# DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Published every day except Sunday at 4 p.m. Subscription price, in advance, $10.00 per year, $1.00 per month, 25 cents per week, postpaid or delivered by carrier.

DESERET SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS

Published every Tuesday and Friday. Subscription price, in advance, per year, $3.00; six months $1.50; three months, $1.00; postpaid or delivered by carrier.

THE DESERET WEEKLY

A 32 to 40 page Magazine, the cheapest and best in the country, specially valuable as a record of current history. Price, per volume of 26 numbers, $1.50; per year, $2.50, mailed.


## NO HOPE FOR ENGLISH LITERATURE.

At the Scraibs' club las' night we all discussed a cure
"For the deplorable state of English lit'rature."
"The stuff there's writ for folks," I said, "don't serve 'em as' delight 'em,
Because the folks who write the things don't know enough to write 'em.

"The folks who write, they stuff their heads to seem big cyclopedy,
Which ain't no place for mental food to feed the poor an' needy;
They're hustlin' on an early shelf, like poor ol' Mother Hubbard,
An' go right by the open door of Mother Nature's cupboard.

"They crawl into some library far from the world's inspection,
Bury themselves in books beyond all hope of resurrection,
They cry out from their tombs, in which no sun and star can glisten,
An' weep because the livin' won't don't for no time to listen."

Then Editor Pettengell he asked: "Can you suggest a cure
For the deplorable state of English lit'rature?"
"Ain't none; our authors' ignorance is far too dark for lightin',
While we who know enough to write hain't got no time for writin'."

—S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

## A WIFE WORTH HAVING.

The old ship Vincent seemed to be one of those craft that, according to the theory of sailors, are doomed to ill fate. James Marshall, a young man from Newport, R. I., had been her captain for five years, and during that time she had been twice "knocked down;" once had she carried away her foremast, and at the time of which we write the old ship was docked at Liverpool undergoing repairs from a serious damage she had received during a heavy gale in St. George's channel, but in all these mishaps the owners had been forced to acknowledge that the young captain was entirely free from blame, while, on the other hand, he had made better "time" in his trips than any other master had ever been able to get out of her.

The last damage which the Vincent received proved to be the occasion of the dawning of a new era in the life of Capt. Marshall, for while waiting in Liverpool for his ship to be repaired he fell in with a blooming New England girl named Emma Ramsey, the eldest daughter of the agent who did the business for the Vincent's owners, and ere long they discovered that between them there existed a peculiar feeling of mutual love. Capt. Marshall popped the delicate question, Emma consulted with her papa, and at length she consented to become Mrs. Marshall. It was a happy day for all parties when the marriage took place, for from the known characters of the bridegroom and his beautiful bride all felt sure that the match would prove one of peace and content.

The Vincent was once more ready for sea. Her cargo was all on board, and shipped for Boston, and Emma had resolved to accompany her husband to the United States. For a number of days the weather was pleasant, and the wind was fair, while Capt. Marshall felt himself supremely happy in the delightful company of his wife. The old sailors shook their heads as they saw the gentle Emma pacing the deck, and they very mysteriously asserted that "such pleasures couldn't always last," and so indeed, it proved; for at the close of a pleasant day, when they were within three or four days' sail of their destined port, things began to look anything but agreeable. Away to the south'rd and east'rd the horizon began to assume a sort of inky blackness, with here and there a ghastlike, livid spot, while on all hands the heavens had changed their ethereal blue for a cast of deeper and more fearful import.

Capt. Marshall felt as he had never felt before on the approach of a storm. For himself, for his ship, he had no thought then. There was one on board who engrossed his every sympathy—for his young wife he felt a degree of intense anxiety that was painful; but he forgot not his duty, and with comparative calmness he set about it. The courses were hauled up and snugly furled, the lighter sails taken in, and the lofty yards and topgallant masts sent on deck, and the three topsails close reefed.

Long before the sun went down the undulating ocean had assumed almost the blackness of night, and not many moments elapsed after the spars had been secured upon the deck ere the storm burst upon the ship. It was a regular southeaster, and those who have encountered one of these storms in the gulf know something of their power. Higher and higher rose the mighty tempest, until at length it was found necessary to take in the topsails and trust to the fore and main storm staysails and a balance reefed spanker. In this way the ship lay to till morning, the gale increasing every hour.

Capt. Marshall trusted that when the sun rose on the next day the storm would abate, but in this he was disappointed, for a part of the forenoon he was actually obliged to scud before it. It was not until two staysails had been torn from their bolt ropes that he fully explained his anticipations and the extent of his fears to his wife.

"Emma," said he, "I wish I had not brought you with me."

"Why so?" she asked, as she gazed up into her husband's face with apparent astonishment.

"Why so? Do you not comprehend our danger?"

"But the ship does not leak, does it?" returned Emma with remarkable coolness.

"No."

"Then let us not fear the storm. I was born upon the Atlantic, and I feel that I can yet trust to my native element."

The captain was astonished at this trait in his wife's character, and clasping her in his arms he felt his own soul swelling with a new life.

"Emma," he said, as he gazed more affectionately than ever into her face, "my heaviest fears are passed. For you alone have I feared the most; now I can calmly tell you wherein lies our danger. This storm has driven us far out of our course, and twice have we been scudding before it. I fear that the coast of Maine cannot be far to the leeward, and of that coast I know nothing save what I may gather from my chart. For us to lay to is next to impossible. The storm has rendered our stay sails useless, and I have been obliged to set the close reefed maintopsail, but she cannot hold it long."

"My husband," returned Emma, "though you may know nothing of the coast of Maine, yet there are but few spots along her rugged shores that are not as playgrounds to me. My father was for years a surveyor of her islands and harbors, and I was his constant companion. To me her cliffs and inlets present nothing that can alarm me."

Hardly had she ceased speaking when a sharp crack like the report of a pistol sounded from aloft, followed by a tearing and crashing that started the captain to his feet.

"The main topsail has gone!" he exclaimed, and immediately he sprang upon the deck.

Again the ship was put before the gale, and for several moments Capt. Marshall was undecided what to do. While in this quandary he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and on turning he beheld his wife. She had a "sou'wester" upon her head and a peajacket buttoned closely about her.

"What is the matter, James?" she said.

The husband explained his perplexity.

A strange look of fearlessness and confidence rested upon that fair woman's face, and looking for a moment at the compass she said:

"We head due northwest. Station a trusty lookout in the foretop, and let the ship stand on!"

Capt. Marshall felt at that moment as though an angel had been sent to pilot him to a haven of rest. Whence arose the feeling he knew not, but instinctively he obeyed. Fearful and loud roared the mighty storm, on dashed the riven ship, but all fearless and composed stood the heroic woman upon the quarter deck, and the hardy seamen as they gazed upon her felt that what daunted not a woman should not daunt them.

"Land, ho!" came from the foretop.

In three minutes more, as the ship rose upon the bosom of a giant sea, the land was made out upon the deck, bearing about two points on the larboard bow. Emma caught sight of it, and seizing a glass at the next swell she discovered a lighthouse upon its summit. Then she turned her glass over the starboard beam, and in a moment she exclaimed:

"There are the Bantam Ledges. The land on the larboard bow is Seguin, and beyond I can see Cape Small Point. James," she continued as she gazed into her husband's face with a look all made up of conscious power, "if you will drop your foretopsail I will take you into the Kennebec!"

For a moment Capt. Marshall hardly credited the evidence of his own senses, but one look into the calm, radiant features of his wife determined him, and in five minutes the foretopsail was clewed home.

Emma Marshall seized the spanker out haul and sprang upon the wheelhouse, and calm as the falling of the summer's dew fell her orders to the man at the wheel. The island Seguin was cleared in safety, the ship bowled fearlessly by the foam dashed rocks, and ere long her bows cleft the smoother waters of the noble Kennebec. All danger was past. Though the storm still raged, yet the old Vincent rode at anchor, and the howling tempest could harm her no more. Confidence was restored to the hardy crew.

Emma Marshall descended from her station and sought her cabin. Her rough habiliments were thrown aside, and ere long she reappeared in all the modesty and beauty of her native grace. Capt. Marshall pressed her to his bosom, and at that moment the hardy seamen waved their hats high above their uncovered heads, while a prolonged shout of joy and gratitude went forth from their relieved souls. They had been saved from the terrible coast storm, and from the bottom of their hearts they confessed Emma Marshall was A Wife Worth Having.—Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., in Yankee Blade.

### Yankee Dispatch.

One day I made some reference to the clumsy and long-drawn-out way in which the Russian guns were taken up to the front. True, the roads were frightful, the mud being beyond all description, but I ventured to suggest that the progress of that artillery was, in many instances, lamentably slow.

"Wal," said the American, in broad Yankee twang, "I think you're right. They've been at it for months and there's very little promise of increasing speed. How long, now, do you think it would take Britishers to accomplish the same end?"

Actually, I had not the slightest idea, but I was not going to collapse before my Yankee interrogator, so I suggested, as an improvement on the existing state of affairs, that it would take us, say about a fortnight or three weeks. "By the way," I continued, "how long do you think it would take the Americans to achieve a similar result?"

"Americans! Oh, that's a very different kettle o' fish! Americans!" and with this he took out his watch, and glanced at it several times in meditative silence. "The Americans! Wal, I should say, as near as I can calculate, somewhere between twenty-five minutes and half an hour," and with this he turned on his heel with a self-satisfied air, leaving me to digest the comparison.

### Artificial Pearls.

The imitation pearls receive their luster from an animal product, the scales of a small fish found in the Mediterranean. It is called the bleak fish, and when caught its scales are stripped off, and by a secret process the iridescent property extracted and reserved for use. At first it was applied to the outside of the glass, but finding it soon wore off a method was devised of applying it to the inside of the tiny glass spheres through an orifice that is afterward sealed. The artificial pearls thus have all the luster of the genuine article, besides a certain brilliancy that makes them even prettier. But they are not pearls, and have never attained much popularity.

### Dr. Schliemann.

Heinrich Schliemann was undoubtedly one of the greatest men of his time, and one of the greatest linguists the world has ever produced. If the next person who writes a book for young people—one to aid them in their struggle upward—will select the life of the great archaeological explorer he cannot find a more inspiring theme.

Dr. Schliemann felt within himself as a boy the power to master many languages. The son of a German Lutheran clergyman, he began his scholarly preparations early. When he was ten years old he read Greek history and Homer's poems so eagerly that his family said proudly, "Heinrich will be a great professor." When he was thirteen the Schliemanns lost all their money, and the professor that was to be had to go to work in a grocery, toiling seventeen hours a day. After five years of this he strained his back one day, and could no longer lift heavy boxes of sugar. Then his master discharged him. He enlisted as a sailor, but was shipwrecked, and found his way to Amsterdam in a Dutch ship. He was very ill, and was sent to a hospital. Before he was able to walk steadily he applied for work and found a place as errand boy in a large mercantile house. Here he had some little leisure, and here he began to study as though the world was coming to an end in a few years and he had to learn all there was to be known in that time.

In two years he became a master linguist, speaking and writing all the modern European languages. Then his firm sent him to trade for them at St. Petersburg, for a correspondent and salesman who could speak Russian was a rare treasure. At St. Petersburg he went into trade on his own account. By the time he was 41 years old he was able to retire with a modest fortune.

Did he grub and dig all the rest of his life to make it larger? No. It was then the real purpose of his life came out. If there be truth in the doctrine of the reincarnation of souls, then Schliemann was an ancient Greek born into the body of a modern German. He began the location and exploration of the ruins of Troy and other classic localities, and the rest all the world knows. But the iron tenacity with which he held to his purpose from boyhood brought him his splendid success at last.

### Beneficial Trusts.

Can a trust, one of the real business combinations, be useful to men instead of hurtful? The Philadelphia Ledger thinks it might be, and indicates how in the following paragraph:

[illegible]

### Lessons from the Army.

In the army, with its vague and few and distant rewards, there may be and there are rivalries in devotion and daring, but there is no competition for place and money as there is in civil life; and yet the soldiers' ideal being duty, the performance of duty seems sufficient. It is a state of things which can suggest much to those who are fond of baffling the hope of better things in us with the assertion that it is contrary to human nature to act from any but interested and selfish motives. Human nature is a great mystery, and we have not yet begun to solve it, but it appears that a number of men drawn at random from society, and trained to a belief in duty as the chief good, will keep on not only living it but dying it.

We civilians talk much, we almost talk solely of our rights, but in the army it seems that men talk chiefly of their duties, when they talk at all, and never of their rights. These things are true of all ranks; the ideal is the same from the private to the general, and it seems to correct all the mistaken tendencies of the time before they became soldiers.—William Dean Howells in Harper's.

### The Little Men of Africa.

As a rough mode of estimating their height any person 5 feet 6 inches high could use a crutch which would be within an inch of the exact standard of the adult male or female pigmies. But the dwarfs, like ordinary humanity, vary considerably in height. We have measured a few who were only 33 inches high, and the tallest of the unadulterated specimens that we met would not exceed 4 feet 4 inches.

As they advanced toward us through the camp we often thought that the scouts had only captured a lot of children, but a nearer view would show full grown women with well developed breasts, who had clearly experienced the troubles of maternity, or adult males well advanced beyond the twenties. The Zanzibari boys of 14 and 15 years would often range themselves alongside of the men to measure themselves, and would mark with loud laughter their pleasure at the discovery that there were fathers of families in existence not so tall as they.—Henry M. Stanley in Scribner's.

The most agreeable way of getting information is by conversation. If you talk with a well informed person, who can express clearly his ideas on any subject in which you are interested, you can ask questions, you can have explanations, you can go over the subject until you thoroughly understand it, and searching out in this way, in the mind of another, a thing which you earnestly desire to know, you are more likely to remember it and to profit by it. This is why a competent teacher is better than any text book. Besides, talk inspires both the speaker and the listener—the one becomes more eager to know and the other more eager to communicate.—Charles Dudley Warner in St. Nicholas.


# CATARRH

Is a constitutional and not a local disease, and therefore it cannot be cured by local applications. It requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, working through the blood, eradicates the impurity which causes and promotes the disease, and effects a permanent cure. Thousands of people testify to the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh when other preparations had failed.

Stuffed-Up Feeling.

"I will say I have been troubled for several years with that terribly disagreeable disease, catarrh. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla with the very best results. It cured me of that continual dropping in my throat, and stuffed up feeling. It has also helped my mother, who has taken it for run down state of health and kidney trouble." MRS. S. D. HEATH, Putnam, Conn.

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

**100 Doses One Dollar**

L. WOLFF MFG. CO.

FINE BATHROOM OUTFITS.

Sanitary Specialties — Bath Tubs, Lavatories, Water Closets, Kitchen Sinks, Laundry Tubs. All the latest designs and most modern devices.

Catalogue of which the Chas. Riley Furnished to all interested.

GENERAL OFFICES: 93 West Lake Street. EXHIBIT DEPARTMENT: 78 Dearborn Street. FACTORIES: 95-113 West Lake Street.

CHICAGO, ILL.

SCHULTZ & HIRSCH

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Feathers and Feather Pillows.

MANUFACTURERS OF

COMFORTERS & MATTRESSES.

JOBBERS IN

Curled Hair, Moss, Wool, Excelsior, Tow, Ticking, Etc.

[illegible] Desplaines St., Chicago

Down With High Prices. This SEWING MACHINE ONLY $10

[illegible]

# Star Horse Nails

Polished or Blued.

Have been sold by Z. C. M. I. for over 15 years. They are the Best Nails Made, and guaranteed to give the best of satisfaction. Will hold a shoe on longer than any other.

MADE BY THE

UNION HORSE NAIL CO.,

Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE BY Z. C. M. I. AND BRANCH STORES

THE

Thomson & Taylor Spice Co.,

Importers and Manufacturers of the

FINEST SPICES

AND

FLAVORING EXTRACTS

KNOWN TO THE TRADE.

Proprietors of the Famous Brand of

RED CROSS LYE.

30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 So. Water Street,

CHICAGO.

GUNPOWDER.

[illegible]

HAZARD'S "Kentucky Rifle."
HAZARD'S "Trap Shooting."
HAZARD'S "Duck Shooting."
HAZARD'S "Mining and Blasting."
HAZARD'S brands, the most reliable in the market.

MANUFACTURED BY

THE HAZARD POWDER COMPANY,

Hazardville, Conn.

Represented in Utah by J. W. [illegible] & Co., Agents. Send for diagram card showing sizes.

PLEASE REMEMBER

That we still Carry a Complete Line of

Disstons' Celebrated Saws,

Consisting in Part of

Cross Cut, Drag, Cut Mill, Upright, Mill, Hand, Rip, Panel, Tenon, Pruning, Compass, Butcher, Cook, Keyhole, Etc., also

Circular, both Solid & Chisel Point Teeth And "TRIUMPH."

For Felling Trees with, and are Selling at LOWER PRICES THAN EVER!

Also a Full Stock of their

Renowned RASPS & FILES always on hand

Z. C. M. I.

SAPONIFIER

[illegible] SAPONIFIER [illegible] Penn'a Salt Manf'g Co., Philadelphia.

A. O. [illegible] J. S. DUNCAN

GEO. DUNCAN & SONS,

Manufacturers of

Fine Crystal and Colored Glass Table Ware, Bar Goods, Jars, Lamps, Etc.

10th Street, S.S. PITTSBURGH, PA.

For Sale by Z. C. M. I., and dealers generally.


## Deseret News' Agents.

The following are authorized Agents for the Deseret News in their respective towns:

[illegible]


# F. AUERBACH & BRO.

GRAND SEMI-ANNUAL

# UNDERWEAR SALE

Ladies, why stitch, stitch, stitch; crook your back and invite disease, when you can buy your own and children's well-made and perfect-fitting MUSLIN UNDERWEAR at the cost of the material.

OVER 1000 DOZEN

Of Nightgowns, Chemises, Drawers, Skirts, Corset Covers, Aprons, Children's Slips, Gingham Dresses, Infants' White Dresses, Children's Drawers, etc., etc., at the uniform price of 25c., 50c., 75c., $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50 each.

CONDITIONS OF SALE:

Only three Garments of each kind and price, viz: three each Nightgowns, Chemises, Skirts, etc., etc., at 25c., 50c., 75c., $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50 will be sold to one customer. At 15c and 35c. each we could only secure a part of our usual lots, which will be for sale under the counter of our

*NEW NOISELESS PACKAGE CARRIER SYSTEM!*

The first introduced in Utah, avoiding the running to and fro of cash-boys. Come and see it, and convince yourself that we lead in all improvements as well as low prices!

REMEMBER.

These goods can only be secured during the dull season, for spot cash, and this sale cannot be repeated before July or August next. Come in the forenoon and avoid the crush.

To Make Room for Spring Goods, our Great CLEARANCE SALE

WILL BE CONTINUED.

All of our Silks, Faille Francaise, Brocades, Armures, Royal Surahs, Satins, India and Novelty Silks at cost and below cost. Priestly celebrated Black Goods, at cost and below cost.

All of our Pattern Dress Goods, Ladies' Cloths, Cashmeres etc., etc., at cost and below cost. All our Table Towelings, etc., etc., at cost and below cost.

French and English Flannels, Outing Cloth, etc., at cost and below cost.

Bargains in the Domestic Department to astonish you.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Cloaks and Suits at cost and below cost.

Ladies' Waists, Skirts, Furs, Fascinators, etc., at cost and below cost.

Stylish Trimmings, Laces, etc., at cost and below cost.

All Wool and Merino Underwear at cost and below cost.

Ladies' and Children's Hose, Mittens and Gloves at cost and below cost.

CHILDREN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING.

Overcoats, Mothers' Friend Waists, Underwear, Gents' Underwear, Neckwear, White Shirts and Overcoats at cost and below cost.

Blankets and Quilts to clear out less than cost. Carpets, Linoleums, Rugs, Shades, etc., at reduced prices.

COME ONE, COME ALL. ONE PRICE TO ALL.

MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

# F. AUERBACH & BRO.

FRASER & CHALMERS,

CHICAGO.

L. C. TRENT, General Western Manager, } Salt Lake City, Utah, Helena, Montana.

MINING MACHINERY,

LIDGERWOOD HOISTING ENGINES,

ELECTRIC MOTORS

Electric Light Plants,

ENGINES, BOILERS, ELEVATORS, SAW MILLS,

LOCOMOTIVES, STEAM MOTORS.

# DAVID JAMES & CO.

TINNERS

Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters

DEALERS IN

*Plumbing Material, Pumps, Pipe and Fittings, Steam Heating Supplies, Tin and Iron Roofing, Galvanized Iron Cornice, Guttering, Etc.*

GARDEN HOSE AND LAWN SPRINKLERS

No. 67 S. MAIN STREET.