DESERET EVENING NEWS.

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THE DESERET WEEKLY.

A 32 to 48 page Magazine, the cheapest and best illustrated, specially valuable as a medium of advertising. Price, per volume of 25 numbers, $2.00; per copy, $0.50, unbound.

MANKIND DIE POOR.

I have a secret I will tell you,
The age good news, but it is strange true;
But which it is and will be overcome,
It is, that almost all mankind die poor.

Our economists wished have their books to win,
Their land for our servants, often spend with care,
What comes of hard gain may have two sides,
Farmers and drudges often all die poor.

Only to work and save makes wealth abound,
A thousand ways to waste bought as sound;
Little to get and much surface over,
And some are ugly that they should be poor.

Ah, well was said! All theory surely lies,
They who have money do not have all else;
Each man may be a king, and I'm sure,
Where Christ and all the apostles died as poor.

All heaven's best gifts to men are freely given,
Life, [illegible], love, [illegible], worship and hope of heaven;
Here of good fellows here and gone before,
And God's eternal blessing on the poor.

Eternal treasures given to life and soul,
God bringing man to prove a wonder such
A miracle is wrought with hope of more.
Yet no, how can eternal be the poor?

The great economists to reverse utilities,
Write of the spirit, long as the stream of time
With human efforts and wage severance,
All at the same old lachrymose dying poor.

Come on, friends, if thy will be
We have our hearts right and our time
The children make life glorious extension,
And we in the endeavor and prove.

—Joseph S. Wagner in Constitution Press.

MILLIONS IN BARBED WIRE.

The Humble Way in Which Inventor Ellwood Began His Great Fortune.

"The saddest thing I saw in a journey to the west was the old fashioned rail fence in Pennsylvania, Ohio, eastern Indiana and southern Michigan. How great a pity, fate not to have permitted the wire fence to be invented 200 years before it was! Probably enough labor and timber have been wasted in the building of the old 'worm' fences in the past to pay off fifty national debts like ours.

It makes one almost weep to think of the barks that have been broken, of the hands worn out, the energies sapped, the boys kept from school—in fitting rails, splitting logs, driving posts, laying rails for those thousands of miles of rail fence! When our western farmer wants a fence now he buys a few posts and a lot of barbed wire. Three men can put up half a mile of fence in a day.

"Did you ever hear how Ellwood, the barbed wire man, of DeKalb, Ills., made his money?" asked one of my train acquaintances. "Well, you see, twelve or fifteen years ago he was making a little wire at his blacksmith shop, putting the barbs on with a pair of pincers. One day a couple of young men stopped in his shop to get out of the rain, and as they thought the wire looked like a good thing they asked Ellwood to send them out on the road selling it.

"After a week's trip they came in and compared notes. Both had loaded the wire a great lot; everybody wanted it. But they were pretty shrewd boys, and they fixed it up between them to fool Ellwood. When he asked how business was they showed him a few orders and shook their heads dubiously. 'Not much in it,' 'Better try again,' said Ellwood. 'Well, if you'll give us a five-year contract on Missouri, Southern Iowa, Arkansas and Texas we'll go out and see what we can do.'

"Ellwood agreed and one of the young men started for Texas. In a week he sent an order for a car load of wire. Ellwood was astonished. It would take him a month to make a car load. He carried the letter to his bank. 'Must be some mistake,' he said. 'No,' said the banker, 'It's plain. He wants a car load.' 'Impossible,' replied Ellwood. 'I'll telegraph him.' The reply came: 'Yes, a car load, but make it three car loads. Ship quick.' Amin Ellwood went to his banker. He was puzzled. It seemed like a hoax to him that any one should want three car loads of wire.

"Preposterous! The banker finally convinced him the order was genuine. 'Mr. Banker,' said Ellwood, 'I'm a poor man. I'm worth two or three thousand dollars. How much can I draw on this bank for on my reputation and my prospects?' 'Fifteen hundred dollars.' 'Good. Give me $500 now.' In an hour Ellwood was on his way to Chicago. In two weeks he was making barbed wire by machinery. In ten years he was worth $14,000,000."—Gen. Augusta Chronicle.

Ellwood Photographers.

The photographer of the poor and humble used to be a man who ran a gallery on wheels. In New York he is now a man who works the back streets very much after the fashion of an organ grinder. He pays no rent. He plants his camera in front of a small butcher shop or shoe shop or notion store. Then his assistant goes in and strikes a bargain. The product that he proposes to market does no good. The man takes it anyhow, saying, as a last resort, that it won't cost anything. In a couple of days the finished pictures come around, and 'if you want them you can have them for a quarter.' Perhaps on four cases out of five the quarter is forthcoming. A smart bottle or wagon or a twin grocer's driver, a new baby or a lame horse or a mule or a pet dog, they all come within the roaming photographer's business. And on good days he picks up a coat and of money.—New York Herald.

THE FINDING OF THE PHARAOHS.

How the Tomb of the Ancient Kings of Egypt Was Discovered.

The most popularly interesting among the recent discoveries in Egypt was the finding of the Pharaohs, in 1881. The story has been given to the world in print, therefore it will be only outlined here. But by far the most fortunate way is to hear it directly from the lips of the keeper of the museum, Emil Brugsch Bimself. Its vivid, briefly direct narration adding the last charm to the striking facts. By the museum authorities it had been for several years suspected that some one of Lower (Thebes) had discovered a hitherto unopened tomb; he found statuettes, papyri and other objects, all of one pattern, were offered for sale therefore by one, and bought by therefore, who, upon their return to Cairo, displayed the treasures without suspicion touching their value.

Which was kept, and suspicion finally centered upon a family of brothers; these deals at last confessed, and one of them led the way to a place not far from the temple called Deir-el-Bahari, which all visitors to Thebes will remember. Here, filled with sand, there was a shaft not unlike a well, which the man had discovered by chance. When the sand was removed the opening of a lateral tunnel was visible below, and the ventured into the heart of the hill where, in a chamber twenty feet high, were piled thirty or more mummy cases, most of them decorated with the royal sep.

The mummies proved to be those of Seti I, the conqueror who carried his armies as far into Asia as the Orontes and of Rameses the Great called Sesostris by the Greeks; the Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites, and of Seti II, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, together with other sovereigns and members of their families, princes, priestesses and priests. At some unknown period these mummies had been taken from the magnificent rock tombs in that terrible Apocalyptic valley of the kings, not far distant, and hidden in this rough chamber. No one knows why this was done; a record of it may yet be discovered. But in time all knowledge of the hiding place was lost, and here the Pharaohs remained until that July day in 1881.

They were all transported across the burning plain and down the Nile to Cairo. Now at last they repose in state in an apartment which might well be called a throne room. You reach this great southern hall by a handsome double stairway. Upon entering, you see the Pharaohs ranged in a majestic circle, and motionless though you may be, unhesitated, petrified, you are impressed. The features are distinct. Some of the dark faces have dignity; others show marked resolution and power. Curiously enough, one of them resembles Voltaire. This, however, is probably due to the fact that Voltaire closely resembled a mummy while living. How would it seem, the thought that beings who are to come into existence A. D. 3000 should be able, in the land which we now call the United States of America (what will it be called then?), to gaze upon the features of some of our presidents—for instance, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln?

I am afraid that the fancy is not as striking as it should be, for New World ambition grasps without difficulty all futures, even A. D. 3000. It is only when our eyes are turned toward the past, where we have no importance and represent nothing, that an enumeration of centuries overpowers us a little. But in any case, after visiting Egypt, we all learn to hate the art of the embalmer. Those who have been up the Nile, and beheld the poor relics of mortality offered for sale on the shores, because, as it were, by force advocates of cremation.—Constance Fenimore Woolson in Harper's.

Why You Get Circulars.

Not long ago I moved from one end of the city to another, and before I had time to make known my change of address to any one the mail carrier left me a dozen circulars, since which time the attack has been kept up from head-ers in almost every line of business. How the sharks got hold of my address and what I had done to merit the distinction and annoyance, was a mystery to me, until my new grocery clerk enlightened me.

From him I learned that there exists in every large city in the Union a regular trade in selling names for lists. These sell in duplicate at from one to ten dollars per 1,000, and the sharks and sellers of them pay grocery, butcher and other clerks so many cents for the names and addresses of new customers. Since then I have taken the trouble to inquire, and it is evident my enterprising informant is about correct.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Angry Englishman.

Jimmy Potters, the farce comedian, while at a London music hall came into sharp collision with a rather large and cross grained man. "Hang it, sir," cried the latter, "you've smashed my cigar!" Mr. Potters, with a good humored low, handed the injured gentleman a prime Havana. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "pray accept this cigar instead."

The big man took it at the "send" and asked, "Is it a good one?" "Rather, sir," was the reply calm. "Oh, well, I'm not supposed," and diving down into his pocket he handed over three coppers, and disappeared with the remark, "Here's your change!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Burning Issue.

In starting out on a speaking trip one should provide himself with a good hand box of rather high power, a pocket knife, some wrapping paper and string, and either a portfolio or a stereoscopic box, according to whether it is desired to press the plants in the field or after things in question. One should now carry some envelopes and a few pill boxes.—Washington Star.

A GASTRONOMIC FREAK.

Extraordinary Mixture of Dishes to Satisfy an Epicure's Appetite.

A very remarkable case of perverted and artificial taste is found in the person of Charles J. Cummings, a thriving grocer of West Philadelphia. The queerest combination of food imaginable—mixtures which would nauseate an ordinary person—are his favorite dishes. It is not that he likes food prepared different from the usual styles, but it is the manner in which he mixes ordinary dishes which excites so much wonder, and has given rise to so many conjectures and attempted explanations.

For instance, Mr. Cummings butters new bananas, pays salt in his coffee, pepper in his milk, gravy in his ice cream, cream on his meat, and ribbon candy either condiments to tickle his palate which gets nothing it can appear. One of his favorite dishes is rare steak loaded with fruit cake, with a drenching of currant jelly. In winter a regular morning meal of this gentleman is lettuce chopped fine, with a dressing of molasses and red pepper. There are many other subtrefs of dishes which delight his peculiar palate, but enough have been mentioned.

This freak of appetite has excited the curiosity of Mr. Cummings' friends for many years, and even the neighbors have indulged in comments as to the cause of such a strange appetite. Hearing about the case a reporter visited Mr. Cummings at his home. The gastronomic freak is a pleasant man of forty, of ordinary appearance. He was found in his comfortable home surrounded by an intelligent family. He told the following story of the way he acquired his remarkable appetite:

"I don't know that I am more stuffed than other men," he said, with a smile, as he lit a fresh cigar, "but they tell me that as a child I was as perverse as Old Nick. No one knew what I ought to eat, and so I really became to have a relish for what I ate. Indeed, it was not long before I became indifferent to dishes prepared in the usual style, and today they are really distasteful to me."

Mr. Cummings continued, as if there was no possibility of any one doubting his veracity.

"The most serious thing about the matter is that one of my children has inherited my acquired taste, and stranger still that this child should be my youngest."

Then Mr. Cummings went out and brought in a pretty child of four years.

"This child, sir," said the father, as he put her on his knee, "has been a puzzle to a lot of physicians and physiologists. They all say that they never heard of such a remarkable case of heredity. You see she does not look like me, but is the image of her mother, and yet she has inherited from me a taste which even with me is acquired. I have not met a man yet who can equal her in this thing even to his own satisfaction."

The little girl soon became tired of the conversation and demanded her supper.

"And what do you think her supper will be? Bread poached and cold beef soup!"

As his auditor looked incredulous, Mr. Cummings took him into the nursery, and sure enough there was little Lily dressing her peaches and cold soup with the utmost relish.

All the other children have normal tastes, and though they have made some experiments in imitation of their father, just for the fun of the thing, they have not been tempted to invent new new menus.—Philadelphia Times.

The Power of Bells.

Legendary superstition has always invested bells with miraculous powers and strange influences, but why the so called spirits of darkness are credited with a strong aversion to their ding has never been satisfactorily explained. In many Catholic countries bells are rung during the time of great storms, "so that the devil may take flight and the tempest subside."—St. Louis Republic.

The Commonest Respect.

An Atchison child stands very high in respect of her playmates. When they get to boasting, she silences them by saying that they have had three funerals in her family in less than a year.—Atchison Globe.

"German Syrup"

Asthma. "I have been a great sufferer from Asthma and severe Colds every Winter, and last Fall my friends as well as myself thought because of my feeble condition, and great distress from constant coughing, that it would try to raise any of the accumulated matter from my lungs, that my time was close at hand. When nearly worn out for want of sleep and rest, a friend recommended me to try the valuable medicine, Boschee's German Syrup. I am sure it saved my life. Almost the first dose gave me great relief and a gentle refreshing sleep, such as I had not had for weeks. My cough began immediately to loosen and pass away, and I found myself rapidly gaining in health and weight. I am pleased to inform the—unsolicited—that I am in excellent health and do certainly attribute it to my Boschee's German Syrup. C. B. STICKNEY, Picton, Ontario."

Gentle, Refreshing Sleep.

CALIFORNIA

CREAM OF PRUNES

A very pleasant laxative, made from the juice of Plum Prunes, combined with a few harmless vegetable ingredients of wonderful and highly medicinal qualities, put up in form of

CREAM DROPS,

Making a very valuable preparation APPLY AND PRUNING.

IT PROMOTES DIGESTION, INVIGORATES AND CHEERS.

IT IS A WONDERFUL REMEDY

FOR CONSTIPATION, SICK HEADACHE, DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF BLOOD, NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS, ETC.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

For Sale by All Druggists.

BRIGGS MEDICINE CO., San Francisco, California

MAX GEISLER,

DEALER IN

Parrots, Canaries and other Singing, Fancy and Talking

BIRDS!

And RARE ANIMALS.

BIRD FOOD, BIRD CAGES, ETC. Taxidermy in all its branches. Mounted birds for sale cheap. New to Price List.

75 W. Second South St., Salt Lake City.

QUONG CHONG WING,

Chinese, Japanese and Ornamental Fancy Goods.

All Kinds of Japan and China Teas a specialty.

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Utah Cracker Factory,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

Silver Brand of Snowflake Sodas

AND

FINE CAKES.

Packed in 1 and 2 Pound Boxes for Pic-Nic Parties, Travelers and Families.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

RAILROADS.

Rio Grande Western Railway.

STANDARD GAUGE.

CURRENT TIME TABLE.

In Effect Sunday, November 1, 1891.

STATIONS AND DISTANCES.	No. 2.	No. 4.	No. 6.
Lv Ogden	8.00 a m	3.00 p m	10.00 p m
Ar Salt Lake	11.45 a m	6.45 p m	1.45 a m
Lv Salt Lake	8.00 a m	3.00 p m	10.00 p m
Ar Provo	9.40 a m	4.40 p m	11.40 p m
Lv Provo	9.45 a m	4.45 p m	11.45 p m
Ar Ironton	10.15 a m	5.15 p m	12.15 a m
Ar Eureka	11.45 a m	6.45 p m	1.45 a m
Ar Thistle	12.40 p m	7.40 p m	2.40 a m
Lv Moab	[illegible]		
Ar Grand	[illegible]		
Lv Thistle	1.00 p m	8.00 p m	3.00 a m
Ar Colton	2.15 p m	9.15 p m	4.15 a m
Ar Green River	4.45 p m	11.45 p m	7.45 a m
Lv Green River	4.50 p m	11.50 p m	8.00 a m
Ar Rock Springs	6.15 p m	1.15 a m	9.40 a m
Ar Green Junction	7.40 p m	2.40 a m	11.05 a m
Ar Grand Junction	8.00 p m	3.00 a m	12.00 m
Ar Ouray	[illegible]		

WEST AND NORTHWEST.	No. 1.	No. 3.	No. 5.
Lv Ouray	[illegible]		
Lv Grand Junction	1.00 a m	7.00 p m	6.00 a m
Lv Green Junction	1.20 a m	7.20 p m	6.20 a m
Ar Rock Springs	3.05 a m	9.05 p m	8.05 a m
Ar Green River	4.35 a m	10.35 p m	9.35 a m
Lv Green River	4.40 a m	10.40 p m	9.40 a m
Ar Colton	6.05 a m	12.05 a m	11.05 a m
Ar Thistle	7.15 a m	1.15 a m	12.15 p m
Lv Thistle	[illegible]		
Ar Grand	[illegible]		
Lv Moab	[illegible]		
Ar Colton	8.10 a m	2.10 a m	1.10 p m
Ar Eureka	9.40 a m	3.40 a m	2.40 p m
Ar Ironton	10.35 a m	4.35 a m	3.35 p m
Ar Provo	11.05 a m	5.05 a m	4.05 p m
Lv Provo	11.15 a m	5.15 a m	4.15 p m
Ar Salt Lake	12.15 p m	6.15 a m	5.15 p m
Lv Salt Lake	8.00 a m	3.00 p m	10.00 p m
Ar Ogden	11.45 a m	6.45 p m	1.45 a m

LOCAL SERVICE.

LEHI, AMERICAN FORK, PROVO AND SPANISH FORK.

Leave Salt Lake 7.30 a m, 4.30 p m, and 6 p m. Arrive Salt Lake 10 a m, 7 p m, and 9 a m.

Leave Provo 6.30 a m, 3 p m, and 5 p m. Arrive Provo 8 a m, 4 p m, and 6 p m.

Leave Spanish Fork 7 a m, 3.30 p m, and 5.30 p m. Arrive Spanish Fork 8.30 a m, 4.30 p m, and 6.30 p m.

SUNDAY.

Leave Salt Lake 7.30 a m, 4.30 p m. Arrive Salt Lake 10 a m, 7 p m.

Leave Provo 8 a m, 5 p m. Arrive Provo 10 a m, 7 p m.

D. C. DODGE, A. H. MCNEILY, J. H. SPENCER, Gen. Manager. Gen. Pass. Agt. Gen. Sup.

Utah Central Railway

TIME TABLE.

In Effect April 1st, 1891.

Passenger Trains will Run Daily, between Salt Lake and Park City, as Follows:

SALT LAKE CITY.

Trains leave the South & Main St. at 8.00 a m, 2.00 p m, 5.00 p m.

Arrive at 9.20 a m, 3.20 p m, 6.20 p m.

PARK CITY.

Trains leave Park City ..... 10.30 a m, 4.30 p m, 7.30 p m.

Arrive " " " ..... 9.10 a m, 3.10 p m, 6.10 p m.

Office and Depot corner 5th South and Main streets.

T. A. MACKINTOSH, G. P. & T. A.

SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD!

THE

Denver & Rio Grande Railroad

TWO SUPERBLY EQUIPPED TRAINS DAILY

TRAVERSING THE

GRANDEST SCENERY OF THE ROCKIES

Glenwood, Aspen, Leadville, Pueblo Colorado Springs and Denver.

Palace Sleeping Cars, Parlor Cars, Dining Cars, Modern Coaches, Equipment Unsurpassed.

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A. S. HUGHES, Traffic Manager, Denver, Colo.

H. SUTTON, Gen. Manager. A. S. HUGHES, G. P. & T. A.

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ASPHALT AND VARNISH

COMPANY

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BITUMINOUS, ROCK, PAVEMENT

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With the Best Goods in the World.

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Estimates Furnished Free of Charge.

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AURELIUS MINER, Secretary.

1850. ANNUAL REPORT 1891.

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FULLER & YOUNG, Agents, Salt Lake City.

HENRY WAGNER

SALT LAKE CITY.

CALIFORNIA BREWERY.

LAGER BEER, ALE & PORTER,

Wholesale & Retail.

99 EAST FIRST SOUTH STREET.

Consumption Cured!

FOR 40 YEARS DR. WM.

HALL'S BALSAM

FOR THE LUNGS,

has been a remarkable family remedy for COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, "LA GRIPPE," SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, PNEUMONIA, CATARRH, INFLUENZA, ACUTE AND CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, PLEURISY, PAIN IN SIDE AND BREAST, SPITTING OF BLOOD, and all diseases of the

Throat, Chest and Lungs

Leading to CONSUMPTION

Dr. WM. HALL'S BALSAM combines no opium, morphine, nor any deleterious drug, it soothes and heals the membranes of the lungs, relaxes and promotes a healthy secretion, and gives a good night's rest. Sold by druggists at 25c. and 50c. per bottle.

For Sale by all Druggists.

PRICE 25c., 50c., $1.00.

DR. WM. HALL CO., NEW YORK.

Graefenberg PILLS.

They cure Headache, Biliousness, Liver Complaint and Indigestion. No griping or nausea. These

PILLS

Tone up the system and restore health to those suffering from general debility and nervousness. Sold by all druggists. 25c. per box.

Best for Women.

GRAEFENBERG CATHOLICON

Cures all forms of Female complaints, weakness, nervousness and general debility. Sold by all druggists.

Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept. Wholesale Agt.

GOLDSMITH & CO.

Importers and Manufacturing

Wholesale and Retail Clothiers,

RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE THAT SINCE THE MONTH OPENING JULY 25th, 1891

FALL & WINTER CLOTHING

For Men's, Youths' and Children's Wear,

Many Entirely New Designs and still greater Novelties, which were not quite ready on that occasion, have been added, and during the coming week promises to continue on a crowded scale the extraordinary exhibition and sale which commenced then. This will be decidedly the most comprehensive display in the city of High and Medium-class Clothing, designed in all the Latest Styles and Unrivalled for Excellence of Fabric, Delicacy of Conception and Superiority of Workmanship. We beg that you will kindly pay a visit to our establishment, assuring you that you will be amply repaid for your trouble, and like hundreds who do so daily, you will be amazed: First, at the enormous size of our business and the store; Second, at the immense display of

GENTS' & BOYS' WINTER CLOTHING

Of every description, and anything and everything in the Clothing Line that can be found either in this country or Europe; and last, but not least, at the vast difference between the prices here and those asked by the Merchant Tailors.

Our Hat, Shoe and Clothing Departments are Complete.

Oh! Mamma!

READ THIS! From Monday, November the 2nd, until Saturday, December the 31st, 1891, GOLDSMITH & CO. will give to every purchaser of a Boys' Suit or Overcoat, a Coupon, entitling the holder to receive a Beautiful Present, to be Given Away New Year's Morning, January 1st, 1892.

MAMMA, BUY MY CLOTHES AT GOLDSMITH & CO'S.

Goldsmith & Co.

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For Sale by all Stoves, Hardware and House Furnishing Dealers.

FOR BROILING BAKING BOILING PRESERVING

The BEST Ware

MADE FOR THE KITCHEN.

Cook Book and Price List FREE on application to

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