

"We can put 2,000,000 men in the field, exclusive of reserves, within three weeks," and added the significant words: "which are in every German's mouth when talking upon the subject of war. We shall have to do it again soon."—*Cor. Philadelphia Press.*

A REMARKABLE RUNNER.—A Mr. Welsh of Casco ran to Oxford, twelve miles, in two hours, with overcoat and cowhide boots on. After running around the square there for a few minutes to show them "how kinky he was," he ran back, not walking a step or resting during his twenty-four-mile run. He is a very singular man. He has run from Casco to Lewiston, twenty-one miles, and back several times. He takes a long steady lope, which he can keep up for hours. Once when returning home from Lewiston he was overtaken by a man in a sleigh, who asked him to ride. "I'm in a hurry—can't stop to ride," growled Welsh. Stung by this insult to his good horse, the man whipped up and for ten miles tried in vain to pass this wonderful runner. Then the horse gave out, but Welsh kept right on, his long, tireless lope fairly devouring the road before him.—*Lewiston Journal.*

RULES FOR ENTERTAINING GUESTS.—Don't invite them if you don't want them. Don't run in debt to entertain them in style. Don't turn your house upside down for them. Don't wear your Sunday dress while you are cooking the dinner. Don't show them off too publicly, if they happen to be distinguished individuals, and don't hide them if they are poor relatives. Don't change the complexion of your family prayers to match the religion they happen to belong to. Don't tell them every minute to make themselves at home but make your house so home-like that they can't help feeling at home.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Iron masts are now being put into large ships, in place of the old-time wooden masts.

A breastpin containing an Edison glow light, fed by a small waistcoat pocket battery, is sold for \$9 at Nuremberg, Germany.

From measurement of the brightness of the sun's corona made during the last total eclipse it is estimated that its light is somewhat greater than that of the full moon.

It has been thought that the freezing of the sap causes trees to expand in cold weather. It is found, however, that such is not the case, as the trees contract to a considerable extent.

Recently the snow in the valley of Storeidal, in Central Norway, between 61 deg. and 62 deg. north latitude, was covered with a layer of black and gray dust of probable volcanic origin.

A London steam boiler company lifts up the interior of boilers in such a way that the little cascades, currents and whirlpools in the water in the course of steam formation may all be observed.

A canoe, partly imbedded under the River Arun, has been found in the parish of Pulborough, Sussex, England. It is fifteen feet long by four feet broad, and had been cut of a single massive oak tree.

There is much difficulty experienced in judging oleomargarine from butter. We give two methods for so doing, and we are sure they will be welcomed. Procure a vial of oil of vitrol (sulphuric acid) which will cost about five cents. Use a glass rod, and put one drop on the article to be tested. Pure, fresh, yellow butter will turn almost white, while tallow turns to a deep crimson red. Land gives diversified colors, showing all the colors of the rainbow. Here is another test: melt a very small quantity, in a shallow dish, which should be only large enough to hold the quantity and put a piece of wick in the fluid. Light the protruding end of the wick above the surface of the liquid; after it burns a few minutes extinguish the flame. By inhaling the ascending smoke the odor of butter will designate pure butter, but if the odor is that of a smoking candle you may rest assured it is oleomargarine.—*Philadelphia Cash Grocer.*

A RACE FOR LIFE.

NARROW ESCAPE OF A HUNTER FROM A PACK OF WOLVES.

A thrilling incident related to a *News* reporter by Mr. James Austin, just in from Cheyenne Wells, and who is stopping at the American Hotel, proves that the popular idea that game is hard to find in the State, and that wolves and other ferocious animals are things of the past is a fallacy. Said Mr. Austin: "At the station, which is a collection of cabins occupied by ranchmen and those employed in putting down the Government well, are a number of wealthy young men from the East who are engaged in a hunting expedition. Large numbers of buffalo and other game frequent the vicinity, and some days ago a hunt was organized, in which all participated. The party, when organized, included four others and myself, were well armed and well mounted, and from the reports received, our success and cowboys' successful raid was predicted by the men at the station, started last Thursday morning, and

rode due east, and then northeast, until, when eighteen miles out, we discovered in the distance a cloud of dust, such as a large body of horsemen would make. Looking through a field-glass which I carried, I readily discovered that the occasion was an immense herd of buffalo sweeping across the plain, almost directly toward us. We galloped on, and were soon quite close to them, when the leaders, observing us, wheeled suddenly to the left, followed by the whole herd, and swept to the north like some huge avalanche. We followed them as closely as we could, getting an occasional shot, but without any material result for several hours. Thinking to accomplish more, we scattered, with the intention circling them, or at least turning them from their course. In this we were not successful, as night overtook us before we had 'downed a single bull.' I had singled out one that had become separated from the rest of the herd, and had followed him some distance, when it became too dark to see, and discovered that I had lost my companions. There being nothing else to do, and as it would be impossible to find my way in the dark I resolved to camp where I was; so, unrolling the hide lariat, I secured the animal to some stout sagebrush, and, after building a small fire of grass and brush, rolled myself in my blanket and prepared to make the best of it, but without much idea of sleep. In fact, in spite of the heavy overcoat and blanket which covered me, it was uncomfortably cold. I lay four hours in a half-waking, half-doing state, and it was perhaps midnight when something more like sleep overcame me. Suddenly a sound, the most horrible and blood-curdling of any I had ever heard, seemed to chill the very marrow in my bones. To my excited imagination it seemed like the shriek of fifty demons. Jumping to my feet, I discovered that my fire had gone out, leaving but a few embers, but at a distance of perhaps 200 feet, nearly forming a complete circle around me, was a line of bright points, scintillating like so many diamonds. I instantly realized my danger; I was surrounded by wolves. To hesitate was death, and mounting my horse, who was trembling with fright, I drove spurs into him, and we darted off through the only opening left in the cordon which nearly surrounded me, and swept across the plains without regard to the direction, my only object being to escape the fangs of my hungry pursuers. The wolves, as soon as they discovered my flight, with a renewed howl more full of rage and horror than that which had awakened me, started in full cry, and the terrible race began. At the start I gained considerable, as my horse was a good one and his flight seemed to add to his lightning speed. Miles seemed like feet, and after perhaps a half-hour had passed, upon looking back I saw that the distance from the foremost of my pursuers was the same as at the start. To keep this distance till daylight seemed my only chance, yet what a hopeless task! No horse could long keep up the terrible strain which mine was enduring. Suddenly the faithful animal stumbled over a low sand dune and fell to his knees, throwing me to the ground. In an instant the hungry pack were upon me, and I imagined I felt their fangs already buried in my flesh. Fear lent swiftness to my movement, however, and I remounted and was off just as the leaders were about to pounce upon me. My horse soon began to show the effects of his terrible efforts, and thinking to gain time I threw away the blanket which I had hastily thrown over the horse at the first alarm. This gave me a slight advantage for a time, as no sooner did it touch the ground than it was torn to shreds by the hungry brutes. The delay gave me a small advantage, but I soon perceived that I was losing it and my horse's movements became more labored. I next sacrificed my overcoat, then the coat which I wore, which in turn suffered the fate of the blanket. The horse began to show signs of exhaustion, but he still kept his feet, but I realized that in a short time my fate was sealed, unless a miracle was interposed to save me. The wolves were already snapping at my horse's heels, when, upon looking up, I saw lights in front of me, perhaps a mile or so distant. I endeavored to urge my horse to further efforts, but without avail. The poor animal was breathing heavily and could hardly keep his feet. The maddened brutes were jumping and snapping around me, and I had struck several of them down with the butt of my rifle, after having exhausted the ammunition in shooting at them. I turned and found myself within a hundred feet of a house and an enclosure. Making a last despairing effort, my horse cleared the fence and fell dead on the inside. At the same moment several men came out of the house with lanterns, aroused, no doubt, by the unearthly sounds. I was quickly dragged inside and immediately swooned. Upon recovering consciousness it was broad daylight, and I found myself in the cabin of a ranchman, within half a mile of the station from which I had started in the morning, lying on a rude bed, with a man sitting near by and watching me. It seemed that my horse, guided by instinct, had taken the straightest direction from the place from which we had started. I learned by inquiry that the wolves had surrounded the house all night long, filling the air with their fearful howls, and never departing until daylight. I was too ill from the effect of the fearful experience I had undergone to leave the house until yesterday, and I came to Denver for rest and recuperation."—*Rocky Mountain News.*

FRAGMENTS.
Look out for the Harris benefit.
Z. C. M. I. keeps its crossing well swept.
Masonic Library benefit hall on the 17th inst.
Bingham has two feet of snow on the streets.
Much snow in Marsh and Snake River valleys.
Smith's panorama is exhibiting in Logan.
Diphtheria is reported as raging at Pleasant Grove.
Minnie Hauck, with standard opera, is coming this way.
Eastern travel over the D. & R. G. is quite busy at present.
The *Enquirer* asks why Kate Field does not come to Provo.
More rock for the Temple was switched up from the depot this morning.
Sentence in the Ray boys larceny case is suspended during future good behavior.
Presidents A. O. Smoot and H. H. Cluff met with the Saints of Alpine on Sunday.
But little snow is in the Mountains as yet, and no snowslides to speak of up to date.
Major Hill, manager of the Horn Silver Mining Company, went to Frisco to-day.
The Valley House always has its crossings and sidewalks swept in muddy weather.
Workmen are busy preparing the legislative halls for the use of the Assembly next Monday.
The rest of the subscription concerts at the Opera House will take place on the 14th and 23rd inst., and February 4th.
Campbell and Cullen, it is said, contemplate erecting elaborate concentrating works adjoining the old quartz mill at Milford.
The everlasting Hopt murder case comes up before the U. S. Supreme Court, it is hoped for the last time, next Monday.
Mike Sullivan, charged with the murder of Thomas Scannel at Frisco, has had a hearing and been remanded to await the grand jury's action.
One day last week Mr. Jos. Wadley, of Pleasant Grove, received a violent kick from a colt, fracturing his upper jaw and losing several of his teeth.
James and Christiansen, of Frisco, arrested on a charge of cattle stealing, have been released. Evidence points to a butcher named Barrett, who has escaped.
Elder Abram H. Cannon, of the First Seven Presidents of the Seventies, has been taking a trip through Cache County.
Drs. Hamilton and Bowers yesterday amputated, at St. Mark's Hospital, the leg of Douglas Ferguson, removing it near the hip joint.
Mud-slingers complain that there is too much mud on our crossings. If this isn't quarrelling with one's own bread and butter, what is it?
Hoodlums in Logan were the cause of an upset sleigh last Friday night. Miss E. R. Jones, one of the occupants, received a severe scalp wound.
The police raided the gambling dens yesterday. Eight proprietors were hauled up, and to-day six were fined \$50 each, leaving two to be yet disposed of.
The true way to begin the new year is to have more resolution in performing and less resolution in resolving. An ounce of performance is worth a pound of promise.
The Brigham Young Academy has received a valuable collection of ores, containing gold, silver, copper, iron, sulphur, and lead, from Mr. Savill, assayer of the Bullion Mine, Eureka, Tintic.
The annual election of directors for the First National Bank of Provo was held on Tuesday. The following were duly elected: A. O. Smoot, John Sharp, John Taylor, T. R. Cutler, James Dunn, L. S. Hills and Geo. M. Brown.
The Union Pacific Railway officials in Ogden, says the *Herald* of that city, received a notice, yesterday morning, asking them to notify their patrons that, after that date, freight would be sent from Chicago, St. Louis, and other eastern points over the U. P. at the same rate as the D. & R. G. is now charging. This means a reduction from 50 cents to 25 cents on all classes of freight from Omaha.
Mr. Reed Smoot, Supt. of the Provo East Co-op., did not allow the holiday and festive season to pass by without remembering the poor and aged of that city. Reed had, obtained from the bishops of the wards, the names and addresses of the aged and poor in their

respective charges, and on New Year's morn delivered to each person named by the bishops a package containing a sack of rice, one pound of currants, and a package of tea.
Sheriff Martin Florida, of Grand Junction, says the *Enquirer*, is in Provo. The sheriff denounces the reports condemning him in connection with the murderer Herrick's escape from the county jail as unqualifiedly false, and says that in due time they will be proven to be such. The newspaper and other assaults made upon him, he says, are prompted by political animus. He appears sanguine of capturing Herrick.
Those who wish to get a nice cup of coffee and a roll or a good meat chop should call at the New York Coffee House, No. 72 W., Market Row, First South Street. See ad.

Loss and Gain.
CHAPTER I.
"I was taken sick a year ago with bilious fever."
"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I couldn't move."
"I shrunk!"
From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To all who suffer I owe my life."
Dublin, June 6, '81. R. FITZPATRICK.
How to Get Sick.—Expose yourself day and night, eat too much of hot exercises, work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters! (5)

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For more than a third of a century the Mexican Mustang Liniment has been known to millions all over the world as the only safe reliance for the relief of accidents and pain. It is a medicine above price and praise—the best of its kind. For every form of external pain the

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Rheumatism, Swellings, Stiff Joints, Contracted Muscles, Burns and Scalds, Cuts, Bruises and Sprains, Poisonous Bites and Stings, Stiffness, Lameness, Old Sores, Ulcers, Frostbites, Chilblains, Sore Nipples, Caked Breast, and indeed every form of external disease. It heals without scars.

For the BRUTE CREATION it cures
Sprains, Swinny, Stiff Joints, Founder, Horns, Hoof Diseases, Foot Rot, Screw Worm, Scab, Hollow Horn, Scratches, Windgalls, Spavin, Thrush, Ringbone, Old Sores, Poll Evil, Film upon the Sight and every other ailment to which the occurrence of the Stable and Stock Yards are liable.

The Mexican Mustang Liniment always cures and never disappoints; and it is, positively,

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SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND WINE MERCHANTS.

THE LIVER AND ITS FUNCTIONS.

It has become a well established fact that the larger portion of diseases to which the human family is subject arise in the first place from some derangement of the Liver. This organ is not only the largest, but at the same time one of the most important. The venous blood, on its return to the heart, passes through the organ, and in its passage the impurities, as also the secretions which are necessary for digestion as well as for a cathartic to assist in the removal of waste material, are eliminated. From this it is easily seen that the Liver is liable to get out of order to a greater or less extent, and when this occurs it is impossible for it to properly fulfill its office of removing all objectionable matter from the blood, but allows it to pass through, carrying with it the poison of which it should have been relieved.

With impure blood the whole system becomes affected, and no organ can properly perform its function unless it is supplied with PURE BLOOD to maintain its strength. So the Liver becomes all important, and when one has the feeling of being continually tired, worn out, is constipated, d, with tenderness to Piles, Headache, Sick Stomach, Bellow Complexion, Eruptions of Skin, etc., they may be sure their Liver is out of order, and a remedy is required to assist in relieving itself of all accumulations, and restore to its original Strength and Vigor. For all the complaints of this kind there is no more efficacious remedy than

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS.

CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH AND BOWELS.

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PRICKLY ASH BITTERS is a medicine of rare merit, and not an intoxicating beverage, and being purely vegetable in its composition can be used at all times with beneficial results. It is not claimed as a cure-all, but for derangements of the organs mentioned, it is a specific, and as a BLOOD PURIFIER ranks above all other preparations. Ask your druggist for it, and give it a fair trial. If he has none on hand, ask that it be ordered for you.

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