DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Published every day except Sunday, at 4 p. m. Subscription price, in advance, $10.00 per year, $5.00 per month, 50 cents per week, payable or delivered in advance.

DESERET SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS.

Published every Monday and Friday. Subscription price, in advance, per year, $5.00, six months, $2.75, three months, $1.50, payable or delivered in advance.

THE DESERET WEEKLY.

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AN ABALONE'S SECRET.

IN AUGUST, 1890.

Under the afternoon sun the restless waters of San Francisco bay flung diamonds and opals at such human eyes as chanced to look on them.

Two young people who strolled down to the Presidio beach, however, had no glances to spare for anything so commonplace as diamonds and opals. For Lieutenant Anderson was gazing into the depths of the jet black and black eyes of Miss Pachita de Sola, and Miss Pachita de Sola was looking up into the ardent blue ones of Lieutenant Anderson. She seemed to like it.

The tall young soldier with the fair hair, broad shoulders and square, manly brown face, had not been long released from the hard work and harder restraint of West Point, and in his new freedom of army life went at things with an energy of desire that was quite irresistible. Miss Pachita de Sola found it so, as had half a dozen other girls within as many months. It was a wholly serious business with the lieutenant this time, though.

He had been in California but a few weeks, and his daughter of an ancient though decayed spanish family, an American in education and thought as himself, was arriving in her novelty. Altogether feminine Pachita; at one moment chuckling and cringing; the next worldly, witty and mocking; then, with the lids hiding those lovely, big eyes of hers, her whole aspect suggested—especially to a lieutenant with ample means to marry—possibilities of tenderness unspeakable.

No wonder that when Miss Pachita permitted Lieutenant Anderson to gaze down into her eyes and returned an answering look, giving a little sigh, too, his head went after his heart, which had been lost for an eternity—that is to say, for two terrific, sleepless weeks.

But the young lady was insistent, and, gently clasping his fingers, removed them from her waist, saying demurely:

"Don't be foolish, John. Somebody may be looking."

This, in a city of 300,000 inhabitants and in full sight of the serr vigilant garrison, struck John as being not improbable.

Instant in action, as become a soldier, Lieutenant Anderson executed a flank movement on a sand bank and seated Miss de Sola in its lee, on a large, water whitened, sun dried log of driftwood. Then this consummate tactician repeated the original attack with entire success.

"Pachita, oh, my darling," breathed the ecstatic lieutenant, straining her in his arm and immediately showing a disposition to put a knee upon the beach.

"Well, John!" and the smile of love and gratified vanity that smote his eyes blinded them.

"Name the day, oh, Pachita; I cannot live till you do!"

Pachita pursed her full, red lips, puckered the midnight eyelashes, and considered profoundly, digging deep into the sand with his cane the while.

"The day, my own love—the day," gazed Dido.

"Dear me," Miss de Sola exclaimed suddenly, "what a beautiful shell!"

"Damn the shell!" cried Lieutenant Anderson, reaching for what the bad mannered, to cast it wrathfully into the unnoticed diamonds and opals.

But he was restrained in wonder.

IN AUGUST, 1891.

The same sun was catching the dancing waters of the same bay with the diamonds and opals. A young couple who strolled down to the Presidio beach admired the view very much, and Senorita Pachita de Sola had no occasion to remind the lieutenant by her side that somebody might be looking. Lieutenant Juan de Echeandia would have liked greatly to call his arm about that slim waist, but did not dare, though there was only a small and sleepy garrison, and no city at all behind them—only the palms and Indians at the mission Dolores, far over the sand hills, and a cable car two down at the embarcadero. Entirely out of sight, Pachita de Sola was more of Commandante Don Luis Antonio Argüello, and though he, Lieutenant Juan de Echeandia, was a nephew of Don Jose Maria, of the same name, she, even though an infidel, has under all circumstances to show proper respect for his commanding officer. Besides, the Senorita Pachita had twice refused his friendly offered hand. It was believed that her young affections were bestowed up a Foreign Tiburcio Mendez at Monterey, though this was not known to a certainty at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Juan de Echeandia and Senorita Pachita de Sola walked leisurely to the little wharf where that wonderful vessel, constructed not recently by a wandering British sailor, lay preparing for a voyage to Sausalito, four leagues distant. It was a marvelous boat, with oars and a sail, and capable of accommodating no less than six persons. Don Luis Antonio Argüello himself had commanded her in person on the down passage which she had made to the opposite side of the bay. He devises in the creation of this extraordinary craft, which annihilated distance and obliterated time, thirty was had to get from Santa de Malora, soldiers were sent around by way of San Jose, armed with axes, whose round the forests of Cuapitos on rafts, and in the course of seventy leagues encountered hardships and continued weeks. And the timber was brought over by Chief Marin, as aborigine given to cruising on a float of logs and skins, who alone knew the winds and currents of the bay. It was but a matter of a day now to sail over for the timber and return with it.

Corporal Pedro Sanches had made all the voyages with the commandante and rated now as a superior navigator, his marine name being near to him. Don Luis had continued him with pride to placing him in command for the cruising. His enlargement became perfect when Lieutenant Echeandia suddenly proposed to Senorita Pachita that they make the voyage, and she, being young and thoughtless, consented.

Brave Corporal Sanches sailed the Mejico superb as far as Angel island, descending serpently on the art and mystery of seamanship. Leaving behind one of three soldiers hardly certain to a commanding wave of thunder, he proceeded to pass the point.

Also, as eastern wind came whistling through the treacherous Raccoon Strait, and in spite of all Corporal Pedro's seamanship the Mejico was caught and whipped round and round and hurled with the racing tide toward the Golden Gate.

Senorita Pachita de Sola screamed, but there was no help sent down from heaven, even on the appeal of those pretty lips, green quite white, and blue black eyes with tears, with the big black eyes will with terror.

Lieutenant Juan de Echeandia swore—swore at Corporal Pedro Sanches; but profanity, though frequently an adjunct to navigation, is not of use in imparting knowledge thereof.

So out to sea they drifted, far out, almost to the Farallones.

For eight days and nights they were as a chip on the waves, the Raccoon guests having snapped the mast and carried away the sail. Corporal Pedro, famous as a mariner, had forgotten to bring oars.

Senorita de Sola gave herself up to Mary, mother of God; as did the corporal and the three sons to the sea, and passed the hours in slumbering prayer.

But Lieutenant Juan had a soldier's soul.

On the second day he drew his sword, and at its point the men yielded such food and water as the boat contained. Those he borrowed where his body was between them and receptors.

The corporal Pedro, though a fool and half-witted, was loyal. With him the lieutenant kept watch and watch, and through all those awful sixty days and nights thy corpses, it is true that the boat was gone that long, as you may read in Hittell's "History of California") the Senorita de Sola waited for another foot nor drink, and the delivery of Lieutenant Juan would have brought tears of gratefulness to any woman's eyes. He did wonders—as tradition has handed down—with shoals and coast and stray bits of rope to calm the lady.

On the eighth day—unseen prayer is ever answered—a blessed wind sprang up from the west and, tide assisting, bore the Mejico back through the Golden Gate. The evening chief Marin, on his tale fleet, was sent by Providence to tow her to the Presidio wharf, where the commandant and the cheering garrison awaited the return of the dead. Life—the one word by an inspiration, the miracle. The priests have the hours home in many a sermon.

As the Senorita de Sola rose in the stern to disembark she tottered from weakness and agitation. Lieutenant Juan stretched out an arm and preserved her from a drowning. She gave a little scream, not at the public embrace, but because in throwing up her small brown hands she had broken a slender gold chain that hung about her neck—broken it, and sent into the deep water it went, together with a locket that had rested on her virgin breast.

"My dears," said Commandante Don Luis Antonio Argüello, when they had refreshed themselves at his quarters and related their adventures—"my dears, I think that under all the circumstances the best thing you can do is to get married, and at once."

"I'm with you," exclaimed Lieutenant Juan de Echeandia in Spanish, opening his arms.

And Senorita Pachita de Sola crept timidly into them, hiding her lovely, blushing face upon his happy, weather beaten breast.

IN AUGUST, 1890, AGAIN.

Lieutenant John Anderson was restrained from throwing the dude cane clean into the bay, after his indescribable language concerning it, because, imbedded under a transparent, everlying, iridescent deposit, he beheld an open golden locket, showing the face of a handsome young man, manifestly spanish.

Miss de Sola, startled, took it from him, scrutinized it intently, looked up with sparkling eyes and pointed a slim, triumphant, olive finger at a name beneath the miniature.

"There!" she cried; "grandma did love that Monterey swain, though she always denied it!"

"But Pachita—Pachita darling, do name the day," pleaded Lieutenant Anderson at a check.

"Oh, bother!" impatiently returned Miss de Sola, shoulder again in the dudes. "Name it yourself."—Arthur McEwen in San Francisco Argonaut.

Time Around the World.

The time required for a journey around the earth by a man walking day and night without rest would be 428 days; an express train, 80 days; sound, at a medium temperature, 69 hours; cannon ball, 20 hours; light, a little over one-tenth of a second; electricity, passing over a copper wire, a little less than one-tenth of a second.—St. Louis Republic.

He Was Needed Anyway.

Here is a story that comes to me at first hand: A night watchman having charge of a number of lumber yards at a well known summer resort in this state was desirous of getting another house, so he went to the owner of it.

"No," said the latter, "I don't need any one to take care of my house at night. If a burglar comes in I'll shoot him."

"That's all right," said the ready watchman, "but after you've killed him you want some one to pull him out of the house for you."

The watchman was engaged.—New York Epoch.

Have Not Spoken for Fifty Years.

The Dumb Boys in Russia are a curious sect. Why they are called Dumb Boys no one seems to know. The sect is composed of both sexes, old men being in the majority. Some of these deluded old patriarchs are known to have kept their vow of silence for more than half a century.—St. Louis Republic.

The Inheriting Relies.

He—I really think Miss Highup tried to cut us.

She (real belle)—If she had tried she would have succeeded. Did you ever see such a jubilee lands

IT WAS SPORT FOR THE INDIANS.

The Lucky Ride That Saved a Western Stage Coach from the Redskins.

Mr. Carlyle had many encounters with the Indians while on the plains in the old days of stage coaching. He tells of one that has a vein of comedy, as they say of the melodrama. Mr. Carlyle was out with a new driver, fifty miles east of Cottonwood, now McPherson. He found that a band of redskins had taken possession of one of his posts.

The coach was too close to the station for flight, and besides there were about two tons of mail and baggage matter around—too much for fast travel. Mr. Carlyle determined that the only way to do was to freeze to the matter out. He drove directly up to within 100 yards of the station, and clambering down from his seat, coolly set about watering his horses.

The Indians were hideous. They danced around Carlyle and greeted him coolly—"How! how!"—clapping him terrifically on the back. One took was particularly hearty in his slap and almost drove the Carlyle's shoulder, sendding him onto with pain. Carlyle was at the time filling a bucket of water from the well. With all his giant strength he swung the heavy iron bound bucket at the Indian's head. The latter ducked and the bucket slipped downward, completely envelopes his big-feathered head.

And there the heavy vessel stuck, and the more Mr. Indian tried to slip out of it the tighter it stuck. This struck all the other Indians as highly humorous. They crowded around the unfortunate buck, hooting and screeching. They rolled him along the plain. They kicked him, they buffeted him, they cast handfuls of dust upon him, and had a merry little picnic riding around on their wooden headed sunrayle.

While this picnic was in progress Carlyle was busy. He had cut the straps that held the coach's heavy cargo of baggage, thrown off part of the mail, and, hitching his frightened drivers to whip up, the coach was soon making good time toward Cottonwood. When the Indians had tired of playing with the buck and prepared to look the scalped, they found a slightly disappointing. With renewed screeching they raced back to the station for their ponies and morning set out in pursuit.

Carlyle, sitting on the top of the coach, fought them off with his long Sharpe rifle, and there was a fine, pretty running fight all the way to Cottonwood, the Indians dropping the pursuit as the town was approached.—Kansas City Times.

A New Orleans Peacemaker.

Have you ever heard of a peacemaker? I do not mean that pacific individual who, with the best intentions, throws himself into the breach to reconcile estranged souls. No; this is a lower power, though quite as potent in bringing about good results. When a New Orleanian goes out with the boys he does not forget to provide himself with one of these peacemakers to take home to the wife of his bosom. Before that good woman can look at the tell tale clock or say a word of reproach he hands her a generous package with a "There, my dear, you can't do it; I didn't forget you." She opens it and finds a box of bread apparently, but it comes apart and a nest of hot oysters is disclosed. They are delightfully fragrant, and she, nine women, sits down and eats them with a relay of pickles discovered elsewhere in the load. Perhaps this peacemaker is not indigenous to New Orleans.—Detroit Free Press.

Married His Grandmother.

In the village of Arreton, in the Isle of Wight, many years ago, there lived a young man who was betrothed to a young woman. Both were poor and in humble life, but the grandfather of the young man had money, and he fell in love with the young woman and proposed marriage to her. The girl naturally made her young lover acquainted with this offer, with renewed assurance of devotion to him alone. He was vexed, but having pondered over the same, saw a way to extricate himself and his sweetheart from the dilemma. "Marry him," said he to the girl; "he is rich; he cannot live long; when he dies you'd have his money and I'll have you." By the marriage she became the young man's grandmother. Not long after the old man died, and then she married her first betrothed.—London Tit-Bits.

Here's a Wise Review.

There is a barber down town who does a good deal of humorous. After spreading around the candidate for a hair cut an apron and towel, he tucks down in his neck a narrow roll of cotton. This catches and holds all the flying bits of hair that cut while worked their way down a man's back, and when the hair cut is completed this is thrown into the waste basket.

This may appear a small matter, but it means much to the man in the chair.—New York Herald.

Important to Smokers.

"You ain't a going to give ten cents for that cigar, are you?"

"I believe I will, Sally," said he.

"Just to burn up?" said she.

"That's what he is made for, Sally," said he.

"Well," said she, "I'd look at a dime a long time before I'd give it for that thing and then burn it right straight up. If I was going to be a fool I'd be a fool some other way."—Texas Siftings.

How Pineapples Grow.

The pineapple, which isn't a fruit, strictly speaking, grows upon the upper part of a stem which rises two or three feet high from the center of a cluster of leaves growing close to the ground. The upper part of this stem becomes covered with the flowers of the plant, the flower cluster becomes enlarged, its parts uniting and forming the "pineapple."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

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RAILROADS.

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STANDARD GAUGE.

CURRENT TIME TABLE.

In Effect Sunday, November 1, 1891.

NORTH AND EASTBOUND.	No. 6.	No. 2.	No. 4.
Lv. Ogden	7.45 a.m.	12.30 p.m.	7.00 p.m.
" Salt Lake	10.45 "	3.30 "	10.00 "
" Provo	12.05 p.m.	4.45 "	11.25 "
" Price	4.15 "	8.45 a.m.	4.45 a.m.
" Helper	5.00 "	9.30 "	5.30 "
" Pueblo	10.45 a.m.	6.00 p.m.	10.45 p.m.
" Denver	7.00 "	7.00 "	7.00 "
Ar. Kansas City		7.30 a.m.	
" St. Louis		7.00 p.m.	
" Chicago		9.00 a.m.	
Lv. Grand Junction	3.35 p.m.	8.40 a.m.	3.35 p.m.
" Green River	6.50 "	11.45 "	6.50 "
" Rock Springs	7.45 "	12.45 p.m.	7.45 "
" Carbon	8.15 "	1.15 "	8.15 "
" Ft. Fetterman	10.20 "	3.20 "	10.20 "
Ar. Laramie	12.10 a.m.	5.00 "	12.10 a.m.
" Cheyenne	2.35 "	7.30 "	2.35 "
" Denver	7.00 "	12.00 m.	7.00 "
" Kansas City	7.30 p.m.	7.00 a.m.	7.30 p.m.
" St. Louis	7.00 a.m.	7.00 p.m.	7.00 a.m.
" Chicago	9.00 "	9.00 "	9.00 "

WEST AND SOUTHBOUND.	No. 1.	No. 3.	No. 5.
Lv. Ogden	7.45 a.m.	12.30 p.m.	7.00 p.m.
" Salt Lake Junct.	8.00 "	12.45 "	7.15 "
" Salt Lake City	8.05 "	12.50 "	7.20 "
" Tooele Junction	9.15 "	1.50 "	8.30 "
" Lehi	8.45 "	1.25 "	8.00 "
" Lehi Junction	8.50 "	1.30 "	8.05 "
" Eureka	11.00 "	3.45 "	10.20 "
" Ft. Douglas	8.15 "	1.15 "	7.30 "
" Park City	9.00 "	2.00 "	8.15 "
" Kimball	9.15 "	2.15 "	8.30 "
" Ontario	9.45 "	2.45 "	9.00 "
" Park City Junct.	10.40 "	3.40 "	9.55 "
" Heber	11.00 "	4.00 "	10.15 "
" Vivian	12.40 p.m.	5.40 "	11.55 "
" Midway	12.55 "	5.55 "	12.10 a.m.
" Charleston	1.15 "	6.15 "	12.30 "
" Ft. Duchesne	10.40 a.m.	6.00 p.m.	10.00 a.m.
" Ft. Wallace	12.05 p.m.	7.25 "	11.25 "
" Ft. Hall Junct.	4.30 "	11.50 a.m.	4.30 p.m.
Ar. Ft. Duchesne	4.30 "	11.50 "	4.30 "
" Ft. Wallace	6.00 "	1.20 p.m.	5.45 "
" Ft. Hall Junct.	7.30 "	2.45 "	7.15 "

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Utah Central Railway

TIME TABLE.

In Effect April 1st, 1891.

Passenger Trains will Run Daily, between Salt Lake and Park City, as Follows:

SALT LAKE CITY.

Train leaves for Ogden at 8.00 a.m. Arrive at 10.45 " " " 3.30 p.m. " " " 10.00 p.m.

PARK CITY.

Train leaves for Salt Lake City ..... 10.30 a.m. " " " ..... 5.00 p.m. Arrive at " " ..... 8.40 a.m. " " " ..... 4.00 p.m.

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To Horse-Owners.

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This is not an isolated case. The same thing is happening without every day to unsuspecting users of the Split Nail. It is a DANGEROUS nail. Some time it will be used on your horse. Then it will be too late to regret that you did not know the facts. Ask your blacksmith about the Split Nail. Write him if he does not know the facts. Write us if you want to know more about the Split Nail. Write Horse Owners' Journal, Boston, for a free trial offer.

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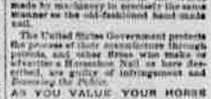

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3. It is devoted in the interests of the Latter-day Saints, and the Latter-day Saints valiantly defended their rights and advocated the principles in which they believe, and every Latter-day Saint should therefore feel under obligations to do his part in helping to sustain it.

4. It is not published for speculation, and anyone who knows, has for the good which it is capable of accomplishing the profits, if any there be derived from it, being devoted to extending its sphere of usefulness, and benefitting the community.

5. It is doing its utmost to establish home industries, among which are paper making and type-founding, stereotyping and electrotyping—branches necessary to the development and independence of the community, but which, during their infancy (which in this Territory they have not yet passed), can only be carried on at a pecuniary loss.

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