DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Published every day except Sundays, at 4 p. m. Subscription price, in advance, $10.00 per year, $5.00 six months, $2 every per week, 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; payable or delivered by carrier.

THE DESERET WEEKLY.

A 72 to 80 page magazine, the choicest and best in its country, specially adapted to a variety of interests in the Church. Price per volume of six numbers, $2.00, per year, $2.00, mailed.

MARION, THE SWAMP FOX

THE BOLD CAREER OF SOUTH CAROLINA'S GREAT PARTISAN.

He Took Refuge in the Swamps When the Painted Armies Had Been Driven from the State and Fought on His Own Hook.

(Copyright, 1891, by American Press Association. Book rights reserved.)

SWAMP FOX, the nickname of the Revolutionary Carolina's Bonnie Prince Charlie, the "Marion of the South," "Scanawall," "Little Mac," "Fighting Joe" and "Gamecock" of an earlier period, is established in an incident and was taken up by the populace as being a good fit. Romance and tradition have extended the fame of those wonderful exploits of Marion in regions of long and letter which date from his baffled enemies. Tarleton, the expression, "As for this swamp fox, the devil himself couldn't catch him," and it the widely credited stories of those exploits are not true in every detail, or are but highly colored, they are characteristic and deal with a strong and picturesque side of the life of one of the most sublime and daring heroes of the south.

Marion at a certain stage of his career was a "Swamp Fox" and continued so in regular warfare, but his methods were suited to the region of his campaigns and to the nature of his enemy. In point of fact he passed but an insignificant portion of his service in independent warfare, and was almost constantly acting in the regular service of the Revolutionary army.

Before the Revolution Marion distinguished himself as a soldier, and in the Cherokee war virtually won a battle by leading a forlorn hope of 30 men to storm the key point of the Indian position. After that he served in the provincial congress, was in the first regiment of Revolutionary volunteers organized in his district was elected captain. In the desperate battles around Charleston and Savannah and in the campaigns of the south, from 1775 to 1779, he won promotion step by step until he became colonel and was for a time second in command to Gen. Lincoln, the American leader in the south.

By a fortunate accident in Charleston before the British lines closed around it, he broke one of his legs and went away to his home in the interior, and so escaped capture when the city fell, in May, 1780. Other military disasters soon followed the surrender of Charleston and in a few weeks there was not an armed body of Americans in the field in South Carolina. Meanwhile Marion had recovered from his hurt, and Governor Rutledge placed him in command of a district that was placed in arms against British oppression. The expression was not imaginary but real. It was not the mission of laws passed away over the sea, but the hand of tyranny felt daily at home. The king's officers, after prevailing upon the inhabitants by peaceful proclamations to lay down their arms as patriots, demanded that they take them up again as British soldiers and fight against their brethren. The people of a large district known as Williamsburg, learning that Marion was under way to head an uprising, boldly refused to obey the king's minions and wholly organized four companies under the title of "Marion's brigade."

It was this force, afterward increased or depleted according to luck or necessity, that Marion handled with disturbing effect on the British, using the swamps of the central river basins now as an animal, now as a lair. With these men, dispersed in sixes of grave danger and reassembled in nines again at the moment of opportunity, Marion cut off supplies from the foreign armies in South Carolina, broke up the haunts of Tory adherents and the lawless outlaws, captured scouting parties and the patrols beaten, and in a dozen ways annoyed the enemy that outgeneraled the soldiers to discharge the obligations of the people.

Marion's brigade undoubtedly gave the British empire cause to stigmatize it as a band of outlaws, or at least escape from a British point of view. The men were uniformed and were armed with rude weapons, their values being wrought out of scythes taken from tills of loyal king's districts. Marion himself had no replicable until he secured them by the acquisition of some sapphire on a British post. The warfare he waged was sanctioned by the authority of the Tory inhabitants, who, backed by the king's forces, were guilty of assassins crumbles toward

READY TO A TORY CAPTIVE.

all patriots and their families. Marion's brigade was hence hunted down by Tories who captured him, yet the great partisan was slow to retaliate for Tory crimes. In one of his late campaigns, long after his brother and been murdered and the Tories had laid waste the homes of patriots who opposed the cause of liberty, he hesitated to punish Tory prisoners from the vengeance of their captors. While acting in concert with Light Horse Harry Lee, a British force fell into Lee's hands, and Marion, while at dinner, learned that some of Lee's men were hanging captives of the soldiers. Without stopping for formalities he ended to the scene of execution sword in hand, saved the life of one man who was about to be strung up, and threatened to kill the principals in the affair should they attempt further depredations of this nature.

The turning point in Marion's career was his retirement to Snow's Island, after several bouts with the enemy that taught them to respect the "Swamp Fox" and to keep alert and active while within his reach. Snow's Island was a fortress surrounded by water and swamps, offering shelter and hearing provisions each five miles. Marion destroyed all the bridges, obstructed roads and pathways, removed all boats and craft from the rivers in the vicinity and secreted the rates completely. His position was on the lower Pedee. Tarleton, the chief of British forts on the mouth of the Pedee river that overlooked Charleston harbor, North, this stronghold his band called forth, directed by unerring parties that kept watch upon the movements of the British, and harassed and annoyed them so much that an army would have done.

The British at length attempted to hunt up "Mr. Marion," who was in the view of the official dispatches. Col. Tarleton, the scourge of the southern Tories, tried to pounce the band of so-called rebels, who were a thorn in the British lines. He failed, and one parties were sent out from the Pedee to the Santee (one, was led by Col. Watson, and the other by Major Gordon) in the month of March, 1781, with 800 regulars and Tories and marched from Fort Watson, on the Santee, in the direction of Nelson's ferry. Marion had some knowledge of Watson's progress and by a swift march and skirmishes the swamps between the Santee and Black rivers. A spirited fight took place, and Watson's advance body of Tory cavalry was driven back upon the infantry and reports. Marion then retreated before Watson, frequently laying an ambuscade for the British, and at Black river made ready for a decisive conflict.

A bridge on Watson's route was thrown down and a body of riflemen was placed in the low swampy border on the east bank. Watson boldly pressed with foot and horse from the high ground on the west bank. But Marion's sharpshooters cut down the British artillerists in quick and a fatal shot, hope party that tried to storm the passage was driven back with the loss of its leader and of all the men who had ventured forward. Watson declared that he "had never seen such shooting in his life." Finally he gave it up in despair and sent a letter to Marion inquiring him to go back to his old methods of warfare and fight in open field. Marion took no notice of this, but pushed his dashing scouts lightly upon the stream and by the very outposts of the British encamp, driven them from place to place, and so lost not them from a corner where Watson was glad to escape from his opponent and wait for the wounded to pass on to the main British lines. Before the British entered they were compelled to fight for the best way. Wanna's horse was killed under him and he saved his hand by a narrow chance. This was at Sampit bridge, on the road to Georgetown, on the lower Pedee. The failure of an unfortunate party to do the work cut out by Marion alone saved Watson from destruction at that time.

"DO, AND BRING ME THEIR ANSWER."

But disheartening news reached Marion's ears while on the return from Sampit bridge by the light of Snow's Island. The enemy had ventured less than 100 men, and after drawing off a force large enough to baffle Watson and the scouting parties needed for the large territory threatened by the British, there had been only a handful left to guard the camp. This handful had been overpowered by Doyle, who had crossed over from the Wateree to the Pedee country, north of the seat of Marion's and Watson's encounters, and swooped down on the island with a superior force hand. Everything of value to the partisans was destroyed—stock, provisions, ammunition and arms. When the news brought this word to Marion's bivouac no time was lost in mourning, not the hand of an enemy by Tory cavalry, started to take vengeance on Doyle. Doyle, however, was put the deep waters of Lynch's river between his column and the horse pursuers and avoided battle, although failed to take some punishment from Marion's sharpshooters at long range, and prepared to retreat toward the British lines in Camden, on the Wateree.

This spring campaign of 1781 put Marion upon his mettle not only as a planter and fighter, but as a leader of men. The fall of Doyle, the dispersion of his island camp, had led him far to the north, and while then engaged his Highlanders he brought word that Watson, whom he had secreted to Georgetown on the jump, had been reinforced and was moving rapidly toward the Pedee to try the same over again. There was still a third party in the field against Marion, and at that hour the enemy had made the only armed body of patriots in South Carolina. Marion was anxious, if not perplexed. In a private interview with his faithful lieutenant, Major Harry, he gave notes to his thoughts and desired to know whether, in the event of his being compelled to take to the morasses, the officers and men of his band would share the fortunes and carry on the war. "Go, and bring us their answer!" he exclaimed to Harry.

The answer was even retarded and was a hearty "Aye, aye," over which, says Harry's chronicles, the "Swamp Fox" was "pleased" and declared, "I am satisfied, one of these parties shall soon feel me."

Tradition says that the band was then drawn up in a circle and sworn with drawn swords to follow Marion, to never yield to the British, and to fight until life ever should be over.

The pursuit of Doyle was again taken up, and Marion crossed Lynch's river to attack him, but found that he had fled to Camden in a panic. Marion then turned to meet Watson, and by rapid marching struck his camp on the Pedee. Watson had every advantage and Marion wanted attack. The partisans had not two-second of accumulation to a man.

In the crisis Marion's scouts brought news that an American army under Gen. Greene was entering South Carolina from the north, and Light Horse Harry Lee was at least with his legion to cooperate with Marion. The throwing of the partisans was sent in a twinkling, tents were landed from their secret moorings and Lee's horsemen were hurled across the Pedee to the place where the enemy had. Watson also heard the news, and unlaged Doyle in a hasty retreat, burning his stores and baggage and making his escape in the remnant. Marion and Lee then marched against the British forts on the Santee, captured Fort Watson and Motte and, without the fort of Georgetown, breaking the hold of the British upon the river line of defense and forcing them back toward Charleston. This was the beginning of the end, and Marion's hand brought on until South Carolina was reclaimed for liberty.

GEORGE L. KIDDER.

He Was Loyal.

"I want one of those little finger dishes," she said to her husband.

"What for, dear?"

"To cook the biscuits in, of course, Harry. You sure don't know anything about housework at all."—Detroit Free Press.

THE HORN FLY.

Its Appearance, Habits and the Way to Destroy It.

Flies which are quite small, lice can scarcely be distinguished from the naked eye, make their appearance on the horns of cattle, and in many of the states they are called the horn fly. Is there any remedy?—D. C. S.

Answer.—This is evidently the horn fly (Haematobia serrata). It was the most troublesome of all insect pests in Northern states during 1890, so much so that a special investigation was made by the experiment station of that state. The habits of the fly are the same as those of the horse fly, the female only bite and suck. In bite the fly inserts its sharp lancet, which is quite long, and sucks the blood as it flows. Some farmers claim that they lose the hair so that the latter is broken off, while the insects bite on into the brain.

No one has yet been reported where it could be proved that the fly bites. Upon an examination of the mouth parts of the insect through a microscope will show that it would be impossible for it to pierce or burn. The fly is a sucker, not a biter or a stinger. The mouth of the fly is a tube, which is adapted to the work, being a sucker only or sucking. In biting, it throws a flow and sharp tube through the hide—like pushing a needle through cloth. A small quantity of saliva or poison is then injected into the wound. This acts upon immediate inflammation and causes a flow of blood to the wound. The fly then begins to suck or pump the blood through the little tube into its body until it is satisfied or filled. The fly then is absolutely on way in which it can clear and not one particle of solid matter can be detected or swallowed. At the hour of the noxious horn is a soft, pulpy material which feels pulsating under the touch. It is here that the flies suck, leaving the part dry and lifeless and, to that extent, injuring the horn. This element and nervous animals, like young Jerseys, generally suffer most from the fly. Its eggs are generally laid at night in fresh manure. There they hatch. The larva deposit for nourishment upon a soft, partly liquid substance and deprived of it they perish. If all fresh manure were thoroughly spread out to the sun with a hoe or shovel or well sprinkled with lime or plaster, the eggs will be destroyed. In the stable, plaster, abundantly applied, kills all the maggots, not only feeds the valuable ammonia, but kills these eggs. To kill the flies on cattle nothing is better than fish oil with a little carbolic acid added to the fish oil. Carbolic soap suds are also good and tar is frequently used. The best way is to put the material on with a sponge, wetting only the tips of the hair on the belly, udder and other parts where the tobacco juice will not stay. The tobacco is to be sifted into the hair at the base of the horns, along the back and at the root of the tail. For this dusting Professor Smith recommends X. O. 4 or 5 parts of finely ground sand, lime and tobacco, with a small amount of carbolic acid.—Rural New Yorker.

Eggs in Dry Packing.

A few of the methods of packing eggs dry for keeping have been tried at the New York experiment station and reported upon. With these the eggs were all wiped, when fresh, with a rag saturated with fat or oil in which had been mixed some antiseptic, and were packed tightly in salt, bran, etc.

Eggs packed during April and May in salt, and which had been wiped with cotton seed oil, to which had been added boracic acid, kept from four to five months, with a loss of nearly one-third, the quality of those saved not being good. Eggs packed after the same preliminary handling in bran were all spoiled after four months.

Eggs packed in salt during March and April, after wiping with vaseline, to which salicylic acid has been added, kept four and five months without loss, the quality after three months being superior to that of ordinary limed eggs. These packed eggs were all kept in a barn cellar, the ordinary temperature of which varied from 60 degs. to 70 degs. Fahrenheit, and each box was turned once every two days.

Little difference was observed in the keeping of the fertile or infertile eggs, and no difference was noticeable in the keeping qualities of eggs from different fowls or from those under different rations.

Live Stock Points.

State Veterinarian Gosing, of Kansas, pronounces the disease which has been killing cattle near Leavenworth the Spanish fever.

Six hundred and forty-two fat Kentucky Durham cattle in one lot will be cut up into Christmas beef in the markets of London this year. Their original owner in the Blue Grass region sold them for $62,000. This was the finest lot of cattle in Kentucky, and they averaged in weight 1,350 pounds apiece.

A herd of forty-eight Dorset horned ewes produced 50 lambs from September, 1890, to May, 1891.

In Europe sheep breeders must fire out their backs cultivating turnips and other root crops for feed. In America we have the cheap Canadian and the cure analogue, which is quite as good, and can be produced with far less labor. Still, in the way of variety for the sheep, the root crop should not be entirely neglected.

Impossible to Transport Mosquitoes.

From the method of life of the mosquito, especially in its early stages, it is clear that it would be next to impossible to transport them accidentally, except as perfect insects, from one country to another across large tracts of ocean, and the reports that are sometimes spread of mosquitoes appearing in boats in England frequently by Americans can't to be received with great caution. Probably, in most instances, investigation would show that they were simply English gnats either more virulent than usual, which had been produced in some neighboring cistern or pond.—Knowledge.

CALIFORNIA CREAM PRUNES

A very Elegant Luxury, made from the Prune of Plum Perfect, combined with a fine Cream Flavor, suggestive of strawberries, and the highest nutritive qualities, put up in Glass Jars.

CREAM OF DATES,

Making a very valuable preservative and nutritious food.

IT IS A WONDERFUL REMEDY

For Constipation, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Loss of Sleep, Nervous Prostration, Dyspepsia and Kidney Complaints.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

For Sale by All Druggists.

BRIGGS MEDICINE CO., San Francisco, - - California

HAY-FEVER.

Rio Grande Western Railway.

STANDARD GAUGE.

CURRENT TIME TABLE.

In Effect Sunday, November 1, 1891.

STATIONS.	No. 6.	No. 2.	No. 4.
Lv Salt Lake	7.15 a m	2.00 p m	9.40 p m
Ar Ogden	8.45 a m	3.40 p m	11.15 p m
Lv Ogden	8.50 a m	3.45 p m	11.20 p m
Ar Pueblo	5.15 p m	12.05 a m	7.40 a m
Ar Denver	6.30 p m	1.20 a m	8.50 a m
Ar Kansas City	7.30 a m	7.30 p m	6.30 p m
Ar Chicago	9.00 a m	9.00 p m	8.00 p m
Lv Salt Lake	7.00 a m	12.00 m	7.00 p m
Ar Mercur	8.00 a m	1.00 p m	8.00 p m
Lv Mercur	8.15 a m	1.15 p m	8.15 p m
Ar Ophir	9.00 a m	2.00 p m	9.00 p m
Ar Tintic	9.30 a m	2.30 p m	9.30 p m
Lv Salt Lake	7.00 a m	12.00 m	7.00 p m
Ar Provo	8.25 a m	1.25 p m	8.25 p m
Lv Provo	8.35 a m	1.35 p m	8.35 p m
Ar Milford	12.35 p m	5.35 p m	12.35 a m
Ar Modena	2.45 p m	7.45 p m	2.45 a m
Lv Provo	8.35 a m	1.35 p m	8.35 p m
Ar Eureka	11.45 a m	4.45 p m	11.45 p m
Lv Salt Lake	7.00 a m	12.00 m	7.00 p m
Ar Saltair	7.20 a m	12.20 p m	7.20 p m
Lv Salt Lake	7.00 a m	12.00 m	7.00 p m
Ar Garfield	7.45 a m	12.45 p m	7.45 p m
Lv Salt Lake	7.00 a m	12.00 m	7.00 p m
Ar Black Rock	7.10 a m	12.10 p m	7.10