DESERET EVENING NEWS

[illegible]

THE LOVE UNKNOWN.

Sweetheart, you have not known me—
If I am great or wise,
Yet, somewhere you shall see me
Beneath God's speaker skies.
Through new isles broken circles
No earthly winds can win,
Some day, at Love's own palace,
Your arms shall face me in!

Some day a rose will blossom
Within the dusty way,
And on the dark Night's bosom
Will fall the morning's ray;
Some day, when I am little
Pale from the storm and cliffs,
Your lips shall seek me, sighing,
And kiss me back to life!

Then will the bird sings, singing,
Full soft on fields of heaven,
Then will the stranger lute clinging
Through green of rich pertuned
Then shall the world benighted,
The curse upon me wan,
And at Love's palace lighted
Your arms shall take me in!
—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

STEALING A JOSS.

Clara Kingham was one of the prettiest girls that ever walked on two feet. When a fellow here alongside her he couldn't help remarking the beauty of her block. She was as lovely as a clipper ship bowling along under a cloud of canvas, and that's saying a good deal. All the men in Old Salem, Mass., were madly in love with her, and no wonder. But there was no lubberly landsman good enough for her, I warrant you. She had hauled down her colors long ago and surrendered to Jack Crowninshield, the big captain of the East Indiaman Cormandel, lying down at the dock and taking in cargo for Columbia.

The skipper was as smart a sailorman as ever took a sight at the sun and the Cormandel was as splendid a ship as ever flew the stars and stripes from her monkey gaff. Mind you, I am spinning a yarn of times ever so long ago, when Salem was a busy, thriving maritime town with her merchants engaged in the Indian trade, and when her ships, laden with oriental silks, spices, bales and other products, were continually coming into port. I was a lively lad in those days, having taken to the sea like a goose to the pond, and when my captain, Jack Crowninshield, got spliced to Clara Kingham in the little stone church on the hill I was there as large as life.

The skipper seemed more flustered than she did, and as they passed down the aisle it was admitted that a fairlier couple had never before been united at the altar. They went to Boston to spend the honeymoon, and I went back aboard, took off my Sunday-go-to-meeting togs and went aloft with my tar brush.

All our crew was already shipped, as we were to sail in three weeks' time, and we were trying to see how pretty we could make the old packet look before we cast off from the dock and pointed her nose to blue water. Our sailors were neither Dutchmen nor dagoes—such as one meets with in these degenerate days, but good Americans—the finest seamen in the world. Forward, the cool black cook, was an American, too, and nobody could handle the fore-sheet as well as he, and I tell you his pork and beans was a dish that would make you blubber like a baby for more and his plum duff was so indescribably luscious that every Sunday forenoon while it was a-sizzling in the coppers you would find the watch on deck, all of them under the lee of the galley with the water fairly running out of their mouths as they inhaled the fragrant odors of plums and spice.

The Cormandel was one of the fastest clippers sailing from Salem, and it was the ambition of every old woman who had sons to dispose of to get them aboard of her. Mothers used to bring their boys down to the dock and say to the skipper, some of them would fall down on their marrowbones and just beg of him to take their boys. It was a proud day for me when I was shipped, and on that occasion I felt as haughty as a dog with two tails. This was my second voyage, and the skipper took quite an interest in me. I was given charge of his cabin and used to keep his traps in order when at sea, the steward being a little old and shaky on his pins.

The day before the ship was to sail Captain Crowninshield brought his wife back from Boston and installed her in the dearest little old fashioned cottage that ever was. It was covered with creepers and vines, and in the little gardens that surrounded it hollyhocks, sweet williams and any amount of other scented posies grew luxuriantly and perfumed the air.

Mrs. Crowninshield came aboard the ship that afternoon, and while her husband was at the custom house getting his clearance papers and transacting other business she and I fixed up the captain's cabin. It did my heart good to see that dainty little woman decorating the cabin with mirrors and putting everything in apple pie order. The contrivances for his comfort that were evolved from her shapely little head were so ingenious that I fairly opened my mouth with admiration. A lucky fellow was Jack Crowninshield, always eating the fat and drinking the sweet of life. But while this labor of love was occupying the little woman's mind and busy fingers big tears were welling up in her blue eyes, for tomorrow was the day of sorrowful parting, and she would not be likely to see that big husband of hers for at least two years. I fell in love with her at sight, and for nearly two years I dreamed about her.

In the morning there was a large crowd to see us off. When the skipper stepped aboard I noticed he looked sad and grave—so different from his usual reckless and jovial appearance. Mrs. Crowninshield did not see the ship off. The strain would have been too much for her. They gave us three cheers as we spread our canvas to the breeze and sailed out to sea. The wind was fair and it was a delightful August day. We gave her every stitch she could stagger under and Salem was soon out of sight.

Nothing particular happened during the passage out. The skipper seemed to see that he intended to [illegible] a collection of "curios" for his wife, [illegible] was a [illegible] admirer of his [illegible] at. I was only a [illegible] sailor, to be sure, but I [illegible] a little bit of a curio hunter myself, and knew readily enough what he was after. He would doubtless have kicked me around the decks, I think, I was fifteen years old at the time, and was as strong as a young horse, if he attempted anything that influence a kindly word from a pretty woman has upon a sailor boy accustomed to fewer halfpence than kicks! Besides, my love was akin to spiritual worship.

However, I made up my mind that if curios would make Mrs. Crowninshield happy I would do my best to afford her pleasure. So when we were bowling along through the northeast trades and the flying fish came aboard I used to pick out the finest and largest and preserve them for keeping, after the recipe of an old sailor, who was something of a taxidermist. Those fish I would mount on pieces of wood, and, to his by the carpenter, and with their wings extended with ingenious skill (though I say it who shouldn't) they looked quite ornamental.

The captain did his best to make a relief passage. He commanded one of the fleetest clippers and was kept moving all the time. When we got down to about 23 degs. south latitude, and were in hopes of getting a piping westerly breeze with which to run down, we were hampered by a dead calm. It was quite lucky for me, but the skipper fretted and fumed like a newly caught bear in a pit. He wanted to make the smartest passage on record. The ship was surrounded by flocks of Cape pigeons, Cape hens and an occasional albatross. The pigeons, which are birds of beautiful plumage, were caught easily with hook and line. All you had to do was to throw over your line baited with a morsel of salt pork and haul them in hand over fist. I caught several hundred and grew quite expert in skinning them and curing the skins. They were all intended for Mrs. Crowninshield.

It was a triumphant hour for me when I captured an albatross. I am an old, broken down man now, having been a sailor boy and man for more than fifty years, and chiefly in the southern trade. For voyage after voyage I have tried to catch an albatross with bait, but failed always. Cape hens—the vultures of the sea—you can capture at will. They will bite at any garbage. But the albatross is a cleanly bird, and I never knew one to be taken with hook and line.

This morning, however, I was on the forecastle head, hanging out a shirt to dry, when the albatross blundered on board. He was a magnificent bird, and the finest I ever saw. He settled down on the deck and looked like a sailor that had lost his bearings. In a moment expand a battle that best bellow the tilt of the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure in his duel with the windmills. I grabbed him by the neck and he thrashed at me with tall and wing. The watch below, hearing the noise, came running on deck and rescued me, all covered with blood. For the next two days I was engaged on his skin. It used up all my arsenical soap, and I had to get a bottle of red pepper from the steward to complete the task. It would fit Mrs. Crowninshield. Did any misfortune happen the ship after the killing of the albatross? Not a misfortune.

The ancient mariner was an adept in romantic fiction. You can kill albatrosses without any weather breeding results. I have no superstition, but I will tell you something gleaned from my experience. Fish, flesh and fowl may be sacrificed at sea without any supernatural results. But I have never known a pig to be stuck aboard a ship but that either a gale of wind followed or something disastrous happened. This I will swear to.

* * * * * * *

We got to Colombo on the hundredth day out from Salem—a rapid passage in those days. Every rupee I could scrape up was spent in gathering together curios for Mrs. Crowninshield. My father, a well to do Salem merchant, had thoughtfully placed in the captain's hands a couple of hundred dollars to be doled out to me during our stay on the Indian coast. I bought a big cedar wood trunk with quaint silver handles, and in this moth proof receptacle I stowed away all my precious bird skins and mounted flying fish. My love grew madder than ever.

I had a letter of introduction to a charming English family living near Kandy, a bagnalow village on the southern bank of the Kalany river, about a day's journey in bullock wagon from Colombo. I easily obtained leave of absence while the ship was discharging her cargo, and spent a week thoroughly enjoying myself. My host made things very pleasant for me, and we took many excursions in the neighborhood that pleased me much.

One of the famous resorts thereabout was a Buddhist temple, irreverently called a pun house by heathens and barbarians. Out out of the natural rock, it was cleared by banyan trees, whose big leaves, shaped like a heart, quivered continually in aspen fashion.

Inside the temple, which was guarded by a fat, good natured priest clad in a yellow robe, reclined the image of Buddha, leaning on his left arm. The priest showed us around the temple, and I explored every nook and corner. Carefully concealed behind a curtain was a little niche in which were arranged a number of little idols, evidently the pride of the particular Lares and Penates. One was the quaintest and most picturesque thing of the kind you ever saw. It was carved out of a block of teak, and was four feet high. It had three heads, each of which was supplied with three eyes of greenish stones which looked like emeralds.

The priest wouldn't sell me this idol, and in fact looked quite offended when I offered to purchase it. He was prompt, however, to accept the proffered gift of a rupee.

I was bound to get that idol for Mrs. Crowninshield. Accordingly I laid my plans with what I thought was rare skill. I bought a little canoe from a native for a trifle and concealed it in the jungle near the river. I knew that if I attempted to steal the idol and take it to Colombo overland I should be detected, and probably murdered by the superstitious ringbaiers. Therefore the river was my sole hope. The tide would carry me down swiftly and I could easily reach my ship.

One pitch dark night I made for the idol house. The fat old priest was asleep. You could hear his snores afar off. There were neither locks nor bolts on the portal, and two little scraps of cocoanut oil served to make darkness visible. I knew my latitude and longitude of the divine perforator and soon had the idol in my grasp. With a pale hue, darting that made me think it trembled as I hugged it to my breast and made for the canoe. I launched my little craft and paddled vigorously down the river. The current was rapid. The boat struck a sunken tree and in an instant capsized. I clung to an overhanging branch for my life.

Now a strange [illegible] happened. The idol, with a glare of baleful light glittering from its nine green eyes, swam up the stream, clearing the water with the impetuosity of a balloon itself. It had evidently come to life. This was too much for me. I fled cross-country.

When I recovered I was in my friend's bungalow. It appears that a party of Kalanyans had set to rubbing pepper for the morning dish of curry had seen my clinging to the tree. They had recognized me as the guest of the "pious Sahib" and had taken me to his house. I told my story to my host. He said the idol was that it was impossible to steal an idol from the pun house. They always returned to the temple. He took me to the river and pulling aside the curtain from the little niche, he showed me that, as unmasterred and in outcasts as you please. How did he get back? "Come to the village with me," said my host. We went to the hut of a native carpenter, who was engaged in whittling out an idol almost the exact counterpart of the one I tried to steal. I bought it for fifteen rupees.

"That one can never get away—it hasn't been blessed," said the Hindu Babula.

* * * * * * *

Eighteen months after having Salem we hauled there again, concluding a most prosperous voyage. I hired a wagon, and passing all my curios was driven up to the house of Captain Crowninshield, choosing a time when the skipper was engaged at the office of the owners. Mrs. Crowninshield was at home looking brother and more blooming than ever. She was kind enough to remember me. I displayed my collection and presented it, including the idol, for which I too my fancied the minister. Then turning to me she exclaimed: "Tom Jackson! How can I ever repay you for your kindness! I am ever so much obliged."

Then she paused for a few moments. Suddenly a bright thought illuminated her lovely countenance.

"I'll tell you what, Tom," she exclaimed enthusiastically. "You are come up stairs and kiss my baby. He is nine months old today, and he is having a wee of a birthday party!"—S. J. K. in New York Recorder.

The "Oyster" of the Turkey.

Many will recall the oft repeated story of the young epicure, Brillat Savarin's son, who ordered thirty turkeys for his dinner. When his father reprimanded him for such extravagance on an occasion when he dined alone, the youth recalled the fact that there was one portion of the turkey which the father had always reserved for himself—the very tidbit of the bird—and as there were but two small portions of it in each bird the entire could in no way be called extravagant. This tidbit is known as the "oyster" of the turkey, and probably not one cover in twenty can tell you exactly where it lies. It is not, as many suppose, a piece of the white meat of the breast. The breast is composed of only two distinct layers on each side, the upper and lower fillets. The "oyster," in fact, is a portion of exceedingly tender dark meat, which lies in the hollow on each side of the backbone near and just above the second joint.

By examining the bare carcass of a carved turkey the two hollows where the "oysters" lie will be easily perceived, and one will note that their shape is a long ovalsimilar to that of a Rockaway oyster. Unhappily this tidbit is often labored by the carver or is cloved with the second joint, it should be served intact to any one at table who can appreciate the best bit of the bird.—New York Tribune.

Cold and Sneezy.

One of Sherlock's tales was of an Irishman who met a Briton, of the true John Bull pattern, standing with folded arms in the uncomfortable mood, apparently meditating on the greatness of his little island.

"Allow me to differ with yer" exclaimed the Celt.

"But I have said nothing, sir," replied John Bull.

"And a man may think a lie as well as publish it," persisted the pugnacious Hibernian.

"Perhaps you are looking for fight?" queried the Briton.

"Allow me to compliment yer on the quickness of your perception," said Pat Kelly, throwing down his coat, and then they pitched in.—Washington Post.

Giving Wood a Good Color.

Many hard woods of superior color and grain may be greatly improved by treatment. The graining or marking of the wood is always a beautiful feature, and it can be greatly improved and accentuated, if faint, by giving the entire piece one coat of raw oil, and then with a camel's hair brush going over the entire surface, using vermilion mixed with raw oil. Each coat increases the color. A slight coat of varnish will help to keep the color.—New York Tribune.

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SPECIAL PRICES on German Canaries.
Males.....$1.00 Females.....$1.50
ENGLISH (Deep Green colored)
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Bargains Mammoth Belgian Hares, Fawn and Green Lizards, Chinese and Bohemian hens are now in season.
Also Pigeons, Pet Stock and Bird Seed. Poultry Fancy Journal 25 cents. 40 pages. Fancy Catalogue, 10 cents.
Largest Assortment of CAGES in the Northwest. Write for Prices.
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CREAM DROPS,

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IT PROMOTES DIGESTION, CHEERFULNESS AND REST.

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PRICE 25 CENTS.

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RIO GRANDE WESTERN. Standard Gauge. SHORTEST AND BEST LINE. In Effect January 1, 1892.
LEAVE SALT LAKE.
No. 1—Pacific Express, Sleeping Cars to Denver and Pueblo.....10.00 a.m.
No. 3—Atlantic Express for Ogden, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis and all points East.....9.00 a.m.
No. 5—Local Passenger for Ogden.....4.00 p.m.
No. 7—Colorado Express, Pullman and Tourist Sleepers for Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago.....8.00 p.m.
No. 9—Ogden Local.....6.00 p.m.
No. 11—Ogden Local.....11.30 p.m.
ARRIVE SALT LAKE.
No. 2—Pacific Express.....2.45 p.m.
No. 4—Atlantic Express.....1.45 a.m.
No. 6—Local Passenger from Ogden.....10.45 a.m.
No. 8—Colorado Express, Pullman and Tourist Sleepers from Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago.....7.45 a.m.
No. 10—Local Passenger from Ogden.....3.00 p.m.
No. 12—Local Passenger from Ogden.....9.00 p.m.
Passengers booked through to all points in the United States and Canada.
For Tickets, Sleeping Car Berths, etc., call at Ticket Office, No. 214 Main Street.
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Train Arrives and Departs at Salt Lake, Daily on Mountain Time.
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From Kansas City, Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo.....10.40 a.m.
From Ogden.....7.15 p.m.
From Kansas City, Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo.....7.30 p.m.
From Ogden.....10.00 p.m.
DEPART.
For all points East.....2.00 a.m.
For Ogden.....7.00 a.m.
For Kansas City, Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo.....8.00 a.m.
For Ogden.....4.00 p.m.
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ONLY ONE CHANGE OF CARS, ST. LOUIS, and this is made in the daytime and in a Union Depot.
ELEGANT RECLINING CHAIR CARS Free to holders of regular train tickets.
For further particulars, call on or address
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ASSESSMENT NOTICE.
THE MINNEHA PLACER MINING COMPANY. Principal place of business, Salt Lake City, Utah—Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the trustees, held on the 6th day of January, 1892, an assessment of 50 cents per share was levied on the capital stock of the Company, payable immediately to J. W. Fox, Jr., Secretary, at the office of the Company, 204 Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, and that unless payment is made before, will be delinquent on the 20th day of February, 1892, and in charge A. M. to pay the delinquent assessment will be sold at public auction, and unless payment is made before the time of the sale will be sold on the 20th day of March, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.
By order of the Board.
J. W. FOX, JR., Secretary.
Minnehaha Placer Mining Company, Salt Lake City, December 26th, 1891. Sun-Sat-Jan-7

Graefenberg PILLS.
They cure Headache, Biliousness, Liver Complaint and Indigestion. No griping or nausea. Those PILLS Tone up the system and restore health to those suffering from general debility and nervousness. Sold by all druggists. 25c. per box.
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1000 Ladies' Winter Jackets, Capes, Newmarkets, Misses' and Children's Ulsters, Nobby Coats, etc., ranging from 50c. up. Much less than cost of material.
Our style's Feather Trimming down from $1.00 to 50c. a yard.
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Gold sizes in $4.00 Satin Corsets for $2.50.
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Gents' Natural Wool Under Suits for $1.00.
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Our CARPET Stock offers inducements that cannot be surpassed.
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