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THE DESERET WEEKLY.

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THE BARBER'S MANIA.

John Rhett, the handsomest young man in the county, he of the raven locks and with the beautiful black moustache that the women admired—John Rhett walked into the barber shop in Yorkville for a shave.

It was a cold day and there were three or four of his friends, besides several immortal artists, standing around the stove at the time, but the men who always did his work being idle he walked directly over and there himself into the comfortable chair.

The barber was a tall, well built young fellow by the name of Henry Carey, whom Rhett had known for a long time. The usual preparatory process was gone through with and then he sharpened his razor and went to work, but he aborted off in a manner that made Rhett uncomfortable from the first. This was due to the unusual and seemingly reckless way in which he handled the razor. There was entirely too much flourish about it to make one feel easy. He would whirl it round in one or two circles before it touched the face, and then take it off again in the same artistic style. This may have looked very pretty to a spectator, but to the person who formed the center of these movements circles. Rhett thought it was anything but pleasant. At first he was inclined to think the fellow was drinking. But to soon dismissed this idea, for the work was being done well and skillfully and as no drunken man could do it. Finally he told Carey that he didn't like any such flourishes around his head, and to stop it.

But the only reply he received was the press of the barber's finger against his throat, and a short hissing "Keep still."

This made Rhett mad, and he started to express himself very forcibly, but when he looked up at the man who stood drawing the sharp razor over his face a sager guess way to a far more fearful feeling. The words died on his lips and a sudden chill crept over his body.

He had looked into the wild, excited eyes of a maniac.

"Don't you move or say a word; if you do I'll cut your throat," came again in a suppressed whisper, as that sharp, cutting face bent near to his.

"Do you know," said the barber as he kept on with the work; "do you know that this will be your last shave—that I intend to kill you with this same razor the moment I have finished?

"I have long wanted to make the experiment," he continued as he went rapidly on, "you to see how quickly it could be done. Perhaps you think I am crazy, but you are wrong. I only want to do this work in the interest of science. I believe it will prove to be the most painless and quickest of all deaths. If I succeed today, as I expect to do, my method may become the public mode of execution in this country, supplanting the gallows. You see what an honor it will be to have started such a reform in capital punishment. My name will become immortal. There will be none of the suspense attending executions now; none of the terrible scenes at the gallows. You simply take the condemned man in for a shave and before he knows it he is in eternity."

He kept on talking in this rapid, excited way, and kept on shaving.

Rhett heard his friends conversing on the other side of the room, and he turned his head to see if he could tell them of his danger. But it was quickly jerked back in position, and the barber told him if he did that again he tried to get out of the chair it would be the signal for his death. And the wicked gleam of his eye made them believe he would do what he was in terrible earnest. Under the circumstances the intended victim thought it best not to move again, and so he laid there as still as death.

But his brain was not idle. It was working with the rapidity of lightning, and well it might.

Rhett had always been regarded as a cool and brave young man; he had proved it on more than one trying occasion. And he determined in this last extremity to be himself and to meet the cheaty insting of the maniac with an equal cunning.

Then commenced a fierce and hidden game between those two—a game in which none the prize for him was life, and, if he lost, the probt death.

"Henry," said the young man, and he smiled, though his heart was beating fast, "you shouldn't try to frighten a good customer in that way. You know you wouldn't kill an old friend like me."

"I'll show you, Mr. Rhett," half shrieked the barber, and the gleaming eye grew fiercer and the voice trembled with passion.

Rhett saw that this had only added fuel to the flame, and he began to despair of constituting the madman.

"You," said Carey, and his wild hand grew wilder and the razor pressed harder upon his victim's face; "you, you must die this very hour for the sake of science. Why, it will be a noble death. You ought to feel honored to perish in such a cause."

The young man was now thoroughly frightened, and he watched for an opportunity to spring from the chair and escape. But he looked in vain. Though the barber occasionally relaxed the strong grip upon his throat, yet he still held him with his glittering eye.

"You see, the criminal will not know that his hour is at hand. The barber will be taken into the jail to give him a shave, and without a fear or tremor, without a single thought of death, he will be hurled into another world. Talk about executing by electricity, but my method will not only be quicker, but more painless.

"Just a stroke like this, and it's all over," and Rhett's heart gave a wild leap, for he thought his end had come.

Carey, however, had only drawn the razor of the razor across his throat, but with such force and rapidity that it burned like fire.

The situation was growing desperate. In a minute the barber would be through with his work. With one hand he had freed by the hair and with the other was finishing up the job, while his lips kept muttering and his body swayed with excitement. Rhett knew with the next sweep of that infuriated arm he would meet his doom. Whether he did meet it or not he was about instantly.

"Well, Henry," he said, as lightly as he could, "sharpen up your razor well before you start. For I don't want any bungling job." For he thought when the barber turned to do this he could leap from the chair and get away.

"It's sharp enough for you, Mr. Rhett," and the madman grew maniac as he spoke; "it's sharp enough for you, sir."

He had already finished shaving Rhett's heart almost stood still.

"Now we'll see if it needs to be sharpened," said Carey with a demoniac laugh, and Rhett felt a sharp sting as the keen blade cut the skin on his throat.

"But, Henry," he rapidly ejaculated, "I want you to make a success of this, for it will be a blessing to the world—but if you go on now I tell you it will be a failure."

The razor stopped.

"Why," asked Carey.

The session was interrupted. Rhett saw that he had gained a point and he knew his life depended upon how he used it. He had touched upon the insane yet sensible. It seemed strange to him now that he had not thought of it before.

"You will make a failure," he continued, "because you have told me all about it, and I have already suffered as much suspense as the criminal on the gallows. Besides, when I feel the razor giving me the fatal wound I will shriek out in agony, and the people will say that I suffered a terrible death. They will not believe you then that it would be the most painless mode of execution. So you see, Henry, you would defeat the very object you are trying to accomplish."

The barber withdrew the razor and held it motionless in his hand. Rhett breathed easier and became eloquent on the subject of the experiment.

"Now, the man you shave, Henry, don't say a word to him on the subject, but all at once in the twinkling of an eye, put him out. And I believe you will become a greater man than the inventor of the guillotine."

"Well, Mr. Rhett, I believe you are right about it," and he began to close the razor.

The robbin was wearing off, and in its stead there came a playful and mischievous humor.

Turning his customer under the chair, "Ah, Mr. Rhett," he said, "you would look so much better without your moustache. Now, don't you want me to take it off for you?"

Afraid to cross him in his humor, Rhett replied, though it almost broke his heart to say it:

"Why, certainly, Henry, if you think it will look better."

On went the lather, and in another minute the beautiful silken strands were no more than the withered leaves of the forest.

"Now, Mr. Rhett, if you had your hair clipped you would look splendid. Don't you want me to take it off?"

"Of course, Henry, clip it," came from those suppressed lips. He was willing to say or do anything to get that razor back into its case.

So the clippers went brought out and in less than two minutes he was slicker than a new born rat.

But if his head was light his heart was too, when he arose from the chair, and never in all his life did he feel so willing and happy to pay for a shave and hair cut.

Of course everybody laughed at him when he went out on the street, and the wind blew cold about his head. To his friends, when they gathered around him, he told his harrowing experience, and he was still as pale as a ghost.

A committee of fourteen waited on the barber, but they could find anything in his words or actions to denote insanity. So some believed the story and some didn't—and the barber kept on shaving.

But once again did he put his razor upon the face of John Rhett.—W. M. Reddy in Atlanta Constitution.

Habits of Seals.

The habits of seals are very interesting. The very young seal is helpless in the water until he is taught by his mother to swim. She takes him into the water daily on her fin and dumps him in, and when he gets tired of floundering about places him on her fin again and returns to her camp. When the young seals are well grown they suddenly disappear with their mothers and the bull seals. No one knows where they go, and their return is equally as sudden as their departure. The bulls are the first to put in an appearance at the camping ground. When they arrive they commence at once to prepare a camp for their mates, which they make off, and for which they fight until they die. In the meantime the female seals remain quite a distance from land, feeding lazily on the water and seemingly having a good time.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Earliest Lens.

The earliest known lens is one made of rock crystal, unearthed by Layard at Nineveh. This lens, the age of which is to be measured by thousands of years, now lies in the British Museum, with its surface as bright as when it left the maker's hands. By the side of it are very recent specimens of lens which have been ruined by exposure to London's fogs and smoke.—St. Louis Republic.

After fifty nine years of need matrimony Saint Blues has finished his translation of "Aristotle," a work in thirty-five volumes.

Victim—Doctor, I'm troubled with cold feet. What do you suppose causes them? Doctor—Cold weather. One dollar, please.—Ex.

Humorist—Hereafter I want 50 cents for each joke, instead of 25. Editor—We have no further use for you; you're getting too funny.—Ex.

Blinks—Englesbie, the brewer, is a very charitable man. I see him give money to every organ he sees. Jinks—Oh, well, he gets it all back. He owns almost every saloon in town.—Ex.

A Mean city Lawyer.

We have often heard of the cute tricks of the Philadelphia lawyer and of his being able to master things that seemed impossible to his country practitioners, but we learned of a little incident occurring a short time ago, in a which a justice of the peace not a mile from the court house secured here very cruel a member of the Philadelphia bar could be. The lawyer had a claim put in his hands for collection against a certain man in town to the amount of nearly $100 and sent it on to the justice to have him see the party at once, enclosing a check for $2 to defray the necessary costs.

The justice called on the aforesaid business man and stated the facts. A few days passed and the business man called on the justice and paid him the claim in full. The justice remitted the amount to the lawyer, and, wishy or washy for him, stated the money had been collected without a suit, and that he would retain the check of $2 for his trouble. Here the lawyer balked and wrote that unless the check was returned at once he would order the client attorney to bring suit for receiving illegal fees.

The justice waited and found the lawyer had really written the district attorney, and in order to accommodate the city attorney the justice returned the check, receiving nothing for his time spent in collecting the money, besides the waste of postage. Perhaps this justice will not trouble himself collecting any bills for the public, gentle man of the Quakers city in the future.—Clearfield (Pa.) Republican.

How Jim Changed.

"Jim Cannon was a plain son of Erin who went to the war with an Indiana regiment. He accompanied our sounding party on one day. The boys of the Seventeenth Indiana told us to watch him, for he was a fool, and liable to involve our little troop in a complication of troubles.

"And the caution proved unnecessary, though it was unheeded. Jim Cannon crept away from our party while we were searching the house that stood in a neighboring hill, and in less than thirty minutes we heard a shot fired, followed after a short interval by thirty or forty in rapid succession. We hastened to the spot and picked up poor Jim. He was tattooed. We actually counted eleven bullet holes in that fellow, and how do you suppose he explained it to us? He crept upon a party of men to revive bacon-and-eggs eating a fourth in the shelter of a ravine, and thought he could capture the entire force. So he opened fire at the same time yelling at the top of his voice, "Surrender, ye spalpeen rebels!"

"Did he live to tell you this story?" inquired a listener to the narrative.

"Live! why, he actually got well, and I learned recently that he now works in a northern Indiana town."—Chicago News.

Iron Extracted from Sea Sand.

It may not be generally known that sea sand contains from 5 to 7 per cent of iron. Under ordinary conditions it would not pay, perhaps, to try to extract it, but a company now stops into the breach with electric machinery, so to speak, and claims that the iron can be extracted at a profit. The separator consists of a cylinder, whose surface is composed of electro magnets, revolving on the inside of an endless canvas belt. The sand is fed to the belt. A spray of water separates the particles, the iron being retained by the action of the powerful electro magnets and carried off on the belt to a receptacle at the other end.—New York Telegram.

The Surprise.

Of course most people know that bugs and toads are evolved from tadpoles, but there are some very strange things about these batrachians that possibly you don't know. Because the changeling is so well known to nearly everybody it may be dismissed by saying that it is born with gills and lives entirely under water until it reaches the transformation period; then lungs appear in place of the gills, the tail drops off, legs sprout out, and an animal fitted to live on land is the result.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Not Very Plain.

Our Ottawa correspondent tells the story of a queer incident in the supreme court. Counsel for the appellant in a case from the west had been for a good half hour stating his case to the court. Mr. Justice Strong had been talking freely with the counsel, as is his wont, and was apparently helping the timid pleader out, when he started at some thing he had said and asked, "Are you for the appellant?" "Yes, my lord." "Oh!" said the judge blandly, "I thought you were on the other side."—Toronto Globe.

WHY DO YOU COUGH?

Do you know that a little cough is a dangerous thing? Do you know that it often leads to Pneumonia and Consumption and ends in Death? People suffering from Asthma, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Consumption will all tell you that

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20 pieces all Wool Dress Goods in plain, fancy weaves and plaids, worth from $1.00 to $1.50 per yard, now 75c.

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1000 pairs of Curtains and Portieres, slightly soiled in handling, will be offered for one week from 75c. to $15.00 per pair, worth 50 per cent more, now than offered.

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At a reduction of 20½ per cent.

Quilts at 90c., each; 50c full size Crochet Quilts at $1.10 each; 75c full size Crochet Quilts, Marseilles patterns, at $1.50 each; 75c genuine Marseilles Quilts, full size at $1.50 each; 75c Marseilles Quilts, extra size, choice designs.

Blankets at $1.00 per pair. Our celebrated White California Blankets, full size, at $5.00 per pair, worth quality White California Blankets, extra size, worth $10.00.

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1500 remnants Dress Skirt lengths of Andrews imported Zephyrs at 10½c., worth 50c. per yard.

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" " "	"	17.50 "	8.75
" " Wraps,	"	22.50 "	11.50
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" Australian Tweed "	"	6.50 "	3.50
Misses Cloth,	"	3.00 "	1.25
" "	"	3.50 "	1.50
" "	"	4.50 "	1.75

Ladies' Cashmere and Flannel Tea Gowns, below cost.
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Boys' Outing Cloth Waists at 75c., reduced from 50c.
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