

was then upon them, and one of their snow shoes broken. They were five hours getting to the saw-cabin, and when they reached the Bishop Robertson had both the frozen and Samuel R. Jewkes one foot frozen. The other member of the party was all right. Being completely worn out, it was possible for them to go any farther without aid. They sat up the rest of the night taking care of their limbs. They had all they could do to keep warm, having to burn up everything in the cabin for the purpose as they had no bedding with them.

In the morning the man who was frozen started for help. He had about seven miles to travel on snow shoes and then eighteen miles foot before he reached here. He was nearly blind before he got past the snow. He arrived here at sundown.

He raised a party of twelve men and got the others over the snow. They started about dark with food and medicines to help the suffering men. They never stopped till daylight. They made sleds putting six men to pull each, and went through the snow at deep. They were ten hours in snow, going and coming. When rescuers reached the sufferers they found they had been keeping their feet in the snow for a considerable time, and were greatly rejoiced to help so soon. The two men were put on the sleds and taken past the snow. They got here at ten o'clock the same night. A number of the rescuers were now blind to some extent.

Bishop Robertson's feet are very frozen; Brother Jewkes has a foot in about the same condition, but they are doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances. It is to be hoped they will lose their toes. It will be some time before they can get around again. They say that if there had been fifty yards further to go they would have frozen to death, they are so near gone.

Great credit is due to Ole Stitturd, whose energy he displayed in securing help. He had no sleep for about four days, and traveled all the time, and went back with the rescuers. The other two would certainly have perished had he been disinterested in any way after he left them to help, for we had no idea that they would try to reach home by the mountain back.

Value of Waste Soap Suds.

Eastern farmer makes the soap suds and slops of the kitchen fill his cellar with turnips, be adding greatly to his crop of vegetables and other fruit. He had a small orchard near his house, and purposed, during its growth, to cultivate turnips, sage, etc., on the same ground. The kitchen was a common one in which there was a large sink where some of the family performed their ablutions, where the women washed the dishes, and into which the washing water, soap suds, etc., were thrown. This formed an unsightly cess-pool, some of which found its way under the kitchen and that filtered through the soil outside, produced a rank growth of weeds. These results annoyed the farmer, and he resolved to abate the nuisance. But instead of a sewer pipe to carry off this waste to the lower part of the farm, he decided that if weeds were made powerful by these slops, useful crops might be increased. So he and his sons took their axes and cut up a dozen or two tall, second-hand saplings, and soon converted them into small leading troughs, and a narrow post-ax. They made as many little benches as they had leading troughs. The benches had a notch in the side to suit the size of the sapling, and the benches were of unequal height. The highest brought out of the largest trough close to the sink spout, and the next lower, so that the water ran rapidly to its place of exit. After these preparations he cultivated the troughs thoroughly in cabbages. He changed the place for the sink waste every day, by moving a bench. His troughs would reach the farthest corner of his lot. By little watchfulness, he, or some member of the family, see what part of the lot needed this kind of irrigation. Under to the family was that all which were not needed in the barrel should be poured in-

to the sink. The house and the family were thus rid of the nuisance of a cesspool and a rank growth of weeds, and quite a large lot and orchard were not only kept moist but the soil enriched. Cabbage grew large and abundant, but rutabagas and yellow turnips yielded 200 bushels more by this irrigation than he had been able to produce without it. The apple and pear trees put on new life and vigor, and the results were all better than any of the family anticipated. The general health of the family was improved and an air of neatness and cleanliness surrounded house, garden, and orchard that commanded the admiration of the neighbors. The improvements cost no outlay of money. All this was accomplished by a little extra care and labor; but which was bestowed in so brief a time that no other duties were neglected. This success suggested other improvements until the farm was recognized as a model one, and the family became more than ordinarily prosperous.

A Pennsylvania court has decided that the transfer of credits and debts by telephone is as valid as that by word of mouth, in which there is no actual evidence in writing of the transaction.

The New Orleans *Picayune* figures out that the American syndicates engaged in building railroads in Mexico will make out of the 12,850 miles of track which they will control \$393,500,000.

A deacon in a Chattanooga church fainted away last week while on his knees engaged in prayer. This was hardly obeying the scriptural injunction which says: "Men ought always to pray and not to faint."

The following excellent compendium of what a house of worship should be is from an English paper: "Free from draughts, free from all delusions, free from all false doctrine, free to all men and free from all debt."

OUR RIDDLE BOX.

This department will contain once a week original puzzles for the young folks. The answers will be given the following week. Our juvenile friends are invited to send the solutions. All who forward correct answers will receive due credit and their names will be printed in the NEWS.

No. 2.—CHARADE.

I am a common noun of letters seven;
And naught of earth has yet been nearer heaven.
Of my two syllables, the first, in France,
Is quite suggestive of the festive dance.
My second issues notes of doubtful worth
In wild, secluded portions of the earth;
No financier, no merchant he, and still
Of great importance in "his little bill."
My whole, with Luna, shares the common plan
That both are fashioned to contain a man.
J. ALBRO.

No. 3.—FOUR BURIED CITIES.

While Agrippa rises at eight, Caesar and Nero measure their sleep by their needs and opportunities. They can to-night, after a plunge into a bath-tub, rest enough for two nights if necessary.

No. 4.—ACROSTIC.

1. The author of—
"Those who in quarrels interpose
Must often wipe a bloody nose."
2. The author of—
"The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
The devil was well, the devil a monk was he."
3. The author of—
"Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and pales upon the sense."
4. The author of—
"Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids;
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall."
The initials of the names of these great poets give the author of—
"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."
UNCLE BEN.

No. 5.—A QUEER TOWN.

On removing a hard mineral substance from a Pennsylvania town it was found that nothing remained except a kind of meat.

No. 6.—RIDDLE.

The mythic hamadryades
Were said to live and die in trees,
The oak their house and tomb.
'Tis certain toads are sometimes found

Within a forest monarch bound,
Suffering a prisoner's doom:
But, stranger yet, the porcine breed
Has by your bumble bard been treed.
Will you, when lacking nobler game,
Correctly give the tree its name?
In every branch and part of it,
E'en in the very heart of it,
In every limb and log it has,
We clearly see a hog it has;
If of a hog it be bereft,
'Tis strange we still have many left.
J. K. F. BAKER.

No. 7.—CONUNDRUM.

What town should the thrifty farmer avoid?

No. 8.—BURIED TREES.

[One tree is concealed in each sentence.]
One day during my vacation I was hurrying across the fields and meadows of our farm to visit our neighbor, Mrs. James. My ewer was upon my head, and I sang in a merry, careless strain. In the dell I met a poor little homeless orphan, forlorn, ragged and hungry. "A cruel man brought me here and left me," he explained in pitiful accents. "I was pensive and sad, and had evidently wandered many a weary mile without food or rest. 'I will give him a pleasant home,' thought I, and took him by the hand and led him away. And since darling Charlie has been with me have I been truly happy. Now the boy has grown to manhood, and is the blessing of my declining years, as blessing he would be to a king. Thus may we ever reap pleasant effects as the result of charity."

No. 9.—CHARADE.

A vine-clad farm-house, early morn,
A song the silence breaking;
A sweet-voiced, rosy-fingered maid
My golden first is making.
Within the honeysuckle door
My second comes to play
Around my first, but gentle Sue
Does brush the thing away.
Sweet roses round the window twine,
And form a rustic bower;
My dainty whole has entered in
To kiss each blushing flower.
ROBIN.

No. 10.—BLANKS.

[To fill the second blank of each sentence add a letter to the word required for the first; to fill the third add a letter to the word required for the second.]

1. — is a schoolboy; and enjoys flying his — very much.
2. — is a laborer with a bald —.
3. — is a student with the — possession.
4. To the student the schoolboy called, "Come, — we are now without the — of pedagogic influence, and I want you to give me a lift."
5. Just as the laborer stepped out with a — the student, walking backward,

ran against him, pushing him through a window — and a door —, which catastrophe brings my tale to a sudden close.
CLAUDE.

No. 11.—NUMERICAL.

"May 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 you for 8, 9, 10, 11 of those flowers?" asked Henry Smith one day. As I had found him a very 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 youth I declined somewhat crossly, and he never speaks to me now.
CLAUDE.

No. 12.—ODD MATHEMATICS.

One-third of six from seven
To take you must contrive
So what is left is even,
And therefore is not five.
J. K. F. BAKER.

No. 13.—A QUEER LANDSCAPE.

A young lady standing between her parents calls to mind an extensive view.
(No. 1 Week.)

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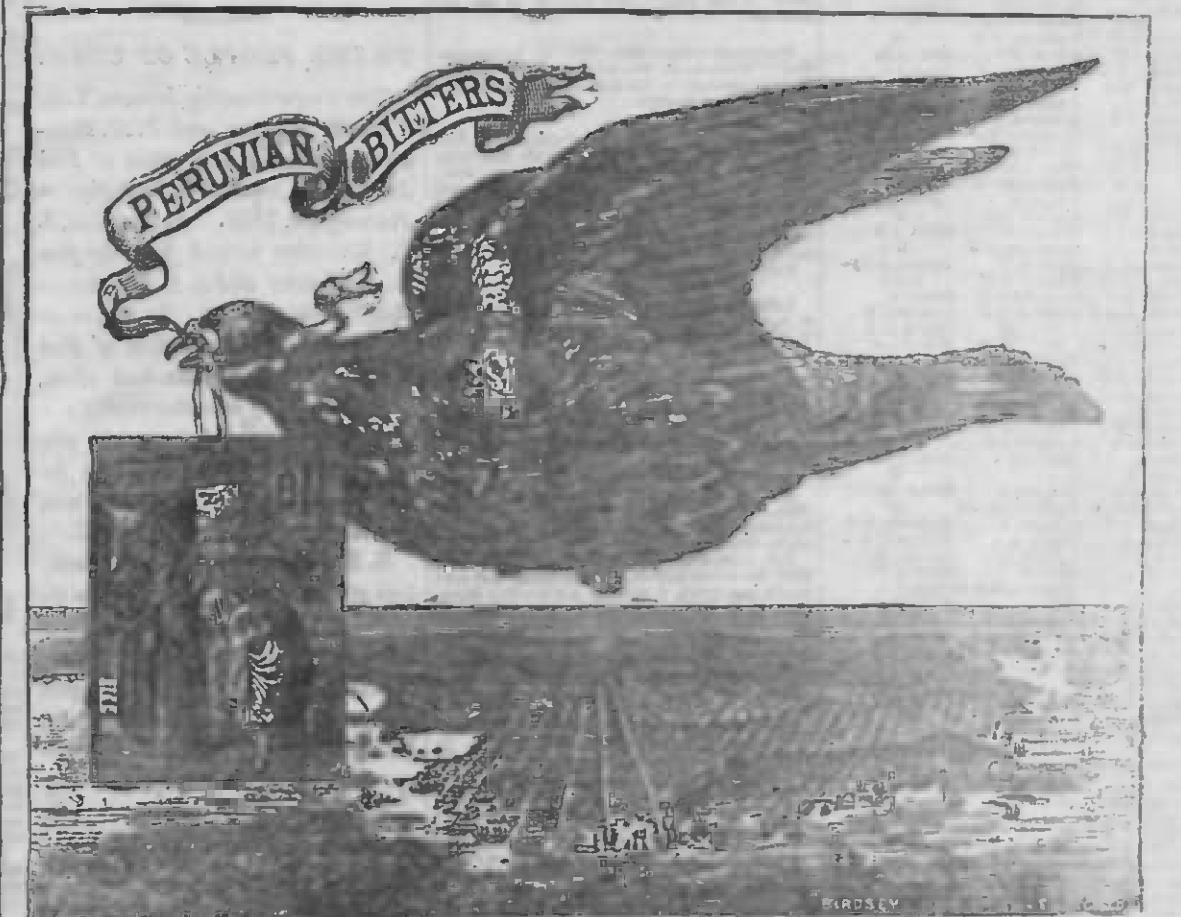
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