1898

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

A NEW NOVEL BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN
The Author of "The Sowers"

ROBIN'S CORNER

SHORT STORIES OF AMERICAN LIFE

OLD CHESTER TALES
By MARGARET DELAND
Illustrated by HOWARD PYLE
A series of independent stories linked together by the recurrence of a group of prominent characters.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS
will have sketches of life and society in the Eastern States.

FREDERIC REMINGTON
will contribute a series of tales of the Old and the New West illustrated by himself.

OUR PACIFIC PROSPECT

touching the importance of commercial routes and strategic positions as related to the future of a nation holding sway on the Pacific Ocean.

Capitals A. T. Mahan — Our Pacific Domain — The Isthmian Canal

will follow in his previous article, will be treated in a series of articles by Julian Ralph will write upon the great economic questions in Asia, illustrated by the special artists.

POPULAR SCIENCE AND SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS

Every number will contain a notable article on some scientific theme. There will be special contributions by Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Dr. Andrew Wilson, and others.

The growth of "The New Northwest" will be traced in a well-nourished article by A. Warnock.

Short fiction will be contributed by such authors as W. D. Howells, Richard Harding Davis, Brander Matthews, Thomas Nelson Page, Henry M. Rideing, Henry Seton Merriman, and others.

Thos. A. T. Mahan — Frederic Remington

50 Cents a Copy; $4.00 a Year, or
In combination with HARPER'S BAZAR
$7.00 a Year; $3.50 Six Months

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, N. Y. City

Geo. F. Felt & Co.,

Successors to the Burton-Gordner Co., Manufacturers of COMBINATION FENCE; dealers in

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Etc.

At the old stand, corner of Eighth South and State. Tel. No. 41.

Crowding On the Steam

AT

F. Auerbach & Bro's

COME EARLY AND AVOID THE RUSH.

Another Week in

SILK SELLING.

Black Dress Silks, in plain and brocade, also Satin Duchess and Rhadamas, all cut during this great selling week.

Black Japanese Silks in every imaginable street and evening shade, less than cost. 25c

Black Brocade Austrian Silk, all new colorings, less than cost. Unloading price 25c

Black Black and Colored Satins, 40 and 50c qualities, Unloading sale 44c

BOYS' CLOTHING.

Boys' heavy Cheviot Overcoats large size collar, ages 4 to 17 years, regular price $5.00, Sale Price $3.00

Boys' Junior Reefer and School Suits, regular price $7.50, ages 3 to 14, Sale Price $1.45

Boys' all wool Suits, regular price $10, ages 4 to 19, Sale Price $2.00

Boys' all wool Suits, double-seat and knee, regular price $4.00, ages 4 to 15, Sale Price $2.25

Boys' Pantloons Make knee-Pant Suits fashionable and knee, ages 4 to 9, regular price $4.00 and $5.00, Sale Price $3.00

Boys' long-pant Suits full worth ages 8 to 19, regular price $5.50, Sale Price $3.45

This Week will be a Solid Week of Wonderful Bargains.

Ladies' Jackets, Waists and Muffs

1 lot of Ladies' $7.00 and $9.00 Jackets, cut this week to $3.99

Another big value is a line of fine Jackets, value $12.50, for $8.50

LADIES WAISTS.

Our large, elegant line of Flannel, Flannelette, Fluid-check Silk, Velvet, Corduroy Waists, etc., at great reductions all this week, from 25c up.

LADIES' MUFFS.

Black Coney Fur Muffs, this week, 39c

A finer grade at same fur 49c

Natural Opossum Muffs, value $1.50, for 75c

Ladies' $1.00 Fur Collarettes, this week for $2.25

SHOE DEPARTMENT.

Curtis & Wheeler Fine Ladies' Kid Button Shoes, narrow toe, patent tip, all sizes, $3.00 Shoe for $2.38

Ladies' Fine Dongola Kid Button Shoes, coin toe, patent tip, $2.25 Shoe for $1.57

Misses' heavy Dongola Kid Button Spring heel sole, leather tip, never sold less than $2, go at $1.39

All Misses' and Children's tan Shoes, sold below cost, all fresh goods

Gent's Rubbers, low or High-cut, a pair 65c

Youth's Rubbers, 11 to 2, 40c

Foot-Warmers, 11 tel. 48c

Ladies' Buckle Overshoes, 2½ to 8 $1.00

Child's Overshoes 65c

NEW EDITION OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' HYMN BOOK.

Revised and Corrected Throughout, and with many New and Excellent Hymns added, just published at the DESERET NEWS OFFICE. For sale, retail, at 35c., 75c., $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50, according to quality of binding. Call upon or address THE DESERET NEWS CO., Salt Lake City.

EVENTS IN THE WEST.

A Record of Occurrences in Neighboring States and Territories.

DEATH OF JUSTICE CONWAY OF WYO.

Pickpockets Get Into a Church—Did Justice Duck Suicide?—Mining Man Hurt—Miscellaneous.

Omaha Blackmun, Dec. 6: At 1, Lloyd of Kaiseva, Utah, had in two cars of cattle.

Herman Richter, a prominent brewer of Helena, Mont., committed suicide Tuesday by shooting. Financial difficulty was the cause of his rash act.

Wm. Whitehead, Peter Christiansen and William Gibson of Franklin, Oneida county, Ida., have been indicted by the United States grand jury for unlawfully cutting timber.

The federal grand jury of Montana has brought an indictment against Charles H. Eshbaugh, former cashier of the now defunct Merchants' and Miners' National Bank of Philipsburg, Granite county, in which they charge him with embezzling the sum of $6,000. He is out on $5,000 bail.

Two heathbacks engaged in a quarrel Sunday night in a saloon at Union and Flathiron streets, San Francisco, which resulted in the serious stabbing of one, Joseph Moriss and P. Tasdo are the heathbacks. They quarreled over a game of cards. Words led to blows and the brawl ended by Tasdo using a knife upon Moriss.

A special from Cheyenne, Wyo., at 1 a. m. Wednesday, Dec. 8, says: Chief Justice Conway of the Wyoming supreme court died one hour ago. He has been sick some two weeks and confined to his home with an attack of the grippe, but no one supposed that he was seriously ill. He was elected in 1890 at the first state election.

While riding on his train as it approached the Cheyenne, Wyo., yards B. M. Carley, a brakeman in the employ of the Cheyenne and Northern, was thrown from a car Tuesday and had an arm broken, his head badly cut, his nose broken and parts of his body badly bruised. The wind was blowing at the rate of 35 miles an hour.

Laura Sullivan, a widow about 22 years of age, was found in a dying condition Sunday afternoon in room 39 of the Denver House, 217 Third street, San Francisco. She was the widow of the late Peter Sullivan and had relations in Sacramento, where she had been visiting lately. She had returned to her lodgings only a few days ago.

An eventful and horrible career was brought to a close in San Francisco Sunday, when Major Andrew Sigourney Bender died at the Crocker Old People's Home after a long and painful analysis brought on four years ago as the result of a street-car accident on Mission street, which gradually aggravated and finally brought about his death.

Fred R. Haskin, aged 24, son of a respectable tourist hotel-keeper at Sierra Madre, Cal., burned himself to death early Sunday morning in the Monrovia jail, ten miles east of Pasadena. Haskin was arrested Saturday night for beating a horse. He set fire to the jail to burn his way out. He was found on his bunk Sunday morning with his head and hands and feet burned off.

In the case of Justice Horace R. Duck who was reported to have killed himself at Helena, Mont., Sunday, the coroner's jury has been unable to determine whether it was suicide or accidental and the verdict is one of doubt. Justice Duck was an able jurist and one of the foremost lawyers in Montana. The bar association has drafted resolutions of confidence in honor of their departed brother.

At 12:30 o'clock Sunday morning Charles H. Dugert, an inmate employed in the laundry at the city and county hospital, San Francisco, was knocked down and robbed as he was leaving the saloon of A. Wohlken at the corner of Ninth and Brannan streets. He had been playing cards in the saloon all the evening and had been narrowly watched by two men. Upon leaving the saloon he was followed by the men who set upon him and knocked him down.

Two pickpockets created a commotion in the First Congregational church on the corner of Post and Mason streets, San Francisco, Sunday afternoon. Policeman McPike, who is sexton of the church, captured one of them in the act. He is booked at the city prison for grand larceny under the alias of Frank Henry. His real name is Victor Murray. His accomplice escaped with the plunder by dashing through the excited worshipers to the street, where he had himself in the crowd which had collected.

A dispatch from Denver under date of the 6th inst. says: Michael Spangler, a prominent mining man and capitalist of this city, was fatally hurt today in an accident in the Crown Point and Virginia mine at Central City, of which he was receiver. He was ascending the shaft by means of the ore bucket, when the bucket swung to one side, crushing Mr. Spangler against the timbers of the shaft. He died soon after being taken from the bucket. A special train was sent to Central City, forty miles distant, to bring the remains to this city. Mr. Spangler was born near Dayton, O., fifty-two years ago. He came to Colorado twenty years ago and made fortune in real estate investments and mining.

Mary Ann Sly and James W. Musgrave were married in Victoria, B. C., on the 26th day of October, 1893. They thought at the time that they had the right to contract the union, but they were mistaken and Tuesday they were separated forever by the mandate of the law. The trouble arose from the fact that Musgrave was married before, in 1881 he married his first wife, Lydia, at Binghampton, Mich., but on the 26th day of October, 1891, a decree of divorce was granted by the courts of Michigan. Under the laws of that state six months must elapse before either of the divorced parties can marry again. Musgrave, however, thought that the six months probation applied only to the jurisdictional limits from the superior court from which the decree was granted, and so two weeks after his divorce, he went to Victoria and again married.

C. T. Ryland, well known and respected all over the state as a politician, lawyer and capitalist, died at his residence in San Jose, Cal., at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon. The deceased was in his seventy-first year and death was due to a complication of diseases which affected the heart. For several years Mr. Ryland had been a victim of inflammatory rheumatism, which had caused him much suffering. It was only a few weeks ago, however, that he was confined to his home and began to rapidly fail. On several occasions he was thought to have been dying, but rallied again, though his ultimate recovery was considered impossible. He died as peacefully as he had lived, and was thoroughly resigned at the end. Mr. Ryland leaves an estate valued at about $3,000,000.

Daniel Plomice, teamster for the Duckins Lumber company, San Francisco, had a fierce encounter at 2:30 o'clock Sunday morning with two men on Fifth and Perry streets. He claims that they are footpads, and that they set upon him for the purpose of robbery. One of them, Joseph Hesketh, an employe in Hoey's mattress factory, was captured by the police before he could escape from Fleming's clothes. His companion, Jack Dougherty, also an upholsterer, ran away before the officers reached the place, but was captured Sunday night at his home. Both prisoners deny that they are footpads, and say in explanation of circumstances that look strong against them that they were acting the part of good Samaritans to a drunk drunk when Fleming raised the disturbance that led to their arrest.

Kings Among Elephants

It was our good fortune to be present at an important meeting of the "Khoddah" at Chiba, on the banks of the Gangas, where the Nepalese government had sent down its magnificent troop of tame elephants for the chase of the wild ones, says R. Nicholas. They were about 150 in number—magnificent, noble creatures.

The two finest among them were the "kings" of the troop and were called Bijli Prasad and Narain Gaj Prasad. Bijli Prasad, which means "lord of lightning," was such a grand fellow! The width of his brow was so great that he could not put his head through our hall door, and he knows to the smallest point what a mighty creature he is. He and his companion, Narain Gaj Prasad, which means "the prestone lord," are provided with two wives—females and the only duty of the latter is to fetch and provide fodder for Bijli and Narain Gaj. They do their duty right well. At early dawn their mahouts, or drivers, drive them into the jungles and they work like real slaves. They collect the sweet sugar canes, beating them up to their roots, the young, succulent grasses and tender leaves, and bear them up in masses, which weigh about 200 pounds each. Some loads are put on their backs and thrice a day they gladly carry in their baskets and lay them at the feet of their lords.

We went out by moonlight to see the latter fed and any child would enjoy the strange sight. First of all the mahout makes a great sampling of twigs and brushwood and on it he places a large, flat, iron dish, supported on two bricks. Then he takes wheat flour and kneads it with water into great, round, flat cakes about an inch thick and twice the circumference of a soup plate. These cakes he bakes on the iron dish.

We were anxious to taste them, and we found them very good. We pinched out with our fingers all the nice brown spots and ate them piping hot. And to make up to Bijli and Narain for taking part of their supper we had prepared a treat of which they are particularly fond. From the bazaar we had brought great balls of sugar cane juice boiled down and made solid, called "gour" in this country. Each ball was twice the size of a tennis ball and in each wheatcake, or "chupati," we rolled a lump of this molasses. You should have seen how the big hearts enjoyed their feed—how their great trunks rested down on our shoulders, as they eagerly devoured the delicacy!

Personal Points.

Gov. Russell of North Carolina, who flatly denounced the railroads before his election, has made a public confession that he traveled on free passes. He yielded to the urge of the passenger agent in just two months after his inauguration, not wishing to "insult" them by refusing their "courtesies."

The well known stinginess of the late Alexander Dumas has given rise to a variety of anecdotes. We are told that he was once asked whether he ever gave anything to the poor, and he answered: "Oh, dear! When I come across a bad piece of money I always give it away to a blind man."

William C. Todd, the generous New Hampshire man who has given the Boston public library $50,000, the income of which is to be spent on newspapers only, gives his reasons for the gift as follows: "I am interested in the improvement of the newspaper to the extent of making it as accurate a chronicle as possible."

A comical contest was recently fought by two Middlefield (Conn.) hill farmers. They had been covering each other's hills for some weeks, when they agreed to settle the matter with parts beneficial, each starting with a full bucket of paste. In five minutes the sons of Mars had each covered from head to heels with the sticky stuff.

Gustave Perier, late president of the French republic, arrived at the village inn near Rouen recently with his son, both on bicycles. They wanted meat for their lunch, but the landlady had none. She suggested, however, that if they would go to the butcher's in town for it themselves, she could cook it so the ex-president mounted his wheel and fetched his own steak.

Gen. John T. Wilder, who has just been appointed pension agent at Knoxville, Tenn., was born at Hunter, N. Y., in 1828. He was living in Indiana when the war broke out, and enlisted, serving with great gallantry through the war. At its close he went to Tennessee, and has probably done more than any man in the state for the mineral development of eastern Tennessee.

Ed S. Stokes, the ex-managing head of the Hoffman house, New York, is going into the railroad business in western Virginia. Mr. Stokes is interested in some coal mines there, and his railroad project embraces a scheme for the carrying trade of those mines. Undoubtedly he must have a considerable amount of capital behind him, for in the opinion of his friends he has saved little out of the wreck of his various litigations in connection with the affairs of the Hoffman house.

An English paper tells a story of the Rev. Mr. Watkinson, a Wesleyan preacher. Some time ago he was staying with a good woman who was yearning for the old times and mourning the degeneracy of modern days and manners. The Wesleyan ministers of the earlier part of this century, she said, rose early, and dear Mr. Wesley was up in his study at 4 o'clock in the morning. "It is not to be wondered at," she Mrs. Watkinson anything like Mr. Wesley's should be up at two o'clock."

Bjornstjerne Bjornson and his daughter, Miss Bergliot Ibsen, recently gave in Copenhagen an evening of music and reading. The Norwegian poet disclosed, notwithstanding the sixty-five years, a remarkably powerful and resonant voice, and his reading of several poems of Victor Hugo that he had translated into Norwegian prose was much applauded. Miss Ibsen, the wife of Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, Henrik Ibsen's son, sang several French and Norwegian songs. She had a small but very agreeable voice, which she is said to use with much skill.

In her Abandoning an Adopted Farm, Miss Kate Sanborn tells of her annoyance and being besieged by agents, reporters and curiosity seekers. She says: "I was so perpetually harassed that I decided to see a stranger approach with as little business. The other day I was just starting out for a drive when I noticed the usual stranger hurrying on. Putting my head out of the carriage, I said, in a petulant and weary tone: 'Do you want to see me?' The young man stopped, smiled, and replied: 'It gives me pleasure to look at you, madam, but I was going farther on.'"

Mr. Gladstone expects to spend part of the coming winter in Cannes, where he will be the guest of Lord Rosebery at Chateau Theresa. It is stated of the aged statesman that whenever he is likely to be absent from home for any time he likes to take his own books and writing materials with him. He has a considerable collection of knives, mastiands, etc., gifts from admirers. The knives are nearly all very large. Several have ivory blades and are mounted in massive silver. There is one which, since its presentation some months ago, he has always had on his desk and takes with him on his visits. It is about twelve inches long, is made of one piece of mother-of-pearl, and bears this inscription on the blade: "To the Great Man, Mr. Gladstone, this knife in remembrance of the grand day of the diamond jubilee of Queen Victoria, 22d June, 1897. From Lady Montefiore."

Hothouse Lambs.

Central New York is in the very hotbed of hothouse lamb growing. Nearly all those engaged in sheep husbandry pursue this line. On Monday and Tuesday mornings the railroad station platforms are incumbered with baby mutton ready for shipment. Every one is 8 weeks of age or under. The price obtained Feb. 21 was $7 each for best, $6 for seconds and $3 to $5 for inferior grades. And this brings up the oft repeated question in regard to every farm product, "Why do not all farmers produce the best when they can just as well as not?" There is money in hothouse lambs at $5 each. Why not? This is as much as lambs grown out of doors bring at 6 months old. The ewes have extra feed only two months. How much extra feed can they consume in that time? It is said that it is a great deal of trouble to care for the ewes and lambs. What would the farmer have to do except for that? And is it not better for him to care for lambs in a warm fold in cold weather, when none gets chilled, than to care for them later when it is time to be at spring work? As matter to these questions I cannot name a person who has once grown hothouse lambs who ever went back to the old system. This seems to settle the superiority of the new method.

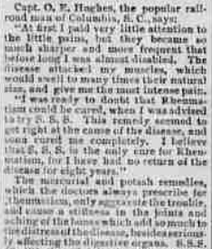
But in selling these lambs through commission dealers, as in selling slaughtered pigs, dressed calves and some other products, great caution should be observed in the selection of dealers. Rogues are plentiful among them. Two years ago lamb men here got bitten badly in the same way. My attention is called particularly to this danger just now by a neighbor coming down to the station to notify other lamb growers who came with lambs that a certain New York firm's check had just been returned to him protested. Their shipping tags of the consignments present were changed to the addresses of other dealers.—Galen Wilson in Country Gentleman.

Just a Little Pain.

The first touch of Rheumatism is a fair warning of much torture to follow. The little pains which dart through the body are not so severe at first, possibly a mere pang, and cause little inconvenience, but if the warning is unheeded, they will multiply rapidly and increase in severity until they become almost unbearable.

Rheumatism as a rule is much severer in winter, though many are so afflicted with it that they are crippled all the year round. Those who felt its first touch last year, may be sure that with the first season of cold or disagreeable weather, the mild pain of last year will return as a severe one, and become more and more intense until the disease has them completely in its grasp.

Being a disease of the blood of the most obstinate type, Rheumatism can be cured only by a real blood remedy. No liniments or ointments can possibly reach the disease. Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) is the only cure for Rheumatism, because it is the only blood remedy that goes down to the very bottom of all deep-seated blood troubles, and cures cases which other remedies cannot reach.



Capt. O. E. Hughes, the popular railroad man of Columbia, S. C., says:

"At first I paid very little attention to the little pains, but they became so much sharper and more frequent that before long I was almost disabled. The disease attacked my muscles, which would swell to many times their natural size, and give me the most intense pain.

"I was ready to doubt that Rheumatism could be cured, when I was advised to try S. S. S. This remedy seemed to get right at the cause of the disease, and soon cured me completely. I believe that S. S. S. is the only cure for Rheumatism, for I have had no return of the disease for eight years."

The mercurial and potash remedies, which the doctors always prescribe for Rheumatism, only aggravate the trouble, and cause a stiffness in the joints and aching of the bones which add so much to the distress of the disease, besides seriously affecting the digestive organs. S. S. S. (Swift's Specific) is the only cure for Rheumatism because it is absolutely free from potash, mercury or other minerals. It is the only blood remedy guaranteed

Purely Vegetable

and never fails to cure Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison, Cancer, Eczema, or any other blood disease, no matter how obstinate.

Books mailed free. Address the Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

R. K. THOMAS DRY GOODS CO.