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THE DESERET WEEKLY.

A 32 to 48 page Magazine, the cheapest and best in the country, specially suitable as a prize in Sunday Schools. Price, per volume of 26 numbers, $1.50; per copy, $1.00, postage.

R. S. V. P.

With thoughtful brow she pondered deep,
The grave even lips her secret keep;
Her dress not smile, and does not sigh,
While thus considering her reply—
"Yes or no, let answer be—R. S. V. P.

To one whom her virgin heart
Some quite critical hope, to spring and start
Through the recesses of her mind,
And bears a response that is kind—
Ah, letters four, R. S. V. P.!

Yes or no, how the virgin heart beats,
She does not feel the air, frost stricken,
She does not see the wintry sun cloud
Outside amongst the bonnets trimmed—
Ah, letters four, R. S. V. P.!

The dropping ladies call her cov—
Who sometimes hangs on her lover
That rides with rose her cheeks so fair?
Will he be there—will he be there
To letters four, R. S. V. P.?

The cross you star with another cross—
Will he be there—will he be there?
If he some magic pa could see
How may the cards—ah, well,
At social power, R. S. V. P.

The die is cast, and she will go—
Mortimer she will not answer no—
Yes, with my eyes safely she clasps the hands,
Her white hands clasped by other hands,
Confronted by—R. S. V. P.!

—Helen Marion Burnside in New York Ledger.

A HARD STRUGGLE.

We of the Twenty-third British Pioneers, supported by half of the Fifth regiment of Goorkas, had the advance as we moved out of Peshawar for Cabul, skirmishing for quite as soon as we were out of the fortifications, and for four hours we were pounced and annoyed and put to considerable loss of life. Then we reached the mountain pass known as the Khyber, and here a road came in from the north called the Dark Way. While the column owned 200 or so camels packed up this way for a mile or a rendezvous, and found a small but strong stone fort which had just been deserted by the natives. Word was sent back, and the result was that 8 company, which numbered forty-seven men, was detailed to occupy the fort, which we at once christened Fort Dakin.

The officer in command was Lieut. Frayne, seconded by the orderly sergeant and a first corporal. We had been badly broken up in the ravines and our commissioned and non-commissioned officers were badly scattered, some dead, some in the hospital, others on detached service. I was the corporal alluded to above. The fort was built at a spot where the way or road left the hills and crossed a valley about half a mile wide. We were at the northern edge of this valley on a detached hill, which was higher than any other ground within gunshot. There was a fine spring on this hill, and the natives had inclosed it in a square fort covering one hundred square feet of ground.

The garrison of this fort had been called out to assist in holding the main pass against our army, and it had departed in such a hurry that we found four hundred pounds of powder, six hundred pounds of rock, forty muskets, sixty blankets and a large stock of provisions left behind. There was also lead, shell and grapeshot for the fieldpiece. Not doubting that we should be besieged as soon as the army was out of sight, we set to work to make everything snug. The gateway was blocked, the extra muskets loaded, and the men assigned to positions in squads. We took possession about noon, and up to 4 o'clock the sound of fighting in the main pass came plainly to our ears. They had scarcely died away when we caught sight of sixty Afghans approaching us by a narrow pathway from the west. They had been down in the Khyber fighting our column, but had been driven off. They were a portion only of the garrison; the balance had been killed by British bullets. These fellows appeared to us without the slightest suspicion, and their first warning was a volley which knocked over a full dozen.

On that famous march to Cabul the watchword was, "Pass on." In more than a score of instances the British army left native garrisons to the right, left or rear of them. There was about as much danger in the rear as in the front. It was constant warfare on a line a hundred miles long. We knew pretty well what to look for, and were in no wise disappointed when the sun went down to find ourselves besieged by a force of at least 200 natives. Our corp had diminished them, however, and not a gun was fired during the afternoon or night. They must plan how best to overcome us. And the problem no doubt worried them. We had four stone walls ten feet high, scores of the purest water and provisions for sixty days. It was hard to figure against that, and we turned in that night with a feeling that we would be left undisturbed. Nothing whatever occurred to alarm us, and during all next forenoon we did not catch sight of a native. Exactly at noon a native bearing a flag of truce came across the valley. As we did not want him to know our strength, I was sent out to meet him ten paces from the gate.

"I demand the surrender of the fort," he said in broken English.

"And if we surrender?" I asked.

"You will all be put to death."

"But if we refuse?"

"It will be death just the same."

"Then we refuse."

The native soaked off without another word or look, and soon disappeared across the valley. Ten minutes later some field pieces opened fire on us with solid shot from the crest of a mound of earth and bushes about six hundred yards away. Every ball struck the north wall, but they might as well have been bullets, for all the harm they did. We let them fire away for half an hour, and then four of the men who carried elephant rifles, which had been picked up at Peshawar, went to the loopholes and dropped two gunners apiece inside of two minutes. This caused the battery to withdraw in a hurry, and we were bothered no more that afternoon. Piled against the eastern wall of the fort on the inside was a large quantity of heavy pales and rude planks. We had of first supposed the material to have been brought in for firewood, and had used some of it for our fires. It now occurred to the Britishers that there were not enough loopholes in the wall to accommodate even our small force, and that the natives had brought in that shell to even platforms. He at once set the whole force at work, and we did not knock off until midnight. Then we had a solid platform against the north and east walls, being about seven feet high. This would enable us to use the top of the walls as a breastwork. The other two sides of the fort could not be scaled because of the nature of the ground.

The night passed quietly, and some of our men began to think the natives had withdrawn from our locality to go to the Dark Way. Close at by the east bastion there was a spring, and we had dug down before dawn to see if we could not get water enough for our use, but we had struck rock at a depth of four feet, and had given up the idea. At 9 o'clock I got upon the platform with a spyglass, and looking into the thickets on the other side of the valley, I was sure I could see at least five hundred natives. They was really only half the number. From the movements of these I could see that certain they would be able to escape, and I had scarcely reported this when they broke cover with yells and shrieks and dashed at the fort. The idea of the platform must have been an inspiration. But for it the fort would have been taken.

As the natives broke cover the loopholes were manned and the men of the fifth ordered on to the platform. Running about of the men who were thirty or forty men, each with a great stick in his hands. After these came so many more dragging ladders, the range of which were made of sticks. At the very first dash, and without losing time to fire, our men, the fifteen grouped up every loophole, and a minute later their bayonets were on against the wall. Without orders, realizing the situation, the sergeant sent all the loopholes made their way to the platform. Each of us had over two feet of space however, making a long, thin line. The natives swarmed up the ladders like so many monkeys, and though we had a great advantage in overtopping them they checked such vehemence that we had some men killed and two wounded before we repulsed them. After emptying our muskets we used the bayonets alone, and some of our men killed seven or eight of the assailants. As they became demoralized and started to retreat we opened on them with the extra muskets, and when the last gun had been fired we counted 132 dead men in sight. But for the platform they would have swarmed over the walls like so many bees.

Now the real struggle began. Bodies of natives were stationed on every side of us within musket range, and a steady and harassing fire was maintained night and day. After the first two days artillery was employed. Although it was not heavy enough to break the walls, it answered the purpose for annoying us. Our killed we had to bury inside the fort, for could we get outside to do anything with the Afghan dead. All lay upon about half an acre of ground, and as soon as that other thirty-six knew we began to scent the taint in the air. It was the plan of the enemy to leave their dead here to work our destruction, and for a time it seemed as if success would attend it.

About noon, while remaining in the underground storehouse, I came across a barrel of alcohol, which had been mistaken with some other baggage a month before. If the Afghans knew what it was they had not touched it. In a case beside the barrel were quantities of quinine, morphine, calomel and other drugs which our hospital corps had lost at the same time. When I reported the find to the lieutenant I could see a sequent of him, and after considerable argument it was granted.

Night came on with a strong wind from the north and an overcast sky, and it was only fairly dark when I was let out of the gate with two pailfuls of the alcohol. The natives were dozing away as usual, and as I walked down among the dead I heard the "zip" of bullets all around me. I had a saturated cloth over my mouth and nostrils to my nostrils, and I could stand the odor very well. There was considerable grass and brush on the field, and I distributed the alcohol pretty liberally over both the well and the dead. It took four trips to empty the barrel. It was then knocked to pieces and the material carried out. The last act was to light a match and set fire to a paper, and a minute later I was safe in the fort, and the field of the dead was all ablaze. Before midnight we had wiped out the threatened danger, much to the chagrin and indignation of the natives. The relief came too late, however, for some of our poor fellows. Within the next three days we had five deaths, every one of them, no doubt, due to the pestilential odor, and the constant strain of watching had begun to tell upon all the living.

We had been afraid the natives would bring up a mortar and drop shells into the fort, but we had been besieged for three weeks before they got one into position. They opened fire one afternoon, but of ten shells sent into the air to drop down on our heads all went wild. Then the mortar burst, killing all around it, and we were safe. On the fortieth day from the hour we entered the fort the natives made another dash at the walls. Our force was now reduced to thirty-one men, most of them were down with fever and unable to raise their heads. We had warning of the dash and were prepared for it. Every man on the platform had three loaded muskets. We took thirteen loaded shells belonging to the gun, cut the fuses short, and laid them on the wall. Beside each was a piece of lighted punk. It was estimated that there were fully 600 natives in the attacking party, and they carried about fifty ladders. The fight didn't last ten minutes. It was the shells we rolled down among you which did the work. I believe the dead and wounded were fully 200, but they could afford that loss better than the three we had killed outright.

The cool weather had now come, and on the night of the fight snow fell to the depth of six inches. For two days after not a shot was fired. Then, for the next twenty, we had no rest day or night. They did not attempt another assault, but really calculated to wear us out. A few more days would have accomplished this. On the seventy-first day of our investment we were relieved by a British force, but there were only eight of us able to stand on our feet. In all, only twenty-two of us were alive. On the day of the relief fifty Afghans could have scaled the walls and taken the fort.—New York Sun.

He Had to Be Natural.

An Irish officer of distinction attended a ball, but was not so proficient in dancing as in the use of his sword. While standing up in a cotillion his partner called his attention to a young man opposite, who had previously exhibited much skill as a dancer, in the act of mimicking the movements of the officer. A little observation convinced him that it was the intention of the young gallant to ridicule him, and, therefore, stepping up toward him, he inquired:

"Is that your natural way of dancing?"

He was answered that it was.

"Well," said the officer, "if so, by gracious, if I catch yer dancing artificially hereafter I'll knock yer down!"

The consequence was that the young fellow had to perfect in mimicking while he remained in the room.—London Tit-Bits.

The Wonderful "Changeable Flower."

During the summer of 1890 the botanists made a wonderful discovery in Tehuantepec, having established the fact beyond a doubt that the native "lirida" has a flower that changes its color three or more times each day when the weather is favorable. In the morning it is white; at noon it has changed to a deep red; at night it is blue. It is even claimed that some individual trees of this species have a flower that changes to many intermediate hues during the night. There are only two hours out of the twenty-four—from 11 a. m. to 1 p. m.—that this rarity gives out a perfume.—St. Louis Republic.

THE LOST WAIF.

The Strange Midnight Experiences of an Express Messenger.

The night express went thundering out of Hopkinsville, Ky., at 7 o'clock sharp. The passengers had made themselves comfortable, and everything seemed auspicious for a quick and safe run to Nashville, Tenn. The express messenger locked himself about the packages, getting his cue to retire, after which, locking nothing else to do, he sauntered to the open window and looked out at the rising moon. What a glorious night it was! The full moon came up from behind the trees and lying over their tops like a ball of fire. How sweet and peaceful everything looked. The thoughts of the young man went back to home and mother. Wrapped in a delightful dream he sank down on the hot seat to him, but suddenly he jumped up in alarm, for he had heard a remarkable sound—a pure, faint little voice crying "Papa."

"Oh, what a cruel trick for the boys to play on him!" he said. He went out the little one at once. He searched every nook and corner and looked behind every box, but no baby was to be found.

What was to be done? He felt certain that he had heard the voice, and something must be done. Ah, he had it at last! He rang the bell with all his might, and the conductor came hurriedly to know what had happened.

The passengers were all excitement; windows went up, heads were poked out, and every one had a remedy, fully one half of them thinking it must be robbers.

When the conductor returned he told them that the express messenger had heard the cry of a child in his car and that he inquired if any child were missing. This threw all the mothers present into a paroxysm of fright. But they soon recovered when they saw that all their own darlings were safe, and every woman expressed the greatest sympathy for the little stranger in the express car. They even volunteered to go and assist in the search for the little lost waif, but to this the conductor would not consent.

The young man in the express car was immediately undergoing the sickness of his own sense, for had he not heard the voice? He could swear to it. Slowly he sinks down on the same box, when, mouthful heavens! there was the voice again crying "Mamma."

Ah, he has it now. The voice comes from the box. Some heartless mother, perhaps, sending her baby by express.

Quickly he cuts the cord and takes off the pasteboard lid. Yes, there it lies, the dear little soul, with its soft curls and snowy dress. He lifts it out tenderly, and then, imagine his surprise—it is a doll—one of Edison's speaking dolls. Every time he sat down on the box he pressed the spring, and then came the frolic. The little wail of "papa," "mamma," which had caused so much sympathy and alarm.—Detroit Free Press.

Roses in Terraplin.

A young girl from St. Louis is a recent visitor at this city and was introduced for the first time to the peculiar charms of terraplin. Not long after her first experiments she sat in the crowded supper room of a private house, into which the guests were pouring from the ballroom. "No, I believe I won't have any terraplin," as the waiter held it down before her. "What, not eat terraplin?" asked her escort. "Is it possible that you don't like terraplin?"

"Oh, yes, I like it well enough," she answered indifferently, but in a voice so loud that it sounded over all the clink of glass and silver and hum of voices. "Yes, I like the taste of it well enough, but I don't like to eat it. It's so full of little bones I always feel as if I were eating boiled kittens." Instantly the clink of forks upon plates was audibly lessened, and the man by the waiter said to his chief, "What in the world was the matter with that terraplin up at the M——'s last night?"—New York Evening Sun.

DINWOODEY

Is now prepared to wait upon customers in his New Store; he has a magnificent line of Furniture, Carpets and Wall Paper. Call and see him.

A Warning

To Horse-Owners.

The Sight Nail in this Shoe seriously lamed the horse from which it was removed by taken in Worcester, Mass. One point of the nail came out in the proper place for clenching, and so deceived the blacksmith who shod the horse. The other point went in the direction shown in the illustration, and so entered the quick of the foot called the "quick," from which the horse was made lame for one nearly two weeks.

THESE ARE NO IMAGINARY NAILS. The above facts are vouched for by the Proprietors of the "Putnam Nail" and they will pay the above reward for any Nail of this kind, which shall be found to be DANGEROUS. Their Nail is the only one in the market which is entirely free from the DANGEROUS Quick. Horses shod with this nail can be safely driven on the road. Ask your Blacksmith for the Putnam Nail and take no other. Horses shod with the Putnam Nail do not require the use of the Pad. Horses shod with the Putnam Nail do not require the use of the Pad. Horses shod with the Putnam Nail do not require the use of the Pad