DESERET EVENING NEWS.

"Published every day except Sunday at 1 o'clock p.m. Price, postage paid in advance, $10.00 per year, $5.00 per month, in cents per week, payable or delivered by carrier.

DESERET EVENING WEEKLY EDITION.

Published every Monday and Friday. Subscription price, in advance, per year, $6.00; six months $3.00; three months, $1.50, payable or delivered by carrier.

THE DESERET WEEKLY.

A 32 to 48 page Magazine, the cheapest and best of the monthly periodicals, which is a national literary history. Price, per volume of 12 numbers, $2.00; per year, $2.00, postpaid.

BOHEMIA IN NEW YORK.

WHERE ACTRESSES AND THEIR ARDENT ADMIRERS MEET.

How a Portion of the Population of the Metropolis Pleas Night Into Day—Sociation, Chorus Girls, Clubmen and Collegians Make Up the Parties.

At this hour when staid and solid Gothamites are either preparing to go to bed or are already fast asleep there begins to gather in two well known Broadway restaurants a bizarre company of men and women who make it a habit to be very wide awake of nights, when ordinary mortals are aled and asleep. These nocturnal gatherings form an odd feature of the latter life of the big town.

They are Parisian in their Bohemian good fellowship, and they seem in no wise marred interest for those who find pleasure in contemplating the various modes of existence that the lively metropolis presents to the philosophic observer. The professional hon vivants who make up the coterie are actors and actresses, men about town, clubmen, collegians and professional men, who have the faculty of never getting sleepy until the sun wakes up.

The restaurants have become noted resorts because of the presence of these Bohemian spirits. They are prosperous, and in the character and quality of their creature comforts rank in the first class. Their prosperity has been attributed to fortunate location. They are situated half a mile apart on the west side of Broadway, amid the group of fashionable theaters and big hotels of the Tenderloin district, that famous parallelogram of Gotham streets which has for years been known as "the heart of the city," and which is a locality that the police say "never goes to sleep."

Special accommodations are provided for the Bohemian set. They recall the "Cave of Harmony" that Thackeray tells about. In the restaurant at the southern end of the big Tenderloin parallelogram this Bohemian Cave of Harmony is located on the ground floor. Was the restaurant was first established the lower was directly back of the big apartment where ordinary guests get their late meals.

WHERE THEY MEET.

It was separated from the main restaurant by an alcove decorated with lace curtains. When the coterie grew in numbers, however, a new and spacious apartment, aglow with electric lights was added to provide comfortable accommodation for the special patrons. It has mirrors and fine frescos. In the second restaurant the whole second floor of the building is set aside for the Bohemian house. It is carpeted and comfortably furnished, and the indispensable mirrors are there too.

It is generally new midnight before the neighboring playhouses are shut up and the fun makers of the stage are free to enjoy themselves. Pretty actresses, neat in attire, light witted and fond of late hours and Bohemian associations come in to hook of twos or threes. Male escorts accompany them.

By 2 o'clock the coterie is at its liveliest. It is a sitting picture of midnight conviviality. Soubrettes and chorus girls are the bright particular stars. The actors, dressed up like fashion plates, are a sort of background to the picture. The clubmen and collegians and professional men are the moths enjoying the glitter. They are almost invariably young. Sometimes, however, a gay old fellow with gray hair and a jolly laugh gives the interesting spectacle of the fellow who is trying hard to be a boy and sit up with the other boys. Whether the moths are young or old, however, they seem inspired with the same ardent ambition to gain the good graces of the theatrical people.

Each plunges into his pocket for money and tries to excel the others in spending it for the entertainment of the soubrettes and chorus girls, and incidentally keeping solid with the actors and managers. They seem to imagine that this sort of thing will insure good seats at the theater whenever they want to go there, and that they won't have to pay for the seats at all. In most instances this is a very big mistake.

THEY WANT IT EVEN TO SEE.

The collegians are partial to the second-story house at the upper end of Broadway. Yale, Harvard and Princeton boys go there whenever they come to town to have a good time. They bring things with them to the place. The polished cherry tables are pushed together, and the soubrettes and chorus girls draw up their chairs with the non-fraternities as many as thirty gather in a single group. The collegians joke and tell college stories. The soubrettes and chorus girls take a hand in the story telling, at which some of them have a gift. Very often the sun rises while the fun is still going.

It all looks feverish and unhealthy to the observer who has decided notions about the baneffulness of late hours and late suppers, but there can be no doubt that the revelers enjoy it and don't bother their heads about any of Benjamin Franklin's pictures regarding going early to bed and getting up with the sun.

All this is marked contrast with the society that used to run fast and furious in the resorts that were numerous in the Tenderloin during a decade or so ago. The pale faced opium eater and the painted woman of the street do not pass, as a rule, within the portals of these Bohemian caves. There is no boisterousness and no singing of songs. A stranger will feel sure in a twinkling that while all seem to be more or less jolly and free and easy, there is no society in street parlance of strife at all times.—New York Sun.

A story comes from Meyersdale, Pa., of a witness whose refreshed color spoiled while he was at a fire and turned his face quite scarlet.

WRESTLING WITH A BED.

Trying Experiences While Transferring an Article of Furniture.

"I moved my folding bed up stairs last week—all the week," she said.

"I have had that bed for a year, and I must say that during that time its conduct has been such as to allay the suspicion with which I regarded it. I had come to repose a good deal of confidence in it.

"The landlady's husband suggested that we'd better take it apart. He said he knew how—it was very easy. So we spread that after dinner we'd take it apart. After dinner he stepped up for a few minutes. While he was gone Podley came in. Podley makes well, and he's my friend, but I will say that Podley's got no more head for measurements than a fawn.

"Podley looked over the stairwell and hall. 'Pshaw,' he said, 'you'll take hold of that and shake it up there while you get ready.'

"I held off my coat and lifted up the end of the bed. That was about half past 6 Monday evening. Going up stairs I took the lower end. When we got up high enough the coil, ornamental back of the bed jammed into the ceiling. It phossed a jagged fracture into the plastering and the jar hurt me a good deal. That reminded Podley that he'd have to lower his end. He lowered the bed so the top cleared the ceiling and the bottom struck on the next stair.

"Then we lifted the bottom to clear the stairs and the top got tangled in the plastering. Podley thought I might lift the bottom real quick, while he held down on the top and get it by that way. Finally, after we'd lifted and twisted and perspired enough the combination came right and we got it by the jog.

"It was easy enough then until we got it to the top of the stairs, where the banisters turn. Of course it was too broad to turn there.

"Podley rested his end on the top step and leaned over the banisters and encouraged me while the bed slowly tore the flesh from the palms of my hands and crunched my ribs beneath. Podley fanned himself and got facetious. Just at the last gasp the landlady's husband came in. He flew to my relief. We lifted the bed clear over the banisters and set it down in the narrow hall. But we could neither turn it so as to get it through the bedroom door nor get it back on the stairs again.

"After that bed had fubbled me and Podley up and reduced the landlady's husband, who is a fleshy man, to a mere soggy, palpitating mass, we pushed it into a room at the head of the stairs and quit.

"Tuesday evening the landlady's husband came up smiling and confident. The bead piece, he said, lifted right off. We opened the bed and lifted. Then we shut it up and stood it on its head and its side and its stomach. The landlady's husband eyed it critically in each position, and shook it and thumped it on the back. But nothing came of that, so we opened it and got the landlady to sit on the footpost while we lifted on the headpiece. When we got tired of doing that we shut it up and examined it some more.

"Wednesday I dropped in at a furniture store and send for an expert with a crowbar to come up and take my bed apart. The man said there was no need of sending a man. He'd show me that a child could do it. Then he opened a bed like mine, told me where to lift, and it came apart as easy as anything. I went home and laughed at the landlady's husband. After dinner I went to show him—but I didn't.

"Thursday I sent for the expert again. Thursday evening I went to dinner. The landlady's husband was sitting on the porch. He was a deep lobster color. His collar was nothing but a yellowish rag, and he drew his handkerchief over and over across his brow.

"'Yes,' he said, dejectedly, 'your bed's apart, but it isn't in your room. The man says he'll have to saw the headpiece in two; it's too tall for the door. The man,' he continued, 'just went away. He came here about half past one. One of your gears was sprung.' The landlady's husband mopped his brow and looked away as one who accepts chastisement in a Christian spirit.

"Friday I sent for the expert and he saw and Friday night I had the great happiness of seeing my folding bed in my room. 'There,' in the unsanctimonious language of the poet, 'let it lay! For I'll lodge in an ash barrel before I'll ever attempt to move it again."—Chicago News.

Improvement of the Theater.

Error long disabled the theater from offering pleasures which might be enjoyed with self respect, but it is interestingly noticeable that of late the theater has been somewhat better advised, and at the moment the vaudeville has begun to topple on the edge of the pit the drama has been trying to climb out of it. The theater is still very coarse, very shameless, but we think it has really some impulses to purge and live cleanly, which ought to be encouraged by all who know its vast influence.

As we have often said, it addresses the weaker intelligences, and not the cultivated, except for rare occasions. But apparently the newsstand also addresses the weaker intelligences, and the novel fiction has been growing morally better, while the pointed fiction has been growing morally worse. All now there is much less to choose between them than there once was.—William Dean Howells in Harper's.

A Cute Predicament.

John Crane, a Michigan blacksmith, got his foot tangled in a rope attached to a balloon at Wonsinah Beach, on Saturday last. He called to the folks to hold him when the balloon went up, but they didn't and he. However, he got his foot untangled before he had gone more than three or four rods, and falling on soft sand, he escaped injury.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The New Silver Dollars.

"It is not likely that another enterprise will ever be tried for the production of dollars for United States coins," said Assistant Director of the Mint Preston. "The one just ended was the greatest a failure. Doubtless it was the first contract of the sort ever opened by any government to the public at large. The result is not very flattering to the boasted artistic development of this country, inasmuch as only two of the 2000 patterns submitted were good enough to receive honorable mention. So the affair has been handed over to the engraving force of the Philadelphia mint, which will produce the dies required, sending to each patterns as its own school of the beautiful suggests."

The designs for Uncle Sam's coins hitherto have been produced at the money making establishment at Philadelphia, where the dies for all the mints are turned out. Anticipating a severe popular criticism, the chief engraver will do his utmost to render the first coinage patterns called for as unexceptional as possible, relatively speaking. There must be a substitute for some kind, representing Liberty, for the silver dollar, the reverse of which we prefer a better type of bird than the present hideous.

As the very possessing female, seated upon a spotted bale, is to be removed from the half dollar, quarter and dime. Plaster casts of the patterns evolved will be submitted for approval to the director of the mint and the secretary of the treasury, and unless one of them has a pronounced satisfactory face will be made and small change of new and lovely metal will throughout jingle in the pockets of the people.

No alteration is to be made in the gold coins, because they are really exquisite now, and could hardly be improved upon. It is realized that the money of a nation is expensive of its art culture. Therefore, lest posterity imagine the present generation to have been barbarous, it is desirable that our silver pieces should be as handsome as may be.—Washington Letter.

The Gift the Kaiser Took with Him.

Those who saw the emperor's luggage brought ashore at Port Victoria will remember the iron safe which formed part of it. In this safe was the large collection of jewelled snuff boxes, silver cigarette cases, diamond lorgnettes, signet rings, etc., which the kaiser brought with him for distribution among the members of the queen's household and many other officials with whom he was brought in contact during his visit.

These assorted gifts, which have been eased up by the emperor during the past two years pretty steadily by the press, now been duly distributed, and have probably—for such is human nature—caused some heartburning and disappointment than delight.

Large as the stock was, it did not prove quite large enough, and several members of the kaiser's suite were engaged for some time at the West End in buying a further assortment of trinkets to serve as presents from the kaiser. The German Orders which the latter has distributed were brought over in a separate case, and is a security which recalls the incident of the Boston lassie in "Rinkah."—London Figaro.

Two Miles a Day by Rail.

Some illustrations of modern railway speed cited before the parliamentary committee on the cross country railway bill merit special attention, showing what can be accomplished wh. a railway company makes an effort. A Boston coal merchant says that sometimes the Midland company manages to convey coal from Boston to Chesterfield in eleven to thirty-four days, and as the towns are more than twenty miles apart it will be seen that sometimes the coal trains dash along the line at the rate of two miles a day. Once the witness found a train load on a train which had been thirty days on the way, and he reasonably believes that the men who built and the cars laid during the month. Yet this Boston merchant is not happy and desires a change.

"August Flower"

"I inherit some tendency to Dyspepsia from my mother. I suffered two years in this way: consulted a number of doctors. They did me no good. I then used **Relieved in** your August Flower and it was just two days when I felt great relief. I soon got so that I could sleep and eat, and I felt that I was well. That was three years ago, and I am still first-class. I am never without a bottle, and **Two Days.** if I feel constipated the least particle a dose or two of August Flower does the work. The beauty of the medicine is, that you can stop the use of it without any bad effects on the system. **Constipation** While I was sick I felt everything it seemed to me a man could feel. I was of all men most miserable. I can say, in conclusion, that I believe August Flower will cure anyone of indigestion, if taken **Life of Misery** with judgment. A. M. Weed, 231 Bellefontaine St., Indianapolis, Ind." 9

LADIES' HAIR DRESSING PARLORS
BANGS CUT.
HAIR CURLED AND SINGED.
Shampooing Done in the Latest and Most approved Manner. Gentlemen's Hair Cutting and Dressing a Specialty.
Over Smith's Drug Store, Third Floor, Constitution Building.
Miss LILY ERDINGER

THE Celebrated National Folding Bed,
MANUFACTURED BY THE
SUGG & BIERSDORF FURNITURE CO
—BUFFALO—
A LARGE VARIETY FOR SALE AT
S. R. MARKS & CO'S,
Opposite Temple.

MRS. GRAHAM'S
Cucumber and Elder Flower Cream
It is not a cosmetic in the sense in which that term is generally understood, but a delicately medicated cream, which, unlike them, leaves no ill effects behind it. It is a most exquisite article for the toilet, and will prove a delightful cream for shaving, and for the use of those who have tender skins, and who are annoyed by the ordinary shaving soaps, which, by their alkali, dry and irritate the skin. It is also a most delicate and agreeable cream for the use of those who have to attend balls, parties, etc., and who do not want a thick pasty face. It may be used by the most delicate lady, and will not injure the most tender