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THE DESERET WEEKLY.

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MY RIVAL.

I must say that I thought much of Mackintosh. He seemed to me a great prig. Good looking? Well, yes—in a barber's block sort of way. Curly, oiled hair, pink complexion, white teeth. His teeth were good, I must say, and when he smiled his appearance varied from that of a skull to that of a dog out of temper about bones. I was in the same company, and Mackintosh was non-military, and hoity, on occasions, at having passed the Indian civil. But I do not believe he could do anything else, and without them he would neither have passed in or out of Woolwich.

We were both home in England on a chess leave from India.

Down at Brighton, in the summer, I had met Dr. and Mrs. Cherry, who were friends of mine. We had been stationed at Delhi some months. They were going out again in December, and intending to take their daughter Ellen with them. She was an exceptionally nice girl, with light hair and blue eyes and a low musical voice (I must say I like blondes, and a harsh voice is one of my crosses), and I saw a good deal of her and should have seen more only Mackintosh was rather in the way. He was with his people, who live at Hove. I should not have cared at all about his name (as waits if Ellen had been entitled to her own surname. But there was momma. And those blessed civilians are worth a certain sum, dead or alive. I believe the pension from the material alone more than anything.

However, I found out that my friends proposed to go to India by the same boat leaving Marseilles on Jan. 2. And that was just the time my leave was up. It was to the days when one steamer started from Southampton, and a few days afterward another from Marseilles, and they met in Egypt. The journey was cheaper by the bay, and I had intended to take that route, but I met Mackintosh at the office, and found he was going from Southampton to please a chum. You would scarcely believe it, but it was the case nevertheless that the Marseilles passengers thought themselves rather more in society than the Southampton. So I pondered. "If my orders will find me there, I will give Honor Mackintosh the go by." I took a Southampton berth, but the clerk owed a slight change to be a Marseilles one whilst would if I liked. And this I did. I arrived from Dover the day after Christmas day, and at Paris went straight to the Hotel Bivoli, where I knew the Cherrys were staying.

"Friend Mac," I said to myself, "with the brand of Southampton on his brow, will never be able to cope with my aunt's social prestige."

I traveled with my friends in a leisurely way; we gave themselves hours to Lyons, and reached Marseilles on the evening of Dec. 31. Our ten, the Du Midi, was on the road to the New Quarter, and I have been told, since the building speculations were not so successful, it has been altered and let out in flats. But at that day it was a high, well-kept house, having a courtyard in the middle, adorned with pomegranates in green tubs, where we sat after table d'hote and drank coffee and liqueur.

Mrs. Cherry had a letter that evening by the post, and I observed that its contents aroused interest, and I heard me or two observations which did not, however, in any way interpose themselves to me at the time. "Really, after all?" "But is there time?" "How has it been managed?" and so on.

And when I asked what projects were in view for seeing the place next day Mrs. Cherry only replied, "Something will engross them."

Jan. 1 was a general holiday, and from an early hour the streets began to fill, for the peasants came in from the neighborhood, and all the artisans turned out in their gayest costumes. The Cherrys had breakfast in their own apartments, and I, on returning from the sal, a manger went into my own bedroom, which was high up, and sat at the window smoking a cigarette. Hearing a noise below I looked out and saw the Cherrys starting without saying one any adieu. Ellen, however, observed me.

"Where are you off to?" I called down to her.

"We are going," she said, "to walk in the Cauebiere. It will be great fun! Come along!"

Come along! Of course I would! I scrambled up my hat and a duffcoat, and on rushing from my room observed sight been gone and without a bill, stationary. There was no gas in it, my servant attendant, and I had not noticed it before or heard of people going up or down. But the thought struck me, "I may as well use it—time will be saved." The grasping was unlucky. I entered, took a seat and pulled the rope. The lift began to descend. Bumpsse—but only for a moment or two—and then another grasping, and on—when the doors went again. Suddenly I felt that the seat I was occupying was losing its horizontal tendencies. It took an angle. There was grievous creaking, scraping, crashing and thin stoppage. Half way between two landing places the machine and stack incontinently left.

Of course it was very awkward. But there was apparently no cause for alarm. I knew I would get out in time, but still it might be a tough job. I did not hear much noise, and concluded I was among thick walls and not near a grating. But there was some crashing and shouting, I thought. In a short time, however, all was still. I let out rather out, as I was anxious to show I was cool and not disturbed by a trifling accident of the kind. Indeed, I had planned to amuse my cousin, for I had a flask and a cigar case with me. As there was no cousin, however, I put off lighting up till my release was heard of. I did not wish the air to be closer than it was.

I had just thought naturally, "They will get me out, and I will emerge smoking." But two things abruptly returned to me, "How will they get you out?" and then, "Are you sure they will look for you?" Dr. Cherry was some time. In the interim, the lift must have been out of repair—as, of for use. It was certain to be long (the grating unlocked) but still there was no attendant, so there would have been of the thing had been by working time. They might perhaps think the lift had stopped of its own accord, and I no more was in it.

I began to think of the rats in the Cherry. It seemed to walked slowly on, and, as I did no noise, thought I was engaged, and board themselves about the drains of the streets. No one was near when I entered the machine, and in fact, sank away and others, it was said, without any warning. At, indeed, it was discovered and not employed.

The chambermaids were at the windows, [illegible] the first the occasions of [illegible] were among the gay throng on the promenade enjoying the sunshine of the south, which caused to attenuated disease on the blue expanse of the Mediterranean. I did not wish to seem frightened or rattled, and so only called out the loud at intervals and in an excited voice. And so one heard, or, hearing, failed to localize the sound.

The Cherrys were out for three hours, and on returning, finding no trace of me and hearing of the fall of the lift, at last concluded the then that I might be inside it. Of course when the suspicion was once put on foot there was great excitement. But it was not easy and so do anything.

In the first place, on account of the fire, there was an unavoidable delay in getting workmen, and, when once were procured, the part of the wall where the lift had jammed was down amid the walls of several small apartments and behind wardrobes, and so that where the operation should be begun was in light doubt. With a fuse I could see my watch. I entered the lift at 11, and at 1 was still there, though the noises were more at least, and the workmen seemed to be penetrating the frameworks of my little box. Even then it appeared hour before locality, but the helpful men were intelligent enough, when I pounded the body of the house.

It was pleasant being so object of female kindness and solicitude. But Dr. Cherry was anxious, and nervous, I should feel quiet. When I were so bad I found he had lost means for some apprentices. Dispatches were dispatched, and an express and were exchanged sewed. Twelve struck, and then 1. It was intolerable. I should be altogether unnerved without rest. I had brought with me my pocket-pistol, but there was no sight flask. However, I managed to get the bottle and the liquor I relished, and measuring with my finger, the fluid seemed a good deal. In drinking, but took effect at once.

When I awoke I heard an exclamation of relief. There were two or three persons in the room. It was broad daylight. A foreign doctor, who spoke English with an accent, felt my pulse. "He will do now," said to the others, and turning to me, added, "You have had a narrow."

"I must get up," I said. "The steamer goes at noon."

There was a laugh.

"It is long past noon," said the landlord, who was a polyglot, and a young man, an interpreter who attended the house, put up, with a grin "I saw the steamer with my eyes your Chateau d'If, and a long tail of smoke following."

I soon learned that I had taken an overdose of chloral, was disgraced in a profound sleep, and could not be awakened. Dr. Cherry had done everything for me, the Monsieur attendant was going the worktier, and the P. and O. agent had transferred my passage most kindly to the French boat.

Cherry had called in Bernadin, a local doctor, and intrusted my case to him. My pulse had been carefully watched, and only minutes taken to throw me against fatal effects.

By the way of cheering me the interpreter said: "Your friends have lost one cane and gain another. A gentleman of rank from Paris early this morning. He was acquainted at your mother, and so continued your good doctor and nurses and the young lady so beautiful as dreamy."

"What was his name?" I asked.

"I cannot say his name; it will be in the book."

"Do get it."

The book was brought. Behold the entry: "Jan. 2, from London to Bombay, M. Mackintosh, relative."

"Confound the fellow!" I hooted out, "he could have changed his place at the last moment. Deuttnot great intruder! Oh, that I!"

"You are better," observed the interpreter, "and you must not excite."

Effect of Pets on Character.

When I was in Richmond, Va., I saw running around the large state house capital grounds lots of gray squirrels, and the children, both white and colored, came from all over the city and the suburbs to feed them in the hands of the children. I told the people whom I addressed there that I thought those squirrels were worth their weight in gold to the city of Richmond for the kindness they put into the hearts of the children.

I think, for its effect on character, that every boy and girl in America could have some pet animal which they took good care of, if it was only a white mouse.—George T. Angell's Address.

An Average Spoon.

Coffee—Thank you, sir. I am very glad to have your name on our petition—very glad indeed, sir. Good day.

Business Man (who has just signed the petition)—Sir, hold on. What's your hurry? Let me read that petition.

Caller—This petition! Why, you have just signed it.

Business Man—Well, you somewhat, that's way I want to read it.—Good News.

Let Crank Alone.

For many years past everything pertained has lost Isaac Walton, and he is in some way, and we are one glad to record the fact that he knew little or nothing about the habits of fish, never caught half as many as fifty of other fishermen, and was too lazy to dig his own bait. Lay him away with "Cassiamus."—Detroit Free Press.

The Story of Two Men.

Speaking of the age and decline of a literary life, I was talking a few days ago with Mr. George W. Childs, and he gave me an illustration on this very point. Perhaps a little more than a score of years ago there was not a prosperous more famous or prosperous than Graham's Magazine. It was published in Philadelphia, and every great author of the time wrote for its pages. Washington Irving's best work was published in it. Edgar Allan Poe was one of the regular contributors. Longfellow, Emerson, Bryant, Thackeray, Mrs. Sigourney, Lowell—who did not write for its pages and who did not honor its publisher and owner? George W. Childs was then office boy in a store opposite Mr. Graham's publishing house.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Childs to me, "have I stood on the sidewalk in front of the store where I was employed, rolling my dray load on my barrow, and seeing Mr. Graham roll by in his magnificent equipage with some world renowned author at his side, wondering if ever I would reach such a point of honor in my struggling existence." Mr. Graham's Philadelphia home was the Mecca for all famous literary visitors to town, and there he entertained in magnificent style the greatest literary light which American literature has ever known. And he died poor. Long is a hospital in the service of New Jersey is the once successful publisher of Graham's Magazine and the friend and entertainer of his great contemporaries. Sick and nearly blind, he is almost entirely forgotten by the world, which knows nothing of him.—Edward W. Bok's Letter.

WHY SHE LEFT MOLOKAI

Rather Rose Gerthude's Reasons for Leaving Her Work Among the Lepers.

The ground was divided into three parts—one for "leperos" (that is, persons whom the doctors are not sure having the disease), one for the lepers under Dr. Little treatment, and the third for the persons brought in for examination and the unfortunates waiting to be shipped to Molokai. The board of health visited the entire colony of the hospital, apart from the medical and original work, in their agency, when also with an eye of prudence to catch the lepers and bring them up for examination. He in his turn gave over the authority to the Luna—a sort of general overseer—one of the leper patients, a man of no education, who confirmed himself that he was "good for Kamoa to other had the devil." This overseer refused all the ways of communication until the day I left, even of the "leperos" side, which he might not to have entered, as he was a confirmed leper.

Some would fall under I to fall of all that took place during these six months. In their time some of the patients formerly pronounced lepers, were cured, the condition of all was ameliorated, and lepers spring high in the hearts of those hitherto despairing people. There came a time when, in several instances, the doctor's orders and what were not rather, some of one were made. The Luna, or leper of the Luna in an utterly unfit condition; and, indeed, who had been strong force, was so thrown back that he nearly lost for life. Lastly, we heard from the patients that the Luna and the agent had been speaking against the doctor and myself, trying to prejudice the people and do us harm.

We consulted to the board of health, as the matter became more serious; they seemed unwilling to take any steps in the matter. A native gentleman, representative of the people in the legislative assembly, took up the matter and brought it before the house. A committee from the house visited the hospital three days, and took down voluminous evidence, which was printed in a report. They found that the Luna was unworthy of his office and should be immediately removed, as also the agent of the board of health. This was not done. The president of the board of health was removed from his office.

For some unacountable reason of their own, they upheld the Luna and the agent, and there was nothing left but for the doctor and myself to resign, it being impossible to work any longer under the then existing circumstances. And so, with an aching heart, we left the people, with all the more sorrow that those lives had been so bright with hope before, as one of them said in his speech before the committee of the legislative assembly, "There never has been such a doctor before in these islands; there never has been a woman who has cared so for the lepers."—Sister Rose Gertrude in Ladies' Home Journal.

Peerless.

He was a bit of a boy not over 8 years old, but he followed me on pretty stoutly and kept up his cry of "Peppermint, sir!" so continuously that I turned on him in a way I afterward regretted. He felt hurt and insulted, and as he disappeared in the darkness I heard him calling:

"Never mind, old man! I'll grow up and give you the smallest licking a man ever got!"

We have met almost daily for the past year, and on each occasion there has been no evidence of unbending. A dozen times, at least, I have heard his remark in an undertone:

"There goes a fool as I am going to look if it takes me fifty years."

The other day I was surprised to receive a call from my young enemy. Although he looked no older or stronger, I was wondering if he had come to carry out his awful threat, when he extended his little "paw" and said:

"Shy, let's quit."

"I'm agreed."

"I said I'd lick you, and I meant it all along, but—but"—

"What's happened to change your mind?"

"Mother's dead—died Monday," he gasped, as he sat down, "and I don't want to fight nobody nor nothin'. If you'd forgive me I'd forgive you."

And so we shook hands and made up, and I know we took feel the better for it.—Detroit Free Press.

The Wolves of France.

J. J. Rousseau attributed any natural superiority that England possessed over France to her freedom from wolves. In 1866, 515 wolves were killed in France, and the bounties paid for their destruction amounted to 20,000 francs or nearly 70 francs per head. The word varies, following the age, the sex and the "somebodies" of the wolf. The ordinary sum is 40 francs. If a she wolf is young, 150 francs; for a wolf that has attacked a human being, 200 francs. Most wolves were killed—82 and 76—in the departments of the Dordogne and Charente.

Under the ancient regime the Gentlemen and for the destruction of wolves was an important emolument. Today he is the largest landed proprietor in the forest district chosen by the prefect, and who finds himself to keep a pack of wolf hounds, etc., to hunt down the wolves in December and March. In return the proprietor is allowed two days free shooting per month in the government forests. The wags say the gentlemen are the natural friends of the wolves, in order to uphold their sporting rights. It is difficult to rain to earth an old wolf, because the animal can run its 100 miles at a pinch in a single night. The Prince de Joinville has the best pack of wolf hounds in France. Any one who captures a wolf, no matter by what means, has only to bring the animal's ears and right hoof to the local magistrate to receive the reward. The ears are then slit to prevent a second presentation and the paw is nailed against the office wall and registered.

WHY DO YOU COUGH?

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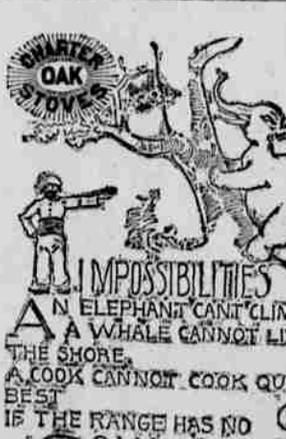

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