DESERET EVENING NEWS

Published every day, except Sunday, at 4 p. m. Subscription price, in advance, $10.00 per year, $5.00 per month, 10 cents 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.

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THE NAIAD'S SLAVE.

Ripple, ripple, ripple gently glimmering sea,
Where the painted pleasure boats all lazily,
Where the singer farewell sings
A song of love to me!

"The naiad smiles her scintillant hair and
smiles as my glances run
On her form, fair, with its dark little warm,
and her every half rolled breast;
But she sees not Love in the woody hair, the
sighs of her half kiss.

Peeping from out the dark green will, the
Druid lurking nigh
Dear dread each time breathe one fear that I
may faltiken prize—
That I would break the naiad's calm with
false and treacherous love!

"Here I not roses on the crumbling cross, by
the victim's rocking bank,
That life, and death, her shadows o'er, should
sea and sky fairly part!
And yet the eyes of the naiad gleam, and her
voice whispers tender:
Give me the kiss that was 'implored' soon—the
lovy that was fearless!

"Let me sing to my dryad queen, and yet to
Bacchus my share,
Bubble, bend of the scintillant sea, with fresh
limb cool and warm!
I am still to my word rough true, and hope
the sweet words back;
Though we are with the flowing eyes—forth on
the swelling tide!

"Such some other shipwrecked with into the
timber out
Pour the tale of thy passion forse—he his wine-
bowl!
Bear him safe to the coral realm, and, all in-
toxicated,
Let him sit beside thee girt and pampered with
state.

"Leave me true to my dryad love—tempt me
not no more
Leave me, fortune, maddening wet sea, forever
more!"

"Cease!" said the crowned she flung her snow-
white arms around him;
With the rosebud her ruddier love she, rosebud,
found him,
Pure kiss to the coral realm, and on the throne
she joined him!
Then, with her hair white, she turned and in
her heart enthroned him.

* * * * * *

But beside the crumbled stone the dryad lies
forsaken;
No sweet song of wind or bird shall her sad
sleep awaken!

—W. B. Chisholm in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A YOUNG MOTHER'S TRIALS.

Feelings of a Woman Who Has Passed Through the Most Trying Ordeal.

How is what a woman who has brought up a large family not in grandmother to many children said the other day: "There is no one in the world to whom all the sympathy in my nature reaches out as it does to a woman who is a mother for the first time, especially a young woman—one who has always depended upon some one else, usually upon her own mother—when she finds herself left alone with the awful responsibility in the cradle."

She was gray haired, with a face full of soft lines that wrote her life history. She was turning over the contents of a burnt drawer that had been for long years closed and locked.

She took up a tiny gown yellow with time and perfumed with lavender.

"How well I remember my first experience," she went on. "The baby was very welcome and such a fine boy. Everybody praised him. His father was justly proud of him, and his mother cried for joy."

She turned the little gown over and seemed lost in meditation.

"It was all joy while the nurse remained," she continued. "I can see her now gallopting up her chaise to take us to another case. I can see the young mother, pale, faint hearted, forlorn, watching the kind soul, who had been more than mother to her, as she folded up the long aprons and rolled it around her night slippers. I longed to grasp them and beg her not to leave me. She knew the struggle that was going on in the poor sore heart. She had been there before.

"The girl mother's heart was in her throat, swelling to burstion. When it became normal it had broken the heart of a woman—well launched upon the sea of maternity. The young mother, who had so short a time before shed tears of joy over her first born, now cried in earnest because she didn't know what to do with him.

"The first ordeal was the bath. It seemed to vary in the hands of the nurse, so doubtfully difficult in mine.

"Next came the visitor with advice. Every one who called came for the express purpose of supervising, making suggestions, correcting mistakes and inspecting the bassinette. They asked to see his feet—a mere pretext to find out what he had on and how much embroidery adorned his garments.

"One said, 'You pin him too tight—he can hardly breathe.' In an agony of fear his clothes were all loosened. Without the least hesitation or what happened in world nations, 'You pin him so loose—he will be put bellied.' This last horror was of all calamities to be avoided, and again his clothes were adjusted.

"The next good soul would recommend saffron tea for colic. I would remember give it that none will dispend either would relieve the benefits of peppermint and catnip tea.

"When he seemed to be fed I was simply swamped. Everybody had an experience to relate, and no two experiences were alike. One good angel said, 'You make his food too rich' another, 'You don't make it rich enough.' One said, 'give paregoric' another said, 'Don't.' One said, 'look out for croup' another said, 'Measles are in the next house.'

"Then his father would make suggestions. 'I told you so three weeks ago,' he would say when a new experiment was tried day way. 'You wouldn't believe me but when some old lun comes in and cackles you take her advice when you scorned mine.'

"So we learn to be mothers as we learn everything else, by experience," went on the woman with gray hair and the wrinkles.

"And sometimes, when I meet a pale, weary looking young mother trudging a baby carriage, I feel like saying to her, 'Come, my dear, let me take your baby and keep it for you tonight, so you can get a good night's rest, for you need it.'"

Then she folded up the little gown, yellow with time and perfumed with lavender, and laid it away in the drawer. Then she wiped her spectacles—for they were dimmed.—New York Recorder.

Lord Lorne's Poetry.

The Marquis of Lorne is a happy man. He is competed by the industrious to have written more poetry than Lord Tennyson, and now he has been made governor and commander of Windsor castle at a salary of £1,000 a year.—London News.

YOUNG SQUIRRELS.

Showing Animals That Are Very Much Like Very Young Children.

One morning in the middle of October I observed that a family of four young squirrels was venturing forth from a box just outside my study window. They were not more than six weeks old, and were very timid. It was not often that more than two or three would appear at once, and one of these seemed much further advanced than the rest, while another was very lazy-like. Their prime characteristic was inquisitiveness. What a fine and curious new world was this they had been introduced to! How much there was to see! How many delightful things to do!

They ceaselessly investigated everything about them with minute attention, and had very pretty ways, such as a habit of clasping each other in their arms around the neck. They frequently scrutinized and strolled one another. Once I saw one diligently combing another's tail with his fore feet. Young red squirrels, of which we also had a family or two, play somewhat differently, having a peculiar way of regularly boxing with their fore paws.

Gradually they gain strength and confidence, and then you will see how for the liveliness of the young can surpass even the tireless activity of old squirrels. Both old and young are exceedingly fond of play, springing from the ground as if in a high jumping match and turning regular somersaults; but the most amusing thing is this: Finding a place where the tip of a tough branch hangs almost to the ground, they will leap up and catch it, sometimes with only one hand, and then swing back and forth with the greatest glee, just like boys who discover a grapevine in the woods or a dangling rope in a gymnasium. These and many similar antics seem to be done "just for fun."

The kittens continue to be nursed by the mother until they have grown to be almost as heavy as herself, it seems impossible that her system can stand such a drain—in fact she does grow weak and thin—and my neighbor, who has been an extremely close observer of their economy for several years, has come to the conclusion that the mother weans the kittens gradually by giving them food which she regurgitated, or, at any rate, has thoroughly chewed up in her own mouth.

No animal is more motherly than one of these parent squirrels, and it is delightful to watch her behavior when the nearly grown brood has begun to make short excursions and is undergoing instruction. All the other families in the grove take an interest in the proceedings and clatter about at a great rate; but if one comes too near and attempts any interference in the instruction, he is likely to be driven away most vigorously by the jealous mother. Every morning lessons in climbing and nut hunting are given, and pretty scenes are enacted. The pride of the little mother as she leads her train out on some aerial path is very noticeable. They are slow and timid about following. Squirrels must learn to balance themselves on the plant limbs by slow degrees.

It is many a long day after they are able to chase one another up and down and under and around a rough oak trunk in the liveliest game of tag ever witnessed before they can skip about the branches and leap from one to another with confidence in their security. The patient mother understands this, and encourages them very gently to "try, try again."

I remember one such lesson. The old one marched ahead slowly, uttering low notes, as if to say: "Come on, my dears. Don't be afraid!" Every little while she would stop, and the two well grown children following would creep up to her, and put their arms around her neck in the most human fashion, as if protesting that it was almost too hard a task.

This loving kindness is extended to other young squirrels whenever no question of family rivalry interferes.—Ernest Ingersoll in Harper's.

The Word "Average."

After a fair translation of its old French body, "aver," into English, only "horse" is found, and the word becomes "horsage." The change tends to confusion, but now the less "horsage" and "average" are identical, since in the old time French the "aver" was a horse. It was also a horse in the Scotch dictionaries, and in one of Burns' poems, "A Dream," he alludes to a horse as a "noble aiver."

In olden times in Europe a tenant was bound to the certain work for the lord of the manor—largely in carting grain and turf—horsework, and in the yearly settlement of accounts the just proportion of the large and small work performed was estimated according to the work done by "aver" (horses); hence our common word "average."—Golden Days.

Too Severe a Test.

Jack—A regular tragedy at the dime museum this evening.

Tom—Tell me all about it.

Jack—The man that eats glass and swallows swords died in agonies.

Tom—Great Scott! What killed him?

Jack—He swallowed one of the first batch of biscuits made by the manager's new young wife.

Cleaning Buildings by Sand Blast.

The exterior of buildings is now cleaned by the sand blast. The front is covered with staging, and the blast is applied by a system of pipes and nozzles carried by the workmen. The stream of fine sand issuing from a nozzle removes a layer of 1-64 inch thick from the surface of the stone, and a square foot of surface can be cleaned in two minutes. The sand can be employed over again.—London Tit-Bits.

It is better justly always to dwell on the goodness of the good rather than the badness of the bad.

The timetable business in Europe are steadily and patiently agitating the subject of a silver conference among the different countries, which conference shall fix an international standard. Such an international conference would certainly come ere long, and it will benefit American silver.

Two hundred thousand Italians came to the United States in 1891. The fact that less than 30 per cent of them were women shows that many of these swarthy individuals propose to go back and enjoy their opulence in their native land as soon as they become blasted capitalists to the amount of $500 apiece.

The speaker of the national house of representatives has greater power than any other public officer in the nation except the president. Under the new rules of the present house the speaker may not count in a quorum from members present as Speaker Reed did, but under certain circumstances he is not allowed to entertain any motion made for delaying business.

Queensland, Australia, has taken a bold step in prohibiting immigration. Until the large number of unemployed workingmen already in the colony are provided for, Queensland will permit no more immigrants to land upon her shores. This history repeats itself, for this was the policy of China before western nations forced her to open her ports to trade and foreign people.

Jerome K. Jerome, the jolly young Englishman who has bloomed into success as playwright and author, says he means some day to have a chair built on purpose for him. In order to get it to fit him exactly he means to sit down in a mass of damp clay so as to leave the exact imprint of his seated body. Then he will roll about in the clay and move from side to side till he hollows out a space large enough to fit his every mood and movement. After this is done, by means of springs, wood and leather he will have a precise reproduction of this hole in the clay made for him. Then he will sit in the reproduction and be comfortable.

Joys That Fade Not.

Quoting from Bishop Phillips Brooks a comment on "the vast power to make one another unhappy" that is possessed by mortals, the Philadelphia Public Ledger proceeds to investigate whether there are not some individual joys so independent of others that we can make them permanently ours, and we men, women or child will have power over us to take them away from us. The Ledger thinks there are such sources of happiness—plenty of them.

First of all is mentioned the joy of perfect work—"the hope of excellence." For this kind of happiness we must have a work we love. We place before our mind's vision an ideal of excellence and beauty in that work. No matter what it is—it may be one of the mechanical trades, it may be a farm or a vegetable garden, or it may be the loftiest dream of rapturous perfection that ever illuminated the brain of poet, painter or sculptor. Whatever it is if we keep before us the desire and the determination to reach perfection in that work then we cannot be all unhappy. We are artists, loving our work, and no mortal can rob us of this triumphant joy. Emerson said, "A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best, but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace."

Another joy made little of in this life is the pure and exalted happiness of loving people, and helping them just because you like to do so, without looking for any return prize to be paid by them. Some one has said that it is no true love which exacts a return. If it is true love, it desires only the happiness of the beloved. It matters not whether the one beloved cares for the one whose affections are fixed on him; it matters not whether they ever meet in this life—the one who loves for the sake of loving and of wishing good to the object of his affections is the only true lover. So they say.

The Ledger mentions, too, the joy of sterling character. Your reputation is what other people think of you. Your character is what you know yourself to be. Your character is bad indeed when you know in your heart that you are dishonest, or a teller of falsehoods, or anything you would not be willing the whole world should know you to be. If you can look yourself in the face in the glass and feel conscious that there is not a shade of deception or hatred or envy or desire to injure or strew over another, if you know as you look at yourself that you would not wrong another out of a dollar to get on in the world yourself, that you would say to word about a person that you would not say to him, that you have not an opinion on any subject that you would unhesitatingly hide from men because it is unpopular, then indeed you have in yourself a joy that mankind cannot give or take away.

The Ledger says further:

There are but a few of the young joys with which as one may meddle. There is a sense of beauty, the delight in nature or art, the love of learning or literature, the love of humanity and truth, the enthusiasm for a good cause. It is well to remember that profitable or endless with fretting all this wood or the ill which the world may bring, so far it is also well to lay up treasures of joy in the sacred treasure of our hearts, with which no hand can meddle and which no circumstances can rob or wrest.

Rose Extinguishes Fire.

To extinguish an oil fire, bran or any kind of mill feed thrown upon it will be found to be effective.—New York Journal.

Success Due to Women.

If Columbus had not married a wife with a variety of geographical lore, and found a spouse with plenty of jewelry, this world might still have been nothing but a desolate.—Wilmington.

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No. 1—For Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Kansas City and all points East ..... 9.00 a. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and points East ..... 3.00 p. m.
No. 6—For Ogden, Pocatello and points East ..... 4.00 p. m.
No. 10—For Ogden and points East ..... 6.00 p. m.
No. 12—For Helena, Butte and points East ..... 6.00 p. m.
No. 14—For Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Kansas City and points East ..... 11.00 p. m.
No. 16—For Ogden and the East ..... 12.00 a. m.

ARRIVE SALT LAKE.

No. 2—From Denver, Pueblo, Kansas City and points East ..... 10.45 a. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and points East ..... 10.00 a. m.
No. 5—From Ogden, Pocatello and points East ..... 10.45 p. m.
No. 9—From Ogden ..... 7.00 a. m.
No. 11—From Helena, Butte and points East ..... 7.00 a. m.
No. 13—From Denver, Pueblo, Kansas City and points East ..... 3.00 p. m.
No. 15—From Ogden and points East ..... 7.00 p. m.
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From Ogden and intermediate points ..... 3.00 a. m.

DEPART.

For all eastern points ..... 7.00 a. m.
For Butte, Helena, Portland, San Francisco ..... 10.00 a. m.
For Ogden and points East ..... 10.00 a. m.
For Ogden and points East ..... 7.00 p. m.
For Milford and intermediate points ..... 3.00 p. m.
For Tooele and Stockton ..... 5.45 p. m.
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