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THE DESERET WEEKLY.

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FIGHTING FOR A BABY.

TWO WOMEN WHO STRUGGLED FOR POSSESSION OF A CHILD.

One Was the Mother, the Other Had Grown to Be a Foster Mother—Story of a Mother's Unfortunate Efforts to Provide a Home for Herself and Child.

A mother trying to kidnap her own child.

Another woman trying to hold the child for the payment of a board bill.

And two women using the two great aid baby to lies of a rope for a tug of war.

These three different views describe the spectacle which met the eyes of passersby on Tremont street, in front of King's chapel, about half past 4 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon.

It was a noisy incident. The mother had the baby by the legs; the other woman clung to it by the shoulders. Neither would release her hold, and a frightened screamer of the child quickly attracted the attention of a crowd.

"I want my child," screamed the younger woman between her gasps for breath, as she tugged away.

"You mean I have her," gritted the elder lady, as with determined grasp she maintained her hold upon the little one.

Then the crowd grew interested and took sides, although the merits of the policy owned to be with the young mother, and further complications might have ensued but for the appearance of Patrolman Maynes, of Station 1.

His arrival was the signal for a cessation of hostilities. The little one was dropped, and both sides entered upon volable explanations, which he cut short by inviting the entire party to go with him to station 2, where matters could be adjusted.

It was a unique party which presently stood before Captain Hennessey's desk—the mother weeping and sobbing, the other women frosted and defiant, the baby frightened and tearful.

The policeman quickly stated the case, and then mutual and instantaneous explanations began.

"I want my baby," exclaimed the little woman.

"Well, why don't you pay its board?" retorted the other.

"I did as long as I could," was the reply, "but you've no right to keep it from me."

"Well, you've got no right to snatch it from me on the street," was the quick response.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

Then the captain commanded silence and propounded a series of questions, the answers to which revealed some of those little domestic tragedies so common and yet so uncommon, as the pretty little woman told her story.

A few years ago she married a young fellow, who shortly after their union turned out to be a scamp. She lived with him as long as she could, and then left him to begin a hard battle for life for herself and her two little ones.

That was two years ago. She hired a room on a quiet street at the south end, and kept her oldest child with her, while her infant she placed in the care of a woman in Wakefield, who advertised to board children.

The mother obtained work in a restaurant, and out of three dollars a week she had board underback to clothe herself and her little ones, pay for her room and give two dollars a week for the board of her baby.

For six months she succeeded. Then a brief spell of sickness retarded her efforts, and she found herself unable to make all ends meet, so she asked the payment of two dollars a week for the little one's board until such time as she should be able to continue it.

That time has never yet appeared. Her other little one sickened, and her earnings were swallowed in bills for doctors and medicines.

Her hours fight for her child's life was without avail, however, and a few weeks ago the little one died. Heartbroken, but not crushed, the young mother again resumed the battle. She had one still to live for, although she had been unable for the last year and a half to do anything for it.

A MODERN SOLOMON.

On Wednesday afternoon she saw her baby going down Tremont street in the care of the lady with whom she had placed it two years ago, and the maternal instinct could not resist the desire to caress fond and cheeks, lighted up by a pair of blue eyes and crowned with curly, yellow hair.

She caught the child in her arms and was about to kiss it, when the Wakefield woman recognized her, and thinking that she intended to take away the baby by force resolved to the best of her ability. Then the scene on the street ensued.

The Wakefield woman was taken aback by her story, which was that the mother's statement about placing the child in her care was true, but that she had received the money for the support of the baby for the last year and a half, and that the little one had so grown into her heart that she wished to adopt it and would give it a good home.

When both the principals had finished Captain Hennessey in a few pungent words managed to convey a great deal of meaning. He suggested an amicable adjustment of the matter, and the child's friend agreed to go to Wakefield next Saturday and receive the little one, and to pay $6.50 out of her three dollars weekly stipend until the board bill of the little one should have been counteracted.

Then the Wakefield woman with the baby started for home, the little one gazing with wondering eyes over the shoulder of its bearer at its mother, who, with red eyes and sobbing form, turned her steps in the opposite direction.—Boston Herald.

It has been officially reported that the wheat crop of North Dakota is about 30,000,000 bushels.

GETTING OUT OF RUSSIA.

A Traveler's Amusing Experiences Smuggling Books Into Russia.

Upon the advice of some of my friends in Minnesota, I decided to get rid of all my auto books, documents, letters from political convicts and other dangerous and incriminating papers, by smuggling them through the mails to a friend in St. Petersburg. To introduce such material to the Russian postal department seemed a very hazardous thing to do, but my friends assured me that the postal authorities in Minnesota were honorable men who would not betray to the police the fact that I had sent such a package, and that they would be responsible if the thing opened or examined in St. Petersburg. They brought this the danger of losing my letter and papers to the mails was not nearly so great as the danger of losing them taken from me as the result of a police search.

The material in question amounted in weight to about forty pounds, but as packages of all sizes are constantly going by mail in Russia, some bulk in itself was not a suspicious circumstance. I had a box made by an exiled Polish carpenter, took it in my room at night, put into it the manuscript and my letters—the accumulation of the dangerous papers being already concealed in the covers of books and the hollow sides of small boxes—sewed it up carefully in strong canvas, sealed it with more than twenty seals and addressed it to a friend in St. Petersburg, whose political trustworthiness was beyond suspicion and whom until I believed would not be tempted with.

Tuesday morning, about half an hour before the semi-weekly post was to leave Minneapolis for St. Petersburg, I carried the box down from the room and placed it under the cover of an overcoat, put it into a sleigh, threw a robe over it, and went with it myself to the postoffice. The officials asked no questions, but weighed the package, gave me a written receipt for it and tossed it carelessly upon a pile of other mail matter that a clerk was putting into large leather pouches. I gave one last look at it, and left the postoffice with a heavy heart. From that time forward I was never free from anxiety about it. That package contained all the results of my Siberian work, and its loss would be simply irreparable. A week after week passed, and I heard nothing about it, I was strongly tempted to telegraph my friend and find out whether it had reached him, but I knew that such a telegram might increase the risk, and I refrained.

We reached the Russian capital on the 19th of March, and as soon as I had left Mr. Frost at a hotel with our baggage, I called a droshky, drove to the house of the friend to whom I had sent my precious box of auto books and papers, and, with a fast beating heart, rang the bell and gave the servant my card. Before my friend made his appearance I was in a perfect fever of excitement and anxiety. Suppose the box had been opened by the gendarme or police officials and its contents seized. What would I have to show for almost a year of work and suffering? How much would I remember of all that I had seen and learned? What would life without the written record of scenes, dates, and all the minutiae and minute details that give verisimilitude to a story?

My friend entered the room with as calm and unruffled a countenance as if he had never heard of a box of papers, and my heart sank. I had half expected to be able to see that box in his face. I cannot remember whether I expressed my pleasure at meeting him, or made any inquiries with regard to his health. For one breathless moment he was to me merely the possible custodian of a box. I think he asked me when I arrived, and remarked that he had some letters for me. Yet all I am certain of is that, after struggling with myself for a moment, until I thought I would speak without any manifestation of excitement, I inquired simply, "Did you receive a box from me?"

"A box!" he repeated interrogatively. Again my heart sank; evidently he had not received it. "Oh, yes," he continued, as if with a sudden flash of comprehension, "the big square box sewed up in canvas. Yes; that's here."

I was told afterward that there was no perceptible change in the gloomy March weather of St. Petersburg at that moment, but I am confident, nevertheless, that at least four suns, of the largest size known to astronomy, began immediately to shine into my friend's front windows, and that I could hear robins and meadow larks singing all up and down the Neveski prospect.

I sent the precious notes and papers out of the empire by a special messenger, in order to avoid the danger of a possible search of my own baggage at the frontier, and four days later Mr. Frost and I were in London.—George Kennan in Century.

HOW SOME NEW WORDS TRAVEL.

The train stopped at a little town. A commercial traveler, dealing in groceries and tobacco, got off; a crate of live chickens was put on and the cars started again. The stopping of a train was no rare sight in that village, for it happened two or three times every day. The people had no welcome for the commercial traveler, as tears were shed over the departure of the children, yet on the station steps I counted forty men and boys who were there when the train came in—farm boys, who might to have been at work in the fields; village boys, who might have been doing something else; where, every interest of economics and morals also calling them away from the village and off to the farms. Two men attended to all the business of the station. The solitary passenger was their own way. The rest were there because they had not the moral strength to go anywhere else. They stood there on the station steps, stretched upwards, their all life and legs, with only force enough to stand around and gape.—David S. Jordan in Forum.

The name of a foreign town consoled himself with thinking that after all he shouldn't know how to get along without it—in fact, that it was "a crying necessity."

The marble capital building at Harrisburg is an foot long, and the engineers declare that it is three inches longer in summer than in winter.

Fifty years ago a drab suit of black broadcloth was the everyday attire of many gentlemen and most clergymen in New York, and it was worn in the street as well as at home.

Deaf Mutes Made to Hear.

In every age technical remedies have been made against deafness; cures have been special physicians, special instruments and special remedies for the ear. The acoustic secret of Dr. Lucas, introduced to be employed in the halt the acoustic bell of Dr. Itard, acoustic tubes, dilating tubes, artificial ears of metal, silk and gutta percha, audiphone, auricular phonograms, ear-trumpets, artificial tympanum, even acoustic face for the use of ladies, have had at divers times a reputation more or less deserved. Finally, the announcement was made a few days ago that a new acoustic horn had been found which not only enabled the deaf to hear, but which diminished and even conquered deafness.

The apparatus is composed of a large bell of resonant metal, joined by a gutta percha tube, about fifty centimeters in length, to a little tube into one end of which a gutta percha, which extends into the ear, is fitted. The tube is covered outside by a light stuff intended to arrest all foreign vibrations. The little tube penetrates into the auditory passage and touches the tympanum. In even hours words. The sounds are clear, without beating, without resonance and with a remarkable intensity.—New York Telegram.

One of Perry's Vessels.

An important relic of the war of 1812 has just been unearthed at Ferryspeing. It is the lower portion of the hull of the sloop Porcupine, one of the nine small vessels built by Commodore Perry on Lake Erie, and with which he achieved his great victory over the British squadron. Known in American history as Perry's victory, Perry's nine vessels consisting of the Lawrence, his flagship, of twenty guns; the Niagara, twenty guns; the Caledonia, three guns; schooner Ariel, four; the Scorpion, two; the Somers, two; the Tigress and the Porcupine, each one gun; the Porcupine was taken to Detroit, where, in 1813, her upper works were repaired and her name changed to Caledonia. Eventually she was brought to Grand Haven and sold by Captain Harry Miller. In the early fifties she was set afloat in Grand river near the mouth. The current carried her out into Lake Michigan, but a west wind blew her back in a day or two, and she was afterward anchored and sailed a season or two. Finally, about the year 1855, she was allowed to sink, head on, at Ferryspeing. Her remains will be taken from the water and properly cared for.—Grand Rapids Democrat.

Looking for Slathers.

"The Bing Snake Story" is the heading under which an Alabama contemporary prints the following: "We have been informed that some one month ago, in Morgan county, while a man and his wife were sitting out on the veranda late in the afternoon, their attention was attracted by the appearance of a large king snake on the steps a few her away. They were perfectly quiet, and the snake crawled up the steps until it reached the top, then it held its head up as high as it could, and said, 'Can I come in?' They remained perfectly still, and the snake took it for granted that the silence gave consent, so it proceeded to enter the hall and crawled leisurely along until it reached a bedroom where the door stood open. It entered the door, coiling its way under the bed.

"Here the king snake paused on a large rattlesnake that had coiled itself around the bed post. After a deadly struggle with this monster neither the king snake nor rattlesnake left the room, but the latter crawled out the door and the king snake turned to the house and continued the battle until the rattlesnake was dead. It was five feet in length and had nine rattles."

Opening of the Boston Season.

What is, in spiteness of Irish Birth' Lieton, to the gladsome tidings that the first crop of dulse for the season of 1891-2 has arrived and is awaiting your eager purchase. Fresh from the shore of Salem down and all along the Galway and Sligo coast it comes.

The dulse, or dillisk as the real Hibernians call it, is unusually plentiful and of extra fine flavor this fall, and when stewed with plenty of milk and butter it will make a dish fit for a king. A quart of it looks like a whole assortment of the finest sea weed you ever saw, but it is like the proverbial singed cat, and no one who knows its taste minds its looks. The stew or broth it makes is a general tonic for the system, and especially good for dyspepsia; but more than the "solid sod" say further that it enlarges the heart, enriches the tongue and enlivens the feet of all who partake of it.—New York Herald.

"August Flower"

The Hon. J. W. Fennimore is the Sheriff of Kent Co., Del., and lives at Dover, the County Seat and Capital of the State. The sheriff is a gentleman fifty-nine years of age, and in his letter he says: "I have used your August Flower for several years in my family and for my own use, and found it does me more good than any other remedy. I have been troubled with what I call Sick Headache. A pain comes on in the back part of my head first, and then soon a general headache until I become sick and vomit. At times, too, I have a fullness after eating, a pressure after eating at the pit of the stomach, and sometimes when food seemed to fill up in my throat and mouth. When I feel this coming on if I take a little August Flower it relieves me, and is the best remedy I have ever taken for it. For the reason I take it am recommend it to others as a great remedy for Dyspepsia, &c."

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TESTIMONIALS.

TOD E. CRAWFORD, Commission Merchant and Jobber in Building Materials, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, Jan. 12th, 1891.

Gentlemen—Some of this remedy I gave to a friend to try, preparing the rest of Dr. Leslie's Special Prescription. Before one of what I know of you in the past, that parts headache never failed, every time, to cure the worst headache in a minute. I shall use it myself hereafter, as I have usually carried Bromide of Potassium with me for the purpose, and will be pleased to use it for Tod E. Crawford. Yours, etc., WM. DEBE.

Price 25 Cents. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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RAILROADS.

Rio Grande Western Railway. STANDARD GAUGE. CURRENT TIME TABLE. In Effect Sunday, November 1, 1891.

Leave Ogden	No. 3.	No. 1.	No. 5.
Leave Salt Lake	3.00 p.m.	1.30 a.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive Salt Lake	6.40 p.m.	5.00 a.m.	6.00 a.m.
Leave Salt Lake	3.00 p.m.	1.30 a.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive Ogden	6.40 p.m.	5.00 a.m.	6.00 a.m.
Leave Ogden	7.00 a.m.	3.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.
Arrive Salt Lake	10.40 a.m.	7.00 p.m.	7.00 a.m.
Leave Salt Lake	7.00 a.m.	3.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.
Arrive Ogden	10.40 a.m.	7.00 p.m.	7.00 a.m.

Leave Salt Lake	No. 2.	No. 4.	No. 6.
Leave Salt Lake	10.00 a.m.	8.00 p.m.	8.00 a.m.
Arrive Ogden	6.30 p.m.	4.30 a.m.	4.30 p.m.
Leave Ogden	10.30 a.m.	8.30 p.m.	8.30 a.m.
Arrive Salt Lake	6.30 p.m.	4.30 a.m.	4.30 p.m.
Leave Ogden	10.30 a.m.	8.30 p.m.	8.30 a.m.
Arrive Salt Lake	6.30 p.m.	4.30 a.m.	4.30 p.m.

LOCAL SERVICE.

Leave Salt Lake 7.00 a.m., 4.00 p.m. and 5.00 p.m. Arrive Salt Lake 9.40 a.m., 6.40 p.m. and 7.40 p.m. Arrive Salt Lake from Provo and intermediate points 10.30 a.m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Salt Lake 9.00 a.m. and returning arrive Salt Lake 6.30 p.m.

D. C. DODGE, A. K. WILEY, J. H. BENNETT, Gen. Manager. Gen. Pass. Agt. Gen. Ticket Agt.

Utah Central Railway. TIME TABLE. In Effect April 1st, 1891.

Passenger Trains will Run Daily, between Salt Lake and Park City, as Follows:

SALT LAKE CITY.

Trains	Leave Salt Lake	Arrive Park City
1	7.00 a.m.	9.30 a.m.
3	1.00 p.m.	3.30 p.m.
5	5.00 p.m.	7.30 p.m.

PARK CITY.

Trains	Leave Park City	Arrive Salt Lake
2	8.00 a.m.	10.30 a.m.
4	2.00 p.m.	6.30 p.m.
6	6.00 p.m.	8.30 p.m.

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HISTORY OF THE BANNOCK STAKE. The History of the Bannock Stake, compiled by Andrew Jenson, and lately published in the Deseret Weekly, has now been issued in pamphlet form, and can now be had at the Deseret News office at 25 cents per copy. 3&4

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