

DESERET EVENING NEWS

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PITCH HOLES.

Merely down the snowy road,
Eight months still glistens the shield,
Lay the snow upon the road,
Over the hills and away.
Thus steadily like a tiger's spring,
With a leap and a bound it springs.
It leaps over a fence, and wades through
The water about the meadow there.
This is the song of the pitch holes,
The song of the pitch holes.

For here are the songs that the pitch holes
Sing as they roll along.

With the up-and-downing—
I have had with her for a mile,
A kiss for each little hole there,
And, as I said, the way the sun goes,
She has given me a kiss for each hole there.
But a certain change comes over the road,
As I travel on across such a road.

With the up-and-downing—
Every song has crowded with him,
And we徘徊 on, and I was like to move,
This up-and-downing—
This up-and-downing—
—New York Truth.

KILLING AN ALLIGATOR WITH BURGESS.
A small Indian village in South America is now a wild, savage place because of an alligator being carried off by a large alligator. The natives became worked up to such a pitch of excitement that it was resolved to kill the terrible visitor at any cost. Accordingly two powerful men were chosen to watch for it and destroy it. One night they saw a long, pale animal of the river and clinched on rock to rest.

Forgetting all about danger, they waded in the river until they were only a short distance away from it, when they took their aim and sent two harpoons into its body. After a struggle they killed both the terror of the river. From the tip of his tail to the end of his tail he measured fifteen feet, being one of the largest ever slain. The two men who killed him were of course the heroes of the hour.—Interview in New York Tribune.

A Married Man's First Day.
When a young man marries his first duty is to study how his wife may live most beautifully and most honorably, and for the first number of years. Our friends will be surprised to learn that he must have the common sense and morals that win long continuance. There can be no happiness like that of a noble home, no misery like that of a merely coupling together of man and woman for a brief hard working and animal existence. He must be able to live as a good and kind father, a good and fearless and weary. You may be sure that if you cannot rise in the morning with a clear head and pure heart, there is little before you but disease and misery and despair.—Mary E. Spencer in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Kill Sea Sharks in the Mediterranean.
A correspondent, writing from Nice under date of Jan. 13, says that the fishermen have caught several very large "red skin" sharks just off the breakers between Nice and Villefranche, which is a very unusual place. These comes from the Red sea by way of the Suez canal, and I understand they have never been caught off this coast before. They have a large head, similar to a catfish in shape, and a conical snout. A shark twelve feet in length was brought in last evening, and the sharks are growing very cautious.—Forest and Stream.

The Wedding Finger.
How many women fully love the glories of matrimony, and know not why they wear it on the third finger of the left hand? That particular digit was chosen because it was believed by the Egyptians to be connected by a slender nerve with the heart itself. And ancient writers of law held this finger next to the thumb the sun, and therefore gold was the metal chosen for the ring.—Detroit Free Press.

An Incompetent Voter.
Miss Highgate, do you have disgruntled voters?

Mr. Chapman Yes, as Sunday the fall fielder couldn't think up any new excuse for my staying away from church.—New York Weekly.

The Poor Boy's Annual Budget.

With the falling prices of foodstuffs great change has come over the red-headed boy's diet.—"Finger Pinse," the Child of the Dunites, is laid in the drawer for a well earned rest and the office cat ventures from under the exchange editor's desk for a quiet nap. The boy, too, has got his coat and a pair of baseball gloves and the sporting editor and baseball reporter will be the recipients of his distinguished consideration for the next few months.

He has appointed himself editor of the school paper, and the school board and parents' association are to be his helpers. The school youth with broken hands or crooked fingers is mated by the manager to put his ping-pong inside the vacation. Then comes something like the following:

"Freckle Face (dreadfully)—Is de sport in you arm?"

"Don't worry—What club, please?"

"Freckle Face (brightening)—The Eagle Eyes."

Thereupon the boy tumultuously pulls over a pad, writes as if a tribe waited, and pronounces the following: "The Eagle Eyes, the Eagle Eyes, the Eagle Eyes, and all ACHES PROMPTLY."

Here he shoves the pad over to Freckle Face and says, "Right in you name as always."

Freckle Face does so, and goes bounding down into Park row joyfully, with

such an admiring air of the boy's person. The other boys look at his products admiringly, advances softly to the sporting editor, and says deferentially: "Our captain of the Eagle Eyes was in, but I didn't want him troubling you. So I made a short note to him. Has he come?"

He comes with the hand signed note.

He comes with the hand signed note.