WHAT NOT TO LOSE.

Don't lose courage; uphill years
Daily calls you to the prize.

Don't lose time in idle dreaming
Words are costly, things cheap cents.

Don't lose money, you don't lose money
Even scarcely at the end.

Don't lose patience, some what with
Patience obtained success skill.

Don't lose your manhood, every hour
Manhood for you some happy means.

Finally be kind your dearest pick,
Don't lose faith in God and man.

—Exchange.

THE BIG GRAY WOLF.

Stephen's victorious had set off Prince Jean with military glory. Jean Prince of Arcadia library were French boys of the department of the Vosges. They and everything, were nearly always spoiling.

Just before the invasion of Russia by to capture a number of recruits for judging by the village were allowed to spend home for a visit, and the two set board their studies of the last campaign.

As Jean could not the drum, and Antoine was an excellent fife, the certain signed the parents of the boys to let them go to the army and share in the gay of taking the capital of the czar.

The parents agreed, and when the recruits went back the boys went too, and he accepted by the marching officer. Jean had secured a good drummer and he was glad to see them. Long after they reached Moscow both had some prime favorites in the regiment.

It was a dreary time for the French army when it started away on that fatal retreat from the city of the czar's. Twice had set in, the earth was white with deep snow, the air was bitter and cold. Before they had gone far hundreds of soldiers froze to death.

At night the wolves would fill the body are with their howls, and when a man dropped out of the ranks their would run down upon him and devour him before his comrades. They were large and fierce, and they came in great packs and sometimes could not be driven off, not even by a bullet.

One evening our soldiers Jean came to Antoine and said he had discovered a dangerous foe. He thought they might get some warm milk for themselves by telling the people how we captured they were.

The boys stole off. Jean with his drum and Antoine with a musket and some ammunition, which had been given him by a soldier who had been transferred to one of the ambulances.

When they reached the place, instead of a farmhouse they found a hut nearly ready to crumble to pieces, and no sign of any one near.

As they passed into the hut something rushed out of the door, and the boys found they had disturbed a large gray wolf.

The hungry boys started back. Night was nearer than comrade. Darkness suddenly swooped down on all the vast, sandy plain. When they tried to find the army they could not.

Suddenly there entered the cabin a dog, low howl that startled the young soldiers.

"The wolves have come!" cried Antoine, springing up and running to the door, which they had shut.

In the more dead a huge wolf when he came into sight, showing that he was a gray coat. He seemed to lead the pack. He had brought them all on the boys' track.

Antoine was for firing at the wolf, but Jean said it would only precipitate an attack. They had hope that some of Prince Metz's horsemen would come along and rescue them without further disgrace.

By and by the wolves became bolder. The boys saw their eyes almost close enough to be struck with a stone. They had discovered the young musicians, and now they began to set up their long, howling howl.

Jean seized the drumsticks and beat the reveille in hopes of frightening the beasts off, but the music made them howl the more.

"Here they come, Jean!" exclaimed Antoine. "Look to the door! If they force themselves against it in a body it will not keep them out."

The pack in front had risen and were making forward. Antoine thrust the muzzle of his musket through a crack and fired into the howling, struggling mass.

Several yelps of pain attested the power of the shot. The wolves drew off, carrying with them a dead comrade, and deserted him before the boys' eyes.

Antoine had reloaded. They stood against the door and awaited another attack.

Jean seized his drum. The little musicians of the Vosges played as he had never played before. His drumsticks flew watching his half frozen fingers and filling the old slumry with strange music, the roll call of Napoleon's army.

The hut was not high and its roof was covered with heavy snow. Suddenly the boys saw several wolves leap up and disappear. They seemed to have bounded toward the roof, and when Jean cried out that he heard something overhead, they both knew that the animals were on the hut.

Yes, the wolves were up there, trying to scratch the snow away, that they might leap down into the cabin and make short work of the young soldiers. For a moment Jean and Antoine stood together aghast.

"Could the door the door!" shouted Jean, stopping his drumstick. "They are here again, Antoine."

Once more the boy with the muskets fired at the hole outside to hear another howl and to see the pack devour a their comrades.

But this time the wolves did not fall back; they continued to try to force the door while Antoine reloaded with half frozen hands and Jean held the barricade.

The animals on the housetop made a good deal of noise, and the boys had time to think the roof could not be forced, when Jean cried out that a pair of eyes were gleaming overhead, and the young soldiers looked and both saw the head of a wolf.

"It is the big fellow," said Antoine, bringing his musket to bear on the apparition. "It is the head of the wolf we shot at when we came to the hut."

The next moment the cabin was filled with smoke and the boys saw the head vanish, and the stars only were seen through the hole in the roof.

The muzzle of the remount boots now began to yield to the strength of the foe. Jean placed his body against it and Antoine fired as often as he could, but the wolves appeared his time forces.

"Listen!" said Jean, suddenly, and to best toward the door, making an entrance with his hands.

The little fifer heard through a wolf. He turned to his friend, crying out with joy.

"I see dark figures moving over the snow. They come to be between. Whatever they are, they are coming this way. They are too tall to be mere wolves."

Jean picked up the drum and beat a wild tune, and it went out over the snow. It was answered by shouts, and now both could see horsemen galloping forward.

"They are Cossacks!" whispered Antoine, his shoulder to the door. "We shall see now the grand army again."

The wolves were making a final effort to force the door. Antoine mechanically put them. Bring away his last charge and dropping his weapon.

In another moment a party of wild looking Cossacks poured down upon the hut and surrounded it, while the wolves drew off.

"Come out!" cried the Cossacks. "Come out, you who are within. Surrender to the soldiers of the grand czar!"

Jean and Antoine opened the door and walked forth. When the Cossacks saw the two boys they set up a loud howl, and their between, a tall looking fellow, naturally reached for one in the way of a salute. They had expected to capture a number of men inside.

"Two boys in the big wolf on the roof," said Jean to Antoine, and side enough up there by the big gray wolf, the cause of all our trouble. One of the Cossacks pulled the carcass from the roof and threw it on the snow.

"For the czar," commanded the leader of the wild band.

Jean and Antoine drew up together in the snow, out in a moment the lively airs of Prince were waffed over the gloomy waste. For exhibit the face of the Cossacks clouded.

But at last they swung their good eyes over their heads and cheered the boys of the Vosges.

"You shall go back to your army," said the fellow. "You shall not be taken prisoners. You have been brave. We like brave boys like you."

The next day the war guard of the grand army saw approaching them with a white flag a troop of wild horsemen of the steppes, and the regiment in which Jean and Antoine served, was ready good to receive new boys into the ranks the little musicians.

The boys endured the horrors of that retreat, and in after years, when they sat with old pleasantry under the speckled shadows of Napoleon's last campaign, they never failed to tell how they fought the big wolf and his pack, and their success by the Cossacks of the Don.—J. L. Harbaugh in Boston Globe.

A Piece of Glass in Her Larynx.

A lady, while eating a piece of pie, fell into a terrible fit of coughing. A physician could find no cause for the trouble, and thought that whatever lodgers soft-stones had produced it had been coughed out, but the patient insisted that there was still some obstruction which not only choked her, but impaired her power of speech. For six weeks she underwent nearly speechless and under constant treatment. After that time she regained her health and vigor, but without permanent relief.

At length, nearly two years after the accident, Dr. Bateman, of New York, was consulted and removed a piece of glass from the larynx, lodging between the vocal cords. It was triangular in shape and measured on its three edges seven-eighths of an inch, one inch and fifty-hundredths respectively.

The woman's voice at once improved, and the irritation mainly disappeared, and she was able to speak, resumed. Thus the permanent results were comparatively slight, though so big a fragment of glass had remained in the larynx for a year and nine months.—Youth's Companion.

How Green Came to Be Chosen.

The early Celts worshipped the dawn and the earth. It is more than probable, therefore, that their living for the religion, which we are to call druidism, came from a mixed people, those who had lost a thorough knowledge of the Irish language. The sun, in Celtic, is called by a word pronounced exactly like our word "green," and it is likely that the Irish fondness for that color arose through the striking similarity of the two words. In the same way, when we talk about a greenhorn we think they are so called because plants are kept green in them during the winter, yet it is far more probable that the word is derived from the old Celtic word for sun, because greenhorns are so built as to catch the rays and heat of the sun and store them for future use.—St. Louis Republic.

A Distraction.

The story is told of an American girl who was capped one morning by an English railway porter because she attempted to carry a pet rabbit on board a train.

"Why," said she, "there's no rule against taking a rabbit. Rabbits are harmless. A friend of mine carried a turtle on the train the other day."

"That's different," persisted the man. "Rabbits is rare, and rare is dogs, and dogs is dangerous. Turtles is common, and they's good fun."—Printers' Ink.

Lemon Juice for the Complexion.

During this time of year the hands and face should be carefully guarded. People of light complexion usually suffer greatly during cold weather from chapped hands and faces. There are many preparations for sale at the drug stores for chapped hands and all are good enough, but a very simple way to keep the hands from chapping or becoming sore is to rub them with the juice of a lemon. Then wash them well, rub in a little vaseline or glycerin, and powder them well with starch.

The lemon juice removes all little particles of dirt from the pores and also whitens the skin. The combined use of lemon juice on both the face and hands will keep them white and soft, and prevent the necessity of washing them several times a day with soap. Use soap sparingly on hands, neck and face during cold weather, and use only the best, with tepid water.

Amusing in Motion.

Business or amusement of the Amazons are held frequently during the annual fairs, and there are few practical affairs that they are to be defined entertainer. In a recent meet at a wild general there is with a back of thirty canoes loaded about 1,200 feet long, 20 feet broad and 7 feet deep. Behind and behind some this long is a Russian Prince's fete. The lacquered female warriors have to surround it two from the long of theirs which represents the battlefield, demand for the other space for a duel, so that the boats, which represents a dashed reeling with defeated, and take the lives simulated by the fort. They are to be kept repelled, by the encouraged as the third assault they are victorious and drag the prisoners to the King's feet in token of victory. The fete is crowned with the stockade remnant from the hand the remnant of victory, for, says the long, "We make military relief in the fort of the virtues."

The King place himself at the head of the boats, accompanied by the Princess, in Russian dress, and at a given signal they throw themselves with the utmost fury upon the back of boats which forms their other fort. As the fort assault, when the work burnt and already gained the outside of the house, I saw a woman soldier, who was at work the rails fell to the ground from a height of eighteen feet. She was wounded but hardly and remained noted, though her companion were upset and spread in all directions, yet when the King himself came up and threw at her a glance and cry of indignation, she sprang up from as if unhurt, continued the engagement and scaled off the last prize. It is indeed a sight to give an idea of the ancient Gentlewoman's Geographical Magazine.

Wood Tass Paper to Made Fence.

Wood forms the basis of all modern paper. Almost any kind can be used, and spruce is required by manufacturers to the most serviceable in the long run, other kinds which may be used are poplar or less degree one white pine. Newer pine, white fir, pitch pine, poplar, aspen, hemlock, cottonwood, sweet gum and basswood.

The best shape for the wood is in logs four to ten inches in diameter, free from knots and sound as soon after felling as possible. The best bark from is in the form of dried pulp from spruce. The logs qualified for paper are made from slabs and chippings of wood.

A great deal depends on the quality of the wood. If the wood is poor and lacking in fiber, then the paper made from it will be weak and easily torn in fabrication. The wood which can be used for paper holding water all the way from $5 to $10 a cord in the cord, and as low as $3 a cord in the wood.

In Michigan the lowest price of all permit.—New York Evening Post.

Pacific Coast Corks.

There are two remarkable species of trees on the Pacific coast, more plentiful than, that may other kinds, which are valuable and respectable the pulp and people—their cork. Their bodies are mostly square and their claws very large for the size of the animals.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Many Ways of Making Paper.

Wood pulp can be worked over again into good stock. Even if printed or written upon, there are processes for removing the ink and making the paper as white as ever. There are numerous processes for making the pulp and use varieties of paper.—New York Evening Post.

Pidgin English.

A gentleman of some years' experience in China says that the right word is "Pidgin," not "Pigeon." English. "Pidgin" is the Chinese pronunciation of "business." It is the "business" of the Chinese pots that this peculiar dialect is used.—Boston Journal.

"Pollies" are dynamic Mole. One be hanging in a French lady was good to go with everybody well, it was not whether the "Pollies" in its house, and then, it went and said to the wooden.

In some parts of New Guinea white teeth are held in the sun. The infantry free in contrast four of the black teeth, and as a protection against from cutaneous their lessons just all the shore.

The newly discovered coal mines in the Argentine Republic have caused a cancellation of the contracts with England for coal for the railroads in that country.

During one war with Mexico General Taylor's command lounted a soldier of 7 feet 11 inches in height and one of seventy-four years of age.

Amyes declared that he was only injured while standing and in motion. Decorative required perfect stillness.

Gold and Silver Sponges.

Sponges are used on everything. On power, on trumpets, on all the little heritage jewelries, and especially on them. The portrait of Jesus was gazed with very large sponges of gold or gold upon them, and then dragon flies or butterflies formed of sponges. Being as the color sticks the effect is very spacious, and is a master of course made to imitate the entire tribe.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Before the cause of consumption was known (that was only a few years ago) we did not know how Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil did so much good in consumption and in the conditions that lead to consumption.

The explanation is interesting. We send it free in a book on CAREFUL LIVING.

Scott & Bowne, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.

Your druggist knows Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. 97

FINALLY.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

"I was afflicted with spasms and used everything without relief. Finally I tried St. Jacobs Oil. One or two applications completely cured me."

JACOB WALTER.

COMPLETELY.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court of and for the Last County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the estate of Mary Pace, deceased.

Notice to show cause why order of sale of Real Estate should not be made.

JACOB G. PATE and THOMAS CHEN, Executors of the last will and testament of Mary Pace, deceased, having filed their petition herein, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said deceased, to pay the debts of said estate, and the expenses of administration, and it appearing to the court from said petition, that the personal estate of said deceased is insufficient to pay said debts and expenses of administration, and that it will be for the benefit of said estate, that an order of sale of said real estate should be made, it is therefore ordered, that all persons interested in said estate, appear before the Probate Court, at the City Hall, in said County, on the 25th day of March, 1892, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Executors, to sell so much of said real estate as may be necessary to pay said debts and expenses of administration, and that a copy of this order be published in the DESERET EVENING NEWS, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated February 24, 1892.

G. W. BARTON, Probate Judge.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Michael Sullivan, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of Michael Sullivan, deceased, his estate, I will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, the real estate belonging to said estate, at the Court House, in said County, on the 25th day of March, A. D. 1892, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day, subject to the approval of said Court, the following described real estate, to wit: Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 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993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

Dated March 10, 1892.

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

By CHARLES BROWN, Jr., Deputy Clerk.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the estate of Henry Pearce, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Mary E. Pearce and Joseph E. Pearce, executors of the last will and testament of Henry Pearce, deceased, have filed their petition herein, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said deceased, to pay the debts of said estate, and the expenses of administration of said estate and pending for the distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled thereto, and that Thursday, the 5th day of March, A. D. 1892, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day, is appointed for the hearing of said petition, at the Court House, in said County, when and where all persons interested may appear and show cause, if any there be, why said petition should not be granted, and that a copy of this order be published in the DESERET EVENING NEWS, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated March 10, 1892.

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

By CHARLES BROWN, Jr., Deputy Clerk.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of John Mills, deceased.

Order to Show Cause why Order of Sale of Real Estate should not be made.

BARLOW TRUSTEY, the administrator of the estate of John Mills, deceased, having filed his petition herein, praying for an order of sale of a portion of said real estate of said deceased, to pay the debts of said estate, and the expenses of administration, and it appearing to the court from said petition, that the personal estate of said deceased is insufficient to pay said debts and expenses of administration, and that it will be for the benefit of said estate, that an order of sale of said real estate should be made, it is therefore ordered, that all persons interested in said estate, appear before the Probate Court, on Tuesday, the 5th day of April, A. D. 1892, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day, at the Court House of said County, when and where all persons interested may appear and show cause, if any there be, why said petition should not be granted, and that a copy of this order be published in the DESERET EVENING NEWS, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated March 10, 1892.

G. W. BARTON, Probate Judge.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of James Lunt, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of James Lunt, deceased, is ready to pay Creditors of said estate, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within one month after the first publication of this notice, at the office of the undersigned, in the Bee Hive House, Salt Lake City, Utah, the residence of said Lake City, Utah.

Dated March 10, 1892.

EDWARD LAIRD, Administrator of the estate of James Lunt, deceased. 6t

Utah Cracker Factory.

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SILVER BRAND of SNOWFLAKE SODAS

AND

FINE CAKES.

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Old Rag Carpets Remodeled.

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Repairing of all kinds promptly by skilled workmen. Work guaranteed satisfactory. Orders solicited by mail.

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Disston's Celebrated Saws,

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Cross Cut, Drag, Hand, Pitch Saws, Mill, Hand, Rip, Panel, Frame, Pruning, Compass, Butcher, Cook, Keyhole, etc., also

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