DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Published every day, except Sundays, at $8 a year in advance, price, in advance, $4 for per year, $2.00 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, $2.00; or months, $1.75; three months, $1; payable or delivered by carrier.

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TO A BELOVED JAPANESE GIRL.

Tangled and torn the white sea foam
Breaks into tumult on the shore
Lifted with the strong wave upon
To stagnate and shrink as the waves which bore
The great sails reach, the hoarse bows shiver
Up green and silent for the surge-swept river
And down from the crest, with a shattered river
Flows broken gold where our ship goes free.

The land has fled with memories behind
I turn to the northward where Hope shines
Oh, fair and gracious as all sweet mankind
You are fairer, you alone! O Yeddo flower!
You are sweeter than clouds by the cherry woods
shadow
A thousand ri, as the sea gull flies,
As the moon is fresh and the moon is true
My eyes know from your beautiful eyes.

Yet it is worth death, of friends, my kindred
He could not read our souls in truth,
They would never let me be happy, indeed
In the world where true lovers always search
But not in the home we sigh forever for.
And for me, wherever I may be
All years, all chance, of the land my death is
In spoken in saying "O Yeddo flower!"

—Sharon Tinkle.

THE BOY BOATMAN.

A large pair of heavily laden coal boats, or "broadhorns" as they were termed, swept out of the Ohio and, entering the current of the mighty Mississippi, began the second stage of the journey to New Orleans.

The lumbering, ponderous crafts had come all the way from Pittsburg under the command of Joe Brick, a most skillful pilot. These coal boats were peculiarly constructed vessels, but they are now things of the past, their places being supplied by large barges, which are towed back and forth by steamers.

They were built of 1-inch pine boards, carefully selected, and any piece of timber containing but a single knot was rejected. No nails were used in putting the timbers together, but wooden pins were called for.

These frail vessels were loaded deep with coal from the mines, then two were lashed together side by side, and with a crew of three men and forty rods would start serenely down the Ohio and Mississippi to their destination.

The day in which our story opens Joe Brick was standing in the stern of one of the boats, with the long steering oar in hand guiding his broadhorn on its way. Beside him was a lad about sixteen years of age, a handsome, intelligent looking boy, who seemed to be wrapped in wonder and admiration at the coloring of the scene that stretched out before him.

"Well, Jimmy, my son, we're on the old Mississippi once more. Let me see, this is the third time, or two, isn't it?"

"Yes, uncle, you know you have taken me twice yourself to New Orleans."

"That's a fact, Jim. But you see I'm getting old and am apt to forget little things like a trip down river. Now I couldn't tell within fifteen or twenty how many times I've been down stream."

"That's not to be wondered at," returned the boy, respectfully, "for you were a pilot long before I was born. But, look, yonder comes a high pressure boat up stream," and Jimmy pointed to a dense cloud of black smoke which was pouring out of the distinguished of a large steamer that was approaching.

"Let her come, my lad, let her come. She's got to keep out of our way. Now, what would you say," continued Brick, if I could tell you the name of that craft, and, what's more, the name of the man who is looking at us now out of her pilot house, and likely enough wishing we sunk down among the catfish for presuming to get in his course. Yes, my son, that's the River Queen, and John Williams is her pilot."

"How can you be so positive at such a distance?" asked the boy, his gaze still riveted on the boat.

"Listen to that exhaust," and Joe Brick turned his head so as to better catch the peculiar sound. "There isn't another 'hooker' betwixt Cairo and the Gulf with such a voice as that. Now you'll see when we meet Williams, he'll lay the River Queen as close to the broadhorn as he dares to. It's an old trick of his. He thinks to frighten us, but here's a boat that don't frighten so easily. I tell you one thing, Jimmy, he'll cut up that caper once too often, and when he meets a pilot who knows their freight to the bottom of the Mississippi I'm under the impression that the owners will fire him sooner on the bank, and then he'll have to take to coal boating himself, like the rest of us."

By this time the steamer was within a few yards of our friend, when she was seen to change her course a fraction.

"There, boy, didn't I tell you? Jack Williams has started—ed his helm, thinking to raise our hair!" Then in a loud voice, which could have been heard from one side of the river to the other, Joe called:

"Hullos, Williams! Up to your old tricks again! I reckon you wouldn't have taken the trouble of changing your course if you'd a known Joe Brick was on board here. He don't belong to the scary breed."

"Howdy, Joe," returned the man in the steamer's pilot house. "Oh, no, I don't want to crowd you into the bank. There's room enough on the stream for two such fellows as you and I."

As Brick was about to answer, a shrill scream was heard, issuing from the other part of the steamer, and the same instant a child was seen to fall from the rail of the hurricane deck to the water.

In a second Jimmy, the boy boatman, sprang across the coal small to reached the edge of the broadhorn, and then plunged head foremost into the muddy current.

The heavy boats were drifting fully five miles an hour, while the steamer had been making rapidly past them up against the current consequently, with the brave lad reached the little girl, his own craft as well as the River Queen were some distance away.

Joe Brick was almost as quick to act as his nephew. Calling to the "second mate" to take the steering oar he picked up the little skiff, that is always carried on top of the coal, launched it, and sprang himself upon the thwart held it in position until the owner and his burden tumbled down within his reach.

Extending his hand, Joe seized the child and drew it into the boat, saying to Jimmy as he did so:

"You can take hold of the oars and hang on there until I can pull down to the broadhorn. You won't get any wetter than you are now and there's no danger of the cole scrambling at your back."

"All right, Uncle Joe. Don't bother about me. I can overhand the boats before you, now"— And the boy striking out vigorously actually did leave the skiff behind in the race down the river.

When the broadhorn was reached the little mother, in her dripping garments, was lifted carefully and deposited on a blanket, which some thoughtful member of the crew had spread on top of the coal.

Joe came on board, and resuming the steering oar called:

"Two of you fellows take the skiff and run a line down and make it fast to that big tree on the Kentucky bank. We'll tie up and give Jack Williams a chance to come back and pick up his passengers that he's scattering around so carelessly like."

It was a difficult task to lay the two heavy boats alongside the shore without sustaining a bump, for they were so full that the least touch upon a rock or snag would have meant instant destruction.

When the pilot saw that the line had been properly secured to root and stem, and forward he was breathing easy, while he himself watched the "shover," and his men pulled lustily at the sweeps to swing the bows of the broadhorn up stream. Then as the inner boat began to near the land two long poles were run out to fend them off from the bank.

This work completed, Joe turned his attention to the little sufferer, by whose side his nephew had remained, endeavoring to quiet her hysterical sobbing, and to assure her that she need not fear, that all danger was past.

"There is no, little one, you took a mighty sudden bath," said Brick, with a smile, as he looked down at the tear stained face of the child.

"Oh, sir, it was terrible! I was reaching over to look at your boats as they passed when I lost my balance and fell."

"That's it," vouched the pilot grimly. "If Williams hadn't been scuttling up his capers and kept his wheel where it belonged, you wouldn't have had to reach clear over the side in order to see a couple of heaps of coal and a number of ragged boatmen going by you. Just here comes the River Queen after us, and you'll soon be safe and sound with your friends, now my little one."

"Oh, yes, and I have you to thank for saving me," replied the maiden, looking at Jimmy in such a manner as to cause the warm blood to mantle the boy's cheek. "Papa will be very grateful to you, and I know when he comes to take me away he will give you a handsome present."

"Oh, I could not think of accepting anything in payment of a duty which plainly devolved upon me," stammered the young boatman.

"Nevertheless, I know he will insist upon doing something for you. He thinks so much of me I am sure he would rather give the whole of his steamer than to have me drowned. Papa owns the River Queen, didn't you know it?"

"What! that, what?" asked Joe in astonishment. "Is Spider Carroll your father?"

"That's what the people at the plantation call him. Back at New Orleans or Cairo he is known as Mr. Carroll."

"Then, boy," exclaimed the bluff old pilot, slapping Jimmy on the shoulder, "you've done a big stroke of work for yourself this day, and we'll see you a thousand times within a twelve-month. I hope you'll try to teach that Williams some sense. It's just this way, miss," continued Joe, turning to the girl, "my nephew has wanted for some time to go aboard the River Queen, but I knew she'd get him a chance, so if you'd just as lief ask your father to let him have a berth aboard the River Queen when we meet her at Orleans 'twould be doing him a great kindness."

"The thing is settled without the aid of a mediator!" declared a tall, fine looking gentleman, who had come alongside the coal boat in one of the steamer's skiffs in time to hear the speech of Joe Brick.

"My precious child is restored to me," clasping the little girl in his arms. Then the fond father deposited her again upon the blanket, and turning to Jimmy grasped the boy's hand and wrung it fervently.

"Yes, my brave lad. You shall be second pilot of the River Queen. And, Mr. Brick," to Joe, "as no doubt you feel that you would be the best instructor of your nephew, you shall go first."

"Oh, thank you, sir, thank you, sir," stammered the veteran boatman, overwhelmed with surprise and gratitude. "But, sir, you forget Williams. He's a right good man, is Jack, and I'd never be the one to do anything that would take the bread and butter out of his mouth, though he does cut up capers sometimes, and cause the heartburn men a leap of uncertainty."

"Williams shall be cared for," smiling broad at the wonderful idea. "He will have a new steamer after the next trip, and it is partially through his recommendation that I decided to place the River Queen in your hands. Now, I must bid you good-by for your old friend up in the pilothouse there is anxious to be on his way to Cairo. Farewell till we meet at New Orleans. Do not leave the city till you see me."

Then, taking the damp form of his rescued child in his arms, Mr. Carroll hastened to the steamer, where crew cast lines from the bank, and in a few moments was out of sight up river.

The coal boatmen were too much elated to resume their journey that day.

"No sir," said Joe Brick, as he slipped back and forth over the sliding loop, "we don't float another pile till tomorrow morning. The boys shall have a spell while I go ashore at Hickman and send a letter to Polly, my wife, and let her know that her husband has found a real good post at one of the finest boats on the river, and it was all owing to that nephew of mine, Jim, the boy boatman of the Mississippi."—Henry Bertron in Yankee Blade.

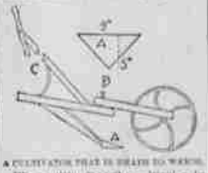
An improved traction engine has lately appeared in Massachusetts. It is run with a relatively small amount of fuel, carries a heavy load and is provided with means for changing its speed without altering the stroke of the engine.

A USEFUL GARDEN TOOL.

It Does Thoroughly Work and Take Off Every Weed, Large or Small.

In the cut is depicted a garden implement made quite extensively in New York correspondent, who describes his handiwork in the New England Homestead as follows:

For one, for and through work it is far ahead of anything I have seen. It is made of wood, and cost me only 50 cents, and every weed, large or small, is cut off just left on top of the ground to wilt and wither, and not partly buried as that some of them you start to grow again. The cutting blade, A, was made of a piece of crosscut saw, and by making this right will not clog. It is also broken while on the back edge and five inches from the front point to the back. It must be filed with quite a bevel and good edge, and all on one side of cutting edge.



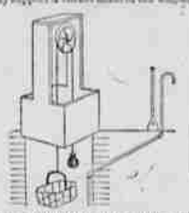
A CULTIVATOR THAT IS DEAD TO WEEDS.

When putting it on the cultivator in case and put the bevel edge up so it will hold to the ground, also get the cutter so that it will run perfectly level to the ground. You will find you will have the easiest working tool and the weed nearly to weeds you ever dreamed of. The cultivator is adjusted by turning the thumb bolt, B, and can be made to cut deep or shallow, as the wheel arms work on a hinge or bolt a little ahead of the thumb bolt. To adjust the handle to suit people of certain heights and to make the cutter run level there is a clip in the brace at C which will allow the handle to be raised or lowered and also keep the cutter running level.

Keeping Butter in the Well.

Many of the wells throughout the country have been supplied with a pump and the bucket discarded.

The Philadelphia Farm Journal suggests that instead of plunking near the well the pipe may enter the ground and slope beyond the curb, where the pump may be placed, and the wheel and weight may support a basket made of old wagon



BASKET SUPPORTED BY WHEEL AND WEIGHT.

tire. In this may be placed butter and other things that need be kept cool, including the milk from a small dairy. The balance weight could be placed on the rope so that neither it nor the basket will enter the well. This plan is a suggestive one, and will no doubt be improved upon by some of our more ingenious readers in the way of a cold box with a lid and shelves in place of the basket. The plan, however, just as it stands, is valuable, inasmuch as readers who attend especially ingenious may avail themselves of it. This or a similar device is essential on farms not provided with icehouses.

Chicken Gapes and Dysentery.

To cure the gapes Prairie Farmer advises: "Strip a small quill feather to within half an inch of the end. Dip the entire length of it in turpentine and insert into the windpipe at the base of the tongue. Turn it around once or twice and withdraw. Repeat again next day if relief is not obtained. Feed on soft food well seared with black pepper, and give skim milk to drink. Keep the fowls in a dry place."

For the dysentery that follows neglected diarrhea in chicks, a correspondent in the New York World says: "Dissolve three saccharines in a bowl with blood. Give three drops of laudanum in water every three hours, and a teaspoonful of strong cinnamon tea every hour in place of water. Feed only rice boiled in milk."

How to Break a Sitting Hen.

An old and experienced breeder tells that his plan of curing hens of the desire to sit is neither to coop them up nor starve nor duck them in a water butt, but place them in a coop with a spurred bantam. When the hen, and he finds it an unfailing remedy, is to transfer the broody hen to another pen, with a different bird and master. In a short time the desire to sit leaves her and she goes on laying within a week or ten days. By adopting this plan he has been saved the nuisance of broody hens.

"August Flower"

The Hon. J. W. Pennington is the Sheriff of Kent Co., Del., and lives at Dover, the County Seat and Capital of the State. The sheriff is a gentleman fifty-nine years of age, and this is what he says: "I have used your August Flower for several years in my family and for my own use, and found it does me more good than any other remedy. I have been troubled with what I call Sick Headache. A pain comes in the back part of my head first, and then soon a general headache until I become sick and vomit. At times, too, I have a fullness after eating, a pressure after eating at the pit of the stomach, and soureess, when food seemed to rise up in my throat and mouth. When I feel this coming on if I take a little August Flower it relieves me, and in the last remedy I have ever taken for it. For this reason "I take it and recommend it to others as a great remedy for Dyspepsia, &c."

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For Park City and Park City.
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