OUR PROVO BETTER.

The Equity and Divorce Calendar.—Miscellaneous Matters.

Elias Morris, who is interested in the Bathsheba Slate company, whose quarries are located in Slate canyon, near this city, was here on Saturday last and paid off the employes of the company. He is much encouraged over the prospects for making that slate industry profitable. The company has the contract for furnishing the slate for the roofing of the Joint County and city building in course of erection in Salt Lake City, and will commence shipping as soon as the road to the quarry is completed, which will be in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Glatter returned from their visit to the East on Saturday, having spent a most enjoyable time visiting relatives and places of interest. Mr. Glatter is the manager of the R. C. M. I. branch in this city.

Elders S. H. Thurman and Frank Coleman, of Arizona, spoke in the Tabernacle on Sunday.

The Utah Stake Quarterly conference commences on Saturday next, July 16th.

Encouraging reports continue to come to Provo of the improvement of the health of Prof. A. O. Smoot, who is sojourning in Scofield.

Richard Duval, of the firm of Duval & Mills, of your city, is spending the cashel term in this city. His health has been greatly benefited by his visit to Provo.

The board of directors of the Territorial Home Asylum held a meeting last Friday and transacted a great amount of business in connection with that institution. The medical superintendent was authorized to notify the several counties that no more patients will be admitted till the completion of the addition to the asylum. This addition is nearly completed, and in a short time it is expected that all unfortunates in the Territory who need treatment can be accommodated.

Mrs. Horace S. Eldredge is visiting her children and friends in Provo.

Provo, July 18th.

Following is the Provo District Court calendar:

EQUITY AND DIVORCE CALENDAR.

JULY 11TH.

Bullion, Beck & Co. Mining Co. vs. F. K. Morris et al.
F. K. Morris vs. Bullion, Beck and Champion Mining Co.
H. B. Clawson vs. F. K. Morris.
John Elliott vs. John Bastian et al.
Johannah Evenrud vs. Hans Olsen et al.
Robert L. Allen vs. John Martin.
Spanish Fork City vs. M. V. Le Sueur et al.
Hans Poulsen vs. T. M. Samuelson et al.
B. W. Braxton vs. T. M. Samuelson et al.
C. H. Spriggs vs. Tenarum Taylor et al.

JULY 12TH.

W. F. Wincomb vs. Tintic Range Railway Co.
Andrew Brice vs. Albert Nageley et al.
Jacob Houtz vs. Groesbeck.

JULY 13TH.

Andrew Jensen vs. Jacob Hales et al.
Annie C. Tanner vs. Myron Tanner.

JULY 14TH.

George F. Powell vs. Walter Moore; In the matter of the dissolution of the Martin & Drake Live Stock Association.

JULY 15TH.

Summit Creek Irrigation Co. vs. Alex Evans et al.
H. S. Brooks et al vs. Lake Shore Irrigation Co.
In the estate of Wm. D. Moulton, deceased.

JULY 16TH.

Elijah J. Drake et al vs. Mary L. Christensen et al.
Helen A. Sprague vs. Hans Carlson et al.

JULY 18TH.

D. P. Kellogg vs. Provo City R. R. Co. et al.
Stephen R. Rose vs. Franklin Beere et al.

JULY 19TH.

Spanish Fork City vs. Julia A. Hales et al.

JULY 20TH.

Spanish Fork City vs. Quale Johnson et al.
Alpine City vs. Ephraim Healey et al.

JULY 21ST.

Thomas Collins vs. W. J. Brown.
Acquilla Collins vs. W. J. Brown.
Jens C. Jensen vs. J. H. Sorensen et al.
Springville vs. J. Fullmer.

JULY 22ND.

Bradford vs. Vincent.
Mary Miller vs. Conrad Miller.
Josephine Matson vs. Nels Matson.
Sophia Johnson Lea vs. Lars Anderson.
Vienna Green vs. Allen M. Green.
Robert M. Bridges vs. Eliza Bridges.
Lucinda Rawlinson vs. Charles W. Rawlinson.
Jessica Webb vs. James W. Webb.

JULY 23RD.

Marie Larsen vs. Christian Larsen.
Charles E. West vs. Hannah S. West.
Anna M. Schappell vs. A. L. Schappell.

JULY 25TH.

Fannie Mikesell vs. Alfred Mikesell.
John E. Sanderson vs. Nancy J. Sanderson.
Kate P. Anderson vs. Andrew Anderson.
Jane Hansen vs. Hannah Hansen.
Irabella Stevenson vs. John Stevenson.

JULY 27TH.

Soren Anderson vs. Trena M. Anderson.
David Cazier vs. Eliza N. Cazier.
Alice M. Peterson vs. Christian P. Peterson.
Gudrun Johnson vs. Einar Johnson.
Ellen Webb vs. Maxwell Webb.

JULY 28TH.

Mary Ann Mitchell vs. Thomas Mitchell.
Reuben Kendall vs. Jane Kendall.
Emily Hatchard vs. Anna M. Hatchard.
Mary A. Powell vs. Benjamin Powell.

JULY 29TH.

Caroline Hoops vs. Thomas J. Hoops.
Sarah Bishop vs. George Bishop.
Ada Snow vs. Elton D. Snow.
Mary Ann Cole vs. Willard Cole.
Emily Bush vs. Joseph H. Bush.

EXPOSITION ECHOES.

Utah Wants the Same Amount of Space For Her Mineral Exhibit as Colorado.

The World's Fair Commission held a meeting last evening in the convention rooms at the Continental hotel.

A proposition was made to prepare some special photographic views of the Utah exhibit. The photographer who has been employed by the commission to take the views from mining and agricultural departments.

The chiefs of the mining, ethnology and art departments were agreed upon, but as special arrangements have to be concluded with each special chief, the names will not be announced until they meet with the commission and all the details are arranged. The chief of the mining department will be a man well versed in mineralogy and geology and in every way qualified to gather together a fine exhibit.

The secretary and architect were directed to proceed to Chicago at once with the plans of the Utah building and present them for approval.

Utah has asked for the same amount of space in the mines and mining buildings as Colorado. President Chambers wired the application to Chicago yesterday in response to a telegram from Mr. Shiff, chief of the mining department.

"Young Woman's Journal."

The Young Woman's Journal for July (edited by Susan Young Gates) is an exceptionally good number. There is an excellent portrait of President A. O. Smoot, of whose life and labors a most interesting sketch is given. The "political campaign" of Flora Harris Lougheed is an article that will be read with appreciation and "some thoughts on reading the exercises of the late Unitarian conference" in this city, from the pen of Seymour B. Young, will interest many. Another welcome contribution is by David John—a historical sketch of the Church from the time of the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith and Hyrum Smith, to the complete government under the head of "Republicanism at Home," is a timely article. M. E. Teasdale writes on the young ladies of Zion, and, which is to some well selected poetry, there are short chapters by East writers. The Journal is published monthly and should commend a host of subscribers.

Personal.

Mr. E. E. Wood, of McCornick's bank, has returned from the East bringing with him an accomplished young bride who will assist him in bearing the burdens of life.

Frank D. Hobbs, coal land commissioner, who went to Washington, D. C., on business recently, has returned home.

R. C. Chambers came in from Park City last evening.

Dr. L. Pidlock, of Paris, is registered at the Knutsford.

Dr. W. H. Bradbeck and wife, of Los Angeles, Cal., are guests at the Wilson.

Harry B. Harper, Mormon England and wife of Denver, returned home via the Utah Nevada this afternoon.

A Specter at the Helm.

In the summer of 1863, the ship "Vulcan," under the command of Captain Isaac Johnson, was on her homeward-bound passage from the Indies with a half cargo of tea, and she stopped at Cape Negro, on the coast of Benguela, after a lot of ivory to make up her load, says the San Francisco Call. Having gone on shore at the cape the captain learned from the native contractor that no would have to go some fifteen miles up the Cambala river, as the elephant hunters had all the boats further up in the country, so that consequently they had not been coasted to bring the ivory down. Captain Johnson was somewhat disappointed at this cause for delay, but without waiting to find useless fault he determined to men his own boats and proceed at once up the river. It required four trips to bring all the ivory down, but as they had opportunity to take advantage of the slight tides by each was accomplished in four days. On the last trip the captain went himself, leaving the first mate in charge of the ship, and on arriving at the small village where the ivory was stored he was not a little surprised to find that nearly all the miserable huts were deserted. Several times Captain Johnson inquired the meaning of this, but the natives were either unable or unwilling to give any plain answer, and it was not until the last lot of ivory had been conveyed to the boats and the natives had been remunerated for their labor that the last clew could be obtained as to this strange desertion, and then for the first time the captain received the startling intelligence that the cholera was sweeping down the river.

THE DREADED PLAGUE.

As soon as this fact became known to the seamen they wildly buckled into their boats, as though the fearful death angel was at their heels, and silently, yet with powerful strokes, they pulled down the inlet stream.

At length they reached their ship, and, though they breathed somewhat more freely as they trod their own deck, yet each countenance bore the stamp of deep fear.

The ivory was soon got on board, and with all hands the old "Vulcan" was soon put under way. It was nearly night when the old ship got off, and with a good breeze from the northward and eastward she stood well on her course. On the next morning, shortly after breakfast, and while the crew had begun to think they had no occasion for further fear, a young mate named Walter Addison was taken suddenly sick. Young Addison was the favorite of both the officers and the crew, and as it was reported that he was thus ill a general consternation seized upon all hands. The young man lay at first a giddiness and a sickly chill, and in the course of two hours he sank into alarming debility, his countenance assuming a deadly paleness and his skin bearing all the appearance of a corpse. Poor Addison suffered soon, and then lingering some moments went through the ship that he was dead.

This was the first, but who should be the next? A panic had seized upon the men; the cholera was with them, and none dared remove the form to their dead shipmate from his berth. Night approached and with it no abatement of the cholera, but the corpse still remained in the forecastle, and did the members to go thither. The captain urged that the longer presence of the body would lower more dangerous contagion, yet the only answer he received was a mournful shake of the heads about him.

At length, finding that all arguments were useless, he turned to his mate and asked him if he would assist himself in throwing the body of the dead over overboard. The jaws at first hesitated but in a moment signified his consent, and together himself and the captain bore down into the forecastle. They found not enough long enough with the corpse to sew it up, or even to attach to it a sinking weight, but throwing over it a shape blanket they managed to get it on deck and lay it across the bulwark of the starboard bow. A moment Captain Johnson bestatined—he opened his lips, treatbed a prayer for the soul of the departed, and then, while a shudder ran over his frame, he let the cold form of young Walter Addison slide into the blue water. Instinctively he cast his eye over the side as the deed was done, and by the phosphorescent light he could just see the corpse sink, then rise and start again, and then with a heavy step and a still heavier heart he walked aft.

The first watch had been set, but the other watch dare not go below, but huddling in motionless bunches the long boat, they sought the repose which they feared to seek where their companions had died, but each sought in fear his neighbor, for none knew where the contagion might be. At 11 o'clock the slight breathings of the air, which seemed so fitful in the day, have now settled points, began to gather more force from the northwest and westward, and are long a good fresh breeze filled the ship's canvas and sped her through the water. The wind continued to increase, and before midnight all hands were called to take in the topgallant sails. At 12 o'clock the watch was set, and all hands were for a few moments brought in contact with each other. No further symptoms of the dreaded pestilence had appeared, and they began to take hope.

A WRITER ON BOARD.

It was 12:30 o'clock. An old seaman, who was first mate, had the helm, while the remainder of the watch were in the gangway or else forward. The wind continued fresh, but yet steady, and the ship, with her close reefed topsails, flying some two points off from her true course. The ship felt was suspended over the bow-sprit, and the lightning, gathering and struck the first half hour after midnight. He had just resumed his position, and was gazing intently at the compass, which was his business upon his shoulder, and on turning round he beheld by the struggling beams of the binnacle lamp the pale, deadly countenance of Walter Addison.

For an instant the old sailor remained rooted to the spot, and then, uttering a sharp cry of fear, he let go the helm and darted forward. In a moment the ship began to fall off, and as she brought the flat surface of canvas to the wind she heeled over alarmingly, but ere the pale specter had had frightened the helmsman from his post caught the wheel, and hitz the helm hard down, and are long the ship was once more in the wind.

Simultaneously had started all hands from their hammocks, for they thought the ship had fallen on a lee shore, but from the broken ejaculations they soon learned what was the matter, and in a body they crowded aft, and by the dim light of the binnacle they saw the specter between. Every knee trembled and every tongue clove to the roof of its mouth. None dared to approach him, nor did any move back. At this juncture the captain came on deck. His eye caught the corpse-like form that still held the wheel, and he, too, was riveted to the spot where he stood.

"Shipmates, relieve me from here or I shall faint. I am cold and weak!" at length came from the lips of the seeming specter in faint spasmodic tones. Captain Johnson hesitated at instant, and then he rushed forward and laid his hand upon the trembling form before him. It was cold and wet, but he knew that it was a living man. One after another of the men gathered about, and none long all knew that young Walter Addison still lived. The captain had him conveyed to the cabin, where everything that could be thought of was administered for his comfort, and it was not long before he sufficiently revived to give an account of his strange escape from the cold, deep grave to which he had been consigned.

It seemed that young Addison had fallen into that deathlike lethargy which not infrequently results from a sudden chill, and that, as all who are acquainted with the disease must be aware, so nearly resembles death that even the best physicians have been deceived by it. The sudden immersion in the cold water had roused his dormant senses, and as the ship had but a slight motion at the time he came to, a partial realization of his situation before she had passed him, and by considerable exertion he managed to get hold of the rudder chains. He tried to call for assistance, but his tongue was so swollen that he found it impossible, and after remaining on the chains long enough to regain more strength he worked his way up till he got hold of the lagards of the cabin deadlights.

From there he reached the ladings of the main boat, but here weakness again overpowered him, and after working his way into the boat he remained some time insensible, but at length recovering, he came on board. He had tried to speak, but he could not. When the helmsman fled from the wheel he had strew enough to see the ship's course, and from the impulse of a sort of instinct he seized the wheel and brought her up to the wind. The morning dawned, and the poor boy roused, then, under the red shadow, lest the death fiend came not again. He feel lest his fiend friendless victim and he let the ship in peace.

BARBER AND DENTIST.

The Shaved Knight of the Razor Wanted an Advertisement.

Dr. Wills, an English resident of Paris, was talking with the barber who had come as usual to shave and shampoo him. "Why not do me the honor to come just over to my shop?" said the barber. "It would do you harm," answered Dr. Wills, "if the people were to know that you shaved an adventurer." "Not a bit of it, sahib. I would shave the well one instead if he were only open handed, and I should be respected for it, yer honorary d'—with a chuckle—"I kept tight hold of his nose."

Hassan, the barber, had tight hold of the Englishman's nose at that moment, and as he was just going over the region above Adam's apple with his razor came there was no replying to his joke.

"You should see my three teeth—such teeth!" added the barber. "You dance, who only draw the teeth of princes and gentlemen, have never seen such teeth, even in a dream." Here he drew his fingers, dipped in flakes over his three chin—they do not labor in the end—and added with unction, "Such teeth—teeth with five cusps!"

Dr. Wills could not remonstrate, for Hassan had him by the nose again, and his razor was still playing in dangerous places. The conversation ended by the Englishman's promising to visit the barber at his shop.

Hassan had no sooner gathered up his traps and retired with dignity than the servant of Dr. Wills began to expostulate.

"You won't go, sir, of course," he began, as he handed his master a towel.

"Won't go! Indeed I shall. Why not, pray?"

"Ah, you sahibs are always taken in. Don't you see, sahib, why he wants you to come? He will say you have come to learn from him."

"The Englishman was amused, and at the time appointed he went to Hassan's shop, and was received with exuberant welcome.

"Your footsteps are on my eyes; you are indeed welcome; you honor my poor establishment."

The place was "about as a new pin." Yards of the barbers poetry on filled it with flourishes, and compliments were plenty.

Heads were shaved, arms were bled; a rheumatic sufferer lay down and received three severe turns with a hot iron, for which he seemed duly grateful, and finally Hassan "mentally extracted a part of a tooth—in reality a piece of chewing gum, with an interval of five minutes on the clock."

At the end a large piece came away.

"Ah," said the triumphant barber, "that was where the pain was!" And the patient went out with his cheek in his hand.

Dr. Wills soon followed, but was hardly in his own lodgings ere before his servant entered, pale with rage.

"Sahib! Oh, sahib!" he began—"I said it! I knew it! He has done it! I knew he would! There he stands, the rascal, exploiting to the two merchants, your patrons, that you—ah, that I should live to see the day!—that you have come to him at your own request to take a lesson in tooth drawing!"—Youth's Companion.

Knew His Business.

The clothing man had printed a big advertisement, and he was hereout and had much business. A facetious customer came in.

"I like this," he said, sticking out a corner of the paper containing thread.

"What's the matter with it?" asked the clothier.

"You say here, 'A good boy's coat for fifty cents.' Can't a bad boy get a coat for fifty cents too?"

"Yes," said the clothier politely.

"Then why not make the advertisement to read 'A boy's good coat for fifty cents?'" and the customer laughed the laugh of a man who always has everything just right.

The clothier was as serious and gentle as the gospel of truth and light.

"Bonzo," he said, "I meant it the way I put it. We won't sell a boy's good coat for fifty cents. We can and do sell a good boy's coat for fifty cents, and if a bad boy wants one of that kind he can have it exactly at the same price. See?"

Then the facetious customer put the paper in his pocket and took one of the coats home to his boy.—Detroit Free Press.

Oil as an Insulator.

The value of oil as an electric insulator, which has been supposed to have been well proved by practical tests in this country and in Germany, is now placed somewhat in doubt by experiments conducted by Professor Elihu Thomson, the results of whose experiments seem to show that alternating currents of moderate potentials and low periodicities will cause puncture over much longer distances under oil than under air with very high period current discharges.—New York World.

Wonders of Mother Earth.

Probably no other part of the world emerging, perhaps, the Yellowstone park, contains so many natural curiosities as Modoc county. The first, from a historical point of view, is the famous lava beds, scene of the Modoc war. A country of rocks so full of caves that lakes and rivers are swallowed up, leaving nothing but a faint murmur to show their course through the bowels of the earth. In many of the caverns an army of men could hide, and in some places the intense heat of the rocks is evidence that internal fires are raging. In all parts of the county can be found mineral springs holding forth water strongly impregnated with minerals, and often close by will be caves of the purest ice.—Potter Pair Corners.

Influence of the Moon.

One of the "old sea dogs" of the American steamship line was interesting an inner crowd of listeners the other day at one of the piers of the company upon the wonderful effects of the moon. "You will never find an experienced sailor," said he, "who will sleep out of nights exposed to the full light of the moon, nor will he under any circumstances allow his mellow rays of light to shine direct upon his face, for it is the theory and slightest that the influence of the moon will twist and distort the face entirely out of shape."

AMUSEMENTS

SALT LAKE THEATRE
GEORGE D. PYPER, MANAGER.

TWO NIGHTS—Thursday and Friday, JULY 14th & 15th.
The Comedy Hit of the Year,
George Thatcher's Minstrels
AND
Rich & Harris' Comedy Comp'y
Combined with Mr. Harris's Minstrel Comedy Transformation,
✻TUXEDO✻
A Grand Duet Organization.
Under the management of M. B. A. Constable
Gorgeous Scenic Effects.
Superior Musical Talent.
SEAT ATTRACTION!
Frank Daniels in LITTLE PUCK
August 2 & 3.

THE NEW RACE TRACK.
WEEK STICK.
THE WILDEST SHOW ON EARTH!
ONE PERFORMANCE ONLY!
Saturday Afternoon, July 16.
Dr. F. W. CARVER'S
Colorado and World Famed
WILD AMERICA!
The Greatest Sensation of the Decade.
EVERYTHING WILD AND WOOLLY!
Wild Buffalo Stampede! Wild Indians Hunted by Famous Frontiersmen of the Plains!
"Buffalo Bill" Will Shoot!
"Arizona Jim" Will Rope!
"Texas" Will Throw a Lasso!
CARVER, Champion Shot, Head of the Show!
Admission 50c. Grand Stand 50c. extra

—AT—
TEASDEL'S
Surplus Stock.
REDUCED PRICES.
Men's & Boys' SUMMER COATS
25 CENTS —EACH.—
EXTRA GRADES
50c. & $1.00
BIG REDUCTION
IN PRICE OF
Linen and Alpaca
DUSTERS!
AND ALL ARE
Special Bargains,
—AT—
TEASDEL'S

R. K. THOMAS
THE SILK HOUSE
26, 28, 30, 32 EAST FIRST SOUTH STREET.

SILKS! SILKS!! SILKS!!!
4 GRAND BARGAINS IN 4
SUMMER
SILKS
45 Cts. 55 Cts. 75 Cts. 95 Cts.

Our Entire Line of the PRINTED CHINA This Week 45c.
Our Entire Line of 75c PRINTED CHINA This Week 50c.
Our Entire Line of $1.10 REAL SHANTUNG This Week 75c.
Our Entire Line of $1.25 FIGURED INDIA This Week 95c.

ANOTHER IMPORTATION OF
SURAHS,
All Colors, 25 Cts. Per Yard.

SILK GRENADINE.
BLACK SILK GRENADINE, worth $1.50 for 95c.
BLACK SILK GRENADINE, worth $1.00 for 75c.

White :·: Goods.
200 Pieces Assorted WHITE DRESS GOODS; Piques, Marseilles, Lace Stripe Organdies, Polka dot Lawns, Etc., Etc., worth from 35c to 50c per yard. Your Choice This Week for 20c.

WHITE EMBROIDERY FLOUNCINGS
We have, undoubtedly, the Finest Line of DRESS EMBROIDERIES ever shown here, both in White and White with Colored Work.
THIS WEEK VERY CHEAP.

:·: LADIES' SUMMER BLAZERS and WAISTS. :·:
We Place on Sale This Week an Elegant Line of BLAZERS and WAISTS

WASH :-: GOODS,
We are showing more WASH GOODS than all the rest of the City together. This week We are Making Great Reductions in Prices.

Shoe ·:· Departmnet.
Our Shoe Trade has grown to such proportions as to cause an extension in that department. We have lately added several new lines of Ladies' and Misses' Shoes, and are now in a condition to supply and satisfy everybody that wear Shoes.

100 Different Styles of MENS' SUMMER SHIRTS—The Largest Stock in the West. Special Prices for This Week.

BOYS' WAISTS and KNEE PANTS.
Come to us for your Boys' Knee Pants, 1000 pairs just opened.
Boys' Waists, 20c, 30c, 35c and 40c, worth double.

R. K. THOMAS