DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Published every day, except Sundays, at 4 p. m. Subscription price in advance, [illegible] per year, $2.25 per month, 25 cents per week, payable or delivered by carrier.

DESERET SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS.

Published every Tuesday and Friday. Subscription price, in advance, per year, $[illegible] or, $1.75 for three months, $1 payable or delivered by carrier.

THE DESERET WEEKLY.

A 32 to 40 page magazine, devoted to the interests of the country, mostly concerning a class of current history. Price per copy, [illegible] per year, $2.00, in advance.

A COUNTRY DOCTOR.

One one office from another in glory. Tears in both eyes, I bade farewell for the moment, but his anxious mind could not spend significance in a sick man. Perhaps even to a man in perfect health it is not of existing importance. But to the observant mind it is interesting to note that the country doctor differs greatly from his professional brother in the city. I was struck by this fact a few days ago during a sojourn in the hill country of Connecticut. While there I passed a day with a leading physician of the township. He leads a queer life.

"A city doctor knows nothing of the difficulties we encounter," remarked my friend as we drove toward the well filled fields lying beyond the village. It was early morning, and he was as fresh as a young man just out of college. The doctor had been up for two hours placing the affairs of his office on a solid basis. "You see," he continued, "it is not so bad in summer, but when the snow comes I lead a terrible life. I freeze my nose and ears, I am overtaken by drifts, at night I suffer from cold, and at midday the sunlight on the snow hurts my eyes. Nevertheless, I am happy."

He whipped a sorry mare, smoothed his more with the whip, and in a few minutes drew up at a farmhouse, whose white walls and green blinds were painfully inactive.

He was gone about fifteen minutes—a doleful quarter of an hour for me. A few minutes' grass in the front yard and an old cabin bonnet was the only "relished" thing in sight. By that strange law of action and reaction thought ran back to that awful night when I saw "The Old Homestead" at a New York theater.

When the doctor had replaced his drug chest underneath the seat and had gathered up the lines I asked:

"What kind of a case did you strike there?"

"Nothing serious," he answered. "A young woman of severity is suffering from facial neuralgia. She has pretty and energy in her face, however, and will be all right in a day or two."

I looked at him in surprise. Had his hearty life affected his brain?

"One trouble I have," he went on, "lies in the fact that I cannot drain my patients in critical cases. When one of your New York physicians decides advice from a colleague all he has to do is to send a message down the block somewhere. There are times when I would give half my income for another doctor's aid, but I can't get it. I have to follow the lead that flashed by itself and on my own accounting. I must stop here a moment. I'll be out again in five minutes."

I don't believe a good physician has any idea of time. It may be that he has the ability to count a pulse, but his interpretation of what is comprised in the expression, "five minutes," is peculiar. I held him more for fifty-half an hour. The flies bothered her and the great sun. There was no relief for me but to gaze at the undulating landscape and indulge in day dreams. "A pleasing kind of drowsiness it was, of dreams that vanish before the half shut eye, and of airy castles in the clouds that pass, forever fleeting round a summer sky."

On a verdant crowned hill some miles to the northward arose a gigantic tree that seemed to rejoice in its enormous size. Perhaps beneath its branches the timoleonian religion had closed his heavy eyes. Perhaps it still look down upon the valley when Chicago has grown modest and Patagonia has been admitted to the Union.

Such fanciful fancies filled my mind until the doctor's return.

"What's the matter with?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing to worry about. The sick man is about thirty-eight years old, and overworked himself yesterday in the big field. He'll come out all right. I've prescribed a day's rest and a calomel pill. Why, do you know, that man, in spite of his age, can do more on a farm in a week than you or I could do in a month. This is a healthy country, my friend."

I began to think he was right. During the morning he made ten calls. Nine of his patients was under seventy years of age, so that, in accordance with telephone rules, he did not have a few moments appliance up there, including a bank drama—and he was urged to listen to the details of a sick baby. I was with him and held the horse. "There's danger in touch the spine matter of this and true religion," remarked Horace, a pun once in vogue. It is evident that he had never walked for a morning journey as he toyed a crying child. Such an experience is not only soothing to the spirit it is a narcotic to the nerves. When the doctor returned I was fast asleep, while the mare was in a state of wakefulness.

"What did you do for the baby?" I asked.

"Told there to kill the cow," he answered gravely, and I did not pursue the subject.

Later in the afternoon he was called to a place lying eight miles away. Our road led through a dense forest, and the air was stifling. Before we had emerged from the woods a storm came on, and the lightning flashed around us in a terrible way. Warned of a well shaved remnant of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

We were wet to the skin, and my companion seemed to realize that the exposure was not pleasant to me. So he offered me a cigar. Amid the war of the elements I grew disgusted and lighted his gift. After the first puff I really began that I should be stricken by lightning.

The shower had cleared away as we drew up before a low rustic, set painted cottage surrounded by trees. A very pretty girl opened the door to the doctor, while I continued my occupation of falling a victim that would not leave me every under the impulsiveness of a dyspeptic bomb. My friend returned after the expiration of an exceedingly short time.

"Already sick in there," he remarked "an old woman nervous, that's all."

"How old?" I asked anxiously.

"One hundred and six. She's beginning to grow somewhat experimental."

On our return to the office we found several patients waiting for the dispenser of potions, pills and powders. My doctor spent an hour or more relieving his sick and pains that had sought him out. Then we had supper. Before the meal was over the telephone rang again. The man of science merely shrugged and told him sick and sick too, and I could hear him say:

"Yes, give the baby two drops at 11."

"Hello! No, don't make her up during the night. If she's restless at sunrise relieve with oil. That's all. Goodby."

Before he could remove his supper a patient came to the office bell. My doctor was engaged for a hour. When he reposed on the piazza the moon was at the door.

"More calls?" I asked.

"Yes, a dozen. I always spend the evening on the road."

We are gone until 11 o'clock. The roads we traversed, the darkness of the woods, the dreary backing of watch dogs are to me like an unpleasant dream. We returned to the office tired and worn. The doctor looked gaie, and I suppose of course that he would get at once to bed. What was my astonishment to see him place upon his desk a number of account books.

"Is not your day's work done?" I asked.

He smiled incredibly. "Just begun, my boy. If I didn't work now the result of the last twenty-four hours would be a complete wreck. Night is dedicated."

Then he spent half an hour in making miles for his day's labor. I watched him with an emotion that was almost reverential. Here, if anywhere, was a man. Blundering all institutions toward progress or even healthy permanence, he goes on his way day after day, applying as skillfully as he can the scientific knowledge in his grasp.

For this there is no night, no Sunday, no vacation, and always fighting death he gives up his life in the conflict. And what does he find? Many patients, in certain people who neglect his commonest suggestions, who seem to think that he is a slave to their demands, who, and worst of all, who look for miracles and know that even a dollar cannot always stay the hand of Terror's King.

"And now for bed!" I exclaimed, as he laid aside his books.

"Not yet. I must have my case refilled."

Out into the night again. Near at hand a light glance in the window of a drug store. A sleepy clerk answered our knock, and in a few minutes we rushed on to her door, with the bottle on the shelf. He was at work fully half an hour. In his case he carried fifty phials. Many of the drugs had been exhausted in the day's routine, and the act of replenishing took time. I yawned and fretted, but the doctor seemed to feel no fatigue. "He is made of iron." I said to myself as he drove homeward with a firm and even tread.

I had almost fallen to sleep later on when I heard some one descending the stairs. It was 12 o'clock.

"Where are you going?" I asked, as I recognized the doctor's portly form.

"Into the office for an hour," he remarked. "This is the only time in which I have a chance to do my scientific reading."

I went back to bed, but I could not sleep. I was wondering how much so fitted made a year. At breakfast the point was settled each.

"Doctor, I don't want to be impertinent, but will you kindly tell me how much your practice pays you?"

He smiled gravely as he answered: "I earn $2,000 a year. I collect about [illegible]."—Hartford Times.

He Drove Slowly.

It is not uncommon to refer to the future need to many is unmistakable by some familiar name, and dressmakers frequently designate them as "Mary Jane." A somewhat amusing incident of this kind came to be called "Miss Susan," and an amusing experience on account of it. The form had been lost, and a new one was had given drawn up with some of the family, when the skirt form was remembered. He was directed to drive to a certain house, get "Miss Susan" and come back with her in a hurry.

After a long delay, the carriage drove up at a mournful pace. "Where, oh, where" said the coachman, in explanation of his delay, "she had to lift her across the sidewalk into the coach, and I thought she was a very sick lady indeed, and so I had to drive slow."—New York Tribune.

The United States and Canada can spare to Europe [illegible] bushels of wheat and yet this year. But even then the world's grain supply will be short 200,000,000. This is where American infant corn can get its work in if it is properly managed.

"German Syrup"

A Throat and Lung Specialty.

Those who have not used Boschee's German Syrup for some severe and chronic trouble of the Throat and Lungs can hardly appreciate what a truly wonderful medicine it is. The delicious sensations of healing, easing, clearing, strength-gathering and recovering are unknown lyon. For German Syrup we do not ask easy cases. Sitter and water may smooth a throat or stop tickling—for a while. This is as far as the ordinary cough medicine goes. Boschee's German Syrup is a discovery, a great Throat and Lung Specialty. Where for years there have been soreliveness, pain, coughing, spitting, hemorrhage, voice failure, weakness, sinking down hill, where doctors and medicine and advice have been swallowed and followed to the gulf of despair, where there is the sickening conviction that all is over and the end is inevitable, there we place German Syrup. It cures. You are a live man yet if you take it.

DR. LESLIE'S SPECIAL PRESCRIPTION

IS THE ONLY KNOWN REMEDY IN THE WORLD THAT WILL ABSOLUTELY CURE

SICK HEADACHE!

TESTIMONIALS.

TUD & CRAWFORD,
Commission Merchants and Dealers in Bottling Goods.

Santa Rosa, Cal., Feb. 27th, 1889.

Bridge Medicine Co.:

Gentlemen—Some of the 25th received. I shall be glad to write you in connection the sale of Dr. Leslie's Special Prescription. Indeed, none of what I have heard of you in the past four years has been given away, never failing to cure every time. Send after a lifetime of medicine, as I can't quite realize, shall be very much pleased to hear from you. Yours truly, TUD & CRAWFORD.

Price 25 Cents.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Bridge Medicine Co. - San Francisco, Cal.

BIRDS! XMAS. PRESENTS!

SPECIAL PRICES.

Imported Mocking Birds	$[illegible]
Imported German Canaries	[illegible]
Imported Canaries	[illegible]
German Canaries	[illegible]
German Mocking Birds	[illegible]
German Blackbirds	[illegible]
Imported Blackbirds	[illegible]
Imported Finest Mocking Birds	[illegible]

Elegant Assortment of Cages in the Year of their Price.

KOC GEISLER, 75 West, 2nd South

Utah Cracker Factory.

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

SILVER BRAND of SNOWFLAKE SODAS

AND

FINE CAKES.

Packed in 1 and 2 Pound Boxes for Picnic Parties, Travelers and Families.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

Ask for the Tropical Wafer Plug. It has honeycomb cut inside and each wafer with quick sales.

Manufactured by R. L. Gwaltney

QUONG CHONG WING,

Chinese, Japanese and Ornamental Fancy Goods,

Crape Shawls, Silk Handkerchiefs Fringed Embroidered Goods, Fancy Silk Dresses, etc. Very Cheap.

54 E. Second south Street Salt Lake City. P. O. Box 422.

HENRY WAGNER

SALT LAKE CITY.

CALIFORNIA BREWERY.

LAGER BEER, ALE AND PORTER.

Wholesale and Retail.

No. 90 EAST, FIRST SOUTH STREET.

EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY!!!

A DOUBLE SUCCESS! PRACTICED BY EVERY PATRON OF THE

FOUNTAIN RESTAURANT

And LUNCH COUNTER,

115 MAIN STREET,

A Delicious American Chicken Dinner 25c.

Hot and Cold Drinks, for only

SPECIALTIES: Fresh Oysters, Fresh Fish, Oysters, Clams, Game in season, Fruits, Nuts, Candies of all kinds.

Ladies always in attendance. Gentlemen always prompt. 115 Main Street.

W. M. CHRISTIE.

Well known in Utah—ask any one. Tf.

THE UTAH

ASPHALT AND VARNISH COMPANY

HANDWARE PREPARED AND READY

BITUMINOUS: ROCK: PAVEMENT

(Sidewalk and Street)

With the Best Goods in the World.

All Work Guaranteed.
Home Company.
Home Production.
Orders Solicited.
Estimates Furnished Free of Charge.

Office Room 333 Constitution Building, SALT LAKE CITY.

JOHN BECK, President.
AURELIUS MINER, Secretary.

S. R. MARKS & CO.,

Opposite South of Temple Block.

BARGAINS IN FURNITURE,

Fancy Rockers, Toys, etc.

THE PEOPLE'S SHOE STORE.

Even childhood's dream of Christmas embraces the idea of beautiful supply. In visions the little ones behold a world of toys, sweetmeats, etc., etc., and other things that contribute to their comfort and happiness, but nothing makes the little ones a more lasting and beneficial present than a pair of elegant SHOES from our store.

—*WE GIVE AWAY TWO ELEGANT DOLLS*—

CHRISTMAS EVE. Call and Secure a Ticket.

THE PEOPLE'S SHOE STORE,

Opposite Theatre, 66 E. FIRST SOUTH ST.

Sold Exclusively by THE UTAH STOVE & HARDWARE CO., 29 and 41 E. First South St.

SELLING OUT REGARDLESS OF COST.

$125,000

Worth of DRY GOODS & GENTS' FURNISHINGS

Having decided to BUTTLE FROM THE DRY GOODS BUSINESS, I have therefore commenced the sale of my entire stock, on

S. KELLNER, 205-207 Main St.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 19th, 1891,

And WILL CONTINUE UNTIL EVERYTHING IS SOLD OUT, REGARDLESS OF VALUE. I have with in my possession the most gigantic purchase for this Fall and Winter ever, by any dry goods house in Utah. Not only will my stock of Fall and Winter goods be sold, but also the entire stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Trunks and Valises, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Rugs, Curtains, Blankets, Quilts, Comforters, Flannels, Linseys, Jeans, Cottonades, Tweeds, Cassimeres, Suitings, Ladies' Cloaks, Furs, Ladies' Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Ribbons, Laces, Embroideries, Handkerchiefs, Dress Goods, Silks, Velvets, Plushes