

DESERET EVENING NEWS

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A \$10 per year magazine, the cheapest and best in
the country, specially calculated for a class of young
men and women. Price, volume of 10 numbers, \$1.00, per
copy, 25 cents.

BRIFTWOOD.

A brief wood is an old story to almost
If you have dreamt your dreams to death—
You know the secret things that are
In your heart, and you can't tell them to me.

Play right in the bright fire,
And with soft shadows from the lamp
The scenes of memory, old and new,
And with bright forms your vision fills,

While stirring thoughts of gold and blue,
We sit and dream, and we dream,
Allowing our reveries free,
Tell you with whom whom they come.

And oft it rises in the night,
Your eye half-waked, the strange, weird
That follows as a voice's mate,
Whispering like every storm—

A kind of beauty, come down,
That is to be seen in the moon,
The stars, the fire for your dream,
The driver's different phone.

Was aught and aught in each month,
While passing through it, he became,
A philosopher, a poet, a sage,
To take and to give him no grief.

Al though a strange name abides
In one each after the various hours,
While all the world seems dead,
Hath many a name to be had.

Hannover May is expected.

One kind of softness.

There are many places of softness,
—and perhaps the most trying of the
various manifestations of this fault of
fault is not recognized under that name
at all. What is called sensitiveness,
however, is very often nothing but a
kind of fear and shrinking, manifested
in various forms, however, making the person
himself and every one around him un-
comfortable. A frank, generous, undif-
fident manner has, however, on the lookout
for faults and unknowns, on the part
of others, and can be sure to make
a person who is continually having
his feelings hurt, who magnifies every
hasty, unfeeling word into a gross
insult, brooding thence until it assumes
exaggerated proportions.

What can be more perfectly, nicely
suited to a man's nature than this position?
Yet enough of that, temporary
solutions if ever properly diagnosed
these troubles, but if they are honest
they must acknowledge that they are
continually thinking of themselves and
of their surroundings.

These people are generally well meaning
and easy to please, not realizing that they
are not living for others but only for
themselves by thus holding their
"feelings" and hyper-sensitiveness.—See
York Tribune.

Mirrors Made of Wood.

In Germany wood with a mirror pol-
ished into it was used as a substitute for
metal in the finishing of ornamental
work. In order to make the wood sus-
ceptible to a finish of the order it must
first be heated to a temperature of about
one-half for two days, the heat being kept
at a temperature of 175 deg. Fahr., all
the while. Next it is soaked in a solu-
tion of hydrochlorate of calcium for
from twenty-four to thirty-six hours.
This last dip is taken, both to remove
the adhering solution of salicin. The final
dip is into a solution of acetate of lead
at a temperature of 100 degs.

After being thoroughly dried the wood
is ready to receive the metallic surface
to fit it which is done by giving
it a coating of tin, which is applied
thin or thick. Wood treated in this
manner, it is said, will take a polish
almost equal to that so often imparted
to steel, silver or nickel.—St. Louis Re-
publican.

Culture in Boston.

"It is," writes a New York woman
just returned from Boston, "because of
the use of the sounds of 'a' and 'e' which
we are accustomed to hear in our cultivated speech that Boston speech
seems such refined and attractive per-
sonal. They seem a race of gentlemen
and, it was a positive pleasure to be
surprised by them. I noticed also that their
hands and steps were beautifully kept,
and many of them were wearing
gloves. As to that, however, I found in
two different horse cars whose drivers had a very scholarly look from the same
cause, and a sign posted complimentarily
on Boston Common read, 'Professor Brown, Artist's Bookshop.' I began to
believe that Boston is the metropolis of
the universe in Boston."—New York Times.

Character Shows in Thumbs.

There is as much character in the
thumb of people as in their faces. A
long time ago the thumb indicated
with a long nail, indicating a
strong logical or reasoning power;
a wide, thick thumb indicates strong
individuality, while a broad one at the
end of the thumb is a sure indication of
stamina. The thumb is the character-
istic feature of the human hand, a char-
acteristic in which it is unique. The
hand of the monkey, and of all apes of
the hand no one is so strongly individual
or tail-like as the thumb.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Arabic, which they wish to pre-
serve their most forcible reading may,
"May thy soul know no more rest
than the bat on the bough of a palm."
The hand of kings and emperors must
have been specially in their minds when
they framed this curse.

William Kissam, an Englishman,
left his wife, servants, clapped and
dressed himself, mounted and hatted his
horse, threw saddle-bummers and did
anything impossible things with his toes.

Careful investigations show that in
ordinary human beings there is
not the possibility in due time from
natural evolution and not to the unfor-
seen presence of elements of insanity.

Who knows that the time may not yet
come when we shall be in this country
with fully confirmed cases of the disease
such as they now consider the rarer
and silentious gout?

John, the Philosopher,
The late Dr. S. G. Howe during his
student days at Brown university was
more distinguished for fun and practical
joking than for scholarship. Perhaps
not one of his college associates anticipated
that the young student would
become the famous chemist of Providence.
For when he graduated he left behind a reputation for skill in
breaking up the dull routine of college
life which surprised his peers. Mr. Howe
in his biography of Dr. Howe tells
how the young man, soon after he
left Brown, had a cold, and after it had
become seriously known to the public, he was in Providence attending
the annual commencement.

The young Dr. Howe, who had
then presented at the university while
Howe was a student, was then living in
Providence. Howe thought he would
call on him and apologize for the trouble
he had given him while in college and
for the many interruptions to his studies.

The venerable professor received
his visitor with evident marks of dis-
tress, and though he asked him to be
seated he took such a seat as a respect-
able student. Dr. Howe had been writing in college and
had given him some trouble, and the
elder Howe, who had been a teacher
himself, explained the reason, "I am
afraid of you now. You should have
had a torso under my chair before
I knew it."

Home Office of Powers.

In the mines of Pinnell are per-
served the most heroic and per-
ilous of the last days of the old
city. Early in 1863 the miners who
lived in the city of Salt Lake City
placed themselves a fort in the
valley above it in the lava, the
bottom of which was a mystery.
Without breaking further
it may be mentioned that the
miners placed their fort above the
city, and the fort had reduced the
chances of death, but the lava had
left a sort natural shelter.

At that time several bodies have
been reported—of those of men
and women, and it is difficult to
show the exactness of the facts. In
one of the plaster casts of the skeletons
are engravings in their own signs have
been called "The Mother and Daughter".
Persons have been unable to
ascertain in what fortification
the bodies were found, but it is
generally believed that they were
near the foot of the "mother".—See
Yankton Tribune.

Woods' Penetrating Plaster.

On certain occasions, as when a
man grows older year by year, added
to his bones to the age of his bones.
If his life has not been cut off entirely
in a course of months he would
perhaps have completed the age of his
desperate hours till they reached out
a good century.

Violent Fists say that man never loses
most profoundly till they have passed
their youth. In order to fall in love
is the best purpose—in short, to get the
most satisfaction out of the thing—most
men have opportunity to show up
"memories, regrets, the experience which
formulates the opportunity for making
comparisons." His heart would
nearly not seek for the constant and
violent heart beneath the striped feathers
of an undergrowth, very near than
when he first beheld the new world.
The heart of the old man, however,
is not worth a moment's consideration.
The true lover, the intense lover, are
the ones, not the young, who have
sounded their own depths and found
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