SAVE MRS. FREMONT.

She Dared to Thwart Her Husband's Ruin at a Critical Period.

In The Century Mrs. Fremont gives the following account of how she balked an official attempt to delay Gen. Fremont's second expedition to the west:

In the month of March, 1845, I accompanied Mr. Fremont to St. Louis, where the second expedition was fitted out; that through, he left for the frontier, where the men and animals were gathered. Following out my duty of secretary I was to open the mail and forward to the camp at Kaw Landing, now Kansas City, all that in my judgment required Mr. Fremont's attention. One day there came for him an official letter from his colonel, the chief of the topographical bureau. It was an order recalling him to Washington, whither he was directed to return and explain why he had armed his party while a boundary; saying that it was a scientific, not a military expedition, and should not have so armed.

I saw at once that this would make delays which would involve the overthrow of great plans, and I felt there was a hidden hand at work. Fortunately my father was absent from St. Louis, and I could act on my instinct. Without telling any one of the order I put it away and hurried off a messenger to Mr. Fremont—one of his men, Basil Lajeunesse, who was to join him with the last things. I feared a duplicate letter might have been sent on to the frontier; but the river mail was very irregular and slow, and I changed Basil to make all haste, for much depended on that letter.

I wrote Mr. Fremont that he must not ask why, but must start at once, ready or not ready. The animals could rest and fatten at Bent's Fort. "Only go." There was a reason, but he could not know it; my father would take care of everything. And as we acted together unquestioningly, he did go immediately.

Not until after I received the goodby letter did I write in answer to his colonel, who had sent the order of recall. Then I wrote him exactly what I had done; that I had not sent forward the order because it was given on insufficient knowledge, and to obey it would break up the expedition; that the journeys to and from Washington, with inevitable delays there, would lose to the animals the best season for grass, and throw them, unfurbished, into the mountains in winter; that the country of the Blackfeet and other fierce tribes had to be crossed, and that Indians know nothing of the rights of science, but fought all whites; that these tribes were in number, and the party not fifty men, therefore the hazzbur was necessary; that as I knew a military order must be obeyed, I had not let it be known to any one, but had hurried off the party.

When my father returned he entirely approved of my wrong doing, and wrote to the secretary of war that he would be responsible for my act, and that he would call for a court martial on the point charged against Mr. Fremont. But there was never any further question of the wisdom of his arming the party sufficiently.

How to Have Pretty Hands.

A lady should have beautifully white hands and no mistake. If the skin be naturally white very little care is required to preserve it. A good soap, aided by a pinch or two of cooked oatmeal, may be used for a thorough cleansing twice a day, and if needful to still further cleanse them warm water—not hot—will do the necessary work. Once a week they should be rubbed from and back between the fingers, and all with a slice of lemon.

If these exquisitely white hands are inclined to chap, camphor ice may be applied at night and white gloves worn to increase the softening effect. The best camphor ice is a home made preparation of pure white wax melted and stirred to the consistency of cream, with the addition of several drops of spirits of camphor. Holes should always be cut in the palms of the gloves to allow ventilation. For distressingly red hands, equal parts of glycerine, lemon juice and rose water may be applied nightly under gloves. Daily applications of lemon juice are sure to produce a whitening effect. Tight sleeves and snugly fitting finger rings are a frequent source of red hands, and the only remedy for this is to remove the irritating cause. Smooth white hands may be difficult to acquire, but they are certainly within the reach of all who care for them sufficiently to make the effort required to secure them.—New York World.

The Married Man.

A married man always carries his condition with him, like a trade mark. Anybody of average discernment can detect him at a glance. He does not pinch his toes with tight boots. He does not scent himself with violets. He never parts his hair in the middle. He keeps his seat in the horse car when the pretty girl, laden with bundles, comes in; he knows that his wife wouldn't approve of his rising.

He does not get up flirtations with the good looking saleswoman where he buys his gloves; he remembers that little binks are flying all around telling tales, and he has a horror of curtain lectures—somehow, married men never seem to arrive at that state of beatitude where they do appreciate the kind of library performances known as curtain lectures.

The married man has come to that stage when he is convinced that the way his necktie hangs may not be any more important than his soul's salvation. He knows to a certainty that true happiness does not depend on the amount of starch in his shirt bosom, but he will have to have been at least three times married before he will be able to be reconciled to a collarband two sizes small or one size large. The man who can smile at fate when it swoops down upon him in the shape of an ill fitting collarband is nearly ready for sanctification.—New York Weekly.

FRIENDS IN THE DESERT.

Stanley's Column in a Starving Condition Find Plenty to Eat.

One morning we heard the guns going ahead, and we knew that Stanley had at last struck the Arab camp and was firing a salute, as is the custom in Africa on meeting strangers.

What a relief! for we knew there was now food and rest for our starving and worn out people. We hurried on, and were soon led from the inhospitable, hateful bush and came into great fields of rice and Indian corn, and at the other end of the clearing, almost a mile distant, we could see the Arab village. The one clearing alone must have been 300 acres in extent. On reaching it we found Stanley seated on an antelope skin in the verandah of the chief's house, while all the people, men, women and children, had crowded around to hear our story.

The chief's name was Kisenke; he was a Manyema and a slave of a Zanzibar Arab named Abed ben Salim, whose bloody deeds were a disgrace to humanities in the hamas of Zanzibar. He was now on a pilgrimage to Mecca, but before starting had dispatched Kisenke and a large number of Manyema slaves, armed with percussion guns, in search of slaves and ivory.

They had left Kasongo, in Manyema, more than a year and a half before. They had wandered about the forest for many months, and had finally made their settlement here in the district called Ipoto. They were all of the usual type of Manyema, and their cloth, milky white and bit bodies showed that there was no lack of food. They were all clothed in very pretty shirts and clothes made of grass and fiber of the palm leaf woven into extremely pretty patterns and dyed different colors.

Here we sat some time and exchanged news; we told our story and they told us theirs; hats were given on, and then began our life in the Manyema camp.—A. J. Mounteney Jephson in Scribner's.

Palace of the Sacred Fish.

Near Tripoli the Moslems have erected a large, high building, with more white domes upon the pent roof and two of the sacred fish. This architectural oddity is known by the whole Moslem sect as "The Palace of the Sacred Fish." The fish, which are kept in a small clear pool at the rear of the building, are very common looking specimens of the finny tribe, much resembling dace or bleak, and the chief priest who has charge of the place has much faith in his sacred fish. He says they are all Moslems, and that they are inhabited by the souls of departed saints. One, a large black fish, the sheik of the pleasantest saints, as it were, seldom shows himself, but the others may be counted by the thousand. The old sheik says that during the Crimean war many of the older fishes went off under the sea to Sebastopol to fight the Russians, and that hundreds of them came back wounded.

The people in and around Tripoli think that any one who would be so indiscreet as to eat one of these sacred fish would die a sudden and awful death. This belief has been rife for years. As long ago as 1826 Dr. Jessup, the American consul at Tripoli, hearing the story, caught some and had them cooked. He ate them, but said that they were coarse and unpalatable; otherwise not hurtful.—St. Louis Republic.

Just Retribution.

A man told the following recently to illustrate the folly, as well as the wrong, of telling big stories. A young man, whose home is now in New York city, and not many miles from that city, came to New York a year ago. He has a great opinion of himself, and likes to tell "big stories." A friend whose lot it was to entertain the young man entered into a conspiracy with another man to tell the stranger as many and such big stories about themselves that he could not, of a minute to say anything about himself, and would be silent in amazement and admiration. This reprehensible scheme "worked" beautifully, and the visitor apparently left New York for home with a wonderful respect for his two friends, who had seen so much of the world, had adventures so thrilling and yet spoke of them in an indifferent fashion, as if they were a matter of course.

Now for the moral. The young man came to New York a short while ago on another visit, and this time it was he who entertained the two conspirators with tales wonderful and marvelous. He were these tales new to the two friends. But they had been much improved upon with many tellings. They were longer and bigger and more exciting. The two culprits were struck dumb at hearing their own lies retold them by the one for whom they had been specially manufactured.

It was evident that the young man had forgotten whence he got them, and from repeating them to his friends had come to believe in the truth of them, for he ran on for hours retailing every single lie that had been told him. He ended by inviting his two friends to accompany him in some of his best hunting trips, yachting excursions or excursions into the wild west. They sat back in wonder, listened to it all, and confessed that their punishment was just.—New York Tribune.

A Cover for Mattresses.

As soon as a mattress is made it should be basted up in a cover of unbleached sheeting. To make these covers, tear off lengths of sheeting twice the length of the mattress, allowing half a yard extra for the ends. Hem, on the machine or by hand, each end of a length of sheeting, and lay the mattresses on it and baste it up in it. In this way the mattresses completely protected from dust and from contact with the backs of cotton chamberpanels. At least once a year the cover should be removed and washed. In the same way a cover should be made for bolsters, which is basted down closely to the bolster, and thus save the ticking from becoming soiled and yellow.—Boston Commonwealth.

What Women Want.

The national council of women was in some respects the most important meeting the sun has yet held in America. It represented thousands of the leading societies of women in the country. Among the letters read at the assembly was one from the poet Whittier, who warmly commended the aims of the council.

What these aims are in particular will be seen from the resolutions passed by the governing board of the council just before its final adjournment. Some of the objects are so moderate and sensible as to commend themselves to the most conservative politicians.

The council will contribute a block of stone to the monument for the grave of Washington's mother. Mary Washington, and it commends to the honor of women a little annually the objects of the Mary Washington society.

It heartily encourages the movement against the dangers of birds for millinery ornamentation, and commends the example of the Princess of Wales in this respect to American women.

The ladies want the provisions of the Methodist church to vote in favor of lay representation for women at the general conference, and that one lady be placed on the Sunday school lesson committee and on all committees for revising the creeds of any of the churches.

The council will present a memorial to the United States government asking that the wages of men and women employees of the same rank be equalized throughout the departments and, further, that efficiency and not sex shall be considered when promotions and appointments are made.

The council urges, moreover, the earnest fitness of women to be placed on the managing board of the national diverse reform leagues. But as far as that is concerned, why do not the ladies start a national diverse reform league of their own? Such a society would attract the eyes of the world to its deliberations and could accomplish more in some ways than a league of men could.

One of the most interesting measures passed by the council was the appointment of a committee of women to report suggestions for a business form for women which shall meet the requirements of health, comfort and good taste. The committee are to report within a year. But suppose a suitable business dress were devised, would the women wear it?

The Manchester Ship Canal.

In a year more will be completed the ship canal that will change the inland cotton city of Manchester, England, into a seaport, which expects to well nigh rival the glories of Liverpool itself. Americans will need to recall enough of their geography to remember that Manchester is situated on both sides of the little river Irwell, a branch of the Mersey. The Mersey is navigable for large vessels above Liverpool as far as the mouth of the Irwell. From this mouth, for a distance of six miles, the canal will be built to Manchester.

When it is finished steamers loaded with cotton can proceed from New Orleans directly up the Mersey, into the canal of the Irwell, and on to the wharves of the great manufacturing city of Manchester itself without breaking or reshipping their cargoes. It is this fact that makes the work of special interest to us in America.

The canal will be constructed on the lock system, and the thirty-five miles will require ten locks in passage. The canal will be 120 feet wide at the bottom, and its minimum depth will be the same as that of the Suez canal, 26 feet. Vessels of the largest draft can pass through. The docks at Manchester will have a water space of 114 acres, and the quays there are more than five miles long. The vast populous portion of England is in this great manufacturing district of which Manchester is the center.

The Maritime Nurse.

Among the minor heroines of New York's sybaritic populace the maritime nurse is certainly an institution deserving of a place in the records of the times.

"I came to New York from Germany nearly ten years ago," said a pretty, brown eyed woman the other day. "We had a very stormy voyage, and everybody on board the ship was sick. One rich old lady came very near dying. All the stewardess were disabled, and, as the stewards spoke nothing but German, the lady was neglected and suffered terribly. One day the doctor of the ship was passing through the steerage and noticed me sitting quietly on the side of my berth. He asked me if I was not sick, and I told him no. Then he said that the lady in the cabin needed the assistance of a woman, and if I would go up and attend to her I should be well paid.

"Of course I went, and all through the voyage I waited on the lady and made her as comfortable as possible. She gave me a very generous present when we reached America, and said she would get me a place with some of her friends. At her suggestion I afterward went into the business of maritime nursing, and now I make as many as ten trips a year in the company of ladies who know about me. Ordinary servants, you know, are useless on the sea, and are always sicker than their mistresses. There are a number of professional nurses in New York who live out to cross the ocean, but I was the first one to do it, and have all the best ladies. I love the sea and am happy when I get a chance to run up and smell the salt air."—New York Sun.

A Queer Fish.

Mrs. Brownson—That is the strangest elevator man I ever saw in a flat.

Mrs. De Flatt—He does seem rather odd.

Mrs. Brownson—Yes, he's bad. He takes you up and down without making you feel under obligations to him.—Good News.

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LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of Daniel Hare, Deceased.—Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT by an order of the Probate Court, of jurisdiction of the estate of Daniel Hare, deceased, the undersigned, administrator of said estate, has appointed Tuesday, the 28th day of April, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Court House of said County, in the Probate Court room, Salt Lake City, said County, Utah Territory, as the time and place for hearing all persons interested in said estate may appear and show cause why the petition of said administrator for the sale of the real and personal property of said estate should not be granted, when and where all persons interested in said estate may appear and show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted, and when and where all claims against said estate will be received and heard and examined and adjusted.

Dated March 27, 1891.

C. E. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the Matter of the Estate of Thomas Wilson, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT by Hannah Wilson, administratrix of the estate of Thomas Wilson, deceased, I have been appointed Tuesday, the 28th day of April, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Court House of said County, in the Probate Court room, Salt Lake City, said County, Utah Territory, as the time and place for hearing all persons interested in said estate may appear and show cause why the petition of said administratrix for the sale of the real and personal property of said estate should not be granted, when and where all persons interested in said estate may appear and show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted, when and where all claims against said estate will be received and heard and examined and adjusted.

Dated March 27, 1891.

C. E. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.

SUMMONS.

In the District Court in and for the Third Judicial District of Utah Territory, County of Salt Lake.

The Deseret Savings Bank, a Corporation, Plaintiff,
vs.
George E. Vernon, Henrietta Vernon, Samuel J. Smith, Jesse Winfield, Cooper Anderson and Robert J. Vernon, Defendants.

The People of the Territory of Utah send Greeting:

To George E. Vernon, Henrietta Vernon, Samuel J. Smith, Jesse Winfield, Cooper Anderson and Robert J. Vernon, Defendants:

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED TO APpear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Third Judicial District in and for the Territory of Utah, and to answer the complaint filed herein within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county, or if served out of this county, within the period of twenty days, and if served within forty days after service on you of this summons, if served out of this county, according to the proper of said court.

The said action is brought to recover the sum of $700 with interest thereon at the rate of four per cent per day, from and the sum of $100 with interest thereon at the rate of four per cent per day, from the 20th day of June, 1890, and for one year after the date of said note, and for the sum of $100 attorney's fee, and costs of suit, for the foreclosure of the mortgage set forth in the complaint, and for the sale of the mortgaged premises, to satisfy said sums and costs of suit, and for a judgment against said defendants, and each of them, for the deficiency, if any be found to exist after the application of the proceeds of said sale, and for a decree of this court that said defendants, and each of them, have no right, title or interest in said premises, and for a decree of this court that said defendants, and each of them, have no right to redeem