is exceed Smith is highly complimentary, I could not leave New York and my work. Tell the president in the proper official language that he is very good, but that he must look for some one else. Give my best love to Mrs. Blaine, and accept my condolences at the loss of your house. Yours,

"The Hon. James G. Blaine, Washington, D. C."

The typewriter girl took this down with a calm, unruffled countenance; her severity of demeanor was absolutely unchanged. "Is that all?" she asked. "Yes," said Bullos weakly—"yes, I believe that is all." He was not to be put down by a little thing like that, and called her in again during the afternoon and dictated the following note:

"DIAMONDS: Will you reserve me of the largest private dining rooms for me this evening and prepare supper for 100. I find my rooms are too small, and will have to have one of yours. Serve the same supper as ordered and prepare floor for dancing. You can go to any length in the matter of decoration, but keep the cost of the flowers down to $1,000. Yours truly."

The other note was:

"DEAR OLD MAN: I should be very glad to accept, but Tuesday never did agree with my digestion. Certainly you can have all the horses you want. The two leaders are in town, but I will have them sent out to you. I think the price you offer for the coach is reasonable, and I will let you have it for that, as I am going to give up coaching and get a yacht. Yours."

The third note was:

"DEAR MR. BROWNE: The designs arrived yesterday and were lovely. I am sure, if looks go for anything, that she should best anything about. I hope you are right in what you say about her being a better boat than the Mayflower, and I will certainly follow your suggestion and enter her when completed for the cup. Yours truly."

Mr. Bullos said: "That will do. When they are finished let me see them." He thought he detected a slight unbending in the superior manner of the young woman, but he was not too hopeful. "If these don't impress her," he said, "I'll write a letter of regret to the queen to-morrow, and one to Gladstone, telling him I can't come over this summer to spend August with him." When the girl brought in the letters, finished and ready for his signature, he looked them carelessly aside and said: "I will sign them later, and I'll post them myself." He signed them and slipped them in their envelopes under his other papers, where the clerks might not see them, and planned more for the future. On the day following he refused three invitations to dine with distinguished people, ordered an architect to call and see him about building a country house at Newport, and wrote to order a diamond necklace.

The typewriter girl began to take a little more interest, and said "Yes, sir," instead of simply "Yes," which was something. He felt that he was getting on.

But on the fourth day she appeared with even a colder and more haughty air, and laid three letters down upon his desk. She always opened his mail for him, and divided the private notes from the business letters. "Here," said she, "are three notes which I did not know whether to hand to you or to the clerk." Bullos glanced at the bottom of one of them and read the name "Charles Burgess." The note was:

"HENRY BULLOS—Dear Sir: I am in receipt of a note signed by you and bearing the number of your office, which refers to a check and an inclosure correspondence which has passed between us on the subject of such a packet. As I do not know you or anything of any such packet I can only imagine that some one is imposing upon you, and assume you your name. Yours truly,

"CHARLES BURGESS."

Mr. Bullos grew exceedingly red and Jane Lane took up the memorandum book for the girl had read. The second note was:

"The private dining room and supper ordered by you for Tuesday evening were prepared and in readiness for young directed, but no one appeared. Are we to understand that there has been a mistake, or is your fiftey, which we have retained, to be considered in the nature of a hoax, or has some one forged your name? Awaiting your reply, etc.

"DIAMONDS."

Mr. Bullos sank still farther into the chair. He opened the last letter with a trembling hand. The girl still lowered about him like an avenging angel.

The letter was from a friend and contained a clipping from a newspaper.

"Dear Hiram," the note read, "Have you seen this Associated Press clipping, and what is Hogarty going to do about it? Some one has evidently been playing a practical joke on you, and one that some girls you are a great supplement on."

The clipping read as follows:

[illegible]

Mr. Bullos laid the clipping down and gazed desperately at the typewriter girl. "Did you read these letters?" he asked.

"Yes," said the duchess serenely, "I found them on your desk when I came in, and supposed you had forgotten them, so I posted them myself. Wasn't that right?"

"I guess," said Mr. Bullos, "that I won't need you any longer. You made too much."

"That," said the typewriter girl coldly, "strikes me as the very reason why I should remain. Don't you think so? You can say you have been fooled by a joke, instead of a practical joke, but if I lost my position I might say you had not. Don't you think you had better raise my salary a little and let me stay?"

Mr. Bullos sat up finally at the newspaper clipping on the desk before him. "Yes," he said gloomily, "you had better stay."—New York Evening Sun.

### Peculiarities of the Gulf Stream.

This river is very warm because it comes from the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean sea, where the sun has been heating it for a long time. Of course after it has left its southern home, and is making its journey across the Atlantic, it is gradually becoming cooler, but, nevertheless, it maintains to the shores of Europe, even well up toward the Arctic regions, a much higher temperature than that of the surrounding air or water.

It has its own fiery inhabitants and other animal life, various little fish and crabs that make nests in the floating seaweed, beautiful little jelly fish called thimble fish, floating or swimming near its surface in such countless numbers that at times the waters are known with them, and the graceful flying fish, which dart out of the water in schools, and countless myriads of minute animal life floating about, so that when the sun is shining high in the heavens, the water seems to be filled with motes. These little things, dying, sink to the bottom, and their innumerable skeletons or shells go to form an ooze, which, if exposed to the air and to pressure, resembles chalk.

This ocean river is quite unlike the rivers of the land in point of size. The Mississippi, at a point below its lowest tributary, is about 2,000 feet wide and 100 feet deep. At places it is wider than this, but there it is shallower. The Gulf stream, at its narrowest point to the Strait of Florida, is more than 2,000 feet deep and over 40 miles wide.—Lippincott's.

### Counterfeit Currency.

"How counterfeit money is in actual circulation than people in general believe," remarked a teller in one of Chicago's leading banks recently. "Of course only the better class of counterfeits remain in circulation, and even then do not pass undetected long. The detection of a counterfeit bill, however, does not retire it from circulation by any means. A grocer, for instance, who finds a five dollar counterfeit bill in his money drawer, or says, is liable to argue that he cannot afford to lose that amount, and also that a counterfeit which was good enough to deceive him is good enough to deceive some one else.

"The next day some customer gets it in change, and has to use it in good through a down hands before the discovery is again made that it is bogus. But its mission does not end here. Perhaps the last holder of the bill can tell who paid it to him. If so the counterfeit starts to retrace its course, but it rarely goes very far before it stops, and the whole scheme is wicked over again. We frequently have counterfeit money offered for deposit. A merchant may bring in several hundred dollars, and among the bills is a single counterfeit. Of course it is returned as soon as it is discovered, and the loss falls on the hands of the man that brought it in. Does he destroy it? Perhaps, if he is a scrupulously honest man."—Chicago Mail.

### Old English Customs.

Railway ticket offices still retain the old name of "booking office," which was first applied to them in the coaching days, when the names of intending passengers were literally booked.

Another custom survival is the practice of selling game and venison "high." We never sell game "low," but we sell mutton "high," but game and venison seem to be sold long distances and in a considerable time on the road, so that they could not be received in a fresh state. Hence it has become a thing and even fashionable to eat them "high," and the practice has endured to the present day.

Then there is the old fashioned greeting, "How do with ye?" Perhaps not all, but most of the answers to "how do ye do?" are a compression of the obsolete form.—London Tit-Bits.

At intervals of a number of years the pope decides to liberate one nearly crippled of their village by a successful exorcism from some unhappy demon. The first time in history women have found a way to cope with the pest. A powerful female fight is placed where the victim of this exorcism is to appear. As an exhibitor that no lie is a good reason is tried also fourth. The victim are affected to be first by one hundred thousand. Then the Romanism air rescue is taken into an underground chamber and forced there effectually. This is an ingenious plan, and might be tried with grasshoppers, locusts, potato bugs, and people who want to borrow $5.

### The Trouble Began Year Ago.

Said a matron recently: "I called the other evening upon some acquaintances in our community. Mr. husband knew the man in town, and as they were neighbors we paid them a visit of welcome. Mr. Black was out of town, and Mrs. Black was here for a few moments with her baby, as the little daughter, a child of 11, was sent down to dinner quietly, to play the bonnie. Mrs. Nora had a book, pulled down and wonderfully dressed, bonnie. She is patient and apologetic for her so sting, and then we to work to entertain us according to her light. She produced a photograph album and showed us, with strong comments, the family portraits.

"'At a photograph of a very ugly man she said: 'I suppose Mr. —— looks very homely to you, but mamma says he has a beautiful heart of mamma's. She often says so. Mamma is very fond of her, only she thinks she ought to cook her other. Company always makes a difference, you know, and we have to make a dessert every day when Mrs. Nora is in house.

"'I don't like book, fairly mottled, but you can see you have good taste, judging of similar conditions. Then Mr. Black appeared. 'You haven't found my little Nora a poor substitute, I'm sure,' she said complacently. She is quite a little woman, and the valued guardian of her pope and ma. 'You have no idea how much we rely on her judgment.' Poor, deluded woman! I longed to tell her how little she realized what the judgment and discretion of an 11-year-old girl were." And this is about the moral result where the forming process of children is practiced.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

### Incidents of Hog Killing Scattered.

An old time hog killing is hard to find now. Most is brought into villages from the country, in popular towns, where cure is limited as fast, since hogs too easily to allow southern farmers the luxury of killing and curing their own meat. You go to the packing houses of the west and drop a nickel into the slot. In fifteen minutes he squeals and comes piloted and sugar cured into a can of pure lard thrown in, and all the head, hide and tallow ground and accounted for. The poetry and plenty of the old plantations have given way to the steam packing mills, with their millions of pounds a month.

Farmers tend to make their lares from necessity. Year they put them up as a luxury. It has gotten so that some hit well in the farmers can afford to raise their own meat. In those days of the steaming gypsy pot, the hickory ashes, the fat pan, and the cabin smoke house, in perhaps, we heard nothing of trichinæ or pork scurvy. The only meat failure were when the shote was snatched in July for killing in December. Sometimes a still whine robbed the farmer of his meat. Occasionally his pigsty and smoke house were sold out between the sons, but there were grease and plenty in the hog killing on the plantations.—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

### The Queer Tools.

A curious thing about the road is that it its results in hogs open the and and will enthusiastic. This is because it has no tile and no means of draining its sheet, and, therefore, it must available or as it swallows the food. If it meets be forcibly kept open, the air will pass to the stomach instead of entering the lungs. There is one variety of food that has no tongue at all. It inhabits dark places in tomato and spinach.

The way in which the eggs of this animal are hatched is as wonderful as its diurnal peculiarity. The male toad places the eggs in little pits on the back of his spouse and affixes a lid for each pit. Then the female goes about her household duties something in the style of an Indian squaw with a papoose strapped upon her back. After some days little toadlets are hatched from the eggs in the maternal back, and when they are strong enough they fling the lids off the pits and hop out.—Exchange.

### A Little Money.

The president of one of the transcontinental railroad lines, who has his headquarters office in this city talking for some days ago, when he came out of his room and in a matter of fact way remarked: "By the way, we will need a little money the latter part of this week. Have you a few bills and some interest to pay."

"All right," said the accountant rather coldly. "Just telegraph the main office to send us $100,000 at once. We might as well have a little money on hand."—New York Times.

### A Writer's Methods.

Every writer would seem to use it not only to himself, but also to the public, to conceal from the knowledge of the public the methods of literary composition; the exposition simply belittles the work and disparages the worker. It is idle to suppose that the public care for bookbinding, but it is true that the public can be handled to better purposes when it is in a condition of suspense. Our reverence for the employer is dissipated when, for a small extra fee, he explains the cloud-ing disparity of the trick which has imposed upon employees, and we are left more precious little regard for our actions or error who, knowing each be may be, gives the map away either to confound folk with their own credulity or to pay a few paltry pence into his own pocket. The practice is akin to pasted to the first principle of holiness, of honor and of delicacy.—Chicago News.


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