DIVING FOR LOST GOLD.

SEA DIVERS RECOVER NEARLY HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

How the Treasure of the Alphonse XII. Sank Off the Canary Islands, Was Secured by Captain Stevens' Clever Work—Nine Months of Toil Below Water.

Some time ago we gave an interesting account of the diving exhibit at the naval exhibition, and referred briefly to the recovery of a vast quantity of treasure from the Alphonse XII. Mr. A. D. Stevens, a son of Captain Stevens, who led energy of the expedition, now writes as follows:

In February, 1884, the Spanish mail steamer Alphonse XII., belonging to the Lopez line, sailed from Cadiz to Havana, with all Fernando, Grand Canary, in twenty-five and a half fathoms of water and about a mile from the shore. She had on board $100,000 worth of Spanish dollars, these being the only silver dollar pieces bearing the year 1884, which were specially coined for the trip. The insurance was effected on the specie at Lloyd's and was paid over to the insurers after the vessel foundered.

More than a year had elapsed before the underwriters organized a salvage expedition, and in May, 1885, Captain L. T. Stevens, a Lloyd's surveyor of great experience in salvage operations, was intrusted with the expedition, taking with him three well known divers—namely, Messrs. Lambert, Tozier and Davis. Special diving apparatus had to be constructed for the work by Messrs. Siebe & Gorman, the submarine engineers, and in the above month Captain Stevens and his men left Liverpool in the steamship Slave for Las Palmas, and arrived at their destination on the 25th of May.

LOCATING THE WRECK.

On the morning of the 26th Captain Stevens proceeded in the steam launch Alnoa in search of the wreck, a strong gale went from the northeast, with a choppy sea, blowing at the time. On arriving at her supposed position he steamed about, sounding at intervals, endeavoring to strike the wreck, but failed to do so. Captain Stevens then supposed a boat's crew of fishermen to assist him in feeling for, and after some little time the fishermen gave a signal, and on stopping up we found that they had swept the foretopgallantmast, and on looking down through the water he distinctly saw the shadow of the mast and the foretopgallant mast lying diagonally in the water at a depth of six fathoms.

He then had the topgallantmast buoyed, and as soon as the weather moderated he intended laying down moorings, so as to place the vessel in such a position that the diving was to be done from directly over the wreck.

The money was in the mail room, almost at the bottom of the vessel, and to obtain access to that part of the ship it was found necessary to blow up the decks. The dangers and difficulties which were experienced in these operations were of the most extraordinary nature. Not only bravery, but great patience and perseverance, had to be exercised, as indicated by the fact that Captain Stevens and his plucky divers were about nine months on the island before they had completed their task.

The wreck lay on a ridge of rocks, and one of the fears entertained before the expedition was effected was that the force might precipitate the vessel to almost bottomless depths. Yet, fortunately, through Captain Stevens' great experience in the use of explosives, the fear was not realized.

ALL BUT $50,000 RECOVERED.

When the explosion took place one of the masts shot right out of the water, and thousands of dead fish came to the surface. Another difficulty, and probably the greatest the divers had to encounter, was the extreme pressure of the water at so great a depth, but the gallant fellows were most enthusiastic in their work, and, although Captain Stevens had been advised to abandon all hope of recovering the treasure, he was anxious of success directly the weather would set in. And his hopes were soon realized, for on Nov. 17, after waiting anxiously and patiently, he had the pleasure of writing to London as follows: "Lambert has got both satchels open, and succeeded in sending up three more boxes, making in all nine boxes, or £50,000 out of £100,000.

Unfortunately, the last box could not be found, as Captain Stevens and his divers had to cease away without it. No pains is too great for the manner in which Messrs. Lambert and Tozier worked such an able commander. I have noted these few facts down from my dear father's log book. As the treasure chest and the gold dollars at the royal exhibition attract so much attention, I send you these additional facts.—Pall Mall Budget.

A Book Agent's Job.

Charles W. Dumont, the general agent for the Encyclopedia Britannica, recently sued Joseph M. Hawthorne, the West side attorney, to recover $5,000 damages for an alleged libelous portrait of Liberty. It seems that Mr. Dumont sold a set of the Encyclopedia to an attorney who has look room in Mr. Hawthorne's office. The payment not being made Mr. Dumont went after the books, but was informed by Mr. Hawthorne that the attorney owed him, and he intended to keep the book to secure himself. When Mr. Dumont undertook to leave the room the door was locked. Mr. Dumont thereupon fired the books through an open transom and regained himself enough after those flames the door.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Last year the total receipts of the New York postoffice were $5,588,326.34 and the total expenditures $4,418,636.61, including $1,121,884.79 expended for free delivery service, giving a net revenue of $3,166,689.55, and exhibiting an increase in the total receipts of the office over the previous year of $602,900.18.

A CHILD IN THE LIONS' CAGE.

Awful Ordeal of a Lion Keeper in the Employ of the Khedive of Egypt.

"When Ismail Pasha, the extravagant khedive of Egypt, ruined over that historical land," said an acquaintance of the notorious ruler, "he had in his garden a large cage of African lions. Noble brutes they were, and until the event of which I speak I never tired of looking at them. One day, while walking with his highness in the garden, the keeper, accompanied by a pretty little girl, entered, carrying a basket of meat for the lions.

"The khedive and I walked toward the cage to watch the beasts eat. They were hungry, and pounced upon their food with a ravenous fury that chilled me. Standing close by the cage, with her back resting on the bars, was the little child, her long golden hair at times blown by the breeze made her picturesque.

"'Why do you permit your daughter to go near the lions?' the khedive asked of the keeper.

"'Oh, replied the keeper, they are so accustomed to her they would not harm her.

"'Then open the door and put her inside,' said the khedive.

"My blood froze at the command, he command it was. I tried to speak, but could not. I was unable even to move. The keeper, with the submissiveness of those who know their lives will pay for it if they disobey their ruler, made with his eyes an appeal for mercy. But, seeing none in the khedive's face, he signed the child to the turnkeys, lifted her up, opened the door, placed her inside and, as the door swung to, he turned his face away and groaned. The little one, though she did not stir, seemed not afraid.

"The lions appeared surprised, and as the largest and fiercest rose and walked toward her I thought I should choke. Happily the father did not see the beast.

"The bloodthirsty one was aroused, and stood gazing at the purse valiant and with the curious smile I had so often seen play upon his features when watching the agonies of a bullet. The lion went up to the child, smelled of her, licked at her face, fell half a twitch, then lay down at her feet and beat the floor with his tail. Another lion approached. The child gave a little cry of consternation, and the second lion went to her. The others crowded now, and each seemed I expected them to spring, but they did not. This continued, I think, about five minutes, the big lion never taking his eyes from the girl and evidently liking the place.

"The khedive by this time was evidently satisfied, and turned to the keeper and commanded him to throw a live lamb into the cage through another door. With a shriek I have never soon equaled, the keeper caught a struggling lamb and cheered. As he did so, every lion sprang upon the lamb.

"'Take out the child,' the khedive commanded, and scarce had the words escaped him ere the keeper, who had already run to that end of the cage, jerked open the door, snatched the little one out and clasped her in his arms. The khedive laughed, turned the keeper a coin, and, taking my arm, walked on."—Chicago Post.

Bakers in London.

There are 14,000 bakers in London, of whom 5,000 are foreigners, mostly Germans. Foremen bakers get from five dollars to eight dollars a week; second hands from four dollars to fourteen dollars a week, third hands from two dollars to three dollars a week. The hours of labor range from twelve to fifteen hours a day and on Saturdays from twenty to twenty-three hours. Most of the small bakers act as their own foremen.

The majority of the bakehouses are miserable underground cellars, swarmed with roaches, mice and other vermin. The cellars are so ill ventilated and so unhealthy that the bakers are subject to a number of special diseases, all of which may be communicated to the consumers of the bread they make, for they are mostly diseases of the skin, and the bakers in these dens, as a rule, work stark naked from their waists up, and there is generally no accommodation of any kind for washing except in the kneading tubs.—New York Recorder.

The Prominence of Fame.

The prominence of fame is very infrequent. The village gazes in wonder at the return of the famous man who was born on the farm under the hill, and whose latest greatness nobody suspected; while the youth who printed verses in the corner of the county paper, and show the bestowed glances of palpitating maidens in the meeting house, and seemed to the farmers to have associated himself at once with Shakespeare and Tupper and the great literary or "literary folks," never emerges from the paper's department in the paper in which unconsciously and forever he has been conceived. It would be a grim Pluton just if that department had been named from the corner of the famous dead in Westminster Abbey.—George William Curtis in Harper's.

A Novel Fabric.

A foreign textile journal records the invention of a new kind of lamped fabric which has a novel and beautiful effect, with a durability never before attained. The peculiarity about it is that wooted is used for the thread forming the figure of the design and alpaca or mohair for the threads forming the ground of the design. The contrast between the lustrous and beautiful threads of the mohair and of the worsted, it is said, forms an effect that is strikingly novel.

In a new bicycle tire the wheels, instead of being fitted with pneumatic or cushion tires, have the grooves fitted with complete cycles of balls, which revolve on pivots, fixed in the grooves of the wheels. These balls take the place and the machine travels up and down hill with wonderful celerity.

The law does not allow the American born young man to vote, no matter how well educated he may be or how well prepared to exercise the privilege wisely, until he is twenty-one years of age. At that age he has probably been learning how to discharge the duties of a citizen for five or six years.

For a cold in the head, what is called a head bath is useful. Fill a wash basin with boiling water and add one ounce of flour of mustard. Then hold the head over it, with a cloth to prevent the escape of the steam, over the basin as long as any steam arises.

WEDDED DOMESTICS.

The mania for getting married which seems so many domestic servants often results in their finding themselves either widowed or deserted by the course of a few years, with a number of young children to provide for. They are gingerly both able and willing to return to domestic service, but the way of serving a living is barred to them by the necessity of looking after their incumbrances at home. Knowing of many such cases, a benevolent gentleman down in Lincolnshire proposed the establishment of a home which would take care of the children, the mothers contributing toward their support in proportion to their own earnings.

The author of this scheme of relief believes that it would be gratefully accepted by the mothers as a most welcome change from the unceasing cares which now make up their daily lives. At the same time it would benefit society by increasing the supply of women servants, a want which becomes more pressing every year. As a further help toward that object it is proposed that all the girls admitted into the homes should be specially trained for domestic service in the several departments. This would enable them to go out into the world as a comparatively early age, and to help their mothers instead of taking their scanty pittances.

Too much difficulty of realizing the scheme, which certainly has a taking look, is in raising the funds. In the form of charge the homes would not be wholly self supporting, even if the expenses were cut down in all possible ways. It would be necessary, therefore, to supplement the income derived from the mothers' contributions by subscriptions collected from the charitable public, and one hesitates to advocate another appeal to that inexhaustibly solicited quarter.—London Globe.

Child and Caterpillar.

It is a pretty illustration of the eternal freshness in us, little Herndon, two years and a half old, was walking with his mother in the garden, when she saw the caterpillar on the walk straightens back her skirts with her two hands, moves backward quickly a couple of steps, and scream at the top of her voice. Naturally, my attention to the stream, as it is recognized as her peculiar way of announcing that she has discovered a "turtle."

Having uttered this scream, Herndon advances a step, gets down on his knees, and bows down earnestly at the caterpillar. Then, one scream again. Then she leads over closer to the crawling creature. Her eyes have perceived nothing but a "turtle." Nearly, yet she forward, picks it up, holds it on the palm of one hand, and studies earnestly the row of bright blue spots down each of its sides and the golden yellow streak along its back.

Beyond all doubt these caterpillars, when fully grown, are beautifully mixed creatures. Herndon brings the worm nearer and nearer to her eyes, till it almost touches her face, gazing into it with a sort of curious fascination. Then she lays it carefully down on the grass, looks at it for instant longer, utters another scream, jumping, blunderingly, and runs away.—Boston Transcript.

Bachelor Life in Singapore.

Many of the white men in Singapore keep bachelor quarters, and one description of a bachelor's bungalow will suffice for all. Two young Englishmen have a one story rambling house among some cocoanut palms, covering a lot of ground and open on every side. Rent is about a week, third hands from two dollars to three dollars a week. The hours of labor range from twelve to fifteen hours a day and on Saturdays from twenty to twenty-three hours. Most of the small bakers act as their own foremen.

The majority of the bakehouses are miserable underground cellars, swarm with roaches, mice and other vermin. The cellars are so ill ventilated and so unhealthy that the bakers are subject to a number of special diseases, all of which may be communicated to the consumers of the bread they make, for they are mostly diseases of the skin, and the bakers in these dens, as a rule, work stark naked from their waists up, and there is generally no accommodation of any kind for washing except in the kneading tubs.—New York Recorder.

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"August Flower"

Mrs. Sarah M. Black of Seneca, Mo., during the past two years has been affected with Neuralgia of the Head, Stomach and Womb, and writes: "My food did not seem to nourish me at all and my appetite was very variable. My face was yellow, my head dull, and I had such pains in my left side. In the morning when I got up I would have a flow of mucus in the mouth, and a bad, bitter taste. Sometimes my breath became short, and I had such queer, tumbling, palpitating sensations around the heart. I ached all day under the shoulder blades, in the left side, and down the back of my limbs. It seemed to be worse in the wet, cold weather of Winter and Spring; and whenever the spells came on, my feet and hands would turn cold, and I could get no sleep at all. I tried everywhere, and got no relief before using August Flower. Then the change came. It has done me a wonderful deal of good during the time I have taken it and is working a complete cure."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'f'r, Woodbury, N.J.

St. Jacobs Oil The Great REMEDY FOR PAIN. IS THE BEST

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT ON the twenty-eighth day of August, A. D. 1891, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the office of the Probate Court of said Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah, in the city and county of Salt Lake, the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Thomas Kimball, deceased, will sell at public auction, to the highest and best bidder, for cash, the following described real estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the indebtedness of said estate, to wit:

[illegible]

Dated July 28, 1891.

LORENZO BOTTY,
Administrator of the estate of Richard Davies, deceased.

Ferris Ferrenn and John M. Cannon, Attorneys for Administrator. 8-11-4t

NOTICE TO WATER TAXPAYERS.

THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC IS hereby called to the rules and regulations of the Water Works, which are published in the Deseret Evening News, and which are as follows, to wit:

All the water of the city will be used solely for the following purposes, to wit: Domestic purposes, including the irrigation of family gardens, orchards and shade trees, to wit:

Water will be shut off from any house, or premises, or premises, or premises