DESERET EVENING NEWS

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"Twas in the Boston fast express a little maiden sat,
She occupied the end seat, beside her lay her hat.
She stitched her daily to her breast in children fashion
As if she feared some dreadful giant would snatch it right away.
"Are you alone, my little girl?" I asked as I stooped down.
"My mamma told me God was here!" she said with half a frown.
"She used on an my daily, and I does I don't know you."
"But, dear," I answered, smiling, "tell me where you're going to?"
She twirled in her seat, and then she somewhat her tangled hair.
"I'm doin on to Boston, an my pop'll meet me there."
"But, dear," I questioned gently, "if the cars alone care should stop,
"And you should wait and wait, and wait, and wait and then not find your pop,
"What would you do, Ad?" The little maiden shook her head and frowned.
"My mamma says when pop is gone, that I'm somewhere round."

The train rolled into Boston town. I walked there with Ad,
And watched my little kinsman, with her hat squashed sadly,
"Dear sweet, for my pop," she said, "with dolls fast asleep."
And then a man came rushing in, I knew him by his long,
He snatched his little daughter up with frantic, feverish glee;
And then, with father's instinct, quick his eye was turned on me.
"Well, then," he asked, "who is your friend?"
With quaint, expressive nod
The small cupid, "I don I know. I fink I seed he dod."

—Tom Masson in Brooklyn Life.

A HOME IN VENICE.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S IDEAL ABODE IN THE CITY OF CANALS.

A Venetian Palace, Its Treasures of Art and Personal Interest—A Few of the Many Ornaments, Pictures, Books and Bits of Rare Bric-a-Brac.

When some five and twenty years ago Sir Henry Layard resolved to make for himself, and for the treasures of art which he had gathered from the four winds of heaven, a home in Venice, he found, fortunately enough, that the Ca' Cappello was just at the very moment at his disposal. It had been the abode for several years of an Englishman who had just died, and who had left Mr. Malcolm, then well known among the English residents and now their doyen, his executor. A friendship had long existed between Mr. Malcolm and Sir Henry Layard, born of similarity of taste, which has ripened with many years of neighborhood and intercourse.

It was thus that the Ca' Capello came into the hands of Sir Henry Layard, and from that day it has been his home. Either in the interrals of his ministerial duties, his mission and his visits to his English kinsfolk, he has returned with ever growing zest and affection. Here he has surrounded himself with a fine library, a noble collection of pictures and bronzes, marbles and mosaics, tapestries, ancient furniture and bric-a-brac, relics of the past, the spoils of a long and varied career. Here, too, in the year 1869, he brought his wife, a daughter of the late Sir John Guest.

It is barely possible to reach the Ca' Capello on foot. You may cross the Rialto and lose yourself in the left through and across a series of tortuous and intricate calli, but the two handsome gondolas, reposing on the broad bosom of the canal at the door of Ca' Capello, which has every right to be called the front, suggest to the callers the only rational method of entrance. It has been said that the house is not one of the largest in aspect, however, is undoubtedly one of the most attractive in the most beautiful highway in the world.

THE HOUSE.

The two sides of the house, one in the Rio di San Polo, the principal, with the porch on the Grand canal, give scope for a display of color which elsewhere might suggest gardiness, but which in Venice, par excellence the city of many colors, is natural and pleasing. As your gondola reaches the broad flight of steps behind the tall green pali, you cannot fail to notice that every window sill bears its burden of flowers after our English fashion, and that the portico is a veritable floral bower, with a conservatory over it, in which, beside the greenery, an immense Venetian glass chandelier is a most striking object. It is a mass of vine with depending black grapes, great creeping convolvuluses, canariensis and white jasmin, all struggling for life apparently, with no inconsiderable degree of success, on the trellis work which supports them.

As is common in Italian private residences, what we ordinarily describe at home as the ground floor is given up to the servants and the domestic offices of the establishment. A broad staircase on the left of the entrance, on either side of which, fixed to the wall, is a fragment of sculpture from Nineveh, leads into a hall of noble proportions which divides the house itself into two unequal parts. Here some of the larger pieces of furniture, such as the cabinets, are to be found, and here, too, a pair of admirable three-quarter length portraits of Sir Henry and Lady Layard, painted in Madrid by Palmaroli, head of the Spanish academy at Rome, face each other. Another portrait of Sir Henry Layard challenges an even closer inspection—that, namely, by Ludwig Pastini, which was shown in the exhibition of the Royal academy. Large reception rooms give out on either side of the hall, and, like it, all are floored with terrazzo, a material which to its great beauty adds the advantage of being absolutely uninflammable.

TASTEFUL FURNISHINGS.

The dining room and the drawing rooms are filled, but not crowded, with beautiful works of art, including masterpieces of such painters as Gentile Bellini, Bonifazio, Sebastian del Piombo and many other famous Italian masters. Nor are the exquisite and delightful productions of the furniture and workrooms of Murano forgotten. Of the modern Venetian glass-blowing processes, Sir Henry is most indisputably the founder, and some of the most perfect specimens of this beautiful art are, as it is fitting, to be seen in his house, as well as some beautiful inlay work, and the admirable woodwork by Biraghi, who executed the famous double staircase in walnut wood for Lord Wimborne, at Canford, under Sir Henry's directions.

Sir Henry's own sanctum is on the upper floor of the Casa, filled with records and memorials of a more personal kind than were noticed in the lower reception room, and among them the Englishman does not fail to notice the framed certificate on illuminated vellum, headed "Challis, Mayor," which sets forth the bestowal of the honorary freedom of the city of London upon Austen Henry Layard. Here, too, are some noble bronze figures, portfolios, huge volumes bound in vellum and gold, and a host of books—nearly all, it may be remarked, of quite modern literature—together with the latest periodicals. It is characteristic of Sir Henry Layard's wide and comprehensive intellect that, identified as he is in the popular imagination with the history of the remotest past of which we have any knowledge, there is no living man more completely versed in the slang of the day calls "up to date."—London World.

The Carthaginians were the first to introduce a stamped leather currency. Leather coins with a silver nail driven through the center were issued in France by King John the Good in 1356.

CHARIOT RACES WITHOUT HORSES.

How a Gigantic Circus Got Out of a Predicament in Australia.

"Did you ever see a chariot race without horses?" The question was asked by L. H. Tudor, who had just returned from an Australian trip. Clerk Cunningham, the presiding genius of the Palmer House, nearly fell off his chair. He slowly turned the rays of his big diamond on his questioner's face and scanned it carefully. "No, I never did," repeated Cunningham, still in doubt as to the man's mental condition. "Well, I have, and it was a funny sight."

"When I landed in Sydney, Australia, I found a circus quartered in the town. All the available space in the place was utilized with flaring posters of the performance which was to take place that night. A prominent feature of the bills was the chariot race scene in 'Ben Hur.' At the hotel I encountered a friend of mine who is with the show. I noticed that he had a doleful look on his face, and after a hearty greeting I asked him how business loomed up.

"'Bad, awful bad,' he replied in tones which plainly told of his distress. 'The fact is,' he continued, 'we are in a pickle. As soon as we landed the authorities here seized nearly all our horses on the pretense that they were afflicted with glanders. As a matter of fact they caught cold on shipboard, but didn't have the glanders. They have shot fifteen of them, among them the trick horses. I don't mind the trick horses, but what are we to do for the chariot race? We have advertised it as a special and novel feature, and have no horses. It will break us up, sure.'

"I suggested in fun that he use the tent hands for horses. Well, I went to the circus that night just to see how they got along. Imagine my surprise when the ringmaster came out and announced the great chariot race. 'It is an undisputed fact,' said he, 'that the chariot races of old were run with men and not horses. The management has secured the services of eight of the fleetest runners of the world, and you will now have the pleasure of witnessing a chariot race as they were run in olden times.'

"The doors opened and Ben Hur and his antagonist dashed into the ring drawn by eight tent hands, who couldn't run 100 yards in 100 seconds. It was the funniest thing I ever saw. The audience appreciated it and laughed until they were hoarse. Instead of ruining their business it proved a perfect bonanza. People flocked to the performances to see the strange sight. The week's stand was lengthened out to three weeks, and the show just coined money. My friend presented me with this diamond ring for my suggestion made in fun, and said he was going to try the thing everywhere they went."—Chicago Letter.

Four Great Musicians.

Palestrina was a revolutionist in his day, but is now virtually obsolete even for the severest classicists. Gluck was as radical an innovator as Wagner, yet it is only occasionally and with difficulty that one of his works can now be briefly resuscitated. Beethoven was a madman even to many of the best musicians as late as 1826, when, as that musical veteran, Professor Hauptmann, himself told me, the fifth symphony was rehearsed in Berlin for the first time, and the musicians in the leading tiergarten orchestra dashed the music from the racks, declaring it was crazy and could never be played. Now this same fifth symphony is considered a model of form, of symmetry and lucidity, and its composer is the cherished idol of conservatives and classicists.—Music.

Solid Fog.

The deleterious influence of fogs may be estimated from some results obtained from examination and analysis at Kew gardens. The director speaks of the leaves as being covered with a substance like brown paint—"tarry hydrocarbon"—which can only be scraped off with a knife. On analysis this shows over 31 per cent. of carbon and hydrocarbon, with 41 per cent. of metallic iron, magnetic oxide of iron and mineral water.

Any one at all acquainted with the physiology of plants and animals can scarcely fail to be astonished how such a mixture must affect both the lungs of men and the leaves—which are the lungs—of plants, as regards respiration. Strangely enough, the deposit appeared to be more marked at Kew than at Chelsea.—Young Man.

Volcanoes and Petroleum.

The origin of the vast supplies of mineral oil that exist in various parts of the world has always been more or less of a mystery to geologists, but Mr. O. C. D. Ross thinks he has demonstrated that this oil has been produced by the action of volcanic gases on limestone.

This process, he believes, is still going on wherever solfataras and fumaroles, or mud and steam vents, exist, so that the supply of petroleum, although it may become exhausted in some places, is being kept up by fresh formation elsewhere.—Youth's Companion.

Sunlight Removes Scorches.

To take out scorch lay the article that has been scorched in the bright sunshine.—New York Journal.

Increasing the Music of the Rain.

The melody of rain dancing on the stones or falling down in its first drops on the dry soil of a forest or a heath is a species of sound which the art of music has yet to imitate if it would complete its at present very incomplete list of instruments. The Mexicans, but some rattles made of very peculiar clay, with pips inside, which were intended to represent this sound. Certain tribes of the North American Indians have been similarly fascinated by the lively plash of water, to the beauty of which we have alluded before. They have instruments constructed accordingly, with a view to reproduce this sound.

Large buffalo hides are filled with water and sewed up in the manner of wine bags. Drumsticks of cork, or with their heads covered by a very fine gum, are wielded by the player, and the gentle and monotonous plash of water is produced by the drumstick striking softly on the skin. The natives will sit and listen to these instruments for hours.—Good Words.

AN INTERESTING IMPERTINENCE.

Idea of the Foremost Attributes of the Typical New York Street Boy.

The genuine New York street arab as a general thing fears neither God nor man, barring the policeman. He is no more vicious than others of his kind in European cities, but probably his cheerful impertinence is carried farther than any other brand of boy ever dared to carry it. An amusing illustration of this was observed the other day in Madison avenue. A long procession of well dressed young women were walking up the street with that regularity of step and line which indicates a boarding school class out for its daily "constitutional."

At the head was a graceful woman, a teacher with an air of command, who led the way; last of all came another teacher, a watchdog to intercept stray glances and keep an eye on all the line. The procession was moving gracefully, with Delsarte carriage, as pretty a picture of well trained, well nurtured, well watched young womanhood as one would wish to see.

Whether this was or was not the view taken of it by a gang of young "gutter snipes," whose ages probably ranged from eight to thirteen years, is hard to say. The motives of these lads are difficult to estimate from their actions. However, they all with one accord made a dash across the road for the procession, and with a chorus of "Ki-yi-yi" squeals and whistles of various kinds, began to annoy it. Half a dozen marched at the head, fluttering their rags and tossing their heads in a shocking imitation of the young women and their finery. Others brought up the rear with a preposterous mincing step and shouted sarcastic remarks to those ahead, while two of the biggest boys ran up and down the line, counting the young women by touching each one's elbow.

The conduct of the girls under this trying ordeal was admirable. For a time they pretended to ignore it altogether. Their eyes kept straight ahead, and nothing but their blushing cheeks showed that they were aware of the ridiculous appearance their procession presented. But the boys were persistent. One tried to snatch an umbrella from the hand of a girl near the foot of the string, and the girl screamed and backed away from him, throwing those behind her out of line.

The teacher who brought up the rear could stand it no longer, she jumped for that boy like a cat for a mouse and gave him a box on the ear that rang out clear and loud. It made his head fly to one side, and quick as a shot her other hand caught the other ear and knocked his head back again, and the first hand was there to meet it, and for about one minute that boy's head wagged like a pendulum between two kid gloved hands in a way that surprised him greatly. Then she released him, the others, but they all fled up to the head of the line where the stately leader was still marching, seemingly unconcerned.

They had reached Forty-fifth street, and the rabble at the head passed the street and continued up Madison avenue. The leader of the girls, seeing her opportunity, turned sharply off into the street, and before the boys knew it they were out of the procession. Quickly turning around they ran back, but the line had gone on, and they found themselves facing the fighting teacher at the rear. In front they were treated with indifference, behind with red warrants on the whole, interest flagged in this particular spot, and the boys went off in search of a fruit peddler.—New York Tribune.

The Confederation of Woman's Societies represents 100 clubs, some of which number as many as 300 members. Chicago and San Francisco have the largest clubs, but New York claims the oldest.—Boston

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No. 3—For Ogden, Montana Junction and the East.....12.00 m.m.
No. 5—For Provo, Payson and Eureka.....10.30 a.m.
No. 7—For Ogden and the West.....11.00 a.m.

ARRIVE SALT LAKE.

No. 2—From Provo, Helena, Grand Junction and the East.....12.01 p.m.
No. 4—From Ogden, Montana Junction and the East.....12.00 m.m.
No. 6—From Provo, Payson and Eureka.....10.30 a.m.
No. 8—From Ogden and the West.....11.00 a.m.

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From St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo and Leadville.....7.00 p.m.
From Ogden, Kelton, Logan and intermediate points.....5.35 a.m.
From Ogden and intermediate points.....4.00 p.m.

DEPART.

For all eastern points.....7.00 a.m.
For Ogden, Logan, Kelton, Portland and Cache Valley.....10.30 a.m.
For Ogden and points East.....3.30 p.m.
For all Eastern points and Pacific Coast.....4.00 p.m.
For Provo and Eureka.....8.00 a.m.
For Ogden and intermediate points.....4.30 p.m.
For Park City and Provo.....10.30 a.m.

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