DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Subscription price, in advance, $10.00 per year, $5.00 per month, 10 cents per week, postpaid or delivered by carriers.

DESERET SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS

Published every Tuesday and Friday. Subscription price, in advance, per year $5.00, six months $2.75, three months, $1.50, postpaid or delivered by carrier.

THE DESERET WEEKLY.

A 32 to 48 page Magazine, the strongest and best religious periodical outside of a writer of current history. Price, per volume of 24 numbers, $2.50 per year, $1.50, mailed.

George William Curtis.

Had fifteen kept you, every smooth word uttered
Had the world tempted, all its comforts shown
Had strong as flattered hinges to admit
Stock high test manners, such good natured wit.
As courts, in session, who as fit to serve
And both invited, but you would not swerve,
All manner praises waiting that you might
In civil only spend your hour and light
Unpaid, unremunerated, with a scant claim
Because you men gravel to attain.
Good Man all love you; what is left me then
To lighten praise with but good intent?

* * *

But praise can harm not who so calmly sat
Slander's worst wind, nor trembled up the
debt.
Knowing, what all experience serves to show,
Its most evil can not so far the soul as throw.
You have heard hoarse voices and your hand,
As all must, not every blossom of the crowd,
And for aloof your quiet mind could keep,
As when in heaven with winter midnight
deep,
The current moon hangs thoughtful, we can
know
What bounds her honest calm drives and to-
ques.

—James Russell Lowell.

A Schooner Towed by a Whale.

The schooner Lotta has on the wharf at Captain Hunt's wharf, at the foot of F street, in quite a dilapidated condition, her bottom stripped as though she had been drawn across the reefs, and about a quarter of her rudder missing. It all happened in this way:

The evening of July 10 Captain Ed Burke was at the wheel, sailing northward under a stiff breeze. The vessel is of five tons burden and was loaded with 40 tons of fish. He was just off Point Cabrillo, 250 miles north, and was homeward bound. All at once the little craft ran up on top of the water, the stern went down into the sea, and a crashing told that something unusual had happened.

John Pinhorn, who was sitting forward near the fore rail, and he went over the bow first, but in his descent he grabbed a loose line that hung over the side. The wheel went raised out of the water from the middle, as if forced up by a powerful jackscrew. She went up like a flash and fell back just in time to right herself. Then something struck the rudder, a powerful jolt, and the tiller threw Captain Burke sprawling in the dark. By this time Pinhorne had managed to climb aboard, and a huge whale, spouting to be wounded, threw water from its spouting apparatus all over the vessel. The monster swam rapidly away, spouting at irregular but frequent intervals, and the two salts got on their knees and offered up thanks for their safe delivery.—San Diego Sun.

What Antone Found in the Coal.

It was a queer find, that of Antone Hagenlocker, and none can blame him for being surprised. Antone is an engineer in the employ of the Ansonia Brass and Copper company, and as he placed an extra large lump of soft coal under the boiler he had no thoughts of what that lump of coal contained. A few minutes later he opened the furnace door again, and what was his surprise to see in the furnace a handsome plant resembling a species of cactus! It was bright red from the heat, every vein in the leaves being defined. He carefully removed it from the furnace without breaking, and when it cooled it turned to a dull gray color.

It rests on a base of coal and then stands out a well defined petrified plant, but not carbonized, so that it burned as readily as did the coal surrounding it. He has shown the formation to many, and nothing like it has ever been seen here. The stalk of the plant where cut from the parent stem is well defined. Mr. Hagenlocker is to have it mounted and placed under a glass case.—Waterbury (Conn.) American.

In September We Realize That—

Latin roots lie deeply buried.
Wrappers are among the necessities.
School dresses must be donned again.
Summer roses have withered and gone.
The peach season does not last forever.
July and August do not complete the heated term.
Carpet bugs and moths have taken no summer rest.
Ministers have grown energetic, eloquent and inspiring.
Lunch baskets must be filled with choicest, daintiest bits.
"There's no place like home," and winter quarters must be secured.
The fluttering of birds' wings is only a premonition of the long journey south.
No tracks are to be found on sandy beaches, summer acquaintances are of the past and the pets have been brought home.—Good Housekeeping.

HUNTING BUFFALO.

ONE OF THE LAST HUNTS OF THE ALMOST EXTINCT ANIMAL.

Creeping Up with Caution on a Sleeping Herd—Herds Seemed to Take as Much Interest in the Sport as did the Men. Chasing Flying Bulls.

When we reached a point just to leeward of the crest of the hill, I stopped and waited while my companion rode on. Just before he got to the top he, too, halted, then took off his hat and peered over the ridge, examining an inch of the prairie beyond as was now visible to him. His inspection was careful and thorough, and when he had made sure that nothing was in sight his horse took a step or two forward and then stepped again, and the rider scanned every foot of country before him. The horse, trained as the real hunter's horse is, was trained, inferred what was required of him, and with pricked ears examined the prairie beyond with as much interest as did his master. When the calf of Charley's right leg pressed the horse's side, two or three steps more were taken, and then a lifting of the bridle hand caused another halt.

At length I saw my companion slowly bend forward over his horse's neck, turn and side back to me. He had seen the backs of two buffalo lying on the edgeof a little flat hardly a quarter of a mile from where we stood. The others of the band must be still nearer to us. By facing along the lowest part of the gap which separated the two hollows, and then down a little ravine, it seemed probable that we could come within a few yards of the buffalo undiscovered. Our preparations did not take long. The saddle girths were loosened, blankets arranged, saddles put in their proper places and tightly cinched again. Arrillaga were brought round to the front and right of the belt, where they would be convenient for reloading. Our coats tied behind the saddle were looked to, the strings which held them being tightened and securely tied.

All this was not lost on our horses, which understood as well as we did what was coming. We slicked the bolts, rode through the low sag and down into the little ravine, which soon grew deeper, so that our heads were below the range of vision of slower anything on the prairie. Passing the bends of the little side ravine, however, there came into full view a high hill lying well up on the hillside. Luckily his back was toward us, and each bending low over his horse's neck we rode on and in a moment were hidden by the side of the ravine. Two or three minutes more and we came to another side ravine, which was wide and commanded a view of the flat. We stopped before reaching it this, and a peep showed that we were within a few yards of two old cows, a young heifer and a yearling, all of them to the north of us. Beyond we could see the backs of others, all lying down.

We jumped on our horses again, and setting the spurs well to galloped up the ravine and up on the flat, and as we came into view the scared buffalo, as if propelled by a huge spring, were on their feet, and with a smooth power to their dashed away to the north. Scattered over the flat were fifty or seventy-five buffalo, all of which, by the time we had glanced over over the field, were off, with heads hanging low to the ground and shaggy tails stretched out behind. We were up even with the fast of the cows, and our horses were running easily and seemed to have plenty of reserve power. Charley, who was a little ahead of me, called back: "They will cross the trail about a mile north of here. I'll kill a couple when we get to it." I nodded, and we went on.

The herd raced forward over the rolling hills, and in what seemed a very short time we rushed down a long slope on to a wide flat, in which was a prairie dog town of considerable extent. We were on the very heels of the herd and in a cloud of dust kicked up by their rapid flight. To see the ground ahead was impossible. We could only trust to our horses and our good luck to save us from falling. Our animals were doing better than we had supposed they could, and were going well and under a pull. I felt that a touch of the spurs and a little rising would bring to up even with the leaders of the buffalo. The pace had already proved too much for several bulls, which had turned off to one side and been passed by.

As we flew across the flat I saw for off a dark line and two white objects, which I knew must be our companion. I called to my comrade, and speaking by the spur pointed at the buffalo. He nodded, and in a moment we had given free rein to our horses and were up among the herd. During the ride I had two or three times selected my game, but the individuals of the band changed positions so constantly that I could not keep track of them. Now, however, I picked out a fat 2-year-old bull, but as I drew up to himsho ran faster than before, and rapidly made his way toward the head of the herd. I was resolved that he should not escape, and so, though I was still fifteen or twenty yards in the rear, fired.

At the shot he fell heels over head directly across a cow which was running by his side and a little behind him. I saw her turn a somersault and almost at the same instant heard Charley shoot twice in quick succession and saw two buffalo fall.—George Bird Grinnell in Scribner's.

A Trick of the Trade.

"Yes," said the merchant, "I always mark the most expensive of my goods as 'sold' during the holiday season. Then when women read the signs it makes them crazy to have the same article, and they are so disappointed that I finally promise to try and get them another, which of course I have no trouble in doing. Oh, it's a great scheme, I tell you, and never fails."—London Tit-Bits.

An Experience Like Enoch Arden's.

Seventeen years ago a sailor in Providence named Charles Whitten left his wife and child for a sea voyage, since which time the only report heard of him was that he had died and was buried at sea. The report was confirmed by the sailor's trunk, which was sent to Mrs. Whitten, and which contained all his personal effects. Years after Mrs. Whitten married Elmer F. Dearborn, an employee of the Old Colony Railroad company, and removed to Dedham, where she now resides. Last Wednesday a man whom she at once recognized as her first husband called to see her, but when he found that she was happily married said that he should go away and never return.—Boston Transcript.

Killed by Lightning While Praying.

Mr. John Kearney, a well to do farmer, whose farm is a few miles south of Bantam, Ont., was struck by lighting and killed recently. Mr. Kearney and his family were kneeling at their evening prayers when the crash came. The electric fluid came in through an open window up stairs, passed down through the floor and struck Mr. Kearney, who was kneeling below. The shock extinguished the light, and in the next flash Mrs. Kearney saw her husband lying dead across the chair at which he was kneeling. The lightning did not leave the slightest mark on its victim.—Cor. Toronto Empire.

Bill's Twin Foal.

Poor Billy, the town fool of Hull, ties up the gates of the village cemetery with old bits of rope and string and blocks the entrance with stones to keep his mother from getting out. The village story is that she died after having taken care of Billy for nearly sixty years, and that the poor fellow, feeling his loss and yet not understanding its significance, believes that with stones and strings he can prevent her from going farther from him.—Boston Journal.

Naval Electric Roads.

Plans are now being perfected at Cleveland by which a large part of the grain and market produce crop of the portion each of the city will be brought to be shipping the fall, and the East Cleveland electric road has built two lines connecting with its street tracks five miles beyond the eastern city limits into a vast market gardening and grain growing country, and will fit up its old passenger cars for the transportation of freight, running the cars directly from the farms to the city market houses. Another line is building through the country from Akron for a like purpose, and several others are projected.

The Meaning of a Free Name.

The proprietors of a new town site at the mouth of the Columbia, on the Oregon side, offered $100 for the best name for the future great city that is to eclipse Portland and all other cities on the coast. Two or three hundred names were suggested, out of which the owners finally adopted that of "Trinomia." If the word has any meaning at all it is that of "three matrons" or "three times mad."—Oregon Statesman.

The Shakespeare trustees have purchased the Anne Hathaway cottage for $3,300. The previous owner, a lineal descendant of the Hathaway family, inherited it from his father, who bought it for about $1,700 fifty years ago.

A home made savings bank was used by Henry Watson, of Boston, Pa. It was a clay jar, and in it he put $3,000 in greenbacks. The rats burglarized the bank and ate the money.

Mothers of Several Prize Fighters.

John L. Sullivan's mother was a very large, powerful woman, and of great force of character. He was the mother of John Morrissey, and so was the mother of John C. Heenan. Sullivan's father was a small man, though I have been told that he was very strong and powerful, not only for his size, but for any size. Jim Corbett's mother is alive and well today. She is a large, powerful woman and has great will force.—New York Advertiser.

Provoking a Husband.

A Shakespeare woman cannot of herself separate from her husband without his consent. If she is chaste, however, she will take this by surprise of an unguarded moment, and resource to do or say some thing which will make him so angry that before he can recover sufficient and wound to stop himself he has uttered the wished for words.—London Tit-Bits.

Work of the Grandee Women.

The duties of the ordinary Grandee women were, in times of peace, to stroke the "quake" in the dingle head until it was in the highest, look after the horses and help her husband with his personal and field duties, and in times of war to follow the army, carry off the wounded and attend to them and bury the dead.—National Review.

An Easy Way to Polish Finger Nails.

"Polish your nails with your fingers," says a contributor. "The friction of the flesh and the little oil which exudes from the pores get up quickly a healthy circulation beneath the nail, making it rosy, and fingers impart besides a better actual polish than the chamois rubber."

Parrots a Source of Pleasure.

There was a time when parrots were regarded in India and elsewhere as sacred, and anybody who dared to injure one of them was regarded as guilty of a dreadful crime. It is true that since then they have fallen somewhat from their high estate, and that in this more degenerate age the common Arrowa parrot has been shot in great numbers in the eastern parts of Brazil for the prosaic purpose of making a particular kind of soup to which the natives are partial, while the arrowhead wears quite eloquent when he sounds the praises of parakeet pie.

But in our own country, though we do not go either to the one extreme of holding them sacred or to the other extreme of putting them into pies, parrots still occupy a place of honor in our households, and a well behaved "Sweety Poll," who has been duly instructed in the accomplishments of her kind, is still the source of as great a degree of pleasure as ever.—Strand Magazine.

A Frank Statement.

"Can I—dare I ask that little hand for my own" pleaded the smitten young man.

"It is only—ah—second hand," replied the young widow deprecatingly.—Exchange.

JAPANESE LIVER PELLETS

Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies
Other Chemicals
are used in the preparation of
W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa
which is absolutely pure and soluble.
It has several times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and easily digested.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

CHURCH BLANKS
Printed and for Sale at
THE DESERET NEWS OFFICE,
SALT LAKE CITY.

Date Reports ..... 25c. per Cent.
Ward Reports ..... 50c. "
Relief Society Reports ..... 50c. "
Primary Association Reports ..... 50c. "
Y. L. M. I. A. Reports ..... 50c. "
Y. M. M. I. A. Reports ..... 50c. "
Sabbath Certificates ..... 50c. "
Baptism Recommends, books of 50, 50c.; of 100, 75c.
Primary Association Roll and Record Books, $1.00.
Y. L. M. I. A. Roll and Record Books, $1.50.
Ward Records, 1 qr., $4.00; 2 qr., $5.00; 4 qr., $10.00.
High Priests' Records Made to Order.
Seventies' Records Made to Order.

A PRIZE WORD PUZZLE!

EXPLANATION:—The following necklace hides something which properly arranged will make a well known publication in the continent. Take the letters in each compartment and place them in order, and the first one will be a Prize Competition in which everybody can win. In the second compartment the letters are arranged in the order in which they are found in the necklace, but in the third compartment they are not known, consequently in that compartment they are placed in any of the "nine" compartments at the option of the Canadian Newspaper of Toronto, who will verify the statement that no one but the very home in the Competition winners in Canada and Dominion, can make anything out of the letters, "Music" is the only one mentioned in the Canadian Newspaper Toronto (Canada) publishing a certain Photographic competition, which is but another piece of our puzzle.

CSNAIALU
IOICM
DFNOA
?

The publishers of THE CANADIAN MUSIC FOLIO will give as Elegant Type of Piano Horse with Carriage and Harness Complete, valued at $600 (price marked on the type) to the first person from the last reading a correct answer to the puzzle. To the second person who sends in a correct answer, a Gold Hunting Watch, valued at $100. To the third person, a Gold Hunting Watch, valued at $50. To the fourth person, a Gold Hunting Watch, valued at $25. To the fifth person, a Gold Hunting Watch, valued at $15. To the sixth person, a Gold Hunting Watch, valued at $10. To the seventh person, a Gold Hunting Watch, valued at $5. To the eighth person, a Gold Hunting Watch, valued at $3. To the ninth person, a Gold Hunting Watch, valued at $2. To the tenth person, a Gold Hunting Watch, valued at $1. To the next twenty persons, a Gold Watch, valued at $1. To the next twenty persons, a Gold Watch, valued at $1. To the next twenty persons, a Gold