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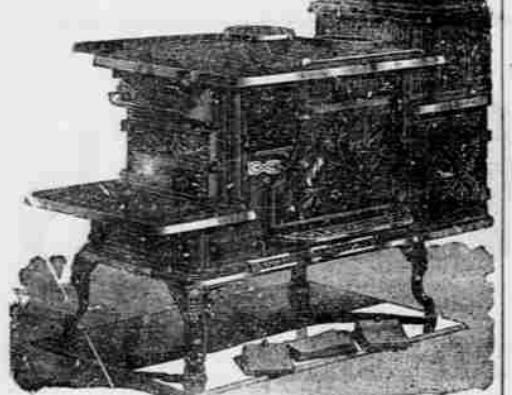
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DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Saturday, April 2, 1890.

THE LITTLE ROSE OF SHANE.

I saw a little rose,
As I went down the lane,
Not a bloom. I said I'll walk
Till I find some,
Or, perhaps some day,
The sunsets and the rain
May open up the buds,
And I will call mine—
There, while roses of all the world,
My sweet white rose of Shane.

There was a little rose,
That blossomed in the white, white sun,
Aloft, above the land.
It was the sweetest, easiest sun,
The sweetest, easiest sun,
Till I heard the whispering
Whispering up the slope where I had left
My rose, white rose of Shane.

There was a wind by the way,
I asked the miller's wife,
If he could tell me what had happened
Since I came down the lane,
Yet I don't hear his answer,
In the mill wheels and creaks,
In the sound of the water,
In the mill wheels and creaks,
"Ah, no?" once one had taken away
My rose, white rose of Shane.

—Atkins Crossroads.

HIGHER THAN ORDERS.

THE CONDUCTOR TELLS WHY HE HAS
IN HIS HEART A SOFT SPOT
FOR TRAVEL.

"No, we don't bounce the tramps
who ride on the bumpers of our
freight cars, but a good conductor
who has a right to the world,
I presume that we carry an average
of a dozen such, but if they remain
between the cars we prefer
not to see them."

"But it is against orders," was
urged the conductor.

"Oh, yes; but there is a higher
power than general orders even for
railroad men. Five or six years
ago I used to be hard on the railroad
tramps. I'd have the conductors
over at my office, and if we caught
a chap he got handled pretty lively.
Nowadays I throw out a hint to the
brakemen to shut both eyes and if the
tramps don't presume too much
to my good nature, no one will die
out of turn."

"What happened to change your
mind?"

"Oh, a little incident of no interest
to the public, but a great deal to me.
I was married in December
three years ago. One day I
got an order to run out with an
extra. There was a cold rain, which
lasted all day, and we got stuck
at a switch. I had to get off and if we didn't
get a hand, we'd have to go back to the
station. We were back in the
mountains, running strong to make
time, when the engineer whistled
brakes for a grade. I climbed
out of the cubby with the
brakemen and had set two
wheels when a bunch of them threw me
down and I fell between two of
them. I had just one glimpse of the
red-cheeked bride at home, just one
swift thought of her in widow's
weeds, and then I lay there, and
then a hand grabbed me. I was pulled
down head first, but the strong chaps
turned me over and my feet struck
the bumpers. I'm gone from them
only some one put my hands on the
order, flung his arms around me
from behind to hold me there, and
said:

"You are all right, old man.
Your nerve will come back pretty
soon."

"Well, if it was a tramp, eh?"

"It was, and he held me there until
the train reached its stop, and then
helped me down, for the sudden
fright had taken all my strength
and nerve away. But for him I
should have been ground up under
the train. He held me there, and
kept a soft spot in my heart for the
genius tramp, and why, when I
sometimes walk the length of every
train and find every bumper occupied
I look skyward and pretend
not to see as much as an old for
cup," —New York Sun.

Mortalities of Clergymen.

Among much curious information
on the subjects of mortality it is shown
that of 2,000 who died 196 lost their
lives from infectious disease, the
largest number, 127, being from
"abdominal typhus," that is, gastric
and intestinal fevers.

Medicinal carriers of poison, of whom
132 succumbed to "new malignant
forms of disease," that is, to troubles
of a cancerous character.

Among the nervous system
succumbed fatal in 196, dying
from brain disease and from
inflammation of the spine. As many as 524
died from rheum and lung trouble,
of whom 190 yielded to pneumonia,
and 122 succumbed to "acute and
subacute forms of disease."

Heart disease was the
third cause of death, 209 died
from anoxia, 229 died
from old age, and 223 are said to
have died from old age. Only 14
out of 2,040 committed suicide; 12
perished through accident, 1 being
murdered; 9 were described as insane.

—Medical Journal.

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and in that respect will be a
valuable acquisition to any
home or public library.

Credit Treatment of Sailors.

A most horrible tale of brutality

came to light recently at New York City.

Soon after reaching that port
the crew of the ship Consul General,
procured warrants for the arrest
of the murderer of James Mattie Lee.

The fugitive was captured, and

in the subsequent examination it

was shown that the members of the

crew had been treated with the
most savage cruelty. The belaying
pins were driven into the backs of the
favorite weapons of the marines, and not one of the sailors—eight in
number—was without visible evidence
of maltreatment in the way
of scars or burns. John Clark, who
was laid without ballast in the
water, so that the men were unable

to move.

"I can't tell for the life of me,"

said Gus De Jay, "what some people
were put on earth for."

"My dear Mr. De Jay," said Miss

Popperton, "you can't imagine how

badly this unfortunate habit of in

spection is."

The Deseret Weekly is also

the best publication to send

abroad to Missionaries, Sailors

or strangers who are investi

gating the Gospel, because of

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