DESERET EVENING NEWS.

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A SONG OF THE SEA.

Watch the motion of the waves, of the heavy
swaying waves, as they roll in their majesty
to each pebble on the beach!
How the turtle and the porpoise, if they be but
wave-sports spritely, sport in the wake of
and pursue whatever from wave to wave reveals!
How the nautilus floats about!
And the daring sailor-boy
Who would fain do what he knows that those
fancy-winged could!

Watch the motion of the waves, of the swaying
swaying waves, as each wave wells for with
some beam to create the sun-gold crest;
Oft between and the horizon, of a wave, some
sail of a vessel, lurked against the rays of
glorious with an even long not back.
How the sunlight skips above it,
And the sunbeams pounce on it
When the wind rolls up the waves
Watch the motion of the waves, of the wave
charging wave, based by every breeze or
unrestrained, rather by a passing breeze
Resting never, but forever in a constant
repeating, day to day, the self same story
to each fabled world as there
"Prune thee, all ye heavens adore thee,
Let the earth bow down before thee,
On the floods He hath prepared it, founded it
upon the sea."

—Harry H. Moore in Good Housekeeping.

ANY ONE CAN BE AN ACTOR.

Comedian Sol Smith Russell Tells of the Trials of Theatrical Life.

"Queer thing the public has of stage folk and their life," said Sol Smith Russell. "The opinion is almost universally held that theatrical people live in the most luxurious fashion, eat pie every ten minutes and never do any work. The hardships of travel, the hours of soul wearying rehearsals and study, and the thousand and one trials that beset the actor's life are not recognized because they do not appear in the performance. They are behind the scenes, and therefore not knowable to the public. But they exist and are very harrowing.

"I remember a little incident which brought all this home to me. In making a jump between large cities it was necessary to put in a week among the smaller towns playing one night in a town. We had played in one place, and after the performance had packed everything for flitting to the next stop, and were ready to go to the train, which was due at midnight. When we arrived at the station, however, we found that the train was late.

"'How late?' we inquired.

"'Don't know,' said the comforting individual at the station. 'May be one hour, may be two, might be three.'

"We didn't care go back to the hotel to sleep because of the uncertainty of the time when the train would come along, so we sat around the waiting room, miserably tired and sleepy, trying to find comfortable positions on the barbarous seats.

"We waited there until nearly 3 o'clock, and at last the train came and we boarded aboard, disgusted, cross, sore. The run to our next town was something less than two hours, so we could not sleep on the train except in rabid enough of a nap to be aggravating and wholly disappointing. It was about 5 o'clock when we turned out of the car at the town where we were to amuse folks that evening. It was the gray of dawn, and in the pale light we were a ghastly lot. The baggage smashers hurled our trunks and boxes out upon the platform with gleeful savagery, and as I looked about for some sort of hack to take us to a hotel I heard the station agent, who was assisting the baggagemen to get our trunks out, say to the trainman:

"'What is all this baggage, anyway?'

"'Oh,' said the baggage man, with infinite disgust in his tone, 'it belongs to some show company, I reckon. Anything to get out of works.'

"'That's a fact, by-the-'em,' growled the station agent, and I sulked a way again and went and informed the company that we would have to walk with our hand baggage to the hotel, about half a block. Anything to get out of working! Dear me, if I had told that story to the company I think the station agent would have been scolded.

"On another occasion, some years ago now, I played in a small town, and did not leave until noon of the following day. In the forenoon an elderly countryman came into the hotel office, and after some little hesitation came up and said:

"'Be you the man that played last night on the opry house?'

"I told him I was the culprit.

"'Name's Russell, aren't ye?'

"I said it was.

"'Well, I want to speak to you about a boy of mine. I've tried to make a farmer of him, an' I've practiced him out twice to learn trades. I even put him in a livery stable an' in a hardware store, but it won't do no. I hain't been able to make nothin' of him. When I seen you last night I kinder thought maybe he'd make a good actor. He's pretty much the same kind of a fool you be.'

"I took this guileless person into a corner and told him fan, for which I got still doing pennies. I assured him that the stage was just the thing for his son, but it required no intelligence, no moral education, no sort of account whatever to be a successful actor, that it was something anybody could do who had brass, and that it was of all professions the most genteel, lucrative and profitable in the known world. He seemed to believe it too. The last heard of him that day's a fair illustration the way so many folk are misjudged."—Chicago Post.

Two Important Alaskan Discoveries.

The Ferrard glacier is a natural divide between the ridge through which we had forced our way and the main range. So now part of the problem was solved, and we discovered that there was no main range parallel to the coast, while expiation determined another point, and that was that the elevation had been very much overestimated, and Mt. Elias was only 12,500 instead of 18,500 feet. The mines are all broken by immense faults, and it was owing to such structure that Plancalp guess was found so easy of passage.—I. B. Tree in Scribner's.

A Valuable Bit of Steel.

Mr. S. M. Hadley, of Fort Smith, Ark., has a beautiful of eighteen-carat gold which he had made out of an engraving for his wife. He took the engraving on the back of Cross River, Ala., in 1864, at a point in Shelby county where Jackson crossed Hickory. It was washed up from an Indian trap, long ground by the floods of that year. Its workmanship shows it to have been made over 200 years ago. It was probably a part of the plunder of some early Indian massacre of English settlers.—Cor. New York World.

FAINTLEROY IN DIFFICULTIES.

A Newsboy Who Could Not Stand Under Five Six Brooklyn Stock.

A newsboy of prominence is about to cross the bridge from Brooklyn without an accompanying cause the other day.

A gentleman who had just purchased a ticket in exchange for change from the ticket seller's window let fall from his hand a quantity of silver—cents, nickels and dimes. They scattered in all directions over the muddy pavement.

A little urchin of a newsboy, from whom the gentleman had bought a paper for which he had not yet paid, went to the rescue of the recent coins. At about the same moment another little urchin ran in the direction and turned out a little Lord Fauntleroy, leather leggings, gloves, long hair and all—more in sight. He was accompanied by a fashionably attired lady, evidently his mother.

Human nature is very strong in a boy, even a Lord Fauntleroy. Enjoying a chase the aristocrat forgot for the time his exalted rank. He stooped down and with his diminutive hand picked from the muddy pavement the coin, which he promptly pocketed.

The interlocutor saw the act and made a grab for Fauntleroy, who clung to his mother's skirts. "Wotcher doin' wid de gentl's money?" he said. "Doesn't he know no better den to steal?"

The mother of the little aristocrat was doubtfully shocked at seeing her offspring in the dirty hands of the newsboy. She flew to the rescue. "Take your hands off my child," she cried, "or I'll have you arrested, you young scoundrel."

"I ain't no scoundrel," said the gamin, dropping his hands and releasing the little lord. "Make yer kid give up de money," he continued. "He ain't got no right ter keep it."

Little Fauntleroy was pleased enough to be released from the clutch of the two begrimed little hands of the newsboy. He gave up the money readily enough, and with his mother, who had brushed the dirt off the miniature lawsuit sleeves, he hastened on his way to New York to make a society call. The newsboy watched the retreating forms contemptuously.

"Say, boss," he said, returning to the gentleman, who had watched the affair with interest, and yet had been mantle to take any part in it so rapidly had the entire scene been enacted.

"Say, boss," continued the boy. "Ain't young feller would 'a handed yer money but for me. Ain't yer goin' to give me a dime?"

The gentleman told him that he might keep the money.

"Fanks," said the urchin. "I tell yer," he added. "Deez young Fauntleroys an' sailors wit long hair, dey makes me tired. I guess dey'll steal nexter den a newsboy. I ain't got no use for fellers like dat. Dey don't have no fun, an' my! how dey gets licked by us fellers when we gets de chance. Dey gets licked, too, if dey gets a spot on de close dey wears. Yer can bet I'd sooner be a newsboy nor a dude wid long hair wot gets licked for nothin."

The gentleman continued his trip over the bridge. He has been debating since the occurrence, however, if there was not a great deal of truth in the newsboy's rude philosophy.—New York Herald.

Wasting Illustrated Papers.

Calling at the room of a bachelor friend of mine the other night I was horrified to see him light his fire of kindlewood with a copy of the London News or some other illustrated paper. These things should always be given away instead of destroyed, and a society exists for that very purpose. I tried to set before my heartless burner of "picture papers" the announcement that some child in a hospital, for example, might derive from the leaves that he had put to the base use of "kindlings."

It is related, I remember, of a certain great writer that he could not bear to see destroyed any piece of paper that carried printed words, and consequently might be a part of literature. I cannot go quite so far as that, but I may truly say that the destruction of a picture always gives me a slight pang in some unconsulted part of my anatomy.—Boston Post.

Indian Maple Sugar.

The question has been raised occasionally whether the Indians learned of the white settlers to make maple sugar, or the white men from the Indians. According to Professor Henry W. Henshaw, who addressed the American association on the subject, the Indians were indebted to their own powers of observation and invention for their method of sugar making.

They collect the sap in birch bark buckets, which hold in some cases a hundred gallons. They take advantage of cold April nights to freeze the sap, and in the morning throw out the ice. They evaporate it by throwing hot stones into the sap.

The sugar is eaten mixed with corn. Sometimes the pure sugar is their only diet for a month. They boil venison and rabbits in the hot sugar, they eagerly. They also make sugar from the silver maple and box elder.—Youth's Companion.

A Fine Tree Scares Many.

Cases which occasion the most concern to weak minded persons are those which are supposed to foretell a death. These are as numerous as they are foolish, and have probably come from the heathen shores of Asia and Africa, where they are still religiously established by all classes of society. The case which is considered to be the most certain forewarner of the plain observer's intended visit is the house dog howling at the moon in front of the house, especially when for three nights in succession he continues the lugubrious concert from the hours of 11 until 1 o'clock. Nothing is done to drive the poor disturber from the place, as that would hasten the moment, one's doubts and the superstitious family, if all were healthy at the time, fearfully look from one to the other and shudder.—Interview in Chicago News.

WHY DO YOU COUGH?

Do you know that a little cough is a dangerous thing? Are you aware that it often develops on the lungs and far too oft is ended Consumption and ending death? People suffering from Asthma, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Consumption will all tell you that

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Can you afford to neglect it? Can you trifle with so serious a matter? Are you aware that

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50 Children's " " " "		1.50	2.50
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A Warning

To Horse-Owners.

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

This is not an unusual case. The same thing happening everywhere in the country, is the reason why many shoes do wonderful service, and others are DANGEROUS.

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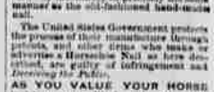

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SOON IT WILL BE TOO LATE.

I have been troubled many years with disease of the kidneys and have suffered untold misery, endured much pain and tried many different remedies, without relief. About the 15th of April I was suffering from the very worst attack I had ever experienced and so much in agony that I was hardly able to walk a number of times. I was laid up for two days. I had heard of DR. ALLEN'S KIDNEY TEA, so my brother-in-law, Mr. Bentley, with my consent, went to the Drug Store and secured some the tea. It had an almost miraculous effect, as it did from the advertisement of all the goods at the hotel, in a few days, I am happy to say I was able to be about my work. I feel so much better that I am not able to do justice to I have taken.

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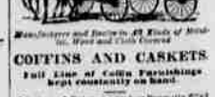

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