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THE DESERET WEEKLY.

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SOLITUDE.

A spot where sunshine peace and silence break,
Beneath the deepening twilight of full trees,
Where shadows creep, and close surrounding leaves.
This is the tranquil haunt of solitude.
Yet I have sought and found it here by the sea
Where the lash surf is breaking with and high,
And where the dashing sea sounds sip and fly
Beneath the dome of blue Eternity.

And all who hath not felt her soothing charm
In some lone sylvan wood, where dreams fair
Wave with the waving grass, or found her where
The deep lies by the rockbeds white and warm
Seek her in any place, in any mood,
And learn, O man, the time of solitude.
—Maud Hatchbach in Boston Commonwealth.

ROMANCE OF AN ABDUCTION.

Strange Adventures of a Man Who Was Stolen by the Indians When a Child.

There is a barber named Henry Pettit who has a rare tale of adventure to tell concerning himself, of how he was stolen when four years old by the Indians, and how he finally found his father. Pettit was born in 1848 at the Indian trading post near Huron, Mich., where his father had an exchange store and was patronized by the Indians.

In 1852 Turkey Foot, chief of the Black Creek Indians, got into a difficulty with the father of Pettit, claiming that he had given him a "wildcat" dollar in making change. This was denied by Pettit, who would not take back the money. The Indian went away mad, and vowing that he would get even. The Indians about the time said their lands about Port Huron, and were being removed to a reservation near the present city of Kankakee. The Indian at once executed a plan to get revenge on Pettit.

The night before Turkey Foot left he stole the boy in this manner: He found out that Pettit was out at house one night, and he entered the house about midnight. Walking lightly around the floor he picked the sleeping babe from the arms of the mother, who awoke in alarm, only to find that her baby was gone. A diligent search failed to find a trace of the missing child, and he was given up as dead. The Indian took the lad, now four years old, to Ohio where an old squaw took charge of him.

There was a white man with the tribe named Timothy Crocker, whom the Indians sent back to Port Huron to tell Pettit that his boy had died in Canada. This the parents were made to believe that their boy was dead. The lad lived with the Indians until eleven years old, when a man named Hoomer, of Williamsport, Pa., who was among these Indians, bought the boy for a small consideration and took him back to his home. The boy there learned the barbers' trade, but as to where the Indians got him he could not remember. He was sent to school at Reynolds, O., where he received a Roman to teach. He was there going by the name of Timothy Crocker, and in 1856 he was married to Miss Catharine Eakers, who lived at Dalphi, this state, where he purchased a barber shop.

When the war commenced he enlisted in the Ninth Indiana infantry. While this regiment was with Sherman in the "march to the sea" and in Alabama, "Crocker" was approached by a man who asked him his name. "Crocker" told him, and the man leaned it, saying that he was the very counterpart of a Mr. Pettit, at Port Huron, Mich., that he must be the missing son, long since supposed to be dead. The stranger took the name of the boy's father "Crocker" first, and told him that when the way closed proof would be presented showing that "Timothy Crocker" was Henry Pettit, the son of Edward Pettit.

After the war "Crocker" settled at Wauseville, near La Porte, where he soon heard from the mysterious stranger who had told him such a strange story while in the army. This was soon followed by a telegram from Edward Pettit, of Port Huron, Mich., saying, "Come at once and lose no time." "Crocker" went, hardly knowing what to think would be the outcome of his trip. He arrived at Port Huron, and upon stepping from the train he met his father face to face—two men almost the exact image of each other. There could be no mistaking the fact that this was the father and the other the son. The mother had died many years before.—Cor. Indianapolis Journal.

How Spools Are Made.

Birch seems to be preferred. The wood is first sawed into sticks four or five feet long and seven eighths of an inch to three inches square, according to the size of the spool to be produced. These sticks are then roughly seasoned. They are sawed into short blocks and dried in a hot air kiln. At the time they are sawed holes are bored perpendicularly through each block which is set on end under a rapidly revolving long shanked auger. Next, one wheel of each block is placed on a lathe in such a way that are turning at lightning speed turns how it into a spool according to the pattern desired, and that, too, at the rate of one a second for each set of knives.

A row of small boys feed the speed making machine by simply placing the blocks in a spool, selecting the best and throwing out the knotty and defective stock. The machine is "automatic," but there are some things which it cannot do, hence the employment of the small boys above mentioned. After the spools are turned they are placed in a large drum and revolved rapidly until they have taken on a fine polish. For some special purposes they are dyed yellow, black or red, according to taste. When one sees a spool of thread marked "200" or "1000" it does not signify that the thread has been measured, but that the spool has been gauged, and is supposed to contain a quantity of thread equal to it.—St. Louis Republic.

Ten Wheel Locomotives.

Locomotives with a single pair of driving wheels had their day on our railroads, and when Baldwin introduced the four wheel connected engine it took possession of the field. This type of locomotive held its own so long that it became known as the "American locomotive."

That kind of engine did admirable service, but the industries are that its days are the modern power for fast passenger trains are nearly over. Hitching two trains where one will suffice is not good railroading, and trains are becoming so heavy that two pairs of drivers and a four wheel truck will not carry the weight of the boiler and cylinders necessary to provide the required power.

The magic and the ten wheel locomotive are slowly taking the place their well overpowerly monopolies. To talk of supplying single driver locomotives at this day is talking with a serious subject.—Mechanical Car Building.

FISHING IN NORTH CAROLINA.

A California Rainbow Trout Gives an Angler Some Good Sport.

Arrived at the fishing grounds I put on a whip consisting of a green drake, coachman and brown hackle, and made a few casts and captured as many fair fish. While standing on a rock at the foot of a small mill pool I chanced to see a good sized fish rise to a fly between two large rocks lower down, where the stream, contracted to one-tenth its natural width, made its course from the pool. At once I dropped a fly to the spot. With a sensation that forced my heart into my mouth and caused my reel fairly to scream I felt a pull.

Through little looking for such a proposition to my prey. As it does not a little excited, the old memories of a fly fisher came brought me to my senses. As I instinctively perceived that I had no common fish to handle, I braced myself more firmly on my narrow foot space and prepared for the fight. But his bolting exceeded to my time the down stream course he started on all would have soon ended, so, once through the narrow space between the rocks, an basket in the pool would have stood the challenge. Luckily for me, he concluded that by stream was where he belonged, so at me he came with such speed that the most rapid reeling and skillful manipulation of my rod failed to dispose of the slack.

Again I feared he was gone, but soon the sudden tightening of the line announced he was still with me. As soon as he felt the line tighten he reared madly in the air, and as he leaped high in the air I recognized from the brilliant scarlet of his side that he was a California rainbow trout of no mean size.

As the pool was of the smallest and the sharp edged rocks above and below portended danger to my tackle, I determined to keep him as near me as possible, even at the risk of a tip. For several minutes, with tip and butt almost meeting, the pole strained to the breaking point. Sometimes leaping in the air and vainly trying to knock the hook out of his mouth with his tail, then to the bottom, where he would sulk till I coaxed fearful he had got under some rock and was lost to me.

But my trusty little rod is seven ounce lancewood; did my good service, and after a battle of several minutes he gradually turned on his side and I reeled in carefully. Feeling for my landing net I remembered for the first time what kind of one I had, but basing to ask sat I went for him with trail.

At sight of my flag of truce the gentleman from California concluded that he wasn't so far gone as he thought, and away he went toward for another trade. This was a short run, however, as he soon came to hand again. I attempted the whole rod again, but he showed sulk as antipathy to it that I was forced to call for aid from my chum, who was standing the sport from a rock below. Soon the prize was on the grass with the sun reflected back from his beautifully rainbow tinted sides.

He was "a beauty without paint." While the fight was in course I could have sworn he was twenty four inches long and weighed at least five pounds, but a cooler examination of him on the grass reduced him to about sixteen inches and one and three-quarter pounds. Those who have tackled this species of the salmon tribe can readily excuse my rough guess.—Forest and Stream.

How a Phrase Originated.

In Greek mythology the rose was the symbol of silence, as it was said that Cupid, the son of Venus, gave the God of Silence a golden rose as a bribe to conceal the amours of the Goddess of Love. It was, therefore, sculptured on the ceilings of banqueting halls and placed as a sign above the doors of questionable resorts. Guests at feasts were crowned with roses, to intimate that their conversation, while in their cups, was not to be repeated elsewhere. The phrase "under the rose" obtained currency in Greece after Pausanias, the admiral of the Greek fleet, plotted with Xerxes to betray the cause of the Greeks by surrendering the ships, the negotiations being conducted in a small banqueting hall, the roof of which was so sculptured and with sculptured roses.

The plot, however, was discovered, and orders given for the arrest of the traitor. Pausanias endeavored to make his escape, but, finding that impossible, took refuge in a temple which possessed the right of asylum. Declining to violate the sanctity of the place by forcibly removing him, and still more unwilling to allow him to escape, his fellow citizens walled up every entrance, and, by one account, left him to die of starvation, by another, killed him by unroofing the building and throwing down the tiles on his head.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Postal Curiosity.

A curiously addressed letter passed lately through the postoffice of Madrid, which was deciphered and correctly delivered notwithstanding all difficulties. The address was a perfect rebus. At the left hand side was the figure of a lady. It was clear, therefore, to which sex the recipient should belong. Over the lady's head the sun was rising. Hence her name was inferred to be Aurora. For her entrance stood a hill, with a castle at its foot, which gives as "Montes y Castillo." Next comes the town, for which the plan of a city was drawn, on which the name Alacantara was inferred to be indicated by Granada, but in order to leave no doubt possible a pomegranate was drawn beside the plan.

To complete the address a number was indicated in one of the streets of the city plan. The postal authorities took three days to study this curiosity, and then, to implicitly delivered the letter to "Aurora Antes Montes y Castillo, Antaqera No. 25, Granada," and so far from concurring in the opinion they had the envelope plastrigated and a quite petulant in the Madrid papers as a proof of the intelligence of the department.—Manchester Times.

Publishers' Payments to Lord Byron.

Mr. John Murray, Jr., speaking at a meeting of the Bibliophiles' Provident Institution, alluded to the high prices made by the founder of his house to Byron. In that Byron was paid for "The Siege of Corinth" £625 and he received an equal amount of money for "The Prisoner of Chillon," but these sums, though surprisingly liberal, all things considered, were not a little outweighed with the sum at which he was paid a couple of years later for "Childe Harold." For the third canto of that work he was loaded by his publisher £1,050 and for the fourth canto he received £2,000. Afterward he found himself in receipt of £1,000 for five copies of "Don Juan."—London Pall Mall.

A Wise Old Lady.

Benevolent Old Lady—I wish to leave all my property to charity.

Lawyer—Your relatives might break the will. Why not give the property to charity at once?

Old Lady—They'd put me in a lunatic asylum.—New York Weekly.

Edward Wilde Emerson is retiring in a lecture the following good story about Henry D. Thoreau. A Calvinistic friend was uneasy about the spiritual welfare of the much loafing transcendentalist. When Thoreau lay dying his religious friend said to him, "Henry, have you made your peace with God?" "Eldad," the dying naturalist whispered hoarsely, "I didn't know that God and myself had quarrelled."

The Chignecto Ship Railway.

As the ship railway from the Bay of Fundy to the Gulf of St. Lawrence approaches completion the eyes of the world are more and more centered on it. This great enterprise promises to be successful. The Isthmus of Chignecto is seventeen miles across. If ships can be successfully lifted upon a car at Amherst, in the Bay of Fundy, and conveyed across to Tidnish, N. S., on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, they will not only be saved a stormy voyage of 600 miles around the Nova Scotia coast, but will demonstrate that ship railways are practicable.

Sir Benjamin Baker, one of the Chignecto engineers, writing of the railway in the Nineteenth Century, says that a ship railway instead of a ship canal will be the true solution of his problem of transit across the isthmus between North and South America. He says there are four essentials to the success of the ship railway: Ships must be steadied with blocking upon a cradle which will carry them over the rails; the vessel and cradle must be lifted out of water to a level with the railroad; the rails and sleepers must be strong enough to support the heavy burden, and the locomotives must be strong enough to draw the load—in some cases 2,000 tons.

Each of these requirements has been met separately and fully tested, according to Sir Benjamin, and it now only remains to put the finishing strokes and tying them in all together. In the course of a few months this will be done, and we shall know whether the first ship railway of modern times is a success or failure. The lifting is to be accomplished by hydraulic power. Each ship will be hauled by two engines, each capable of drawing 4,000 tons. The railway will consist of a double line of tracks, the two lines having the space between them five feet wider than usual. The steel rails weigh 110 pounds to the yard.

Modern Conversation.

Talleyrand, looking back, declared that he who had and lived before the French revolution had lived in the pleasure of the chates of living. Now, however, in England at least, conversation, like letter writing and a hundred other social joys of a quiet and leisurely age, is dead, and in its place we have telegrams, slang and slovenliness. There seems to be a general agreement that in our time conversation is in a bad way. Without repute, without a certain strain of old world courtesy, without manners, in short, conversation is impossible. It will agree with M. Renan, who finds life to be a pushing, selfish, democratic age, of which "first come first served" is the rule, and which has caused to very hard to civility. Nor is this a question only of manners.

When the philosopher Schopenhauer used to dine in his cool and white dress at the table d'hote in Frankfort he used daily to place a gold piece beside his plate. "That," he explained when asked, "is to go to the poor whenever I hear the officers discuss anything more serious than women, dogs and horses." The gold piece always reappeared, and I fear it would be as in places nearer than Frankfort. Forty years ago Sir Arthur Helps in "Friends in Council" pronounced the "basis current of society money and talk." It has not improved since.—Gentleman's Magazine.

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SALE OF SALT LAKE CITY WATER-WORKS BONDS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT ON the 25th day of June, A. D. 1891, at the office of the Treasurer of Salt Lake City, Utah, sealed bids will be received for the purchase of said City of the bonds of said City, A. D. 1891, and for the purchase of the same, and the right to open the bonds are of the date, denomination and tenor of the Treasurer of Salt Lake City, Utah, and are payable in Gold Coin of the United States, and are payable in