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THE DESERET WEEKLY

A 32 to 40 page Magazine, the cheapest and best high-class monthly specialty devoted to a series of useful literature. Price, per annum of 12 numbers, $1.00; per copy, 10c. mailed.

SONG.

For on the heavens hole unfold,
And silver chains star the sky,
The course hurls the unseen pole,
And the wild rose breathes a sigh.
I feel the sky through the touch receiving,
I share the skylark's transport free,
I know the fountains around receiving—
Voices, and the world is mine!

I love, and thoughts that some time grieved,
Still, well remembered, grieve not me;
From all that darkened earth relieved
I spear my spirit free.
For with the light of life crowned sky-story,
Hugs the sea one strain divine,
My clouds arise all flushed with glory—
I love, and the world is mine!
—Florence Earle Coates in Harper's Weekly.

A SAILING ADVENTURE.

My father owned the brig Penshaw, which was a tidy craft of 300 tons burden, sailing out of Australian and New Zealand ports. During the year I was fifteen years old the brig was voyaging between Sydney and Wellington, a stretch of water about 1,200 miles wide. One night as we entered the straits, heading our way slowly up against a head wind, we came in collision with a coasting schooner running with the land, but no lights set, and, as was afterward shown, all her crew, captain included, were half drunk and did not see us. I was on lookout and saw the schooner first, but so we were close on the wind and she close at hand we could do nothing. She struck us on the starboard bow with a great crash. Our foremast went by the board, the schooner's bowsprit was twisted off and the two craft lunged and swung for three or four minutes and then separated.

In such emergencies men act on impulse and cannot always clearly remember what occurs. In this case I climbed aboard the schooner, thinking she was the one to injure, and it appeared that every one of her crew rushed on to the decks of the brig for the same reason. It was some minutes after the craft separated before I discovered that I was alone. The schooner was then in the lumgh of the sea and rolling about at a great rate. I then went forward and used an ax and my knife to cut away the ribbons, bowsprit and foremast, which were floating alongside. The mainboom of the foremast had been broken and I dropped that with the foremast was still right. I dropped the peak. The mainsail and two jibs were gone. I now got the schooner dead before the wind and she ran off at a great pace.

I began to wonder how badly she had been damaged. I had seen that her bulwarks for a distance of fifteen feet on the starboard bow had been stove in, but as to the hull itself I could not say. I should have laid her boat to the sea and wind but for her damages. Young as I was I knew all its ins and outs, a pretty fair sailor, and I knew I could not set a storm sail in the foregoing nor hold her up 20 and 30 knots. If I could leave the wheel without fear of her broaching to and so for the first hour I stood there expecting she would fill and flounder. As she continued buoyant, and I failed to hear the swash of water below decks, I finally came to the conclusion that she had received no great injury. Such proved to be the case. Her stem and some of the planks were broken above the water line, and the bulwarks had been torn away as the bowsprit was wrenched out, but her crew had all sail to leave her.

The accident occurred about 10 o'clock. The wind was then blowing a lively rate, but by midnight there was half a gale and a heavy sea. There was foresail enough to lift and scud her, and I don't remember that I was anything more than anxious over the outcome. I was being blown to the east, right out into the South Pacific, but at that moment I had the gales which were likely to be of short continuance. This was reached its height at midnight, and when daylight came the sea had very much decreased, and the schooner would not have made over ten miles an hour running with all sails set.

I could see the length of her I brought her head on, and by lashing the foresail boom amidships and dropping the peak a little more I found she would keep there with the wheel lashed amidships. This done I went aloft for a look around, but could see nothing. Returning to the deck I got out the Union Jack and set it in the main rigging as a signal of distress, and then inspected damages. The little craft was as dry as a bone, and the planks above water were a complete wreck. There was little or nothing I could do to mend matters, and so I turned to and prepared breakfast. By the time I had eaten what I had dropped to a three knot breeze, while the sky promised good weather for the next day or two.

When I came to inspect the cargo I found it to consist mostly of lumber. This was to have been taken up the coast to the site of a new town. There was also some hardware, provisions, machinery and dry goods. The lumber in the vessel would float her, no matter if she should miss of water, and I need have no fears on the question of food and drink. When I came to look for a chart I could find nothing—not even a compass. My father's charts and instruments had all been left behind, and I had never had occasion to use them on the coast of Australia. I knew, however, that the nearest coast was that of South America, but that was thousands of miles away, and I concluded that my chance lay in being picked up by some vessel.

After dinner I lay down and slept for several hours, and on awakening sent aloft for a look around. Not a sail was in sight and water were in sight. I had been driving to the west all day at the rate of about three knots an hour, and when I came to figure up the probable speed of the night before I estimated that I was 100 miles off the coast. The breeze still held from the same quarter, and freshened somewhat as night came on. I remained awake until about 10 o'clock, and then lashed down on the deck, and was as little disturbed that I slept right through the night, and awoke at 8 o'clock next morning to be treated to a tremendous surprise. The schooner was high and dry on a sandy shore, and before me was a beautiful green forest. She had taken ground so softly that I had not been disturbed.

I was ashore on the Chatham Islands, a group of fourteen verdant islands to the east of New Zealand, and the only break in the wide waters stretching to the coast of Patagonia. I had struck one of the largest, called "Calliatior," and I was no sooner on my feet than there was such a chattering of birds as almost deafened me. These islands were not then inhabited, and have such a sparse population now that the number is not recorded on the charts. Land being so cheap and cheap on the island of New Zealand itself, and there being so many fertile islands about to open, so all of people care to indigo themselves by taking up a residence on the Chathams. I got down over the bows and reached the beach dry shod, and after three hours of walking about I found I had come across an island almost three miles in length and breadth—it being nearly square. It was covered with the verdure of the tropics, and while like trees seemed to be full of birds I saw neither serpents nor wild animals.

The schooner lay exposed to the westerly gales and seas, and it would only be a question of a week or two when she would break up or be buried in the sands. It therefore would not do to land her gear and most of her that I could before this disaster took place. I began right after dinner, and it would surprise you to know how much I accomplished in the next four days. All of the stanchions, winch, and a block and pulley in the main rigging, I got out bowsprit bowsprit, about eight and a half feet, three of cigar and of wood, and twelve times I got ashore all the bulls, calves, provisions, cooking utensils, etc. There were iron, shovels, picks, hoes, rakes, gardening tools, carpenters' tools, and a host of other things which could be handled, and I got out enough boards to make me a cabin and floor it. On the evening of the fifth day a strong wind came up from the west, accompanied by a very high tide, and instead of the vessel breaking up she floated and a current pulled her off, and she drifted down the coast about a mile. She then struck on a sunken ledge, turned over, and the seas broke her up.

There was no prominent point on the island where I could see a signal. I therefore contented myself with keeping a look-out to the west. Twice during the first two weeks I saw ships far off by the aid of the glass. Then six weeks passed with not any sighting. During those weeks I had erected my house back about forty feet from the shore, got all the goods under cover, and was more satisfied with my lot than some one would have been. I had no way of knowing whether father's brig went down in the collision or not, but was satisfied that if he escaped with his life he would make search for me.

I had been on the island for three months when I one day made a wonderful discovery. I was on the south shore, where the forest was more open and the soil composed of sand and shell, and I stopped for a moment under the shadow of a tree. As I did so a small animal only about half as large as a hare ran past my feet and into its burrow, only a yard away. As I followed it with my eye I saw something glitter in the fresh dirt thrown out, and I picked it up to find that it was an English sovereign. Raking over the dirt with my fingers, I soon found four others, together with some small pieces of mouldy cotton. I at once jumped to the conclusion that these must be a store of treasure below, and I ran for a shovel. It was easy digging then, and I had not gone down over two feet before I was throwing out more money than dirt.

The treasure had been sanitized entirely in canvas bags. These had been stout enough at the outset, but the dampness of the earth had finally rotted them. I could easily lift a single one of the bags out by itself, but the amount of work brought down a piece of sailcloth and spread it on the ground, and then piled the treasure on it as I dug it from the dirt. There had been twelve bags of money, every piece of gold. I knew the value only in English currency. There were pieces I knew to have been coined in India, Spain, France, Holland and the United States, and I gave a guess at the value by the weight alone. I found the treasure about 8 o'clock in the morning, and it was after noon before I had all the money on the sailcloth. I was a stout, healthy boy, but I could not have lifted a tenth part of the total weight. I doubt if a stout man would have dragged it a foot.

The first thought was to get the money to my house—a mile away. I got a stout sack, and planned to carry the pile away in such lots as I could lift, but then I began to regret that, as I was the only person on the island, the money was no safe where it was as it would be in my house. I therefore filled my pockets with the larger pieces of specie, and then covered myself with a spreading a piece of canvas over the heap and throwing on some branches. I was not greatly out up over the big find, although I knew there must be tens of thousands of dollars there. I was simply a little more cautious to sight a sail, and for the next week I did nothing but patrol up and down the shore and look seaward. I visited the money every morning and evening, and more and then passed the bags over and carried away such coins as I desired to more closely inspect.

It was, I believe, on the morning of the eighth day after finding the gold that I walked down to the water for my morning dip in as I whistling back here is about a mile away and one of her masts pulling in. It was the English whaling craft Greenpeace, and father had met her captain in a New Zealand port and asked him to call at the islands as he home and look for traces of me. When it was found that I was alive and well the captain swung about. He would not promise to carry me to New Zealand under six months, as he was bound to the banks of Brazil, but he listed all my property off at a fair value and got it to my cabin. When everything had been taken aboard I allowed him my pocket pieces and told him of my find. What I had brought up to the house counted up nearly £300 English money.

I started with him for the spot where the treasure was lying, accompanied by three of his men, and we reached it to find that everything had disappeared. There was not the least trace of the money, and several branches which had covered the bags when the treasure was leading down to the water's edge. I had been there at sundown the night before. During the night a party had landed and removed the last atom of money. From whence they came, or what craft, how they knew the treasure was there, which way they sailed, all these were queries which all could put but no one answer. A day after leaving the island the ship encountered a heavy gale and we had her captain the story. He resumed in search of the mysterious craft for several days, but did not speak her, and all official inquiry made by the New Zealand government failed to trace anything further.—New York Sun.

A Unanimous Verdict.

Some fifteen years or so ago, when Robert Louis Stevenson made one among the little colony of art students and others at Barbizon, a Scotchman arose as to who, out of all their number, could best be spared by the world at large—he, in short, who never would be missed by the general public. There was some difficulty about coming to a decision, so, finally, every one present inscribed the name of his candidate on a slip of paper. The slips were folded, placed in a hat, and, on being opened and read, proclaimed that all claimed honors had been toiled for Stevenson.—San Francisco Argonaut.

No Doubt of It.

Friend—I understand your wife's family trace their lineage back to William the Conqueror.

Mr. Hen—I guess that's so. Old William was a terrible fighter, wasn't he?—New York Weekly.

In the desire to train children in the way of sentiment many people make the little ones sit bathing carefully fold each garment taken off. It is a mistake to do this, as the clothes need to be thoroughly aired during the night. The child must be taught to hang them up on low hooks and thus receive orderly habits.

The Poor Absent Minded Man.

This story was told by an absent minded man's wife. "Before the wedding she remarked, 'Our husband said to me: 'Now, Nell, I know very well that when the time comes for me to purchase the ring I shall never be able to find it. If I put it in my pocket I shall never find the pocket, and if I do find the pocket I shall never find the ring. Suppose you take the ring, and just at the moment when I need it you can slip it into my hand.'

"So we agreed upon that arrangement. When the ceremony began he was as calm as could be. I held the ring in my hand, ready to slip it over to him when the proper moment came. He began to get restless and lost all trace of the service. Then he began to fidget, and his hand went into one pocket after another in search, of course. I had no idea what was wanting him until he whispered to me so loudly that every one around us could have heard it: 'Nell, where in the world did I put that ring? I have felt in every pocket and can't find it. I won't have it when the time comes.'

"I opened my hand to show him that the ring was there. 'Where did you get it?' he asked, and just then I had to give it to him, for the time for it was over. He was not inkled, for every one who knows this particular man is familiar with his absent mindedness, and no one thinks of the embarrassments which it causes him now than he.—New York Tribune.

Women as a Companion.

There are stale old jokes about women talking too much. The misfortune of modern society is that its conversation, worthy of the name, they talk about little. Women who differ is better than the one who is mute. Why is it so often observed that men will talk together on some subject worthy of human interest, but directly ladies join them they feel it necessary to be polite. But how? By bringing the new comers into the sentiment merely by an assent. But rather by demanding to very small talk. Anything which leads to raise the intellectual level among women will tend more powerfully to improve conversation.

We may despair of attaining to the seven mental exercise described in "Martin Chuzzlewit" when the great Elijah Pogram got out of his depth instantly, and the three literary ladies were never in theirs. But it is desirable, in the interests we feel of conversation as of even more important things, that women should, more often than they are, be so taught that they will be neither plaything nor walking encyclopedias, but the genuine companions of men.—Gentleman's Gazette.

Information Unappreciated.

The man at the theater who insists on explaining the jokes, the "situations" and the whole play to his companions to the disgust of every one in the neighborhood, sometimes comes to be a thorn in the flesh and becomes a source of annoyance. This was noticeable not so long ago at a theater where the audience was well accustomed with the players. One of those talkative individuals had a seat behind a lady whose big head was quite showing that he "knew it all."

He described the criticisms which had been made upon one actor, told of the dissatisfaction with his interpretation of the part, and also intimated where his work might well be improved. He got on famously until the end of one act, when some one near him called attention to the fact that on that night for the first time there was a change in the cast. A lady near was playing the part that night, but the wise man had not discovered this. He refused to be fooled the trick, and every one thereafter gave the astonishment a glance full of sympathy and of gratitude.—New York Tribune.

Automatic Lamplighter.

An electric lamp has been exhibited which was connected with a selenium cell and a relay in such a manner that it was automatically turned on in the dark and extinguished by the action of light. The action of the lamp can be regulated by placing the cell near a window and closing the shutters, when the lamp immediately lit up, going out again as soon as the shutters were reopened. In another test, when daylight was not available, the effect was exhibited in a not less striking way by alternately screening and exposing a gas-burner placed at the distance of a foot or two from the selenium, or by turning the gas up and down. It is said that this device is of such sensitiveness that by moving a candle backward and forward over a range of about one inch the circuit can be alternately closed and broken as often as desired.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Too Much.

A man who lived several years ago on one of the islands of Maine was commonly reputed to be a miser.

He possessed considerable property, and one winter during the absence of the legislature had occasion to visit Augusta. He stopped into a restaurant for dinner, and the waiter spread before him the printed bill of fare.

The novice took it for a bill of charges. He ran his eye over it and quickly forced up the figures in the right of the page. Then he sprang to his feet in indignation.

"What!" said he, "all that to pay, and I haint eat a mouthful yet!"

No doubt he thought Augusta people a set of sharpers. On his next visit to the capital he carried with him a pail of victuals.—Lewiston Journal.

Discovery of Frictional Electricity.

An Englishman put on a pair of woolen stockings over his cotton ones and went to bed one day. At night he pulled the stockings off without separating them, and was astonished by the crackling noise and even the sparks of electricity which followed. When he drew the silk stockings out of the woolen ones the electrical attraction was so manifest that the stockings would incline toward one another when held some distance apart. It happened that the silk stockings were black and the woolen ones of light color, but it has since been the experiment with both stockings of the same color there was no electrical manifestation.—Detroit Free Press.

Didn't treat the hotel clerk as it he were a permanent enemy because he does not give you the best room in the house. Our $1.50 Printed China Silks, in very latest designs, for 98c.

Our $1.75 Printed China Silks, in very latest designs, for $1.10.

BURNS & SCALDS are cured by S. Jacobs Oil used according to DIRECTIONS with each BOTTLE. Also SORE THROAT WOUNDS, CUTS, SWELLINGS THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

WHY DO YOU COUGH?

Do you know that a little cough is a dangerous thing? Are you aware that it often fastens on the lungs and far too often runs into Consumption and ends in Death? People suffering from Asthma, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Consumption will all tell you that

"IT STARTED WITH A COLD."

Can you afford to neglect it? Can you trifle with so serious a matter? Are you aware that

DR. ACKER'S ENGLISH REMEDY

for Coughs, Colds and Consumption is beyond question the greatest of all Modern Remedies? It will stop a Cough in one night. It will check a Cold in a day. It will prevent Croup, relieve Asthma and cure Consumption if taken in time. "You can't afford to be without it." A 25c. bottle may save you $100 in Doctor's bills—may save your life! Ask your druggist for it, or write to T. F. ROOKE & CO., 46 Vine Street, New York, for book.

For sale by Z. C. M. I. Drug Department.

A Charter Oak feast I'm having today
Such a jolly crowd ne'er came before;
The sisters, cousins, and aunts are here,
The grand-sires, and uncles too appear
And all shout for "that wire gauze door."

FOR SALE BY
Z. C. M. I., Sole Agents in Salt Lake City

ECLIPSE! 52 S. FIRST SOUTH. ECLIPSE!

The general verdict is that the Eclipse Grocery and Fruit Company carry the very best goods in their line to be found anywhere in the city, and that, coupled with the courteous treatment and obliging manners of their salesmen, make it one of the most attractive places of business in town. We invite our friends and the public generally to call and see for themselves.

JAS. SAVILLE, JAS. M. BARLOW, TELEPHONE No. 858. D. S. EMERY, A. H. WOOLLEY.

WHAT IS A GUARANTEE?

Many merchants and salesmen are in the habit of indiscriminately "guaranteeing" their wares with no thought of being called upon to make the "guarantee" good. It is a pernicious and foolish custom more respected in the breach than in the observance.

A guarantee, to have any value, should be made with knowledge of the meaning of the word and a set purpose to carry out the terms of the guarantee. On these lines the makers instruct us to warrant, and we replace any tool found imperfect in use.

We have used our best judgment, acquired by a considerable experience, in selecting the following items for our stock and sell them to our customers with an absolute guarantee that if they do not prove to be all that we represent them, we will refund the purchase money in full.

"Jewel" Steel Ranges. A finished article, perfectly proportioned, made of the best material. Don't fail to see it. It will pay you.

"Quick Meal" No Generator, Evaporating. Light it as you do your gas burner. No smell. No danger. No complication. Every objection to the use of a Gasoline Stove done away with. Think of the discomfort missed in Summer by avoiding the heat of a big Kitchen Range.

"Superior" Cooks and Ranges. Superior as bakers. Superior in economy of fuel. Superior in design. Superior in construction. Superior in everything that goes to make a perfect cooking apparatus.

The "Foote Refrigerator." An Ice saver. A Health promoter. Cellular stone lined. What is that? Investigate it. It will more than repay you.

Our stock of Builders' Hardware, House Furnishings, Garden Hose, Lawn Sprinklers, Lawn Mowers, etc., is complete in every detail.

E. C. COFFIN HARDWARE CO., Progress Building.

BARNES, LEWIS & CO., 16 MAIN STREET.

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One can have is

GOOD GOODS AND LOW PRICES!!

Call in and see how it works, at

BARNES, LEWIS & CO., 16 MAIN STREET.

They are

HEADQUARTERS FOR FAMILY SUPPLIES,

And are

NEVER UNDERSOLD!

Quality Considered.

MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

BARNES, LEWIS & CO., 16 MAIN STREET.

F. AUERBACH AND BRO.

WE ARE OVERSTOCKED IN

SILKS! SILKS!! SILKS!!!

And FINE DRESS GOODS. How can we Reduce them During this week to the tune of $15,000 IN CASH!

The answer comes! A Slaughter Sale, cutting prices below all competition will do it. Our loss is your gain! Read and Profit!! For Cash Only!!!

Our best $2.00 Black Lyons Gros Grain Silk, warranted pure dye, for $1.37½.
Best $2.00 Black Lyons Gros Grain Silk, for $1.25.
Best $1.00 Black Lyons Gros Grain Silk, for 75c.
Seven other grades in same proportion.
Best $2.25 Black Satin Rhadames for $1.65½.
Best $1.75 Black Satin Rhadames for $1.35.
Best $1.50 Black Satin Rhadames for $1.05.
Four other grades Satin Rhadames reduced in same proportion.
Best $1.50 Black India Silk for $1.10.
" $1.25 " " " " 90c.
" 90c. " " " " 70c.
" $1.25 Colored Gros Grain Silks for 90c.
Best Black and Latest Shades 85c. Surahs for 62½c.
Choicest Puffs Ind. $1.50 Silk Serges, high novelties, $1.15.
Choicest $1.50 genuine China Crepes, loveliest shades, at $1.07½.
Silk Fantaisie in Plain and Brocades, reduced to $2.00, $2.00, $1.25 and 92½.
Lovely Crepe de Chine, worth $1.50, to $1.05.
A lot of pure China Silks, in newest shades, at 47½c.
$1.40 Pure Silk Faille Francaise for 98c.
Our 65c. Printed Pongees, in very latest designs, for 42½c.
Our 75c. Printed Pongees, in very latest designs, for 52½c.
Our 90c. Printed China Silks, in very latest designs, for 67½c.
Our 95c. Printed China Silks, in very latest designs, for 70c.
Our $1.25 Printed China Silks, in very latest designs, for 90c.
Our $1.50 Printed China Silks, in very latest designs, for $1.10.

Every piece of our India and China Silks are genuine Bombay and Canton manufacture, sent to France to be printed and finished, most of them, in excellent patterns.

Lots of Remnants, odds and ends, in our Silk stock, Reduced 50 per cent.

Pure Silk Grenadines, in Plain Polka Dot and other choice designs at ASTONISHING REDUCTIONS!

French Dress Patterns in Camel's Hair or Plaid and Stripe, with clio or combinations.

Last week's price $27.50, this week only $18.50.

Last week's price, $25.00, this week only $17.50.

Last week's price, $20.00, this week only $13.50.

Last week's price, $18.50, this week only $15.00.

Last week's price, $17.50, this week only $14.25.

Last week's price, $15.00, this week only $12.25.

Last week's price, $15.00, this week only $11.75.

Last week's price, $12.50, this week only $10.25.

900 Black and Colored Embroidered Brilliantine and Cashmere Dress Patterns, last week $5.00, this week $4.15.

All of our last week's prices on Priestley's celebrated Black Goods are safe for this week only.

They consist of choicest Melrose, Camel's Hair, Mourning Brocades, Crape Cloth, Nun's Veilings, Wool Grenadines, Silk Warp Henriettas, Silk Warp Brilliantines, Thibetines, Alpacas, Serges, etc., etc.

DRESS GOODS BARGAINS.

No. 1.—Last week's prices on colored Brilliantines, 85c., this week 39c.
" " " " " 37½c., " 19c.
" " " " French Serges, 60c., " 45c.
No. 2.—25 pieces Choice Plaid Dress Goods, last week 35c., this week 19c.
" " " " and Stripe Cheviots, last week 50c., this week 39c.
19 pieces Assorted styles and qualities, last week's prices ranging from 50c. to 75c., this week 47½c.
No. 3.—One lot of various lines of Novelty Dress Goods, last week's price from 65c. to 85c., this week all at 52½c.

WE INTEND THIS SALE TO BE A SUCCESS.

Our our prices shall compel every intelligent lady to admit that this sale was all we promised.

Our Cloak and Shoe, Children's Clothing, Carpet and Curtain Departments are presenting shoppers with genuine bargains.

Mail orders during the week filled at advertised prices. We warrant every article as represented.

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1,000 BABY CARRIAGES!

We must Sell Cheap to Reduce our Immense Stock. Our prices are positively

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The rush in this Department is unprecedented. New Designs ARRIVING DAILY, and all who see them are delighted with their beauty and

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