## DESERET EVENING NEWS

Published every day, except Sunday, at 1 p. m. Subscription price, in advance, $10.00 per year, $5.00 per month, 10 cents per week, postpaid or delivered by carrier.

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### NOT PUNISHMENT.

Call not pain's lashing punishment, the fire
That lights a soul, even while it scourges, blasts.
The nerves that tremble seize old dotes,
And on the same foundation builds a temple,
Hath more than joy for him who neighbors.

Ah, dareseem teacher so to love the light,
Not as a band of children, warm and cold,
And resting for the toys put to its right,
But even as a blooded pioneer might
Whose soul pulses on in dreams of radiant God.

—Amelie Rives in Harper's.

## MISS KELLY'S CRISIS.

That the social season on Cherry Hill had not displayed the brilliancy that has marked it from the time Miss Maggie Kelly had the leadership in such matters thrust upon her was due entirely to the fact that the young lady had passed a period of dangerous illness. At one time they thought the end had come. The doctor thought so too, for he been over her for many minutes before he was sure that she still continued to breathe.

Miss Kelly's illness started with a slight cold. It didn't bother her any at first, and she went to her work at the envelope factory with the same regularity that had characterized her for years. Then she began to feel worse. Her mother advised her to remain at home for a couple of days, but Miss Maggie would have none of it. At that particular time she was doing another girl's work in addition to her own, which meant that she would receive double the usual amount of pay when the week was ended.

The young girl needed the money very much, for she wished to attend the third annual ball of the Social Five, which was to occur during the following week. On that occasion she had proposed to appear in a costume that would delight the hearts of her friends and still the adverse criticism of her enemies.

Mr. Sidney Carroll, with much pleading in his tones, had begged of her to accompany him to the ball. She had refused the gentleman at first, and very frankly told him her reasons for so doing.

"If I go with you," she said, "you'll go off 'n git a jag on, an then you'll come home in spent tragedy, an somebody'll sock yer in the eye 'n there'll be a scrap. I don't want to scrapper takin me to a ball." Mr. Carroll was much hurt upon hearing why Miss Kelly did not care to go to the ball with him. Then he protested against her classification.

"I ain't no scrapper, Mag," he said. "I'm a actor."

The young lady referred to a disturbance which Mr. Carroll had started at the last party she gave in order to prove her assertion. Mr. Carroll protested but with much vehemence that it was not he but the quantity of beer he had imbibed on that occasion which was responsible for the outbreak.

Miss Kelly merely remarked that perhaps the beer might be responsible for another such scene, but Mr. Carroll hastened to assure her that such would not be the case. He even went so far as to hope he might die on the spot if he would become involved in any quarrel at the ball. He was so far successful in convincing Miss Kelly that he would behave himself if only she would go with him that finally she consented.

Her mother was not altogether pleased with the choice Miss Maggie had made for a partner at the ball. "Shore," the old lady had said, "yer maggie's brother had wint wid Mike Welsh. He's a nice, quiet, decent, good young man."

"I know he is, maw," the young woman replied. "He's too good. If Sidney don't git full he'll be all right."

"Yes, if he don't," the mother responded grimly.

It really seemed as if the fates were against her accompanying Mr. Carroll, for the very day after she had consented she commenced to feel ill. Three days later she was unable to rise from her bed, and the doctor was called in.

"Your daughter will have a hard time of it," he told the young lady's mother. A heavy fever set in, and on the evening set for the ball Miss Kelly was delirious.

Then the doctor said the critical time was at hand, and that the young woman's recovery depended as much on careful nursing as his medicines. He said that no noise should be made that would disturb the patient. Miss Tessie Brady said she would see that the injunction was carried out.

Miss Brady had come out in a new light since her friend Maggie became ill. From the very first she had been at Miss Maggie's side.

Without her the Kellys could have obtained no rest, for a ceaseless vigil was maintained over the patient. For the first few nights Miss Brady went to her own home shortly after midnight. Mr. Carroll always loitered about the neighborhood until Miss Brady came out. Then, while he was walking home with her, she would tell him how Maggie was getting along.

When the physician announced that the patient's life hung only by a thread, Miss Brady neglected her work altogether and remained constantly at the bedside of her friend. She told Mr. Carroll that Maggie might die at any moment. He could not believe it. "Air, yer lie," he said jocosely. Miss Brady assured him that what she said was the simple truth. Then he stared at her blankly and said, "Gee!"

When the doctor came that evening he said he thought he'd stay awhile. He told Mrs. Kelly that if her daughter's sense did not return by midnight she might expect the worst.

That evening saw the father and mother, with Miss Brady, sitting at the bedside of the social queen of Cherry Hill. The neighbors who were indined to go up and down stairs did so on tiptoe and made no sound in the halls.

Then the doctor came in, examined the young woman, and said he might want some one to go to the nearest drug store in a hurry. Miss Brady said she would look after that matter and straightened up to go to the street door, where Mr. Carroll was chatting patiently. In a few words she told him of Miss Kelly's condition and warned him not to go away, as he might be needed at any moment.

She returned up stairs in time to hear the physician say that he was not yet able to tell what the result would be. Mrs. Kelly began to sob softly, while her husband every now and then brushed the back of one hard arm across his eyes. Finally the mother's heart would stand it no longer. She stepped softly over to the bed and knelt beside it.

Then she extended one arm, and ever so slowly and gently placed it beneath her daughter's head. The other arm was put half way around the girl's body. The figure beside the bed began to stir to and fro, and from the mother's lips there issued a lullaby that had not been heard in the Kelly household for years.

At first it was faint, like a sigh, as it were, grew a little louder and stronger. The physician came in, looked for a moment, and then turned away without a word.

It seemed like hours to Miss Brady before the physician came in. He raised his finger to the mother, and the singing and rocking ceased. After watching the patient for a moment he hastily wrote a prescription. He handed it to Miss Brady and told her the quicker the medicine was procured the more chance there was of saving the patient's life.

The young woman went swiftly down the stairs and to the door. Mr. Carroll was there.

"Sidney," she said excitedly, "go an to the drug store an git this quick. I you don't hurry up, Mag——"

But Sidney was already gone. He dashed across the street and around the corner like a flash. A moment later the drug store door was thrown violently open and Mr. Carroll bounded in.

He approached a clerk with Titian hair and said:

"Hey, young feller! Gimme dat quick or yer kin."

He then threw the prescription on the counter. The clerk picked it up in a leisurely manner and scanned it curiously. Then he asked, "Are you in a hurry?"

"Yair," Mr. Carroll responded, surprised that any one would think other wise.

"Well, you'll have to wait until you hurry's over," came from the other in a cool, frosty manner.

Mr. Carroll's brow lowered ominously. "S-say, young feller," he said, very slowly and distinctly, "do you mean dat?"

"Of course I"— The clerk never got any farther than that, nor could any one who happened to be in the place at the time tell just what happened. There was something heard over the counter heard a thud, saw the proprietor run out, wave his arms, and then saw a piece of paper thrust into his hand.

"Gimme that quick or I'll break yes jaw, see?" they heard a voice exclaim, and then they saw the same man throw some money on the counter and dash out of the place at his best speed. Sidney handed the package to Miss Brady, and a moment later the physician had administered it. For another half hour they waited. Mrs. Kelly went into the kitchen. The patient was lying quite still now, and the doctor was bending over her.

Suddenly her eyes opened. They rolled from one side to the other in an inquiring way. Then the lips were parted, and from them came faintly, "Where's my old woman?"

"She'll come through all right now," the doctor said, and Miss Brady commenced to cry. A few moments later and the doctor passed out of the house. A block away he was followed by a square shouldered young man who walked with a swagger. The doctor was in a hard neighborhood, so he grasped his heavy cane more firmly.

The figure soon came up with him and stopped. The physician looked into the other's face and half raised his cane. Then the other spoke. He said:

"Hey, Doc. On the dest level, is"—

"Well?" asked the physician sharply. "Is she—she dead, you know, up there?" indicating the Kellys' home with his finger.

"Oh, no!" he answered, with a feeling of relief. "She'll be out again in a week or two."

Then the man of medicine wondered why the other shook his hand so heartily and proceeded to execute softly a jig on the sidewalk.—Charles A. Broadhead in New York Evening Sun.

### Sense in National Proverbs.

There is a deal of sound sense in the proverbs of a nation. Earl Russell defined a proverb as being the wit of one man and the wisdom of many, and the aptness of this is well shown in the following from the Spanish: "Stones we cannot get what we like, let us like what we get." The thought is as old as the race of mankind, but age has passed before one man hit upon the happy expression of it. This saying, from the Chinese, is a whole homily on pride in one sentence, "When a tree is blown down, it shows that the branches are longer than the roots."

For a concise expression of the lofty aspirations of youth and the humble achievements of riper years, take this sentence from Henry D. Thoreau, "The youth gets together his materials to build a bridge to the moon, or perchance a palace or temple on the earth, and at length the middle age of man concludes to build a woodshed with them."—B. A. Heydrick in Brains.

### The Plancheite.

The plancheite was the popular craze in the year 1887 in Japan. The instrument used there consists of three pieces of bamboo of a specified length tied in the middle to form a tripod, over which is strretched a shallow circular tray of lacquered wass about a foot in diameter. The legs are 1 foot 6 inches. Japanese, the legend, do not present yet their hands gently on the tray, and the object, as the object is called, or cokeri san, sou being humble, is politely asked to answer the proposed questions by raising one leg for "yes" and another for "no." Or for "yes" by turning around, many such devices being used. The operator will be soon to be more closely allied to "table turning" than what we know as the planchette.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The oldest capital in the United States is Santa Fe, which was the seat of government in New Mexico as far back as 1610, and yet its population is only 6,185, according to the last census.

### A WOULD BE SWINDLER SEATED.

**He Was Only Trying to Learn the Shell Trick, and He Rather Knew It.**

After awhile the young man with the white hat and red necktie observed that a friend of his had posted him on a new trick, and he took from his pocket the shell of an English walnut which had been cut in two to make two small cups. He also took from his vest pocket a counter field pea and explained:

"I don't say that I can do the trick successfully, but after a little more practice I hope to catch on."

Half a dozen of us exchanged winks and spotted him at once for a sharper, but there was a middle aged man from Indianapolis who appeared innocently interested. He was not a green looking man by any means, but he had a confiding, childish look which would have attracted any strangers to ask him for a match or the time of day.

"What is the trick?" he asked as he held out his paper.

"Why, it consists in manipulate this pea in this way—so and so—and this way, until you can't tell which cup it's under," explained the sharper.

"I see a new idea."

"Yes, perfectly new."

"Guy!" I'd like to learn that myself," continued the Hoosier. "The boys down our way are full of tricks, and I'd like to get something to astonish 'em. It all depends on the twist of the wrist, doesn't it?"

"Partly that, and partly optical illusion. As I told you before I can't work it yet, because I haven't practiced sufficiently, but do you think you could tell which cup the pea is under now?"

"I think I could," replied the Hoosier.

"And would you mind—asked the young man after further manipulations.

"I'm sure of it."

"How sure?"

"Well, as I want to learn the trick, and as I am also willing to back my own eyes, I'll bet six dollars I can."

We winked and shook our heads at him, but his smile only grew more confident.

"Don't want to make it twenty dollars, do you?" asked the sharper.

"I'd just as soon say thirty dollars."

"Thirty it is. Just hold the cups firmly down on my knees while I get out my money."

I took his last dollar, and when it was up he asked:

"Which cup is it under?"

"This one."

The cup was raised, and there, sure enough, was the pea, it having fallen to stick to the substance inside and be lifted with the shell. The look which came into that young man's face was something easier to see, and he kept swallowing as if he had tacks in his throat. He gave up the stakes without a word, but sat for a long time like one in a dream. I thought he looked upon trickery, and after awhile I found opportunity to inquire.

"How did it happen that way?"

"That's what I want to find out," he absently replied. "Say, you middle aged Hoosier, take these things and let's see what you can do with 'em."

"Certainly, to oblige."

He took the cups and the pea, and the manner in which he handled them was enough to show everybody in ten seconds that he was an old professional.

"Anybody wish to bet?" he smilingly asked, as the pea went hopping about.

Nobody did—not even the young man. He sat and stared and stared, and watched and watched, and when the outfit was returned to him all he could say was:

"Well, by gum!"—Detroit Free Press.

### Pests of Carrier Pigeons.

There are remarkable instances on record of what pigeons have done. A French bird captured near Paris was taken to Berlin, 500 miles away, and kept there for four years. It escaped somehow, and at once made a straight line for home, while reaching the loft in Paris where it had been reared. Colonel Cameron relates that he purchased in Toronto two birds that had never flown eastward of that place. From Toronto they were taken to Kingston, 150 miles due east, and there kept for some time. They were then sent to Sharbot lake, nearly fifty miles north of Kingston, to be flown. Instead of returning to Kingston, they went southward 150 miles direct to their old loft at Toronto.

As they had been in the case of both moves, conveyed in a closed basket, they had no chance of seeing the intervening country, so that sight evidently had nothing to do with their return. There are numberless instances of birds in training making their way swiftly and safely back over 100, 200 and even 250 miles of utterly unknown territory.—Denver Republican.

### On Its Mind.

Pat was a bookworm. Long practice had made him an expert at threading the mazes of unfinished buildings, but it had also made him somewhat careless in his movements.

He had just stepped from a ladder to one of the buildings, and after setting down his load of bricks with a sigh of relief, he straightened up. Which his head came smartly in contact with a heavy beam.

When the foreman passed, a few minutes after, he saw Pat sitting up a log, holding his head in both hands.

"Hello, Pat," he called. "What's on your mind?"

"The whole top av me head, sir. Oh my! Oh my!"—Youth's Companion.


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