THREE INSTANCES.

Actions Which Demonstrate a Peculiar Power of Mind Over Body.

I had intended to lend this article "Instinct," but it struck me that two of the stories at least which I have to tell can hardly be called instinct, and as I don't know what else to name them I call them simply "Three Instances."

They are on the same principle as that old story of the stager who had lived on a canal boat before she became famous, and one night as she stood before the audience another had shouted out "Lose bridge!" and the woman ducked her head.

The first instance is about two young Africans, who, transplanted to the wilds of America, were turning hay in a meadow. The two were talking together as they turned the hay. Suddenly one of the hays heard a sound like the rattling of very dry peas in a pod. He never looked down to where the noise came from, but with a sudden cry, which was prompted by his own instinct he gave one yell and jumped at least half a rod.

His comrade, looking in amazement from the hay to the place he jumped from, saw coiled near a spot where a bare foot had been a large rattlesnake. Two or three blows from the pole with the rake he was turning the hay killed the rattler. Now, the young man who jumped had never seen a rattlesnake before, never had heard a rattlesnake rattle, was not thinking of snakes at all, did not even see the snake before he jumped, yet he lived to be one hundred years old he will never again take such a jump as that one was.

The second instance is about a snake that wasn't there. I was up the other day meeting a man who had seen most of the life in India. I noticed that one of the panes of his window was broken.

"How did that happen?" I asked.

"You see," he the answer, "it was this way: Yesterday I went out for a long drive, and I wore a hole in the toe of my stocking, which I didn't notice at the time and didn't notice this morning when I put it on. I was almost mindedly putting on my shoes when suddenly my toe touched something cold, and before I could remember that I was in England and not in India I kicked that shoe through the window. I never put my shoes on in India without shaking them out to see that nothing was in them in the shapeof snakes. This morning I forgot that I was in England, and remembered that I hadn't shaken my shoe."

The third instance was something of the same sort. I was coming from the Temple station to the Round wheel I saw ahead of me a well known wet correspondent. It was a nasty, sleety day and I hurried to catch up with him. On one of the streets leading from the Strand to the embankment a good deal of [illegible] going on. At the moment I spoke to a cart filled with [illegible] the hoofs of [illegible] operations were proceeding and the man opened the lock of the cart. The gravel with a crash and roar fell out on the road. Instantly my friend, the war correspondent, flung himself face down in the mud. He got up rather unexpectedly, looked around him and brushed the mud off his trousers as well as he could. When I came up to him I said:

"What in the name of wonder made you do a thing like that?" Too didn't you did you?"

"No," he said, "I didn't trip. I threw myself down," and he laughed rather embarrassingly. "It was like this, you see. You heard that gravel shoot out of the cart. Well, that is exactly the sound of a shell coming. Coming up from the station I was thinking of the Home Circuit war, and I was really at Plevna and was in London at the moment, and when I heard that rush of the shell I was down on my knees before I thought of it. That's what we all must do when we hear a shell coming during the war. If you are down on your face in the mud you are not so apt to be hit by the fragments."—St. James Budget.

A Cobra Wounded.

The Ceylon papers described a fight between a cobra and two mongooses, which was witnessed by a number of residents of Galle. It took place on a vacant lot at a private house for some minutes. For a little time the mongooses were averse to attacking the cobra, though they ran round and round it laughingly, the snake, which was a splendid specimen of the deadly cobra and beautifully marked, exhibited much alarm as soon as it saw them, and coiled itself up, ready to strike.

After some time the mongooses warmed to their work, and the fight began in earnest, the cobra darting at the mongooses and seized the snake by the tail or the lower coils of its body, jumping out of striking distance before the cobra could touch them. Their agility in this respect was amazing. Tired out with watching them run first one way round and then the other, making an occasional dart in and jumping as rapidly back again, a time came when the cobra, failing to turn with sufficient speed to face the mongoose, the latter sprang on it, seized the snake by the back of the head and killed it at once. A number of instantaneous photographs of the fight were taken while it was in progress.

Case of Men Who Went West in '49.

The wildest excitement and activity immediately prevailed throughout the United States, and every city and village throbbed with a feverish impulse to rush to the diggings. The difficulty and expense of reaching the Pacific prevented a restrained thousands from the attempt, so that only those who possessed natural courage or adventurous enterprise or hope of high stakes or gain were actually made the great plunge into the unknown experience which awaited the gold hunters of '49.

The sight for sore eyes witnessed so motley and promiscuous a throng in pursuit of a common object so sprung into life simultaneously from every quarter of the Union and turned their course toward the gold fields of California. Men of all ages, stevedores, professors, doctors, lawyers, farmers, traders, mechanics, laborers of every degree, adventurers, thieves, gamblers and murderers jostled one another in the struggle to gain access to the avenues which were supposed to lead to the desired goal.—Century.

An Applied Lesson.

A little girl went shopping the other day with her mother, who, making purchases at various places, sent the little girl to the "Please charge them to my husband, 38 street." At night the little girl, half sleeping and half tired out, said in coaxing tones, "I pray God to bless my mother and my father and my little brother, and send bill to papa, 38 street."—Springfield Republican.

Various Expressions for Long Distances.

The measures of long distances have varied widely at different times and with different nations, as a glance at the nomenclature used in different sections of our country. For instance:

The Dutch say, "Three Pipes Smoking."

The Germans say, "Four Meiles to Morsel."

The English say, "From Land's End to John o'Groats."

The Yankee says, "From Maine to Texas."

The southerner says, "From Florida to Alaska."

The Yankee says, "From the Gulf to the Lakes."

The South American says, "From the Isthmus to the Horn."

In Louisiana they say, "From New Orleans to Pittsburg."

In California the common expression is, "From Amarillo to Pike Knob."

THE LOST ART OF EMBALMING.

An Old Farmer Said he Have Rediscovered It in Absolute Perfection.

In a log cabin, about two and one half miles from Phillips, W. Va., live an old Dutch farmer, who will some day give to the world that which will prove the wonder of the Nineteenth century. It seems to me that some lost to the grey haunted old man, Hosea H. Henrich, to discover something which has puzzled the brains of learned men and scientists for ages past. The discovery is the art of preserving animal and vegetable substances so either may be kept without a sign of decay, decomposition or change, but in his case he is not the first person to whom he has become to be regarded by many people in this section of the country as some kind of being to be avoided, and there are many who will not go near the log house in which the old man has "live dead people" and animals.

Just how Mr. Henrich conceived the idea that he could preserve animal and vegetable matter in its natural state he does not say, but, after experimenting for years he became convinced that he had succeeded in his aim, and he declares, and his works prove, that he has the art perfected. Until a short time ago his experiments in preserving animal matter had been confined to lower animals and vegetables, and so successful had been his efforts that he determined to test the process on human bodies.

He secured permission from the authorities of the state hospital for the insane to experiment on two bodies. These were given him, his country, and in one hour after he had them in his room he informed the authorities that they were ready for examination. The bodies were examined, and it was found that they had not been mutilated in any way, not a drop of blood had been drawn, not a incision or puncture made in them.

Since that time the two bodies have been continually exposed to the air and all kinds of climatic changes, but they are still perfect and sticking. They are now in his room lying on a table, looking as natural as when living. He stood in the room on the pleasty seen standing out in bloom black, from where, would are exposed.

In the exhibition are specimens cats, dogs, birds, rabbits, turtles and other things—all as natural as life. Nothing about in corners and on rough shelves were "curiosities" to him, and the appearance of a museum. These who have ventured into the house of the farmer have been amazed at the sight. Mr. Henrich is quite and frank, with only a measure of caution, and he has now too sincere to give the slightest idea of his process.

However, he does not hesitate to say that the common combine of applying a fluid, the ingredients of which can be found in any drug store or country store, and they are not secret. Nothing is simple a child could use it. This assertion is doubted by the men who have given the matter years of study and research.

He positively refuses to claim more power in the process than to any person by just experiments trying to it.

The house of this old man is ever open to those who wish to visit him. There are those who doubt him and he is glad to have them come and see for themselves. He is almost impossible to get anyone to go near his house.

The learned doctors of this country are not alone in recognizing him and his secret to a proper extent. The Royal Scientific society of France has made him an honorary member and given him a certificate of his membership and a solid gold medal as a token of the esteem in which they hold him for making it possible for the people of this age no longer to speak of the "lost art" of embalming.—Cor. Washington Post.

Why Senator Hoarst Believed in Luck.

"The late Senator Hoarst once told me," said a newspaper man, "he regarded his succession of six immense fortunes nothing more than luck. He said: 'I was forty-nine years old,' he said, 'when the row made over the discovery of the Comstock silver mines set the whole country wild. I had been disappointed in the work I had been at, and found myself pretty nearly broke. I had enough to buy a horse and the outfit, and started over the mountains from California with the rest. That broke me, and I wasn't feeling better, because I'd worked and struggled and spent my good money years, and it stuck me as rather rough that a man of my age should have to start out, as I did then. Like a young fellow. Those were good days, though, for us in the party, and as I was thus they let me alone rather, and my meaning being worn off a little I stopped on the road to rest, and I was sitting on the bank and picked out a rock to sit on.

"The rest of the boys rode on, but I sat there. There wasn't any reason why I should particularly, only I did. The whip I had was a willow switch I'd pulled from a tree as I rode along. As I sat there I switched the dust of the trail and thought, shall I go with them or shall I go back? I switched and switched, and thought and thought. I was behind me all the hard work I'd done, all the chances I'd taken and look on, and felt old and tired and no good. My money told me to turn back and make my fight where I was known. Then was safety in that anyway.

"But I'd been camping night after night with the boys ahead of me, and it made me lonesome to think of parting company with them. So after switching and switching the dust on the trail, and feeling weak and woman because I yielded, I mounted my horse again and rode on after the party. I got to the Comstock, and in six months I made half a million dollars. That is the foundation of what I've done since. Now, why should's I have turned back when I hesitated? It would have been sensible, conservative to do that. But I didn't, and because I didn't I won. If you've ever believed in think there's no such thing as luck, just think of me."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Deserter Dies Longing.

When Henry Ward Beecher was dying he broke out into loud and continuous laughter.

"What is it, Mr. Beecher?" asked his wife as she bent over him.

"Oh, oh, oh, I had such a funny dream. I saw such queer things. Ha, ha, ha! It makes me laugh to think about it. Such a funny dream."

Then the dying preacher, still struggling with his mirth, sank into that sleep which has no dream.—Detroit Free Press.

Beating the Egg Tariff.

Since the duty on eggs has been the rule we have seen many devices have been invented for manufacturing them. The idea of a Niagara man is, however, the only feasible scheme up to date. His proposition is to feed hens on the sixty grains of Mexico and have them lay in the United States. For this purpose a long building will be placed on the line, just in Mexico and half in the United States. They will feed and water in the Mexican end and when they want to lay they go to the farther end of the building and on that way cross lay in the duty. The projector of the scheme proposes from Maine.—Tompkins Free-passage.

Indie Musical Instruments.

Rube—The most wonderful organ I ever saw was the property of a private gentleman. It had nearly a hundred stops.

Richard—Yah sooz wonderful organ I ever saw was the property of a widow. It was her bangle, and it had no stops at all.—Exchange.

SALT LAKE NURSERY.

HAVING BECOME SOLE PROPRIETOR of the Salt Lake Nursery, I am now prepared to supply Fruit, Shade and Ornamental trees and Small Fruits, of best quality at reasonable prices.

Nursery one mile south of city limits on 1st South.

MARTIN CHRISTOPHERSEN.

WANTED.

SITUATION AS NICE NURSE IN A "SOB" home. Family of City of experience and skill. Apply at 104 W. Fourth North Street. 4

FOR SALE.

35 ACRES OF NO. 1 LAND, ALL OF it under ditch and cultivated. Apply to a good class of tenery on the same, in orchard. Apply at this office. pd.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

HOUSES AND LOTS IN SALT LAKE CITY. Also a few lots in Ogden. Apply to Salt Lake Nursery, on easy terms. Apply to Carl S. Nelson. 4tm

NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL REGULAR OF THE STOCK holders of the Inland Pale Company will be held at the company's office, No. 1 Exchange Place, Salt Lake City, on Monday, May 4, 1891, at 11 o'clock, for the purpose of electing a board of directors for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

J. A. CRAYTON, Secretary.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

THE firm HERSTEDORE KNOWN UNDER the name of Hazel Court Brewing Company, consisting of Lorenzo Hazel, Thomas Hazel and Frank Hazel, is dissolved by mutual consent. Mr. Martin Christopherson has purchased the entire interest of Hugh J. Hazel in the concern.

Dated April 30, 1891.

MARTIN CHRISTOPHERSEN.
HUGH J. HAZEL.

NOTICE.

FOR SALE IN PROVO CITY, A GOOD business chance. Apply to Joseph Jones, Provo City. 2 weeks.

LOST.

O'MONGAY, A BROWN PUPPY, CONSPICUOUS by a white star on his breast. Will be a great favor by returning the same to this office.

RED BRICK.

THE UNDERSIGNED WISHES TO CALL attention to the public that he is prepared to furnish red brick of the best quality at short notice.

CHARLES HAYES, Proprietor.
Practical brick and Tile Manufacturer, Salt Lake City, Utah.

HOUSE MOVERS AND RAISERS.

EXPEDITIOUS, PRACTICAL AND REASONable. Parties desiring to move or raise houses, barns and moved any distance, will do well to call on or address W. Ward, Salt Lake City, Utah.

$3000 A YEAR

E. C. ALLEN, Box 1060, Augusta, Maine.

SUMMONS.

In the District Court in and for the Third Judicial District of Utah Territory.

Sidney Ward, Plaintiff,

vs.

Mary Ann Ward, Defendant.

Complaint Filed, George M. Pugmire, James H. Pugmire, Elizabeth H. Rich, Edward H. Pugmire, Mary E. Pugmire, Sarah Ann Pugmire, Lydia Pugmire, Rich Pugmire, Ann E. Pugmire, Lydia Pugmire, Sidney Pugmire, Jedediah M. Pugmire, James H. Pugmire, Jedediah M. Pugmire, Jesse H. Pugmire, Mary E. Pugmire, Sarah Ann Pugmire, minors, Lydia Pugmire, guardian, and Edward H. Pugmire, Sidney Pugmire, Jedediah M. Pugmire, James H. Pugmire, Jesse H. Pugmire, and Mary E. Pugmire, minors, by Mary Ann Pugmire, as their guardian, Mary E. Pugmire, minors, Mary Ann Pugmire, Sarah Ann Pugmire, minors, Lydia Pugmire, guardian, Sidney Pugmire and Jedediah M. Pugmire, minors, Lydia Pugmire, Rich Pugmire, Ann E. Pugmire, Lydia Pugmire, Sidney Pugmire, Jedediah M. Pugmire, Jesse H. Pugmire, Mary E. Pugmire, minors, Mary Ann Pugmire, guardian, Jedediah M. Pugmire, Jesse H. Pugmire, Mary E. Pugmire, minors, Mary Ann Pugmire, guardian, Jesse H. Pugmire, minor, Mary Ann Pugmire, guardian, Mary E