DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Published every day except Sundays at 7 p. m. Subscription price, in advance, $10.00 per year, $5.00 for six months, $2.50 per quarter, $1 per month, payable or delivered by carrier.

DESERET SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS.

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

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A 32 to 48 page Magazine, for newspaper and family reading, specially intended as a value of existing letters. Price, per volume of 12 numbers, $2.00 per year, $1.00 a month.

THE OLD DWELLING.

Can how the dwelling troubles to its fall—
The windows of time are closed to look
How softly in sadness across the light travels,
And gently in the twilight memories hold sway.
Speaks the lonely sorrow, soon beyond recall
Its tale to the listening wanderer alone.
A dove glory, as years sweet years
Glad sight, sweet dreams, and faith and hope
In vain!

Thus, full of memories and joy and trust,
Perched on a rock, serene and planted for
Faith,
A dove with pains, though rain wind to fan
Its fire, but dear, although its knee to fear,
Yet then thought, now from an morning light,
Check has another hour—such sweet
—C. H. Crosbell in Atlantic.

OCEAN REMINISCENCES.

Let me recall a telling incident of my shipboard life—an experience small and brief, indeed, but vividly fresh and of eloquent and honest outline in memory. We were on the Mozambique possibly well to the northward, the weather hot, the sky opprobrious and the sea of a sullenness blue, with a thick, slow flow of swell as though the water were heavy and sluggish with oil, a weak breeze of wind blow off the port quarter, with a sort of sting of heat in it, like the bite of the sun himself; and the ship under all sail moved as one that idle went rolling forward in a kind of loafing way, as though alive to the tracks with indolent, and I very well remember the sagging sense of the mass as it fell from her bow like flinging backsliding liquid grease overboard.

It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon when the lookout upon the starboard bow shot out along the bulwarks there and showed the sailors coat to the edge of the ocean, with a twinkling and gleaming of yellow fire in it from the eye, as though lines of molten brass were slowly melting in it. It was then that a sail was made out some three miles on the bow or thereabouts, apparently a large ship, showing to her courses with her mizzentopmast gone and the spanker and sailed, with some colors flying at it. As we slowly rose she showed like a frigate upon the water, with her land of broken ports and her big wing of standing jibs; and I heard the captain tell the mate, after taking a long view of her through a telescope, that he believed that she was each and such a ship, naming a well known Indiaman of those days. She was in distress, it was now gathered; for it seems that she carried a brace of signal ballarats at her gaff end, on one of which was hoisted the English ensign, jack down, while on the other fluttered a row of bunting out of Marryatt's code, signifying that there was serious sickness on board.

I see that ship now as I saw her then; her canvas had the whiteness of fresh touched by moonshine; she rose and fell very majestically, her ports knitting and falling as she leaned to the knees of the waters. By the aid of the glass, which I furtively employed on the mate turning his back, I could distinctly make out the white quarter boat swinging at her davits, the glooms of the glass of her large windows, the horrible shadowing of her sails as they swung to and out and the flags hovering in pale and whitish and blues from the peak end. The hole of our ship was shifted for her, and we put her right under our flying jibboom end. There was not a soul visible in the foot of the forecastle to disclose her from the poop, and it being now a o'clock and my turn to quit the deck, I strolled forward on to the forecastle to watch the very noble picture on the sea line that was rendered significant by the expression by her appealing colors and by the sensitiveness of her aloft. A group of our Jacks stood against one of the cathheads, gazing too. I had not been looking above three minutes when one of them exclaimed in a coarse voice:

"What, the blazes! Is that there crack adrawing up around her, or is she a-disarming?"

"The Flying Dutchman," or my eyes ain't mates!" said a second man in a gloomy voice of mingled awe and astonishment.

"Watch her a-flying out! Sailor men, if mortal eyes ever see the like of that show."

My gaze was upon the ship as the man spoke, and sure enough I observed her to be slowly melting out, not as though a fog were drifting down upon her, but as a rainbow does, that is, with a gradual fading and paling. In a few moments all was blank on where she had been.

There was an expression of dismay on every man's face, whichever face I glanced at. The captain, the mate and number of passengers were staring and moping like gudgeons over the brass rail at the beach of the poop in search of the missing phenomena. It was, of course, a mirage, but it took all hands, from the skipper down to the cook's mate, some time to realize it; so marvelous had been the illusion, so substantial to the vision had telling and stately fabric, so exquisitely had the painted mirror of the air fitted the line of the sea. With some fancy that the coal object would not be far off, the captain continued to lead in the direction in which the mirage had seen until the darkness came, when the ship was brought to her course about. A few days before we sailed from California we got news of this phenomena we saw. We had been some degree below the latitude in which her Majesty was pigeoned, signaling for assistance to an ebony ship seven or eight miles distant from her. Had the quality of the atmosphere remained as it was, by which I mean had the mirage lingered some longer, no doubt we should have witnessed the elsewhereness of the other vessel into view. This is will to note that ships as well as men have their ghosts.

* * * *

This recalls to me another incident, belonging, however, to no experience of my own. It was the chief mate of the same ship from whom I heard it, who related the incident to me the story. He was third mate of a very handsome clipper ship, bound to a New Zealand port. The captain of her was a tall, sinewy man, with a grizzly beard and an eye of the dark intensity of unpolished jet. Instead of speaking of him as the "old man," he was called him "the hawk." He was exceedingly reserved, said little or nothing at table or on deck outside such instructions as he had to give, yet, spite of his monastic or cellularia habit, which might have qualified him to adore a pulpit rather than a quarterdeck's quarterdeck, he was an excellent sailor, possessed of a thorough knowledge of every walk of the vocation, and a man of considerable settlement of speech.

Nothing particular occurred until the little bark was drawing on to the equator, when it was observed that the captain grew restless. He seemed unable to sleep throughout the night watches and he was constantly pacing on deck, and for a whole half hour at a time he would stand right in front of the binnacle, so accurting it to the right of the man at the wheel, and keeping his eyes fixed upon the card with the intensity of a pointer setting to his game. At noon one day the latitude was found to be about six miles north. There was a pleasant breeze blowing off the north beam, and the clipper lost was made by the log to be sailing through it at one seven miles to the hour. The captain, putting down his sextant, walked off to the binnacle and stood before it, holding his watch in his hand. There was a light sea of trade in the gaps he passed upon the dial plate.

Suddenly he called on the second mate who had charge—"Hands to the port braces. Get the yards trimmed for a westerly course. Down helm." The little ship came around with the nose of her bowsprit to open the breeze the other hand to stay sail. The captain walked the deck shaking his hands and chuckling. "Now, sir, we have it," he cried to the second mate. "Have what, sir," asked the second officer. "The Equator, sir!" roared the captain. "The Equator!" cried the mate, looking around him. "Yes, sir, true as a hair by the magnetic bearings—a fore and aft line, sir. Keep to that course, d'ye hear. Not an inch off that port or starboard, or quicker than you can say Jack Robinson I'll throw your traitors out!"

The second mate, glancing through the skylight, observed the chief officer in the cabin, and with a slight twitch of his head summoned him on deck. The man arrived, with a face of wonder, gazing aloft and around, and not a little stunned to find the ship bound to the eastern American and not bound of Australia or New Zealand. "This is to be an accident, sir," shouted the captain to him, "that'll rank one Fremont among the most famous men this century not president." The mate viewed him with a stupid stare. "Look at the compass, sir," cried the captain, approaching him with an expression of scorn on his singular countenance, "the hand of this bark will be the first that ever ploughed the line of the Equator without a Lubrowski or detinue for one thousand miles of board, and mark you this," he cried, drawing himself erect, and extending his crooked fist at the mate, "if I could the vessel's head off her course by the smallest fraction of a point, I will blow out the brains of the man who has charge of his deck at the time."

He slapped his breast that the two men might guess what he concealed there, and, jerking up his sextant, shot a glance at the horizon. The mate turn went entirely out of his mind that night, and they had to pinion him to prevent him from destroying himself or dealing death to the ship by firing her. He died while the weak, raving man, not a little to the relief of the men who could do nothing for him beyond seeing him watched.—W. Clark Russell in Independent.

On the Doctor's Arm.

Mrs. Gregg had one of the prettiest weddings that ever took place in the Massachusetts town in which she lives. But there was one sad incident of the occasion which a few of her friends who are in the secret will with much amusement. Although a lady of quiet taste, Mrs. Gregg wore something which certainly to bride ever wore before.

Her wedding present from her old friend Dr. Jameson was an exquisite affair of lace, embroidery and white satin ribbon, which he had brought from Paris. It came just as the wedding party were starting for the church.

"What a lovely bag!" exclaimed the bride. "I am going to wear it. Tell will please dear Dr. Jameson," and slipping the white satin strings over her arm she thought no more of it until after the ceremony.

"That is a beautiful bag, and so old," "I never saw a bag like it. The material is beautiful," commented some of her friends.

"I suppose the style is new," replied Mrs. Gregg. "Dr. Jameson brought it to me from Paris. I am delighted with it."

"Did you get anything to it?" asked Dr. Jameson, who had been listening to this conversation with a smile that was suspicously near a laugh.

"No," replied Mrs. Gregg. "I'll get my handkerchief in. What—why—why, there's no bottom to it. What is it, Dr. Jameson?"

"Well," replied Dr. Jameson, "I believe it is for a lamp chimney."

And it was a lamp chimney, edged with lace and drawn up at the top with white satin ribbon.—Youth's Companion.

Electricity in Agriculture.

One of the first to recognize the great importance of utilizing electricity for farming purposes in England was the Marquis of Tweedale, who not only made the water power on his estate for lighting by electricity, but also grinds his corn, cuts his horse fodder, pumps his water and does a variety of other work by means of electric motors. On many farms which are adjacent to streams of water the farmers are beginning to realize the great possibilities which lie close at hand for the more economical working of their farms and are installing electrical plants which can be worked at a cost unsurpassed by any other means.

There are tested thresheds or portable and other steam engines owned by agriculturists in this country which could be utilized in a variety of ways in conjunction with electricity. The seasons for threshing and cutting and grinding necessitate by an electric plant instead of being idleness to bring an engine, as now, right into the farm buildings.—New York Telegram.

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