

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A newspaper in Constantinople says that 212 Christians and Jews have become Mohammedans during the past year, a larger number than those who have abandoned Mohammedanism for other religions.

It all depends which side you are on. A man who changes his opinions to our side of a question is "a growing statesman who has the courage of his new convictions." A man who changes from our side to the other is "a monumental turncoat and fraud."

English papers say that the swallows are scarce in various parts of the country where they used to be abundant. In some localities they are hardly seen at all. This is attributed to the rain, which had deprived the swallows of the necessary supply of winged insects, which are fostered by sunshine.

Federal Point, Florida, has a learned blacksmith, second only to a celebrated Elkhurst. His sign reads: "Thornton Hollingsworth, general repairing and jobbing in all materials neatly and promptly done. Specialties: surveying and photography. Information given on scientific and mechanical subjects."

On the road from Bar Harbor to Hull's Cove, Mount Desert, shamrock grows in great abundance. It is said that many years ago a vessel from Ireland having some shamrock aboard was wrecked on the coast of Mount Desert near this spot, and that the plants washing ashore took root and formed the nucleus of the present prolific growth. Nowhere else in Maine is the shamrock to be found.

The Chinese question is a problem that vexes more countries than this one. Notwithstanding that Australia has taken steps to prevent the Celestials from landing there, they are pouring into that country. The Australians are in doubt about what is the best means to employ to check the influx. No matter what legislation any country attempts, to keep them out, so far has proven ineffective. Whenever they wish to enter a country they seem to know just where the toll-roads are.

A curious-looking craft, built in a Chinese yard, near Tunkadoo, a sort of stern-wheel boat, in which the motive power was supplied by a number of coolies working with their feet, was seen passing down the Nile by an enthusiastic amateur photographer, a foreigner. He began to get his apparatus in order to photograph it, when he was accosted by an officer, who said: "No can make picture this steamer; bye'm by you go to England side make all same." And to make sure he warned the foreigner with his camera off the river bank.

A lady interested in growing the silver-skinned onion has discovered that this fine variety cures much better in the shade than in the sun. It makes a handsome show and is more attractive to purchasers thus cured. Probably the action of the sun's rays after the plant is loosened from the soil effects chemical changes analogous to the greening of potatoes thus exposed. Curing under cover also protects the onion from rains and dews, which, when it is partly dried, must injure its appearance and perhaps also its quality.

New York is going to try electric street cars again. The ten new cars fitted with electric motors, which the Fourth Avenue Company proposes to put in service between the Grand Central Station and the City Hall, are nearly finished, and one of them is already on the tracks and making experimental trips. Between midnight and dawn is the hour selected for the trials. It is a regular palace car, and will leave the Broadway "Palmers" far behind when it begins regular trips. It is roomier and more expensively fitted up than the best of the cars in present service, and is brilliantly lighted by electricity.

Here is the way an English paper, the Cheltenham Chronicle, tells the tale of an execution, with a history of the case, which the morbid taste for such rich reading in this country would require to be spread over a whole page with screaming headlines. Here is the whole story: "At Worcester gaol, on Wednesday, Thomas Wyre, 30, agricultural laborer, was executed for the murder of his son, aged four years, by throwing him down a well at Wolverley, near Kidderminster, last March. Death was apparently instantaneous."

A physician writes in a medical journal that he learned to get cinders or other substances out of the eye from an engineer on whose locomotive he was riding. The doctor got a cinder in his eye and began to rub it. "Let that eye alone and rub the other," said the engineer. The doctor paid no attention. "Do as I tell you," said the engineer, "and you'll have it out in two minutes." The doctor obeyed, rubbed the well eye, and in a moment the cinder was lying on his cheek. He says that the treatment never fails, where the substance has not cut into the eyeball.

A writer figures out from official data that the number of Smiths in England and Wales is 355,314, and that "there are more Smiths in England and Wales than there are people in Dublin; indeed, excluding London there are only four towns in the United Kingdom—namely: Birmingham, Glasgow, Liverpool, and Manchester—containing more people than there are Smiths, while twenty-six out of the fifty-two counties of England and Wales, or one-half, have fewer people than the immortal house of Smith has representatives."

LAND REVIEW.

Pending Legislation—Mr. Holman's Latest.

In the beginning of this series of letters, mention is made of what is known as the Holman Public Land Bill, and of the bill for the railroad land grants, and it was stated that neither would pass both Houses of Congress at the present session. Subsequently the fact was announced that bills had been passed by the House of Representatives, and the opinion that they would not get through the Senate were reiterated.

Mr. Holman seems to have arrived at a conclusion in harmony with those opinions, and has adopted a very unusual—not to say unwise—course with a view to securing by suspension the objects he fears will prove unattainable by the ordinary methods of repeal and straightforward declarations of forfeiture.

On August 28 he introduced "A bill to suspend all laws touching the disposal of public lands except the homestead law, and for other purposes," by which it is provided that the public lands of the United States shall be disposed of only under and according to the provisions of the homestead laws, and that the commutation clause of those laws shall be inoperative, until the pending legislation affecting such lands shall be disposed of, or until the present session of Congress shall adjourn; and that any isolated or disconnected tracts of public land less than 160 acres may be ordered sold at private or public sale for not less than \$1.25 per acre, when in the judgment of the Commissioner of the General Land Office it would be proper to do so. That during and after the pendency of measures now before Congress relative to railroad grant forfeitures no act done by any of the grantees shall enlarge their right or claim to any lands covered by the grants, nor shall this provision be construed to diminish or waive any right of the United States to declare a forfeiture of any of the grants.

In a brief letter like this it would be impossible to point out all of the errors embraced in this proposed law. In the first place it violates well established legal principles in attempting to accomplish by indirect means that which has been found impossible to do in a direct legal manner. Next it undertakes to prevent persons who have made homestead entries from exercising the right to commute their entries which is vouchsafed to them by the laws under which the entries have been made. It denies to the persons (and their assigns) who for waivers of legal rights to valuable lands have accepted scrip from the government, the right to locate such scrip in the manner prescribed by law and the terms of agreements between them and the government. It undertakes to wipe out of existence that rule of law laid down by the Supreme Court of the United States by which contracts with the government are held to run until legally revoked by competent authority and to impair the rights of citizens. Should it be carried into effect it would work incalculable injury to the progressive communities of the Northwest, and interfere with private rights in every public land State and Territory in the Union. It would stop proceedings towards completing every entry that has been initiated under any other law than the homestead law, and probably cause the suspension of work on every line of uncompleted land grant railroad. The Commissioner, in the report which he will probably be called upon to make upon this bill, should emphatically disapprove its enactment into law.

HENRY N. COPE.

Montpelier Items.

Editor Desert News:

Deputy Marshals Phelps and Watson are still on the hunt. They succeeded in getting J. W. Langford, of Bloomington, who was bound over before Commissioner J. N. Brezee, in the sum of \$2,000. They very much desired to have John Sutton, of Paris, accompany them to the commissioner's office, but after rummaging their pockets for several minutes for a warrant, at Mr. Sutton's request, and not finding it, he told them he preferred to stay with his family a few days longer.

Politicians are now commencing to wear their Sunday clothes every day, and taking special pains to greet our citizens as they pass with strong handshaking and "a pleasant day," etc.

I understand we have seven aspirants for the position of sheriff, viz: Arthur Budge, L. Floyd, Solon Robinson, H. Bolton, Joseph Jones, R. W. Gee, N. C. Burbank, and we have recently heard the name of Joseph S. Robinson, of this place, mentioned. Mr. Robinson's parents reside in Salt Lake. He has made Bear Lake his home for the past six years.

Crops in our valley are fine and people would have cause to rejoice only for having to pay for so much machinery that might have been gotten along without.

CITIZEN.

Her Royal Highness, as all the British papers delight to say of the daughters of Queen Victoria—the Princess Christian, is president of the British Nurses' Association. What is more, she seems not to be a mere royal figure-head, but an active working officer, and as such has written in the London Times, a strong letter setting forth the purposes and needs of the society of which she is the head. It is a society for training nurses especially for the army, and she pleads that it be incorporated by royal charter.

AT AN INDIAN HANGING.

THE CHIEF PERFORMERS ASSIST THE LYNCHING PARTY IN STRANGLING THEM.

A gentleman direct from the Flat head country gives authentic particulars of the lynching of the two Indians concerned in the murder of the prospectors on Wolf Creek. It appears that three Kootenais, named Antley, Slume and Joninna, composed the gang who did the bloody deed. As soon as this was known the party of eighty men went from Ramsdell's store to the Indian encampment, where they captured Slume and Joninna without any difficulty. Antley was at another camp, and before the whites could get there he escaped. The two prisoners were taken over to Demarville, where a deputy sheriff took them away from the party and handcuffed them together. The boys, however, resented their men and took them across the Flathead river into the timber about a quarter of a mile. The oldest of the three Indian boys, who had been at the murder, was taken along. Three interpreters were provided in order that there should be no chance of injustice being done to the Indians. The Indian boy told the story of the murder. Then Slume confessed in English his part in the crime and exulted over it.

The verdict was death. The lynchers had but one rope, so they hung the murderers one at a time. Joninna was first strung up. He assisted them to fasten the rope around his neck. The other end was then thrown over a limb and he was pulled up, Slume being handcuffed to him. Slume seemed to enjoy the performance hugely and laughed at his companion's struggles while struggling. Then they let Joninna down, untied the rope, and adjusted it about Slume's neck, he assisting them. As soon as he was fastened he pulled back in such a manner as to pull the rope tight and thus strangled, not even attempting to help himself with his disengaged hand.

Chief Eneas promises to deliver Antley to the whites as soon as he can be found.—Louisville News.

A Journey with a Plague.

Apropos of the recent smallpox scare, Anton Roman tells an amusing story of personal experience which dates back to the '60's. In the days before the railroad was built Mr. Roman was obliged to make tiresome journeys to the Atlantic coast by the old overland route. On one of these occasions when he and his party had reached one of the little rough stations, they sat down to a cozy meal in a small room where a man lay on a sick pallet. When they had nearly finished their meal, one of the travelers, his heart warmed by the good fare, asked sympathetically:

"What is the matter with your sick man over there?"

"Smallpox!" came the startling reply.

Then arose a chorus of indignant exclamations and remonstrances.

"Why didn't you tell us before?"

"What do you mean by exposing our whole party in this manner?"

"What did you bring us in here to eat for, when you had the man here?"

"Why, gentlemen!" protested the embarrassed host, rubbing his hands together, "what could I do? You had to have something to eat. I either had to put you in here or out of doors."

"Well, why didn't you put us out of doors, then?"

"Well, you see it's no better out there. We've got a man outside who died of smallpox last night. We hadn't time to bury him."

Smallpox was raging all along the route for hundreds of miles east of this, which seemed to be the initial point. The traveling party from California, who shuddered at their proximity to sufferers with the dreaded disease, soon found other people shuddering at them, because they had come from an infected district worse than that. A strict quarantine was maintained against them, and they were obliged, like the lepers of old, to herd with their kind. No doors were open to them save those of hostleries where smallpox was rampant, and there they were obliged, perforce, to lodge.

So they went on their journey, putting up at amateur pest-houses, camping alongside of smallpox patients, eating with them, talking with them, sleeping with them. On one occasion they came across a man, delirious with the disease, who had lost his way on the desert, and as he was a human being and a fellow creature they were constrained to capture him and hold him down in the coach, while they rode with him for miles across the plains.

Strangely enough, not one in the party contracted the disease. It is not so strange that after such an experience the disease was robbed of much of its terror to them, and the narrator declares that he has no more dread of it than of whooping-cough, measles or any common disease.—San Francisco Examiner.

Dr. Puddefoot, of home missionary fame, who has just returned from a European trip, is troubled over the prevalence of swearing in this country. "I heard more profane language," he remarked, "in going from the Bible house in New York to Brooklyn than I heard in all the time I was abroad; a horse conductor here uttered more oaths over a broken lantern than one would hear for a month in London."

A Clerical Hunter.

Rev. Thomas A. Uzzell, pastor of the People's Tabernacle, returned home yesterday after a six weeks' fishing and hunting trip on the Eagle river. The reverend gentleman tells a very exciting story about the discovery, pursuit and final killing by himself of perhaps the largest and most ferocious grizzly bear ever seen in the Rocky mountains. Mr. Uzzell was strolling leisurely along the Eagle river trout fishing, and so interested that he became separated from his companions. When going out from camp in the morning the guide of the party insisted that Mr. Uzzell should put a revolver in his pocket, which the reverend gentleman finally consented to do. At the isolated point where he found himself about noon, and while disengaging his line from a brush in which it became entangled, he heard a rustling in the woods on the same side of the river he was on. He thought it to be one of his companions, and followed to him. To his utter surprise and amazement a great grizzly pushed his way through the underbrush to the edge of the stream, and stood within fifteen feet of the preacher. Of course the gentleman was paralyzed with fear. What was to be done must be decided in a moment, as his bearship was evidently hungry. The preacher dropped his rod and pulled his gun. The bear uttered a growl—the preacher cocked his pistol. There was blood in sight—would the preacher or the bear spill it first? A pile of logs lay between the two. The preacher raised his gun, took deliberate aim, and fired. The bear plunged forward maddened with rage, with a bullet in his neck. Another shot, another, and then the fourth in lightning succession. The bear plunged forward, and having emptied his gun, the preacher started up the creek on double-quick time. He thought he had run about half a mile, when he sank down exhausted. He looked about, but could see no bear. After resting a few moments he retraced his steps, and within ten feet of where the bear stood when he fired the first shot, lay the great brute, dead as a mackerel.—Denver News.

A Saw-Mill on the Stage.

Writing to the Pittsburg Dispatch from London, Hepburn John says: "While we are upon the subject of sensational drama I must tell you of Joe Arthur's idea for the central color point of the new play he will produce in New York next fall. He intends having a large saw-mill in full operation upon the stage. The saws will not only be practicable, but the real article and of the largest kind. They will be operated by steam, and an engine will be carried by the company when the play goes on the road."

"The way Mr. Arthur proposes to utilize the saws is undoubtedly ingenious, and as far as I can discover, in effect original, although a second-rate play was produced once in which a paper saw operated on the stage was a minor feature."

"One of the characters in the play is subject to fits of insanity. He has a quarrel with another man about a woman, and in self-defense knocks him down. The fight occurs close to the saws in the mill, and the man who is knocked down falls on the lumber which is slowly being drawn under the teeth of the saw. Just at this point the other man becomes temporarily insane, and in this madness, without really wishing to commit murder, he refuses to move to the assistance of the man he has knocked down."

"But the wife of a man who is approaching a horrible death sees the situation from a window of a room in the mill in which she has been locked. In full sight of the audience she cuts through the door and gets on the stage just in time to drag her insensible husband from the revolving saws, now only an inch away. She after bidding the workmen, who swarm in as soon as they are not wanted particularly, to lynch the would-be murderer of her husband, faints gracefully in the sawdust."

"The audience watching the man gradually getting closer to the deadly saw, it can be readily understood would be wrought up to a pitch of great excitement. The critics, when the time comes, will doubtless point out the moral beauties of this new chapter of sensationalism."

Hot Milk.—Milk heated to much above 100 deg. Fahrenheit loses for a time a degree of its sweetness and density. No one who, fatigued by over-exertion of body and mind, has ever experienced the reviving influence of a tumbler of this beverage, heated as hot as it can be sipped, will willingly forego a resort to it because of its being rendered somewhat less acceptable to the palate. The promptness with which its cordial influence is felt is, indeed, surprising. Some portion of it seems to be digested and appropriated almost immediately, and many who now fancy they need alcoholic stimulants when exhausted by fatigue will find in this simple draught an equivalent that will be abundantly satisfying and far more enduring in its effects.—New York Mail and Express.

Two Rock Springs women, viz., Mrs. Minnie Young and Mrs. Mary Johnson, were in court last week. It seems that Mrs. Young became angry at Mrs. Johnson, and took revenge by dropping a strychnine bottle into her water barrel. She is now in Green River jail in default of \$1,500 bail.—Rock Springs Independent.

Parliamentary Law at a Meeting of Ladies.

At a meeting of a dozen ladies the other day to organize a lodge of the King's Daughters, the utter unfamiliarity of women with parliamentary law or even with the general idea of organization was somewhat humorously illustrated. After they had sat looking at each other a trifle nervously for a while, one of them said:

"Well, here we are. What are we going to do?"

"Oh, dear," said another, "I don't know, but let's do something."

At last a young lady suggested they might try not to say mean things about other people until next meeting, anyway. Everybody thought that would be nice. Just as they were adjourning two hours later, a lady exclaimed:

"Oh, I suppose we ought to have a president?"

"Why, of course, we ought," said another.

"I don't suppose anybody will object to Mrs. Brown for president," said a third, "let's have her."

"All right, let's," echoed the rest.

And nobody objected to names proposed for secretary and treasurer, either.

A few days later the fair secretary consulted a gentleman acquaintance as to how she should write up the minutes of the meeting.

"Well, you ought to begin by saying who was chairman of the meeting."

"Why, we didn't have any chairman," said the girl.

"Who, then, put the motions before the meeting?"

"Oh, we didn't have any motions. Somebody would say she thought such a thing would be nice, and all the others would say they thought so, too."

"That was all,"

"If that was the case," laughed the gentleman, "you will have to set it down in the minutes that such and such measures were informally approved. But you must state clearly that the club was organized and write out the name of your particular branch or lodge and the constitution and by-laws you adopted; and then—"

"But we haven't got any name," interrupted the girl, "and we didn't adopt any constitution and by-laws. What was the use? We all knew what we were there for. Besides, we didn't think of that."—New York Sun.

Remenyi and the Policeman.

Joseffy, the pianoforte expert, is constantly to be seen up town, says the New York Evening Sun. He is very fond of a good dinner and a glass of good wine, and one wonders, looking at his dumpy little hands, how they can ever fly over the keys as they do. When Remenyi, the eccentric violinist, was here some years ago, Joseffy and he were inseparable, although their habits were very dissimilar. One hot summer evening they happened to be dining together, and later in the evening Joseffy expressed his desire to pay a visit to some friends, asking Remenyi to accompany him. The violinist said he would go and wait for his friend, but did not care to make new acquaintances, so would not go in. While the pianist was making his call Remenyi strolled up and down in the sultry air, and at last, becoming tired, sat down on the stoop. Just then a big policeman came along with a "Here, wot you're doing there? Move along." To which came the timid reply, "Only waiting for a friend."

"That won't go down, young feller," said the officer. "Move on."

Just at this moment Remenyi took off his hat, showing the bald spot on his head, which resembled a priest's tonsure, and the policeman, astounded, ejaculated: "Oh, beg pardon, your reverence, didn't know it was you."

Poor Remenyi is now at the bottom of the ocean, having been wrecked on his way home near the Cape of Good Hope, but Joseffy still tells the story with delight.

The Well-Bred Girl.

Somebody has taken the pains to compile the following schedule of "what the well-bred girl does not do."

She never accepts a valuable present from a gentleman acquaintance unless engaged to him.

She never turns round to look after any one when walking on the streets.

She never takes supper or refreshments at a restaurant with a gentleman after attending a theatre unless accompanied by a lady much older than herself.

She does not permit gentlemen to join her on the street unless they are very intimate acquaintances.

She does not wear her monogram about her person or stick it over her letters and envelopes.

She never accepts a seat from a gentleman in a street car without thanking him.

She never snubs other young ladies even if they happen to be less popular or well favored than herself.

She never laughs or talks loudly at public places.

She never wears clothes so singular or striking as to attract particular attention in public.

She never speaks slightly of her mother, and says she don't care whether her behavior meets with maternal approbation or not.

A musician recently submitted a song to a publisher, entitled "Why do I Live?" After reading a small portion of it, the publisher wrote the poet as follows: "Because you sent it by a messenger boy."