

JAMES K. POLK'S WIDOW.

ONCE THE LEADING LADY OF THE UNITED STATES, NOW A FRAGILE, VENERABLE WOMAN.

Nashville, Sept. 13.—Thirty-nine years ago the 18th of June President James K. Polk peacefully breathed his last at his home in this city. The house remains to this day exactly as it was then. No change has been made in the grounds, with the exception of the erection of a stately tomb a few yards from the side entrance to the ancient mansion. After a deal of senatorial oratory the bill to give President Polk's widow a pension became a law. Since that time Mrs. Polk has lived comfortably on this pension. Still, during my stay in Nashville, I noticed that the homestead was advertised for sale to pay city taxes amounting to \$400!

President Polk was a statesman and a lawyer of great ability, but he probably left the queerest will that has ever been probated, or rather was ever left to be probated, by an intelligent man. Everything was given to his wife, and at her death to be turned over "To the most deserving member of the family bearing the name of Polk," the decision to be made by the state legislature. The nearest relative until recently was State Treasurer Polk, of Tennessee, to whom every one supposed the estate would go. It will be remembered that a few years ago he became a defaulter to a large amount and fled the country, dying last year in Mexico. This act cut him and his family off, and just how the matter will be settled is now a mystery. There are no other deserving members of the family bearing the Polk name, and at Mrs. Polk's death the courts will have to decide the matter. It is not believed that the document will stand a legal test.

The Polk residence is in the very center of the city on a square of high ground. It is nearly 100 years old, and when erected it was the finest house in the south. It is constructed of brick, two and a half stories high, with many square, old-fashioned rooms, and great halls extending north and south through the house. There are front and side entrances, with immense pillars extending from the ground to the roof, giving the house the appearance of a public building. The house is furnished pretty much as it was during President Polk's life. The walls are filled with old family portraits and prints and maps. Some of the furniture used in the White House can be seen here and there. In the front hall there is a large circular table, made entirely of Mexican onyx. The top is a beautiful example of mosaic work, different colored stones being so inlaid as to give a representation of an eagle with outspread wings and the national motto on a scroll. It was presented to the president by Americans in Mexico after the Mexican war. The library on the second floor, used by Mr. Polk as a private sanctum, remains to day just as it was left by its former owner. Not a book, paper or picture has been disturbed. On a center table I saw the hat, whip, gloves and spurs of the ex-president lying exactly as he placed them, after taking his last horseback ride shortly before his death. In another apartment upstairs Mrs. Polk has preserved all of the doory she wore while in Washington. There are dozens of magnificent dresses and costumes just as they were placed when her husband died.

Shortly after Mr. Polk's death Mrs. Polk had great black bands painted around the immense pillars on the two sides of the house, so placed as to resemble bands of crape wound round and round them from the ground to the roof. They remained on the pillars as long as the paint lasted. Near the house, in the side yard, is the tomb. It is a half dome supported by circular pillars. In the center is a square marble shaft, bearing the dates of the birth and death of James Knox Polk and a resume of the principal events of his administration. In front of the house there is a brick pavement laid over sixty years ago. To this day not a single brick has ever loosened or worn out.

The accompanying portrait of Mrs. Polk views her as she appears to-day. It was taken a year ago. The portrait of President Polk is made from a photo of the portrait painted by Healy.

G. H. YENOWINE.

ABOUT YELLOW JACK.

ONE WHO LIVED THROUGH IT DESCRIBES THE DISEASE.

Jacksonville, Fla., is just now a center of interest from the yellow fever raging there. The disease has taken such a strong hold that its ravages will doubtless not cease till a "black frost" (temperature 32 degs. or below) comes and kills it. After this once appears yellow fever cannot exist. Having had the disease I can best give an idea of its course by noting my own experiences.

I was sitting, one October afternoon, on a veranda in South Carolina when I experienced a slight chill. This was followed by another and another till morning, when I suddenly threw everything off my stomach. About the same time I was attacked with a terrific backache. No pain I ever suffered was so severe.

I lay that night tossing with the fever. It was a long dreary night, which, I thought, would never end; but the next morning I was better, and

my doctor, who was not quite certain of what my trouble was, told me to keep quiet and be thought I would be all right. But the fever came back in force, and I began to vomit continuously.

By this time it was understood by those about me that I had yellow fever, but I was not informed of the fact, and supposed I was simply suffering from one of the intermittent fevers common to the country. At last I began to throw up blood. This I have since understood to be the next stage to "black vomit" which means death. I was alarmed at the blood, but my nurse told me that it was caused by some medicine I was taking, and this reassured me. They were giving me quinine pills of an enormous size. I became slightly delirious, but do not think there was much of the time that I was not conscious of what was going on about me.

I had been ill five days and a crisis was at hand. One night my attendants took me out of bed and put me in a chair before an open fire; wrapped hot blankets around me and put my feet in water so hot that it almost scalded them. I can't remember if they gave me any hot drink, but I think not. I sat in this chair a few minutes wondering what it all meant, though too ill to care very much, but patiently submitting to everything. Then suddenly I broke into a profuse perspiration. I was put back to bed and left to swelter without much attention after that, for I was considered saved. Whether there was danger in thus leaving me to do as I liked or not, I don't know, but I kicked the covers off and lay with a breeze blowing in on me through an open window. I never can forget the delicious sensation of relief lying there, sweltering with the breeze blowing over me.

It was a day or two after this when one morning the doctor came round as usual, and when he took my hand I noticed a changed expression suddenly came over his face. "You have a little fever," he said. I thought this of no importance, for I knew that I had experienced a good deal of fever; but to the doctor it meant relapse, and relapse in nine cases out of ten means death. Whether the doctor was mistaken, or whether the fever was too slight to be of any serious harm, I at least felt no inconvenience from it, and became convalescent.

And here is a great danger to yellow fever patients. I felt a strength that did not exist. I was taken out of bed and put in an easy chair. My attendant left me, and I was tempted to go down stairs and reconquer. Luckily I did not. Others who were ill of the disease at the same time, relying on this deceptive feeling of having fully recovered, acted imprudently. One of them got up and dressed himself and smoked a cigar. He was dead within a few hours after his indiscretion.

When I was well enough to be told what the trouble had really been, I found that I had had the dreaded yellow fever; that out of a party of six, five had been taken down, and two out of the five had died. The two from whom I had been separated shortly before, and with whom my relation was very near and dear, had been in their graves five or six days before I knew of their death and before I even knew that they were seriously ill. The value of quinine as a preventative is indicated from the fact that of our party one took daily doses of whiskey and quinine, and though exposed in exactly the same manner as the rest, the fever passed him by.

There seems to be little or no knowledge acquired which would enable physicians to cope successfully with yellow fever. A physician who had it confided himself to the care of an old negro woman who had had considerable experience as a nurse for yellow fever patients, and who watched him till he recovered. This certainly does not look well for the confidence of physicians in such cases, and there has been no especial item of information revealed to the profession concerning the nature or treatments of the disease since. The fever seems to gather violence as it becomes epidemic. Ordinary cases usually last five days, but in malignant cases the patient often dies in a few hours. It is pretty well determined that yellow fever is not contagious. In cases where a number of persons have been in the same house with one stricken, they have all escaped contracting the disease. The fact of having had the disease once is no preventative against having it again. Persons have been known to pass through two experiences of yellow fever and die in a third attack. The horrors come rather to those who are destined to die than to those who recover. After "black vomit" sets in the patient passes into convulsions, and in the terrible spasms at last passes away.

It is disputed that one who has "black vomit" cannot recover; but if cases of recovery under such circumstances have ever occurred they are very rare, and it is extremely doubtful if such a case has ever occurred, for the "coffee grounds" "black vomit" resembles coffee grounds—are supposed to be the stomach in a state of dissolution, and it is not probable that one can live after dissolution of this organ sets in.

F. A. M.

Dublin, Oct. 17.—The release from prison of Father McEadden was celebrated at Ballynape, Donegal County, by the burning of tar barrels. The celebration resulted in a fracas, in which several policemen and others were injured. Most of the barrack windows were smashed.

A SHOCKING EXPERIENCE.

John Warner sat by his telegraphic table, a trifle paler perhaps, but seemingly cool and in no way disturbed by the extraordinary situation. The stranger, who wore a wide brimmed hat and was dressed in the rough costume of a frontiersman, leaned over the counter, his right elbow resting on it, which enabled him to hold the heavy six shooter without a tremble. The six shooter "covered" Warner. The following was the conversation that ensued:

"What time does the night express pass?"

"She's due in about half an hour, but she is over an hour late."

"An hour late, eh?"

"Yes, besides, she don't stop here. You'll have to go to Bloomville if you want to take the express."

"But if you telegraphed to Bloomville for her to stop here she'd stop, wouldn't she?"

"No, she wouldn't."

"Hasn't she ever stopped here?"

"Once or twice."

"What made her?"

"Orders from the train dispatcher."

"Where does he live?"

"Center City."

"Well then, the messages from Center City to Bloomville must pass through this office, mustn't they?"

"Of course."

"All right. Then you could send a message from here that the Bloomville folks wouldn't know but what it came from Center City, couldn't you?"

"I could, but I wouldn't."

"Oh, wouldn't you? Not if I asked you? Well, young man, I'll be plain with you. If you don't send just what I tell you to, I'll send a couple of bullets through you. We've torn up the track just round the bend, so the train will stop anyhow, and there will be an eternal smash. Now we don't want to bother anybody. We just want a certain package that's in the express car. We know it's on the train. We expect to have to kill the expressman, for there will likely be an extra man to guard the package. It's valuable, it is. If you don't stop that train you will perhaps kill fifty people and get shot yourself. If you do the folks in the sleeping car will never know anything's out of the way, and we will have the cash without any bother. Savey?"

"I understand. Let me think a moment."

"Well, hurry up. There's no time to lose."

"Is the track torn up now or are you going to do it if I don't stop the train?"

"The track's torn up now."

"All right. I'll stop the express."

"Now, look here, young fellow. I want you to understand this. If you try any fooling you won't catch us and you'll get shot yourself. Nobody can come here, for my friends are around this shanty and won't let anybody near here."

"Nobody comes here, anyhow, at night. Or in the daytime, either, for that matter."

"All right. I want you to understand just the fix you're in. We all have fast horses, and even if you brought a regiment on that train they couldn't catch us, and you would have a few bullets in you before I got on my horse."

"I understand."

"All right again. Then go ahead."

The operator put his hand on the key, but sat there thinking and did not press it.

"Now, see here; you hurry up there. I don't want any monkey business."

The operator turned so sharply round on him that the other instinctively raised his revolver a little.

"Will you oblige me by keeping your cussed mouth shut? I'll start when I get ready, and don't you forget it. I'm running this machine, and don't you forget that. If you don't like it, shoot and be hanged to you, and then do your own telegraphing."

"That's the way to talk," cried the desperado with admiration. "That's business. Darned if ever I heard a man talk like that with a gun pulled on him. You go right ahead, and if you do this thing square, we'll whack you on the swag. It's rather tiresome standing here, so I'll just take this chair inside. I won't interfere."

"All right," said the operator, "make yourself at home."

Then he turned to the table and began telegraphing.

"Click-a-lick, click-a-lick, click-a-lick, click-a-lick" went the instrument rapidly.

"What's that?" said the desperado, forgetting his vow of non-interference of a moment before. "It seems to be all the same thing."

"It is I am calling the office at Bloomville."

"Click-a-lick, click-a-lick-chuck."

"There, I've got 'em. Now, don't interrupt me. I'll tell you what is said when I'm through."

The outlaw leaned forward with a puzzled expression, and doubtless wished he knew as much about telegraphing as he did about shooting.

"Is Stevens there?" asked the instrument at Bloomville. "Tell him Warner wants him."

There was a pause, and then the instrument at the lone y way station answered.

Warner rapidly rattled out the following message:

"This shanty is in possession of a villain who has a pistol pointed at me while I work. I expect it is the Zama county gang that is round the place. They are going to rob the express. I'm

supposed to be telegraphing orders for it to stop here. Now, can't you make up a special there and get the sheriff and a strong posse to come down and gather in the gang?"

"I'll do it. There's a freight engine here now, and I'll put the boys in some box cars."

"No, don't do that. Make a train up of passengers. Put a Pullman on behind if you have it and make it look as like an express train as you can. Then send her down on the time of the express and hold the No. 9 there till they get back."

"Good idea. Now what are you going to do? They'll shoot you."

"Can you make a connection with the town arch light and get them to put their full current on? I'll connect it in some way with the fellow here and he'll never know what struck him."

"We haven't time for that. We would have to go down to the dynamo office and get them to turn off all the city lights and then make connections. It would take too long and it would burn out every switch board on the circuit. But I can give you all the cell currents we have here, and that will paralyze any rough from Zama and perhaps kill him. Anyhow, you could get his gun before he recovered. When you're ready call the office. Ground your current and I'll send it along on the big wire."

"Seems to take a lot of telegraphing to stop a train," said the desperado uneasily.

"It does. You see the train is behind time and they don't want to stop her. I told them there was a special that would pass her here. They want to know all the particulars. Now I'll have to move about a bit. I must cut off the wire to Center City. If I don't they may telegraph to the dispatcher's office about that special and then it would be all up with us."

"That's right; go ahead."

"Well, don't let that revolver go off."

"It never goes off till I tell it to, and then it's sure death. As long as you act square it won't go off."

The telegrapher went to a drawer and took out a piece of wire and to one end attached a pair of scissors. The other end he connected with the big wire from Bloomville. He fussed around the switch board and then took a pail of water and said: "Look out for your feet. I must damp the floor, so that there will be no dust to interfere with the instruments."

"Water won't hurt anything outside of me," said the man; "I'd hate to try it inside, though."

Having wet the floor the operator sat down to his table again. "Click-a-lick" went the instrument. Next instant there was a blinding flash of greenish light in the room. The man started to his feet.

"Thunder," he cried, "what's that?"

"You struck it the first time. Thunder somewhere."

"I'm afraid it will interfere with us. But I can fix it. Hand me that screw driver, quick."

The screwdriver was handed, but all the time the pistol covered him. The visitor was not a man to be taken off his guard. Warner worked with the screwdriver a moment and then said sharply: "Gimme them scissors. Hurry up."

The outlaw reached for the scissors and the next instant, with a yell, he sprang toward the ceiling and fell in a heap on the floor.

"Throw up your hands, you villain," cried Warner, pointing his own pistol at him.

The whole gang were induced to return to Bloomville with the sheriff shortly after.—Luke Sharp in Detroit Free Press.

They Both Knew Her.

A stranger with a sad, tired look and a manner indicating that he wished to escape general observation came wearily into a little western town the other day. He stopped at the town well to slake his thirst and bathe his flushed face and brow, and while he drank, a dozen of the town drew near. He, too, had a careworn face and an air of general discouragement. "Stranger here, ain't you?" he asked of the wayfarer.

"Yep—stranger now, but I used to live 'round here."

"No—did you? Lately?"

"No; it's nigh on to ten years since I left."

"And you ain't been back since?"

"No. There's been a good many changes, I see, since then, and I don't reckon there's many left I uster know."

"Mebbe not; who'd you know?"

"Well, lemme see—there was a woman named Watts I uster know—Sally Watts."

"Did you know Sally Watts?" asked the denizen of the town.

"Known her well. I—I—did you ever hear of Sally?"

"Yes, I—"

"Do you know Sally Watts?"

"Yes—I—"

The wayfarer looked carefully around, lowered his voice, and said cautiously: "See here, mister, I've a favor to ask. It ain't much. Would you mind not mentionin' to Sally Watts that I fer her. She'd know it was me, an' I'd rather have a hyener on my trail than Sally Watts. She's an idee that I'm dead, an' I want her to cling to that idee. If you know Sally Watts, mister, mebbe you know how nigh she comes to bein' kin to the devil. If she ain't a Zantippy I never see one. Looker here,

stranger, you've got a kind of a sympathetic face, an' I believe you'd know how to feel for a feller that's went through what I've went through with, an' I feel as if I'd like to confide in you. Stranger, I uster be married to Sally Watts!"

The recipient of this confidence gave a gasp and wrung the hand of the poor wayfarer, saying with fervor:

"Pity me, man; I'm married to her now!"

Points About Chimpanzees.

The length of the chimpanzee's arms is very great, reaching below the knees by the whole extent of the fingers. The legs have a sort of calf, but it differs from that of the human being in that it continues of equal thickness nearly to the heel. The hand differs from that of man in having the thumb much the smallest of the fingers. The chimpanzee walks more frequently on his feet than the other species, but stands with the feet much wider apart than man, and goes with the knees much more bent, and it cannot long retain its erect position. Its food is entirely vegetable. When brought to cold climates it usually dies of consumption.

Cuvier states that the chimpanzees live in troops, construct themselves huts of leaves, arm themselves with sticks and stones, and employ these weapons to drive man and elephants from their dwellings. He also reports the story of their pursuit of the negroes and carrying them off into the woods, which is still credited in the country where they are found. As they become old they become sullen, savage and ferocious, and there is reason to believe that there is no animal more brutally and irreclaimably vicious than one of the old males of any of these large anthropomorphic apes, whether they be orangs, gibbons, chimpanzees or gorillas.

THE LICK TELESCOPE.—There may be some disappointment in gaining any wonderful results with the Lick telescope; that is, results calculated to awaken a popular interest. Lord Rosse built a reflector half a century ago of very great dimensions, and there is to-day a thirty inch glass abroad. Both of these instruments have gone far toward occupying the field which the Lick glass may be expected to fill. It will not therefore, be remarkable if the Lick glass does not at once give us any remarkable items of news from the starry spheres by which we are surrounded, but when certain objects of our own solar systems come into favorable positions, seen through the thirty-six inch glass and through the dry California atmosphere, possibly we may get such results better than seen before.

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