A MODERN ELIJAH.

He was small and black—a child of an inferior race. There was nothing in his appearance to suggest the hero, and if you had told him that he was a hero he would scarcely have known what you meant. An unschooled, illiterate, ugly, bullet headed negro, he had nevertheless been baptized by the same spirit which had caused the face of St. Stephen to shine as the face of an angel.

One winter day—almost a year before the event which gave him a chance to show the stuff that was in him—he came into the hotel looking for a job. The office was brilliantly lighted and filled with a crowd of handsomely dressed men. There were politicians, club men, men about town, reporters, many members of the sporting fraternity, the usual loungers and hangers on, an occasional hayseed—all forming a very startling background for the rags and filth of the poor, shivering, half starved little darkey. It was no easy matter for him to steer his course to the desk, and when he got there the splendor of the man behind it dazed him so that his voice almost failed him. He had, however, even at his early age, reached the point where he had to work or starve. So his necessities made him eloquent. His eloquence prevailed. He was on the next day placed on the pay roll of the great hotel.

As a bell boy he was not a success. I fear I must confess that he was lazy. People liked him—I do not know why—and for some reason or other he was a favorite with his employers. If he had not been they would have dismissed him before his first week was out. Instead of doing that, they concluded to find more congenial work for him, so they put him in charge of one of the elevators.

Among the passengers who used to ride up and down with the boy was a little five-year-old girl, the daughter of a family living in the hotel. She was as perfect a type of her race as he was of his. With her fair, white skin, golden hair, deep blue eyes and pretty womanly ways, the child was a general favorite. Every one knew her; every one loved her.

Between her and the boy a great friendship had sprung up. He was devotion itself, and his attentions to the little Caucasian were so grotesquely chivalrous as to be almost pathetic. She accepted them all with a dignity and grace that were charming. Her family lived on the top floor of the house, and as she always rode in his elevator when she could manage to do so, the boy and girl saw much of each other. Once she was ill. The medicine that helped her most was a wretched little bouquet sent her by her dusky friend.

It was winter again. The evening of which I write was very cold and clear. The stars were diamondlike in their brilliancy. Everything was frozen up—the wheels crunched on the snow.

The hotel was crowded with guests. Not more than two or three of the hundreds of rooms were unoccupied. A belated traveler, who had been on a weather bound train, came in at 1 o'clock, tired and cold. He ordered a fire in his room and then went to the bar for a drink. A few minutes later he stepped into the boy's elevator and was carried to the top floor.

The great house was quiet. Most of the lights in the office had been extinguished. Two night owls were talking in low tones on one of the settees which lined the walls of the lobby. The bell boys were most of them asleep. The clerk was drowsing.

Two o'clock! The night owls got up and walked out into the cold air. A drunken man poked his nose in the door. The sleeping porter seemed to want him, for he hustled the poor fellow out.

The quiet deepened till it became almost oppressive. The air was heavy with it.

Suddenly, without a note of warning, the cry of "Fire!" rang through the house. There was life enough now. Scantily clad people were scurrying wildly through the smoke filled corridors. They came plunging down the stairs to the office, and so out into the freezing night. Shrieks and curses and groans and prayers—it was Babel broken loose. All the bells in the house were ringing. The smoke grew denser. It seemed to come from everywhere—above and below. Great black volumes rolled through the long halls. Outside, the streets were jammed with people. The engines, with their clanging gongs, hurried to the scene. Ladders were raised, and the work of rescue began.

It was time, for there was a white figure at almost every one of the multitudinous windows. The awful wall loomed up in the darkness, story on story, dimly seen as to its upper half, for that part of it was wreathed in the blinding smoke. The smoke turned to flame—flame bursting through scores of windows. The terror stricken creatures began to jump. The people in the street below were frantic.

"Back! back!" they shrieked. "We'll save you! don't jump!"

Which is the pleasanter, to be roasted alive or to be knocked out of shape on the stone pavement? If there is to be any saving done, it must be done quickly. Many people were busy saving themselves. The sleeping clerk and porter and bell boys had gotten out.

But what of the little black fellow in the elevator? He, too, had been asleep. He had been awakened as the others had been by the first cry of fire. Unlike them he had that "two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage" which Napoleon said was the rarest sort. In an instant he decided that it was his duty to stick to his post. And stick he did.

Up and down he went, and every time his car touched the office floor it was loaded with people. The journey was a frightful one, but he did not shrink. How long he could continue to make the trip he could not tell. The elevator might drop any minute. Very well, let it drop. Some of the people in it might survive the shock. It was sure to catch fire sooner or later. Even then he would be on the way to safety with his passengers. And at any rate he knew that he could bring some people out of the fire burning above.

He had not been good at going upstairs, but he could run his elevator. Trip after trip he made, each worse than the last. The fireman at the bottom of the shaft to whom he turned over his living freight sought to stop him in his dangerous work. The whole well was full of smoke, and far up toward the roof the fire could be seen.

Still he kept on, and it did seem that every time he started skyward he was going to certain death. But he knew that the rooms and halls were swarming with people, and he would take any chance to save a life. The firemen were doing their best outside; death was busy within; and he finally made up his mind that it was no use to go back again, till all at once he remembered that he had seen nothing of his little friend.

Could he weather the storm and flame once more? He could try. He pulled the rope, and the journey began. It was slow, oh, how slow. The smoke was terrible—worse even than the fire—but he held his breath and fixed his mind upon the business in hand.

The flame kindled the woodwork of the car. He fell on his hands and knees, but he kept his hold on the rope. At last he reached her floor. He found her room, and found her. She was asleep and alone.

Wrapping her in the blankets, and throwing about her a rug which he snatched from the floor, he struggled through the flame and smoke back to the burning car. "Back from the jaws of hell" it was that he brought her, fighting the fire away from her every inch of the way down. He had just strength enough to stop the car.

The children were taken out and carried to a drug store across the street—the girl alive and well and the boy seemingly dead.

He was horribly burned. Among the people who stood around were the parents of the little girl. They had been out to an evening party, and returning after a long cold drive found their house on fire. Every effort had been made, in response to the agonizing appeals of the father, to save the child—and now here she was, safe and sound, laughing in her mother's arms.

And the hero? He opened his eyes.

"Did I bring her from all right?"

"Yes, yes," said the father, "and how can we ever thank you for what you have done?"

"Nebber min' 'bout dat, boss. Ef she's safe dat's 'nuff for me"—and he closed his eyes.

Dead? Yes, dead and gone to heaven in a chariot of fire.—Richard Yorke Romance.

Commercial Supremacy of the Future.

The development of the internal commerce of the United States has been such that in one year nearly three times as great a tonnage of freight passes through the Detroit river as through the Suez canal. Mr. Ulysses D. Eddy mentions this fact in a paper in The Forum, in which he discusses the probability that the future commercial supremacy of the world will pass to the United States and remain. He gives the reasons why we are to expect this, also the obstacles that are to be overcome before we thus secure it.

Already we are the greatest iron and steel producing nation on the globe. England has fallen to second place. Even in the matter of ship building, during 1890 our construction increased 25 per cent., while that of Great Britain diminished slightly.

Our time heretofore on this continent has been spent in subduing the virgin soil and getting ready for work. We have had too much to do at home to make a long and a strong reach out after the world's commerce. We have now come to that point where we can do so, and must do so. The people are awakening to the necessity of this. The first sign of it is seen in the general desire for a navy, which is always necessary to protect a commercial nation. Another sign of it is the general idea that the control of the Nicaragua canal must belong to the United States. Another strong sign of the times is the reciprocity treaties which are springing up thick and fast around the American state administration.

On the other hand, standing in the way of our advancement toward commercial supremacy, is the fact that heretofore we have made no effort to get foreign trade, allowing it to slip through our fingers into the hands of other nations, Great Britain especially. Last year our whole country exported not quite $900,000,000 worth of goods, which seems a large sum till we find that the little kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland alone exported over $1,500,000,000 worth, and that more than a billion dollars of this was manufactured goods.

Other barriers to commercial supremacy are declared to be our tariff system and our banking system, which last Mr. Eddy pronounces a poor channel for financing foreign trade. He also considers that unlimited silver coinage and the consequent establishing of the silver standard would work to our injury in extending our trade among foreign nations. Finally:

The fruits of victory are worth considering. We shall have a trade that will fill the country with factories, and owing to the wide distribution and climatic differences of the world's markets there need be no periods of idleness for workmen. The Russian oil fields threaten to destroy our export of petroleum to the eastern hemisphere; our shipments of lumber must soon cease from exhaustion of our forests; reports tell us that our food exports steadily decline and that by the end of the century we shall need nearly all our wheat for home consumption. As a result of the campaign this void will be filled by shipments of a wonderful variety of merchandise in which the smallest part of the value is that of the raw materials, the greatest, that of skilled and intelligent labor.

Great Britain sold in 1889 more than $500,000,000 worth of goods produced by other countries, while we sold but $13,000,000 worth. With the transfer of commercial supremacy much of this valuable and profitable trade would come to us. The steadily increasing importance of New York as an international financial center will be stimulated, and the first general European war will see the transfer of the world's surplus capital from London to New York. Thus we shall, if we remain financially cautious and trustworthy, become the world's savings bank and safe deposit.

The New York Tribune calls for a systematic course of physical training at West Point, and remarks that such training is the greatest need of the national military school today. There must be something in it, as the straight, slim young men that so bravely dance in the Ball hops at Fortress Monroe would not so soon degenerate into the fat, pudgy, red nosed colonels and captains that are so common about military stations. The Tribune suggests also that there should be a regular record of anthropometric measurements kept at the military academy. It would be of value in determining the relative increase or diminution in size of West Point students from year to year. Besides that, it has been recently ascertained that no way of identifying a criminal is so perfect as that of measurement. It is now practiced in France. Heads, arms, fingers and body are measured thoroughly, and in this way a criminal can be recognized when other methods fail. If any of our young officers should ever do any very bad thing for which the law wanted to lay hold on them, here they would be, posted all known.

Senator Cullom has given particular attention to questions arising between the United States and Canada. He says the only final settlement of these questions is the union of Canada with the United States. At present the Canadian Pacific railway is competing with American roads in a way ruinous to the latter. Our roads are under the workings of the interstate commerce law, and bound by it. The Canadian road, however, has made connections over our roads in such a way that it runs its cars boldly into nearly all our large cities now, and these are loaded with freight that skips around the American routes and evades the law. American roads demand that the Canadian Pacific shall either come under the provisions of the interstate commerce law, or pay a special tax on each car or be ruled out of the country. One of the most injurious ways in which our home roads have been affected has been in the shipping of oriental goods from Japan to British Columbia, instead of to San Francisco. There, after being stamped by the United States consul, without breaking bulk, these goods have been permitted to be shipped over the Canadian Pacific directly to their destination. It is this consular sealing at Canadian ports that Mr. Blaine has been so solicitous to break up.

Misrepresenting Representatives.

The honorable lower house of the legislature of Florida, in full conclave assembled, and with a solemn sense of offended dignity fitting to the occasion, passed the following resolution concerning that naughty and low down class of community, newspaper correspondents:

Resolved, That whenever it shall be represented upon this floor by any member that he has been misrepresented, misquoted, untruly criticised, his integrity in the performance of his duty questioned or his motives impugned by any newspaper to whose communications or correspondents have been extended the courtesies of this floor, and who may have availed themselves of the same, such representatives or correspondents shall be ejected from the hall of this house, and excluded therefrom until the house takes proper action in the premises.

Serves them right too! Any bad newspaper man representing a newspaper, who shall be represented on the floor of the Florida house of representatives to have misrepresented, misquoted or untruly criticised the integrity of any representative in the performance of his duty, on proper representation of the same ought to be ejected from the hall of that house and excluded therefrom without mercy. Whenever any newspaper impugns the motive of a member in the performance of his duty, let such representatives be kicked out in the twinkling of an eye, no matter if it takes the whole state of Florida to put this newspaper out, or even if it strips the classic hall of reporters altogether. One solitary newspaper man ought to be allowed to hold the fort, however, just one, that he may learn the proper use of the English language.

Orient and Occident.

At the last meeting of the Western Unitarian conference, held in Chicago this month, the committee on admitting women for the ministry was continued and exhorted to work diligently. The conference declared there was great need of such educated women in the Unitarian ministry, and the committee was requested earnestly to lay the matter before the different churches in the organization, that all might have knowledge of this need. It thus seems there are two denominations besides Quakers and Friends who welcome women preachers, and these are the Universalist and Unitarian. Women who believe themselves called to preach can be ordained in these two churches, therefore. It will be strange if some of them do not leave the other connections and join themselves to these.

But meanwhile, while American Unitarians are earnestly exhorting educated and eloquent women to become ministers, observe what those fine old Unitarians, the Brahmins of India, are doing in regard to this same woman question. Pandit Sivanath Shastri lectured in Rajahmundry, shortly before the Chicago Unitarian conference passed its resolution, and devoted much space to the sex. He declared that women were the fishbone in the Hindoo throat—"We cannot get them up or swallow them." If this business of female education was not stopped he would not be responsible for the consequences. He used the time worn do-you-want-your-daughter-to-marry-a-nigger argument with admirable effect as follows:

Only think of it! Three hundred years hence, in a large meeting like this, you will not find men alone like today, but half of the assembly will be females. You will then find your wife sit at the same table with you. Are you prepared for that?

In his prize essay on the needs of the farmer, Abner L. Frazer tells us that one of the worst evils of the time is the amassing of large bodies of land in few hands, which is contrary to the policy and spirit of our free institutions.

As if the heavy trials were not enough in church circles at present, the good old state of Connecticut is edified by the spectacle of two Congregational pillars of the church fighting to the bitter end a war about which shall have the "Amen pew."

A firm of Worcester, Mass., have been experimenting for years with steel wire, endeavoring to toughen it so that it will stand a tension equal to copper wire. They now claim to have succeeded, and to be able to make a steel wire quite equal to copper wire, and at much less cost.

March April, May

Are the best months in which to purify your blood. During the long, cold winter, the blood becomes thin and impure, the body becomes weak and tired, the appetite may be lost, and just now the system craves the aid of a reliable medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiarly adapted to serve this purpose. It increases in popularity every year, for it is the ideal spring medicine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"My health was very poor last spring and seeing an advertisement of Hood's Sarsaparilla I thought I would try it. It has worked wonders for me as it has built my system up. I have taken four bottles and am on the fifth. I recommend it to my acquaintances." Jonas Matthews, Oswego, N. Y.

N.B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is Peculiar To Itself In Strength, Economy, And Curative Power 100 Doses One Dollar Be Sure To Get Hood's

Only $10 Down With High Prices. This SEWING MACHINE ONLY $10

THE Thomson & Taylor Spice Co., Importers and Manufacturers of the FINEST SPICES —AND— FLAVORING EXTRACTS KNOWN TO THE TRADE. Proprietors of the Famous Brand of RED CROSS LYE. Michigan Avenue, Cor. Lake CHICAGO.

Star Horse Nails

Polished or Blued.

Have been sold by Z. C. M. I. for over 12 years. They are the Best Nails Made, and guaranteed to give the best of satisfaction. Will hold a Shoe longer than any other.

MADE BY THE UNION HORSE NAIL CO., Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE BY Z. C. M. I. AND BRANCH STORES

GUNPOWDER.

HAZARD'S "Kentucky Rifle."
HAZARD'S "Trap Shooting."
HAZARD'S "Duck Shooting."
HAZARD'S "Mining and Blasting."
HAZARD'S brands, the most reliable in the market.

—MANUFACTURED BY— THE HAZARD POWDER COMPANY, Hazardville, Conn. Represented in Utah by Paine & Lyne, Agents.

PLEASE REMEMBER That we still Carry a Complete Line of Disstons' Celebrated Saws, Consisting in Part of Cross Cut, Drag, One Man, Upright, Mill, Hand, Rip, Panel, Tenon, Pruning, Compass, Butcher, Cook, Keyhole, Etc., also Circular, both Solid & Chisel Point Tooth And "TRIUMPH," For Felling Trees with, and are Selling at LOWER PRICES THAN EVER! Also a Full Stock of their Renowned RASPS & FILES Always on hand Z. C. M. I.

DICKINSON BROS. & KING, Importers of the Best English and German PORTLAND - CEMENTS. Chicago. New York. New Orleans. We refer, by permission, to this paper.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Corns, HEADACHE, and ALL PAIN. The California Positive and Negative ELECTRIC COUGH CURE CURES COLDS, CROUP, CONSUMPTION.

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.

HOGAN, EVANS & CO., Limited, Successors to Evans & Co. MANUFACTURERS OF Annealed CLIMAX Chimneys. PITTSBURG, PA.

WOLFE BROS. & CO., LIMITED. Manufacturers and Importers of Brushes

504 Wood St., - PITTSBURG PA.

THE FISCHER-LEAF COMP'Y MANUFACTURERS OF Marbelized Iron, Slate & Wood Mantels, Grates, Stoves

HOLLOW WARE, AIR GRATES, Sash Weights, Etc. Agents for American & English Tile. Louisville, Ky.

Southern White Lead Co., ST. LOUIS. Manufacturers of Strictly Pure White Lead

RED LEAD. LITHARGE.

THE SOUTHERN WHITE LEAD IS MANUFACTURED entirely from the best refined Pig Lead, and is ground in Pure Linseed Oil, and as the Company manufacture only STRICTLY PURE, parties buying White Lead branded "Southern Company" are absolutely sure of obtaining A PERFECTLY PURE ARTICLE.

For Sale by all Dealers in White Lead.

SAPONIFIER Penn's Salt Mfg Co., Philadelphia.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878. W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa

No Chemicals are used in its preparation. Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

GEO. DUNCAN & SONS Manufacturers of Fine Crystal and Colored Glass Table Ware, Bar Goods, Jars, Lamps, Etc. 10th Street, S.S. PITTSBURG, PA. For sale by Z. C. M. I. and dealers generally.

THE Celebrated National Folding Bed, MANUFACTURED BY THE SUGG & BEIERSDORF FURNITURE CO. —CHICAGO.— A LARGE VARIETY FOR SALE AT S. R. MARKS & CO'S, Opposite Temple.

DEEDS AND MORTGAGES. Conformable to latest Territorial Statute for sale at the DESERET NEWS OFFICE.

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 fine tools 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 Range. 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 Refrigerators." 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.

DAVID JAMES & CO.

TINNERS

Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters

DEALERS IN Plumbing Material, Pumps, Pipe and Fittings, Steam Heating Supplies, Tin and Iron Roofing, Galvanized Iron Cornice, Guttering, Etc.

—GARDEN HOSE AND LAWN SPRINKLERS—

No. 67 S. MAIN STREET.

RE-OPENED.

S. KELLNER —HAS— RE-OPENED —HIS— Dry Goods —AND— GENTS' FURNISHING —STORE— —AT— 205 and 207 Main Street.

NEW GOODS ARRIVING DAILY.

LOWEST PRICES EVER QUOTED IN UTAH.

Friends and the Public are invited to call and examine Stock and Prices.

S. KELLNER.

BABY CARRIAGES TWO CAR LOADS JUST RECEIVED! BED ROOM SUITES, PARLOR SUITES, CARPETS, RUGS AND CURTAINS LOW PRICES, GOOD GOODS. CALL AND EXAMINE AT

116 MAIN STREET.

SORENSEN CARLQUIST