

## A "DARING" AMERICAN WOMAN.

How the Princess Hatzfeldt, Formerly Miss Claire Huntington of California, Startled English Society in "Airs"  
Queen Esther Costume.



THE COUNTESS HATZFELDT.

In the Costume in Which This American Woman Created a Sensation in London.

Special Correspondence.

London, July 28.—Here is a new picture of Princess Hatzfeldt which is especially timely because it shows the former Miss Claire Huntington of U. S. A. in the costume which she used something of a sensation by wearing to the great fancy dress ball recently given by Mrs. Adair. In this eastern garb—which she wore as "Queen Esther"—the princess was gorgeous, but decidedly "airs," and society felt that her choice of the costume was just a little daring—such a thing as might have been expected of an independent daughter of the great republic, but one which, had the princess been either an English or German woman, she might not have carried off so triumphantly. As it was, the daughter of Collis P. Huntington was one of the most admired women at the brilliant function.

The beautiful wife of Prince Francis Edward Joseph of Hatzfeldt also has been much discussed lately on account

about 12 feet deep with vertical sides. A bridge spanned the ravine and all but one wagon had descended the hill and crossed over.

The father of the small boy in calico shirt and overalls had stopped his team on the hill and handing the whip to his son, went to the assistance of Captain Wm. G. Young who, with a blackwhip, was persuading the steer to rise. With a frightful yell the animal sprang to his feet and with the yoke on dashed down the road. The team on the remaining wagon instantly made a wild rush in the same direction. There were two small sisters in the wagon, but the frantic efforts of the small boy were fruitless. The father dashed by, taking the whip as he ran, but was too far in the rear when the fearful race began. The frenzied oxen followed the road and would have made the crossing but for the steer which had again laid down in the road and thus caused the team to swerve to the left and follow the course straight for that murderous looking ravine. Those in charge of the other teams dared not to leave them and it seemed as if every heart stopped beating while the plunging oxen neared the brink of that awful death trap. It was not for the lack of courage that strong men stood and looked in horror on the seemingly inevitable ending, but from a sense of utter helplessness and inability to cover the distance in time to avert the impending tragedy. One there was, however, nearer than the others who, snatching his cloak from his shoulders as he ran, leaped in front of the team and waved the cloak in the faces of the leaders at the same time running backwards towards what seemed certain death. The maneuver was successful. The leaders reared and fell. The wheelers raised their heads and down on their haunches slid on the damp ground until the wagon came to a standstill. Like a flash the one who had saved the race, death sprang on the rear leader and grasped it by the horns, preventing it from rising while others, who soon arrived, untangled and unhitched the team and turned the wagon in the direction of safety. It was less than three paces from the heads of the prostrate leaders to the brink of the ravine.

Just one more incident, small in itself but illustrating the kindly heart of the hero of that runaway. One evening as the caravan pulled into camp that familiar object—a newly-made grave—greeted us. While the oxen were being unyoked I visited the narrow resting place of the stranger. At the head of the grave was the familiar buffalo skull, and the writing said he was a native of Denmark, and gave the details of his age, etc. Coyotes had dug down into the shallow grave and had eaten the flesh from the face and skull. I returned to camp and told the story of the mutilated dead to my hero and benefactor. Taking a shovel he returned with me and after drawing the burial sheet back, over the dead man's face, gently replaced the earth. We—the man and small boy—were alone. There was no one to be impressed by hallowed words of sympathy for the stranger dead, but as the last shovelful of earth was placed on the grave and tenderly smoothed down, my friend, as if speaking to the occupant of the grave, remarked, "There, dear brother, rest in peace." The name of the man with the courage of an immortal and the tenderness of a woman is A. Milton Musser who nearly all will remember as one who, without compensation, ably served the people of the then Territory of Utah as fish commissioner.

A. Milton Musser, who, hale and hearty, still lives in Salt Lake City, was but one of the type of men and women who blazed the trail and founded a commonwealth in the wilds of the great west.

And who, with clear brains and the instinct of justice, will uphold the "Mormon" people for clinging to the faith which was but the impelling force in the hearts of the pioneers to the achievement of the success which crowned their efforts to make the "desert blossom as the rose."

## Taken With Cramps.

William Kirmse, a member of the bridge gang working near Littleport was taken suddenly ill Thursday night with cramps and a kind of cholera. His case was so severe that he had to leave the members of the crew wait upon him and Mr. Gifford was called and consulted. He told them he had a medicine in the form of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy that he thought would help him out and accordingly several doses were administered with the result that the fellow was able to be around next day. The incident speaks quite highly of Mr. Gifford's medicines—Elkader, Iowan, Argus.

This remedy never fails. Keep it in your home, it may save life. For sale by all druggists.

## Cured Paralysis.

W. S. Bailey, P. O. True, Tex., writes: "My wife had been suffering five years with paralysis in her arm, when I was persuaded to use Ballard's Snow Liniment, which cured her all right. I have also used it for old sores, frost bites, and skin eruptions. It does the work. 25c, 50c and \$1.00 bottle at Z. C. M. Drug Dept."

## BOYS' AND GIRLS' FREE BOOK CHANCE!

All boys and girls into whose homes the Saturday News comes, are invited to try their hands at this puzzle. For the first three correct answers received through the mail (none others considered) THE DESERET NEWS BOOK STORE will give a free story book, a standard work, neatly printed and well bound. The names of the three winners, with the solution of the puzzle, will be printed in the following issue of the Saturday News. Cut out the picture, mark plainly the location of the various objects you find, and address it to the

## DESERET NEWS BOOK STORE, PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

## THE WHITE TIGER.

Find the White Tiger's Sweetheart and Her Brother, the Doctor, Minister and Wedding Guests—Twelve in All.



Once upon a time there was a Tiger who was dazzling white, and as they had no snow in that part of the world it seemed as if he was the whitest thing that ever happened. By and by as the Tiger grew up it developed that his character was even whiter than his fur, and when he was spoken of as the "White Tiger" it was on general principles. He was beloved and admired by all who knew him, for he was always ready to do anybody a good turn, and the number of his friends was ever increasing. He lived in peaceful, happy life because he was contented with his lot and not envious of his neighbors, but had their welfare at heart.

Now it happened that one night there came some strangers to his home, and his father, on learning that they were travelers who had lost their way, invited them to come in and rest up a bit, which they did, remaining all night, and on seeing the place the next morning

they were so much impressed with its beauty that they decided to settle in that locality, and so they became neighbors. The newcomer had two children—a beautiful daughter and a son—the latter being in very delicate health, and the White Tiger, feeling great sympathy for the little fellow, decided to make his life as pleasant as possible, and in a little while they became great chums. Hardly a day passed that these two did not ramble off to the woods somewhere and many happy hours they spent together. It was quite a common thing for the White Tiger to carry his little friend home in the evening, when he became tired from the journey, and his parents, seeing that their son's health was improving from the White Tiger's attentions, he was ever a welcome guest at their home. This brought him constantly in the company of their beautiful daughter, and it was only natural that in a little while he should find himself deeply in love with her. Then came his first great sorrow, for he soon realized that though she respected and admired him, she did not seem to love

him, and this made him sad, indeed.

Now, her young brother soon noticed the sad change which was coming over his friend, and on waking from a nap one day while on one of their rambles he discovered him cutting two hearts on the trunk of a tree. In one were the White Tiger's initials and in the other those of his sister. Then he knew the secret of his friend's sadness, and, feeling sure that his sister was unconscious of his love, he resolved to help his friend in the conquest of her heart. He knew full well that the Tiger was too noble to press his suit for her hand unless she gave him some encouragement, and felt that perhaps his friend's modesty might prevent his making his love known. Thus he concluded that his sister's heart must be reached in some unusual manner, and he set himself the task of accomplishing this end.

In his early life his sister had taught him to play the lute to while away the hours, and now he would teach his friend to play, hoping that in this way he might reach his sister's heart. After a little while the White Tiger became

a fine performer, though his music was sad and plaintive.

Not long after this the little fellow health failed again, and, seeing that his end was approaching, he called his father and told him of his convictions, making him promise to bury him just at the door of their home, where he had spent so many happy hours. Then he exacted a promise from his friend, the White Tiger, that he would come each moonlight night to his grave and play the lute. His folks thought it was some flight of fancy and humored him. So the little fellow died and was buried as he had asked, and on the first moonlight night the White Tiger came to fulfill his promise. In sadness he poured out his soul on the lute, and the sweet strains reached the heart of the one he loved, the dead child's sister, and kindled in her soul a love for the White Tiger. Thus were their two hearts united, and then they understood the meaning of the dying one's request.

The moral of this fable is "An ounce of help is worth a pound of pity."

W. M. GOODIES.

## A STAMPEDE ON THE PLAINS

What It Meant to the Overland Pilgrims of Half a Century Ago, and One Young "Mormon" Pioneer Performed a Thrillingly Heroic Deed.

It is only a couple of weeks since Pioneer Day was elaborately celebrated in most of the cities and towns in Utah. In the orations of the occasions there were many references to the heroic deeds of the men and women in whose honor the day was observed. An incident that was of frequent occurrence in the daily experiences of the Pioneer Pilgrim bands was the stampede on the plains, not only of buffaloes, but of the horses, mules, and oxen that pulled the trains "from the river to the mountains." One such reference finds extensive place in the Free Lance, published at Marysville, Utah, by J. F. Gibbs, who is also the author of the words which follow. Said he in concluding his address:

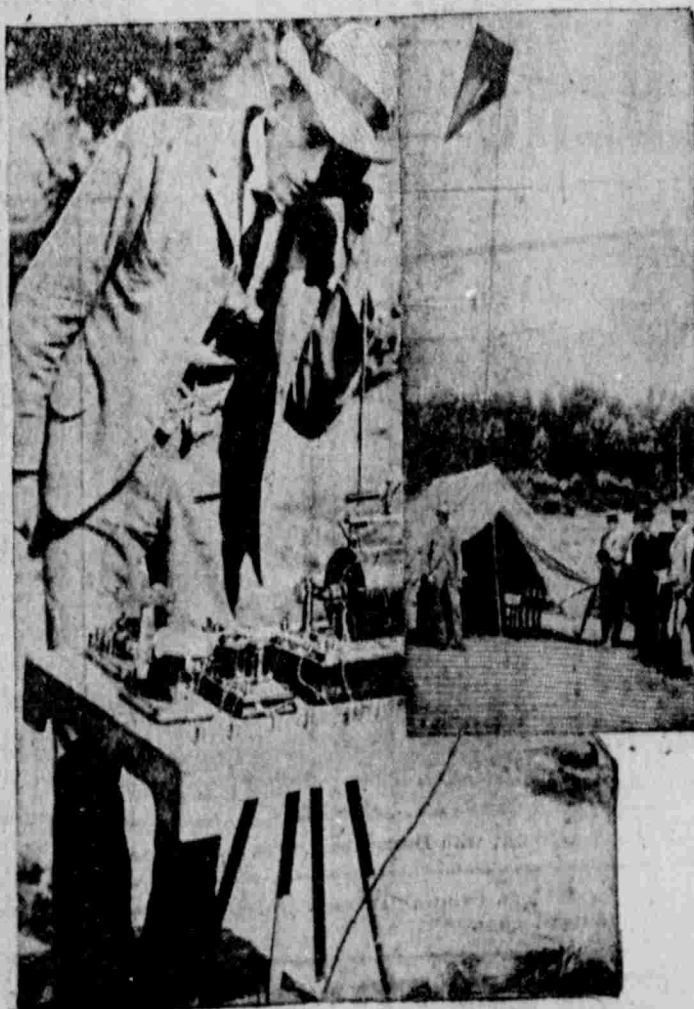
There was a mysterious something in the air of the great plains that affected even the tired and gentle oxen and caused them to be extremely sensitive to unusual sights and sounds. The crack of a rifle, the distant bellow of a buffalo or the muffled roar from a herd of thousands of those "monarchs of the plains," the bark of a coyote, and often without visible

cause, I have seen them start and with tails and heads high in the air race madly for miles. At other times as if each animal were touched with a "live" wire they would spring into their yokes and dragging the heavy wagons stampede in every direction. One scene of a stampede became our camp ground. A bleached buffalo skull bore in lead pencil the sad history and, so far as my memory serves me, read as follows:

"Captain Jesse Martin's train of 42 wagons camped here July 27, 1857. As we were driving into camp the oxen stampede killing a mother and son." A couple of freshly made graves with buffalo skulls for headstones bore gruesome evidence of the tragedy.

The first stampede of which I was a witness occurred about 40 miles out from Florence and during a drizzling rain. A partially broken steer sukked and laid down in the road. His mate was unyoked and the sulky one forced up an out of the road where he again laid down. The place was on the summit of quite a steep ridge which, to the west, merged into a narrow flat then abruptly terminated in a ravine

## TALKS THROUGH SPACE.



The wireless telephone has arrived. Scientific tests of the Collins apparatus seem to be thus far satisfactory. This remarkable instrument demonstrates its ability to force sound waves electrically through intervening substances, such as wood, water or metal. By this discovery a word is transformed into mechanical vibration, equalling 800 to 1,000 per second. This varies the current, which is then superimposed on the alternating current.

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