

Out of the Press.

The Latter-day Saints "Catechism for Children," which has been out of print for a few months, is now for sale at the DESERET NEWS office, a new and revised edition having been just issued. The prices are 15, 20, 25 and 40 cents. "Fast Meeting Records," for blessings and confirmations, can also be obtained at this office, for \$1.40 and \$2.

Information Wanted.

Mrs. W. H. Thomas, of Canton, O., and Mrs. Lucie M. Scott, of New Philadelphia, O., are anxious to learn the whereabouts of Edwin S. Wheeler, brother to Mrs. Thomas. The ladies have written a letter to Mayor Armstrong, stating that on June 12th they received a telegram from this city, stating the young man was sick, but since then have not been able to hear anything of him. Any one having the desired information will confer a favor on the ladies by sending word to City Marshal Solomon.

Arrests in the South.

Joseph P. Barton was arrested by Marshal Dyer and brought to Beaver on Wednesday last. An indictment charging Mr. Barton with irregularities in postal accounts, was found by the last grand jury, and on this charge he was arrested.

The following have been arrested for unlawful cohabitation: Francis Webster, of Cedar City; Cornelius McReavy, of Washington, and Milton L. Lee, of Panaca, Nevada. The latter was arrested at St. George.

Postmaster Hammond, of Toquerville, was arrested on a postal indictment found by the last grand jury.—Beaver Union, June 29.

A Lady Killed.

At Conejo, Colorado, on the 28th ult., a deplorable accident occurred which resulted in the death of the wife of Hon. L. M. Peterson, Probate Judge of the county. The lady was seated in a buggy, and raised her parasol, at which the horse became frightened and ran away. The lady leaped from the vehicle while it was moving at a high rate of speed, and struck the ground with great violence. The concussion resulted in her death in about two hours. She was a member of the Church and was much esteemed.

The particulars of the accident have been communicated by a private letter to a gentleman of this city.

Historical Record.

A double number containing 64 pages of this publication has just been issued. It opens with a very interesting and carefully prepared article on Zion's Camp, followed by an account of the riot in Gallatin, Davies Co., Mo., which took place in the summer of 1838, and was the commencement of the troubles that finally led to the expulsion of the Saints from Missouri. The number closes with eight chapters on the history of Joseph Smith the Prophet, covering a period of his life from 1824 to 1839, and giving a detailed account of his betrayal and imprisonment in Missouri with all the thrilling scenes and incidents connected with that eventful time in the history of the Church. The subject matter of these chapters has been compiled with great care from various authorities, and can in every respect be accepted as true and reliable, as the editor assures us. Elder Jensen, the editor and publisher, contemplates starting out on a canvassing tour through the territory in the interest of his magazine, and will at the same time be gathering historical information concerning the various Stakes of Zion. He should meet with that encouragement which his laudable enterprise merits. The value of his labors is very great, and volumes of the Record will increase in value as the years roll by.

Inventor of the Dynamite Gun.

"There is an untold story connected with the invention of the dynamite gun, which is worthy a place in the story books alongside the accounts of Robert Fulton's tea pot, Isaac Newton's falling apple and Galileo's swaying chandelier." Thus said a Michigan congressman who was among those watching the recent launching of the dynamite cruiser Vesuvius. "The dynamite gun, which is now thought to be such a wonder," he continued, "grew from a piece of gas pipe mounted on a saw buck. Some five or six years ago a school teacher at Detroit conceived the idea of using a dynamite projectile thrown from an air gun. He got a long piece of ordinary three-quarter inch gas pipe, about twelve feet in length, and made a rough air gun to put his idea into practice. This was mounted on a saw buck, and those who saw the old thing laughed at it as the product of some crank's brain. It was taken to Fort Wayne, below Detroit, where the officers tried it out of charity to the supposed crank. It threw a dynamite shell a short distance. Several wealthy Detroiters were impressed with the value of the gun, and a company was soon organized to take hold of its manufacture. The perfected dynamite gun came from this obscure beginning of a gas pipe mounted on a saw buck."

At this point some one asked what became of the schoolmaster. "Oh, he has been lost sight of," concluded the congressman, "the same as most other inventors."

Said Ever So Many Things.

"Oh, George!" cried young Mrs. Merry, running to meet her husband at the door. "I've something the best to tell you."

"No?" said George, "what is it?" "Why, don't you think—the baby can talk! Yes, sir, actually talk. He's said ever and ever so many things. Come right into the nursery and hear him."

George went in. "Now, baby," said mamma, persuasively, "talk some for papa. Say 'How do you do, papa.'"

"Goo, goo, goo, goo," says the baby. "Hear him!" shrieks mamma, ecstatically. "Wasn't that just as plain as plain can be!"

George says it is, and tries to think it is, too.

"Now say 'I'm glad to see you, papa.'"

"Da, da, boo, bee, boo."

"Did you ever!" cries mamma. "He can just say everything! Now you precious, little, honey, bunny boy, say, 'Are you well, papa?'"

"Boo, ba, goo, goo."

"There it is," said mamma. "Did you ever know a child of his age who could really talk as he does! He can just say anything he wants to, can't you, you own dear, little, darling precious, you?"

"Goo, goo, dee, dee, di, goo."

"Hear that? He says, 'Of course I can,' just as plainly as anybody could say it. Oh, George, it really worries me to have him so phenomenally bright. These very brilliant babies nearly always die young."—Woman.

The Indian and the Telephone.

In a small town close to an Indian reservation, one of the doctors has his office connected with his house by a telephone. A great many Indians are in town almost every day, and it takes considerable now to astonish them as they are very observant and have good memories.

An important chief named Bob Tall Crow was in town a short time ago on some business. As he could not talk English an interpreter was needed. None could be found. Finally some one suggested that Charlie Blank, the doctor's stepson, could talk Crow. He was down at the house, but the office being handy the telephone was called into requisition. Charlie, who was acquainted with this particular Indian, was notified of what was wanted. The instrument was placed in the Indian's hands and he was instructed how to hold it. On placing it to his ear, he was greeted with a question in his own language. Consternation and astonishment were depicted on his countenance. He asked who it was. On being told that it was Charlie Blank, he raised his hand carefully, examined the transmitter and everything connected with it, and then burst out with, "Show Charlie, he talk, talk, talk me no see him. Show Charlie!"—On being shown from the window where the house was and the wire stretched from pole to pole, his astonishment knew no bounds. He could only ejaculate "Ugh," and left the office fully convinced that the spirits had something to do with it. His respect for the white man is increased, and he never tires of telling his fellow red men about the "talking iron," as they call it.—Detroit Free Press.

The Backwoodsman Takes a Bath.

"Say boss, gim' me a swim, and give it to me quick."

"Give you what?"

"Why, a b-a-t-h, swim. Do you understand that?"

The first speaker was a bad man from the West Bottoms, and the other was a Delaware street barber.

"Yes, sir, a man could tell what you wanted if you were deaf and dumb. Sam, turn on the water in tub 5."

Soon the water could be heard rushing into the zinc lined vessel, and directly afterward the man from Kansas disappeared. But a person on the outside with an ordinarily acute ear could readily keep track of every move made by the desperate man. First a boot came off, and as the damp foot rubbed against the leather a kind of whine was emitted. Over went the boot into a corner, soon followed by its mate. The suspenders were unbuttoned, and in the recoil the "good ole ingin rubber galluses" nearly knocked the top of the barber's head off. At last came the plunge, and the half smothered howl that came through the door apprised the folks in the block that the water was bilin' hot.

For the next half an hour the barbers and the patrons of the shop were vastly amused by the splashing and spluttering that came from the interior. At last a dull thud on the floor, one that shook the building from foundation to roof, sounded out and a scramble was made for the towel rack. Comparative silence reigned for five minutes. Then a weak voice piped out:

"Say, boy, these here towls are too durned small; gimme nuther armful."

The request was granted, and when Kansas came out he wore a smile on his face a foot long. He rubbed his chin complacently and actually looked ashamed of his cleanliness. Suddenly a blank look came over his face and he darted back into the bath room muttering:

"S-a-a-y, what d'y'e think o' me? Durned if I didn't forget to wash my face, an' I been sousing around there for an hour."

A few minutes later he emerged with

his face shining like a new moon, paid his quarter and walked out with the air of a man who could easily keep down the suspicions of the board of health for six months.

A Chicago Photographer's Proposition.

A Chicago photographer is about to perpetrate a joke on his contemporaries which is worthy of the severest reprehension. He is nearing the completion of a collection of some ten thousand persons who are deemed celebrated by the more or less unanimous testimony of the American public in this day and generation, and is to commit it to a memorial safe which he has arranged to deposit in the city hall vaults and have opened in 1978, the second centennial of the United States. He proposes to emphasize this atrocity, by putting in with the pictures brief biographical sketches of their subjects.

To appreciate the hilarity which this is calculated to excite among our posterity, let us suppose that it had been possible to deposit in a place of safety a thousand or two portraits of the men deemed celebrated in 1778. We should, probably, have had more of the familiar names of history, but in what extraordinary company! And in these days of newspaper notoriety, think of an assemblage of 10,000 "celebrated personages" whose fame is expected to survive some ninety years! If it be good to give posterity a laugh at our expense, the plan has something to commend it, but who would not pray to be delivered from preservation in this photographic cenotaph?—The Epoch.

Saved.

The other day a man walking slowly up Miami avenue encountered a man walking hurriedly down. They ran into each other, both drew off and apologized, and the one in a hurry added:

"I've been so mad all the morning I couldn't see straight."

"Nothing serious, I hope."

"Well, my wife had some photos taken and the artist made a botch job. I'm now on my way to punch his head."

"Can I see them?"

They were exhibited, and after a careful inspection the gentleman said: "My friend, you are way off. The work is well done, and you ought to be proud of your wife's looks."

"Do you mean it?"

"Certainly. There are not ten as handsome women in Detroit."

"Shoo!"

"It's a fact, and the work is that of a real artist. You should be more than satisfied."

"Well, I declare! I guess I've been too hasty, and I'll drop the matter right here. Glad I didn't punch the photographer's head."

"Yes, so am I," said the other to himself as he went his way.

It was the artist himself.—Detroit Free Press.

THE PEOPLE OF BARBADOS.—I think the density of population is what impresses a stranger most. It is like living aboard a man-of-war, where men are as thick as bees, and space for another one seems difficult to find. There is absolutely no privacy. Out from the town of Bridgeport, as far as you choose to go, the roads are like streets with little boxes of houses along the wayside, each holding a numerous family, while troops of negroes stroll along the white way. Sit for a moment beneath a lignum vitae or bread-fruit shade tree and negroes spring up from the ground to gaze and wonder who you are. This teeming concentrated human life is the first novelty that a tourist sees.

In an era of one hundred and sixty-six miles, one hundred and eighty thousand human beings live, and apparently live comfortably well. It is, perhaps, the most densely crowded territory known, and this state of affairs makes itself evident at once in every part of the island.

Streets are crowded from building to building all day long, as a New York pavement is in the forenoon. The people are almost entirely good-humored, black, clean, and neatly dressed in white.

Between Two Dangers.

"Do ye reckon that Garfield will cut any figure in the republican convention this year?" asked Mr. Thistlepod, anxiously. "I don't seem to see much mention of him in the papers."

"Garfield? Why, man alive, Garfield's been dead these five or six years!"

"That so?" queried the old man, with a cunning, incredulous look; "he really did die then?"

"Why, of course, man; you must be asleep. Country didn't talk of anything else for more than a year."

"Well," said the old man, "I remember seeing all the papers in black borders and big headlines about it, but I didn't know. I never read past the headlines when they sound very startling, for sure! I do I get caught in some patent medicine or insurance or soap advertisement. I'm a little too cautious mebbe, but every time I break through this rule I get caught. So Garfield really is dead? Well, well, well; and here I've been a-plomin' myself all this time on bein' the only man in America too smart to git caught by the advertisin' man. Well, well, well."

And he looked so humbled as he went out that no man had the heart to cast a stone after him.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

SHE SIZED HIM UP.—The local newspaper of Seymour, Conn., says that a citizen of that place recently drove out to Zoar bridge to see the ice heaps still remaining. At the toll gate was a young woman "with strong attractions for a white horse," as the editor puts it, and the citizen thought he might safely quiz her a bit. She answered all his questions demurely and with no apparent thought of malice; but when, having had his little joke, he asked her what it cost to go over the bridge, the answer came back: "If you could read that sign you'd see for yourself. Hog, one cent; jackass, two. Give us two cents!"—New York Sun.

This summer, thus far, as relating to the weather, has been one of the most eccentric on record. It has constantly alternated between hot and cold.

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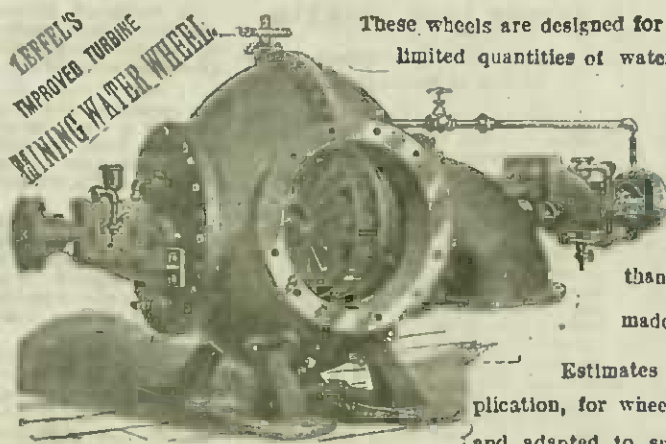
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