DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Published every day except Sundays at 1 p. m. Subscription price, by carriers, $10.00 per year, $5.00 per month, 85 cents per week, postpaid or delivered by carrier.

DESERET SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS.

Published every Monday and Friday. Subscription price, in advance, per year, $5.00; six months $2.75; three months, $1.50; postpaid or delivered by carrier.

THE DESERET WEEKLY.

A 32 to 40 page magazine, designed and built for the country, specially suitable as a product of current history. Price, per copy, 50 cents, $1.00 per year, $2.00, mailed.

MEADOW LILIES.

A swaying group of modest Grace upon floor way,
Here from above Shakespeare's tallest grass
Near them unknowing repeat sunshine pass
Or wind sweep pathways through the long summer hours.
Beyond the meadow was high mountain to rise,
Not sought within its lower and central
Bringing to the heart a thrill more strength sweet
Than the bright perch, the gift of sons and showers.

Queen like they are in beauty, yet no more vain
Than some low hedged flower of the garden
Yellow and brown, bespangled and bearded,
Product of opulent soil and cool night dews.
Too chary head may wild was ever reared
Than all the blossoms that a queen might choose.

—Joel Benton in Harper's Weekly.

THE LION TAMER.

"Walk in, ladies and gentlemen; you're just in time; we're going to begin" and the man with the pallid face and green eyes cried out his programme in a husky voice as he walked up and down the platform of one of the finest menagerie tents at the Lionges fair. The canvas at the right of the entrance represented a tribe of monkeys in more or less grotesque attitudes; at the left, panthers with yellow eyes and enormous manes. In the center the artist had painted a colossal woman, dressed in dancing costume.

Upon the platform, in the right corner, four musicians—three cornets and a bass drum—produced an infernal noise as soon as the crier ceased talking.

It was a holiday, and the peasants had put on their newest caps and cleanest frocks to come to the fair. The working girls and peasant girls, handsome brunettes, with large black eyes, wore the white muslin caps bordered with lace which are called alliquets in that country. The uniforms of the soldiers added a gay tone to this animated picture. Some young cavalry officers were talking with a group of ladies living in the neighborhood, who had alighted from their carriages to visit the fair, for amusements are rare in the provinces, and every occasion to meet one's friends is gladly seized.

A handsomely dressed brunette, whose frequent applications of golden water had transformed into a blond, was leaning upon the arm of a middle aged gentleman, who had a military air and a gray mustache. This coquettish Parisian had come to pass a fortnight in the country, and she examined everything with childish curiosity.

"Colonel," she said, with a sweet smile, pointing to the menagerie, "I want to go in there."

"It must be terribly close in there, madame," said a tall young man in dragoon uniform, who was walking at the pretty widow's right.

"Oh, a little more or less doesn't matter," philosophically replied the young woman, whose name was Mme. Clery. "Will you come?" she added, turning toward a group of friends, who followed her.

After a moment's hesitation they all entered the tent, which was already well filled. A large man, who seemed to be the owner of the menagerie, was seated at the door and took the money. "Hurry up!" he shouted; "the performance has begun."

The animals were apparently less numerous than the sign outside indicated; the principal cage contained two female lions and an enormous male lion reclining idly on the floor and looking disdainfully at the crowd through half closed eyes.

Suddenly a door in the rear of the cage slid back and a young girl entered. Her beauty astonished the men, who were unable to conceal their admiration, while the women bridled at sight of her. She was a blond, with dark blue eyes and fresh complexion, and wore an elegant blue and white costume.

"What a beautiful child!" the colonel exclaimed as she stepped forth.

The lion had heard the cage door shut, and he got up, stretched himself like a huge dog and gave a long look at the little lion tamer who approached him, holding a circle in one hand and a whip in the other. The lion jumped through the circle and the crowd applauded. Henri Maurel, the tall young man who had followed Mme. Clery into the menagerie, clapped his hands even more loudly than the others.

The performance continued; the tamer made the animals go through the ordinary exercises. Once one of the female lions refused to obey; then the young girl knit her pretty brows, darted a glance from her sapphire eyes and struck the beast with her whip.

Fresh applause followed, and the young man, standing close by the stage, cried out, "Brave for the pretty girl!"

The lion tamer raised her blue eyes upon Henri, who devoured her with his glance. She became confused and blushed. In another minute, recovering her self possession, she cast her eyes upon the animals. It was time, for the female lion had straightened herself up and was looking at the young girl ferociously. The lion tamer drew a revolver from her belt, fired four shots rapidly and before the smoke had died away disappeared from the cage.

The crowd filed out noisedly, meeting another lot of spectators who were entering to see the next performance.

"That little girl isn't eighteen year old," said the colonel, "and she's stunningly pretty."

"Her beauty is a little insipid," said Mme. Clery in a scornful tone.

"She looked at you for a moment, lucky dog," said the colonel, turning to Henri; "that's what it is to be young."

The following day the light morning mist still hung over the rich Limousin pasture land when Henri Maurel returned from his horseback ride. After a few seconds' hesitation he suddenly decided to leave his horse at his quarters and go to the fair. The little booths were already open, but the tents were closed.

When he came near the menagerie Henri saw the crier seated on the platform mending his red costume.

"Well," he asked the man, "is business brisk?"

"For boss," replied the crier; "but I get more kicks than coppers."

The lieutenant put his hand mechanically into his pocket and the crier's eyes gleamed with covetous ness; but Henri, changing his mind, let his hand fall empty. "You doubtless travel a good deal!" he continued.

"The whole year. That improves the appetite and is very good for the health, provided you have enough to eat."

"Jean!" called a gentle, feminine voice from the interior of the tent.

"I'm coming, Mam'selle Paula," replied the man, rising.

"One moment," said Henri, this time placing a silver piece in Jean's rough hand. "If you should not re enter the tent, what would happen?"

"Well, Mam'selle Paula would come after me."

"Who is Mam'selle Paula?"

"She is the niece of old William, our boss. In short, she's the lion tamer."

"Ah, yes. I saw her last evening. She is a very pretty girl."

"She has lots of admirers," said the crier; "but she doesn't listen to any of them."

The curtain that concealed the entrance to the tent was drawn aside and Mlle. Paula appeared. It was no longer the bold lion tamer in the strical dress; she looked like a simple country girl. She had put a scarlet kerchief around her beautiful blond hair; a white cotton dress with blue stripes molded her delicate form. She was as fresh as the morning and blushed at sight of the officer.

But Henri soon found means to reassure her, and she had already replied to some of his questions when a coarse voice in the tent cried out, "Are we not going to have dinner today?"

The crier rushed into the tent, and Paula, after a parting glance, also disappeared.

After that morning, whenever Henri was not detained by his military duties, he came every day at the same hour to exchange a few words with the pretty girl, who, for her part, began to think often of him, and welcomed his arrival with a radiant smile and throbbing heart.

Every evening, unless the officer was invited out to dinner, he managed to be present at the performance. Certainly the monotony of garrison life increased the pleasure Henri felt in being near Paula. Mme. Clery had returned to Paris, so nothing prevented him from following the attraction that drew him toward the young girl.

He was charmed by the contrast between the bold courage of the lion tamer, who risked her life every day, and the timidity of the pretty child who blushed under his glances. It amused and delighted him.

One day the young girl burst into tears as she told the officer of the near departure of the menagerie for a neighboring village. They would see each other, perhaps, but less frequently. Then Henri obtained a promise that Paula would meet him after the performance.

It was midnight, the crowd had departed, the lights were extinguished one by one and silence reigned. Henri, in citizens dress, walked impatiently to and fro behind the tent.

All at once he saw the young girl coming toward him, and he hastened forward to meet her.

"Dear little Paula," he cried, taking her hand in his.

The colloquy of the two friends was not to be of long duration; a heavy step was heard and old William appeared. At his approach Paula uttered a cry of fright and slipped away. Old William came forward and placed his hand upon the officer's shoulder.

"Monsieur," said he gravely, "let me have two words with you. I shall not detain you a great while," he added, seeing that Henri wished to get away, "but I must tell you that I have seen your game from the beginning. On the first day of the fair you stared at the girl in a way that did not suit me, but as every one is free to enter my tent I could say nothing. Yesterday I noticed that Paula, while in the cage, trembled as soon as she saw you. I said to myself, 'I must keep my eyes open; something is wrong.' And tonight, anxious as she thought I was asleep, she went out to meet you."

"Well, and what of it?" demanded Henri blandly, although he was touched by the simplicity and dignity of the man's language.

"Well, sir, you must cease to see her. Paula is a good girl, although she is obliged to gain her living as a menagerie. You know that because of the difference in your stations no good can come of your acquaintance. We have only a few days more to remain here; be kind enough not to come to the performance again. The girl will be sorry at first, but she will soon get over it, and you may not have the rumors of having made her unhappy."

The tone in which the words were said afflicted Henri strangely. He was silent for some minutes, then holding out his hand to the man he said, "Well, Pere William, I promise you to think no more about Paula."

And he kept his word, though not without difficulty. During the weeks that followed he was more than once on the point of returning to see the little lion tamer, but the last days of the fair passed without his giving way to his desire. In the evening, on returning to his quarters, he found a letter written on colored paper and surrounded with lace, such as children send their sweethearts on Valentine's day.

These words were written in a trembling hand:

"I am very sad at not seeing you any more. I thought that you would come, all the same. It is finished, I know. Adieu. I will never forget you."

A tear had fallen upon the word "never."

The poor girl had told the truth; Henri had produced an irreducible impression upon her, and neither old William's remonstrances nor her wandering existence made her forget the fortnight at Limoges during which the sweetest dream had taken possession of her soul. She often wept, her fresh face had grown pale and her beauty had become more touching.

But it was otherwise with Henri Maurel. At the end of six months he had scarcely any regretted what had been for him only a passing pleasure. He had married Mme. Clery, resigned his commission and had gone to Paris to live with his wife.

One summer evening after a jolly dinner, Henri and his wife went with some friends to the Neuilly fair. All at once as they were being pushed hither and thither by the crowd, he raised his eyes and saw by the side that he was before old William's menagerie.

"Let us go in," he said; "there is a very pretty little lion tamer inside."

For an instant Paula's image and the memory of his romance of the previous year at Limoges returned to Henri's mind.

"Yes, let us go in," said Mme. Maurel.

Henri was evidently curious to see if the little lion tamer would recognize him, and what impression his unexpected presence would produce upon her.

It was in the middle of the performance. Cesar, the big lion, refused to jump through the circle that Paula held out.

Some seats were vacant in the front row. Henri, two of his friends and his wife took them. Paula raised her eyes upon the newcomers, and instantly recognized Henri. Her knees trembled, a haze obscured her sight and she let fall the whip with which she had just struck Cesar. The animal uttered a terrible roar and sprang upon the little lion tamer.

There was a frightful tumult in the tent; the men rushed at the cage and the women screamed and fainted away. The strong voice of old William was heard above the noise, "During the red hot iron bar."

Henri, carried up to the cage, saw the little blue and white costume all covered with blood and the enraged beast's fangs tearing the breast of poor Paula.

When the red hot bar was brought it was too late. The poor little lion tamer had left her terrible during the night.—From the French of Maurice Reynold in Argonaut.

The Rock of Ranching.

The jar communicated to the spinal column by the striking of the heel on the ground in walking on a hard surface is a fruitful source of trouble under ordinary conditions, but in the case of the regular marching of soldiers the effects are still more serious. A physician in the French army, after investigating the subject, came to the conclusion that the regularity of the step causes a shock to the brain and bones far more injurious than an irregular walk, giving rise to peculiar aches, pains and diseases of the troops. The shock is repeated 40,000 times in a day's march, and the strain often breaks down the strongest men—those who could endure readily a much longer ordinary walk—in two or three days.—New York Telegram.

Columbus and the Gulf Stream.

It is curious to note in the history of the gulf stream how great its influence has been on the fortunes of the New World. Before the discovery of America strange woods and fruits were frequently found on the shores of Europe and off the islands. Some of these were seen and examined by Columbus, and to his thoughtful mind they were confirming evidence of the fact that strange lands were not far to the westward. These woods were carried by the gulf stream and by the prevailing winds from the American continent, so that in part the gulf stream is responsible for the discovery of the New World.—Detroit Free Press.

Bacteria in Ocean Water.

The manufacture of artificial ice made from the distilled Ocean water have shown that when it does contain a few bacteria these are not of many different species, as is the case with the distilled Ocean, but they are almost all of one single species, and this a hardy harmless form which multiplies readily and rapidly in pure water.—T. Mitchell Prudden in Harper's.

Carrying a Mortgage.

Billson—Jones asked here with that fine house of his under a mortgage, didn't he?

Wilkins—Yes. How did you know?

Billson—I notice his shoulders are beginning to look like a mansard roof.—New York Weekly.

The perfection of the well matured plant properly cured by expert growers. Mild flavored, bright, and of matchless quality: Mastiff Plug Cut pleases the most fastidious.

J. B. Pace Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va.

Packed in Patent Cloth Pouches and in Foil.

HENRY WAGNER
SALT LAKE CITY
CALIFORNIA BREWERY.
LAGER BEER, ALE AND PORTER.
Wholesale and Retail.
Ex. 40 EAST, FIRST SOUTH STREET.

Utah Cracker Factory,
MANUFACTURERS OF THE
SILVER BRAND of SNOWFLAKE SODAS
AND
FINE CAKES.
Packed in 1 and 2 Pound Boxes for Picnic Parties, Travelers and Families.
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

Dogs! Dogs! Dogs!
THOROUGHBREDS, SPORTING, TOY AND MATCH DOGS always on hand. Thoroughbred Pups for sale. Following Dogs for sale in puppies:

Llewellyn Setters,	$ 8.00	and $ 6.00
Irish "	15.00	and 10.00
Greyhounds, "	7.00	and 5.00
Bloodhounds, "	7.50	and 5.00

We make a specialty of Bloodhounds and do not use any heavy pieces. Every dog warranted as represented.
GEISLER'S BIRD STORE, OMAHA, NEB.

SAPONIFIER
Pure, Odorless, Concentrated Lye for PACKING HOUSES, Manufacturing Soap, Softening Water, Making Lye Hominy, Lye Soap, Etc. Lye Soap Powder for Household Use.
MANUFACTURED, and sale as above, by Penna Salt Mfg Co., Philadelphia.

Deseret News Company
PIONEER
Bookbindery
OF THE WEST.
ESTABLISHED 1850.
Bookbinding and Paper Ruling
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
ABSTRACTS,
COUNTY WORK,
BLANK BOOKS,
AND SPECIALTIES.
COUNTY BLANKS.
PLANS FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.
DAILY TAR BOARD and Best Grade of Materials Used to make our work durable.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

PROFESSIONAL.

RICHARD W. YOUNG,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Third Floor, Constitution Building, opposite P. O. N. Y.

GRANT H. SMITH,
LAWYER.
Room 19 Newhouse Block, Second South Street.

RICHARDS & HOYLE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Office in Constitution Building, 24 S. Main Street, Salt Lake City.

DANIEL HARRINGTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Rooms 212 & 213 Constitution Building, Salt Lake City. Practice in all the courts.

S. W. DARKO,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR.
Bingham Block, Salt Lake City.

T. D. LEWIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Rooms 211-212, Constitution Building.

A. E. PRATT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Rooms 3 Morgan Building, Salt Lake City.

DR. J. S. KEYSOR & BRO.,
DENTISTS.
Rooms 2 and 3 in Smith Assembly Building, 2 S. Main, 112 Main Street.

DR. J. THOMAS,
SURGEON DENTIST. NO. 10 MAIN ST.
All work performed. Anesthetic administered.

EZRA O. TAYLOR,
DENTIST.
Rooms 212 Newhouse Block.

MONEY TO LOAN
WATCHES AND JEWELRY
Of all kinds on hand or short time to responsible parties and by mail or express. New York Jewelry Bank, No. 1, Exchange Place, Boston street. H. H. FELLOS, Proprietor.

HOTEL .·. TEMPLETON
Corner Main and South Temple Streets, Opposite Temple,
—SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.—
ALONZO YOUNG, Manager.

The "LITTLE BEAUTY" $5.00 Scale for $1.00
$500 SCALE
Warranted to be the best Scale in the world for the price. Will weigh 1 oz. to 500 lbs. Brass Beam and Brass Scale Plates, Steel Bearings, Steel Knife Edges, Iron Frame, Japanned and Decorated, Graduated Scale Beam, Tin Scale Pan, Scale Hook, Ring and Chain, Iron Weight, Instructions and Price Table. Sent by express, C. O. D. subject to examination. Price, $5.00. Sample Scale, $1.00. Illustrated Catalogue of Oil Tanks, Force Pumps, Scales, etc., free. Address, CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago.

CAPITOL PACKING CO.,
Sacramento, Cal.,
PACKERS OF
FRUITS and SALMON
Being situated in the heart of the largest fruit and salmon producing region in the world, we can supply the best fruit and salmon guaranteed to reach the market.
W. P. BECK & CO., General Agents,
112 & 114 California St.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies
OR
Other Chemicals
are used in the preparation of
W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa
which is absolutely pure and soluble.
It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and easily digested.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

5 Star Horse Nails,
Polished or Blued,
Have been sold by S. C. M. I. for over 18 years. They are the BEST NAILS MADE, and guaranteed to give the best of satisfaction. Will hold a shoe no longer than any other.
MADE BY THE
UNION HORSE NAIL CO.,
Chicago, Ill.
For sale by Z. C. M. I. and Branch stores.

G. H. TAYLOR, President. G. E. ROMNEY, Sec. and Treas.
TAYLOR, ROMNEY, ARMSTRONG CO.,
—DEALERS IN—
LUMBER!
Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Etc.
Planing Mill and Yard, One Block East of U. P. Depot, Salt Lake City, Utah.
A. H. ARMSTRONG, Manager. O. H. ROMNEY, Assistant Manager.
Office: Anderson & Co's building, 143 and 145 W. South Temple Street.

FLOUR SACKS. TWINES. WOOL SACKS. BURLAPS.

OMAHA, NEB.

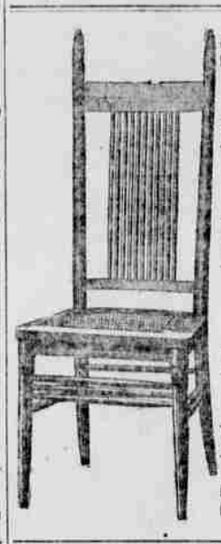
HIGHLAND Evaporated Cream.
Pure, Unsweetened MILK, Concentrated, Canned and Sterilized.
KEEPS IN ALL CLIMATES.
FOR TABLE USE, ECONOMIC COOKING AND PERFECT INFANT FEEDING.
For Sale by Grocers and Druggists.

GRANITE IRONWARE.
IS LIGHT HANDSOME WHOLESOME DURABLE
Manufactured only by the ST. LOUIS STAMPING CO. ST. LOUIS.
For Sale by all Stove, Hardware and House Furnishing Dealers.
TRADE MARK. GRANITE IRON WARE.
FOR BROILING BAKING BOILING PRESERVING
The BEST Ware
MADE FOR THE KITCHEN.
Cook Book and Price List FREE on application.

JAY C. WEMPLE COMP'Y
207 & 209 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. | 107 & 109 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO.

EMPIRE
WINDOW SHADES AND SPRING ROLLERS
ARE THE BEST MADE.
Sold by all Dealers. These Goods are all Hand Made.

WHITE LABEL LARD!
PURE LEAF LARD.
USE NO OTHER.
See that your Lard Cans and Cases bear our
"HELMET" TRADE MARK.



SORENSEN & NELSON FURNITURE CO.
We take the Lead in Good
FURNITURE,
CARPETS
AND
LOW PRICES.
WE ARE
Never Undersold!
23 W. FIRST SOUTH ST.

GREAT
REMOVAL SALE of Summer and Early Fall Goods
AT TEASDEL'S.
See Our Line of 50c. and $1.00
SHOES
A Great Clearance Sale of Odds & Ends
AT TEASDEL'S.
OUR CHALLIES AT 5c.
And Burman Dress Goods Closing Out at 10.
BARGAIN HUNTERS
can be fully satisfied by seeing our
ELEGANT LACES
in Cream, White and Colored, at
REDUCED RATES
from Summer Prices.
RIBBONS,
10 to 20 per cent. Less than ever. You will Save Money by Comparing Prices.
MEN'S STRAW HATS
At Half Price. Our Small Profit Sales and Temptations Offered will fully Satisfy You.
Our Trade Comes from all Parts of the Territory; for Prices are the Attractions that draw
AT TEASDEL'S.