DESERET EVENING NEWS.

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THE SONG OF THE BREEZE.

Clad in heaven is the sony
Which the breezes bear to earth,
From the far sylvan bowers,
Perfumed by a thousand flowers.

Sweet and low the melody,
Gushing tender thoughts of love;
Ah! my heart is all adrift
When it softly touches my soul.

Through the blossoms of the trees
Comes the chilly golden breeze,
Stoops to kiss the violets,
Murmuring "Love is to forgive."

Though sweet, yet ever sad,
Is the song, the song of love;
Earth cannot so far remove,
But the way is winged by love.

To my ear the sweet refrain
Brings the gentle tender strain
Heaven's song can never be
Than the one of love and thee.

—H. E. Mc Culloch in Yankee Blade.

THE JURYMAN'S STORY.

We had been out of court twenty-four hours, and stood eleven to one. The case was plain at least, we sixteen thought so. A member of peculiar sensibility had been committed, and though an eye had witnessed the foul circumstance pointed to the prisoner's guilt with unfeeling accuracy.

The accused juror had stood out from the first. He acknowledged the sufficiency of the proofs, confessed his inability to reconcile the facts with the defendant's innocence, and yet in every vote would mutterly say negative. His conduct was inexplicable. It could not result from a lack of intelligence for, while he spoke but little, his words were well chosen and evinced a thorough understanding of the case.

Though still in the prime of manhood his locks were prematurely white, and his face wore a singularly sad and thoughtful expression. He might be one of those who entertained scruples as to the right of society to inflict the death penalty. But no, it was not that; for, in reply to such a suggestion, he frankly admitted that brutal crimes, like the violence before they resemble, must be controlled through fear, and that dread of death, the supreme terror, is in many cases the only adequate restraint.

At the prospect of another night of fruitless imprisonment we began to grow impatient, and expostulated warmly against what seemed an unreasonable caprice. Some, and some not ever filed remarks were indulged in as to the importance of trifling with an oath like that under which we were acting.

"And yet," the man answered, as though communing with himself rather than replying to our impatience, "it is consequence that finders my concurrence in a verdict opposed to my judgment."

"How can that be?" queried several at once.

"Conscience may not always dare to follow judgment."

"But how does an man know another guide?" "I sure would have said the same."

"And what changed your opinion?"

"Experience."

The speaker's manner was visibly agitated, and we waited in silence the explanative which he seemed ready to give. Mustering his emotions, as if in answer to our look of inquiry, he continued:

"Twenty years ago I was a young man just beginning life. Few had brighter prospects and none brighter hopes. An attachment, dating from childhood, had ripened with its object. Thoughts had been as verbal declarations and acceptance of the home of plighting of troth, but when I took my departure to seek a home in the distant west it was a thing understood that when I had found it and prepared it I should come to share it. Life in the forest, though solitary, is not necessarily lonesome. The kind of society afforded by nature depends much on one's self. As for me, I lived more in the future than in the present, and hope is an ever cheerful companion. At length the time came for making the final settlement on the home which I had bought. It would nevertheless be my own, and in a few more months my simple dwelling, which I had spared no pains to render inviting, would be graced by its mistress.

"At the land office, which was some days miles off, I met my old friend, George Green. He, too, had come to seek his fortune in the west, and we were both delighted with the meeting. He had brought with him, he said, a sum of money which he desired to invest in land, on which it was his purpose to settle. I expressed a strong wish to have him for a neighbor, and gave him a cordial invitation to accompany my home, giving it as my belief that he would now have make a better selection than in that vicinity. He readily consented, and we set out together. We had not ridden many miles when George suddenly mentioned a companion he had undertaken for a friend, which would require his accompanying a public land sale on the following day. Exacting a promise that he would not delay his visit longer than necessary, and having given minute directions as to the route, I continued my way homeward, while he turned back.

"I was about retiring to bed on the night of my return when a summons from without called me to the door. A stranger asked shelter for himself and his horse for the night. I invited him in. Though a stranger, his face seemed not unfamiliar. He was probably one of the men I had seen at the land office, a place at that time much frequented. Offering him a seat, I went to see to his horse. The poor animal, as well as I could see by the starlight, seemed to have been hardly used. His trotting sides bore witness of needless riding, and a tremendous shrinking at the slightest touch betokened recent blows. On mentioning the horse I found the stranger was at hand. His manner seemed to evince he would dissemble such usage. It was a little singular, however, that he should have left his watch lying on the table.

"At the end of half an hour, my guest not returning, I went again to the stable, thinking he might have gone to look to his horse to give personal attention to the wants of his house. Before going out, from force or of habit—for we were in the habit of leaving the doors open—I had taken the precaution of putting the stranger's watch in a drawer in which I kept my own valuables. I found the horse as I had left him, and gave him the feed which he was now sufficiently cooled to be allowed to eat, but his master was nowhere to be seen. As I approached the house a crowd of men on horseback dashed up, and I was commanded, in no gentle terms, to "stand!" In another moment I was in the clutches of those who claimed me as their prisoner.

"I was too much stupified at first to ask what it all meant. I did so at last, and the explanation came—it was terrible! My friend, with whom I had so lately set out in company, had been found murdered and robbed near the spot at which I, but 7 miles, knew we had separated. I was the last person known to be with him, and I was now accused on suspicion of the murder. A search of the premises was immediately instituted. The watch was found in the drawer in which I had placed it and was identified as the property of the murdered man. His horse, too, was found in my stable, for the animal I had just put there was none other. I recognized him myself when I saw him in the light. What I said I know not. My confusion was taken as additional evidence. And when, at length, I did command language to give an intelligible statement, it was received with scorn and derision.

"The mob spirit is inherent in man—at least in crowds of men. It may not always manifest itself in physical violence, for some men possess itself with breathing a character. But wherever to form, it is always relentless, pitiless, cruel.

"As his proofs of my guilt one after another grew more in light, her mentioning gradually grew into a clamor for vengeance, and but for the presence of one noble-hearted man who had set in charge—I would shudder have paid the penalty of my supposed offense on the spot. It was the sympathy that restrained my prosecutor. His heart was as hard as his office, but he represented the majesty of the law and took a sort of pride in its impartiality. As much under the glamor of his eye as before the muzzle of his pistol, the curiously clamorous drew back. Perhaps they were not sufficiently numerous to feel the full effect of that mysterious reflex influence which makes a crowd of men so much worse, and at times so much better, than any one of them single.

"At the end of some months my trial came. It could have but one result. Circumstances too plainly declared my guilt. I knew they lied. The absence of the jury was very brief. To their verdict I paid no little heed. It was a single hideous moment, but I had long anticipated it, and it made no impression. As little impression was made by the words of the judge which followed it, and his solemn intimation that God might have that mercy upon me which men were too just to vouchsafe, seemed like the hollowest of hollow mockeries. It may be hard for the condemned criminal to meet death; it is still harder for him who is innocent. The one, when the final shock is over, acquiesces bowed down and gives himself to repentance; the heart of the other, filled with rebellion against man's injustice, can scarcely bring itself to ask pardon of God. That gradually overcame this feeling, in spite of the good clergyman's pitiable efforts, which were mainly directed toward extending a confession, without which, he assured me, he had no hope to offer.

"On the morning of the day fixed for my execution I felt comparatively resigned. I had so long stood face to face with death, and so accustomed myself to look upon it as merely a momentary pang, that I no longer felt solicitous save that my mercy should one day be vindicated. Me for whom I had gone to prepare a home had slowly found one in heaven. The bitterness of my calamity had broken her heart. The alone of all the world believed my innocence, and she had died with a prayer upon her lips that the truth might yet be brought to light. All this I had heard, and it had rankled, as if sweet honor, my troubled spirit. Death, however unwelcome the shape, was now a portal, beyond which I could see one angel waiting to welcome me. I heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and served myself to meet the expected summons. The door of my cell opened, and the sheriff and his attendants entered. He held in his hand a paper. It was doubtless my death warrant. He began to read it. My thoughts were busied elsewhere. The words fell and fell unheeded; they were the free to strike my preoccupied senses. They affected the bystanders more than myself. Yet so it was, I was pardoned for an offense I had never committed!

"The real culprit, none other, it is needless to say, then to who had sought and abused my hospitality, had been mortally wounded in a recent affray in a distant city, but had lived long enough to make a disclosure, which had been laid before the governor barely in time to save me from a shameful death and condemn me to a cheerless and burdensome life. This is my experience. My judgment, as prior to the case before us, leads to but one conclusion, that of the prisoner's guilt; but my heart dictates a mercy and apparently assuring me that judgment that falsely pronounced my own."

We no longer importuned our fellow jurors, but patiently awaited our release on the ground of inability to agree, which came at last.

The prisoner was tried and convicted at a subsequent term, and at the last moment confessed his crimes on the scaffold.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Rich But Didn't Know It.

Sometimes it happens that deposits are made and, strange as it may appear, totally forgotten by the owners. A remarkable case of this description came before the late Vice Chancellor Malins, in which it appeared that a lady died at Marseilles in the great year of 89, who, although entitled to £30,000 in the funds, and to some little £2,000 accumulated dividends, was constantly borrowing money from her relatives, from which it may be inferred that this large deposit had escaped the lady's memory.—Chambers' Journal.

Cause for Nightmare.

Chelly Chelmondeley—Had terrible dream last night.

Harold Harrington—Dream your mortgages were not paymed?

Chelly Chelmondeley—Worse. Dreamt of my ancestors. Never like to dream of my ancestors, they were all bankrupts.—Jewelers' Circular.

A Yankee Trick.

The King of Siam won't buy shoes which do not squeak, and of course his example is followed by his subjects. A Yankee in business in Singapore has the run of the market for the present, but he keeps it to himself. He makes his shoes to order and the right pitch of squeak is secured at.—Detroit Free Press.

Struck the Wrong Man.

Chalmer (man of The Court)—Did you see that fellow? He is the advance agent of a dramatic company, and he tried to tackle me. Think of it! Actually offering me money for a favorable review!

Shelter (editor of The Telephone)—Disgusting. What a way did he go?—London Tit-Bits.

The Skeleton at the Feast.

Mrs. Bobbs—Don't you enjoy a good dinner, John, when I go into the kitchen and cook nice things for you myself?

Mr. Bobbs—Yes, indeed, Mary, but, by a certain system, But on such occasions I always know you're going to ask for some money.—West Shore.

Inconsiderately Asked.

"I am very fond of Paris," said Miss Passe, "it is the only place for my soul to live. My childhood was passed there."

"And have you any recollection of the great Napoleon?" asked Miss Delightfull.—Harper's Bazar.

One of the laws passed by the Kansas legislature prohibits the ownership of real estate in Kansas by persons non-resident in the state. Will this law tend to bring eastern capital to Kansas?

Imitating the Men.

The latest fashion announcement is especially interesting. It is that women are to imitate the dress of men as to nearly all its upper works. There is to be the stiff starched collar, the waistcoat, the silk or felt hat, the necktie, and finally the watch chain attached more or less gracefully to some of the appropriate parts. The more enterprising of the sex will add to this the frock coat for ceremonious outdoor wear.

All this is enough to make an old fashioned man rub his head, and blow his nose, and stare his eyes out. But with this announcement comes another dress edict that seems singular, to say the least. It is that to be really stylish, perfectly upper-ten-thousandish, women must let her walking dress sweep the sidewalk not less than four inches.

To the average man this certainly looks as if the imitation had begun at the wrong end, the top, when it ought to have commenced at the bottom. There is nothing particularly healthful, convenient or artistic about the upper works of a man's dress. The starched shirt front is uncomfortable, the stiff collar is bad for the throat and heartbeats from the artistic point of view, while the cravat or choker is not much better, for the real glory and point of superiority in man's attire is his trousers. In all times and places they have its lower limbs free to move. They are light, healthful and comfortable, in fact the only part of man's legs that is really worth imitating, if women want to go in for men's clothes. Yet with that unreasoning whimsicality which is the traditional privilege of women only, they shed a man's shirt, hat, waistcoat and cravat, and then, to go with them, hoighten on their dress skirts to sweep four inches on the ground. The women of the new fashion will be a sight for gods and men.

Wanted, by a political party, a great issue on which to run the next presidential campaign.

Fridtjof Nansen has crossed Greenland from east to west on foot, and found what so many people discover in this life without going to Greenland—that there is nothing in it.

The Toronto Globe (Liberal) is able to extract little comfort for its party from the Canadian elections: "One thing is made out beyond a doubt—the policy of the government is doomed. Its fate is already sealed so far as Ontario and Quebec are concerned. Let, therefore, the Liberals continue the fight everywhere bravely and cheerfully."

Public sentiment will heartily surround the resolution of General Sherman's family not to accept any money from a subscription fund. The young men can take care of themselves and the sisters are sufficiently provided for. Most of all will this manly and womanly resolution of General Sherman's children be applauded if he can know of it in the home old father himself, who said, almost with his dying breath, "Don't pass around the hat for me."

In 1861 congress assessed each state of the Union so much money to carry on the war. Some of the states paid this money, others, including, of course, those seceding from the government, did not pay. A few years after the close of the war some of the states that had paid began a stirring up of the matter. They argued that all states should pay their direct tax or none should. Either the government must collect forcibly from the delinquent states their proportion or refund the money to the states that had handed over the tax. Congress after congress argued over the matter, until finally the one that has just adjourned settled it by passing the direct tax act. It provides that the money shall be returned from the United States treasury to the states that paid, while the rest shall be released from the debt.

An unusual proposition has come before the economists of the Wisconsin legislature. The retrenchment committee has been earnestly considering how much it can cut down the pay of the ministers who open legislative proceedings with prayer. The last legislature cut down the reverend gentlemen to ten dollars a prayer, and now it is seriously proposed to take them off piecework altogether and pay them only ten dollars a week. One thing the preachers can do to get even—they can give the legislature cheaper prayers.

In many cases sound the sole supply of ice depends upon its artificial manufacture, so it would be impossible to export it without absolute loss. Of late years the manufacture of artificial ice has assumed large proportions in the United states.

Another revolution in quick transit is the substitution of the double ended screw propeller for the old fashioned sidewheel steamboat. Wherever the water is deep enough the sidewheel paddle will give place to the double decker, double screw propeller, shooting through the water at high speed, carrying twice as many passengers and the subcreaver and being infinitely pleasanter to ride on. The revolution began between New York and Jersey City. The old sidewheel ferryboats will probably be kept in running order till they are worn out, but as fast as one of them is retired the ferry steamer with a screw propeller at each end will take its place.

WHY DO YOU COUGH?

Do you know that a little cough is dangerous thing? Are you aware that it allows factors on the lungs and for too often runs into Consumption and ends in Death? People suffering 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 a matter? Are you aware that

DR. ACKER'S ENGLISH REMEDY

for Coughs, Colds and Consumption is beyond question the greatest of all Modern Remedies. It will stop a Cough in one night. It will check it 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 Doctor's bills—may save your life! Ask your druggist for it, or write to H. S. ROBBINS & CO., 48 Pitt Sundry, New York, for book.

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

BOOTS. Calf, Kip and Slips. French Kip a Specialty.

NOW IS THE TIME TO GET GOOD FOOTWEAR AT OUR REDUCED PRICES!

SHOES. Children's School Shoes Warranted Throughout.

WE KEEP A FULL LINE OF BOOTS, SHOES AND SLIPPERS OF OUR OWN MAKE. HONEST GOODS AT FAIR PRICES. NO SHODDY OF ANY KIND.

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Dry Goods and Gents' Furnishings at a Great Sacrifice

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KELLNER STOCK.

The $31,500 worth of GOODS that was kept in reserve in the basement. I have now placed on the main floor along with the rest of the stock, and I will on

Monday Morning, March 23rd, 1891,

commence the Sale of the ENTIRE STOCK until disposed of at about

65 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR

of the Original Wholesale Cost.

This Stock comprises some of the very Finest Goods ever brought to Utah. Merchants and other large buyers wishing to buy a $100.00 worth and upwards, I will give a special discount to. Buy Goods now and lay them by until you need them, for, MONEY SAVED IS MONEY EARNED. I have engaged nine additional clerks so as to give all a chance to thoroughly investigate the goods and prices and avoid confusion.

LOUIS LEDERER, Assignee,

205 and 207 Main Street, Wasatch Block.

P. S—See hand bills for quotations.

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We are exhibiting the very choicest lines in Street and Carriage Parasols, including Plain, Fancy and Changeable Silks, Black Chantilly Lace and Net. The latest improved novelties in Clothing, Materials and Handles of the best foreign and domestic manufactures.

SPECIAL FOR THIS WEEK.

A line of 24 in. Black Gloria Parasols, at $1.25, and a line of Fancy Colored Satin Stripe at $1.50.

Our Cloak Department

Offers special Bargains this week. A line of newest style Ascension Plaid, Red Embroidered Capes, in Tan, Navy and Black, at $5.75. Tinted Black Chantilly Lace Capes with embroidered guipure, at $5.50 and $6.50.

We offer a magnificent line of Ladies'

Blazers and Reefer Jackets,

At $3.95, $4.50, $5.00, $6.00 and upwards.

Dress Goods Bargains.

A line of 40-in. English Checked Wool Dress Goods, at 50c. 40-in. fine quality French Henriettas, at 40c. A lot of Dress Patterns, containing 10 yds. 30 in. Mohair, at 65c. per pattern, worth $1.50. A lot of Dress Patterns, containing 12 yds. 34 in. Fancy Dress Goods, at $2.00 per pattern, well worth double.

Wash Dress Goods.

In this department we are showing an enormous assortment of Percales, Satines, India Pongees, India Mousselines, Cambrics, Chintzes, Seersuckers, Ginghams and other novelties. A line of 32-in. Zephyrines, very handsome effects, at the low price of 12½c. A beautiful line of Scotch Zephyrs at 20 cents.

Children's Caps.

A lovely line of Children's Caps in the newest styles, from 25c. up.

A handsome assortment of

Ladies' Skirts,

In Black, Scrub and Alpaca.

Our Hosiery Department

Offers the best line of Ladies' and Children's Fast Black Hose ever shown in the city, at 10c., 15c., 20c., 25c., 40c., 50c. and 75c.

We have received a complete assortment of

Mother's Friend Shirt Waists.

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Linen Department

Offers 100 dozen extra heavy Devonshire Huck Towels, unfringed, size 22 x 44, at 20c. apiece. This is the best bargain we shall offer in this class of goods this season.

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The surest road to economy
The safest road to wealth
With Wire Gauze Doors to economy
Seems to be the path of health
For as with them the juices
Remain within the meat
More food and much the better
Is left for us to eat.
IF YOU WANT THE BEST,
BUY THE CHARTER OAK,
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