

DEALING WITH DEPUTIES.

What the Officers Have to Contend With in Provo.

PROVO CITY.

Oct. 22, 1887.

Editor Deseret News: A rather amusing "take-off" on two deputy marshals occurred in this city this morning. A lady, formerly of Sanpete, but for the last few years a resident of Provo, received word from her old home that the officers were looking for her, and she has contrived therefore to be non est for the last few days. Yesterday her little girl called on her, stating that a Brother Rasmussen, an old friend of hers, from Sanpete, was waiting at the house to see her. As she was expecting a friend by that name on important business, she did not dream of a

"I am sorry that you feel so disappointed," said his guide who had lighted him to the door. Don't you think I would do as well?" Clawson stopped short and looked funny at her a few moments. Could it be that ten years of widowhood, since he last saw her, had so improved her age and appearance? "Subpoena her," whispered his pal from the outside. After stammering a moment he found words to ask: "Are you Sophia?" The gravity with which the question was put was too much for serious reply, so it was answered by a ringing laugh, during which the deputies took their departure. "Good morning," called the young lady after them when they were gone about a rod. "Good morning," they answered gaily. N. L. N.

DEPUTY IN COGNITO.

Luckily for her, she did not go home at once, so that her visitor, tired of waiting, excused himself and promised to call again in the afternoon. The lady, whom it will be convenient to call Mrs. Brown, had the curiosity to know what her visitor looked like, and on his return managed to get a glimpse of him before he reached the house. She saw at once it was Deputy Clawson, and determined to outwit him. The self-styled friend had just time to turn the corner of the house to catch sight of the female figure rapidly retreating up the lot. "That is your mother, isn't it?" said he, to the girl, adding with an assumed air of injured friendship, but really of vexation, at being outwitted. "I've called three times now to see her, and now she's running away as if I were a deputy marshal. She doesn't seem to value her old friends much." With a coolness and ready diplomacy that put to shame his assumed tones and ill concealed chagrin, the girl hastened to reply: "You must surely be mistaken, Brother Rasmussen; that cannot be my mother. It must be Mrs. G— I saw mother not half a minute ago in the bed room. Come in and sit down and I will call her." Clawson fell into

THE TRAP.

We should like to have a photograph of the deputy from the chin upwards in the little scene that followed, when the little girl, after looking through this room and that to gain time, faced him with a smile, that said, "I know who you are," and admitted, in ironical terms, that it must have been her mother after all. Fortunately the imagination outrivals either the eye or the ear in taking in such scenes. So must the fox in the fable have looked, when, after having invited his friend to dine on goose, he uncovered the leaves and found it missing. Two mischievous young ladies, whose names we need not mention, hearing so much of the story, volunteered to go and sleep in the house last night, declaring that should the deputies come they would "make a mash" on them if it had to be done with a rolling pin. Accordingly at daybreak this morning they were aroused by a

LOUD RAPPING

on the door. "Who's there?" asked one of the girls. "Deputy marshals." "What on earth do you want here this time of night?" "We want Mrs. Brown. If you're the lady, you'd better get ready quick as you can." "Well, step into the front room, while I light a lamp and get dressed," replied one of the girls. Clawson—for it was he—complied, leaving Dykes guarding the door. In a few moments, he stepped with lamp in hand—not the sturdy matron of forty—but a blooming piece of femininity of twenty summers, her eyes overflowing with mischief at the top of the thing. "I came to search this house for Mrs. Brown," began the deputy. "By what authority," demanded the young lady, trying to assume an air of gravity. "Have you a search warrant?" "No; but I have a subpoena and that's enough." "I want to see it," demanded the fair inquirer. Upon receiving the document, she read it aloud with assumed gravity, much to the amusement of the occupants of the adjoining bed-room, who uttered incessantly during the dreary monologue. "I tell you Mrs. Brown is not in this house, so it will do you no good to search it." "Well, who's in that bed room?" "Only two young ladies." "Well, I want to search it and see who's there," said the officer, starting for the door. "Girls, be's coming; uncover your faces and be searched." After counting noses and finding Mrs. Brown missing, the deputy opened a door to a side closet, evidently expecting to find the object of his search there, in ghosly garments. But here too, he was disappointed. His next trip was into the cellar, then through the various other rooms, which proved equally fruitless. AT LAST HE DEMANDED: "Is there an upstairs to this house?" "Is there, girls, an upstairs to this house?" "No," said one of them. "He might get up on the roof," replied the other, amid a general burst of provoking laughter. The deputy looked crestfallen.

A JUST TRIBUTE.

"Hab Plenty Money, No Hang: All Same Melican Man."

It is well enough in settled communities for statute makers and legal dignitaries to defend the necessity of the law and set the seal of opprobrium on rabble attempts to defy it; but where there is no law, or where law becomes inoperative, there is but one remedy for those who would escape anarchy and save themselves from social perdition. Undoubtedly some innocent men have suffered at the hands of an unorganized populace, have been inconsiderately and unjustly launched into eternity by a drunken mob in early California mining times; yet when the very best appliance for dealing out simple honest justice which human ingenuity can devise fails, it is scarcely wise to throw it aside for some worse system, because it lacks perfection. Legal tribunals are not always infallible in their decisions, and the skirts of a more orderly justice have not been always clear of blood guiltiness. Many a poor wretch is made unjustly or innocently to suffer, while the great scoundrel escapes with scarcely a blemish on his golden escutcheons. To-day the administration of justice in all the courts of Christendom is in many instances a farce. The Morions have a system, which is nearer right in principle than our own, for there he who feels himself aggrieved may lay his case before his peers, and if necessary carry it from the lowest to the highest tribunal without cost; but who can win a suit, however just, in any of our courts without money? The heathen in our midst understand this, as the following incident will show: In conversation with a bright-eyed, smiling Monokollan, Ah Foy, a gentleman for whom he did washing expressed the opinion that one Ah Chung, lately arrested for the murder of Ah Li, his celestial love, would be hanged. "Him no hang," explained Ah Foy, "him all same Melican man; he got two thousand dollars! You sabbe, no money, him hang; hab plenty money, no hang; all same Melican man."—Bancroft's Pacific States.

C. O. D. by Mail.

To the Editor of the Scientific American: The article in your issue of this date, "The Parcel Post," credited to the American Architect, and referring to the announcement that the Post Office Department had established a postal parcel service between the United States and Mexico and certain islands in the West Indies, and referring to the superior postal service of Germany in this respect, interested me deeply. Germany, Austria, France and Belgium have had for years a system of collecting bills by mail, through the postal authorities. In all these countries, I believe, packages can be sent C. O. D. by mail. This is certainly the case in Austria, for in 1882 I availed myself of it, and found it to work most admirably. A day or two after leaving Vienna I sent an order for some articles of merchandise to that city, to be delivered to me at Innsbruck on my arrival; and on reaching there I found that the postman had previously been there with them, and he being informed of my arrival brought them the next morning; and I paid for the goods, the postage and the cost of returning the money to the seller. Greatly impressed by the manner in which this service was performed, I wrote a letter to our then Postmaster-General, Howe, advocating it for the United States. He never, so far as I am aware, took any action in the matter. Since then I have repeatedly urged it upon a member of Congress, a very active member of the Post Office committee. He has been very favorably impressed by it, but has never urged it upon Congress. Of course the express companies would make a very determined fight against any such innovation on one of their privileges; but this is a reform which is bound to come, and when once the people take hold of the idea, the express companies will be powerless to prevent it. In this connection it is worthy of note that all, or nearly all of the reforms in our postal service have been borrowed from Europe, and have not originated in the United States, from the postage stamp pretty much all the way down, without a break, to the postal note. But Europe is still in ad-

vance of us, and it seems extremely difficult to catch up with it. The C. O. D. postal idea, like so many other good postal reforms already borrowed, is sure to be adopted by us, and the sooner the better. HENRY CARLY BAIRD. Philadelphia, Sep. 10, 1887.

A Pen Picture of Central Arizona.

The district usually denominated Central Arizona includes Maricopa County with portions of Gila and Pinal counties, and lies between 32 degrees, 30 minutes and 34 degrees north latitude, and between 34 degrees and 36 degrees of longitude, west from Washington, containing an area of something over 10,500 square miles (more than 900 square miles larger than the states of Connecticut and Rhode Island combined), of irregular oblong form, its length lying in an easterly and westerly direction. It is in one sense a vast plain, elevated some 1,500 feet above tide water, and yet, with the exception of the valley of the Salt and Gila rivers, is freely studded with peaks and short ranges of mountains mostly composed of dark basaltic rock, rising from 100 to 500 feet above the general surface. Many of these elevations bear, from base to summit, considerable shrubbery and timber, so that while the general aspect is that of a broken and rude country, the view is relieved with large quantities of evergreen foliage. Between these short ranges, and surrounding these irregular peaks, are valleys of sandy surface and forbidding appearance, covered with a great variety of cacti (some of which attain a height of 30 feet) and other kinds of semi-tropical growths, and occasional lakelets that disappear for at least one-half the year, and creeks that, though full for several months, are during the balance of the year dry. But it has been demonstrated that all these valleys, when irrigated and cultivated, are extremely fertile, and many of them so sheltered and protected as to have a climate equally tropical with ordinary districts located 10 degrees further south.—Rev. O. C. Wheeler in Rural Press.



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TIME AND DOCTORS' BILLS

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ESTRAY NOTICE.

I HAVE IN MY POSSESSION: One small bay horse COLT, from 4 to 10 months old, one white hind foot, small star in forehead, and a small white spot on end of nose. If the above described animal is not claimed and taken away on or before October 31st, 1887, it will be sold to the highest cash bidder, at the estray pound at Granger, at 2 o'clock p. m. L. HEMENWAY, Poundkeeper, Granger Precinct, S. L. Co., October 20.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

I HAVE IN MY POSSESSION: One red BULL, 2 years old, white star in forehead, white under belly, white streak round the body, just behind the shoulders, and sit in left ear; no brands visible. If not claimed and charges paid within ten days from date, will be sold to the highest cash bidder, Thursday, November 3rd, 1887, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Mount Pleasant estray pound. LAURITZ LARSEN, Poundkeeper, Mount Pleasant, October 24, 1887.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the District Court, in and for the Third Judicial District of Utah Territory, County of Salt Lake. Daniel H. Kimball, Andrew Kimball, Alice Kimball and Sarah Kimball Sickles, Plaintiffs, vs. Benjamin Johnson and Harriet Johnson, Defendants. The People of the Territory of Utah, send greeting: To Benjamin Johnson and Harriet Johnson, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED TO appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiffs, in the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the Territory of Utah, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—it served within this county, or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days, otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint. The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this court declaring void a certain deed made and executed by plaintiffs on or about May 1st, 1884, to said defendant Harriet Johnson, on the ground that the said deed was obtained by fraudulent representations of said defendants, and purported to convey Lot Two instead of Lot One, Block 2, Salt Lake City Survey, and ordering also that said defendant deliver up said deed for cancellation and for plaintiffs' costs of suit. And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear, and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein. Witness the Hon. Charles S. Zane, Judge, and the seal of the District Court of the Third Judicial District, in and for the Territory of Utah, this fourth day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven. H. G. McMILLAN, Clerk. By J. M. ZANE, Deputy Clerk. wlm

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NOTICE.

Ferron Township. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT whereas Orange Seely, as the Probate Judge of Emery County, U. T., and in accordance with the laws of the United States and of this Territory, did on the 27th day of September, A. D. 1886, duly enter at the U. S. Land Office, in Salt Lake City, U. T., in trust for the several owners and occupants of the lands involved, and as a townsite, to wit: The town of "Ferron," the following described tracts of land, viz: The south east quarter (SE 1/4) of section nine (9), and the west half of the south west quarter (W 1/2 SW 1/4) of section ten (10), in township twenty (20) south, of range seven (7) east, Salt Lake meridian, United States survey for the Territory of Utah, containing 240 acres of land. Jasper Robertson, the successor to said Judge, duly commissioned and qualified, do now notify all persons claiming any rights whatever in or to any lot or parcel of said land, to sign a statement in writing, describing in an accurate manner the lot or parcel of land so claimed, and deliver the same to the Clerk of the Probate Court of Emery County, U. T., within six (6) months from the 31st day of August, 1887, the same being the date of the first publication of this notice, or be forever barred the right of claiming or recovering said land in any court of law or equity. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, at Castle Dale, Emery Co., U. T., this 20th day of August, 1887. JASPER ROBERTSON, w3m Probate Judge, Emery Co., U. T.

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