

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

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DESERET EVENING NEWS:

Great Salt Lake City.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

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Sign of the "BEE HIVE."

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY AND VARIETY STORE.
Every one knows the place. d2-4-5

Very pretty is the following idea taken from the local column of the *Pioneer*. "The light of love is very beautiful amid scenes of sorrow, and as the moonbeams seem holier and more tender round a ruin or churchyard than in festive halls, so is affection brighter when bestowed upon the wretched than when attracted by youth and happiness."

A MAN in Warren, Massachusetts, suffered terrible abdominal disturbance, and became emaciated from an apprehension that in his sleep he had swallowed a partial set of teeth. He convalesced when the teeth were found in an old coat.

NORWAY AND ITS MIDNIGHT SUN.

W. W. Thomas, late U. S. Consul at Gothenburg, Sweden, in a letter on Norway, thus describes that far northern country, and one of its peculiar phenomena:

Imagine a huge table-land, rising from 3,000 to 6,000 feet sheer above the sea—one vast rock in fact, bleak and barren, covered with snow, swept with rain, frozen in winter, sodden in summer—the home of a few reindeers and Lapps, and you have Norway proper, nine-tenths of the Norway that is shown on the map.

But the rock is not whole; it is cracked apart here and there, and the fissures show like slender veins over the country. The sides of these ravines are steep as the cleft of an axe, and their depths are always filled by a foaming brook or river tumbling along from the drenched table land above the sea. I have looked from the bottom of one of these valleys and seen the perpendicular rock rise 5,000 feet on either side, and Heaven show like a strip of blue ribbon. Wherever in these dales there lies a bit of earth 'twixt rock and river, there the Norwegian peasant has built his cot; and it is on such bits of earth that inhabited Norway is situated, and here lives its 1,200,000 people. The land just around his door gives the Norwegian potatoes, rye, barley and oats; his cattle climb the steep above for every stray blade; for the rest he depends upon the sea and river. Were it not for the excellent fisheries along this northern shore, Norway would be uninhabitable.

One night in July, 1865, Hon. J. H. Campbell, late Minister at Stockholm, the two Messrs. Buckley, of Birmingham, and myself, landed on the shore of a northern fiord in latitude 60 degrees north. We ascended a cliff which rose about 1,000 feet above the sea. It was late, but still sunlight. The Arctic ocean stretched away in silent vastness at our feet. The sound of its waves scarcely reached our airy look-out. Away in the north the huge old sun swung low along the horizon, like the slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock in our grandfather's parlor corner. We all stood silent, looking at our watches. When both hands came together at 12 midnight, the full round orb hung triumphantly above the wave—a bridge of gold running north spanned the waters between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty, which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats; no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunset and sunrise you ever saw, and its beauties will pale before the most gorgeous coloring which now lit up ocean, heaven and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swung up perceptibly on its beat, the colors changed to those of the morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the fiord, one songster after another piped up in the grove behind us—we had slid into another day.

POCKET PICKING AS A FINE ART.

The art of picking pockets has been carried by the Parisians to a perfection which must excite the envy of the rascality in London. The thief, of course well dressed, enters the omnibus with a very small morsel of lead, attached to a very fine thread of black silk. The extremity of this thread he holds between his forefinger and thumb, and as soon as his nearest neighbor takes out his or her portmanteau for the purpose of paying the fare, the thief, his eyes apparently fixed in contemplation on some far off object, dexterously launches the bit of lead into the portmanteau just as the owner is closing it. The purse is then returned to the pocket of the unconscious owner, who never sees the thread by which it is in the power of the thief. As soon as an opportunity offers, or is provided by the thief himself, who tumbles, apparently clumsily, against his neighbor at the first stoppage of the omnibus, the purse is gently withdrawn from its owner's pocket, and transferred to that of the rogue, who as soon as possible leaves the conveyance, with a polite salutation to his victim and the rest of the travelers.

PUTTING ON STYLE.

The *Dayton Journal* tells the following yarn: "A few months ago a gentleman moved to this city and purchased a nice property and among other things, to contribute to his convenience and comfort, procured a fine horse and a very genteel carriage. A likely colored boy was employed at a fair salary to take charge of the establishment and discharge the numerous duties which would arise around a well regulated homestead. For a time things went on smoothly with 'Chores,' but lately he seemed out of spirits, and seldom smiled. His employer observed this despondent demeanor of 'Chores,' and he determined to get at the bottom of it. Perhaps he was in love. But no matter. Taking 'Chores' aside one day, when he looked more gloomy than usual, he inquired considerably, what ailed him. 'Well you see Mars'r,' began 'Chores,' in a tragic style, 'You's got one hoss, while all the gen'lemen 'bout hea' has two; an' all de boys da calls me a one-hoss nigger; an' I can't stan' dat, spects I'll have for to resign! I likes you fus rate, Mars'r, and I'd like to stay if you had two hosses, but you see how it is—de boys, da can't quit hollerin'—dere go dat one-hoss nigger!' Not wishing to lose the service of so valuable an assistant, a second horse was purchased, and 'Chores' became a two horse nigger."

Perfect integrity and a properly cooked beefsteak are rare.

The farming towns of Vermont are decreasing in population.

Snuff taking is increasing in France more rapidly than the other modes of using tobacco.

One of the most disagreeable ways of woman—to weigh two hundred.—*N. Y. Evening Gazette.*

A flirt is the dipper of the public pump, which all may drink of, but none carry away.

Josh Billings says he don't care how much a man talks if he will only say it in a few words.

A HARD-HEARTED contemporary speaks of Mrs. Lincoln's wanderings as "the widow's cruise."

"Pope Pius IX. is the 27th Pontiff who has sat in the chair of St. Peter." Did St. Peter leave a chair? and, if so, what was it like?

Eighty years ago pall-bearers and other persons attending funerals in New England, wore white leather gloves.

Suicides for love, says a statistician, rarely occur after thirty. At that age one has found there is more in the world than he once thought.

The passenger cars on the railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow, are two stories high, the upper story being used for sleeping at night.

A Western editor thinks if the proper way of spelling *the* is *though*, and *be* *beaux*, the proper way of spelling potatoes must be *poughteighaux*. The new way of spelling softly is *psoughtleigh*.

A workman in a factory in France died recently from the effects of verdigris which adhered to his hands from a cloth used in wiping machinery and was taken into the system with snuff.

Horseflesh is growing in popularity as a French article of food. The people complain, however, that the prices of this luxury are too high. The fillet, for instance, is sold at twenty cents a pound.

An editor says his attention was first drawn to matrimony by the skillful manner in which a pretty girl handled a broom, whereat a brother editor says the manner in which his wife handles a broom is not so very pleasant.

ELEMENTARY.—A Boston paper says that such is the demand for houses in that city, that when a wheelbarrow of bricks passes along the streets the progress of the vehicle is checked, until a curious crowd has elicited from the propeller thereof where the house is to be built, and its probable rent.