ESTABLISHED JUNE, 1850.

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

9 to 16

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1892. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH TERRITORY.

Extra Special Notice!

To All Conference Visitors, also the Citizens of Salt Lake:

WALKER BROS. & FYLER CO.,

Corner Main and Third South Streets, will Open to the public TONIGHT and THURSDAY NIGHT, their FINE NEW STORE, which will be nicely Lighted, and you can get a nice view of this Elegant DRY GOODS PALACE. Also have an opportunity to examine their hansdome New Stock of Dry Goods, Millinery, Cloaks, etc., etc. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Be sure to visit our opening this evening and Thursday Night. We shall offer Special Low Prices for the occasion.

Walker Bros. & Fyler Co.

SOME ODD STORIES.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS RELATED BY MAJOR A. R. CALHOUN.

The Strong Story of a Mysterious Lot of Robberies in a Mining Camp, the Discovery of the Robber and the Fate of a Woman.

(COPYRIGHT, 1891, by American Press Association. No. 1.)

Peggy was sad, if an is living today—and I hope he is, for he was a noble, truthful man and an excellent guide—in a great reunion of Daniel Boone.

Like his famous ancestor, and all the other male members of his father's and possibly his mother's family, Mr. Boggs was born on the frontier, and he firmly believed that the true object of life was to live in the wilderness, blaze deer for food when hungry and generous and Indians when the nerves needed toning up.

But I digress. Boggs for the purpose of introducing a little story which he told one night, many years ago, not in the shadow of the San Francisco mountains, but in northern Arizona.

"No, sir," he said in answer to my question as to why he objected to living in settlements. "I can't stand 'em. Ever try it? Oh, yes, where and each time I swear that I'll never try it again. The last time was on Cesar Orion's lake, just on the edge of the Cocoa Desert, east of the Rio Bas. Maybe you'll go up that way one day, and if you do you'll see what Dead Injun's Gulch—that's the place I'm a talkin' of—never be.

"WELL, WE'RE LIKE OUR."

"I had a mighty good paid in those days, partner Mazey, but I reckon he's dead, for he was forever about talk and because whenever he got on a spree, which was most every chance, Mr. and Mrs. Mazey lived in San Bernardino, where word comes that pay day was worth mighty little up at Dead Injun's Gulch, near Orion's lake.

"It struck out to mine, and when we got up there we found the diggins to fall flat and every one stuck full of hope and wildcat nights, of course the place 'Mountain City' instead of Dead Injun's Gulch, which I'll allow hasn't a pleasant sound. We found holes and stacks built, but of course there was the usual group of mountain gamblers each one, but I do say you ain't lose was a great Sierra where Angels were carved and hard whisky drunk at all hours, and a lot of pure pointed things to short streets danced on night.

"A small route was opened to Los Angeles, but behind that there was no sign of law, and as a consequence we had to open a graveyard up the hill and most every month we planted some one who had killed down at the saloon the night before. If the killin' had happened then it wouldn't a' been so bad, but we were found out that bunch, other men, and had fun in some, were being murdered in their cabins just to rob them of the dust they'd gathered.

"Then this time Cap'n Bolton, who was a retain story and pistol quick liver, came to Dead Injun's Gulch with his wife. The cap'n was a fine lookin' man of forty, but oh, my! what a rag'ter little beauty that wife was! to be sure—and so mentioned. The Bolltons lived in a little cabin way off from every one else, but the cap'n was alius along to help on law and order, so when the lawless miners began to be robbed and kill we formed a vigilance committee, and as Cap'n Bolton was one sard when he got his little temper a cap'n already, we 'lected him cap'n for keeps."

"All went alright lovely for a little while. Then the killin and robbin began again and Cap'n Bolton and the vigilantes who followed on a blind trail, and we was almost discouraged. We used to meet in our dain to Los Angeles with Mike Murphy, who carried the mail once a week on a buckboard. Mike had been a sojer, and he was brave as a grizzly and honest as a bird of prey.

"Mike started off bright and early one morning to go to Los Angeles on a three days trip, but he hasn't been gone more a time hours when the news with the buckboard came a-tearin' back to camp with the mail bag, and the good man gone, and Mike Bolton lying a-gore on the seat. Twas a sad day and we laid the sojer off for he was powerful bad shot, and we knew he would be long dead. After we got a little whisky into him he opened his eyes and said—

"'Boys, I was Cap'n Bolton that had the me and riding to see Mike Murphy down at the Hollow. Say you'll do for him as he did for me, and I'll die happy.'

"'I'm sure, pard,' we said, 'Mike was all sportsmen, but we promised. Who, and then he said, 'I'm again tired' and he went.

"Well, we started down to Bolton's, but as we neared that Mike Bolton came out with a rifle in her hand and shed when we hailed, and we said we wanted the cap'n most powerful bad. She said he was right down sick all night, and she'd think to if we'd take some other bags, she'd be alright soon. Then I up and told that we never have him, and she ran inside home, around the cabin, and next thing we knowed two shots was a-speakin' at us through the chinks, so we left.

"All day we kept a watch on the cabin to see that the cap'n didn't escape, and as we had time on hand we made up together of my experience and wood, and when it been dark we sailed out quiet, determined to smoke the cap'n out to a point him in gaol, if we be he guilty of that.

"All this time the cap'n kept up fire and threw out not one word, so we knew he was right yet. Was all just will for to-morrow, but we didn't want to hurt the women, though I'll allow one woman's pen what we believed her a-lyin on wooden the tracks of her little shoes in the cabin. We pointed the cap'n to come out and he answer hoarse, but he said he'd see us at mother first. Then we called to the women, and she turned and stood by her husband.

"Well, to make a long story short, we had struck a fight with the first was a-set in the window day to-morrow, to the Lord and Bloody, and we didn't back to watch after followed. Then we and the women a-stands toward us when, but when we came to the night dim, dark, but we down on a rock and watched the fire.

"The next morning that was only an hour when that cabin had been and that was to night of a house that, the men's had gone back to dust. But what do you suppose that big woman did next? and Boggs paused and began to fill his pipe.

"I suppose," I said in a venture, "that she secured the hoodlum from the camp official, and then turned her back on Dead Injun's Gulch."

"No, sir, she didn't do anything of the kind. She knowed that the cap'n had a good lot of gold dust about his cabin when he shared out, so she waited till the sides got good and cool, then she borrowed what dick from some one for, do you think?"

"Really, Boggs, I can't imagine."

"Why, to gather up the captain's ashes."

"The ashes?"

"Yes, sir, for keeps. Why, she carried her husband's ashes down to Tarweth, and the former was not so cool as you know. And she made good perfect for her children work and she made right secret by the operation."

THE FIRE FOUNTAINS.

"Times were a hold down now, all quiet, only sitting in the Hollow. Sometimes the other night somebody shot a man in his cabin a mile away with long range hole and bound, breaking pane, a mean, but safe. Disturbed church fair and other place of that one severely shot before dawn.

"The Jerd" whispered out on the south side behind, "to look on at the ghost of Cooper's Lake—meaning that some back from the grave.

"Pardon me, gents, for interrupting of you," and there was with a soft Spanish accent and an immaculate hat, we passed the feather of the shell pink, "but I have the honor to inquire can I learn you a little 'Lost Mesquite?'

"Yes, sir, I reckon," replied Colonel Quickfire, "this is the spot we lost many thousands. Can you show any light on it?"

"Throw my light on it? I expected the old man, with a lamp in indian so he can get his long coats to the tips of his toes.

"Why, my back is bad, what through was the time of a lark, and not much of a kick neither, and the sidewalks wrecked Fort Tombstone. I was one year as a bronco and interpreter."

"Good much!" cried one, "that is story pretty good."

"Pretty, sirr your sun," said the Dutchman.

"Did you see ghosts there that?"

"I see, stranger," and the old man drew himself proudly up.

"Why, how did you?"

"A pistol shooting."

"You don't look it."

"Yes, stranger, but they are a man is as old as he looks, and I feel sometimes, maybe pain in my arm. I've come on, for to see the ghosts, time spirits we made talk me as a mighty big of a, so if I could give old Mexicanola price an age. Any of you guess ever hear of old Bonavento?

"He looked over the row and now large eyed for about the table without getting a response, and that proceeded.

"Old Bonavento was a Frenchman, and he had a looking there in my early days right over the mouth of Cooper's Lake, and our big ships have had at the head in night for Tombs a in his. Dark Mary's, my brother and I in night. Old a Mexicanola and Colonel Dunn—your boss of him?"

"Did of just Colonel Quick," and the Fighting Colonel Tom.

"Well, he was the one. Injun agent and that, and you bet you let he made it for. Why, I was talking to the last Bonavento, that was in 1850, and it was a double big county, and the gamey and outdoors from mines. Then there was old General Brady over here of Indi?"

"No."

"Not of Judge Bill?"

"No."

"Not the hanging of to Lamb?"

"No."

"Then, strangers, you don't know of you know Mesquite like me. And let me say, gents, that when that old fair comes off that we will be the happiest and most wonderful pard of the great show. Parson the thousand of a year on immortalities, for that will I be an lamb."

The old man was anxious to leave away when Tom Quickfire had a mysterious word in his ear, and he said he would spend the night, for work at just twenty million was dropped.

A few nights after the Colonel brought down a party of men from the Bonavento and were willing to announce result of his expedition to newspaper, people during the time. He declared that the lost alley, the years of Lost Mesquite had been in his line old before his time.

"THE VIA GOLD."

"Yes," said the captain, who was a veteran through "I would think when I much lost little pard, and how showed the Colonel Quickfire, Indian and Mexicanola, and let me say the Colonel was no coward, the sun in the to that pegged.

"But after all, I don't think we should blame men who, in the heat and with a long march, professed dry and continue have said to them and other trusted.

"Of course, our officers tried to stop the desertions in the house. Dutch O'Connell, to illustrate the value of words, on counts of age, and he would drive a stake and hang the man, any set of pants, and I often think of that when I remained low and lazy, over the Indian agency further back.

"Only the men would have talk, Colonel Bill based on order commanding that henceforth men sick calls should be buried as 'were found buried.' Well, the fear were bolted. The men were afraid and religiously kept the rule, and another order followed and gathered in the graves—all in accordance with orders.

"Being left the Indian rail rule dictation road, the general put on his thinking cap, and by way of a compromise between the soldier and Injun agent, he issued an order that 'executor and the top rolled a stone should be taken for fuel.' Then the tribe fairly cried with delight for, don't you see, they could always be a top rail as long as there are two? After that there were no more rail orders, and there was no more to be found."

ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

A hundred men may succeed in making a fortune for one who makes himself a nuisance.—Burton's Monthly.

SOME CLUB MEMBERS.

CHARACTERISTIC INDIVIDUALS WHO MAKE UP A WOMAN'S CLUB.

Critical Sketches of Persons Who Take a Prominent and Interesting Part in the Organization Known Always as "The Woman's Club."

The Actual Young Member who has just joined. She is so actual. She has never had the pleasure of writing any interesting letters, and now she opens her mouth, eyes and notebook, over there. To her the lecturer of Hercule the lecturer of ethics, the lecturer, home economics, the two professors, theosophy, physical culture and massage are delightfully charming ideas, over which she expressed flutter and opinions in their many notes she prepared and the times. She listens with eagerness and she is every one who speaks, and frowns with delight to find herself a member of such a wonderful club. She wears bells, says with a bubble voice to food, and then conscientiously wonders if she ought to be free and explain. Dear! we could pay to take. She never knows a meeting, is always early, never gets to go and behind the scenes at the theater and wishes superfluous questions. I any one speaks to her. She is very cute. Ed be great her good clothes to the club and always upside wonderfully. Time on her back hair.

The Tough Old Member is at once the admiration and despair of the Actual Young Member. She is wonderful. She also desire to plan at the speaker at meeting and draw on little pages for her to her opposite. She is wonderfully over anything, frequently turns to her side at things in particular or in general, and often rises and gives an while the speaker is in the midst of the most delightful thoughts which it seems impossible. The Tough Old Member has said up every one in her club, and if the woman in intellect, never applauds, without criticism in any way, but let an Indian the school-teacher or, which she is from sometimes like the young chap they go in.

The Frivolous Member is not always well spoken of, but often relieves the monotony of the others that sometimes gathers about them and makes a break for a means of monotony in which they are actually engulfed. Though the majority of the members do not care to giggle, the majority find time to laugh. Her dress is fitted a world of every rule in the Frivolous Member and style her possesses. The Frivolous Member seems to be fortunate. It is so unfortunate and unexpected incident that occurs to her. Her possessions and attempts her trouble that be startling contrast to the other members have experienced. Her dress is most elegant and good and gets for her the distinction which a jolly and spontaneous friendly world means being.

And so does the Lady in Mauve. We know who lost in a dress and deep one bonnet have a charming representative of her and a speaking hope that she does a knowing. She is always congested and well attired, before attention, and she rather with one side of her face at a time and avoids discussion. She has the same admiration for her twenty-one and different neighbors, and people do not feel obliged to close in your ears when she approaches. The Lady Mauve Member is in the way through. We do not feel that we know a door after her when she is out of sight or disappointed there is a class among the a hop to be more engagement dinner. We sometimes feel that her enthusiasm is in fact a devotion and a gentle desire.

The Crumbling Member is another variety in the other members. Some that every deformity from the tightness to the front door mat. Some be still be at looked to be, the others are difficult to assume the mistaken choices which they have done, confident that their neighbors will be fought for them. The Crumbling Member is ever ready to take further—wants day after all and never guessing dangerous food.

The Crumbling Member approaches the club with a frown that makes even a doughty chevalier ponder for refuge in the cool retreat or a temporary perch on the top of a chimney.

The Vigorous Member is devoted intuitive chance only who are sometimes something with her time and she was does not. The funny is an issue of an office hungry club which the latter is so membership as money that tossed and rolled from a long time out. One chevalier the other intrigue. One makes a curious and curious is and when the other is trying about trying that ought to be in the hungry money. ability the other rule "Fine." The Vigorous Member office relief, from criticism or other another, and a every spring day of power and present phenomena action over the club. But suddenly like the sun wind that when and begins to warm days and days about, making the other into your eyes, the Vigorous Member is able to a time and the club suddenly its rather cause of engagement and return.

And last other members are The Timid Member, who can be quick and with the Author, or those who do not use to speak and when they both the Fulsome Member, who could work members if they had only had some old Cy Pyne to back them, the members who only come when there is something to eat, and the member who only come to group to the dressing room the member whose member is a constant apology for living, and the member who talk every on to the wall while she is in women from the member who like to whisper with a paper a falsetto tool, and the member who wants the city issues to come while she listens the variable. Member who is so genial at the piano pool, and the Mean Member, who talks about all the other members.—Boston Transcript.

The Love of the Dog.

Guide the Sunday, notice: "The sympathy of true dog is unlimited, unknown sure. If you are sad, sorry not and if you are merry, man is so willing to hop and bound with you as he. For your dog you are need pay. The attendance of the dog to man outweighs and whose obliterates and bound in the to his own two. There is something so noble in the high spirits of this to the enthusiasm with which he will sniff at the stiff body of a footpad, he will follow his master to the grave and sometimes die on it."

The Illinois state exposition board has set apart $10,000 as a special fund for the encouragement of live stock exhibits at the fair. The fund is apportioned as follows: Horses, 37 per cent; cattle, 36 per cent; hogs, 15 per cent; sheep, 12 per cent; poultry, 5 per cent.

Scandinavian Women.

The Scandinavian woman of the upper class is not interested in the higher education or industrial progress or her sex. She can make sweets, dance lightly, complete generally and successfully, but to labor for self point with no one, pack her tiger fingers with a needle, measure her slender foot by walking or wrinkle her smooth brow with study are to her tantamount of desecration.

The little brothers and sisters in a Scandinavian household are rigorously separated. Their work and play at different hours and are brought up according to an entirely different code. The daughters are educated in Boston or Paris as the Sacre Coeur, and if there are several girls in one family one is element to the church.—Naples Letter.

A Conversationist's Advice.

"Never talk about yourself, your diseases, your domestic or your dresses. Talk about your friends' interests, not your own," advises one of the most interesting conversationists among women—Margaret Faber.

Those who sometimes forget just how long it takes a steamer to reach San Francisco from China and Japan may be interested to know that the ship Oceanic has lately broken the record on this route. She sailed from Japan by way of Honolulu. From Yokohama she crossed to Honolulu, making that part of the journey in eleven days. At Honolulu the Oceanic was quarantined nine hours, after which she started for San Francisco, making the distance in six days. The whole trip from Yokohama to San Francisco by the route named required eighteen days. The distance has never before been covered in so short a time.

The women have gained another victory. Yale college, the last masculine educational stronghold of note in the country, has capitulated. Hereafter it will admit women to its postgraduate courses and to the degree of Ph. D. At the same time one of the authorities remarks that this is no sort of a concession to the "coed" idea, not at all, but is merely a university extension idea. Well, the women will not probably quarrel about what manner of an "idea" it is, just so that they have opportunity to get the magnificent postgraduate instruction offered by Yale. We shall presently have lady Ph. D's. of Yale. On the same day on which the Yale trustees opened the postgraduate courses to women, across the water the senate of the University of St. Andrews, the oldest in Scotland, voted to open to women the departments of art, science and theology. On general principles the conservative Scots might have been expected to be the last to permit women to study theology, but it was said a long time ago that the last shall be first.