British Ship Seized by the Venezuelan Government.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1.—The steamer Andes Captain Evans, from Trinidad, January 25th, arrived today, bringing as passengers the captain and crew of ten men of the British bark *Lydia Fry*, which was seized by the Venezuelan government October 18th. The captain reported that, being sick and unconscious when taken ashore, his crew, fearing vessel to be hospitled at Trinidad, left that while the bark was loading, leaving in charge of the mate, who was short of water and put into Margarite island and before anchoring sent a boat ashore, asking for water. About fifty soldiers crowd out in small boats, eight of whom were sent aboard the bark. They took the mate and second mate ashore and kept them there, leaving no one on board who could take the vessel to sea. They supplied the bark with food and treated the men generally well, but stripped the vessel's sails and took the captain's clothes, watch and jewelry.

On November 8th the captain chartered the steamer "Marie" to go to Margarite island and look the bark up, but when they reached the island the authorities refused to give the vessel up, offering no cause, whatever. On the sixteenth all the sailors were sent to Laguayra, to the British Consul. On the twenty-second the captain again visited the vessel with orders from the Governor from Trinidad to the Venezuelan Consul there, but he still refused to give up the vessel.

Goff, the English Governor, then ordered the captain to proceed to New York, as it would take at least a month to settle the matter. The bark was bound from Wilmington to Trinidad with yellow pine lumber.

Capetel to Retire for Miguel.

LONDON, Feb. 1.—The Standard's Berlin correspondent says the Emperor will relieve Chancellor Caprivi of the Prussian premiership and will entrust the office to Mr. Miguel. Caprivi will remain Chancellor of the German Empire and Miguel will retain the finance portfolio in the Prussian cabinet. Other imperial changes will follow.

Preparations for the Funeral.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—All arrangements for the funeral of Windom have been completed. Private services will take place at the house at 11 o'clock tomorrow. The President and Cabinet and members of the family will attend the services. From the house they will proceed to the church. The members of the Cabinet will be the honorary pall-bearers, and a number of Treasury Department employes will act as body-bearers.

A large number of callers viewed the remains today, among them the President and Mrs. Harrison. Mrs. Garfield and son also arrived, and will attend the funeral tomorrow.

The casket containing the remains repose in the front parlor of the house. It is somber black. On the top has been placed a silver plate with the following inscription: "William Windom, May 10, 1827—January 27, 1891." Around the edge of the upper half of the casket is a string of violets, and over the lower half three sprays of palm, tied with a piece of purple ribbon. A large bouquet of violets rests over the pallbox.

Numerous floral pieces were received today, prominent among them being a representation of the Treasury seal from employes of the register's office. The Treasury Department, ex-Senator Kyle, Judge Jackson of West Virginia and Mr. Dunlap of this city tonight took a death mask of the face of the dead Secretary.

The sudden death of Secretary Windom was incidentally referred to today by the pastors of many of the churches in this city, where he was so well and favorably known.

Sullivan's "Ivanhoe" on a London Stage.

LONDON, Jan. 31.—Sir Arthur Sullivan's grand opera "Ivanhoe" was produced tonight at Carte's new opera house. The Prince and Princess of Wales and Duke and Duchess of Edinburg were present. It was a superb performance and artistic, never equalled on any London stage except the Lyceum. The libretto, which was written by Stearns, follows the plot of the novel very closely. Nothing that Sir Arthur Sullivan has written before approaches "Ivanhoe" in vertiv imaginative power and breadth of individuality and style. The piece is undoubtedly a success.

Parnell Receives Ovations.

DUBLIN, Jan. 31.—Parnell received a perfect ovation at every stop of the train made on route to Kinsale, where he is to speak tomorrow. At each place he delivered brief speeches to the crowds, expressing a belief that the present split in the Irish party was productive of good results.

The Sioux Chiefs at Washington.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—The delegation of Sioux Indians are enjoying themselves in sight-seeing. Monday night the chiefs will occupy four boxes at the National Theatre.

BRIEF TELEGRAMS.

Washington, Jan. 31. — The last official business transacted by Secretary Windom was the selection of a site for a public building at Aurora, Illinois.

It can be stated with positiveness that the managers of the election bill have finally decided to abandon the measure in the interest of the tariff and public business remaining to be acted upon. The decision has been communicated to the democratic managers.

Secretary Tracy being accepted the Mexican, and directed that she be placed in position Monday at Crane's ship yards.

The National Executive Silver Committee today issued an address to Congress and people, urging the free and unlimited coinage of silver, referring to the bill passed by the Senate, urging strenuously that it pass the House.

Vincennes, Ind., Jan. 31.—The mother of Senator Voorhees died today, aged 89.

Paris, S. D., Jan. 31.—Two memorial tablets were taken today. The only development was a large Independent vote for Harden, who received 6 votes.

OGDEN, Feb. 1.—The hospital at Ogden has been destroyed by fire. Fourteen patients perished in the flames.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., Feb. 1.—Lieutenant Schwatka was slightly injured this morning. The doctors now think he will recover. The spinal injury may render him a cripple for life.

BEFORE THE SHRINE.

I lock a shrine and on my soul throw
And more and more and more my knees I bend,
And more and more I catch my strength was spent,
Remembering how in it my joys, my prayer
Sometimes at morning, when the day was fair,
A ray of light to me, a voice was sent
The whispering of a name — Then to relume
I cower, the strong god bow, whose lock prison
Is Memory!

But more than on, and in its full cup lights
I now to sips, as a drunkard or of old,
And whoever touches at the Shrine must take
Till I was fain to hide me from his sight;
Then she, the god of love, my Love, Hope's Fate,
And as my sick eye set here, the Shrine
—Exchange.

A HUT IN THE PRAIRIE.

I checked my horse, and after one long, stretching look around to assure myself that I was lost, I dismounted. I was tired out, but had enough to keep down the suspicion, though my horse evidently realized it. With patient endurance he plodded along, neigh- nation plainly expressed in the droop of his tail and ears. A Texas prairie is a beautiful, and inspiring object on a bright day, when the sky is an inverted bowl of turquoise, and the wind comes sweeping over the grassy waves as fresh and sweet as the bloom on a baby's cheek, but there can be no greater scene of desolation than of nature than that around by the same prairie when it lies blind and here to the chill October wind, which has plucked the glory of Indian summer from earth and sky.

I felt this as I gazed about me, disconcerted and even a little anxious, for the sun had set some minutes before in a cloud hump, which, closing over it like a robed bride dropping its king, veiled its monarchy with its blood red mantle. In place of the ranch, the hearty welcome, pleasant words, bed, supper and fire I had expected to reach by sunset, there was nothing to be seen before, behind, on either hand, but the dead level of the plain. There were paths in plenty; in fact, the trouble was there were too many—all narrow and winding, for whoever meandering there seemed not the slightest system, except the general tendency to crookedness most things, animate and inanimate alike, possess. But it would have taken the instinct of a bloodhound or a trailing Indian to have said which paths had been made by horses' feet or those of cattle. It was certainly beyond my powers to decide, and in addition to their doubtful nature they had a most perplexing way of running into each other, crossing and recrossing, going off at a tangent and frequently wandering off and getting lost altogether. So I soon dismissed the problem as hopeless of solution.

Now that the sun was gone, I found my knowledge of the points of the compass gone with it. As I sat perplexed and worried the gloom of twilight deepened fast and the chill of coming rain smote me through and through, while in the distance there was the roll of thunder. Glancing up I saw that the masses of cloud had closed together in a certain of gray wine. My horse stroke on of his own accord, and hoping that his instinct would lead us to some house I let him have his will. Presently it began to rain, a sort of heartbroken, pensive weeping, but with a steady determination to persevere all night, that awoke grave apprehension in my breast. Thus my condition of bewildered, wet and forlorn could have been. This fine still rain was accompanied by a low sighing wind that added its desolate note to the general dreariness of the hour. Of course I did not mind a little rain, but the prospect of spending the entire night exposed to it was anything but agreeable, and I grew really violent in denunciation of the folly which had led me, an utter stranger in the country, to attempt to find anything less than a volcano in active eruption on a bald prairie.

The Texans are a fine people, in some—in many—respects the most admirable of hosts, but individually and collectively they lack any appreciation of distance. This is one of reasons why, when having so much space around them, but to a stranger ignorant of the extent to which the phrases "a little place out" and "just outside of town" can be stretched this contemptuous regard of miles is a little misleading. But in the face of that dreary, monotonous moaning of rain and wind even my anger at my own folly could not burn long, and though chilled to the bone and tired and hungry I plodded on dully, grateful that so night, even the longest, could last forever. It was very quite dark, and very dark at that, though at short intervals close to the horizon a faint gleam of lightning showed, too distant to cast brightness on my path and only sufficient to intensify the blackness above me.

All at once I saw a man walking about fifteen feet in front of me. Yes, I know I said it was extremely dark, but all the same, I repeat it, I saw a man walking in front of me, and furthermore I could see that he was a large man, dressed in rough but well fitting clothes, that he wore a heavy red beard, and that he looked back at me from time to time with an expression of keen anxiety on his otherwise rather fixed features.

"Halloo!" I cried. Now as a rule I call I concluded he did not hear me. As a second hail produced no result I opened up every horse up to overtake the stranger. But though the gray responded with an alacrity most commendable under the circumstances, I was found that this strange pedestrian did not intend to let me catch up with him. Not that he turned himself. He kept straight on, with exception to keep a good fifteen feet between us. Then I began to wonder why, with intense darkness obscuring the sun from black walls, I was able to see my strange companion so clearly, to take in the details of his dress, and even the expression of his face, and that at a distance more than twice my horse's length when I could hardly see his head before me. I was not given to supernatural fancies, and my only feeling was of curiosity. When after attempt after attempt to overtake the stranger had failed, I took more on my point horse, and resolved to follow my inscrutable guide, as he must have some definite destination.

We went on in silence for nearly half an hour, when an outbuilding we had repeatedly passed, I picked around for him, half afraid from his manner and complete disappearance that I had been dreaming, when I perceived that I was close to a small, low building of some sort. I raised it and shouted several times, but not the slightest response could I hear, and at last I rode boldly up and tapped on the wall with the butt of my pistol while. Then, as this elicited no sign of life, I concluded that I had stumbled on some deserted house, or that it was the abode of my eccentric friend, so dismounting and trying the gray I resolved to spend the rest of the night under a roof or to find some good reason for continuing my journey. I felt my way along the wall till I reached a door, and trying the door and finding that it yielded to me I stepped inside, striking a match as I did so. Fortunately I carried my matches in an air tight case, and as it was dry the one I struck gave me a light at once. I found myself in a large room, close to a fireplace, over which a rude shelf was placed, and on this mantel I saw an oil lamp, to which I applied my match as I lighted it. Then as the fourth was burned a quantity of sticks, and over them stretched a child, a little girl of four. As my other end of the room, which was plainly and neatly furnished, by a neat action a bed, and as I raised the lamp I saw that he was the same I had been following, but there was something in his attitude and in the fixed stare on my face that I was about to go forward and look at him, when the child, who had at first seemed dazed at the light, fairly threw herself upon me.

"Have you anything for Nelly to eat?" she said, and then began to cry. "Oh, Nelly so hungry!"

I ran my hand into my pocket and drew forth what had been a paper bag of chocolate candy, but was now a pulpy unappetizing mass. I must confess to a childish fondness for sweets, which I usually carry in some form about me. I handed the remains to the hungry night child, and then walked over to the bed. Yes, it was the same man, red beard, rough clothes, but setting off the magnificent frame to perfection, the same man, but dead, long dead.

I took his hand only to find it stiff and cold, while his face had the dull gray aspect never seen in the newly dead. As I stood gazing down on him a little hand touched mine.

"Nelly so hungry!" said the child.

"Have you eaten all the candy?" I asked her.

"Yes, yes! But me hungry, for me had no dinner, no breakfast, no supper, and papa won't get up."

The house, which consisted of the large room, a smaller kitchen and a shed, where I found a quantity of hay and fodder, seemed quite bare of food, but by dint of searching in the hay I discovered a meal, which Nelly informed me was there, and in it roasted eggs. These I boiled for her. When she had finished I soothed her to sleep on a bed I made for her before the fire. Then after I had put my horse in the shed I then had fed and watered him I performed as well as I could a service for the dead.

When day dawned I was able to discern at some distance from the house a line of telegraph poles, and taking the child with me I followed them to the nearest town, where I notified the authorities of the death.

The dead man's name was Frederick Barnstoje. He was an Englishman, so I found, a recent arrival in these parts. His daughter was restored to her family across the water, and is now a pretty girl of 17. I have never told the story before, but I am easy to take an alibi—doubt it in its truth. It all happened about thirty miles from Dallas.

Do the Dead Dream of Hearing?

Dr. J. M. Buckley, an expert in matters pertaining to the deaf and dumb, has the following curious note to contribute concerning the dreams of persons born deaf:

In visiting institutions for the blind and the deaf I have made inquiry, and have never found an instance of a person born deaf, or of a child who lost his hearing before he was 4 years of age, dreaming of hearing. Among the results of recent inquiries I present the following from the principal of the State Institution of the Blind and Deaf at St. Augustine, Fla.:

"I have closely questioned the deaf children here as to whether they have ever dreamed of hearing and the invariable answer is 'No.' I have asked the same question of upward of fifty deaf persons with the same result, except where the person interrupted had lost his hearing after learning to talk. Those last mentioned are all grown persons of some education who understood the question fully, and are very positive that they had never dreamed of hearing more than a rumbling sound."—St. Louis Republic.

Some People Never Learn.

It is surprising how some people will continue to use things in daily life without any attempt to learn how properly to use them. For instance, the man who can never learn to sharpen his razor, the woman who winds her watch the wrong way, the people who do not know that the time of starting the principal trains on the different railroads and the time of closing the mails is advertised in the newspapers, the people who blow out the gas, the folks who jump the wrong way from a moving car, the unfortunates who are always getting left or suffering injury or losing property because of unfamiliarity with things they ought to know.—New York Sun.

The conveniences of modern life are so many that it ought to be a part of everybody's education to have at least a general knowledge of how to use them. You should know how to take care of your umbrella and your eyeglasses, to keep your clothing in order, to fight off the insects that will overrun any house without precaution, to meet the accidents that daily arise in civilized life.

Dr. Shurly, of Detroit, is possibly America's consumption cure physician. He certainly will be if the cure cures. He claims to kill the consumption bacilli by chlorine, which he has been able to prepare in such form that the patient can inhale it. This form is a combination containing chloride of sodium or common salt. Next, to destroy the consumption poison which Dr. Shurly thinks is in the blood, he gave hypodermic injections of iodine and chloride of gold. He tried it on a dog first, that is to say he treated the lower animals with his remedies before he applied them to human patients. They worked with eminent success, and now the doctor believes they will cure human beings. He has been experimenting in this field many years.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT AILS YOU? You feel tired—do you know what it means? You are nervous—Why? You cough in the morning—Do you realize the cause? Your appetite is poor—What makes it so? You sweat like a changed person to your friends—Do you know what is the matter, or has the change been so gradual it has escaped your notice?

You have Consumption! We do not say this to frighten you, but it is true. These are the sure symptoms of this terrible disease. There is one remedy which will check it and that is

Dr. ACKER'S ENGLISH REMEDY

It is recommended by the best physicians in Europe and America. 50 cents, 50 cents and $1.00 per Bottle.

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$500 Reward! We will pay the above reward for any case of Nervous Debility, Nervous Headache, Fits, Spasms, Convulsions, Sleeplessness, Loss of Confidence and Nervous Prostration caused by the excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants, which we cannot cure with Wood's Vegetable Nerve Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. These are purely vegetable, and have never failed to give satisfaction. Many Cures. Large boxes containing 50 Pills, price $1.00. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price. Wood's Medicine Company, Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast, 1 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal. Sold by Jenkins, Fratt & Co., Druggists, Salt Lake City.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used in children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists.

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.

SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the County of Salt Lake, State of Utah, made on the 26th day of November, 1890, in the matter of the estate of Andrew S. Matthews, deceased, the undersigned executrix of the last Will and Testament of said deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder on the undersigned Oath of the Utah Statutes, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on Tuesday, the 3rd day of February, 1891, at 2 o'clock P. M. at the residence of said deceased, situated in Section 2, Township 1 South, in the City and County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah, in the right, title, interest and estate of the said Andrew S. Matthews at the time of his death, and all the right, title, and interest that said estate has, or shall have at the time of the sale, in and to all real estate, lots, plots or parcels of land situate, lying & being in the said City and County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah, and bounded and described as follows, to wit: Commencing at the Northeast corner of Lot Four (4), Block 35, Plat "D", Salt Lake City Survey, and running thence South forty-five (45) feet; thence West five (5) rods; thence North forty-five (45) feet; thence East five (5) rods to the place of beginning.

Terms and Conditions of Sale:—Cash, ten per cent, at the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, balance on confirmation of sale by said Probate Court.

Deed at expense of purchaser.

ELIZA ANN J. MATTHEWS, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of Andrew S. Matthews, deceased. Salt Lake City, Utah, January 26th, 1891.

A Warning To Horse-Owners. The Spin Nail in this Wire accidentally injured the horse from which it was taken by taken in Worcester, Mass. One of the nail marks can be seen on the jaw for clinching, and so deadened the jaw that the horse was useless. The nail point went in the direction shown in the illustration, piercing the tongue. The foot called the "quick," from which the horse was made lame for the space of two weeks.

DANGEROUS

The Putnam Nail CANNOT SPLIT, SLIVER OR BREAK. It is the only Hot-Pressed and Hot-Pointed Horseshoe Nail in the market, made by machinery in precisely the same manner as the old-fashioned hand-made nail. The United States Government permits the process of their manufacture to be inspected at any time. Every nail stamped "Putnam Nail Co." Insist on having a Horseshoe Nail as shown in the illustration, and if your dealer offers you a nail without the Spin Nail, expose the fraud. AS YOU VALUE YOUR HOOFS, insist on your Blacksmith using the PUTNAM. It is absolutely safe. For sale by all Dealers in Horseshoes. If your dealer does not keep them, write to us for prices and Blacksmith's Circular. Putnam Nail Co., Neponset, Boston, Mass.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT CO. Now have their New Station of 1000 HORSE POWER CAPACITY, in full running order, and will furnish current to any source in the Motor System. The time has now arrived when parties who have obtained a Motor from the Electric Light Company can receive power for their Motors, at a reasonable price, which will be a great saving to them. Parties desiring to receive power for their Motors from the Electric Light Company should call on the HOLDING ELECTRIC CO., 55 W. First South St.

FRONT / BACK VIEW. Profitable Employment FOR LADIES. JENKINS CORSET CO. Jackson, Mich.

THE CRY OF MILLIONS OH, MY BACK! STOP IT NOW, OR IT WILL BE TOO LATE. I have been troubled more or less with severe pains in the small of my back, which I thought, although very slight, was caused by my kidneys. I tried many remedies without any permanent relief, and at last I was told that I was bad enough off to need a very powerful adjuster and thus prevent my being in such a condition that I was bad enough off to need a very powerful adjuster. When I saw the Physicians cure Dr. Hagen, with Dr. Hagen's Kidney Pills, I felt that I had found the right remedy. I immediately commenced using the Pills, and in a short time my back was as well as ever. I continued to use the Pills for a few weeks longer, and have not felt any pain in my back since. I have recommended the use to all acquaintances to I have met. G. A. TUTTLE, Proprietor Continental Hotel, Rock Springs, Wyo. NO MORE BACKACHE. Sold Wholesale and Retail by Jenkins, Fratt & Co.

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