DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Published every day except Sunday at 4 p.m. Subscription, in advance, $10.00 per year, $5.00 per month, $1 under per week, payable at delivery by carrier.

DESERET SUNDAY NEWS.

Published every Sunday and Friday. Subscription, in advance, per year, $3.00; six months $1.50; three months, $1.00; payable or delivered by carrier.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY.

A 32-to-40 page Magazine, the cheapest and best in the country, specially valuable as a record of current events. Price, per subscription, $2.00 per year, $1.00 per half year.

YOUTH AND AGE.

When all the world is young, lad, and all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lad, and every lass a queen,
Then hey for love and honor, lad, and ride the world away;
Young birds must have the venture, lad, and every day be gay.

When all the world is old, lad, and all the trees are yellow,
And all the spirit is stale, lad, and all the wheels run mellow,
Creep home and take your place there, the spare fire-keeper
And watch the fire burn down there when you have grown weary of sweep.

—New York Examiner.

JENNY.

It was night. The cabin, poor but warm and cozy, was full of a half twilight, through which the objects of the interior were but dimly visible by the glimmer of the embers which flickered on the hearth and published the dark rafters overhead. The fisherman's nets were hanging on the wall. Some homely pots and pans twinkled on a rough shelf in the corner. Beside a great bed with long, falling curtains, a mattress was extended on a couple of old benches on which five little children were asleep like sardels in a tank. By the bedside, with her forehead pressed against the counterpane, knelt the children's mother. She was alone. Outside the cabin the black ocean, dashed with stormy snowflakes, moaned and mourned, and her husband was at sea.

From his boyhood he had been a fisherman. His life, as one may say, had been a daily fight with the good waters; for every day the children must be fed, and every day, rain, wind or tempest, out went his boat to fish. And while in his four sailed boat he glued his solitary task at sea his wife at home patched the sails, mended the nets, looked to the books or watched the little fire where the fish soup was boiling. At noon as the five children were asleep she fell upon her knees and prayed to heaven for her husband in his struggle with the waves and darkness. And daily such a life as his was lived. The kindled glare for fish was a mere speck among the breakers, not more than twice as large as his own cabin—a speck obscure, capricious, changing on the moving desert, and yet which had to be discovered by the fog and tempest of a winter night by sheer skill and knowledge of the tides and winds. And there—while the gliding waves ran past like emerald serpents, and the gulf of darkness rolled and roared, and the creaking rigging groaned as if in terror—there, amid the fog, sat the thought of his own Jenny; and Jenny, in her cottage, thought of him with tears.

She was thinking of him then and praying. The seagull's harsh and mocking cry distressed her, and the roaring of the billows on the reef alarmed her soul. But she was wrapped in thoughts—thoughts of their poverty. Their little children went barefooted winter and summer. Wheat bread they never ate, only meal of barley. Hence the wind roared like the bellows of a forge, and the seaweed echoed like an anvil. She wept and trembled. Poor wives whose husbands are at sea! How hard, they say, "My dear husband, be careful, be careful, some—are in the tempest!" But Jenny was still more unhappy. Her husband was alone—alone without assistance on this bitter night. Her children were too little to assist him. Poor mother! Now she says, "I wish they were grown up to help their father!" Foolish dream! In years to come, when they are with their father in the tempest, she will say, with tears, "I wish they were not children still!"

* * * * *

Jenny took her lantern and her cloak. "It is time," she said to herself, "to see whether he is coming back, whether the sea is calmer, and whether the light is burning on the signal tower." She went out. There was nothing to be seen but a streak of white on the horizon. It was raining, the dark, cold rain of early morning. No cabin window showed a gleam of light.

All at once, while peering round her, her eyes perceived a tumbledown old cabin which showed no sign of light or fire. The door was swinging to the wind; the succession walls seemed scarcely able to support the roof, on which the wind shook the pillow, filled with a noise thereto.

"Stay," she cried, "I am forgetting the poor widow whom my husband lend the other day shoes and ill. I must see how she is getting on."

She knocked at the door and listened. No one answered. Jenny shivered in the cold sea wind.

"She is ill. And her poor children! She has only two of them; but she is very poor, and has no firewood."

She knocked again, and called out, "Hey, neighbor!" But the cabin was still silent.

"Dead!" she said, "how sound she sleeps that it requires so much to wake her!"

At the instant the door opened of itself. She entered. Her lantern illuminated the interior of the dark and silent cabin, and showed her the sad feelings from the ceiling so rough the openings of a sieve. At the end of the room an aged lame was lying—a woman stretched out motionless, with bare feet and sightless eyes. Her child, white and shining, lay across the stump of the bed. She was dead. Once a strong and happy mother, she was now only the sparse which remains of poor humanity after a long struggle with the world.

Near the bed on which the mother lay two little children—a boy and a girl—slept together in their cradle and were smiling in their dreams. Their mother, when she felt that she was dying, had laid her cloak across their feet and wrapped them in her frock, to keep them warm when she herself was cold.

How sound they slept in their old, tottering cradle, with their cold, brave, and white little faces! In contrast as if nothing could awake them sleeping serpent. Outside the door lay Jenny in Rude and the sea gave forth a sound like an alarm bell. From the old cradle

* * * * *

What had Jenny been about in the dead woman's house? What was the carrying of bonnets for chairs? Why was her heart so moved? Why did she hasten with such trembling steps to her own cabin, without daring to look back? What did she hope to see on her bed behind the curtains? What had she been stealing?

When she entered the cabin the children were growing warm. She sat upon the chair beside the bed. She was very pale. It seemed as if she felt repentance. He fondled Bill upon the pillow, and as he tremble, with a sweet smile, he was amused to hear, while outside the cabin moaned the storm.

"My poor man! Oh, heaven, who will be safe! He has already so much trouble. What have I done now? For children, we are poor enough. We have fallen into and hills and rue, as if he had not sore enough already. I must give him this sore news. Is that not So, nothing. I have done wrong—he would do quite right to leave me. Is that he? But he knows the better! The dog moves as if some one were coming to lick us. To think that I should be afraid to see him enter!"

Then she remained absorbed in thought while stroking with the back, on occasions of all outward sounds, of the three companions, which passed sleeping, and of the cups of wind and sea.

All at once the door flew open, a stock of the white light of morning entered, and the fisherman, dripping his dripping net, appeared upon the threshold, and cried, with a gay laugh, "Here comes the navy!"

"You!" cried Jenny, and she clasped her husband in her arms, and pressed his mouth against his rough jacket.

"Here I am, wife," he said, shaking in the firelight the good natured and contented face which Jenny loved so well.

"I have been unlucky," he continued.

"What kind of unlucky have you had?"

"Dreadful."

"And the fishing?"

"Bad. But never mind. I have you to say, wife, and I am satisfied. I have enough meaning of all. I heavenly turn my net. The storm was in the wind tonight. At one moment of the tempest I thought the boat was bottom for, and thought broke. But what have you been doing all this time?"

Jenny felt a shiver in the darkness.

"If" she said in trouble, "Oh, nothing; just as usual. I have been sewing. I have been listening to the thunder of the sea and I was frightened."

"Yes, the winter is a hard time. But never mind it now."

Then, trembling as if she were going to commit a crime:

"Husband," she said, "our neighbor is dead. She must have died last night, soon after you went out. She has left two little children, one called Wilhelm and the other Madeline. The boy can hardly toddle, and the girl can only lisp. Poor, good woman was in dreadful want."

The man looked grave. Throwing into a corner his tar cap, sodden by the tempest, "The dance!" he said, stroking his beard. "We already have five children; this makes seven. And already in bad weather we have to go without our supper. What shall we do now? Rub, it is not my fault; it's God's doing. These are things too deep for us. Why has He taken away their mother from these infant? These men are too difficult to understand. One has to be a whole to see through them. Back they escape of children! Why, go and fetch them. If they are awake, don't need be frightened for my sake. Tell their dead mother. We will bring them up with ours. They will be brother and sister to our sea. Where God sees the we have to feed this little girl and two brothers can eat even like well as two mouth. As for me, I will drink water. I will work twice as hard. Enough! Be off and get them! But what is the matter? Does it ever your? You are grown all quicker than usual."

His wife drew back the curtain.

"Look!" she said.—Translated from the French of Victor Hugo for Round Magazine.

Golden at Venetian.

A correspondent writes from Valle di Pompei: "The death of the Venetian journalist in Monte Venerosa has rather damaged the reputation of the golden, but it is unjust to blame all the guides and their employers for the crime. Some of them are well to encourage strangers, especially in timeed reception, and even the permit of the police is no security that the carriages will be a safe one. But to blame the guides for the travelers themselves. The guide who accompanied the Venetian correspondent has been regularly authorized to conduct visitors for the last four years, and was considered the best guide.

"Still, as I have often had occasion to observe, foreign visitors, and especially Italian young ladies, rebel against the cautions of the guides and often run and jump about on the very edge of danger. It is then very difficult when some accident happens to define the responsibility of the guides. They are seldom not to blame if the proprietary conduct will not listen to them."—London News.

Rock Crystal.

Rock crystal is plentiful in various localities of the United States. A lump of it weighing five pounds from North Carolina was sent four years ago to New York. The original crystal, which must have weighed fifty pounds, was unfortunately broken in pieces by the ignorant mountain girl who discovered it. One very social purpose to which this mineral subsistence is put is the manufacture of mirrors, when it can be found in big enough blocks to be sawed into slabs of sufficient size. In superiority over glass for this purpose is the fact that it does not, like glass, decay from the moisture of the atmosphere. Every pretty woman should surely have a hand glass of such crystal.—Washington Star.

Excited as Well as Ornamental.

The man who had his false teeth at the depot a few days ago must have his property by applying at the transportation room, where they are now doing duty as a paper weight.—Springfield Republican.

Which Shall Receive Him.

In a recent address Rev. G. Frank Beard, M.D., of New York, said: "Some years ago the Old Cathedral, a building material women cower from, dropped from almost any other material of which buildings are constructed. In the lightning a few bricks cut to the proper part of a one story building while the wind was blowing a gale that was recorded at the United States signal station as moving at the average rate of thirty miles an hour, but unshaken and true, and the fact that it was erected centuries before water was got to the building, the 24 letters under the gilder were burned, decomposed nearly to the depth, and whole spaces of the 23d plaster were thus loosened and fell to the floor. But the fire had passed through the thin outward shingle roof.

It was a most wonderful illustration of the fire resisting qualities of antique. Had the whole building been as non-combustible as the latter, it would have survived the city. The roof was red and so thoroughly ready for the flames as soon as ever it became, yet the fact remains that it resisted the ignition, and that, we must see a saddling purpose of Moses through the agency of the fire raven, while nothing but smoke issued through the roof. The possible means by which enforced southern Rome and prevent its flaming forth is an important fact to experimenting enthusiasts, as free are commissioned to sculpturing buildings to means of the external Paper and spaces which they need up.—Chicago News.

How to Be Happy in Summer.

Rise early and drink.
Work and study early.
Wear lightest, loosest clothes.
Ride on a horse and walk at ease.
Believe that you will be happy.
Live sure be light and remember airy.
Exercise all glands and force collects.
Dress in sandals, leaves and gingham.
Be lavish with handkerchiefs, fruit juice and fans.
Count the sea breezes, but avoid the hot winds.
Hit up the sweet and give small place to the bitter.
Let worries provoke and bottles follow the provocation.
Remember that smiling illness is sometimes gain.
Notice when in the mood and solve when mood surfeited.
Other people have sick and sore rules never mind the hearty fellows.
Remember that nine-tenths of the people are at the mercy for rest.
If you feel like doing a good deed, think no more about children to be cross.
Make yourself at home.
Look pleasantly at the tired stranger who glances wistfully at the gate of your cot and not occupied.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Movement Opened at Pompeii.

Two important movements in Pompeii have now been opened to the public, which remained closed for the last thirty years because they were used as deposits of art. One has for its scale dedicated to Augustus and the Women's baths. The latter is the only building in Pompeii in which are preserved intact, without any restoration, the ceilings of the rooms, the pavement of the apodyterium is also intact, in the temple and are elegant—but that of great value to science is preserved, the altar on which sacrifice were offered up. It is of marble, perfect in all its parts, covered with rich bas relief, representing the different forms and instruments of sacrifice. On one side is represented a vestal sacrificing incense over the altar, while the sacrificial bull is brought up in a procession of priests and musicians. On the other side are sculptured a wreath of oak leaves and two branches of laurel.—London News.

Four Little Girls Run 23 Miles.

Four little girls, aged from seven to twelve, all, in Winfield, Tuesday, and encountered a motor thirty miles under. They succeeded in killing three-seven of them, the largest one 2 feet and 3 inches long. On Wednesday the trio went to the same ground and killed 17 more of the same kind of animal.—New Haven Register.

"German Syrup"

A Cough and Croup Medicine.

For children a medicine should be absolutely reliable. A mother must be able to give her faith to it as to her Bible. It must contain nothing violent, uncertain, or dangerous. It must be excellent in material and manufacture. It must be plain and simple to administer; easy and pleasant to take. The child must like it. It must be prompt in action, giving immediate relief, as children's troubles come quick, grow fast, and end fatally or otherwise in a very short time. It must not only relieve quick, but bring them around quick, as children vitals and live and spoil their constitutions under long confinement. It must do its work in reasonable doses. A large quantity of medicine on a child is not desirable. It must not interfere with the child's growth, appetite or general health. These things suit and as well as young folks and make Dodge's German Syrup the favorite family medicine.

LADIES' HAIR DRESSING PARLORS
BANGS CUT.
HAIR CURLED AND SINGED.
Shampooing Done in the Latest and Most approved Manner. Children's Hair Cutting and Dressing a Specialty.
Up-town Parlors, Cor. Main and Second South.
Telephone. 3004 ALLY EDMUNDSON

THE National Folding Bed,
Manufactured by the
SUGG & BLUNDORF FURNITURE CO
CHICAGO.
A large variety for sale at
S. R. MARKS & CO'S,
Opposite Temple.

Liebig COMPANY'S
Extract of Beef
The twenty-five years the standard for purity, force and wholesomeness. Its quality never varies, and it is the best today as when first put up by its inventor. The genuine bearing Baron Von Liebig's signature in blue, is the
Imperial and Peculiarly Nutritious.

WILSON WOODRUFF, President. E. R. MERRITT, Asst. Cashier
Zion's Savings Bank
AND
Trust Company.
Nos. 1 and 3 East Temple Street.
Established 1873. Incorporated 1889.
DIRECTORS:
WILFORD WOODRUFF, President.
GEORGE Q. CANNON, Vice-President.
JOSEPH F. SMITH.
ANGUS M. CANNON.
LORENZO YOUNG.
JAMES JACK.
GEORGE ROMNEY.
T. G. WEBBER, Cashier.
H. B. CLAWSON.
DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
Pays 5 Per Cent Interest on Savings Deposits.
SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT

Deseret National Bank
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.
Paid Up Capital, - $500,000.00
Surplus, - - $200,000.00
DIRECTORS:
JOHN HENRY SMITH, President.
GEORGE M. CANNON, Vice-President.
WM. H. ROWE, Cashier.
J. R. WINNER.
J. R. WINDER.
J. R. CAYLER.
JAMES JACK.
HENRY DINWOODEY.
H. S. PIERCE.
F. M. LYMAN.
GEORGE EBERT.
J. G. WOOLLEY.
A. W. IVINS, Vice-President.
H. S. YOUNG, Asst. Cashier.
Receives Deposits Payable on Demand.
Buys and Sells Exchange on New York, San Francisco, Chicago, St. Louis, London, Berlin and all the Principal Commercial Cities.
Collections Promptly Made, and Every Facility Accorded Consistent with Sound Banking.

THE STATE BANK OF UTAH,
SALT LAKE CITY.
Capital, - $500,000.
HENRY S. WOLF, President.
WM. S. McCORNICK, Vice-President.
HENRY WALLACE, Cashier.
DIRECTORS:
JOSEPH F. SMITH, JOHN R. WINDER,
JOHN T. LYNCH, JOHN T. KINGSBURY,
JOHN R. WINDER, JAMES SHARP,
HENRY WALLACE, ROBERT N. TRITLE,
HENRY S. WOLF, WM. S. McCORNICK.
Business Accounts Solicited on Liberal Terms.
Interest Allowed on Deposits.
Exchange Bought and Sold. Collections Promptly Made and Remitted Upon Receipt.
Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent, Valuables in our Vault Under Our Exclusive Control.

DANIEL HARRINGTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Rooms 212 and 213 Constitution Building.
Money to Loan on Real Estate.

SHEPARD, CHERRY & SHEPARD
LAWYERS.
Rooms 23, 24, 25 & 26 Commercial Block
SALT LAKE CITY.

S. W. DARKE,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR.
Home Block, - - Salt Lake City.

T. D. LEWIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Rooms 211-212, Constitution Building.

JOHN M. CANNON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Rooms 17 & 18, Third Floor, Clayton Block.

RICHARD W. YOUNG,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Third Floor, Constitution Building, opposite P. O. Box 1.

F. S. RICHARDS. J. R. MOYLE.
RICHARDS & MOYLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Office in Constitution Building,
14 E. SALT STREET,
SALT LAKE CITY

DR. E. S. WRIGHT,
OFFICE: Constitution Building.
RESIDENCE: 252 E. First South. Telephone 42

CHARLES M. CANNON,
SURGEON-DENTIST.
Rooms 404 and 405 Constitution Building.

MRS. M. E. VAN, M. D.
OFFICE: 225, 226, Third Floor, Constitution Building. Hours: 10 to 12 M., 2 to 4 P. M.

ZENITH WAGONS
SALT LAKE CITY.

CALIFORNIA BREWERY.
LAGER BEER, ALE & PORTER,
Wholesale & Retail.
Cor. East and First South Streets.

WILCKEN & SHEITS,
LIVERY, FEED
AND SALE STABLES
AND FARMERS' CAMPING YARDS.
Old Tithing Office Premises,
Opposite Tribune Block.
Terms Reasonable. Property Safe.
BARGAINS HORSES, BUGGIES AND SURREYS FOR SALE AT LOWEST RATES.
ALL

PIONEER
PATENT ROLLER MILL CO.
MILLS: 50 North Temple St., East.
OFFICE: 21 South Temple St., West.
BRANDS:
High Patent, Baker's No. 1,
Superfine Whole Wheat Flour.
HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR WHEAT.
Mill Telephone 777. Office Telephone 880.
ELIAS MORRIS, Proprietor

SALT LAKE NURSERY.
HAVING RECENTLY BEEN REPLENISHED with the best fruit varieties, I am now prepared to furnish Trees, Vines and Shrubs, of best quality and at lowest prices.
Nursery one mile south of city limits, on State road.
ALL MARTIN CHRISTENSEN.

Utah Cracker Factory,
MANUFACTURERS OF THE
Silver Brand of Snowflake Sodas
AND
FINE CAKES.
Packed in 1 and 2 Pound Boxes for Picnic Parties, Travelers and Families.
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

THE UTAH
ASPHALT AND VARNISH
COMPANY
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
BITUMINOUS ROOK PAVEMENT
Sidewalk and Roofing
With the Best Goods in the World.
All Work Guaranteed.
Home Company.
Home Production.
Orders Solicited.
Estimates Furnished Free of Charge.
Office Room 233 Constitution Building.
SALT LAKE CITY.
JOHN BECK, President.
AURELIUS MINER, Secretary.

WASHBURN
Guitars, Mandolins & Zithers
Are Recognized by Leading Musicians as Standard Instruments of Perfect Quality.
Catalogue Free.
LYON & HEALY CHICAGO.

ESTABLISHED 1866.
Joseph E. Taylor,
Pioneer Undertaker of Utah.
Manufacturer and Dealer in All Kinds of Metallic, Wood and Cloth Coffins.
COFFINS AND CASKETS.
Full Line of Undertakers' Furnishings Kept Constantly on Hand.
Telephone & Telegraph Orders Promptly Filled.
Entire Department in Charge of Competent Embalmer.
CITY AND COUNTRY.
Factory and Warerooms, No. 251 E. First South.
One and a Half Blocks East of Tribune.
TELEPHONE No. 10.

Jos. William Taylor,
UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER.
Carry the Largest and Most Complete Stock of
COFFINS, CASKETS
And Undertakers' Goods in Utah.
Wholesale & Retail, at Immoderately Reduced Prices.
LOTS AND GRAVES Perpetual in Mountain City Cemetery, and Perpetual Care Guaranteed.
All Orders Have Prompt Attention Day or Night.
TELEPHONE NO. 1033.
OFFICE AND WAREROOMS NEVER CLOSED.
23 AND 25 WEST TEMPLE STREET.
P. O. Box 78.

RE-OPENED.

S. KELLNER
HAS
RE-OPENED
HIS
Dry Goods
AND
GENTS' FURNISHING
STORE
AT
205 and 207
Main Street.
NEW GOODS
ARRIVING DAILY.
LOWEST PRICES
EVER QUOTED IN UTAH.
Friends and the Public are invited to call and examine Stock and Prices.
S. KELLNER.

FOR SALE BY
Z. C. M. I., Sole Agents in Salt Lake City

DAVID JAMES & CO.
TINNERS
Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters
DEALERS IN
Plumbing Material, Pumps, Pipe and Fittings, Steam Heating Supplies, Tin and Iron Roofing, Galvanized Iron Cornice, Guttering, Etc.
GARDEN HOSE AND LAWN SPRINKLERS
No. 67 S. MAIN STREET.

ECLIPSE! 54 E. FIRST SOUTH ECLIPSE!
The general verdict is that the Eclipse Grocery and Fruit Company carry the very best goods in their line to be found anywhere in the city, and that, coupled with the courteous treatment and obliging manners of their salesmen, makes it one of the most attractive places of business in town. We invite our friends and the public generally to call and see for themselves.
JAS. SAVILLE, JAS. M. BARLOW, TELEPHONE No. 498, D. S. EMERY, A. H. WOOLLEY.

SHOES. SLIPPERS. BOOTS.
EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW THAT
We still manufacture a Full Line of
NEAT AND DURABLE FOOTWEAR
Custom Work and Repairing. All Work Warranted.
We carry also a Great Variety of
FINE IMPORTED SHOES
Of Many Qualities and Styles.
LOWEST PRICES! BEST GOODS! FAIR DEALING!
Bring your Families and be convinced.
SOLOMON BROS.