DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Published every evening (except Sundays) at 4 p. m. at Salt Lake City, Utah. Terms: $10.00 per year, $5.00 per six months, $2.50 per week, payable in advance to carrier.

DESERET SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS.

Published every Monday and Friday. Terms: $5.00 per year, payable in advance, or $2.50 per six months, $1.00 per month, payable in advance to carrier.

THE DESERET WEEKLY.

A 32 to 48 page Magazine, devoted to the church and home, appearing regularly on Wednesday of each week. Price, per volume of 26 numbers, $1.50, per year, $1.00, payable in advance.

A SUDDEN SHOWER.

Rose-red here shot up the street,
Or shower-white descending,
And scattered form, face and feet
Alone from the shelter their heels.
Dress long, and mother rebuked
From office indoor, and rosy goose
Are stormed and blind-faced at the
The thunder gives a crack,
And then shrieks, the rain, the rain!
The earth has gathered, and the grass
Behind the streaming window panes
Smile at the freshes of the skies.
The lightning strikes, sharp-edged and
The cattle lowl and rockets cleave
And into town comes galloping
The farmer's horse, with streaming back.
The weather-fish beneath the eaves,
And little birds preen and hide his wings
And make the eaves leaves
The caterpillar curls and clings.
The hollyhocks be refled down
The wet ears of the lofty leaks;
And exhaust in spattered brown
The cricket sings the garden walk.
Within the baby claps its hands
And every with repeats strange and
Whilst, beneath the rose bush stands
A chipping robin to a house.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

JIM'S WAIF.

Down at Long Beach on a warm summer day, a young man was enjoying himself in the surf, together with two or three companions. They had all come down from New York on a "lark." Jim seemed remarkably well, and delighted his friends and the company at large by some of his performances.

He was good natured, too. He took out several girls, some he knew and some he did not know, and helped them to float, and so made himself very popular.

Among others who watched him from the beach was a poor woman with a baby. At last, as he brought one girl back whom he had been teaching to swim, she beckoned to him.

"Young man," said she, "could you not kindly take my little baby out and give her a dip in the surf? She is puny, and it would help her."

But Jim shook his head as he looked at the child.

"I'm afraid of babies," he said. "Never held one in my life. It might slip out of my hands and drown."

"No, I guess not," said the woman. "You can't hurt it, and the surf looking would help the little dear."

Jim hesitated, then he looked at the small, pouted face. "Give me the little dear," said he. "But don't you budge, for if the young one should squall I am going to bring it back to you."

"It won't squall," said the woman. "It's not afraid."

The young man took the child cautiously, as though it was made of glass and might go to pieces in his hands, but it did not. Neither did it cry. So he waded off with it, grasping it tightly. At last he resolved to give it a gentle immersion. Far from being frightened, the baby seemed pleased, and even ventured on a solid laugh. Jim now returned to the beach and proffered it to its mother.

"The kid seemed pleased," he said. "It laughed."

"Poor dear," said the woman. "She has been very sick. Young gentleman, your bath has been a godsend to her. Now you see you can't hurt her, couldn't you give her another dip?"

After a little persuasion Jim agreed, and went off with the baby. This time he joined his companions, and amused himself with now dipping, now floating the child on his hand. After a time he wearied of the sport, and returned to the beach to give the child to its mother. But she was nowhere to be found!

Startled, the young fellow ran up and down the beach, remorseful of his scanty bathing suit, anxiously inquiring:

"Where's the mother of this child?"

Nobody knew. Then every one began to make merry at his expense.

"Made you a present!" cried one.

"A handsome legacy," said another.

"Hello, Jim," cried his companions, who, seeing the commotion, had come ashore, "what's up?"

"That wretched woman has vanished."

"You were green, indeed, to take the brat," said they.

"I'll drop it very soon," cried Jim, sitting down on the sand.

"No, you don't, either," said the policeman on duty. "This beach is not to be made a foundling hospital."

"But I don't want this baby," remonstrated Jim.

"Can't help it. Take it up." And Jim was forced to obey. "You can take it back to town and carry it to some charitable institution," the officer deigned to suggest.

"What could have become of the cursed woman?" cried Jim in wild despair.

Nobody knew; nobody had seen her walk away. Everybody thought it a fine joke and everybody laughed—except the baby. Jim had taken it up a little roughly and it began to cry.

The young man looked about him, full of horror.

"Ladies," cried he, approaching a group of women. "For God's sake, ladies, take this thing! I can't do anything with it!"

But the ladies, with one accord, refused. "No, indeed, they would not touch it!"

Wildly the young man ran up and down the beach. The strange woman was nowhere to be seen.

"Come, Jim," cried his companions, "time we were dressing to go back to town."

"Certainly, but what can I do with this—this—thing—while I dress?"

"I know," cried one kind friend; "we'll leave it at the dressing room after you have dressed."

Jim eagerly agreed to this, but the man in charge blocked that little game.

"Say, sir," said Jim, "I'll pay you this little one not two weeks I go to and close."

"No you won't, either," said the man. "You take it to with you."

Jim set the screaming child down on the floor while he made his toilet. "Confound it!" He tore his new tie with rage.

"Hush, you beast!" Jim is pelted for his pains. "Oh, my sentiment. This is dead bad!"

"Jim!" cried his friend from the next room. "Can't you make it hush? Mother is in a new house!"

"I wish to goodness I did know how they do stop them up! Does take that woman? Where was she lost? Go off my shoes!" to the helpless baby. He pulled off the shoes and rolled it on its back. "There dove! It's fallen on my coat!"

He contrived to beat up the different articles of attire on which the baby seemed to have a special faculty of falling, while it screamed so that it made his ears ring and his head ache.

"I declare this thing is enough to run one mad!"

At last he was dressed and convulsed out. "Go back, sir, and get that child," said the dressing room keeper.

"I won't," said Jim. "I'm not going to lug it to town."

"You shan't leave it here. I'll call a policeman and have you arrested if you don't take it right up and get away from here."

Remembering his late encounter with that official, Jim sullenly obeyed.

When they learned that he had to take it with him to town his companions all forsook him and fled.

In his disguised state the little creature was most inconsistent to his good clothes. The angry Jim grumbled and swore and tried to hold it at arm's length, and so nearly let it fall. And then he started a running fire of comments from the bystanders.

"You'd ought that child falling with it this way," said one.

"Left the mother" cried another. "The poor innocent" as the baby began to cry aloud.

"It's all very well for you to talk that way," retorted angry Jim, "but none of you would do any better in my place."

"Sure, I doubt of that myself at an early, the spectator" cried an old Irish woman. "Shame, the creature is cold! Here, I'll give you my child shawl," and removing a faded scarlet affair of wool from her person she proceeded to wrap the waif in it.

"Couldn't you just take it to town with you, ma'am?" suggested Jim. "You have so much more experience in the handling of this sort of article than I have."

"No, indeed! Never a bit will I fetch it! Off away from here, you young ourlpson!"

She shook her fist at him, and Jim retreated.

No sooner was he on the boat than Jim deposited his charge on a sofa in the cabin, and hid himself in a remote part of the steamer. But one of the boat officials soon hunted him up.

"How dare you, you unnatural fellow, desert your baby?"

"It's not my baby," cried the indignant Jim.

"How not yours, when you brought it on the boat?"

"I—I—"

"Don't lie to me. Go this instant and get it, or I'll have you arrested when we reach town."

The wretched Jim was forced to obey, and receive his hated look amid the jeers and jokes of the passengers who had been his fellow brothers on the beach.

By this time the escaped baby had become uncomfortable. It screamed with rage, and, refusing to sit down, stiffened itself so that it slid off his knee. The wrathful young man was ready by the time to throw it overboard.

"Lordies," said he, turning to a group of feminine near him, "for God's sake take this child and make it hush, for I can't."

"Sho!" cried one laughingly; the others muttered with a stony stare.

Turning from this stiff upper crust, he appealed to a motherly looking Irish woman.

"Faith an' be jabbers, no," she answered promptly. "Don't play off your tricks on me, young man."

Then the hapless Jim addressed a stout Dutch woman, but her husband replied for she could.

"Donner an' blitz," he growled. "Dey gnoo dem bane your" and he measured him with his chest fat.

While Jim had been absent on this begging tour some one had appropriated his seat, so he now paraded disconsolately about, every one whom he approached shouting or peering him.

Suddenly some one touched his arm, and turning he saw a young lady in deep mourning.

"Here, let me hold your baby for you," said she.

"Oh, thank you, madam; God bless you," cried the wretched Jim.

She made room for him on the seat beside her.

"Mind, Gertrude," said a lady on the side of her, "he may run off and leave you in the lurch."

"No, I expect not," said the lady, laughing. She took the hapless baby, and as she sat it on her lap, to Jim's astonishment it ceased crying. "Poor little creature!" said she, wiping its tear stained face with her handkerchief. Then she tried to straighten out its clothes. "Why, it's wringing wet!"

Jim hastily explained the situation.

"How scandalous! I heard there were laughing about it," nodding toward a group watching them.

"Yes, the wretches! I feel like fighting the whole lot."

"This child is hungry," and opening her lunch basket the lady took out a piece of soft bread, and fed it to the baby with the remainder of a bottle of milk too.

This conducted the wet baby to look about, and its joy was complete when its handsome gave it a chicken bone to suck, after getting Jim to arrange it clean with his pocket knife. Its happiness began to coo, and its new friend replied to its remarks in baby talk.

"You certainly know all about babies," said the delighted Jim.

"I've had mine, and the remembrance of my darling makes my heart go out to all other babies," she said to his sense. He held it gingerly, and then took his way over the gangway to the elevated road.

After some thought he determined to go home and let his mother arrange with some charitable institute for its reception the next day.

The horror of his parents when the young man came on them with his strange burden language fails to depict.

"Why, Jim!" ejaculated his mother.

"You young dog," muttered his father.

"Poor lamb," cried his mother, as he surreptitiously laid his baby.

"Well, who would have thought you such a fool!" said his father.

"Don't speak of it!" said Jim. "But this is a lesson to me. I'll never touch another baby as long as I live."

"Come, come," cried his mother, "make no rash promises."

She now took the waif in hand and fed it off comfortable for the night. The next day a sick and continuous frolic million and finding the story determined to adopt the baby. For her husband good pay for it.

The sore of his parents when the young man came on them with his strange burden language fails to depict.

"Why, Jim!" ejaculated his mother.

"You young dog," muttered his father.

"Poor lamb," cried his mother, as he surreptitiously laid his baby.

"Well, who would have thought you such a fool!" said his father.

"Don't speak of it!" said Jim. "But this is a lesson to me. I'll never touch another baby as long as I live."

"Come, come," cried his mother, "make no rash promises."

She now took the waif in hand and fed it off comfortable for the night. The next day a sick and continuous frolic million and finding the story determined to adopt the baby. For her husband good pay for it.

"Jim was years age. The waif is now a tall girl in her teens, and very pretty. Jim is still unmarried, is still called a young man. And he now takes a little interest in the waif.—Paul Grant in Atlanta Constitution.

Infants have a spontaneous horror of the dark. Nurses know it well. They look out with beginning eyes, but with a terrified look seeking contact. It is a condition instinctive to surround those with not, and to the thousand cries of the nursery, and it is an important item not to be a fully when the hands come to contact with a new sensation.

It pays to buy the cheap, for lasting entirely two months is spoken of a thousand personals for knowing. This lasting notion is not only cheaper, but it is due and is highly women, and therefore better adapted to its purpose than thread that is better made and costs the cents a spool of the parts. It is not do for say other purposes.—Exchange.

The Ways of Women.

A richly but not overdressed woman a day or two ago entered a well filled Fourth avenue car, and without so much as a look dropped into a seat as entered for her by a man who on rising had politely asked to that.

The woman's behavior was so markedly ungracious that the other occupants of the car smiled broadly at the victim of misplaced politeness, who did not fail to notice that he was being laughed at.

Turning to the lady and once more raising his hat, he said, "Pardon me, madam, but did I move my gloves on the seat?"

The woman stood up to look for the missing handgear and the man did himself adjoins into the seat. The laughter which followed was not participated in by the women, and she left the car at the next block.

"Take my seat, madam," said a man to a woman on another occasion under similar circumstances.

"Thanks, no. I saw the car was more than full when I stopped it to get on and I expected to stand. I have no right to deprive you of your seat, and I won't do it."

This little speech was followed by a lock of blank amazement on the part of the other passengers.—New York Times.

Mountains of Bones.

Prodigious as most have been the number of organisms whose remains form the great chalk deposits found all over the world, yet these are only as a single grain of sand on the seashore when compared with the vast accumulation of fossil infusoria. In spite of the extreme minuteness of these forbidding forms, the stratified rocks, forming a large portion of the crust of the earth, are made up almost entirely from their shells and skeletons. They form great mountain ranges in different portions of the globe.

Even the siliceous rocks, called tripoli, are shown by the microscope to be composed of the carapaces of tiny animalcules, that are dissolved when from its solution in water in the same way that the carbonate of lime was secreted by the organisms whose remains composed the strata of chalk. These siliceous animals belonged principally to the family bacillaria, and their skeletons are so perfectly preserved that they can be identified and compared with the bacillaria of the present day.—Boston Telegraph.

The News Editor's Nemesis.

"Years ago," said a news editor, "I used to have on my list a correspondent at Valparaiso. He would send reports of church socials by wire, and we couldn't shut him off. One day a stone down in his place turned. The loss proved to be about $5,000. He began sending bulletins as soon as the fire broke out, and kept it up every ten minutes till the last spark of the conflagration was out. We tried to choke him off, but he couldn't be suppressed. There are two persons on earth whom I would like to meet some time when I am feeling real well and strong. They are that correspondent and the man who sold me a fountain pen."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Way back in Morse's Geography the thing generation is informed that a certain town contained "400 houses and 4,000 inhabitants, all standing with their gable ends to the street."

BURNS or SCALDS are cured by F. Jacobs Oil used according to DIRECTIONS with each Bottle, also SORE THROAT, WOUNDS, CUTS, SWELLINGS. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

F. S. RICHARDS. J. H. MOYLE.
RICHARDS & MOYLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Office in Constitution Building, 38 S. MAIN STREET, SALT LAKE CITY

S. W. DARKE,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR.
Hooper Block, - Salt Lake City.

JOHN M. CANNON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Rooms 327 & 29, Third Floor, Constitution

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

DR. E. S. WRIGHT,
OFFICE: Constitution Building.
RESIDENCE: 400 E. First South. Telephone 37.

CHARLES M. CANNON,
SURGEON-DENTIST.
Rooms 400 and 401, Constitution Building.

A. C. MACLEAN, M. D.
Residence: 35 E. Second South and West Temple. Office: Rooms 1 and 2, Dr. Ellis' Building, 12 Main St. Office hours: 10 to 12 m., 2 to 4 p. m.

HENRY WAGNER
—SALT LAKE CITY.—
CALIFORNIA BREWERY.
LAGER BEER, ALE & PORTER.
Wholesale & Retail.
NO. EAST EIGHT SOUTH STREET.

HOUSE MOVERS AND RAISERS.
EXPERIENCE, PRACTICAL AND REASONABLE. Have moved most of Salt Lake City. Buildings moved or raised and damaged the least possible. Also have moved and raised most all the brick buildings in Ogden. Will move any building in Utah. Office, 1 Exchange Place, Salt Lake City. Address, P. O. Box 1,121. Telephone 1,121. HYATT & MOYLE, Proprietors. CHAS. S. HYATT, Manager. JOS. MOYLE, Foreman.

UTAH BOOK & STATIONERY CO.
D. M. WALLISTER, MANAGER
HAMMOCKS, CROQUET SETS.
BOOKS & STATIONERY, SCHOOL BOOKS, PERIODICALS, MORMON PUBLICATIONS, OFFICE SUPPLIES, RETAIL & WHOLESALE.
MAIN ST. SALT LAKE CITY.

FOR SALE BY
Z. C. M. I., Sole Agents in Salt Lake City

BY ∴ ORDER ∴ OF ∴ THE ∴ CREDITORS

I Have Re-Marked the Entire Stock of DRY GOODS and GENTS' FURNISHINGS,

So as to bring on the average about

45 CENTS ON DOLLAR

Of the ORIGINAL WHOLESALE COST, and I will commence the

SALE on MONDAY, April 20, 1891,

So as to FORCE the DISPOSITION of the Goods at an early date, and I will also here state that I will entertain BONA FIDE OFFERS for PART or the WHOLE STOCK. Do not for a moment be led to believe that this stock is not as good or as new as are the goods in other stores here, for on the contrary your other stores have goods that have been on their shelves for many years, whereas this stock has been bought within the last two seasons, with a view of catering to the very best trade, and is therefore the most desirable stock in the city. For the benefit of THIS SALE I have added the ENTIRE RESERVE STOCK from the Ware Room, which will INVOICE between $50,000 and $60,000, and would therefore state that it is to your interest not to delay the purchases of your SPRING and SUMMER GOODS, and it will even more than pay you to buy enough Staple Goods to last you for the next two years to come. In making purchases of $50 and upwards I will give you an extra discount of 6 per cent. cash from the present VERY LOW QUOTATIONS; and if you are a Merchant wishing to buy a large amount of goods, I will MAKE YOU SPECIAL PRICES.

Everything that I advertise will be found to stock as represented.

This sale will continue as now advertised until the final disposition is made and so announced through the daily papers.

LOUIS LEDERER, Assignee.
205 and 207 Main Street, - - - Wasatch Block.

FRASER & CHALMERS, CHICAGO.
L. C. TRENT, General Western Manager, Salt Lake City, Utah, Helena, Montana
MINING MACHINERY,
JIDGERWOOD HOISTING ENGINES,
ELECTRIC MOTORS
Electric Light Plants,
ENGINES, BOILERS, ELEVATORS, SAW MILLS, LOCOMOTIVES, STEAM MOTORS.

AGENTS WANTED.
OUR AGENTS MAKE $100 TO $200 A MONTH.
SELLING OUR GOODS ON THEIR MERITS. WE WANT COUNTY AND GENERAL Agents and will take back anything sold if a county agent fails to clear $100 and expenses after a thirty day trial, or a general agent fails to clear $200. We furnish horses and vehicles with a special offer to both actually applied for, on receipt of a satisfactory change. Address, Bemis Manufacturing Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

For BINDERS and PRINTERS.
THE EAGLE ELASTIC TABLETING COMPOSITION, THE FINEST article in the world for making the strongest, most elastic, durable and handsome binding for Bill Heads, Statements, Railroad Blanks, etc. At least one-half cheaper than the old method of covering the edges with colored paper. Has no offensive or unhealthy odor, and one pound will do more than two pounds of any of the liquid preparations, at much less cost. Put up in two-pound boxes and sold at Manufacturers' prices, 45 Cents per pound at the
DESERET · NEWS · OFFICE.

Another Suicide !!
HIGH PRICES DEAD!!!
The SALT LAKE EQUITABLE CO-OP. on Market Row, are Selling SHOES and SLIPPERS Lower than any house in this city. When you want BARGAINS go to the
Salt Lake Equitable Co-op.
30 and 32 MARKET ROW.

RATHBONE, SARD & CO.
ALBANY · CHICAGO · DETROIT · CO.
ACORN STOVES AND RANGES
Sold Exclusively by THE UTAH STOVE & HARDWARE CO., 39 and 41 E. First South St.

-(32)- THE ∴ BOYS! -(34)-
JOHNSON, PRATT & CO.
Carry Everything in the DRUG Line,
"FROM A NEEDLE TO A THRESHING MACHINE." CALL ON THEM FOR YOUR DRUG SUPPLIES.
FINE ∴ WINES ∴ LIQUORS ∴ AND ∴ CIGARS.
-(MAIN)- THEY WILL TREAT YOU RIGHT. -(STREET.)-

TEASDEL'S
GRAND CASH CLEARING SALE!
25 ⁘ OFF
—ON ALL—
Spring and Summer
CLOTHING,
STRAW · HATS,
DUSTERS,
BOOTS and SHOES,
FOR TWO WEEKS
—AT—
TEASDEL'S.

MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK.
January 1st, 1891. Cash Assets, - - - $12,010,093.60.
Among many of the prominent gentlemen who are policy-holders in the Manhattan Life Insurance Co. are the following:
Hon. B. Harrison, Pres. U. S. | Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, N. Y. | Hon. J. Sloane, N. Y. | Hon. Chas. Foster, Ohio | Hon. Levi P. Morton, N. Y. | Hon. Wm. Windom, Minn. | Hon. Chas. Emory Smith, Pa. | Hon. Wm. Walter Phelps, N. J. | Hon. Wm. Pitt Fessenden, Me. | Hon. Jas. G. Blaine, Me. | Hon. Chas. Devens, Mass. | Hon. Stephen B. Elkins, W. Va. | Hon. Wm. Lindsay, Ky. | Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, Mass. | Hon. Henry Clay Lord, Mass. | Hon. Jas. Phelps, Conn. | Hon. Chas. Dick, Ohio | Hon. Jas. Pollock, N. J. | Hon. Jas. Dolliver, Iowa | Hon. Jas. Wilson, Iowa | Hon. Jas. Kennedy, Ohio | Hon. Jas. Shaw, Iowa | Hon. Jas. Hamilton, Ohio | Hon. Jas. Pierce, Ogden | Hon. Jas. Sharp, Mich. | Hon. Jas. Sherman, N. Y. | Hon. Jas. Hogg, Texas | Hon. Jas. Pierce, Idaho