DESERET EVENING NEWS

Published every day, except Sunday, at 1 p. m. Subscription price, in advance, $10.00 per year, $5.00 per month, 10 cents per week, payable on demand by carrier.

DESERET SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS.

Published every Tuesday and Friday. Subscription price, in advance, per year, $5.00, six months $2.75; three months, $1, payable on demand by carrier.

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A TENDERFOOT.

"Speakin—of—tenderfeet," said Jim Barlem, as with a critical air he packed the tobacco in the bowl of his pipe, preparatory to enlightening that article—"speakin of tenderfeet reminds me of one I knowed once, some which time I hev been a whole lot more respectfu in speakin o' 'em.

"Twas in the summer of 18—. I was then workin for Ole Harvey Shorrett, who kep' store an ran a ranch down at Three Forks in Beaver Valley.

"Near Sherrett, 'bout two miles away, Ole Bi Henderdorff had a ranch. He likewise had 'bout th' purtiest an nicest darter that ever were millinery, an, sir, he were proper proud of her, you bet. Moreover, all of us galoots round Three Forks was up to one back hair in love with her—plumb loons, wide awake mashed, as I've heard say. But it didn't do none of us no good—leastways, only one of us. That war Perry Boone, a young rancher from down th' creek 'bout ten mile. Perry, he cut us all out, 'bout half twin, 'cause he was a big, hansome cuss an well liked, besides harin been t' school lots when a kid. So he went in an winned—almost. That is t' say, he frum so set an kep' pop'lar campin with Hetty.

"I guess I was all settled that they war t' be hitched some time or other, when 'bout May along come a feller from Boston with a letter to Ole Bi from some relation o' hern, an jes' camped right at Bi's for th' summer. He was one of these here artist chumps—not a real, genuine fotygrapher, but one of th' sort that carries a lot of paper an pencils an colors in little lead squirt guns, an draws red, white an blue sunsets, likewise forests lookin 'bout as bowlikers. He talked like a book an called all th' boys 'Mister,' besides saying 'Beg pardon' if he didn't hear what ye said first time.

"Sure enough, we gayed th' chap lots at first, but Spenceley—that were th' tenderfoot's name—was so dagoned nice an pleasant an took a joke so easy, we all got t' likin him tiptop. All 'keeps Perry Boone. He hated him lots seen's he seen him. 'Cause why? Jest 'cause Spenceley was makin th' same roof with Hetty, an he knowed that it might turn out kind of bad for him, 'specially as he knowed right then—which nobody else did—that Hetty war kind mash on him, anyhow, an had only promised t' marry him t' please th' ole man. Yo see Perry was a good deal of a bully, an drank considerable, an then there was an ole story 'bout his havin skipped out frum th' states, leavin a wife that died a little later. But this didn't cut no figger with Bi. He had his eye on Perry's pile, an was willin t' take chances on makin Perry treat Hetty fair, 'cause th' ole man 'was a toler'ble dangerous cuss himself.

"Well, th' artist feller got t' feelin sort of soft on Hetty himself, an 'most ev'ry day they'd go wandering 'round th' country, drawin, an fishin, an so on, an in th' evenin when Perry come or set awhile he'd find Mister Artist t in th' settin room, cool as a cucumber an pollite as pelite, him not knowin th Perry had a first film on th' tallow. An Hetty, jest like any woman, 'njoyed it all immense.

"But Perry wasn't th' chap t' stand this very long; so one mornin, happenin t' be at th' store an meetin Spenceley there, he walks up an says t' him: 'You long, my pale faced an weak eyed consumptive. Dye know whose toes you're been stepp'n on?

"Spenceley looked at him kind of queer, but said he didn't know an he'd hurt anybody.

"'Well,' says Perry, 'it's my toes, and it'll pay you t' climb from under. Now something drops on ye. D'ye know who has th' first claim on Miss Hendorfdorff's company? Better find out and take care of yourself.' And Perry started t' go out, swaggering, but th' artist says, real shorty, 'Mr. Boone, I wasn't aware that I was interfering with you. If I am, however, and you don't like it, I'm sorry; but I wish you t' understand that sy'thor you n'r any other rowdy sam bloff me one bit. D'ye understand?

"Perry turned like he'd ben kicked. It was th' first time we'd ever heard him assed and we was looking for th' artist feller t' get tromped a whole lot. But he wasn't—not any. Perry looked at him a whole minute and now there was no scary there, so he just turned and walked out, grumbling and cursing.

"Somebody did, took a shot at Spenceley a few nights later, but he never kicked none, only come up t' th' store an blowed himself to far a forty-four on took shots at a mark ev'ry day—jes' for sport, he sez, but I kinder s'mised he was 'spectin Mister Boone an him'd hev trouble in th' near fuockur, which was s'truck.

"One day not longer arter this some galoot brung word thet th' Paches was out 'thou muzzles, an was chawin ev'rything in sight—an, moreovermore, comin our way, an not for off, neither. Sego, we didn't wait none. Mo'n an the ole man jes' tuk all th' duet in th' box, bid all th' stock we could, nailed up th' shop—'twas stone—an lit out for Hendorfdorff's t' tell them. Thar Sherrett leaves me, him bein th' fastest little mustang in the country, an goes an t' tell—" [illegible]

"Well, Hendorfdorff's folks was ready, real sudden, only Ole Bi, he wouldn't go. Sez he: 'I hain't goin one foot. This here's all I've got, 'cept th' da'ly an Hetty, an I'm goin t' stay right here an hold it. If them winnimen kin see an no ranch they'll be wuss off nor nobbin.' An thar Ole Bi stuck, an bein'fied sez 'n th' artist an the women folks off for Chloride quick. Th' winnimen was in a light waggin, little Joan, a crouchin kid, drivin, an two Greaser girls on th' back seat. Mo'n Spenceley rid the bronco back bogside.

"'Long in th' arternoon, 'bout 3, we looked over south, an leen some a feller on horseback, like a streak o' greased lightnin, throwin dust like th' very devil—so mo'n a mile, hum two Thousandins, cuss 'bout a dozen 'n fifteen fellers—near as we c'd guess—also flickin up a big 'dust.

"Twas a good ten mile t' Chloride, an we thought we was gosers, for, o course we didn't spose them last fellers was nothin but Injuns.

"Spenceley set his teeth an looked at his guns, an so did I. Then he rid up t' th' waggon, sez Hetty a an jes' pray, sayin somethin I didn't hear, and told th' boy I make them, make fly. Then he come back when I was an ev'ry real quiet, 'Dye think we kin hold yes t' long 'enough, Mr Hardon? I guess yes, but great Scott! didn't I wish I was outer that!

"Th' loss shop-cuss rush up. 'Twas Perry Boone, whitter'n a gosseamer. He didn't stop, only pulled 'longsel' an kep' on going, not stoppin t' say 'Hello' t' Hetty in th' waggon—jes' kep on, headed for Chloride. Th' artist turned t' me in a minute, with his mouth curled up an sez, 'Gunpowder!

"We waited, all ready for them Injuns, but when they come up th' 'dust sort of come back t' our front again. Some we did see a mile off that they war white—sweepers an rowdiers, some disguised themselves, we frum cuss.

"Things got quiet in a day 'n a, for it happened that Uncle Sam had a lot o' reliers lyin in camp near Chloride, an th' way they kep' these Injuns movin back south was real Deity.

"Wal, in a week 'n so up comes Mister Boone, jes' big as life, an as chipper, an goes t' Henderdorff's where th' old folks was at th' store and Spenceley out thar. I reckon he jes' sez 'n Hetty jes' had a real lovely row. He had th' gall t' tell 'er that he was jes' right for a doctor for a sick country, an hadn't heard o' no Injuns. Hetty was onto him, though, an talked real rough t' the cuss. Reckon, too.

"Bout 3 o'clock little Joe come riding t' th' store in a hurry, an tole us he had ben listenin t' Hetty an Boone talkin, an all of a sudden he heard a little scream. Nat' thing for seen Boone carryin Hetty outer th' door an puttin 'er in his buggy—she lookin like she'd fainted—an Boone drove off, an Joe lit out for th' store, rustlin Spenceley on th' way, an tellin him.

"Th' ole man an I guessed th' same thing—he'd duped th' girl with chivvy faces, 'n sentiffin, an lit out for Mineral Point, what Bob Hines, a justice of th' peace, lived. I don't know how we came t' think of it, but I guess we took a few things, an so had Bi. I reckon. Lord, but th' ole chap looked cur'ler! He didn't say nuthin, but he looked like he was thinkin lots, an it didn't take me'n him long t' get t' Mineral Point, Hines mile—but trail too. When we got near th' lang Ole Bi loosened up, an of he didn't cuss for fifteen minutes I'm a jay.

"We rid up t' Hines', ready t' shoot, an Bi kicked th' door open, an there, on th' floor, lyin thar back an foot, was Perry Boone—an Spenceley, kind of flustrated, but smilin, rin up, an pointin t' Hetty, who was settin in a chair, lookin kind of pale, sez, 'Gentlemen, let me introduce my wife.'

"'Twas this way: Boone—he's dead time now—hadn't dragged th' gyrel, only gagged 'er, an between thar an th' point, had made 'er promise t' marry him an make no fuss, else he'd kill him an her both—an he meant it. Hines was just gettin ready for th' performance when Spenceley rid up. Perry reached for his gun, but Spenceley was too sudden, an caught 'im in th' gun arm, an him an Hines, who tumbled at onest, tied th' cuss, arter which he set Hetty t' marry him on th' spot, an she done it.

"No, I don't never play low an no tenderfoot."—R. L. Ketchum in San Francisco Argonaut.

Cutting Wood.

A device has been patented in England by which all kinds of wood can be cut into veneers or boards. The logs are cut into suitable lengths, strapped in a close box through which a current of electricity is sent, and finally placed in a lathe, where they are rotated against a knife. The thin sheets are afterward bleached at the edges, and can be used to make barrels, pails, etc., from one stave.—New York Times.

Autographs Cheaply Valued.

Only eleven shillings! That was all that could be obtained at a recent auction sale of autographs in London for a letter from Adelina Patti, in which she says everybody really loves her. At the same sale the autograph signature by Richelieu, the great cardinal, fetched but two shillings each. So greatness fades away, and, as the preacher says, "Vanity, all is vanity!"

A Heavy Load.

Mrs. Freetoons Flatts (to grocer's boy—How is it the elevator wasn't come up? Your load must be fearfully heavy!

Grocer's Boy—Taint the breed that's in it, mum; it's the hill for what you ows.—New York Sun.

One Way.

Teacher—Suppose I should cut a fish weighing nine pounds into three parts, keeping one myself and giving one each to you and Freddie, what would you each get?

Dick Hoxie—He would get the tail and I the head.—Harper's Bazar.

We Are Larger Than We Used to Be.

"It is a great mistake," says an architect, "to suppose that men are becoming smaller especially. When I was in Europe, in Munich, we gave a grand ball and the city authorities decided to let the artists have the use of the mediæval armor stored in the museum there. There were only two suits of armor which could be worn by us. These were the suits of giants of that time. The rest, which belonged to the ordinary sized, strong mediæval soldiers, were too small for us. Would not this tend to cause that we are smaller than our ancestors were?—Detroit Free Press.

His Idea of Angels.

A little five-year-old of my acquaintance interviewed his mother the other day upon the subject of angels having wings, and on being told that there was reason to believe that they were so equipped, exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, how funny they must look when they're rooting like turkeys."—London Truth.

A Close Thing Indeed.

Angelina—Oh, mamma, Algernon proposed my hand so tought that I almost acted.

Mamma—What, my child, from your Angelina—No, mamma, from his.

People Who Should Have Credit.

God pity the folks who take things hard. Their graves are in every cemetery; the sound of their sighing fills the earth with greater unrest than the moaning of the sea. You call such people nervous sometimes, and some light of their suffering at you call them cross and disagreeable, and give them cold glances or you pass them by. Let me tell you right now that you should rather give them of the essential elixir of sympathy you keep on hand, and you would do well while them as you would deal with bruised victims of a wreck, in a catastrophe they had no hand in precipitating. You folks who are cool headed and smooth and easy going have no right to sit in judgment upon such as they.

What if you are smooth and easy to-day? What assurance have you that you shouldn't a boat that drove strong, or a feather fly? When boats that are headed against the current notice ever so little pressure there is more credit to be given to the men who is rowing at the oars than can in justice be accorded the fellow who has nothing to do but sit back in his seat and let the old scow drift. Are when a nature that has more of the helmet of care in its make up than the buoyancy of feathers flies into the upper air only occasionally and tries to fly in company with the birds, there is more glory to be attached to the performance than pertains to all the gyrations of unfeathered natures and generally sets that every stress in front of a favoring breeze.—Chicago Herald.

Second Hand Yachts Are Cheap.

The public has but little idea of the shrinkage in the price of yachts from one year to another. The falling off is greater in Boston than in this country. The outlooks and the thirty-footers held better prices than any other, and the boss on a thirty footer is not over $700 on a total cost of about $3,500.

The forty-footers originally cost close on to $8,000, and many of them have been sold for an average of $4,000 or about 50 per cent. off. The Mangolia sold for $4,500, and was a good boat. The Minerva and $7,000, and the can be bought for less than $4,500, which is cheap for so an exclusive a boat.

The forty six footers cost over $11,000, and it will be hard work to get $6,000 for them, a loss of $5,000 on the total cost of boats scarcely a year old.

As the size of the boats increases the falling off becomes greater and a fifty-three footer like the Clara, with two suits of sails, built original ly for over $17,000, was sold for just half that sum.

The big schooners show a great reduction. Good ones can be bought for reasonable sums on the other side, and the same can be said of all kinds of yachts. The market is over crowded over there, and thoroughbred yachting agencies have hundreds of boats on their lists.

The loss on the original costs was very great on the schooners Atalanta and Constellation, in fact a small fortune was lost on each of these boats.—Boston Herald.

Pain Did Heartbroken.

Tom, the large pet cat that belonged to the late Uncle Tom Williams, who was hanged Oct. 23 last, died one month after the death of its master, having grieved itself to death. For eighteen months the cat was an occupant of Williams' cell in the county jail, eating when he ate, sleeping when he slept and declining to mix with the other prisoners.

When the old man was hanged, however, the cat realized that something was wrong, and from that day until yesterday it wasted away until it was skin and a skeleton. At night it would take his position in Williams' old cell, and its "mouse" from that time until morning gave the prisoners the jimjams. It refused to eat, and Mrs. Smith, jailer of the shire off, remarked tonight that Tom died of grief.—Selbiln Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Calculations Are Sometimes Upset.

An ingenious gentleman, commenting on the statement that the Assay mans use annually 1,000 pounds of gold, worth about $20,000, in stopping decayed teeth, makes the unwelcome simple calculation, "And arrives at the conclusion that in 100 years the American ancestors will contain more gold than now exists in Europe. Will they, really? This good hard at figures must have heard that more than once—notably in Paris some twenty years ago—it has seriously been proposed to start companies for the purpose of taking gold stoppings from the jaws of corpses which lay in burying grounds. Surmises are all very well, but they do not take into account contingencies of this nature.—Cassell's Journal.

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[illegible]
DEPART.
[illegible]
Ogden Local, Ogden and Intermediate Points ... 7.00 a.m.
Pacific Express, Ogden and Points East ... 7.00 p.m.
Echo and Evanston Local ... 4.30 p.m.
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CORRECT TIME TABLE
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LEAVE SALT LAKE.
[illegible]
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[illegible]
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TIME TABLE.
In Effect April 1st, 1891.
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