

THE SUMMER LAND.

Immortality reigns o'er you fair summer land,
Yet its trophies were garnered from earth's rugged scene;
The change hath betrayed an Omnipotent hand,
And a master-mind guiding to mortals unseen.
There beauty perennial swells to all hearts,
No blight there, no sorrow, no tear finds a place;
There the soft light falls sweetly, no shadow imparts,
For all things are light when God hides not his face.
No death,—Oh what rapture—no death reysels near;
Dethroned? Ah no, never; he hath not been there;
Life exuberant, joyous, eternal, as dear
To the Gods as to man, in those realms ever fair.
I hail thee, thou Paradise; Heaven is thy name,
And my heart stretches out to thy mansions of bliss;
Well pleased to exchange life's poor flickering flame,
For the light of that land, from the darkness of this.
Can man hope for rest 'neath thy skies so serene?
May he dwell on high with the seraphim band?
Engraven within hath the prophecy been,
It will all be fulfilled in that bright summer land.
And the pulses which quiver with parting on earth,
To peace shall be stilled when we grasp hands again,
And the sorrow-bowed head shall be lifted to mirth,
With the music of greeting the loved ones again.
Mill. Star, Sep. 10. H. W. N.

A Fatal Chamber.

In a hotel of the Quartier Latin Paris, a lovesick student, ten years ago, blew his brains out. The following year a medical student who failed to pass an examination did the same. The landlord, in alarm, declared that no one should sleep in the room again, and made it a storing place for furniture. One morning a waiter in the house, being accused of a trifling theft, mounted to the room and hanged himself. This led the landlord to relinquish the building. His successor was unfortunate, and soon sold out, and it fell into the hands of a druggist. The new tenant heard the story of the fatal chamber with indifference, but upon his wife it made a great impression. She shunned it to the extent of passing much of her time in the chamber most distant from it. The druggist finally found that this chosen sanctuary of refuge was the room at the head clerk. In a fit of jealousy he swallowed poison and mounted to the fatal chamber to die. The last suicide excited the neighborhood, and the owner of the hotel was requested to wall up the door of the room. He only laughed. The neighborhood was very angry, but its ire was appeased on the announcement that the building was to be demolished, in order to make way for a continuation of the Foubourg St. Germain. The proprietor demanded a quarter of a million francs from the city, but the assessor awarded him only ninety thousand. The proprietor fell sick with disappointment, and during convalescence, he desired to take a last look at his property, which was to fall on the following day. When the workmen arrived to begin the work of demolition the fatal chamber had a new tenant. The proprietor's body was found hanging there.

A BENEVOLENT COUNTESS.—The Vicountess Strangford, who raised and distributed a large sum of money for the relief of the Bulgarian peasants last fall, is now establishing hospitals for the wounded in Turkey, and superintending the details of field relief. As Emily Beaufort, she attracted much attention in 1860, by publishing two volumes, giving the results of explorations made by herself and sister in Turkey, Egypt, and Syria. Two years later she married Viscount Strangford, one of the finest Oriental scholars in Europe, and for seven years she accompanied him in his studies and travels. At his death, in 1869, she founded a college for the promotion of medical science in Damascus, and estab-

lished a prize for geographical proficiency at Harrow, where her husband had been educated. When the story of the Bulgarian atrocities was exciting the sympathetic world, she collected the sum of \$145,000, and, in person, purchased and distributed that amount of necessary articles. The National Association for Providing Trained Nurses for the Sick and Poor of London, owes its origin entirely to her efforts. She is about forty years old.

A Western Woman's Daring.

The Sacramento (Cal.) Bee says: Some few days ago, as the Freeport Ferry was taking a load of passengers across the river, and when about half-way over, the rope which is attached to the bank, and by means of which the boat is towed, broke. Consternation reigned among the passengers. None of the men could swim; the boat was drifting down; there was nothing on board by which it could be paddled or its movements directed. For a few moments silence and inactivity reigned; then a strong and healthy-looking Canadian woman, seeing that the men could do nothing, proceeded calmly to take off her shoes and stockings. Modesty forbade the removal of much more, and arrayed as weightily as Horatius Cocles was when the bridge fell and he jumped into the Tiber with his harness on his back, she caught a rope in her teeth, plunged into the muddy current and swam for shore. There were no exultant Romans on the bank to greet her with loud plaudits, but the suddenly cheerful faces of the "lords of creation" on the boat were beaming on her with eyes of admiration. She reached the bank, tied the rope to a strong tree, and the men hauled the boat ashore.

A Little Off on Quotations.

A hoary, wicked-looking old tramp who had been foraging around Cambridge the past two months was pulled last Tuesday for stealing and eating a bucket of paste belonging to a paper hanger. He gave his name as Elah Gabalus, and he said to the officer who arrested him and was taking him to the station, "I'll be cussed if I shan't be hungry all the time. I wasn't brought up ter steal; my mother allus teachted me when I was young to be honest. I learnt the minister's trade 'fore I was twenty-one years old, but I could make more money goin' mackerlin' than I could preachin'. I've been kicked all round the world, and have allus had hard luck. Well, peace on earth an' good will to men will come bamby, and the lion and the cow shall lie down together, and the fatling and young goats and a little child shall chew like er ox, and a calf shall lead them; and—" Then the policeman said: "If you can't repeat Scripture any better'n that you had better get somebody to tell ye." And the poor old malefactor was yanked into Station II, and locked up.—Boston Herald.

A GLADIATORIAL SCHOOL-MARM.—One Maine schoolmistress is thus described: "She is an imposing human structure, not far from seven feet in height, and weighing not less than 300 pounds. Her voice is fitted to her size, and her strength equal to either. She is pleasing to behold—very handsome, the Anakim would probably call her." She was sent for once to reduce a disorderly school to submission. The boys, almost men in stature, had ejected a teacher by force, and smashed their desks. The account continues: "She walked the floor, making her exordium. Her ruler was like a weaver's beam. She told the school why she was there, and serenely invited those who designed to make trouble to begin it at once. Not a creature stirred. After some weeks one young fellow of 21 years, who considered himself a beau, began to air his pretensions rather obnoxiously. One stride, and she was alongside the dandy; one grab, and the dandy was across her knee—kicks, howls, and scratches were efforts thrown away; and amid the struggles of the boys not to rend the air with laughter, and the hysterical shrieks of the girls, Adolphus was disciplined in a style and to a degree that he will remember to his departing day."

The man who comes to the depot two minutes behind time, and sees the railroad train scudding out the other end, derives no satisfaction or comfort from the proverb, "Better late than never."

Somebody says: "Every failure is a step to success." This will explain why the oftener some men fail the richer they become.—Norristown Herald.

General Howard is not personally acquainted with Chief Joseph. This is what embarrasses operations between them.—Danbury News.

A young man, 17 years of age, died recently at Charlestown, Mass., of hemorrhage, resulting from the extraction of a tooth. Nine of the young man's relatives have died from similar causes.

She saw the placard in front of the bookstore. "You can get 'That Husband of Mine' for half a dollar," and as she passed on she muttered, "I have one I will sell for half that much."

"An Ottawa (Can) woman sold her hair to pay her taxes." And there was Fantine, who not only sold her hair, but her front teeth, to pay for Cosette's board. But that was in a story; and doubtless the other is a story too.

A Sure Cure for the Piles.

A sure cure for the Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles has been discovered by Dr. Williams (an Indian remedy), called Dr. Williams' Indian Ointment. A single box has cured the worst old chronic cases of 25 and 30 years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions, instruments and electuaries do more harm than good. Williams' ointment supports the tumors, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared exclusively for Piles, and nothing else. Over 20,000 cured Patients attest its virtues and physicians of all schools pronounce it the greatest contribution to medicine of the age.

WENT TO THE NOTED HOT SPRINGS.

Cleveland, O., Dec. 27, 1876. DEAR SIR:—I suffered more or less for years with the itching or ulcerated Piles. I tried remedy after remedy advertised in the newspapers, and consulted physicians in Philadelphia, Louisville, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and this city, and spent hundreds of dollars, but found no relief and comfort until I obtained a box of Williams' Indian Ointment some four months ago, and it has cured me completely. I had a part of the box left which I gave to a friend of mine who had doctored with many physicians without relief, and as a last resort went to the noted Hot Springs, of Arkansas, for treatment. He informs me that the Indian Ointment has also cured him of the piles. It is certainly a wonderful discovery and should be used by the many thousands who are now suffering with that dread disease.

JOSEPH M. RYDER.

For more certificates of cures see large circular around each box of ointment.

\$10,000 REWARD

Will be paid for a more certain and sure remedy. Sold by all the leading Druggists and country storekeepers everywhere. Warranted a sure cure or money refunded. Beware of imitations. Ask for Dr. Williams' Indian Ointment, and take no other. Depot, 338 Superior Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Godbe, Pitts & Co., Wholesale Druggists, Salt Lake City, Sole Agents for Utah.

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The first form is that of a "Family Record," with ruled and printed spaces for births, marriages, and deaths, in each family, also for names, dates, and places, one page accommodating one family.

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Each book is furnished with a title page, on which the person owning the record can enter his or her name. An explanation of the forms, or instructions how to keep the record, is also printed in each book, and its pages are numbered.

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MOUNTAIN WARBLER!

THERE being several hundred copies of the above Song Book remaining unsold, they can be obtained at the Deseret News Office for 25 cents per copy.

WM. WILLES.
S. L. City, March 31st, 1876.

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One Block South of U. C. R. R. Depot,
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Have been sold the last year, and not one complaint has reached us that they have not done all that is claimed for them. Indeed, science itself can not go beyond the result reached in these wonderful preparations. Added to Carbolic, Arnica, Mentha, Seneca-Oil and Witch-Hazel, are other ingredients, which makes a family liniment that defies rivalry. Rheumatic and bed-ridden cripples have by it been enabled to throw away their crutches, and many who for years have been afflicted with Neuralgia, Sciatica, Caked Breasts, Weak Backs, etc., have found permanent relief.

Mr. Josiah Westlake, of Marysville, O., writes: "For years my Rheumatism has been so bad that I have been unable to stir from the house. I have tried every remedy I could hear of. Finally, I learned of the Centaur Liniment. The first three bottles enabled me to walk without my crutches. I am mending rapidly. I think your Liniment simply a marvel."

This Liniment cures Burns and Scalds without a scar, extracts the poison from bites and stings. Cures Chills, and Frosted feet, and is very efficacious for Ear-ache, Tooth-ache, Itch and Cutaneous Eruptions.

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"My horse was lame for a year with a fetlock wrench. All remedies utterly failed to cure, and I considered him worthless until I commenced to use Centaur Liniment, which rapidly cured him. I heartily recommend it."

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