DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Published every day except Sunday at 4 p. m. Subscription price, in advance, $10.00 per year, $5.00 per month, $2 cents per week, payable at office or by carrier.

DESERET EVENING WEEKLY NEWS:

Published every Tuesday and Friday. Subscription price, in advance, per year, $6.00; six months $3.25; three months, $1.60; payable at office or by carrier.

THE DESERET WEEKLY:

A 32 to 48 page magazine, for literary and home reading, specially valuable as a medium of correspondence. Price, per annum, if in advance, $2.00; per copy, 10 cents.

CONQUERING AN OBSTACLE.

How One Boy Who Was Small Succeeded in Life in Spite of His Defect.

Tom Pippet was always a little fellow; so small that when he was in the senior class in college the smallest boy in the preparatory school "looked down" upon him in a literal sense.

Every boy who has himself a physical defect can understand how mighty a matter this lack of size had proved to Tom. For some years of his life it was to him the most important thing in the world. There were such great deeds to be done, and he felt that he could do them, only—he stood but five feet in his boots!

It was hopeless to try to be a hero! His name, too, was unfortunate. The boys changed it to Pippet, to Pipes, to Pipkin, to Pint. It was easy to be witty at the expense of the little fellow.

One day an old professor, seeing him shrink at some gibe, said to him: "Tom, there is a something within you with which your little body has nothing to do. Show that to the world. Ignore and disregard your size and you will teach others to ignore and disregard it."

This kindly word was the pebble which turned the stream of Tom's life into a new channel. He had thus far failed from very despair to try to make something of himself; he now began to study vigorously. He was a born orator and his voice was fine. The class soon began to be proud of him and to boast of his size as another reason for their approval of him. When his small figure appeared upon the platform on commencement day, the storm of approval which greeted him was due as much to his triumph over this physical defect as to the actual work which he had done.

At the bar in the town in which Tom practiced as a lawyer he was known as "Little Webster," so accurate was his knowledge and so effective his eloquence.

The civil war began, and Tom, with thousands of other slender men north and south, rushed to the battlefield. He men followed their little captain as confidently as though he had been seven feet high. He was badly wounded at Chancellorsville and sent to a hospital, whence he was discharged minus a part of one leg. He had left behind him a wife, to whom he had sent "Tell her that she is free," he said to her father, who came to see him, adding, with a sad smile, "There never was much of me, but now I am only the wreck of a man."

She wrote back, "If there is enough body left to hold his soul I will marry him."

They were married, and Tom became a useful citizen in the community in which he lived. He acquired influence and property, and used both to noble purpose. When the great disaster at Johnstown occurred, he hastened to the place and worked among the homeless, starving people, surrounded by thousands of unburied dead. He went home worn out by labor, and died, strong, bright, cheery to the last.

Is there nothing in this true story of a true life to help those who have some bodily defect which seems a hopeless obstacle in their path?—Youth's Companion.

To Aid His Memory.

Herr Lehman had a very short memory, and he never dared to leave the railway carriage at an intervening station because he would not have been able to remember the number of his car. One day he complained of this to an intelligent traveling business man who sat opposite to him in the coupe. In sympathy his fellow traveler gave him a clew by which to night remember. "You must remember the number of the railway carriage by a date in history. For instance, today, as you see, we are traveling in the car numbered 1492, which is the date of the discovery of America. Do not forget."

Overjoyed at this newly acquired reminder, Lehman left the car at the next station to refresh himself. At the ringing of the second bell he hurried onto the platform to look for his car, but his memory had again failed him, and in his fear he turned to the first passenger he saw with this pitiful question: "Tell me, for heaven's sake, when was America discovered?"—Exchange.

How Madam Met Her Waterloo.

The late Duke of Wellington got a letter once from a lady saying that she was soliciting subscriptions for a certain church to which she was much interested, and had taken the liberty to put his name down for £200 and hoped he would promptly send her a check for that amount. He forthwith replied that he was glad she thought so well of him. Certainly, he would respond to the call, but he, too, was interested in a certain church which needed subscriptions and, running upon her correspondent's well known liberality, he had put her name down for £200, "and so," he concluded, "no money need pass between us."—Exchange.

Do not imagine that you save time by working late into the night, for you will be too tired in the morning to do your work properly, and the time you saved was lost for sleep.

John Dean Benton, who invented the shoe machine whereby a ticket may be invested without any action whatever, died in Providence, R. I., almost penniless.

BOY TELEGRAPH OPERATORS.

Their Incompetency Offset by the Fact That They Are Cheap.

There have been a number of railway accidents resulting from the negligence or incompetency of telegraph operators. Some of these have caused a loss of life, but in the result are chiefly a disgrace, and in others the damage has been confined to property. The Railway Telegrapher, which is the official paper of the Order of Railway Telegraphers of North America, prints a very able article on this subject which is worth calling attention to.

The article deals upon the great responsibilities resting upon railroad operators, which, it says, are not generally understood by the public, and asserts that "employers have in times past become themselves responsible for the low grade of efficiency manifest in this department—actuated by a desire to secure services at the lowest possible expense by employing boys and inexperienced men at nominal salaries, regardless of any standard of efficiency." It says that "unless something shall be done to prevent the wanton destruction of human life and private property by employers there can be no question but that legislation should be adopted compelling the employment of only reliable and competent men, qualified in every respect to assume the responsibilities of the service."

Describing the juvenile operator and the foolish notoriety given to such youngsters, The Telegrapher says:

"The boy telegrapher, by general verdict of the public, must give way to the men. Experience has clearly demonstrated the fact that it requires something besides a mere knowledge of the technical formation of the telegraphic alphabet and the ability to transcribe a transmitted message from the telegraph—that emergencies frequently arise requiring the exercise of a matured judgment and an active mind in order to avert the loss of life and property, and that the boy telegrapher is not possessed of these necessary qualifications.

"In a recent accident caused by the boy telegrapher 'losing his head,' to use a common expression, resulting in the loss of life and great destruction, the evidence at the coroner's inquest established the fact that the boy, not seventeen years of age, received a compensation of $30 per month. No reasonable person would expect that any degree of competency could be purchased for such a price. The same rule holds in the employment of labor as in the purchase of merchandise—to procure a good article you must pay a good price. Cheap prices procure shoddy goods."

It is idle to suppose, says The Telegrapher, that competent operators can be secured for $30 a month, and the only remedy for such incompetency is to pay salaries that will command men and not boys.

One of a Mischievous Nature.

ture, of which the silly business man is not slow to take advantage, is the inability to look with indifference on goods that are displayed in extraordinary abundance. There seems to be something so attractive about a display of this kind that mankind cannot resist it. For instance, a Main street druggist has one of his show windows filled with licorice sticks scattered about in careless profusion. Now, ordinarily, licorice is a very commonplace article in the estimation of a person who has gone beyond the age when candy of any kind is hailed with delight. But the sight of such a profusion as is seen in the show window referred to is not to be withstood, and the very indigestible result is a rapid sale of the black sweets.—Buffalo Express.

The Brave Act of an Army Officer.

Referring to past encounters between the United States troops and the Indians, a correspondent of the Boston Transcript mentions an act of bravery performed some years ago by Lieut. Powhatan Clark, a Virginian. The troops were having a terrible time with the hostiles, when young Clark saw one of his sergeants—a black man, by the way—wounded and falling dangerously and surrounded by Indians. In an instant young Clark dashed into the thick of the fray, fought off his assailants and aided the sergeant about two miles to safety. At 10 o'clock in the morning the poisoner sharp the Gen. Gaston Mackie and Eaton noticed a young man with a very melancholy and unusual look standing near one of the tents.

Suddenly he cast his eyes upward, as if to take a last view of the skies, muttered apparently as if in prayer for a moment, and then plunged headlong into the river. While all stopped paralyzed at this strange a young man came up and with great anxiety asked what was the matter. The individual who was frantically in the full current of the River and who had just risen to the surface was pointed out to him, when, at once stripping off his coat and throwing off his shoes, he gave the unfortunate or perish in the attempt, he plunged in after him.

The bystanders watched with breathless anxiety as the female youth dived, came up to the surface and again went under in his endeavors to save the wretch who had attempted his own destruction, and finally, when hope was nearly lost, the crowd was rejoiced to see the youth brought ashore with life still in him.

Close by was a house or station where half dressed persons were seen and where those who rescue them receive the municipal reward of twenty five francs. Thither the crowd and the rescuer were borne by the crowd which had assembled, the latter overwhelmed with the admiration and praise his gallantry called forth on all sides, but unfortunately, just as the reward was about to be given him, and while a subscription for an additional sum was being raised, a policeman stepped up who knew Gaston both. They were brothers, were two of the best swimmers in Paris and made it a business to go about saving each other's lives for a living.—London Tit Bits.

He Rose to Ask for Prayer.

Deacon B——, one of the oldest and most respected church members in Seattle, has a young grandson who is generally accounted the worst scapegrace in the whole congregation. This boy, who is 10 years of age, has attended prayer meeting a number of times, and has apparently taken a great deal of interest therein.

Last week he attended the prayer meeting. The boy sewn to his feet. Everybody looked at him in surprise. He wore a very mournful countenance, and many thought that he was truly repentant for his wrong doings. Every one listened while he opened his lips to speak.

"I rise to ask the prayers of those assembled for my poor old grandfather!"

The boy sat down, and there was a continued silence for a moment, after which some one suggested a song, and the meeting closed in the usual form.

It is needless to add that that young man's jacket received a much needed tanning before he retired to rest that night.—Seattle Press.

Sizing Horses.

The way to ascertain the swing powers of a horse is to aim a blow at the head when standing before him. It will be observed he will have some difficulty in warding it and of patience of his distance is from him. Not so when you stand at his side. Sizing is caused in most instances by imperfect vision, although the generality of horses believe it is a trick or habit acquired from affection, and they refer it to playfulness, sulkiness, etc.

I am forced to believe from much practical experience among young horses, as well as those more advanced in years, that in nineteen cases out of twenty the visual organ has not the power of perceiving things accurately. Then one several cases in operation to produce sizing.

I have known many horses with narrow and flat face heads, possessing small, oval shaped eyes, desperate and dangerous sizers. The shape of the cornea has not been correct, but I have found it more probable that one part than at another. They are what I have termed them—"angularly correct." I have seen and a similarly shaped eye in the bovine race. I dare say many persons have noticed that cows when driven along the street sizer a good deal, which may be accounted for by the fact that they meet with objects they are unused to, and being carried their vision is less perfect than when they are in a tranquil state.

The horses with ill shaped eyes are the most dangerous sizers I have ever met with. They generally size at water marks in the road, especially after dark. There are eyes which are prominent, and horses with such as these are scarcely ever seen to shy, unless with the eyes, although said to be sizing and spooky. I do not find these animals shy as they grow old, but the reverse. I think, as a general rule, if an eye is perfect in youth and up to eighteen or twelve months, the possessor thereof will not be found to become a sizer, as these animals are so often found an old one to have impaired vision.

I have known hundreds of old horses that have not sized in their old age. The shaped forehead to which allusion was made has been found to exist in nervous and ill tempered horses.—Horseman.

Point of Interest.

Fifteen chicken cops are the newest thing out. Tens of thousands of them have this fall been dropped in farm from the west, eastward and southward. The cost of the little pullets transportation averages certain 2.50 chickens each. Upon the car loads of them, which are holding 720 pullets each, from which water is let down in troughs to the birds in the car. There is some interest in this method of shipment, and the birds arrive at their destination healthy and pacty, if they have not already been reduced to hides rubber in the stock by some defective ventilation process.

Scrofula

is the most ancient and most potent of all diseases. Scarcely a family is entirely free from it, while thousands everywhere are its subjective victims. Hence sarsaparillas are the remedies . . . common every form of scrofula . . . is most severe and painful running sores, swellings in the neck or glands, humor in the eyes, eyes inflamed or lost blindness, pain in the joints, pimples, etc.

The Worst Type.

"My son was afflicted with the worst type of scrofula, and as the recommendation of my druggist I gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla. Today he is most free from scrofula, and I believe it was solely due to the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla."—J. CONSTABLE, Augusta, Me.

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