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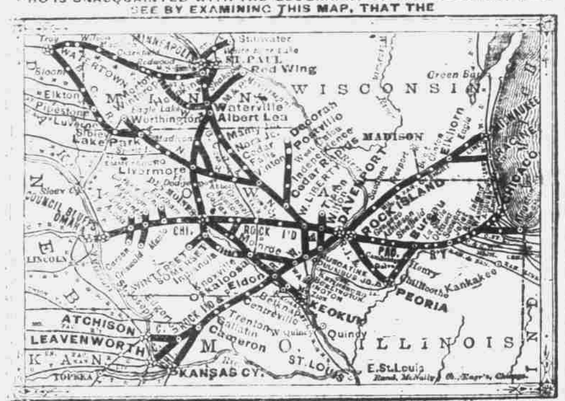
A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE



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By reason of its central position and close relation to all principal lines East and West, at initial and terminal points, constitutes the most important mid-continental link in that system of through transportation which invites and facilitates travel and traffic between cities of the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. It is also the favorite and best route to and from points East, Northeast and Southeast, and corresponding points West, Northwest and Southwest.

The Rock Island system includes in its main line and branches, Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns, villages and stations.

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Guarantees its patrons that sense of personal security afforded by a solid, thoroughly ballasted road-bed; smooth tracks of continuous steel rail; substantially built culverts and bridges; rolling stock as near perfection as human skill can make it; the safety appliances of patent buffers, platforms and air-brakes; and that exacting discipline which governs the practical operation of all its trains. Other specialties of this route are Transfers at connecting points in Union Depots, and the unsurpassed comforts and luxuries of its Passenger Equipment.

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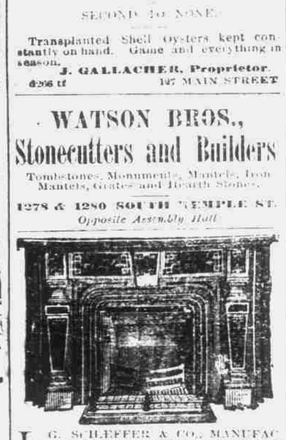

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EVENING NEWS.

Tuesday · December 29, 1885

Christmas In a Siberian Prison.

Snow, snow everywhere. . . . . Heaven and earth, the broad expanse of the barren steppe, stretching out to north and south, to east and west, as boundless and pathless as the ocean; all things visible in creation seem to have been changed into a vast mass of snow. It drifts along with terrific force on the wings of the howling storm, it whirls and surges up and down, it penetrates everywhere, carrying with it its frosty breath; the very air we breathe is impregnated with that fine, all-prevading snowy dust.

It is night—a moonlight night, but the moon is not to be seen. And yet it is not dark. The boundless snowy plains around us is full of a lustreless blue-white light, more bewildering, more oppressive than utter darkness. The eye strives in vain to discover some object, some definite shape; all the senses are benumbed, and the roaring of the storm sounds to the ear as a distant death-knell. . . . Heaven have mercy on a lone wanderer out on the steppe on such a night!

And still the storm rushes along in its wildest fury, driving mountains of snow against a high wooden wall which surrounds a group of dark, square buildings. Who would ever expect to find a human habitation in the midst of this barren, boundless wilderness? Who are the miserable wretches who have made their home in this frosty desert? All is still around the low, snow-buried buildings. Not a human face to be seen; not a sound to be heard except the ever-increasing roar and whistle and shriek of the storm. Here and there out of a narrow, iron barred window there creeps out a faint glimmer of light, showing that there are human beings living and breathing behind those bars.

Human beings? No! Creatures, still wearing the shape and semblance of men, but who have lost everything that makes life worth living; outcasts buried alive, without a glimmer of hope of ever leaving their tomb, enduring the endless, hopeless monotony and suffering of their lives pains unutterably more bitter than a thousand deaths, tortures which the poet of the "Inferno" himself would have shuddered to picture. These low, gloomy buildings are not a home; they are a tomb; a prison for those condemned to life-long hard labor in Siberia.

Let us cast a look inside this tomb. A long, dingy room, the cold damp trickling down the black, clammy walls. A smoky, lamp in the middle from the ceiling sheds a feeble, flickering light, scarcely sufficient to make darkness visible. Along the walls two rows of wooden berths, covered with a few shreds of old, rotten straw, and in the furtherest end of the room a large brick stove, in which a low wood fire is burning, the heat of which does not suffice to warm the icy atmosphere of the room, but only fills it with a foul, dense vapor.

Crouching around this stove on the bare, damp floor, huddled together to keep warm, we find nine of the inmates of the tomb. They shiver under their prison garb of heavy gray cloth; their manacled hands, with the festering wounds ever kept open by the tight-fitting iron around their wrists, tremble, making the chains resound again and again. They are silent, as silent as those who—far happier than they!—are buried once for all under the ground. There is an awful, lifeless stare in their wide-open eyes, the stare of men who look without seeing, who, having day after day and year after year the same dingy walls, the same dreary, dismal objects before them, and knowing that they *never* can expect any other sight gradually lose the consciousness of vision, of space, of the world around them.

It is Christmas Eve. They have swept up the floor of their room, they have been freshly shaved by one of their fellow-convicts who had once been a barber, and now they are waiting to be led to the chapel to hear the praise of One who was born on this night to teach humanity the gospel of all-forgiving love. . . .

Not all of the inmates of the house are huddled together near the stove. One of them is laying apart from the rest on his berth. A young man, almost a child, a deathly pallor spread over his emaciated face, out of which his eyes alone shine forth with a lurid, feverish glow. It is icy cold where he lies, the damp from the wall is creeping along the boards of his berth; he feels it not. His thoughts are far, far away; he lies as in a trance, as in awaking dream of days long gone by.

Christmas Eve. . . . And as his lips whispered that word again and again he sees—no, he feels the glance of a pair of eyes resting on him than which none tenderer and sweeter can ever be found: his mother's eyes. He is a child once more; he feels once more the glow of blissful expectation of that happy wonderful night. The arms of his old nurse are barely strong enough to prevent him from forcing open the tightly-closed parlor doors, behind which, as well he knew, all the bewitching glory of the Christmas tree awaits him. At last, at last those mysterious doors are open! With a shriek of delight he rushes into the room. The light of the innumerable wax candles on the tree, the beautiful presents disposed around it—all this dazzles, stuns him into silence. His heart is too full, he laughs and cries at the same time; and, laughing and crying, he rushes into his mother's lap and nestles there near the heart which beat for him, for him alone, until it ceased to beat.

Then another picture flashed across his memory: the years of study at the St. Petersburg University. Again he felt his whole heart aglow with the love of liberty, with the ardent desire of arousing his people from the stupor into which centuries of despotism had cast them. He saw again the eager faces of his comrades, all imbued with the same ideas, their secret meetings, their heroic deeds of self-sacrifice. And then came the end: the court-room, the stern, relentless faces of the judges in their richly embroidered, glittering uniforms, the awful words, spoken in a low tone by the chairman of the court: "Hard labor in Siberia for life!"

The door of the room opened, and the chief warden of the prison, a tall, burly man, wrapped in a great fur cloak; his bristly beard glittering with snow and ice, accompanied by two soldiers, appeared on the threshold. The nine convicts near the stove jumped to their feet.

"Get along, ye lazy dogs!" cried the warden in a gruff voice. "To chapel with you! Where is Grigorieff?" he went on, scanning the room with his small, piercing eyes. Perceiving the young man lying motionless in his berth, he cried:

"Stand up, rascal! Don't you see that I am here?"

The poor young sufferer groaned aloud.

"I am deathly sick. For mercy's sake let me lie here!"

"Sick, you infernal young prig!" roared the ruffian. "I will cure you pretty quick!"

And stepping up to his berth he struck Grigorieff with all his might in the face with the iron-nailed heel of his boot. The young man sprang up with a savage cry like a wounded lion. His slender form shook with uncontrollable rage, and, lifting both his fettered arms, he dealt the warden a terrific blow on the head.

The latter staggered back speechless, his face twitching with pain. A yell like that of a wild animal escaped his lips, and then drawing a pistol, he cocked it and pointed it at his assailant. He did not fire, however. In the act of doing so another fiendish thought seemed to strike him, and turning to the soldiers, who sprang up to his assistance, he gasped:

"No, in honor of the holy day we celebrate I will not shed any blood. I will be merciful; give that cur two hundred lashes!"

In a moment the soldiers had forced down their victim to the floor and stripped him of his clothing to the waist. The execution began. After the twentieth stroke the quivering body of the sufferer was bathed in blood, his groans ceased, a gurgling sound came from his throat, and a stream of blood gushed forth from his firmly-set lips. After the hundredth stroke the executioners became aware that they were lashing a corpse.

"He is dead, your honor!" said one of the soldiers in a low tone.

The warden bent over the prostrate figure. Then, lifting his cap, he devoutly crossed himself.

"It is the will of God!" he said, in a firm voice. "And now to church."

In the distance there arose above the howl of the storm the strains of the choir chanting:

"Joy to earth, to God the glory!
Peace on earth, good will to men!"

S. E. SHEVITCH.

Diphtheria has no terrors for parents since Red Star Cough Cure was discovered.

Danger in Dimples.

A young lady well known in society circles, where she is a shining light and a favorite, is just now suffering the punishment of her vanity in regard to the existing feminine craze for dimples. In seeking to acquire by artificial means "those hollow caves, those round, enchanting pits" with which nature had not endowed her beauty, she has probably become somewhat disfigured for life. She is a charming blonde, and her mishap will evoke sincere regret among her large circle of friends.

About a year ago an exceedingly suave young man calling himself "Professor King" arrived in Philadelphia from Boston. He took up his quarters in a fashionable boarding house on Spruce street, and had his name tastefully engraved on a polished brass plate on the door. He had a spendid suit of rooms. Within a few days he sent out a number of confidential circulars among society ladies. He undertook to produce perfectly natural-looking dimples on any lady's cheeks for $10 a pair. He secured a large patronage for his peculiar work. Society ladies could be found at any period of the day in his magnificent waiting-room. The dimple factory was a success, and the dear, delightful young man became quite as great a favorite as the charming productions of his peculiar art. He was very handsome and very gentlemanly and dressed to kill, while he was a captivating talker, having a rich musical baritone, over which he had absolute control.

The foolish maiden visited him about six weeks ago. Professor King explained to her the process of "dimpling," and claimed that it was harmless and painless. Whatever misgivings she had were conquered and she submitted to the operation. She paid the paid the fee of $10 in advance and was taken into an ante-room and was seated in a plush-colored chair resembling that of a dentist. Then she was told to smile. She did so. The next moment she uttered a scream, and and jumping from a chair would have fled from the room but that the "Professor" detained her.

"My dear miss," he said, "you must not be frightened. It is merely a scarcely perceptible prick on either cheek."

Both the girl's cheeks were bleeding. With a pair of forceps the "Professor" had cut a minute mortion of the skin and underlying flesh from either cheek at the centre of the required dimple.

The young lady, after much persuasion, calmed herself, while the "Professor" applied some balsam to the wound to stop the bleeding. This done he washed away the blood and covered the puncture with a small piece of court plaster which, when he finished, was invisible. This was the preliminary treatment and he directed the patient to call early the following day. Notwithstanding the application of the healing ointment the lady found her left cheek rather painful. She could not sleep that night, and the next morning her face was considerably inflamed. She became alarmed and hurried to see Prof. King. He appeared somewhat disconcerted when he saw her. After a microscopical examination of the puncture in her left cheek his blandness returned.

"Do not be alarmed," he said. "I assure you it is nothing. Simply when I applied the forceps you started, and the result was that the forceps cut deeper than I intended. I will treat the wound now, and you shall be all right again."

But the Professor's treatment, while it hid the wound, failed to reduce the swelling, and his reassuring suavity was insufficient to allay the young lady's distress. She hurried straight to the family physician and stated the whole case to him. The doctor removed the court plaster and examined the "dimple bed."

"The rascal has produced a dimple that will last all your life," he said, "but I don't think it is one which will enhance your smile. The forceps nearly pierced through the cheek. As the flesh has been removed a scar will remain."

The wound has now healed, and, true to the doctor's prediction, a disfiguring star-like scar remains. On the right cheek, however, there is a beautiful dimple. The doctor endeavored by every means to avert the scar, but failed. The skin is so contracted as to move the scalp when the unfortunate young lady speaks. She has naturally been very much annoyed by the mishap and fears as much the ridicule which her act may call forth as the disfigurement.—*Philadelphia News, Nov. 7.*

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Have you Scrofula? Impure Blood? Kidney Disease or Rheumatism? Delays are dangerous. You can be cured now by using

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A blood Purifier that all Physicians endorse. Ask your druggist to show you the formula and commence using at once.

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Use Brown's Tar Troches for Sore Throat, Colds, etc.

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COUNTY TAX SALE.

WHEREAS, THE BOARD OF EQUALIZATION of Tooele County, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the provisions of Section 61 of "An Act to provide Revenue for the Territory of Utah and the several counties thereof," approved February 25, 1865, have levied upon the following named property, to wit:

One boiler and engine, together with the fixtures and appurtenances thereunto belonging, being at Gold Hill Camp, Clifton Mining District, Tooele County, Utah, which will be sold or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the Taxes and Costs, at public auction, at the front door of the county Court House, in Tooele City, on the 12th day of January, 1886, at 2 o'clock P. M.

A. G. JOHNSON, Collector.

Per C. R. McBRIDE, Deputy.

Assessor and Collector's Office, December 10th, 1885. d24

NOTICE.

ALL PURCHASERS OF SILK HANDKERCHIEFS should ask for our Home Made, and be sure the ones offered you have "Salt Lake Temple" as a corner figure, or our New Design, the Bee Hive, with Eagle underneath. Z. C. M. I. & S. Thomas, Barnes & Davis, S. P. Teasdel, 14th Ward Store, Handy Bros., A. Hintze, and all respectable stores in the city have them. If you do not see them in their windows, call for them. By purchasing our Handkerchiefs, instead of eastern manufactures ones, you will help in establishing an industry which will give employment to hundreds in the Territory. At our present demand for Handkerchiefs alone, we will require **Two Thousand Six Hundred Pounds of Cocoons**, next season.

Country Stores should apply immediately to Spencer Clawson, Dry Goods Merchant, Main Street, or to Z. C. M. I., to secure Handkerchiefs for the Holidays.

JAMES E. CHALMERS, Deseret Silk Factory, Union Road, Salt Lake City. dx-tue

NOTICE.

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WE BEG TO INFORM OUR MANY patrons and the public generally that Williams & Berrians, one door south of the Post Office, and Hill & Brownell, opposite *Tribune Office*, are duly authorized to receive orders for our popular brands of Beer. We have no other agents in the city. Orders may also be sent to the Brewery Office, by telephone No. 34.

Goods promptly delivered to any part of the city. JACOB MORITZ, Sec'y and Treas.

d tf s&w 1

UTAH AND SALT LAKE CANAL COMPANY.

Office, 123 West, North Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT at a meeting of the Directors, held on the 17th day of October, A. D. 1885, an assessment of One Dollar per Share was levied on the Capital Stock of the Corporation, payable on the 28th day of November, 1885, to the Secretary at the Office of the Company. Any stock upon which the assessment may remain unpaid on the 28th day of November, 1885, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on the 19th day of December, 1885, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

K. SMITH, Secretary.

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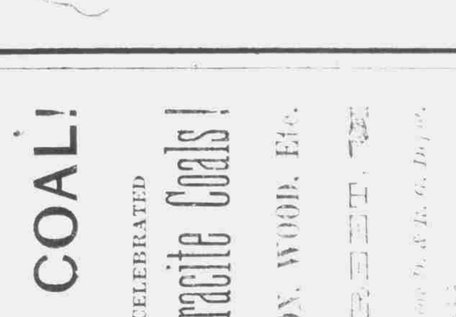

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