DESERET EVENING NEWS.

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THE DESERET WEEKLY.

A 32 to 40 page Magazine, the cheapest and best in the country, specially adapted as a school or church periodical. Price, per annum, if in advance, $1.00; per copy, 10 cents.

JUDGE NOT.

Judge not the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain
In God's pure light may be
A star, bright from some evil was thrill,
Whose thorn wounded my foot and yield.

The lock, the man, that feels my slight
May be a hero bold hereafter;
The man he cursed in deadly fight
With some informal deed for
Whose grave would weep the earthly grave,
And call him manhood on my bier!

And judge man not, but wise and see,
With charity, pity, and thought;
The depths of this world may be
The measure of the footsteps of your
And have not given that right power
That will be that to after years.

—A. A. Proctor.

DICK HUYI.

The writer owes to Dick Huyi a debt, not entirely of gratitude, as the story will demonstrate, which she, by writing his biography, seeks to discharge. Dick Huyi's history will never be written by me, nor by any one else who knew him, to adorn a School Friend Story; he was not that kind of a boy. Dick was an Apache Indian, with all the characteristics of total depravity that the word Apache scatters or suggests. We were children together, Dick and I. We lived, fought and played together for two years in the same army post. On one memorable occasion, Dick, indignant by the devil—for I firmly believe in the devil, if only for Apaches—dropped down the neck of my frock a live lizard. It was the cause of my first fit of hysterics, and I declare that, if I ever grow old enough, I would tell the whole world how bad a young Apache could be.

In 1872, if I remember rightly, Gen. Crook had succeeded, after years of bloody war and the loss of hundreds of good men, in subduing most of the bands comprising the Apache nation of New Mexico and Arizona. They had death in the strongholds of mountains and desert, from which they frequently emerged to rob and murder all miners or emigrants that they could ambush, leaving nothing for the human mind to conceive of in the way of cruelty wherever a white man fell into their power.

At the reservation, although they were well fed and quite decently treated, it was necessary to watch them constantly, and large bodies of troops were detailed for that purpose. Nevertheless, scarcely a week passed but a small squad of Apaches, usually led by a some attractive squaw, would slip quietly past the guards and escape through the darkness into their beloved caves, plains and mountain barrens. Hell call nearly every morning developed these absentees, and next day would come news of murder, rapine and horrors generally. A favorite Apache mode of disposing of the unsuspecting freighter, miner or emigrant whose camp they had succeeded in reaching, was to tie the victim by the four limbs to stakes, and then to build a fire on that portion of his body designated in the old fashioned almanacs as "virgo."

There seemed to be something peculiarly interesting to the Apache temperament in this form of torture. "Duly being long in coming, it gave the squaws and pappooses plenty of chance to invent small torments, on the side, as it were. The women and children enlarged—but enough. Suffice it to say that the absolute hatred entertained by these Indians for the whites was fully reciprocated, especially by the soldiers. It was no easy matter to track and successfully follow the runaways through the cactus and mesquit thickets, over the barren deserts and double mountains that make up the topography of Arizona. But in that parched country water is only to be found at certain springs and "water holes," between which days of travel often intervene, but which are equally well known to soldiers and to Indians.

So when the morning report showed to Gen. Crook that so many warriors, squaws and pappooses were missing, the grim old warrior would make no sign of permit, but on the night following, or perhaps the next one, a squadron of mounted men would file silently out of the reservation bearing orders to move as rapidly as possible to the water hole of Pale Paint, or to Apa Grande Spring, or to some other place where the presence of the precious fluid favored a camping place for the occupants. The troops were always positively instructed to bring back no prisoners, all matters of detail being left to the officers in command. One June morning there was reported missing eight Indians, eleven squaws and papooses, including Wild Horse, than whom a more depraved and cruel Indian never existed, even in Arizona.

Two nights afterward a squad of the Twenty-third infantry, Crook's own regiment, under Lieut. Huyi, a splendid young fellow, who has since left the service, was sent out on a round with the usual orders. No trace of the renegades was found, but a turned ranch and stage station and a crushed wagon gave evidence of Indians at large. The next night, or rather just at dawn, after a long and fatiguing march, the scouts received a natural rock basin at the foot of one of the compact and most inaccessible knobs to be found in desolate Arizona. This basin had often collected a supply of acid water, which, however, was drinkable enough in that country. A thin vapor of smoke from a nearly spent fire convinced the troopers that their night's march had not been in vain, and on creeping up as close as possible the hostiles were outlined against the rocks, fast asleep.

The little squadron silently deployed not so as to avoid missing a single man, and at the word of command fired, killing nearly every one of the Indians. The others jumped up only to be cut down by the reserve fire. The only two escaped were Wild Horse and his lying squaw. Grasping the child, he sprang for the mountain side, scaling the rocks like a chamois, and a shower of bullets, soon dismounting his pursuers and getting out of range of their rifles. Halting on a shelf of rock, he set the child down and proceeded to indulge in every exhibition of contempt and derision that his imagination could invent to aggravate the dismounted troopers, who guided their several oaths of rock in rage at the smoke of the still hostiles. They were relieved at last by the arrival of Lieut. Huyi, who, true to his kind, now larger rifle, received only too ably before the scouts started.

This wonderful gun was guaranteed to carry—I forget—1,000 yards with accuracy, and the lieutenant, who was one of the best fellows in the world in garrison, but quite cold hearted and bloodthirsty when Apaches were concerned, announced that while he was doubtful of his gun carrying near the Indian, yet he was going to try. The Apache, feeling secure against their carbines, continued his taunts until Huyi, taking deliberate aim, with sights raised for 1,000 yards, fired. His aim was true, and the gun all that it was boasted. The old savage plunged face forward over the ledge, and crashed down the rocky mountain side at the very foot of his slayer.

The attention of the soldiers was now directed to the pappoose—the subject of this sketch. That interesting infant still calmly occupied the ledge and was evidently turning the situation over in his mind. The troopers, with Lieut. Huyi at their head, slowly and painfully clambered up the rocks and finally appeared on the ledge, when, instead of squalling as a civilized Christian child would have done, commenced throwing stones at his parents, hitting Lieut. Huyi squarely on the nose with a half pound rock and drawing blood copiously. He followed this success by other good throws, causing as nearly a panic as possible. At last, by flanking him, one Apache was knocked down by a blow from a saber and scalped. His capture was now easy, but the lieutenant's orders were to return no prisoners.

"What shall we do with the little devil?" asked one of the men. "Shoot him or throw him over the cliff after his father?" The "little devil" had regained consciousness for the time, and deliberately set his teeth into the calf of the soldier's leg. Lieut. Huyi wiped his bloody nose and replied: "A baby who fights this way ought not to be killed in cold blood. By George, I'll take him back to Sam Carlin if it costs me my commission."

A gag was put into the young savage's mouth to prevent any more biting, and with a soldier holding each hand he was hacked on his pony behind. Then he was placed on horseback, a lariat tied to one foot, passed under the horse and tied to the other, and thus the troopers returned to the reservation.

Lieut. Huyi was a great favorite with Gen. Crook, but he had disobeyed orders and confidently expected to be put under arrest. But the general had already heard something of the stone throwing affair, and had enjoyed a hearty laugh over Huyi's broken nose. When the lieutenant in making his report reached the point where Wild Horse was killed the general interrupted with, "By the way, I think you had better not let me know officially any more of this event than you have already told." Then glancing at the soldier now in front into a roar of laughter, in which all the other officers joined.

The young Indian was confined in the armory until his first fright was over. The soldiers of Company A named him Dick Huyi, and fitting him out with a uniform fashioned from the lieutenants' old clothes regularly adopted him into the service.

In less than a month the small recruit learned to express himself tolerably in English, and in a very short time had accumulated all the accomplishments of idleness cheating and profanity possessed by the soldiers. He also picked up a wonderful knowledge of bugle calls and evolutions, always turning out in full calls and taking his place at the extreme left of the company when in line.

When I first knew him he had been under for nearly two years, of the United States service two years. If that Indian had improved in that time I was very glad I did not know him before. He was not beautiful according to classic standards.

The Apache Saloon the boards of their bables between boards, and this, so much as anything else, served to render Dick unattractive to as children. Then he had such a predilection for carrying snakes in his pockets. The soldiers spoiled him, of course, and spoiled him in every attempt he chose to perpetrate. When he dies the moles in an unclaimed field with women and children, reading a service and a sermon, one soldier dressed him with a decent shave, and a dozen more gave him the cent pieces to comfort him. They alternately pounded and petted, but it was all one to him. He seldom laughed and never cried, he was an Apache.

I said he never cried. I will note an exception. Every Saturday afternoon the men took him out behind the quarters and gave him a bath. The process was very simple. They stripped off his clothing and turned the hose on him. On these occasions the shrieks of the little savage could be heard all over the post.

I have not seen Dick since I was a years old, but I like to think that he grew up and regularly enlisted in the old regiment and is now an honor to the service.—"Quakeriss" in New York Tribune.

Complete Good.

"Pony, dear," faltered the Washington youth, "I—I couldn't summon courage to tell you what was in my heart and I wrote it. You got my letter, didn't you?"

"Yes, George, I got it."

"And you read it, didn't you?"

"Yes, I read it. In fact, I—I read it over twice."

"And, now, Pony," he said, growing bolder, "I have come to learn my fate."

"The best I can promise you, George," said the blushing daughter of the distinguished congressman, withdrawing her hand from the ardent clasp of the infatuated young man, "is that I will advance your hope to a third reading to morrow."—Chicago Tribune.

A Moment of Success.

He—Will you name the month?

She—No—no—November.—Epoch.

Fought for Their Lives.

Four woodmen from Ottawa, Ont., had a desperate fight with a pack of wolves while returning from work to their camp on the Kippewa river. Two brothers named Barrett stopped on the road to examine a trap, and their two companions went ahead. The latter had not proceeded far when they heard hard shouting mingled with the howling of wolves.

They hurried back and discovered the Barretts, with their backs to a tree, desperately defending themselves with their axes against a pack of ravenous wolves.

The men looked about them, and were appalled to see that the pack was being re-enforced by a number of equally desperate animals.

After fully ten minutes of fighting for their lives the men fortunately killed seven of the wolves, which had an effect upon their companions, for they turned and fled. All the men were bleeding from the bites and claws, where they had been bitten.—Exchange.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Post Office in Salt Lake City, Utah, for the week ending Feb. 20, 1891, which, if not called for within two weeks, will be sent to the Dead Letter office at Washington, D.C.

LADIES' LIST.

[illegible]

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

[illegible]

DINWOODEY'S WALL PAPER. SUPERB LINE. LATEST DESIGNS. LOWEST PRICES.

ST. JACOBS OIL THE GOVERNOR OF MARYLAND SAYS:

IT EXECUTIVE CHAMBER. IS

Annapolis, Md., Jan. 6, '90.

"I have often used ST. JACOBS OIL, and find it a good Liniment."

ELIHU E. JACKSON,

THE Gov. of Md. BEST.

Quong Chong Wing,

Chinese & Japanese

Ornamental and Fancy Goods

Imported every week. Oriental curios and Art Goods of Every design on Hand.

22 W. First South St.

P. O. Box 93.

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 for one often runs into Consumption and ends in Death? People suffering from Asthma, Bronchitis, Pleurisy 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 a cold can be cured in one night? It will stop a Cough in one night. It will check a Child 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 W. H. ACKER & CO., 46 West Broadway, New York, for book.

DR. ACKER'S ENGLISH REMEDY

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

BIG REMOVAL SALE

—AT THE—

SALT LAKE EQUITABLE CO-OP.,

35 W. First South Street.

For 10 DAYS ONLY. EVERYTHING at COST.

—SUCH AS—

Blue Head Sheeting,	5½c a yard.	Lonsdale Bleach,	12 " " 1.00
Lawrence L. L.,	16 yards for $1.00	All Best Prints,	20 " " 1.00
Fruit of Loom,	12 " " 1.00	All Other Articles Slaughtered at same rate.	

REMOVING MARCH 2d, at No. 30, opposite. Larger Premises

W. LANGTON, President. T. H. NOTT, Vice-President

ECLIPSE GROCERY & FRUIT CO.

Are Now Open for Business at their New Store, at

52 E. First South St., Where will be found a NEW and well Selected Stock of

GREEN | STAPLE | AND | FANCY | GROCERIES.

We Invite the General Public to call & See Us — JAS. HAVILE, W. BARLOW, D. S. EMERY. — A. H. Woolley, Manager.

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$50,000

Worth of Winter and Surplus Stock at almost half-price.

Black :-: Silks ! · Black :-: Silks !

Rich qualities in Satin Rhadames, fine Grains, fancy weaves and elegant Brocades at 75c., 80c., 75c., 80c., $1.10, $1.25 and $1.50, worth 50 per cent more than quoted.

Colored cord Grains at 60c., 75c., and 80c. Polka Foulards at $1.10, worth 40 per cent more.

35 pieces of all Wool Serges, new shades, regular price 45c., now 25c. per yard.

20 pieces all Wool Dress Goods in plain, fancy weaves and plaids, worth from $1.50 to $1.00 per yard, now 75c.

60 elegant combination Suits, at a reduction of 33⅓ per cent.

DOMESTIC :-: DEPARTMENT.

1000 suits of Curtains and Portieres, slightly soiled in handling, will be offered for one week from Sat. to $12.50 per pair, worth 40 per cent more, now then offered.

BLANKETS and QUILTS

At a reduction of 33⅓ per cent.

Quilts at 40c, only 300 full size Crochet Quilts at $1.00 each; 250 full size Crochet Quilts, Marseilles patterns, at $1.50 each; 100 genuine Marseilles Quilts, full size at $2.50 each; 200 Marseilles Quilts, extra size, cheap at $3.

Blankets at $3.00 per pair. Our celebrated White California Blankets, full size, at $5.00 per pair; extra quality White California Blankets, extra size, worth $7.50.

Special Attention is called to our Special Bargain in Anderson imported Scotch Ginghams, at 12c. per yard, usually sold at 15c.

100 remnants short lengths of Anderson imported Ginghams at 10½c., worth 20c. per yard.

CLOAK DEPARTMENT.

To close balance of whole stock, tremendous reductions.

Ladies' Cloth Capes,	reduced from $15.00 to	$ 7.50
" " "	"	12.50 " 5.00
" " Wraps,	"	22.50 " 12.50
" Black Cheviot Jackets,	"	12.50 " 5.00
" American Plush "	"	5.00 " 3.00
Misses Cloaks,	"	3.00 " 1.25
" "	"	5.00 " 1.50
" "	"	4.00 " 1.75

Ladies' Cashmere and Flannel Tea Gowns, below cost.

Ladies' Cloth Wrappers, at 50c.

OUR CHILDREN'S CLOTHING AND GENTS' FURNISHING DEPARTMENT

Other Boys' Suits at $1.75, 1.75, 2.00, 2.25, 2.50 and 3.00, worth 50 per cent more.

One lot each of Boys' Knee Pants at 20c., 25c., 30c., 40c. and 50c. Best values in city.

Boys' Outing Cloth Waists at 25c., reduced from 35c.

Boys' Outing Cloth Waists at 35c., reduced from 40c.

Boys' Outing Cloth Waists at 35c., reduced from 50c.

Men's Unlaundried White Shirts, 50c. each.

One lot each of Men's Overshirts at 35c., 45c., 50c. and 90c.

Marble half hose reduced to one-half of regular price to 10½c., 20c. and 25c.

Boys' Overcoats at a reduction of 33⅓ per cent.

OUR SHOE DEPARTMENT

Will continue the 33 per cent and 10 per cent discounts.

SPRING NOVELTIES For all of our numerous Departments are beginning to arrive.

Mail Orders receive Prompt and Careful Attention.

One Price to All. Established, 1869.

F. AUERBACH & BRO.

COHN BROS.

On TUESDAY, February 24th,

WE WILL INTRODUCE THE,

GREATEST SALE

—OF—

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR

EVER KNOWN IN THE CITY.

THE SALE WILL CONSIST OF

Four Special Lots

At 25c., 50c., 75c. and $1.00 respectively.

LOT 1, at 25c., will include a large and well-selected assortment of Embroidered and Lace-Trimmed Chemise, Feather Stitched, Lace-Trimmed, Tucked and Frilled Drawers, Children's Waists, Children's Tucked and Embroidered Drawers, Long and Short Embroidered Dresses, High and Low Corset Covers in all sizes.

LOT 2, at 50c., will include all the styles mentioned in Lot 1, only made of much finer materials.

LOT 3, at 75c., will be found to be the most remarkable line of Underwear we have ever offered for the price. It will include all the latest designs in Ruffled, Tucked and Embroidered Goods of every description.

LOT 4, at $1.00, we consider the most perfect lot of goods in every way ever put on sale here. They were made by the best known manufacturers and most carefully selected.

☞ One special feature we wish to call your attention to is that all of these garments are made of the very best makes of cambric and Fruit of the Loom Muslin.

We cordially invite your inspection.

COHN BROS.

H. DINWOODEY FURN. CO.

HENRY DINWOODEY, HAVING INCORPORATED UNDER the above name, and completed his Large SIX-STORY BUILDING, and having received a LARGER ASSORTMENT THAN EVER BEFORE

FURNITURE

CARPETS

—AND—

WALL PAPER

—FOR THE—

SPRING TRADE!

He is better prepared to take care of his customers, and solicits a continuance of their patronage at his USUAL

LOW PRICES for the BEST GOODS IN THE MARKET.

WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

☞ Orders by Mail will Receive Prompt Attention.

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