

# DESERET EVENING NEWS

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GEORGE C. CANNON, EDITOR.

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THE NEWS BOOK & JOB PRINTING OFFICE

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BREVITIES.

Pope Pius IX saves himself and plays excellently upon the violincello.

A young lady must make a hit if she dislikes to be a miss.

A Minnesota editor weighs 642 pounds. A heavy writer surely.

An honest man is believed without an oath, for his reputation swear's for him.

There were not righteous people enough in Sodom to save it, but there was a pretty good lot.

To write well we require to feel truly, but not heart-breakingly. Real grief is a foe to intellectual fertility.

"I am not denying that women are foolish," said Mrs. Pooyer. God Almighty made 'em to match the men."

"Boy, did you let off that gun?" exclaimed an enraged schoolmaster. "Yes, Sir!" "Well, what do you think I ought to do with you?" "Why, let me off."

A company at Salem, Massachusetts, manufactures 4,000,000 yards of sheetings and jeans each month, giving labor to 1,250 hands.

The English Jockey, Fordham, realizes \$4,000 a year by riding the horses of heavy owners, and keeps a valet to whom he is a hero—in spite of the proverb.

Horse flesh is not likely to become popular in England, because the women compare it to cat's meat, and the men say it tastes as a saddle-sore. Still, being fashionable in France, there are hopes.

A noted Mexican bandit, who was recently shot, expressed his perfect willingness to die, as the business was so crowded that he could no longer make a living.

An old resident of Vermont, ninety-seven years old, wears a coat, the cloth of which was woven one hundred and thirty years ago, and is in a tolerable state of preservation yet.

A story is told of the late Lord Brougham and his mother. The old lady's servant invariably, when accused of breaking anything, replied, "Sure, ma'am it was crackit before;" and one day, when little Harry fell down stairs, and his mother shouted, "Oh, boy, is your head broke?" "Na, na, mother," said the young genius, "it was crackit before."

If a steel pen is hard and obstinate, refuses to yield when pressed, and annoys by its rigidity, hold it half a minute or less in the flame of a gaslight or candle, and stick it into water, oil, or tallow. In most instances it will cure the rigidity. In fact, it is a good practice to pass a steel pen through the flames before using it. This burns off the oil used in tempering, and prevents that slipping of the ink, or the refusal to flow, generally noticeable in all new steel pens.

A clergyman who enjoys the substantial benefits of a fine farm, was slightly taken down a few days ago by his iron ploughman, who was sitting on his plow in a tobacco field. The reverend gentleman being an economist, said with great seriousness:

"John wouldn't it be a good plan for you to have a stub scythe and be cutting a few bushes along the fence while the horse is resting a short time?"

John, with quite as serious a countenance, said:

"See here, wouldn't it be well, sir, for you to have a tub of potatoes in the pup, and while they are singin', peel 'em a while to be ready for the pot?"

The reverend gentleman laughed heartily, and left.

An anecdote worth laughing over, told of a man who had an infirmity, as well as an appetite for fish. He was anxious to keep up his character for honesty, even while making a bill with his merchant, as the story goes, and when his back was turned the honest buyer slipped a codfish under his coat-tail. But the garment was too short to cover the theft, and the merchant perceived it. "Now," said the customer, anxious to improve all the opportunity to call attention to his virtues, "Mr. Merchant, I have traded with you a great deal, and have paid you up promptly, and honestly, haven't I?" "You yes," answered the merchant. "I have no complaint." "Well," said the customer, "I always insisted that honesty was the best policy, and the best rule to live and die by." "That's so," replied the merchant, and the customer turned to depart. "Hold on, friend," cried the merchant. "Speaking of honesty, I have a bit of advice to give you. Whenever you come to trade again, you had better wear a longer coat or steal a shorter one-fish."

Old Deacon H.—was the owner and overseer of a large pork-packing establishment, and placed himself at the head of the scalding trough, watch in hand, to time the length of the scald, crying "hog in" when the slaughtered hog was to be thrown into the trough, and "hog out" when the watch told three minutes.

One week the press of business compelled the packers to unusually hard labor, and Saturday night found the deacon completely exhausted. Indeed, he was almost sick the next morning when church-time came, but he was a leading member, and it was his duty to attend the usual Sabbath service if he could.

He went, but soon fell asleep.

The minister preached a sermon well calculated for effect. His intonation was a climax of beauty. Assuming the attitude of one intently listening, he recited to the breathless auditory,

"Hark! they whisper: angels say"

"Hog in!" came from the deacon's pew, in a Mendesian voice.

The astonished audience turned their attention from the preacher. He went on, however, unmoved;

"Sister spirit, come and see."

"Hog out!" shouted the deacon: half four."

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TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

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