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THE DESERET WEEKLY.

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LIFE'S PALIMPSEST.

Love chose a fair one tightest by the seal,
And wrote on cheek and brow her thoughts divine,
"The stars shall vanish from the heavens's vault ere I prove false to thee."
Time's cloy spike—Destiny is mine!

Life came, and at her blushing side and rear
Planted the fair page, to her been offered.
Writing the same story on them,
With every tone to random fingers reared.

Death came and touched upon each ecstatic line,
Till, even to frost, it paled and vanished now;
And lo! once more Love's prophecy divine,
Upon the sacred brow, whose faith will heavenly glow.

And when men looked upon the effaced face
They said, "He lies as in a dream of bliss;
Each scar were as beauty's rarest grace,
So smiled his lips when death and hope were like."

Under the down dropped lids there strangely rested
Serener light than falls from star or sun,
And a low whisper through the silence said, "This's story ended with Love's in her for one!"

—Emily Huntington Miller in Chautauquan.

THE TARS ON SHORE.

It happened in the forties. We were heartily tired of the dull monotony of our California life on we had been in Monterey three months. To be confined on board ship in harbor is worthless enough at any time, but more especially in so lifeless a port as Monterey was then.

In places of so great resort for men-of-war as Rio or Valparaiso various little incidents kept the mind excited and cannot time to pass quickly if not pleasantly.

At different times some cutting took place in the harbor, and the cause of it formed a topic for general conversation among the men. But in Monterey but there were none of these things—no bumboats, no strange vessels coming in or going out, nothing to sow or to do or to think about.

A more tedious life than ours could not therefore well be. This experience was that of all the crew, not excepting even the officers, and heartily glad were we when it began to be whispered about that our sailing day was not far distant.

The boatswain's hearse summons to "all hands up anchor for the United States" was received with three cheers. The capstan bars flew around, the anchors were quickly at the bows and the topsails sheeted home and hoisted, and as the ship's head swung to the breeze we manned the rigging and gave three times three cheers, which were cordially returned by the crews of some half dozen men-of-war then in port.

With favoring winds all the way, not being detained by the usual calm in crossing the line, we arrived, after a forty-six days' run, at Valparaiso.

Here all hands were given a run on shore—a privilege of which we were not sorry to avail ourselves.

As homeward bounders we were looked up to ashore and among the crews of the other men-of-war in the harbor as fortunate beings, and it was with a feeling of pity that we looked down upon the poor fellows who were doomed to pass another year or two upon "the station" and pressmed not a little upon our superior fortune.

The ship's company was divided into four shore parties, each division being allowed three days' liberty.

It was usual to make the division in such cases by watches or quarter watches, but in this case it was made up from a good behavior book kept by the captain and commander, those whose names stood highest on this being permitted to go first on shore, while those whose previous conduct had placed them lower were reserved for the last party. Among this last party were of course included all the worst drunkards and wild fellows, and as often happens at sea, those whose characters for sobriety and general orderliness of behavior stood lowest on the captain's book were at the same time the smartest men in the ship, the very best seamen.

Having no liberty men to follow them this last party determined upon having a grand spree, and agreed not to come off to the ship until they were fairly driven on board. Accordingly, when their allotted three days were out, but very few came off; the rest showing themselves away where there was everything which a sailor's heart desires, swalled the turn of events. Such action was hardly conducive to order on board, and no day's grace was given them in which to render themselves up. Scarcely a man availed himself of this, those who still remained having organized themselves into a band determined to resist any attempt at a forcible capture and to return on board voluntarily when they had their spree out.

The second day after the expiration of their liberty notice was given the rightlanes ashore that twenty shillings reward would be paid for every man of the crew returned on board.

Several who had carelessly strayed about town were brought aboard in the course of the day, the reward for their capture coming of course, as it always did in such cases, out of their own pockets.

The third day came, and now the reward for each man taken was raised to forty shillings. This set the entire police force of Valparaiso agog, as it was known that there were still nearly two new sailors, and the reward for their capture would prove a neat little sum. The tars by this time had had their spree out and were quite willing to return on board, but not as captives, and worse yet, with the prospect of paying for their own expenses. The rightlanes, however, were unwilling to allow their prey to escape so easily, and refused to let them go except as prisoners.

"Well," said one of the party when this news had been brought to them by a few of their number who had been to hold a parley with the police, "if they want to let 'em come and get in, and let us be ready for 'em, here, for we bout get aboard today somehow."

All hands were armed, some having shovels, some hammers, others old clubs, bitts of wood, belt ropes—in short, anything that came first to hand—and the entire party moved in a solid body down to Blanco'ss, that part of their stronghold nearest the Mole. While something what was next to be done they were now being surprised by a considerable party of disembarked rightlanes, who, having skirted around the base of the hills, were then advancing upon their rear. At the same time another force appeared in front, and the party seemed almost to be surrounded.

"Stick together, boys, and we'll drive those fellows before us down to the Mole, and if we reach that we are safe," said one of the leaders.

No sooner said than done. Without giving the party approaching their rear time to catch up, the tars charged upon the company of rightlanes in front, and throwing some down the steep side of the Mole very much resembling sheep, they drove the remainder before them, they fought their way gallantly down through the narrow street leading to the Mole and reached the place in an extremely without serious injury being done to any of them.

On reaching the place they were stopped by a multitude of the people who had congregated there to witness the capture of the tars. Twenty men, though there and still keeping the rightlanes at bay, they finally made their way to the water stairs—but there, alas! there was no boat to receive them. The was an emergency which had not been foreseen by our tars, who now saw themselves caught in a trap—the water at their backs, the police in front and flank. But they did not give up. They asserted their privilege to render themselves on board without the aid of the rightlanes while the latter demanded the right to deliver them to their officers.

"Come and take us," was again the cry, and the police and the multitude closed in upon the little band, clubbing upon them with swords and batons. Our fellows, who had intrenched themselves behind some spike, defended themselves desperately with these, of which there was a plentiful supply at hand, and for a few Chilian skulls bore witness to the accuracy of their aims.

All this passed within plain view of us who were on board, impatient and excited witnesses of our shipmates' defense.

As ever and anon a Chilian would fall victim to some well aimed missile a little subdued shout would go up from the crowd congregated upon the forecastle, while a low murmur of execration would be heard from the rear of our fellows. But now the battle grew fierce. The police, pressed on by the multitude behind, charged desperately and succeeded in dislodging a part of the sailors, who were driven by main force off the wharf and into the water.

Some few of these were fortunate enough to be picked up by several merchant vessels' crews which chanced to be there, but these were easily pulled away from the scene of action, fearful of getting their boats stove by some of the rocks which soon began to fly. Those still remaining in the water clung to spikes and floating timbers, and were three helpless and at the mercy of the police, who stood above them throwing pieces of rock upon their heads. The little band on shore still defended themselves as best they could and maintained their position behind the timbers.

But a few minutes more and our boats were at the stairs, and making a last mad rush at their assailants our tars, picking up their wounded, ran hastily down the stairs, the boats shoved off, and all was over. Those in the water but, of course, been picked up first. The boats arrived soon to soon to save our men. Many of them were wounded and several so badly hurt as to be confined to the sick bay the greater part of the voyage home. To what extent the police force of Valparaiso was injured in the melee we never learned, as we sailed the succeeding morning for Rio, which port was to be our last this side of home.—A United States Jack Tar in New York Recorder.

Two Anxious Women.

It was in the crowd about the door on a overflow meeting of the W. C. T. U., and the women were struggling with the vigor born of devotion to a sacred cause and an eager determination not to be bossed by each or any other. One little woman, who was much marbled about, and who at last came to feel that her situation was pretty nearly hopeless, turned her face toward a pleasant looking stranger who was struggling by her side to breast the human current. "Oh, dear," she said, "I do so want to get in. I want to hear Lady Somerset speak." "And I want to get in," the other replied, "for I am Lady Somerset, and I have to speak."—Boston Courier.

Danger In Too Much Food.

Very often the effort required in taking care of more food than is temporary overtaxes the whole system. A smaller quantity of nourishing food, which could be readily digested and assimilated, would give an increase of flesh and more symmetrical rotundities to the whole body. An abnormal amount of flesh, above one's average weight, is an indication of ill health, and it may be accompanied by extreme weakness and inability to work or exercise.—Hall's Journal of Health.

Where Fine Pearls Come From.

The finest white pearls are from India, the Persian gulf and Panama, the finest black and gray pearls from the coast of Lower California. Beautiful pink and red pearls are often secured by the common creek mussels.

One valued at over $2,000 was found near Paterson, N. J., in 1856, and quite a number have been met with in Ohio, Tennessee, Kentucky and Texas, and also in England, Scotland and Germany.—Topeka Leader.

Rapid Traveling.

The quickest railroad speed is ascribed to a log slide in Cathlamet, Or. It is three-quarters of a mile in length, and the lumber is conveyed to railroad cars. A log started at the top comes through the slide in just twenty seconds—at a speed of two and a quarter miles in a minute.—Yankee Blade.

The Erie platform is readily raised in winter, and is alongside and awaiting passengers. It requires about the same treatment as do icycicles.

The old fine system of heating greenhouses has given place in many localities to steam and hot water pipes.

GOOD MANAGER BUT POOR WIFE.

A Boston Conference Pastor Offers Cure for Both the Marital Shortcomings.

"Most managers are poor wives." This statement of what an acquaintance, Robertson, had recently said, was brought to my mind, and I at once called him to account for it. He said he had noticed that most active, energetic men, who seemed to be successful in business affairs, were married to women who were lazy, poor managers, and poor housekeepers. The wrongness manifest in the low scale from the front and middle of the family, to the rear, in the case of the cellar of the family. They are of the spiritual and material life, producing spiritual and material life, producing spiritual and material life, producing