DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Published every day except Sunday at 6 p. m. Subscription price, in advance, $10.00 per year; $5.00 per six months; 85 cents per week, payable or collected by carrier.

DESERET SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS.

Published every Sunday and Friday. Subscription price, in advance, per year, $5.00; six months, $2.50; payable in advance by carrier.

THE DESERET WEEKLY.

A 32 to 48 page Magazine, the cheapest and best in its society, specially valuable as a source of school history. Price, per subscriber, $2.00 per year; $1.00 for six months.

THE QUEEN'S SABOTS.

General Gilbert Motier, Marquis de La Fayette, kept the old family chateau, Chavaniac, in Auvergne, a large, strong seigneurial building, yet without some form or character. Not far away among tall forests of beeches and chestnuts, steep, rocky heights arose. Under the dim green light of those brown woodlands dwelt in their rude cabins and labored shoulder to shoulder charcoal burners and resin gatherers, basket makers, and coopers, cobblers, and fashioners of clapboards and laths—the whole tribe of workers in wood. Also this little people ate and brewed together in the open air under leafy shadows, mingling the deafening blows of ax and hammer, the grindings of flies, and the gratings of saws, with the slowly curling smoke and the low toned songs that rose to heaven from many a happy busy heart.

To this company belonged an orphan cobbler boy, pensive and timid and silent, who apart from the rest cut and clipped, pared and pointed, hollowed and polished the sabots that he made. His name was Baron; in the city it would have been Baron—Reason; but the easy, careless people of the province had rounded its sharp, rough corner and softened it to their own liking. But since he lived alone and spoke but little the neighbors thought him dull and stupid and dubbed him Baraon—Donkey—lacking wit. And then, because under an old musket hanging in his hut he had set a little picture of Marie Antoinette, they laughingly whispered sometimes to one another that he was in love with their beautiful queen.

One day General de La Fayette came from Paris to the castle of Chavaniac. It was in those days that at Trianon the French court played the pastoral under the leadership of M. de Florian, captain of the dragoons; and the richly gilded seigneurs and the fair, great ladies of the land disguised themselves as swains and milkmen and country schoolmasters, as shepherd girls and milkmaids. 'Tis said they all wore sabots, dainty ones, to be sure, but veritable wooden shoes, with Marie Antoinette the first among them. Such was the story which the good Marquis de La Fayette brought to the super listeners in his neighboring forests; and Baraon was there, most eager listener of them all.

"The queen, then, wears wooden shoes, M. le Marquis?"

"Yes."

"And if I made her a pair you'd take them to her, M. le Marquis?"

"Surely, if you can make such as shall be more beautiful than any sweetheart ever wore, and fine enough for our gentle queen."

And Baraon was off. Night and day he worked, nor stopped till he had made in truth a handsome pair, such as the Auvergne peasant fondly fashions for the maiden of his choice; and they—for they are the wedding sabots—are ever treasured by the young wife and the aged dame. Baraon, with his pair of sabots, knocked at the chateau gate and asked for M. le Marquis.

"It is I," he said, "and here are the wooden shoes."

"You have made them, to be sure; and they might well be for your sweetheart, for they are beautiful; and you may be sure that I will give them to the queen."

And indeed they were beautiful, of shortest wood, and narrow and curved and elegant; finely cut and carved with delicate ornament. Upon the toe was wrought a heart encircled with rays, and wreathed above it thus four letters, "T. T. L. V." As for the point, since it was for a royal foot, the simple cobbler had exaggerated it a little. The marquis took the sabots and carefully examined them, admiring them, yet smiling, too, for well he knew the meaning of the letters written on the shoes of every fashion in Auvergne.

Baraon hurried home, and underneath his ling portrait of the queen he heavily traced in black the four mystical characters. General de La Fayette left for Paris, carrying to Trianon, as he had promised, the sabots of Auvergne. Nor did he forget to tell their story, for the court was ever ready for a shepherd tale. The queen was greatly pleased. Real country sabots from the hands of a real sabot maker of the mountains! and so quaint and quiet!

"The heart surrounded with rays, as they make the Virgin's head, I understand; but 'T. T. L. V.,' marquis!"

"Your majesty alone can permit me or command me to declare their meaning."

"I listen, marquis. I permit you."

"T'aimerai toute la vie."

"Well!" exclaimed Marie Antoinette, greatly puzzled.

"Point d'Auvergne. Otherwise, 'Je t'aimerai toute la vie—I'll love thee my whole life long!'" said M. de La Fayette laughed heartily. Not so the queen, and she said nothing.

"The curious fact is that my simple young cobbler adores you under the form of a small image, yet very like your majesty."

"Brave boy! Poor fellow!" murmured the queen, deeply moved. "The sabots, M. le Marquis, are, I think, a little large; but so much the better for the reward," and Marie Antoinette spoke low in the ear of the Princess de Lamballe, who took the sabots, went out quickly and soon came back, bringing them well filled with gold.

"Marquis, put this gold in a casket and send it to your cobbler with the queen's best thanks, and tell him, too—no, tell him nothing more." And General de La Fayette laid in a handsome box and sent to Chavaniac the two sabots full of gold and the queen's acknowledgments.

Marie Antoinette was pleased to put the sabots on; yes, they were a little large, as she had thought, and she might even had fallen had these been time for her to wear them, but it was the vigil of the Revolution.

The years of the Revolution passed like whirlwind blasts, with ever greater fury. Already Orléans d'Herbois had brought an indictment against General de La Fayette; already the bright golden head of the Princess de Lamballe, mounted on a pole, had been carried through the boulevards of Paris. Baraon, in his quiet mountain home, knew it; and it took the color from his face and sent anguish to his heart. And finally, when he heard that the royal family had been taken to the temple, he grew more sad and serious; and one morning he was missing from his hut, a pretty box wide open, the old musket gone and the picture of the queen.

The poor youth had started for the temple on foot with his musket at his side, with all the golden louis sewed in his dragged vest and the picture of Marie Antoinette hung around his neck. In his love and his ignorance he had thought nothing less than that he could save his queen. He traveled by night, hoping to do work by day—weary, famished, but ever going on.

Finally he reached the city the 17th of October, 1793, worn and sick, and road with rags and tenderness. In the Place de la Bastille he accosted a patriot, wearing a Phrygian bonnet and armed with a club.

"To go to the temple!" he sobbed.

"What do you want to do at the temple?"

"Rescue the queen."

"The Austrian? Yesterday she was done for," replied the patriot, with a ferocious grimace and a stupid sneer.

The youth, pale, quickly raised his musket; but the patriot anticipated him with a blow that laid him stiff upon the ground.

"An aristocrat! Down with the aristocrat!"

And a crowd collected and rummaged the body. On his breast they found the portrait of Marie Antoinette with the four suspicious letters "T. T. L. V." Here was a means of identification—this man a conspirator from Coblentz, a traitor to the nation! Furious cries arose; and they carried him to the river and there they threw him in, the poor sabotier of Auvergne, the lover of the unfortunate queen, with his shining golden pieces in his waistcoat and the sacred image on his heart.—Translated from the French of Aime Gironis Figero for the New York Evening Post.

ACCUSED BY A FEATHERED WITNESS.

A Cockatoo's Declaration Over the Body of Its Murdered Master.

The officers who took the body of William R. de Rose, alias La Chapelle, from the bedroom in the rear of the saloon where he was shot and killed by Maggie Gutty, tell a strange story of the loquacity of a big cockatoo that belonged to the murdered man.

The body lay on the floor at the foot of the bed when the officers arrived. The bird was perched upon the mantelpiece overlooking the scene, and as the bluecoats entered the room he screeched out:

"Maggie did it! Maggie did it!"

The officers were startled. Where did the strange voice come from? It was not a human voice, yet strangely clear and distinct.

"Maggie did it! Maggie did it! Maggie did it!" again came the voice. A light was struck by this time, and then the source of that inhuman screech was discovered.

"Mag"——

"Did what?" said one of the officers, interrupting, as it was about to screech out again.

"Shot him! Shot him! Shot him! Maggie did it!" answered the cockatoo.

The officers bent over the corpse, placed a hand on the heart to see if life were really extinct, then stood silently a moment, as if considering the best means of removing it.

"Well, what are you going to do with it?" broke out the bird again.

"Going to take it to the morgue. Want to come along?" said the officer, bending an elbow out for the cockatoo to perch upon.

"Yes, I'll go," said the bird, hopping down on the elbow.

It was with much difficulty that the body was finally carried out to the patrol wagon without allowing the bird to escape. When this had been done finally, and the bird safely locked in the room, his ghoulish screech could be heard out on the street calling:

"Maggie did it! Maggie did it!"—San Francisco Chronicle.

Agricultural Notes.

It is reported that sixty-four out of seventy-five counties in the Texas grain belt show a total increased acreage over last year for wheat, corn and oats of between 15 and 100 per cent.

The consumption of canned goods in the United States is increasing much faster than is the demand for those goods abroad, according to Bradstreet's.

Cattle pastured in swampy or muddy grounds are especially liable to "foul in the foot."

The quickest way to get the rust off a spade or shovel is to coal it with coal oil and scour it with a brick.

It is said that amelioration of the swine crop of the United States is put into market under a year old.

Facts About the Queen Bee.

A queen can lead a hen at laying. Give her the best surroundings, with plenty of honey coming to and all that, and she will lay 3,000 eggs in 24 hours. She does not cackle over it, either. Each egg measures 1-14 of an inch in length and 1-70 of an inch in thickness. Even when she is only doing an average business she will lay more than twice her own weight in 24 hours. But, mind you, she does not do anything else. Does not even feed herself. You will see the workers constantly offering her food.—American Bee Journal.

Love Finds a Way.

Bilkem—Whose pocketbook is that you are advertising for?

Jimson—Mine, of course.

"Hey out. "Pocketbook containing a roll of bills and a large number of checks and securities. Finder can keep money if he will return papers." Get out! You don't see a roll of bills or a check once a year."

"So, but Dertha Bullion's father takes the paper I advertised the low in, and he'll see that advertisement. See?"

"Humph! Where did you get the money to pay for that big ad?"

"Dertha loaned it to me, bless the darling."—New York Weekly.

CUT WORMS IN CORN.

Notes from a Bulletin Issued by the South Dakota Agricultural Station.

A perfectly clean crop of corn is useful in keeping down the cut worms. Few farmers keep corn so clean as to reap the full benefit of it as a preventive. As generally raised, it cannot therefore be compared to millet. Late fall plowing has been recommended by some entomologists. This is on the theory that, as the worms pass the winter in little oval chambers below the surface, they would be turned up to the surface at a time when it would be too late to make this preparation again, and would consequently perish. It is not claimed that the period in which this preventive plowing may be done extends over more than a very few days, just before the final freezing up. The measure is therefore applicable only to a small extent, and even then would seem to require an advance knowledge of the approach of winter.

Our own experience and observation does not lead to definite conclusions. An extensive correspondence with farmers shows that every possible time of plowing has been, in some cases, apparently ineffective, and in other cases apparently successful. On the whole, we have received about four times as many favorable reports of spring plowing as of fall plowing, which must be regarded as a significant and valuable point. It may be added that the letters received illustrate methods of observation and curious diversity of the cut worm habit rather than the support of any particular theory. Taken as a whole, these communications appear to justify the following conclusions: In gardens, hand picking, and repelling agents like lime, ashes, soot, etc., are of value in the order named. In fields, burning off, absolutely clean culture (this includes millet raising and spring plowing) are the best measures as yet known. Heading off the worms where they are working into a field may be done by plowing a furrow a little ahead of them, leaving the perpendicular side toward the field to be protected.

Fertilizers for Corn.

A Virginia farmer writing to Country Gentleman says:

We have made and used a mixture for five years in succession with very successful results—composed of the following materials: One-third cottonseed meal, one-third dissolved South Carolina phosphate and one-third hulls. We buy the materials in bulk; haul home and mix on the barn floor. We apply a hundred pounds per acre. Have got the mixture for less than twenty dollars per ton—it will probably be a little higher this year. We think it makes one saved more per acre and this, for one dollar's worth of fertilizer, pays well. We use a corn planter which drops the seed and fertilizer at one operation—two rows at once. We lay off the ground one way, and then crosswise and plant the other way. It requires a careful hand to drop and there is no time to talk politics. Our land is red slate and has been settled and cultivated for a hundred and fifty years.

What Geology Reveals.

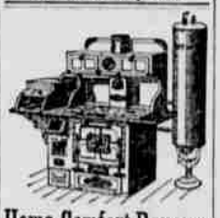
Geology reveals to us the fact that classes of animals rise and fall, are exalted and then brought low just as empires among men. The dinosaurs were not destined to remain for more than a certain time in their exalted position. Already in the New Red Sandstone period the usurpers had appeared on the scene in the shape of humble little quadrupeds, creatures apparently unable to cope with their rivals of the reptile class, but destined, as ages rolled on, to grow in power and strength, and so to attain the proud position they now occupy.

One cannot help wondering how the victory was accomplished. But they had a more developed brain than reptiles; that would give them an immense advantage in the "struggle for existence." Thus it would seem that brains carried the day, and so mammals now "hold the field" against all their enemies.—Chambers' Journal.

ST. JACOBS OIL
THE BEST.

Rheumatism.	Neuralgia.
K. Ogden, Mich., May 17, 1888. "A half bottle of your 'St. Jacobs Oil' cured me of three years' rheumatism and I have recommended it to many who have tried the same with like success." J. M. L. PORTER.	Hagerstown, Md., April 15, 1891. "I and others of my family have used St. Jacobs Oil for neuralgia and found it a speedy, effective cure." MRS. ADDIE KELLER.

IT HAS NO EQUAL.



Home Comfort Ranges
Have No Equal for
FAMILIES, HOTELS, MINING CAMPS, Etc.
The Only Ranges Made of
MALLEABLE, IRON, AND STEEL.
Over 220,000 in Actual Use.
Call and Examine Them at
UTAH STOVE & HARDWARE CO.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

MONEY loaned on Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry and Merchandise. Strictly private. Business hours, 9 to 6. Loans made on Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Guns, Bicycles, Sewing Machines, Typewriters, Musical Instruments, Bicycles, Trunks, Valises, Clothing, Bedding, Furniture, Pianos, Organs, Horses, Wagons, Harness, Buggies, Carts, Cows, Sheep, Stock of Goods, Warehouse Receipts, Mortgages, Real Estate, Or any good security. Office open evenings. Unclaimed goods for sale cheap. Diamonds, Watches, Guns, Bicycles, Sewing Machines, Typewriters, Musical Instruments