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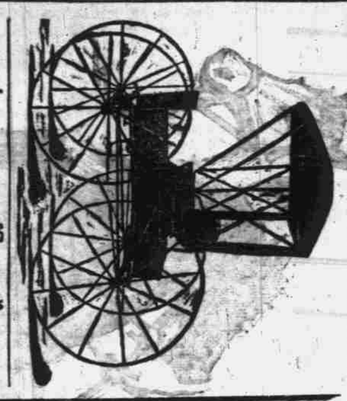

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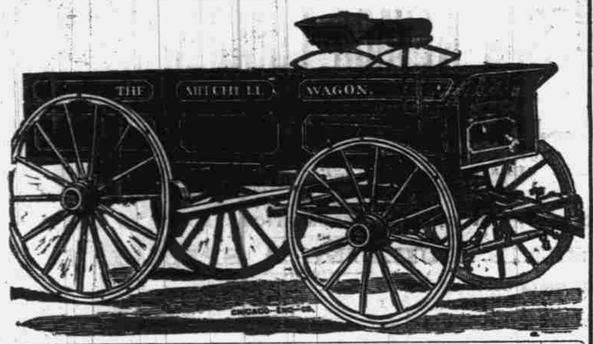

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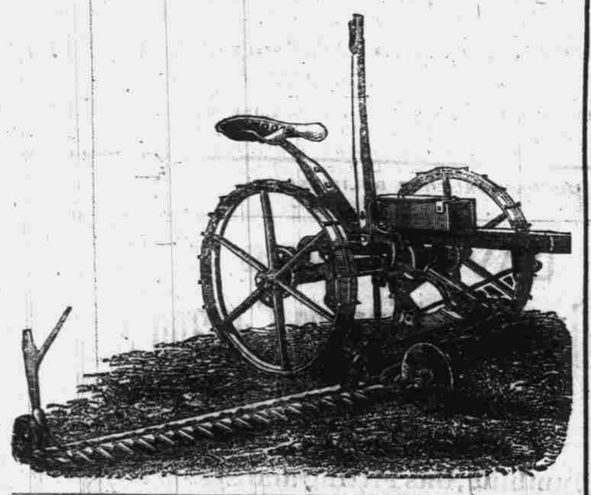

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EVENING NEWS.

Saturday, - Sept. 20, 1884.

For the DESERET NEWS.

THE MARTYRS.

A requem for the dead, the middle-aged and young,
In mournful numbers, heartfelt sorrow, comes from many a tongue;
For a mob in Tennessee has slain the righteous sons of God,
And think, by this fell act, to crush the influence of his His word.

The blood of innocence will cry for vengeance from the Lord,
And nothing but repentance can awful judgments ward.
Rouse up, ye people of the States, that think ☞ this is a crime,
High-handed, brutal, wicked, no palliation find.

The Saints are calm; the time will come, when mobs will not molest;
The earth from wickedness will have a sweet and glorious rest.
When peace and righteousness hold sway, and every heart is pure,
And many blessings they receive who heavy trials endure.

Effulgent crowns of glory to martyrs will be given,
And resurrected beings will make of earth a heaven.
Our Father will be here, and angel choirs will sing
The praises of the Lord our God, and hail Him as a King.

August, 1884. EMILY B. SPENCER.

SAM'S STORY.

Rob thinks I had better tell this story, I suppose because he feels sort of bashful; and Uncle Rufe says a hero never ought to tell his own story. Rob pretends that it wasn't much of anything that he did, but we all think it was pretty smart. Rob is smart, if he is my brother. He can puzzle the schoolmaster asking arithmetic questions, and he isn't afraid of the minister. If anybody in this town ever gets to be President, I know pretty well who it will be. But Rob says to go on telling the story if I'm going to, and not put in so many flourishes.

We live at White Oak Farm, with Uncle Rufe and Aunt Penelope, and Dolly. There are three of us—Rob and Philly and I. I am Sam. Rob is twelve and Philly is eight, and I am a great deal older than Philly and not quite so old as Rob. We haven't any father or mother, but Aunt Penelope and Uncle Rufe think just as much of us as they do of Dolly; anyway none of us can see any difference. Dolly is eight, but she is a girl, and she seems kind of small and young. We take care of Dolly.

White Oak Farm is a splendid big farm, but Uncle Rufe has been growing poor lately. A bad man cheated him out of a great deal of money, and then it was a bad year for crops, and it costs ever so much to take care of us, Rob thinks. He is in an awful hurry to grow up on that account, and he tries to learn everything. He knows almost as much about farming as Uncle Rufe does, and he can handle tools like a carpenter. I don't see of what use these things are when he says he's going to be a civil engineer or an architect, but he says he wants to be ready for anything.

Well, as I was saying, Uncle Rufe has grown poor, so poor that he had to mortgage the farm, and then he could not pay the interest on the mortgage when it came due. He felt pretty badly, I can tell you, that day when he went over to Easton to tell the man that he couldn't pay him. He didn't know but the man would foreclose, and take the farm right away, and then we should be homeless. We loved every inch of White Oak Farm, and to think of its belonging to anybody else was awful. It was a December day, and there was snow in the air. Aunt Penelope went with Uncle Rufe because she wanted to see her sister, Aunt Maria, who lived in Easton, and they were not coming home until the next day. 'Lisha, the hired man, and Keziah, the hired girl, were left to keep house and take care of us. Of course we could take care of ourselves, but Aunt Penelope used not to think so; but perhaps she thinks differently now.

They went away in the forenoon, and that afternoon Keziah got a message that her sister over at Oxford Mills was very sick and wanted her. Of course 'Lisha had to harness old Pegasus and carry her over there. He made a great fuss about leaving us alone, and so did Keziah, though she was awfully worried about her sister, but we were not afraid.

White Oak Farm was a mile and a half from the village and in a pretty lonsome place, but tramps didn't often come around at that time of the year, and we couldn't think of anything that could trouble us. Keziah could, though. She's awfully nervous. She said we should let Dolly's apron get too fire, and she would be burned to death, or we should tumble over Beelzebub, the old black cat, who always would sit on the stairs, or go out to the barn and drop a lighted match on the hay, and burn everything up, or put kerosene on the stove, and blow everything up, or choke ourselves, or eat the rat poison on the top shelf of the closet. I can't begin to tell you all the things Keziah prophesied would happen to us, but she didn't once think of what did happen! That's always the way with people that worry. Rob says its never any use.

It had begun to, snow in the middle of the afternoon and it was a very business-like snow-storm.

"I don't know about getting back on wheels to-night," said 'Lisha, "but I shall have to try it, for I can't get along on runners now."

We told him not to try to get back that night, for we should't be a bit afraid to stay alone all night, but he shook his head. When I saw him do that I knew he'd come back if he had to walk. 'Lisha is like that; you can depend upon him.

As he was driving out of the yard he called to Rob to be sure not to let any stranger into the house. The bank in the village had been broken into the week before, and lots of bonds and things stolen. I suppose that was what made him think of that. But I didn't think there was much danger of burglars coming to White Oak Farm. After they were fairly out of the yard Keziah made 'Lisha drive back so she could call to us not to get blown up with the gunpowder and shot that was up in the barn chamber. We never went up in the barnchamber, and the ladder was broken, anyway, but that was just like Keziah.

It was night before they were off. Rob and I went around and fastened all the doors and windows securely. Then we made up a rousing fire in the kitchen, and made molasses candy and cracked nuts, and popped corn and roasted apples. The wind was roaring and whistling, and dashing the snow against the windows, but it was bright and warm and cosy inside, and, if it had not been for thinking of the trouble about the mortgage, and Keziah and 'Lisha out in the snow, we should have been very jolly. Dolly and Philip were merry enough as it was; they were only children.

It was getting toward nine o'clock, and Dolly and Philly were growing sleepy, though they wouldn't own it. We had put some chestnuts on the fire to roast, and they were popping away, when Dolly gave a scream that was enough to make a fellow's hair stand straight up, and said she saw a man looking in at the window. I thought it was only the snow whirling against the window, or that she was sort of drowsy, and dreamed it, but the next moment I saw a man's face—a dark, evil-looking face—pressed against the window pane! Rob saw it, too.

"Somebody who has lost his way, I suppose," he said, coolly. (When he feels disturbed Rob is always particularly cool.) He went to the window, and so did I, though I don't mind owning that I stood behind Rob.

The face had disappeared. I said mebbe it was a ghost, but Rob "pshawed" at that. He doesn't believe there are such things. The next moment Philly, who had run into the sitting room because he was so frightened, screamed that a man was looking in at the window there!

"Why doesn't he come to the door if he wants anything?" said Rob.

A few minutes afterward there did come a loud rapping at the kitchen door, which opened directly out-of-doors.

"Who's there?" demaeded Rob.

"A poor belated peddler wantin' a shilter from the storrm."

I peeped through the window, and saw that the man did not have a peddler's pack on his back.

"Go to Mr. Macarty's, a quarter of a mile further on. He'll take you in," said Rob.

"Sure, it isn't afraid of the loiks of me ye are?" said the voice coaxingly. "It's first cousin to Dennis O'Reilly I am, and takin' his thrade now poor Dennis is gone."

Ever since we were babies Dennis O'Reilly had come round with his pack, and Aunt Penelope had bought table linen and laces of him, and Keziah her best dresses, and he had always showed us children everything he had in his pack, and given us gay pictures and bits of ribbon off his muslin. We had mourned old Dennis as a friend.

"If he is Dennis' cousin he must be all right," said I, and was going to unbolt the door, but Rob held me back.

"I sha'n't let anybody into the house to-night!" he said, firmly.

"Hurry up and open the door, me honeys," said the peddler. "Bein' all alone in the house yees needs me to protect yees."

"How does he know but there may be somebody up stairs?" said I.

Rob looked thoughtful and queer, but he didn't say anything.

"Will yees open the door now, and save me the thruble?" said the man angrily.

Rob and I looked at each other then.

"It will trouble him to open that door," said I.

It was a strong door, and had a good stout bolt on it. But Rob was looking anxiously at the windows.

Of course the man could break a pane of glass, and unfasten the window, easily enough unless we prevented him. I seized the poker. Rob rushed into the hall closet, and brought out Uncle Rufe's old gun. But it was seldom used, and was not loaded.

"If I could only get into the barn chamber. But it would take too long to climb up," he said.

He stationed himself at one window with the gun, and I stood at the other with the poker, all ready to give the man's hand some good whacks if he tried to break the window. But, after fumbling away at the door for a little while, he seemed to have given it up, and gone away.

I was beginning to draw a long breath thinking he had taken Rob's advice, and gone on to Mr. Macarty's, when we heard him trying the back-kitchen door. That was a strong door, too. There was a strong lock in it instead of a bolt.

"He won't get in there," said I.

But Rob tried to lock the door between us and the back-kitchen. The lock was old and worn out, and it wouldn't fasten.

"Never mind," said I, "he can't get into the back-kitchen unless he comes through the key-hole."

"Hark!" said Rob.

There was a picking and scraping sound. The key fell out of the lock onto the floor. In another moment we heard the door open, just as if it hadn't been fastened at all, and the man walked in.

He was a big, burly fellow, with a lot of black whiskers that didn't look as if they grew on his face.

"You see you might as well have opened the door, and saved me the trouble," he said, scowling at us. "But it doesn't pay to get mad with such little rascals." (He put in a great many bad words that made it sound awfully). "Hurry, now, and get me something to eat and drink—the best you got in the house—while I make myself comfortable. It's not likely that that hired man of yours will get back to-night in such traveling as this, and if he should come I could fix him! Do you see that?" He took out of his pocket a pistol, and held it very close indeed to Rob's head. "Now you'd better mind what I tell you without making any fuss."

He hadn't a bit of an Irish brogue now, so we knew that must have been put on, like his whiskers.

He set down his pack, and put his feet up to the fire, and lighted a cigar, and we got him something to eat. He looked around, and caught sight of Dolly's silver mug, and Philly's cup, and he got up and examiend them, and then coolly slipped them into a sort of pocket on the outside of his pack.

"That's good as far as it goes. Where's the rest? And the money? I don't suppose there's much. I shouldn't have stopped except to make myself comfortable, and to keep you from being lonesome. Now speak right up, and tell me where the silver and the money is."

Rob was white, but his voice didn't tremble a bit.

"There is no money in the house," he said.

It was true, but the man wouldn't believe him, and he held his pistol to his head, and threatened to shoot. Rob didn't flinch a bit. You ought to have seen him just stand there! The man believed after awhile.

"Well, show me the silver." he said.

"It's all in the sideboard and the china closet," I said, pointing toward the dining-room.

I wasn't going to have him shoot Rob for the sake of silverware, if it was grandmother's tea-service and spoons, and all the silver Aunt Penelope had when she was married. He tossed it all into his pack, and his pockets, grumbling because it was so little. It seemed as though I couldn't stand by and see him do it, knowing what a treasure it was to Aunt Penelope, and I saw Rob clench his fists. But what could we do?

He took off his coat, and sat down at the table, and began to eat, but he complained that there was nothing to drink, and ordered us to bring him some cider. I was going to say that there wasn't any, for it was true; Uncle Rufe hadn't made any. But Rob motioned to me to keep quiet.

"The barrel isn't opened, and there isn't any bung-hole to it," said Rob.

"Give me a hammer or a hatchet, or something, and I'll open it pretty quick," said the man.

Rob got him a hammer.

"Here, you come and hold the light for me," he said.

He started down the cellar, and Rob followed with the light. What in the world Rob meant I couldn't think, for I knew there wasn't a drop of cider in that cellar. I followed to find out.

Rob led the way to the long closet in the corner, where the barrels of apples and potatoes were, and pointed to the last barrel. The man went by Rob and raised the hammer to open the barrel, in an instant Rob stepped back, and closed and locked the closet door.

I don't suppose the man has ever noticed that there was a door there, and, anyway, he thought we were too frightened to think of such a thing. I was, but Rob, as it happened, wasn't. Such swearing as came out of that closet I never want to hear again, and the way he pounded that door; and it was only a lock and no bolt.

"He'll open it just as he did the other," I said to Rob.

"I thought of that as soon as he asked for the cider," said Rob. "I think that the tools that he picks locks with, are in the pack, but he may have them in his pocket. It's lucky for us that the pistol is in his coat-pocket up stairs. The lock is old, anyway and he may break it. I am going to put the oibt on it that 'Lisha bought for the carriage-house."

And while that man was in there pounding and raging away, Rob fastened the new bolt onto the door.

We went up stairs, then, and Rob climbed up to the barn chamber and loaded that gun.

"If he should get out I want to be ready for him," he said.

But he couldn't pound that door down! When grandfather built White Oak farm-house he had doors that would stand something.

Rob and I drew two good long breaths and hunted for the children. Dolly had taken Beelzebub in her apron and gone into the dark closet in the hall, where she was afraid to go usually, and Philly had lighted the lantern and gone out of the barn to take care of his Guinea pigs. He "wasn't going to let the thief have these anyway" he said.

I suppose it was only an hour or two afterward that 'Lisha came, but it seemed to me half as long as all the rest of my life. That man kept pounding and pounding, and we didn't know any minute but he might get out. I tell you it was awful! We thought of going for help, but we did not like either of us, to leave the children, and the snow was so deep it would take a long time.

I don't think I shall ever hear in this world, any sounds so joyful as 'Lisha stamping the snow off his feet, and whistling to us.

'Lisha is an awfully big fellow, but he grew as white as could be when we told him what had happened, and he heard that man pounding and swearing away down cellar. He opened the pack, and it was full of burglars'-tools, and, fastened in the canvas covering, he found a package of papers—bonds and such things—and some of them had the name of our bank on them.

Jesoshaphat! you've caught one of the bank robbers, and the reward is five hundred dollars, Rob," said 'Lisha.

"That will help Uncle Rufe out of all his trouble," said Rob; and then, brave and splendid as he has been in the danger, he burst right out crying, just like a girl, at that. He was so glad he couldn't help it.

'Lisha went after the officers and they came and hand-cuffed the man—they didn't have a very easy time doing it—and carried him away.

And Rob got the reward. The capture of this burglar led to the capture of the whole gang to which he belonged, and weren't people glad, and didn't they praise Rob! But nobody need be afraid that Rob's head will be turned. He is too sensible.

The farm is safe, and uncle Rufe says he shall pay the money back to Rob, and every cent shall go to his education.

If you ever should hear of a very distinguished man from our town you'll know—but Rob says the story is done.—*Elizabeth Bigelow, in Ballou's Monthly.*

MILITARY BERLIN.

A HARD-WORKING LOT OF MEN—SPLENDID DISCIPLINE.

One certainly sees more soldiers in the streets of Berlin than in the streets of London and Paris; but one does not see many of them, and they form together but a small minority of the people one meets when walking about Berlin. And that is easy to explain; soldiers do not play at soldiering here as French-boys have done latterly. Fighting is considered by the Germans a business, or a trade, or an art—as you may like to call it—which is to be learned seriously, and which keeps the young men who are nolens volens devoted to it, during almost the whole day in their quarters or on the parade ground. As to the officers, they are nearly as much taken up by their work as the most hard-working official, mercantile clerk or artisan.

The lieutenant of the guards, who has nothing to do but to show his fine uniform in the streets, exists only in the imagination of people who have never seen him. That aristocratic young gentleman begins his work at six o'clock in the morning in summer, at 8 in the winter, and is tired out when 5 or 6 o'clock in the evening he has at last got through it. It is not he, certainly, who crowds the streets of Berlin. He has other things to do than to walk about even when he happens to be on leave. There is, however, something military to be seen on the streets of Berlin at nearly every hour of the day, which may have struck the Parisian newspaper writer, though it does not belong exclusively to Berlin, but all the large German towns where soldiers are garrisoned. Every now and then, especially about noon, you will meet small detachments of soldiers—four, six, perhaps ten or twenty men—marching from the guard house to relieve the soldiers on duty at the palaces of members of the imperial family, the residences of commanding officers, and certain public buildings, such as the ministry of war, the staff's office, the arsenal, etc. These soldiers, proceeded by a sergeant, walk in the middle of the street, with long, regular, quiet steps, almost leisurely.

Suddenly a sharp word of command is heard. An officer or an imperial carriage is in sight. The men all at once seem to have been struck with a galvanic battery, and from that instant to move under some strange and irresistible influence. With a kind of spasmodic jerk they straighten themselves up to their full height, their heads and shoulders are thrown back, their eyes are fixed on one and the same point—the passing officer; the rifle is held in a firm clasp by the powerful hand, and the feet violently thrown forward as by machinery, produce, as they tread the hard pavement at short, regular intervals, a loud and yet muffled sound, familiar to the native of Berlin, and which causes him to look round toward those from whom it proceeds.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

REMARKABLE LUMINOUS SHRUB.

There is a most remarkable tree or shrub in a small gulch near some springs about twelve miles north of Tuscarora. It is about six or seven feet in height, with a trunk which, at its base, is three inches the size of a man's wrist. It has innumerable branches and twigs and resembles the barberry tree or bush indigenous to certain localities in the eastern states. But its only remarkable characteristic is its foliage, which at certain seasons of the year is so luminous that it can be plainly distinguished in the darkest night for a distance of more than a mile, while in its immediate vicinity it emits sufficient light to enable a person to read the finest print. Its foliage is extremely rank, and its leaves resemble somewhat, in size, shape and color, those of the aromatic bay tree of California.

The luminous property is evidently parasitic, and consists of a sort of gummy substance, which, upon being transferred by rubbing to a person's hand, imparts to it the same apparently phosphorescent light, while that on the leaf entirely disappears. The only reasonable explanation for this phenomenon that we can imagine is that the leaves possess some quality which either generates or attracts phosphoric matter. The Indians regard it with superstition, and will not approach it even in the day time if they can possibly avoid it. They have a name for it which, literally interpreted, signifies "witch tree." An old Shoshone informed the writer that there were but two others in the entire country, but the closest questioning failed to elicit the slightest information in regard to the localities. He would only shake his head gravely and ejaculate, "bad medicine."—*Tuscarora, Nev., Times-Review.*

THE ART OF ENGRAVING.

In wood engraving the picture is drawn with pencil on the block, and then with fine chisels the wood on each side of the lines is cut away, leaving the picture in relief. These raised lines are touched with ink and the paper pressed upon them. Wood engraving is an art that ladies can follow with success. About thirty years ago the first attempt was made in this country to instruct ladies in this art by the Woman's Art school of Philadelphia, Pa.

It would be tedious to describe the various methods of copperplate engraving, which is the reverse of wood engraving, in that the depressions receive the ink.

One branch of it called etching has come into general practice within the last fifty years. It has been a favorite recreation of some of the royal family of England. It seems peculiarly adapted to landscape. It is done by means of a varnish which is first put over the copperplate, a copy of the drawing in pencil or ink is then drawn on it, when the engraver traces the entire drawing with a graver, cutting only the varnish. Aquafortis is then poured over the plate which cuts into the copper where the varnish is removed; the acid doing the work of the graver, labor is diminished.

It is said that the great demand for costly engraving in bank notes has been the means of perfecting steel engravings. It is worth while to compare bank bills of the present day to see the improvement. To engrave the steel plate requires a great deal of labor and skill. Of all the art workers I am acquainted with, none have impressed me as exhibiting so much patient, minute application as the steel engraver. But the plate once made there are means of making copies in soft steel, which are in turn hardened, and thus many impressions may be made.

Lithography is engraving on stone. It is done in two ways. One is similar to copperplate engraving; the other to etching. The latter method commends itself to ladies. I have known several who became very skillful in it. The drawing is put upon a stone specially adapted to this purpose, found in Bavaria and Hungary, with an oily crayon; then an acid is employed to eat away the stone not covered with the crayon. — *J. A. D. in Detroit Free Press.*

THE PENITENTIARY A SCHOOL OF INVENTION.

It seems that the incarceration of two of the convicts in the Montana Penitentiary is to result in some good to the human race. Two geniuses freed from the cares and annoyances that necessarily attend the ordinary mortal when he has to provide food and raiment for himself and family, have turned their minds to invention and to improving the condition of the human race. They write to the Helena *Herald* that on condition of receiving their freedom they will give to the nation an invention which will be of incalculable benefit to all. They have perfected in their brain and on paper the cheapest and most expeditious system for the transmission of mails that the world has ever known. They promise to make two hundred miles an hour, including stoppages, and this speed is to be kept up over mountain and plain. Another of their inventions is an automatic, self-measuring medicine bottle. A third is a self-adjustable opera chair. It is so arranged that an aisle can be made through any part of the sitting space. They have other inventions which they do not made public. They invite an inspection of their designs by responsible and earnest parties, who after an inspection if they deem them practicable will be willing to help them in the matter of introducing their inventions. If their inventions prove to be worth anything who will say that good does not sometimes come out of evil?—*Ex.*

THE OLDEST OF ENGLISH FAMILIES.—Lord Palmerston's country residence is well known to have been near Romsey, Hants. In the course of his accustomed rides in the New Forest he saw a laboring man burning lime and entered into familiar conversation with him, asking to be obliged with his surname. The man replied that it was Purkiss. Now, this was the reply that was sought, and Palmerston exclaimed, "I thought as much." He accordingly asked the man if he were descended from the lime burner of that name who carried away the body of Wm. Rufus after his unfortunate fall by the arrow of Sir Walter Tyrrel. The man answered in the affirmative. "Then give me you hand," said his lordship, "for though you are a laborer, I must not forget that you are a brother Hampshire man," at the same time handing the man (if my memory serves me) the medium of procuring some refreshments at his earliest cessation from toil. "Thus," said his lordship in relating the incident, "I have had the great honor of conversing with an honest workingman who is descended from the oldest family and bears the oldest surname in England."—*Notes and Queries.*

THE ELECTRIC GIRL'S TRICK.—Her art is a trick as are all such things. I cannot explain how she attains her results, but if she were an electric boy and a personal examination were possible, I might discover a number of layers of metal concealed in her clothes for the storage of electricity, or a small electric battery tied to the calf of the leg. These are two of the tricks resorted to by the so-called electric boys, I understand; but the simplest means they have of deluding the public is by standing on a wet mattine, beneath which is concealed a plate connected with a hidden galvanic battery; a similar matting, similarly arranged, is placed outside the railing for the public. When the boy is on his mat and the visitor on his, and the two touch hands, a current is created that may be strong or weak, according to the capacity of the battery.—*Globe-Democrat* "Tattler."

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LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court in and for Salt Lake County, Utah Territory.

In the Matter of the Estate of Thomas Winters, Deceased.

IT APPEARING TO THE JUDGE OF said Court by the petition of Thomas Winters and Timothy J. Winters, Administrators of the estate of Thomas Winters deceased, herein filed, praying for an order of sale of Real Estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate of the said deceased to pay the allowance to the family and the debts, expenses and charges of administration:

It is therefore ordered by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on Tuesday, the 9th day of September A.D., 1884, at eleven o'clock a. m., at the Court room of said court in the County Court House of said County of Salt Lake, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrators to sell so much of the real estate as shall be necessary, and that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the DESERET NEWS, a newspaper printed and published in said city, and county.

Dated August 7th, 1884.

ELIAS A. SMITH,
Probate Judge.

TERRITORY OF UTAH, County of Salt Lake. } ss

I, John C. Cutler, Clerk of the Probate Court in and for the County of Salt Lake, in the Territory of Utah, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a full, true and correct copy of the "Order appointing time to hear petition to sell Real Estate" in the matter of the Estate of Thomas Winters deceased, as appears of record in my office.

[SEAL.] In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said Court, this 8th day of August A. D., 1884.

JOHN C. CUTLER,
Probate Clerk.

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