

city of Zoan, where Joseph was prime minister and where Moses delivered the divine message to Menephtah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus. These excavations, with the discovery of the Royal mummies in the cavern tomb near Thebes, and the accumulating evidence of inscriptions on stone and of hieroglyphics on papyrus and mummy bandages have brought into clearer light the ancient mysteries not only of Egypt but of the Hebrew Scriptures. Much work remains to be done at Bu bastia and Matariver, the suburb of the temple town of Heliopolis, or On, where Joseph's father-in-law was a priest, and where Moses probably was educated; at Migdol and other points on the supposed route of the Exodus; and in many other quarters. The Egypt Exploration Fund is justly entitled to more generous financial support in England and America than it now receives.

## A HORRIBLE DESERT SCENE

FLOATING ARMS AND LEGS AND BLACK  
ROBED PRIESTS IN THE BLUE  
ETHER

"Whoop up the romping spooks out east of Barstow," said John Carson, an Atlantic & Pacific railroad man, to a reporter yesterday. "I saw you had something in the *Examiner* several weeks ago about the mirage on the Mojave desert and the myriads of people that were seen in boats about there. Well, they're thickening up. In winter time, you know, they always get thicker. For eight months now I have been running the hundred-mile division out east of Barstow. The spooks used to loom up about every other day. Now we see them nearly all the time. They're the ghoniest lot of things, too, I ever did see. They appear in all sorts of shapes. At first they were a tolerably respectable lot of ghosts, clad in white, with faces and hands that looked very much like apparitions as shown in pictures, only they appeared and disappeared, floated horizontally and in every other position in the air, and always stayed about a quarter of a mile away from us. Now you can get within an eighth of a mile, and some of them are trigged out like Indians, with feathers in their hair, and sometimes a red streak around their bodies. The scientists say that the increase in the phenomena is owing to the peculiar atmospheric changes at this time of the year. Whether it is or not, I know they would have a very hard time convincing the people of it who travel over our line. A woman last week, who was from Illinois, fainted dead away when she got a glimpse of a lot of them sailing on an imaginary lake. Lakes and green trees appear without number now on the Colorado desert. Fringing these lakes with a circle of green and with the strange characters floating about on them a queer sight is presented. You never can get nearer than an eighth of a mile to these lakes.

"There rose up in front of the engine last Saturday, however," said Mr. Carson, "the strangest conglomeration of figures that I presume, mortal eyes ever beheld. Ever see pictures of 'Dante's Inferno' as illustrated by Doré? It was something like that, the weirdest, lawniest sight—an admixture of floating arms, legs, and pieces of shrouds. Three or four white-faced women, as many gray-bearded men and a solemn-visaged priest in black robes floated in the blue ether with the mass. Sol Anderson, our engineer, was the most scared man you ever saw. He put on every pound of steam he had, and we went tearing over the desert like mad. Wells-Fargo's agent, I thought, would have died. Lucky for us that the awful mirage hovered by the engine and tender, else we should have had a howling lunatic asylum aboard the train. Do you suppose I could have convinced them the things were not genuine? Not much. Fact is, I had all I could do to hold my own self level. Every time I looked at them I said: 'My God! those things are real! There can't be anything so clearly represented as that and not be genuine.' Well, they hovered there for full twenty minutes, and then disappeared like a flash. Beyond were nothing but our green-fringed lakes.

"The desert just now is unusually hard and parched. The sun shines clear and warm. If the apparitions thickened I don't know what we will do with our people. Some of them are likely to go raving mad."—*San Francisco Examiner*, Jan. 25.

Mrs. Simon Towle of Hollis, Me., a young and apparently robust woman, died suddenly and remarkably the other day. Up to a few hours before her death she was in apparently perfect health. Then a birthmark on the side of her nose became painful; then she began to bleed at the nose, and the bleeding continued, in spite of all attempts to stop it, until she died.

J. H. Hawkins, living near Cheyenne, Wyo. T, while driving over the prairie saw the carcass of a horse and was surprised to hear yells coming from its interior. On investigating the matter he found that a hungry coyote, in feasting on the remains, had eaten an orifice in the body, and after gorging himself, had fallen asleep in the oddly constructed burrow. Then the mercury dropped and the change in the temperature imprisoned the unfortunate coyote beyond the aid of even his strong jaws and sharp teeth. Mr. Hawkins liberated the animal.

## THE MAILS IN BEAR LAKE.

One Correspondent Answers Another.

LAKE TOWN, Rich Co.,  
Jan. 30, 1888.

Editor Deseret News:

Had the communication of B. H. Allred, in your semi-weekly issue of the 27th inst., been strictly correct, I would have refrained from further reference to our mail troubles in Bear Lake.

He wrote you under date of the 20th inst. and attempted to reason away some of my assertions, but as I have a few stubborn facts and figures to disprove his and substantiate mine, my duty to the great public impels me to present them.

I would respectfully remind your correspondent that I did not say that "Lake Town is thirty years behind" as he misquoted. He says the Evanston mail has not once missed coming in on the appointed days, etc.

I emphatically assert that it has and on more than one occasion, during the past six weeks, and if you or he need proof, I cite you to the postmaster of Lake Town, whose records are well kept; yea, more, I will give you the testimony of the Evanston carrier.

It impeaches my statement that there was no connection whatever between the north and south mails. I could again bring in the southern carrier as my

### CORROBORATING WITNESS.

He told me before a number of witnesses that he was under no obligation to await the arrival of the north mail. I further aver and can prove by official figures, if necessary, that there was no connection between the mails on January 8th, 9th, 10th, 12th, 14th, 15th, 21st and 24th, against four trips to date during the month when they did connect.

I have the testimony of Mr. Robinson also, if I say there was no connection twixt the mails for more than one-half of the trips during December, 1887, I shall be very easily upon the safe side. And all this in face of the very broad statement of our Garden City friend that I was not correct.

"The barbarous schedule," my remarks on which Mr. Allred took such exception to, was, I supposed, the United States government's schedule. But no matter who concocted it, I repeat, it did seem barbarous to ask any human being to start out from here and take chances to cross the merciless "divide" after four o'clock p. m. during our winter season. When the weather is beautifully clear as at present, there are times when occur on short notice when a man's life is in dreadful peril up there in the late evening. And when it is stormy, the situation is always alarming.

Really, I thought I was pleading for the poor carrier when I wrote and did not expect that part of the epistle to displease that functionary. If, as he avers, for the benefit of "Joseph" our mail is as regular as in any other place, blockades excepted, then I say may Uncle Sam have mercy upon us all. I am not in any way egotistical in saying that almost everybody in these settlements would endorse my letter published on the 13th inst.

I INTENDED NO PERSONAL CENSURE; nor do I think the letter contained any.

That we have been the victims for quite a length of time of considerable mail irregularities, no person will essay to deny. Now that the case has been opened I hope the agitation will not cease till we get our mails regularly and as often as this good government will allow them.

One great evil, in my humble opinion, in relation to mail matters upon our route is that the contracts have been taken so low, and then let and sub-let so that those who have actually to carry the mails have such a miserable distance for their labor that they have little or no encouragement to put in or sustain much horseflesh on the road, or even so cheap an article as enthusiasm into their labors.

I certainly think that Uncle Samuel, doesn't want honest men to work without just remuneration, and he doesn't expect men to do good work unless he gives them good wages, and if he does, I think he deceives himself.

Attention to this matter would doubtless bring relief. Then let our courteous mail agents kindly see that all our Rich County mail matter from your country comes via Evanston always, and you will hear no more of mail troubles in Bear Lake, our part of the valley at any rate.

Yours truly,  
JOSEPH IRVIN.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.—How many people remember, or ever knew, that the flag of the United States under which Andrew Jackson and Winfield Scott fought in the war of 1812 consists of fifteen stripes and fifteen stars? The original idea was to add both a star and a stripe for every new state; but in 1818 a New York congressman named Wendover suggested that at the rate the United States were growing the tallest pine tree in Maine would not make a mast tall enough to hoist the flag upon.

Over 300 people in Rome, Mich., had the mumps at the same time.

CHAS. H. RUAN, a member of company C, Sixth Infantry, is lodged in the city jail on a charge of petit larceny.

## FROM THE FOUR WINDS.

A farm in Greene county, Alabama, consisting of 934 acres, was sold under mortgage at Kuttaw the other day, and brought only forty cents per acre.

A Troy tradesman at Peterborough, England, recently noticing among his stock a pinch-beck scarf-pin shaped like a tiny ax, remarked jokingly to his son: "Better send that to the G. O. M." The boy did so, and lo! by return mail came the inevitable postal-card from Mr. Gladstone, bearing "heartly thanks for the significant and pretty gift."

A fashion paper tells of a remarkable wedding in London recently, where the bride was attended by a lot of little girls dressed in black velvet frocks, red stockings, black shoes, red cloaks, and red three-cornered hats trimmed with black velvet, and carrying red bouquets tied with red and black ribbons. Somebody said they looked like a lot of little devils—a very good description, to judge from the costume.

The largest Chinese mining camp in the northwest is at Warren, Idaho. Hundreds of Chinese have been at work there for several years, and each year from fifty to seventy-five go back to China with from \$2,000 to \$5,000, a fortune for them. Most Chinese miners work over old mines, and are very expert at cleaning up every particle of gold; but at Warren they are on new ground, and their careful system results in large yields.

There is an establishment in New York that employs a large number of girls to crack and pick nuts, the kernels of which are sold to confectioners. The nutshells are sold to manufacturers in various eastern towns, more especially in Boston. The shells of pecan nuts, English walnuts, and hickory nuts are used in the manufacture of spices. The shells are ground up into a powder and mixed with other spices. This shell dust has considerable flavor, although, of course, it is not what it is alleged to be when sold as spice. It is not known that it has any injurious qualities.

They tell this story of M. Carnot, uncle of the president of the French republic: Napoleon Bonaparte, when first consul, was one day amusing himself on the banks of the miniature lake at Malmaison by throwing stones into the water near a boatful of ladies who were with Josephine. The ladies were dressed in rather expensive summer toilets, and, as the stone-throwing of the magnate caused them great annoyance, they protested. Napoleon, however, continued his amusement, when a little boy, 4 years old, who had been looking on, ran up to him and said: "You brute of a first consul, will you leave off tormenting the ladies?" The consul stopped as if stupefied, and, on seeing the boy, burst out laughing. The youthful knight-errant was young Carnot, who had accompanied his father, Napoleon's minister of war, to Malmaison.

If the throat trouble of the crown prince of Germany causes his death soon, the heir to the throne will be his eldest son, Prince Wilhelm, of whom the Countess von Krockow writes: "The Germans cannot forgive an heir apparent of the throne having been born maimed or in figure and imperfectly formed. Prince Wilhelm has a crippled arm. The fingers are mere knobs. In the Russian uniform there is a pocket, and he wears it because the three fingers on the helpless member can be hung in the pocket. Otherwise it hangs awkwardly and helplessly in its sleeve. His horses are especially trained, and before the prince is to mount, are ridden three-quarters of an hour to wear them down. He can just manage to hold the reins. We were together in a country house. I looked with the hostess at the fork with which he eats. It is of silver, and not conspicuously different from others, but fixed to the under line there is a sharp, small blade. What the prince cannot cut with the one hand and with this blade he does not undertake to eat. The right hand and arm are large and of extraordinary dexterity, but the little finger is deformed by a growth which the prince only imperfectly conceals by wearing rings up to near the third phalanx."

## Checker Champion Barker.

Charles F. Barker, the champion checker player of the world, who recently defeated Robert Martins in Glasgow, Scotland, for £100 a side and the championship of the world, arrived at his home in Cambridge from New York, January 29, says the Boston Herald. Mr. Barker left Glasgow on the steamer *State of Pennsylvania* on January 14, and after an exceedingly tempestuous passage of fifteen days reached New York Saturday noon. Shortly after Mr. Barker's arrival at his home, a Herald representative called on him and found the champion the centre of an admiring group of his intimate friends, to whom he was relating an account of his doings on the other side. To the reporter Mr. Barker said: "I left New York in company with Mr. Wm. Busby, of Boston, for Liverpool, on Dec. 11. I was the guest of the Liverpool Checker Club for the three days that I spent in that city, and during that time I played eleven games with the best players of that section of England who could be pitted against me. Seven of these games I won and the remaining four were draws."

"When I reached Glasgow, on the morning of the fourth day after my arrival, I was in anything but a fit condition to engage in a match where so much was at stake. All the preparations for the games were arranged before my arrival. I had never seen Mr. Martins until introduced to him after I reached the Scotch city, and I must say that he created a very favorable impression on my mind. He is a handsome gentleman of fine appearance, and his 67 years seem to sit lightly on him. He told me that he had been a professional checker player for more than forty years, and in that time he had met all of England's best exponents of this game. He has suffered comparatively few defeats and the Scotchmen looked upon him as a sure winner of the match with me. I lost no time in preliminaries, and the first afternoon that I was in Glasgow I sat opposite Mr. Martins in Webster's Hall and played the opening game in the series of fifty in which we had signed articles to engage. I was far from feeling well that day, as in fact I had been ill to an extent ever since reaching Liverpool. My head ached and I felt as though tossing about at sea. The table at which we played seemed to rise and fall, and I had little command over myself."

"The two opening games were draws, the third a 'will o' the wisp.' I lost, and immediately I sank into the level of a very ordinary player in the eyes of the spectators. But after the playing which followed, until the 19th game, a 'defiance,' which I won, I think their views changed. Draws resulted in each game until the 25th, an 'abba,' which I also won, and then the series consisted of draws until the 38th game came around. This game was a 'whitner,' and for the third successive time I was victorious. Neither of us succeeded in winning any more games during the series. We played but 49 games, as Mr. Martins saw no object in prolonging the match, the score standing 3 to 1 in my favor. In the 47th game, I gave away two men, and the spectators foresaw sure victory for the champion of Great Britain. When I, however, succeeded in making a draw of this game, the applause was tremendous. I remained in Glasgow but three days after my victory, and then I took passage for home."

"In all, the series between Mr. Martins and myself extended over a period of 14 years. Each day we began playing at noon, and remained at it until 4:30 o'clock. In the evening we again went at it at 7 o'clock, and played until 10:30. We sat in the centre of the hall, surrounded by settees arranged like the seats in a theatre, the front ones on a level with our chairs, and each of the others raised higher than the one in front. The crowds in the hall were so great that a view of the game was difficult for many to obtain, and in consequence a large checker board was made upon the wall, on which our moves were reproduced as we made them. I had an invitation to go to London, which I declined, as I intend to again cross the water if it is possible to arrange a match with Smith, the English champion. I will make a tour of this country next summer, and intend to go as far west as San Francisco."

mer, and intend to go as far west as San Francisco."

Charles F. Barker, the champion, is 29 years of age, and has been playing in matches since 1873. He has met and defeated nearly all the best checker players in the world. He has been defeated but twice in his life, and each time his defeat has been manifestly owing to engaging in contest while in poor health. He has engaged in many games in which the American championship was at stake, and has always won. Mr. Barker is the author of several works on checkers, among them being the "American Checker Player" and the "World's Checker Book," and he is the recognized authority on everything pertaining to the game.

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## DYSPEPSIA

Up to a few weeks ago I considered myself the champion Dyspeptic of America. During the years that I have been afflicted I have tried almost everything claimed to be a specific for Dyspepsia in the hope of finding something that would afford permanent relief. I had about made up my mind to abandon all medicines when I noticed an endorsement of Simmons' Liver Regulator by a prominent Georgian, a jurist whom I knew, and concluded to try its effects in my case. I have used but two bottles, and am satisfied that I have struck the right thing at last. I felt its beneficial effects almost immediately. Unlike all other preparations of a similar kind, no special instructions are required as to what one shall or shall not eat. This fact alone ought to commend it to all troubled with Dyspepsia.

J. N. HOLMES,  
Vinceland, N. J.

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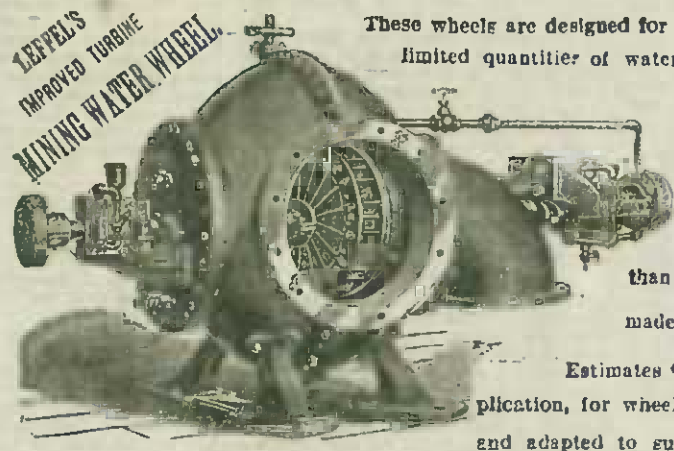
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### ESTRAY NOTICE.

I HAVE IN MY POSSESSION: One sorrel HORSE, 10 or 12 years old, light mane and tail, star in forehead, saddle marks, branded resembling 38 on right thigh; also on left shoulder, 3. If this animal is not claimed and taken away within ten days from the date hereof, I will sell the same to the highest cash bidder on Tuesday, February 14, at 10 o'clock a.m., at the estray pound.  
A. P. HARMON,  
Poundkeeper.

Holden, Feb. 4th, 1888.

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