Good Reports From Flute.

Editor Deseret News:

RICHMOND, Flute county, Utah, Dec. 25, 1892.—The people around here are rejoicing at the prospect of getting their grist done nearer home in the very near future. Mr. Jas. Whitaker of Clarkville is having a flouring mill erected near the old woolen factory. It is thirty feet by forty, with ten feet basement walled with rock and frame building above, twenty-four feet high. Messrs. Sargent and Steel of Panguitch have raised the frame and done most of the work, but have stopped a while for want of materials, which will be on hand soon, however.

Here as elsewhere we had a good deal of political fuss, but now all is acquiet as a lake on a calm summer day. Trade is very dull, money is rare, yet we manage to live on somehow anyway. Our crops were fair to middling with most of the farmers. Some had poor crops, owing so guess to poor management.

I raised ninety bushels of Danvers carrots on ten rods of ground and 125 bushels of mangels and sugar beets on sixteen rods of ground, some of it slightly alkaline. Onions were bad this year here, hardly any coming to full size; last year I had some of two pounds and over.

We had a hard frost of nearly three weeks' duration, beginning with the 5th of December and ending with December 23rd. Now we have the weather as mild that it looks as if spring were going to start in right away, instead of waiting for the equinox of March.

The health of the people is very fair; we had no deaths this year and, except last spring some la grippe, no sickness worth mentioning, except in one or two cases. In a settlement of about fifteen families we have two sores, and there are rumors of some others going to start. Query—If every one keeps a store who will the buyers be?

Respectfully yours,
H. EDWARD DECALUES.

The Late Sister Davies.

Sister Kezia Davies departed this life on the 13th of December, 1892, at Ogden. She was the daughter of Ambrose Wickens and Sarah Phillips Wickens, and was born at Sinfoume, Berks, England, October 29th, 1815. She was married to Richard Edward Davies, November 15th, 1837.

In 1855 she with her husband left the land of their nativity, and arrived in Salt Lake City in October. Early in November of the same year they came to Ogden. In 1863 the family removed to Bear Lake county, and settled in Paris, where, shortly after their arrival, Sister Davies was appointed president of the relief society in that city. In 1872 she and the family returned to Ogden, where she has continued to reside until her demise. When the relief society was organized in the Second ecclesiastical ward of that city on December 26th, 1875, she was elected treasurer of that institution, which office she held for the remainder of her life. She also held, for several years, the office of secretary for the poor of the ward. These positions she filled most faithfully.

For years she had labored, in connection with Sister Mary Ann Ellis, the president of the society, and others, visiting and administering to the sick, soothing the last hours of the dying, performing the last sad offices to the dead, preparing them for their last resting place, and comforting those who had been bereaved of friends by the hand of death. She died in full faith of the Gospel.

The obsequies, which were held on the 16th of December, were numerous by attendants. Many persons from Salt Lake were present who knew and highly esteemed her in her native land. Addresses were delivered by Elders William L. Binder, William Sykes, Thomas Slight, Thomas Davey, Presidents Lorin Farr and C. F. Middleton and Bishop Robert McFarlane, all of whom bore strong testimony to her worth. An immense cortege followed the remains to the Ogden cemetery, where they were duly laid to rest by Elder Joseph Hall. She leaves one child, five grandchildren and two sisters, (who emigrated with her in this company), besides a host of friends to mourn their loss.—[Com.]

SENSIBLE PARENTS.

Know Their Own Business Even When Their Only Son Is Concerned.

A New York man, distinguished for his cool head and quick judgment, has had in the days of his middle age a long wished for son born to him. The child is heir to a great deal besides the adoring love of his parents, and for the first few years he grew superbly, developing extraordinary beauty and intelligence. Suddenly there appeared signs of some terrible nervous disease.

Father and mother were almost crushed at the discovery.

But what did they do?

Hope their trouble would not prove to be so bad as it threatened, and let the matter go on for a time?

No, indeed!

Give the baby over to the family doctor or to the first specialist recommended to them?

Not that either.

They immediately made a thorough and careful inquiry on the subject of such diseases, and those who have had success in treating them. Then they had a long talk together, and decided to ask certain physicians to consult over the case.

The consultation was held.

The parents talked the report over between themselves, selected one doctor in whose hands they would place their child, and decided to let him engage what other scientific advice he saw fit. For the rest the mother then devoted herself to obeying these physicians' orders and the father to paying their bills.

When friends ask if this remedy or that method of the doctors is quite satisfactory and suggest some other treatment or some other doctor, the wise mother has had always one reply. "We selected the doctor with our best judgment. We believe he knows more about these things than we do or than we could learn if we gave our whole time to them. So we do not interfere with his treatment, but I carry it out, and my husband gives the strictest attention to his orders. Business, that there may be no lack of the money necessary. We follow the doctor's directions and await the result of his work."

This seems very plain common sense, but how many people can you think of who follow it?—New York World.

A Contradiction of Terms.

Young John Green was a very liberal, matter of fact fellow, who, after he had graduated at the high school and taken a year's course in shorthand, obtained a situation as secretary in a large mercantile establishment. One day his employer, who had a good opinion of John's literary abilities, called him and said:

"Green, I want you to write a circular letter to our customers telling them squarely what we are going to do for them in the matter of that big consignment of parasols."

John went away to write the letter; but the task troubled him. By and by he came back.

"Didn't you tell me, sir, to write a good square letter to the customers?"

"Yes."

"And didn't you also tell me that it was to be a circular letter?"

"Why, yes."

"Well, sir, how can it be square and circular at the same time? That isn't good geometry, is it, sir?"

"Oh," said the merchant, looking steadily at John, "I forgot the geometry. Perhaps you had better tell them roundly what we are going to do—not squarely! Can you do that?"

"Oh, yes," said John. This time he performed his task without any trouble.—Youth's Companion.

Different Kinds of Heat.

Some curious facts are elicited by experiments on different kinds of heat. Remember that—ceteris paribus—the greater the humidity of the atmosphere the greater the sense or thickness of the air; that is why on a damp day the smoke from gun powder or a railway train is far more dense than it is on a dry, sunny day. If gunpowder be burned in an inclosed space, into which the best mirror has been placed for the deposition of the dust, and this plate be examined as before, it will be found that the gunpowder dust shows signs of condensing at a temperature of a degs. Fahrenheit above the dew point. If cotton—which has a great affinity for water—be experimented upon in the same way, it will be found that what we call the dew point or the point of condensation on the cotton is no less than 20 degs. Fahrenheit above the fog or the point of saturation.—Longman's Magazine.

SHE KNEW WHAT TO DO.

The Brave Act of a California Girl Saves a Woman and Child.

A genuine young heroine, whose deed of daring entitles her to a place of prominence among the heroes of the hour, is Fannie Krause, at present an inmate of the Boys and Girls' Aid society.

Fannie is only about thirteen or fourteen years old, but by no means petite. She will tower a half head or more above the average girl of fifteen, and has a frame and muscular development that make her widely respected among all her acquaintances regardless of age.

She is simply a young amazon, and there is little wonder about the presence of her age or size that is her equal in any respect, strength, speed, agility or physical achievement of whatever kind. And in her way she is quite an attractive and fine. If not beautifully beautiful she is as good natured as the sunshine, and has a frank, open countenance that bespeaks an honest heart and wins the confidence of her acquaintances almost at sight.

One day Fannie went down town to visit some friends in the neighborhood of Central park. As she was going along Market street, near the corner of Eighth, she noticed a one horse conveyance containing an elderly lady with a baby in her arms. The horse seemed to be ill at ease, and even while she stood there took fright at a passerby waving something in his hand. With a quick turn the animal made for the other side of the street and started to run. The woman in the conveyance, realizing the danger of her situation, screamed with all her might and called some one to catch the horse. With the baby in her arms she could do nothing, and if the animal got under way probably death awaited them both.

There was no one near at the instant but Fannie Krause, and it seems almost providential that such was the case. She was quite equal to the emergency, and if there had been a score of hands they could not have done more nor half so well. Quick as a flash she took in the situation, and making a wild dash for the coming vehicle reached it before it had gone twice the width of the street. She grasped the buggy box in the rear and leaped clear in behind the seat; then climbing over the seat caught hold of the lines, and in half a minute more had brought the frightened animal to a standstill.

Quite a crowd had gathered around by the time the vehicle had stopped, and were loud in their expressions of admiration of the young girl's pluck and presence of mind. When the owner of the conveyance came up and saw the narrow escape his wife and child had had he was almost too frightened to speak, and could hardly express his gratitude to the young rescuer. He wanted to give her some money, but she modestly refused it and went on her way as if nothing had happened.

A Fine Point.

He had stopped in the cigar store to select a nickel in a couple of Bankerdoms, and he noticed in the case, carefully enveloped in gold foil, a new brand of smokers.

"Must be something extra in a cigar," he said, pointing to the box.

"You bet," responded the dealer with pride, "they're out of sight."

"Yes," he commented, "I guess they put that gold foil around them to keep them that way."—Detroit Free Press.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE'S PERFECT and PERMANENT cure for Nervous Debility, Impotence, Sexual Prostration, Premature Decay, Nervous Weakness, Lost Manhood, Wasting Diseases, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Sleeplessness, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Prostration, Hysteria, Fits, Spasms, Tremors, Locomotor Ataxia, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Dizziness, Loss of Memory, Premature Old Age, Impaired Vitality, Impotency, Lost Power, Wakefulness, Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Seminal Emissions, Spermatorrhœa