DESERET GOLD AND SILVER MINING COMPANY,

Salt Lake City, Utah, May 31, 1892.

"LET UTAH PEOPLE OWN UTAH MINES!"

DIRECTORS: Joseph F. Smith, Elias Morris, Nelson Morris, A. M. Musser, Henry Dinwoodey, Joseph M. Walker, A. G. Gaugher, J. R. Walker, J. J. Lowe.

I am instructed to call sufficient of the working capital of this company to erect on their own ground a plant for the reduction of their ores from the BRANCH and MARY MINES. These two claims show a large body of ore estimated at One Hundred Thousand Tons, the average of which, as evidenced by an eighteen sack lot taken from their six openings without sorting, gives 60 oz. silver and $6.00 gold. They have 800 feet of tunnel and shaft.

These mines are in Marysvale, Piute County, 50 miles from railroad and 250 miles from ore market; cut for this difficulty they would now pay dividends. The treatment of the ore at the mines will, by saving transportation, put the property on a good paying basis. Mr. E. C. Chambers and associates are now working profitably a mine but a few rods distant with the same quality and kind of ore.

It is de igned to work up to 60 tons a day, and it is confidently believed that this improvement will make the stock worth $1 within a year. The first block of 20,000 shares is offered at 25 cents per share.

ARTHUR STAYNER, Agent, Hooper Building, Salt Lake City.
Promoter of Industrial Enterprises.

OFFICERS: Joseph F. Smith, President; Elias Morris, Vice-President; A. M. Musser, Secretary; A. G. Gaugher, Treasurer; D. C. Tate, Gen'l Mining Supt.

HELPING OTHERS.

If there be some weaker one,
Who no strength to help has got
Be a brother and have he.
Lend a hand to some poor man
Some one fainting over life
With the cross I bite could do
Stand with him the road to shun,
Let me be the thing I could,
Let me find in my empire
Some one needing a helping hand
Let me be helper.
Even all things need a good
Some my mother taught.

—J. G. Whittier.

AN IMITATION WIFE.

I had adjusted my tie, taken up my hat and was preparing to leave when a door slowly opened and my mother met me.

"Going out, are you Tom?" said she.

"Yes."

"Where—to another party?"

"Yes."

"That makes three this week, doesn't it, Tom?"

"Yes. We're hurrying to get through, bring to take Miss Beaufort tonight, and then I'm done with the Jolly club's parties.

Neither somehow or other didn't seem to look very much of what I said.

"Tom, I wish you would get married," she said, with a troubled face. "I believe you would stay at home more."

"Well, I am awful tired, mother, and somebody must work."

"Then why don't you quit it?"

"The best reason in the world, mother. I'm neither engaged nor in love, nor am willing to be both."

It was getting late so I started after the, but this last look on my mother's face set me to thinking. My mother is the best woman in the world, even if I do say it myself, and I felt worried about her. She was right. I was out nearly every evening—this evening at a reception, next time at a ball, then a dinner party and so on.

Of course I could well afford it, for my salary as cashier at Hart's was a fifty one. But I was not saving a penny, and my home folks never saw me except at the table. Even poor old patient mother was complaining.

But I was having lots of fun. There was that Beaufort girl—she was a flame. Could dance any dance, talk about anything and make you have the finest time in the world.

Then there was Vess Wright. She would play a game with a fellow, go rowing, chatting—anything for fun. Vess had money; that was an important thing. Why shouldn't I tackle Miss Vess on the subject of matrimony?

"Thomas, old son," said I to myself, "Vess is the one."

But Vess somehow or other did not exactly suit the case, and my mind returned to Miss Beaufort, who was smart, pretty, stylish and ended better, but I knew nothing about housekeeping clothing. This was an important matter to be in those days.

Meanwhile the carriage approached Miss Beaufort's. I had never been there before, and to my surprise found it to be a very unpretentious home. I confess I was disappointed. Expected to drive up to an elegant mansion, be ushered into a fine reception room by a servant in livery and there await the coming of Miss Beaufort. Then I expected to make a bold dash for her heart—propose, and possibly be accepted or declined by the time the party was over.

But not so. A little lady with gray hair opened the door, and she was introduced to me by Miss Beaufort as "mamma." Miss Beaufort was ready and waiting, so we walked out to the carriage.

"Mr. Silver," said she after we had seated ourselves, "don't you think there is a great amount of snobbery in society and lots of downright hollowness?"

"Well, yes," said I.

"For instance," said she, "here is an elegant carriage you have brought for me, and yet the party is not half a mile away."

This certainly was very refreshing. I had actually squandered one cent to have this carriage for the evening, and she was not pleased with it. I knew Vess would have enjoyed a ride in it.

"Mr. Silver," she remarked again, "this is the last party I am going to this winter."

"Well, why?" said I. "Aren't you going to take in the German club ball and the others?"

"No," said she. "Mamma hasn't the money; she can't afford it. Besides, Mr. Silver," she continued, "can you really afford to spend so much money on society?"

I looked at her. There was beauty fairly shining out of her pretty black eyes, even if she wasn't very golden, so I answered her honestly:

"No, Miss Beaufort, I cannot! I haven't saved a penny this winter, and I get a big salary too. It seems idiotic."

"I have met you so frequently I feel quite well acquainted with you, though I expect I have been a little impolite."

"No," said I. "I am glad that you take that much interest in me."

Then we changed the subject. I had a splendid time at the party and enjoyed Miss Beaufort's company very much. I found her level headed and bright, if she was too frank.

The next day I told mother about it. She said she admired Miss Beaufort for her common sense, though she had never seen her. Then she relented again to my getting married.

"Suppose," said she, "that you proposed for a week or so that you are married and see how it goes?"

"An imitation wife," said I.

"Why not?" she said. "I will write the name of a young lady on a card, and it is as near to you and you can look it in your mind. Then let us suppose you are married to her for my two weeks. During that time I want you not put in if the lady were here in person and your household affairs."

"Where name, you going to write on the card?" said I.

"Never mind," said she. "I will write my preference and mother of to will write a word which this is a living wife."

We agreed on this. Mother wrote the name on the card and sealed it in the envelope. I knew it was Vess Wright's name, so I decided to imagine that Vess was there in person, and so we commenced the week.

Monday night came. That was the night of the German club ball, but I stuck at home and talked to mother. Then I played duets with her for hours. I was so pleased to have a very enjoyable evening.

Next morning mother met me at the table with smiles, and about the best breakfast I had eaten for a long while.

"You must imagine that your wife is in this breakfast," she whispered.

Going to the city that morning who should get into the car but Miss Beaufort. I bowed to her gracefully, passed her fare to the conductor, and was about to sit down by her side when I happened to think of my relations with at home and kept my seat by the door.

"Married men have no business talking to the young ladies," said I to myself.

Miss Beaufort looked at me rather queerly, but said nothing, and I thought the ride would never get to the city.

Thursday was the evening I was to call on Vess, and I began to wait for an excuse. On Friday a note came from her, which made me look the liberty of opening, as she thought I would not care, and she fell like a pigeonwing my wife in the desk. It was a ten or eleven, and somewhat surprised me when I saw it. But what could I do? Mamma did miss home so business getting two dire notes from young ladies. Because as I had contracted to carry out mother's plan for two weeks, I left the note for mother to answer. She is a very truthful woman, but in answering the note she prevaricated.

She said that I was very sick, and as a natural consequence Vess called that afternoon to see me, but I was at business, and mother had to invent another story. Then she had to come all the way to the office to see to keep my friend evening home my usual way for four Vess might catch me.

I blushed a good deal at mother, and Vess did not find to out, but Mrs. Jones—an awful gossip—met her, and Vess said how I was sick, and the next day my society friends came rough, among them Miss Beaufort.

Mother met her rather coldly, but invited her to stay awhile.

"I suppose Mr. Silver is almost worn out with so much going out" said the young lady.

"He is much better," said mother, "but I do not think he will go out for several weeks. I think that I shall keep him at home."

"I am so glad," said Miss Beaufort, "not that you are going to keep him at home, but that he is not going out so much. I am getting so that I dainty dotest society. There was a woman who had my mother's views, and they both thought had a confidential talk and passed each other politely.

Then she asked the name to call on her mother, which she did.

Meanwhile I was staying at home every evening and was getting pretty tired of it, as the two weeks were drawing to a close.

"Don't you think a man ought to take his wife out once in a while" said I to mother.

"Why not?" said she.

"Then I'll take her to the theater tonight." So I took a couple of reserved seats at Drury Lane theater for the following night, and mother, who repeated my wife, went with me.

We had hardly taken our seats before I noticed that they were adjoining those of Miss and Mrs. Beaufort.

We went home together that night and laughed and talked a good deal.

I think mother told Mrs. Beaufort what we had been doing, but I did not hear it. I know that several days later, after my two weeks of married life were over, I went to call on Miss Beaufort. We had a pleasant time together, and just as I was about to leave the old lady came in.

"I forgot to ask you, Mr. Silver, what you thought of married life," said she.

Miss Beaufort looked horrified, but laughed.

"Father has been telling you, has she?" said I.

"She has," said she.

"Well," said I, "during the two weeks I was married I read three good books, gained four pounds in weight, saved $5 in, besides paying mother for my wife's board and the tickets to Drury Lane."

"And who were you married to?" asked Miss Beaufort.

"I forgot to look," said I. Unwind home to see who my wife had been. The envelope was just as I had placed it in my desk drawer. I tore it open, and there was the name of Miss Beaufort.

"Well," said I, "neither made her an imitation wife, now I will try to make her a real one."

And so I did.—New York Mercury.

ITALIAN FISHERWOMEN.

They Sell Cheap Things That Their Husbands May Live in Idleness.

The chief feature of the dress of the women of the Italian coast fishers is a double skirt, the lower portion of which hangs rather scantily about their ankles. The upper part is drawn back from the front and sides, forming a sort of bag. In this they carry so small fish, fish or shellfish from the sands, and when not in such use it is drawn up over the shoulder and back of the head in a sort of wrap. Men are also wrap the skirt about their bodies when tending to carry fish for sale in baskets. The material is usually the coarse white cotton, but if the woman possess any sort of holiday attire she is proper skirt may be of scarlet, yellow or some bright and gracefully adorn the home which and are nominally by a black cloth, or in some instances a coarse velvet bodice. They very seldom carry fish in morning and only such fish as are sold in the afternoon, so as to be in the fishers' hut during night.

Although the conservative Italian fishermen differ from the Venetian fishers, who are a remarkably distinct tribe, making their living by about mining and working in the dead for crabs and other shellfish, in being remarkable cheap and frugal, still they are never fond of long voyages and rarely pass more than three or four nights on the water at one trip. They are fond, like the Venetian fishers, of having small fleets of five or six vessels for fishing in one locality, and keeping one of these fishers "on the wing" with a crew flying back and forth with the "catch" rather directly to market with fresh fish, so as to their men home ports with little or no outlay.

The women are very fine specimens of the southern type of the race, and it is no uncommon sight to see wife and daughters handling oars, sails and mast, cleaning or mending the nets, or repairing sails or tackle, or carrying fish to market, or attending to any necessary labor of the boat. In short, so far as my observation goes these fisherman's wives are the prosaic, practical, hard-working, and, of course, handsome. Their numerous children are also virile, while the men are principally old men. At the tiller, in setting or mending the nets, repairing or launching in the surf, mending sails, the fishermen's wives fill the place of their husbands