DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Published every day except Sunday at 4 p. m. Subscription price, in advance, $10.00 per year, $5.00 per month, 10 cents per week, postpaid or delivered by carriers.

DESERET SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS

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THE DESERET WEEKLY.

A 32 to 48 page Magazine, the cheapest and best in the country, specially valuable as a video of home reading. Price, per volume of 24 numbers, $2.00; per copy, 10 cents.

TWO SONGS.

The sun is rising from the valleys,
The air breathes fresh and chill;
On the lawn and yellow with lichen
A white is singing shrill.

Like a lover leaf to his bower,
Like a maid leaf to his woer,
He is glad of the coming morrow
As the lovers is glad of the springing.

The sound of a shepherd's piping
Comes down from a Grecian hill
Like the ripple of hidden waters,
Sad music so sweet and still.

The two songs mingle together,
Like and unlike are they;
For one sounds tired and plaintive,
And one sings proud and gay.

They take us thoughts of their minds,
The lad and the shepherd lad;
For the lad sees life with rapture,
And the lassie sees it sad.

—Julian B. Tomlinson in Lippincott's Magazine.

THE "GUSHER"

Old man Rabenholts was a good natured German, who owned a farm in the oil country, and he talked nearly with his hands, because he did not have a ready command of words. His "Trus," on the contrary, planted her feet in her sides and kept them there when she had anything to say, which was the case most of the time. "The old man sees not an ondiscreetly that she even asked in her sleep. She read the German and the English Hymn in a grotesque imitation of her own invention, with which to express views that were strictly individual, very emphatic, and evidently unconstitutable, for everybody agreed with her beforehand.

Their daughter Veronica, or Vroni for short, had beautiful blonde hair, blue eyes and a saucy dimple in her chin.

George Joe loved Vroni and Vroni returned his affection—Sundays. On week days she had no regard for him, though he boarded with the Rabenholtzes, because he was very, very dirty. He drilled oil wells, and his working clothes alone with every known variety of grease, from crude petroleum to machine oil, while old stockings and patches of plumbago and axle grease encased his nose and cheeks.

On Sunday he disguised himself in clean clothes and washed his face and hands. Then he was quite presentable, and Vroni liked him. Everybody else in the world disliked Joe, because he was hoggish and good natured, and liberal with his tobacco.

Frau Rabenholts had noticed the attachment between the young people, but, though she did not approve of it, she did not care to say so in the face of losing her boarder.

One day, however, she was bending over the kitchen fire, when Vroni asked her:

"Ma, can I drive over to Butler today? Joe wants me to go with him."

Ma knit her brows, placed her arms akimbo, examined her daughter critically from top to toe with a sharp, searching look, and wound to Lotte "What Joe?" though she knew well who was meant.

Vroni held her, and she repeated:

"Ma, you cannot go. I want to tell you ride away quick here to hetting rock for cinder mit me. You can get no time to run der goundry cause mit dat greasy Tobe. He was nothings, he got nothings, and out you hat der courage for him oder his boss, you pedder take der cow val has der must money. Money alone don't make one happy unless you vas get some," with which she handed the wooden cooking spoon to poor Vroni and left the kitchen.

Now it happened that Joe's boss, "Dry Hole Tim," drove up to the house about ten minutes later and wanted to know "If he could take my d' Dutch down Butler way." Strange enough, Mrs. Rabenholts seemed to forget entirely that she scolded Vroni in the kitchen, and insisted upon her going to Butler with Tim to get some baking powder and a new washboard.

Vroni would have much preferred to go with Dreamy Joe, and she kept thinking him all the way, though her companion tried his very best to be entertaining. He certainly did look like Tim, albeit he was very much better looking than Joe, wore good clothes every day, and wore an incessant imitation diamond in his necktie.

But he had the reputation of being a rogue and of being given to sharp practices. One of the stories told of him was that, when informed that a well he was drilling had struck hard sand and so oil, he said, "Well, then, the division will be no much easier, because there are twelve-eighths of this well sold." He had disposed of an eighth interest to twelve different men, and in the end, of course, no one received any benefit except himself.

Fate, however, seemed to be against Tim, despite his machinations, for out of seventeen wells which he had drilled no less than thirteen proved unproductive—dry holes, as they are called. Hence his nickname.

Vroni had her place for giving her escort the slip while he was talking, and she did it beautifully. And Tim saw her no more that day after seeing they had put up the horse at the livery stable.

Dan Stewart tells me that at dusk he saw two very happy young people driving toward the Rabenholts farm. One of them was Vroni, the other was not Dry Hole Tim, but might have been Dreamy Joe. The doctor said he knew the latter when dressed up, because he had only seen him in working clothes.

When it is certain here that old man Rabenholts remained strictly neutral in the matter concerning his daughter's preference, then the foregoing will suffice to define the mutual feelings of the actors in the story which follows.

The Rabenholts farm of 175 acres was considered desirable property by oil men, being situated on what was called an oil belt. But the old man had so far refused Dry Hole Tim's offer to prospect for oil thereon, much to Tim's chagrin, with the assistance of Frau Rabenholts, had prevailed upon him to lease it for a consideration of ten dollars an acre annually, with Tim as lessee.

They used to have a barrel of—well, they had a barrel over at the farm every Sunday, and Squire Schoffhouser, of Butler, made it a point of honor to assist in emptying the aforesaid barrel.

So one Sunday the old farmer asked him after dinner to draw up the lease. Tim insisted upon the date of the contract being changed to a day or two ahead in order to make it legal. As nobody knew what day of the month it was Vroni fetched the "Farmers' Almanac and Crop Advisor" from the wall pocket in the kitchen.

The lease was dated Aug. 18 which, according to the almanac, would be the Tuesday following.

Squire Schoffhouser had been rather assistant in the matter of emptying the barrel, and consequently things in general, and the oil lease in particular, appeared to him utterly frivolous and unimportant. He scarcely knew what he was writing, and neither he nor old Rabenholts, nor Joe, who stood by, noticed that the paper read, "sell, agree to lease to the first party, all that certain tract or parcel of land, situate in Butler township, county of Butler, state of Pennsylvania, consisting of 175 acres, on a rental of five dollars per acre per annum." Tim noticed the mistake.

Once in a fool he received the aforesaid of land had good well of the Rabenholtzes, or owing money on the same land with possibility, through no probability, of winning Vroni, on the latter's other money of $[illegible] Hence proceeded. As soon as the lease was signed and sealed and the signatures notified by the squire Dry Hole Tim folded the document, placed it in his breast pocket, buttoned the coat and handed the astonished farmer a five dollar gold piece.

Old Rabenholts was at first inclined to give Tim's tender of the year's rent as a joke, believing himself entitled to pick, which doubtless he was, for had an expert, like his countenance assumed a highly intelligential aspect when the lease was produced again, which contained Tim's action.

The latter flung the gold piece on the kitchen table and whistled away whistling. He wanted to follow and knock him down, but Vroni held his arm.

What Frau Rabenholts had to say to Squire Schoffhouser would make interesting reading by itself, but it has nothing to do with the story.

Six weeks passed by. A tall derrick lifted its emphatic outline skyward, to a prospecting corner of the Rabenholts farm, and Joe was drilling the well for Tim. The tool had gone to a depth of eighteen hundred feet and was expected to connect with a vein of the most. This product extends from the engine room to the tackle, and from the tackle to the drilling platform. The tools had to be hoisted and a new string lowered in them. In clearing the drill hole small particles of solidified sand were brought to the surface. The sand had been washed. Everybody was in a high pitch of suspense. The hoisting gang had left off work, each other about a whisper. This is one of the peculiarities of oil excitement.

The drill was lowered again. The irregular action of the engine betrayed that the tool had as yet not reached bottom, and it required some minutes to adjust it properly. A few clumps and the rope worked up and down regularly. Joe handled the damp hemp, attentively felt for another knocking, and declared that some hard substance had been struck. The engineer, an old oil man, came over, shook his head dubiously and was willing to bet that "she would be dry." Tim's heart sank when he saw his looks betrayed his feelings. Joe was correspondingly pleased. His pleasure was short lived, however, for after a little over an hour's work the tool sank again rapidly and evenly.

A volume of gas (naked improved, and Tim quickly threw away the cigar which he had been chewing nervously.

"She is filling!" yelled Joe. Sure enough, Tim, who had jumped to the rope at once, could tell by a peculiar vibration thereof that the tool at its lower end was working in a liquid. Whether it was salt water or oil could not, of course, be determined as yet, but the ever increasing volume of gas that rushed up the drill hole made the latter more probable.

A sudden rushing sound from below, and the next moment a column of yellow oil shot high up into the air, drenching every thing for many yards around, so the oil saver could be packed tightly over the drill hole. Then the golden liquid rushed in a steady stream through the large pipe into the tanks with such force and volume that hundreds of barrels of oil flowed down the creek, covering it with an iridescent coating.

The excitement was intense, and within an hour hundreds of people came to see the "gusher." Everybody congratulated Tim, and every one thought he was the first and only one to make a pun on his former nickname, which was not so, and of course Tim strutted about as if he had done it all by the exercise of his surpassing genius and superior acumen.

Frau Rabenholts was furious, but this time she failed to obtain sympathy even from her husband. After she had scolded them she called Vroni from the kitchen and told her then and there to set her cap all the stronger for Dry Hole Tim. Vroni refused, and there was quite a scene. The frau had the last word as usual, and poor Vroni at last gave in for the sake of peace. But she told Joe all about it in the evening.

They decided, and decided upon her going to Butler with Tim to get some baking powder and a new washboard.

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St. Jacobs Oil cures Back Aches, Headache, Toothache and all ACHES Promptly

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The Nail Nail in this Shoe accidentally fastened the horse-shoe which it was recently taken in Worcester, Mass. One point of the nail came out in the proper place for clinching, and was clinched the block smith was about the horse. The other point went in the direction shown in the illustration, piercing the tender part of the foot called the "quick." Drew "which the horse was made lame for one nearly five weeks.

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The United States Government protects the process of their manufacture through patents, and any person who shall make, sell or advertise a Horseshoe Nail as here described, are guilty of infringement and liable to the penalty of the law.

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STOP IT NOW, SOON IT WILL BE TOO LATE.

I have been troubled many years with disease of the kidneys and have used many different remedies and have sought aid from different physicians, but I derived no relief from the Oils or Acids I was suffering from to a very great extent. Some one whom I personally do so such a marvelous cure that I was best ever. When I saw it was so easy to procure relief for me I got up and, or to put on my clothes, when, and throughout, and, in fact, with the OREGON KIDNEY TEA, to my back, immediately was relieved using the tea. It had an astonishment of all my friends at the change in my appearance. I am happy to state, that I was a new man. I recommend the tea to all afflicted as I have done.

G. A. TUPPER,
Proprietor Occidental Hotel, South Bend, Ind.

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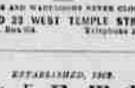
UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER.



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And Undertakers' Goods in Utah.

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Telephone & Telegraph Orders Promptly Filled.

Bodies Preserved in their Natural Condition without extra charge.

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Do you know that a little cough is a dangerous thing? Are you aware that it often fastens on the lungs, and far too often runs into consumption and ends in Death? Prompt collection from Asthma, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Consumption will all tell you that

"IT STARTED WITH A COLD."

Can you afford to neglect it? Can you trifle with so serious a matter? Are you aware that Ackers English Remedy is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds and Consumption? It will stop a Cough in one night. It will check a Cold in a day. It will prevent Croup, relieve Asthma and cure Consumption if taken in time. You can't afford to be without it. A 25c. bottle may save you $100 in Doctors' bills and save your life! Ask your druggist for it, or write to E. S. ACKER & CO., 46 West Broadway, New York, for book.

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For sale by Z. C. M. I. Drug Department.

THE MODEL HOUSEWIFE KNOWS THAT WHAT IMPROVES THE HOUSEHOLD FOOD IMPROVES BOTH BODY AND THE MIND, THAT IS WELL UNDERSTOOD. THEN WIRE GAUZE OVEN DOORS MUST BE PRODUCTIVE OF GOOD MINDS. THE BEST OF COOKS PREFER THEM TO ALL THE OLD-FASHIONED KINDS.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST

Buy the CHARTER OAK,

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The general verdict is that the Eclipse Grocery and Fruit Company carry the very best goods in their line to be found anywhere in the city, and that, coupled with the courteous treatment and obliging manners of their salesmen, make it one of the most attractive places of business in town. We invite our friends and the public generally to call and see for themselves.

JAS. SAVILLE, JAS. M. DARLOW, TELEPHONE No. 816. D. S. EMERY, A. H. WOOLLEY.

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SILKS! SILKS!! SILKS!!!

And FINE DRESS GOODS. We have no room for them. During this week to the tune of $15,000 IN CASH!

The answer comes! A Slaughter Sale, cutting prices below all competition will do it. Our loss is your gain! Read and Profit!! For Cash Only!!!

Our best $2.00 Black Lyons Gros Grain Silk, warranted pure dye, for $1.[illegible]
Best $2.00 Black Lyons Gros Grain Silk, for $1.25.
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Seven other grades in same proportion.
Best $2.25 Black Satin Rhadamas for $1.[illegible]
Best $1.75 Black Satin Rhadamas for $1.[illegible]
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Four other grades Satin Rhadamas reduced in same proportion.
Best $1.50 Black India Silk for $1.10.
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" 90c. " " " " 65c.
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Choicest Polka Dot $1.50 Silk Sergas, high novelties, $1.15.
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Sole Pantaine in Plain and Brocades, reduced to $2.00, $2.50, $1.25 and 85c.
Lovely Crepe de Chine, worth $1.50, for $1.[illegible].
A lot of pure China Silks, in newest shades, at 47½c.
$1.50 Pure Silk Faille Francaise for 85c.
Our 85c. Printed Foulards, in very latest designs, for 47½c.
Our 75c. Printed Foulards, in very latest designs, for 62½c.
Our 90c. Printed China Silks, in very latest designs, for 47½c.
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Our $1.15 Printed China Silks, in very latest designs, for 75c.
Our $1.50 Printed China Silks, in very latest designs, for $1.10.

Every piece of our India and China Silks are genuine Bombay and Canton manufacture, sent to France to be printed and finished, most of them, in excellent patterns.

Lots of Remnants, odds and ends, in our Silk stock, Reduced 50 per cent.

Pure Silk Grenadines, in Plain Polka Dot and other choice designs at ASTONISHING REDUCTIONS!

French Dress Patterns in Camel's Hair or Plaid and Stripe, with the combinations.

Last week's price $27.50 this week only $19.50.
Last week's price, $25.00, this week only $17.50.
Last week's price, $20.00, this week only $15.00.
Last week's price, $18.00, this week only $13.00.
Last week's price, $17.50, this week only $13.25.
Last week's price, $16.00, this week only $12.25.
Last week's price, $15.00, this week only $11.75.
Last week's price, $12.50, this week only $10.25.
800 Black and Colored Embroidered Brilliantine and Cashmere Dress Patterns, last week $6.00, this week $4.75.

All of our last week's prices on Priestly's celebrated Black Goods are cut for this week only.

They consist of spotted Melrose, Camelia Hair, Monrieul Brocades, Crape Cloth, Nun's Veilings, Wool Grenadines, Silk Warp Henriettes, Silk Warp Brilliantines, Tricotines, Alabatrosse, Serges, etc., etc.

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No. 1.—Last week's prices on colored Brilliantines, 65c., this week 39c.
" " " " " " 37½c. " 29c.
" " " " " " 25c. " 42½c.
No. 2.—25 pieces Choice Plaid Dress Goods, last week 25c., this week 19c.
" " " " and Stripe Cheviots, last week 50c., this week 19c.
19 pieces Assorted styles and qualities, last week's prices ranging from 35c. to 75c., this week 47½c.
No. 3.—One lot of various lines of Novelty Dress Goods, last week's price from 45c. to 90c., this week all at 37½c.

WE INTEND THIS SALE TO BE A SUCCESS.

Our cut prices shall compel every intelligent lady to admit that this sale was all we promised.

Our Cloak and Shoe, Children's Clothing, Carpet and Curtain Departments are tempting shoppers with genuine bargains.

Mail orders during the week filled at advertised prices. We warrant every article as represented.

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