

**DESERET EVENING NEWS.**

Friday May 1, 1908.

**FARMING A WIFE.**

"And you want to marry my daughter, young man," said farmer Allen, removing his pipe from his mouth, and looking at the young fellow from head to toe.

Despite his rather indolent, effeminate air, which was mainly the result of his education, Luke Johnson was a fine-looking fellow, and easily moved from his self-possession; but he looked and grew confused beneath that sharp, scrutinizing look.

"Yes sir, I spoke to Miss Mary last evening, and she referred me to you."

The old man's face softened. "Molly is a good girl, a very good girl," he said, stroking his chin with a thoughtful air, "and she deserves a good husband. What can you do?"

The young man looked rather blank at this abrupt inquiry. "If you refer to my ability to support a wife, I can assure you—"

"I know that you are a rich man, Luke Johnson, but I like it for granted that you ask my girl to marry you, not your property. What guarantee can you give me in case I should be swept away, as it is in thousands of instances—that you could provide for her a comfortable home? You have hands and brains—do you know how to use them? Again I ask, what can you do?"

This was a style of catechism for which Luke was quite unprepared, and he stared blankly at the questions without speaking.

I believe you managed to get through college, have you any profession?"

"No, sir, I thought—"

"Have you any trade?"

"No, sir, my father thought that with the wealth I should inherit, I should not need any."

"Your father thought like a fool, then. He'd much better have given you some home occupation, and cut you off with a shilling; it might have been the making of you. Here you are, a young, well-educated young man, twenty-four years old, and never earned a dollar in your life. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"And you want to marry my daughter," resumed the old man, after a few vigorous puffs at his pipe. "Now I've given Molly as good advantages for learning as any girl in town, and she hasn't thrown 'em away; but if she didn't know her work, she'd be no daughter of mine. I choose, I could keep more than one servant, but I don't, no more than I choose that my daughter should be a pale, spiritless creature, full of dyspepsia, and all manner of fine-lady ailments, instead of the smiling, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass she is. I did say she should marry no lad that had been cursed with a rich father; but she's taken a foolish liking to ye, and I'll tell ye what I'll do: go to work and prove yourself to be a man; perfect yourself in some occupation—I don't care what, so it be honest; and then come to me, and if the girl is willing, she is yours."

As the old man said this, he deliberately knocked the ashes out of his pipe against one of the pillars of the porch where he was sitting, tucked it into his vest pocket, and went into the house.

Betty Mary Allen was waiting down at the garden gate, their usual trysting place. "This is a fine day," she said, as she noticed his sober, discomfited look. "Father means well," she said, as Luke told her the result of his application.

"And I am not sure but that he is about right," he resumed, after a thoughtful pause, "for it seems to me that every man, be he rich or poor, ought to have some occupation." "Then as she noticed her lover's grave look, she added softly, "Never mind, I will wait for you, Luke."

Luke Johnson suddenly disappeared from his accustomed haunts, much to the surprise of his gay associates. But wherever he went, he carried with him in his exile these words, and which were like a tower of strength to his soul, "I'll wait for you, Luke."

One pleasant, sunshiny morning, late in October, as farmer Allen was propping up the grape-vine in his front yard, that threatened to break down with the weight of its luxurious burden, a neat looking cart drove up, from which Luke Johnson alighted with a quick, elastic spring, quite in contrast with his former leisurely movements.

"Good morning, Mr. Allen. I understand you want to buy some butter tubs and elder barrels. I think I have some here that will just suit you."

"Whose make are they?" inquired the old man, as opening the gate he paused by the wagon.

"Mine," he replied, with an air of pardonable pride, "and I challenge any cooper in the State."

Mr. Allen examined them critically, one by one. "They'll do," he said coolly as he set down the last of the lot. "What will ye take for them?"

"What I asked you for six months ago to-day—the hand of your daughter, sir."

The regular twinkle in the old man's eyes brightened into a smile.

"You've got the right metal in you, after all," he cried. "Come in, lad, come in. I shouldn't wonder if we made a trade after all."

Nothing loth, Luke obeyed.

"Molly!" bawled Mr. Allen, thrusting his head into the kitchen door.

Molly tripped into the entry. The round white arms were bared above the elbows and bare traces of the flour she had been sifting. Her dress was a neat gingham, over which was tied a blue checked apron; but she looked as winning and lovely as she always did wherever she was found.

She blushed and smiled as she saw Luke, and then turning her eyes upon her father, waited dutifully for what he had to say.

The old man regarded his daughter for a moment with a quizzical look.

"Molly, this young man—mayhap you have seen him before—has brought me a lot of tubs and barrels, all of his own make—a right good article too. He makes a pretty steep price for 'em; but if you are willing to give 'em, well and good, and here ye go, my girl, whatever bargain ye make, your old father will cheerfully ratify it."

As Mr. Allen said this, he considerably stepped out of the room, and will follow his example. But the kind of bargain the young people made can be readily conjectured by the speedy wedding that followed.

**OLD TIME WINTERS.**

In 1664 the cold was so intense that the Thames was covered with ice sixty-one inches thick. Almost all the birds perished.

In 1712, the cold was so extreme that the animals were frozen to death, and attacked beasts and even men. Many people in Germany were frozen to death in 1690; and the winters of 1697 and 1699, were almost as bad.

In 1709 occurred that famous winter, called by distinction, the cold winter. All the rivers and lakes were frozen, and even the sea for several miles from shore. The ground was frozen nine feet deep. Birds and beasts were struck down in the fields, and men perished by thousands in their houses. In the south of France, the vine plantations were almost destroyed, nor have they yet recovered from that fatal disaster. The Adriatic sea was frozen, and even the Mediterranean about Genoa, and the citrons and the orange groves suffered extremely in the finest parts of Italy.

In 1728, the winter was so intense that the people traveled across the straits from Copenhagen to the province of Scania, in Sweden.

In 1729 in Scotland, multitudes of cattle and sheep were buried in the snow.

In 1740, the winter was scarcely inferior to that of 1709. The snow lay ten feet deep in Spain and Portugal. The Zuyder Zee was frozen over, and thousands of people went over it. The lakes in England froze.

In 1745, the winter was very cold. Snow fell in Portugal to the depth of twenty-three feet on a level.

In 1754 and 1755, the winters were very severe and cold. In England, the strongest sea exposed to the air in a glass, was covered in fifteen minutes with ice one eighth of an inch thick.

In 1711, the Elbe was frozen to its bottom.

In 1776, the Danube bore ice five feet, below Vienna. Vast numbers of the feathered and finny tribes perished.

The winters of 1784 and 1785 were uncommonly severe. The Little Belt was frozen over, and in 1812 also, the winters were remarkably cold, particularly the latter, in Russia, which proved so disastrous to the French army.

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**Soaps, Lye, Soda, Oils, HOME-PRODUCED**

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**SOAPS, LYE, OILS, and WASHING SODA**

At the following terms, which they wish compared with the Cost at which the Eastern articles can be delivered here:—

Extra Family Soap.....27 to 29 cts. p. b.  
Palm Soap.....25 to 27 "  
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Castile Soap.....40 to 50 "  
Variegated Soap.....50 to 75 "  
Fancy Perfumed Soap.....\$1.75 to \$2.00 p. doz.  
Concentrated Lye.....\$3.00  
Washing Soda.....25 cts. p. gal.  
Lard Oil.....\$3.00 p. gal.  
Neats Foot Oil.....\$3.00  
Bear's Oil.....\$4.00

OFFICE—East side of East Temple Street, Salt Lake City.

**ORNSTEIN & POPPER.**

d12:5m

**PATRICK LYNCH,**

Clerk of the United States 3d District Court.

Will attend to drawing up MINING and other DEEDS, POWERS OF ATTORNEY, etc. LEGAL PAPERS acknowledged.

Allen are invited to Declare their Intention to become Citizens of the United States before me.

Office at James Hager's Gunsmith Shop East Temple Street.

**NOTICE.**

"THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE that, on the 9th day of April, A. D. 1908, a warrant in bankruptcy was issued against the estate of GILBERT WEBB.

At Salt Lake City, in the County of Salt Lake and Territory of Utah, who has been adjudged bankrupt, on his own petition, that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt, to him, or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt, to prove their claims against the same, and more assistance of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be held at Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, before E. H. Robinson, Receiver, on the 9th day of May, 1908, at 10 o'clock A. M.

JOSIAH HODGSON, U. S. Marshal in Bankruptcy.

By W. F. A. FARMER, Deputy.

**GODBE**

STOVE & FURNITURE STORE

**MITCHELL**

WILL PURCHASE ALL KINDS OF

IRON, BRASS, AND

**MERCHANDISE,**

Cash or Grain

**MACHINERY**

ON COMMISSION,

AND FREIGHT THE SAME TO THIS CITY

ON THE MOST

**REASONABLE TERMS!**

FOR ALL WHO WILL FAVOR THEM WITH THEIR ORDERS.

The long experience they have had in this business cannot fail to secure to them a liberal portion of the public patronage.

CALL AND SEE THEM AT

**EXCHANGE BUILDINGS,**

Where they will be pleased to answer any enquiries about purchases.

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**GARDEN TOOLS!**

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Keep Constantly for SALE

WHOLESALE & RETAIL,

All the Varieties of

**Staple Merchandise**

Greatly Reduced Prices

CASH, PRODUCE, and STOCK.

Country Dealers

Will find it to their advantage to give us a call.

Twenty-eight sizes

OF THE CELEBRATED

**SHORTER STOVES**

ARE NOW MADE BY THE

Excelsior Manufacturing Comp'y.,

ST. LOUIS.

THESE WELL-KNOWN AND VERY POPULAR COOKING STOVES have been before the public since the early part of the year, and have added to their popularity, until the name has become familiar in every household in the West and South. The demand for our

**New Charter Oak**

last year was greater than we could supply with the time then made, and a still greater demand during the present year, we have made patterns for several additional sizes, and are prepared to manufacture 150 to 250

**CHARTER OAK STOVES**

per day, of TWENTY-EIGHT DIFFERENT SIZES.

We guarantee the operation of every stove we manufacture, and offer as reference any one of the many thousands that have been sold, wherever they may be found. Neither labor nor expense has been spared to make our NEW CHARTER OAK a

Perfect Cooking Stove, and we offer it to the trade as the BEST CONSTRUCTED, MOST DURABLE AND UNIFORM

In addition to our EXTENSIVE STOVE BUSINESS we are prepared to offer to stove dealers, plumbers and others, the largest and most complete assortment of Metals and Tinware stock in the West. Our arrangements with the St. Louis Stamping Company enable us to give liberal discounts to large buyers of FURNACE, STOVE, IRON, TINWARE and Tinware Supplies. Having recently reduced the prices of all articles of our OWN MANUFACTURE, we believe dealers and householders will find it to their interest to send for Catalogue and Price List, and examine our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

Address: Excelsior Manufacturing Co., ST. LOUIS, Missouri.

SOLD by Stove Dealers generally.

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

**BUCK & WRIGHT AHEAD.**

As may be seen by the following article, which we copy from the New Orleans Times of 15th inst., Buck & Wright have borne off the highest premium in the stove line at the New Orleans Fair. Six entries were made with Buck's "Brilliant," away ahead of the crowd.

The great stove trial was resumed yesterday at 10 o'clock, and a large number of people gathered to witness the proceedings. The utmost good humor seemed to prevail, both among the exhibitors and spectators. All of whom contented themselves with the good old P. B. principle of "may the best stove win." Promptly to the point the committee appeared, and the judges stand, Samuels, particularly glowing with excitement and responsibility. The entries were the same as at the previous trial, and the competitors had not been changed.

Allen minutes to one the drum tapped, and all lights up. Norton's Furnace, run by Mr. C. Wood Perry, led off in smoke, amid the cheers of the crowd and loud cries of "Do it, old one." Charter Oak followed, and the rest gave vapor immediately after. In four minutes, just as they were (as we might say) rounding the quarter stretch, "Cotton Plant" popped in broad; all followed suit as quickly as though life depended on the issue, but Buck's Brilliant had started fire with bread already in the stove. Then came the cooking contest, and the glowing like the stoves, a perpetual snapping of opening and shutting doors resounded over the arena. Stoves were pulled, coaxed and poked, as though they were human beings. All seemed confident of winning, and the crowd enlivened the scene with numerous and encouraging comments from time to time. Mr. Perry's efforts seemed to be the greatest favored.

As twenty minutes past one "Cotton Plant" threw open its throttle valves and announced that it wanted no more fuel. All the others "shut up" and "keeping da'!" As the time for the bread to be baked approached, excitement had increased to a baking heat, both within and without the arena. At last Peerless turned out its bread in 42 minutes; Norton's Furnace followed suit, in 42:15; Cotton Plant next, in 42: then Charter Oak, in 42:20; then Good Samaritan, 44:20; and lastly Buck's Brilliant, in 47. The grand result of the trial was as follows:

Norton's Furnace, E. Wood Perry, bread weighed 7 lbs 3 oz; burned fuel 6 1/2 lbs.

Peerless, Campman & Co., bread weighed 7 lbs 4 oz; burned fuel 6 1/2 lbs.

Good Samaritan, bread weighed 7 lbs 3 oz; burned fuel 6 1/2 lbs.

Cotton Plant, 7:24 & Navas, bread weighed 7 lbs 1 oz; burned fuel 7 1/2 lbs.

Buck's Brilliant, Buck & Wright, bread weighed 7 lbs 4 oz; burned fuel 6 1/2 lbs.

At the conclusion of the trial, the bread was taken charge of by the Awarding Committee and locked up for an hour, at the expiration of which it was all eaten by them, in accordance with their duty, and the gold medal awarded for best wood stove to Buck & Wright, of St. Louis.

The honorable mention being made of the Peerless, Campman & Co.—New Orleans Times, Jan. 18, 1908, at 17-18 and 19-1.

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OPPORTUNITY ON HAND for Sale in Retail, by the undersigned, at his place at Gunnison, Compote County. Send on your orders.

G. A. MADSEN.

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d10:1y

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**SMITH BROS.**

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State Road, Half Block North of Emigration Square.

ARE prepared to Contract for BUILDING and guarantee the work equal to the best and at cheap as the cheapest. Having

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OF THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

We keep constantly on hand and Make to order, at the Shortest Notice, DOORS, SASHES, BLINDS, MOULDINGS, Etc., Etc.

TERMS TO SUIT CUSTOMERS.

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Are appointed Agents for the Sale of the justly

CELEBRATED DESERET MILL

Cotton Yarn,

Manufactured at President YOUNG'S

COTTON FACTORY.

J. BIRCH, General Agent, Washington, Utah.

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d12:1

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CABINET MAKER,

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OPPOSITE THE THEATRE.

Keeps constantly on hand FOR SALE an assortment of

**FURNITURE,**

Of the Most Approved Styles, and of the Best Quality, at Greatly

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TERMS TO SUIT PEOPLE'S PURCHASING POWER.

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