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## EVENING NEWS.

Saturday, Nov. 17, 1883.

### A RACE FOR LIFE.

DISAPPEARING PLACES IN A NORTH  
CAROLINA SUGAR ORCHARD.

In New England and in the Mid-  
dle States they have sugar maple  
orchards; in North Carolina they  
have turpentine and resin "orchards."  
It is in one of these latter, situated  
in the valley of the Cape  
Fear River, that the incident which  
I am about to relate occurred. In  
further explanation, it may be  
stated, that the present writer's fa-  
ther and uncle are owners of one  
of these pine forest plantations.  
In the turpentine orchards the  
work is done mainly by negroes.  
We hire them now; in the old  
time, before the great war, they  
worked without hiring. These ne-  
groes of the pine forest country are  
as much unlike the negroes of the  
tobacco and cotton-raising districts  
as if belonging to a different tribe.  
They speak a different dialect; at  
least, they make use of so many dif-  
ferent phrases, nicknames and forms  
of expression, that I think it doubt-  
ful if the Georgia negroes could un-  
derstand them all. Their entire  
lives are passed in the great pine  
woods. Here they work; even their  
tools have odd names unheard of in  
other places.

A configuration in the pine-forest  
woods is a terrible catastrophe. Every  
pine, with its "box" full of "dip"  
at the roots, is a huge reservoir  
of turpentine, and the ground, covered  
with dry yellow "needles," and bits  
of rotting bark. Once a fire gets  
started, it spreads with prodigious  
rapidity and burns with ferocious  
frightfulness, even when stand-  
ing at a safe distance.  
Scarcely a day goes by without  
seeing some fire in the pine-forest,  
by the negroes. Such a "fire" is  
deemed worse than murder, even;  
for once a configuration begins, no  
one can tell where it may end, or  
how many may be burned alive in  
the woods.

A kind of fire brigade is organized  
among the blacks. The warning  
signals are given by the "fire-  
trumpets," which some of the ne-  
groes will blow with tremendous  
force. Such a "fire-trumpet" is  
heard, there is a general stampede  
for dear life; and a rally at the dis-  
tillery to fight fire along the line of  
sound creek or open tract of land.  
Two years ago we had an "orchard,"  
situated seven miles up the  
creek, completely devastated by a  
great fire; and on that occasion the  
writer came unpleasantly near being  
crested.

I had, come home only the pre-  
vious month from a residence of two  
years in a plantation in New York,  
with whom I had studied, having  
the intention to apply my knowl-  
edge to improved methods of con-  
ducting our business. That day I  
set off with one of the "scrape-  
pan" wagons from the distillery at the  
lower "orchard," and drove through  
the woods to the upper "orchard."  
Formerly, we had a distillery at this  
upper orchard, but now do not have  
entirely at the lower one, and bring  
down the raw product in wagons.  
There were two negroes with the  
wagon and a mule driver; and I also  
took with me a young negro, who  
with my own age, with whom, in  
fact, I had grown up from childhood.  
His name was Abraham Lincoln  
Scott.

Leaving the wagon to gather up a  
load at one of the "crops," I set off  
with Link to make a general round  
of inspection, through the "orchard,"  
a circuit of four or five miles.  
On our return we were to ride home  
and meet the wagon at a place  
agreed on.  
By noon it was very hot; a shimmer-  
ing August day, the odor of the  
rotting pitch throughout the  
"orchard" seemed to fairly load the  
air. Coming to a large rock, at  
length, I went down the "box" of  
pitch, and rested for half an hour.  
In the meantime, the young ne-  
gro, in the sweetest atmos-  
phere of the pines, it seemed al-  
most impossible to breathe. We lay  
on our backs, in the shade of the  
rock, with our hats over our eyes,  
waiting for the extreme heat to pass  
and the sun to turn downward a lit-  
tle, before setting off to find the  
wagon.

On a sudden Link sat up.  
"What's dat?" he exclaimed, with  
dilated eyes. "Yo no hear dat,  
Mars Valentine?"  
I had heard nothing. We listened.  
The pines monotone was at its  
lowest note; faintly, here and there,  
we could hear the cracking of the  
pitch, or heard wood "crack" at  
length, there broke, from afar, a low,  
long note.  
Link bounded to his feet.  
"Dat's de 'fire-horn,' shore he ex-  
claimed. "Come on, now, we mus'  
git out dis yer!"  
It was awful to have to run in  
such heat; but Link, for a black  
trot, and I followed suit, not a little  
solicitous as to where the fire might  
be and what damage might be done.  
We made for the place where the  
negroes with the wagon were to  
meet. The distance was four or  
five miles; in our haste, too, we lost  
our bearings and ran for a mile or  
two more, through the "orchard,"  
before we came out at the right place.  
The wagon was not there. But  
this time I was about ready to drop  
down, from over-exercising in the  
heat. We had concluded that the  
driver had mistaken the place and  
was waiting at the junction of this  
trail with another, a mile and  
half further back. Link shouted:  
"It was one of these days when  
the voice seems not to go far on the  
hot, thick air."  
We ran to where we thought the  
wagon might be, but found no trace  
of it. The fact was that the two ne-  
groes, hearing the fire-horn, had  
"git out" for home at full speed,  
thinking, as they felt well pre-  
pared, that we should take a short cut  
across the country.

By this time we could hear a cho-  
rus of distant fire-horns, and I felt  
sure that I smelled smoke.  
"Fire-horn!" Link shouted, start-  
ing to climb a dead tree. "We mus'  
see whar de fire is," he said.  
I stood looking at him and him  
Link. When he had nearly reached  
the top, he turned to look off; and  
I knew by the way his eyes rolled,  
that he saw something horrible.  
"De great Mars Spon, Mars Valen-  
tine!" he called out. "Whar's a  
comin' an' a trar, too!"  
"How does it head?" I exclaimed.  
"A-headin' dead down on us, an'  
a-rain clear o'er de pine-tops!"

Already through the boughs over-  
head, I could see a vast bank of  
black smoke rising up in the sun, to  
the North and West. Even before  
Link got down, the sun was obscured.  
By the time his face touched the  
ground he was as scared a negro  
as I ever saw. "It's a comin' like  
fourty race-horse!" he exclaimed.  
"Mars Valentine, we's gone chucks  
unless we git ter de creek!"  
For the creek we now started and  
did our best again. The trail we  
were on led up to the old sheds  
where the stills had formerly been  
located; we had perhaps two miles  
go. Never have I gone two miles  
in such physical misery. Already  
we had run fully six miles, with the  
thermometer at 100 degrees surely.  
Before we were half way to the  
creek, the billowy roar of the con-  
flagration was so loud, that the  
smoke was sweeping down on us.  
A strong wind setting in  
from the fire began to blow past us.  
Ashes and cinders were dropping  
everywhere, and the sky was now  
strangely darkened by the pitchy  
smoke.

Onward we staggered, panting for  
breath, with the ever increasing  
roar of the approaching conflagration  
in our ears, and at last came  
out into the little open space where  
the sheds and old cabins stood. The  
creek bed lay just past them; but at  
this season of the year, the water  
dry. We knew the fire would leap  
the stream. There were pools, how-  
ever, one of these a hundred feet  
long, perhaps, by twenty or thirty  
feet in width, lay just below the old  
store shed. We ran for the water,  
and Link, more thoughtful than I,  
seized an old sheet-iron "scrape-pan"  
as he ran, and began to collect  
dry pitch, in parts of the pliers  
that were too dense for a wagon;  
a vessel some sixty feet in length by  
two or three feet, having a handle  
at each end.

Jumping into the middle of the  
pool, we sat down on the sandy  
bottom up to our necks, facing each  
other, and put the sheet-iron pan  
over our heads, letting it rest on  
our shoulders, the edges of it being  
thus under water.  
Ah, how delightful was the feel-  
ing of the water to our burning and  
perishing bodies! But we had  
hardly got in, when with a crash  
and a roar as of a volcano bursting  
forth, the water rose up and  
sprayed the cabin and sheds. In a  
single instant they were all ablaze,  
cracking and roaring. Hissing  
shingles, burning logs, and a mass  
of water about us. A terrific  
flame seemed to be blowing;  
and there was a noise not only of  
flames, but of thunder.

The water ceased round us. Im-  
mediately the old pan grew to hot  
that we were burned by it. With  
our hands, outside, we splashed  
water on it, to cool it. If our hands  
came up out of the water, they felt  
scorched. We were near suffocation  
beneath the close pan; but Link,  
with vigorous movements, and  
knife made holes in the rusted bot-  
tom and somewhat relieved our con-  
dition. The very water in which  
we sat grew warm. We feared  
that we should be boiled in it.  
Meanwhile the fire had leaped the  
creek and swept on through the  
forest; nor did the terrific roaring  
blows of flames continue long to  
beckon us to the pool. Everything  
combustible was soon burned.

We ventured after a while to take  
the pan off our heads. The air was  
very hot, but we were saved. The  
small pine trunks were burning and  
falling in a manner, all around,  
that we felt safer and more com-  
fortable in the water, and so con-  
tinued sitting in the creek, until the  
evening and most of the night.  
The tree-trunks and logs burned  
all night long. But in the water we  
were able to keep cool. Although  
the pool was half choked with  
sunders and ashes.  
I have little doubt that the old  
"scrape-pan" saved our lives—our  
ears and hair, at any rate.

Though not killed, as we had feared  
we would be, we sat in the water  
so long that our skins looked to be  
parboiled. The black had a white,  
bleached appearance.  
My watch kept going through it  
all. By four o'clock in the morning  
the fire had mainly abated, and we  
were able to get out of the water.  
At clearing, three miles below,  
they had "headed off" the fire; it  
did not enter the lower pines.  
We reached the distillery at the  
lower end of the creek, at ap-  
proximately six o'clock, and our ap-  
pearance was greeted with a shout of joy;  
for knowing that we were far back  
in the upper pines, they had given  
up the idea of expecting to find  
nothing save our charred remains,  
at most. They told us that the fire  
had traversed a distance of ten miles  
in fifty minutes. — Youth's Companion.

### SWORD SWALLOWERS.

HOW PROFESSIONALS TRAIN THEM  
SELVES FOR THESE DARING  
FEATS.

When a physician introduces his  
finger, the handle of a spoon or a  
pencil into the throat of a patient,  
the latter experiences an extreme  
degree of disagreeable sensation. Any  
touching, however slight it may be,  
of the pharynx causes straining,  
pain and nausea, and the organs react  
with violence against the obstacle  
that presents itself to free respiration.  
There is no one who has not more  
than once experienced the  
disagreeable impression, and for this  
reason we are justly surprised when  
we meet with people who seem to  
be proof against it, and who, for ex-  
ample, introduce into their pharynx  
large, solid and stiff objects like  
sword blades, and cause these to  
penetrate to a depth that appears  
incredible. It is experiments of this  
kind that form the tricks of sword  
swallowing.

These experiments are nearly al-  
ways the same. The individual  
pretends to be in a brilliant com-  
mune. At one side of him there are  
flags of different nationalities sur-  
rounding a panoply of sabres,  
swords and yatagans, and at the  
other a stack of gold and silver  
bayonets. Taking a flat sword whose  
blade and hilt have been out of  
the same sheet of metal, the blade  
being from thirty to sixty centimes  
longer, he introduces it into his  
mouth, and the blade is thrust into  
a single gulp. Subsequently, after  
swallowing and disgorging two of  
these same swords he causes one to  
penetrate up to the hilt, and then  
he takes them out, one by one, and  
by one. The effort is quite  
surprising. After swallowing several  
different swords and seeing he  
takes an old musket, armed with a  
triangular bayonet, and swallows  
the latter, the gun remaining verti-  
cal over his head. Finally he bor-  
rows a large sabre from a dragon-  
nier who is present for the purpose, and  
causes two thirds of it to disappear.  
As a trick on being encased, the  
sword-swallower borrows a cane  
and swallows it almost entirely.

A certain number of spectators  
usually think that the performer  
pretends to be in a brilliant com-  
mune, and that it is impossible  
to swallow a sword blade. But this  
is a mistake, for sword swallowers  
who employ artifice are few in  
number and their experiments are  
slightly varied, while the majority  
really do introduce into their mouth  
and food passages sword blades, and  
they cause to disappear. They at-  
tain this result as follows:

The back parts of the mouth de-  
spite their sensibility and their  
rebellion against contact with solid  
bodies are capable of becoming so  
changed through habit that they  
get used to abnormal contacts.  
This fact is taken advantage of in  
medicine. It daily happens that  
persons afflicted with disorders of the  
throat or stomach can no longer  
swallow or take nourishment, and  
would die of exhaustion were they  
not fed artificially by means of the  
nasopharyngeal tube which the patient  
swallows after the manner of sword  
swallowers, and by the extremity of  
which an introduction of milk of  
magnesia is made into the stomach.  
But the patient before being  
able to make daily use of this  
apparatus must have a genuine ap-  
prenticeship. The first introduc-  
tion of the blade into the mouth  
pharynx is extremely painful, the  
second is a little less, and it is only  
after a large number of trials, more  
or less prolonged, that the patient  
is able to swallow thirty or  
forty centimetres of the tubing  
without a disagreeable sensation.  
The washing out of the stomach,  
performed by means of a long, flexi-

ble tube, which the patient partial-  
ly swallows, and with which he in-  
jects into the water below, a  
stomach quantity of tepid water,  
by raising the tube or letting it  
hang down to form a siphon, like-  
wise necessitates an apprenticeship  
of some days; but the patient suc-  
ceeds in accustoming his organs to  
contact with the tube, and is finally  
able, after a short time, to swallow  
the latter with indifference at least,  
if not satisfaction.

### A VERY ROMANTIC STORY.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS  
REWARD FOR AN ITALIAN  
LABORER'S WIFE  
AND CHILD.

A gentleman who gave the name  
of Peterson, and who said he was a  
Swedish, Philadelphia, called at the  
Union office yesterday and asked  
the privilege of searching the files of  
the paper for the past few months.  
He said he was looking for traces of  
Thomasso Panini; who had been  
employed on the West Shore Rail-  
road, and who, he believed, had  
been killed by a recent accident to a  
passenger train, near this city, a few  
months ago. He said Panini was the  
son of a very wealthy Italian re-  
siding near Florence. He was the  
only child and gave at an early age,  
evidences of rare artistic talent.  
His father had resided in Padua, but  
moved his family to Florence to give  
the son the opportunity to pursue  
study of art. The son and a daughter  
two years his junior were the only  
children. Ten years ago, when the  
son was twelve years old, he and  
his sister were enjoying a vacation  
near the father's country seat, when  
the boat upset. The girl was  
drowned, although the brave lad  
tried hard to save her, and, in fact,  
sank with her to the bottom, but  
was resuscitated. The sister could  
not be brought back to life. The  
death of his only sister made the  
boy very depressed. His father  
took him back to Florence and tried  
to dispel his gloomy thoughts by  
taking him to the great picture galleries;  
but the lad would not be comforted.  
One day four years ago, while the  
young man was walking along the  
street in Florence, he passed a little  
fruit or market stand, behind which  
sat a girl of about a year or two.  
She was poorly dressed, but very  
tasteful in her attire and gracious in  
her manner, as she politely invited  
him to make a purchase. He  
scarcely glanced up before his gaze  
became riveted and he stood spell-  
bound. Asking pardon for his rudi-  
ness he begged that he might know  
her name. She told him to him, it  
called thereafter daily at her stand,  
and was a literal purchaser. A  
strong friendship grew up between  
the two young people, and finally  
Panini painted a picture of the  
fair young fruit-seller and took it  
home. It was the picture not only  
of the fruit girl, but also of his dead  
sister. We roamed the distillery,  
when he exhibited the picture to  
his parents at home his parents could  
believe his story about the girl.  
The result of the incident was  
the adoption of the name of  
Mrs. Panini as his daughter.

But the young man's devotion to  
the girl was something more than  
affection. He loved her, and his  
parents strenuously opposing such  
an alliance proposed to separate the  
two. On the day of the proposed  
separation the young couple eloped,  
and were married secretly in Rome,  
America. Thomasso left a brief  
note saying he had gone forever.  
He took with him only about 1,000,  
or about \$200. Reaching New York  
he tried to support his wife by  
sketching, but failed utterly. After  
resorting to every expedient to ob-  
tain a living, he finally gave up in  
despair. His young wife then pre-  
sented that she resume her occupa-  
tion as a fruit-seller. This roused  
him again and he said he would  
make more effort to provide for  
her and for the babe that had been  
born to the couple. He sought and  
obtained a position on the West  
Shore road and remitted sufficient  
to provide for his family, who lived  
for a time near Bixter Street, New  
York.

A few months ago the young wife  
received a letter from the young  
husband, dated at Philadelphia, in  
which he said he felt at last as if  
he would be right to tell the story of  
his wanderings to his father and  
seek again the happy home of his  
youth. He said that he had been  
told to his parents telling his where-  
abouts, and asking he could return  
and be with his wife and child,  
cordially and kindly welcomed.  
The overjoyed mother received this let-  
ter with inexpressible delight, and  
waited patiently to hear again from  
her husband. But she had received  
no letter. Within two days the  
young Panini was accidentally kill-  
ed while at work. He was buried  
in a field somewhere near this city,  
and Peterson was left alone.

The first news the young wife had  
of the tragic occurrence was brought  
here by the wife of an Italian "who  
had been working beside Panini at  
the time of the latter's death. Mrs.  
Panini could not survive the shock.  
She became crazed and wandered  
about with her child. She was last  
seen at Philadelphia, and it is be-  
lieved she and her little one are  
there, alive or dead. After his dis-  
appearance a letter came from Panini's  
father, begging him in touch-  
ing words to return and saying he  
had been forgiven over and over  
again, that his mother had died of a  
broken heart, and he himself was  
fast nearing grave. And he re-  
sponded to this letter was received.  
Mr. Panini sent an agent to trace  
out the matter, and he made the  
above disclosures. He retained Mr.  
Peterson to continue the search.  
The agent went back to report the  
sad facts to Mr. Panini. Mr. Peterson  
says that a week ago he received  
a cablegram from Italy announc-  
ing that \$100,000 reward would be  
paid for the discovery of the mother  
and child, dead or alive. No trace  
of the missing woman was found in  
this city, and even the burial place  
of young Panini cannot be found.  
Mr. Peterson left this morning to  
continue his search further West.  
He says he will travel, if necessary,  
about all along the coast of the West  
Shore road, until he finds some trace  
of the remains of the unfortunate  
young man. — Schenectady Union.

### PREMONITIONS OF DANGER.

A RAILROAD ENGINEER GIVES HIS  
EXPERIENCE.

"A fortnight or so ago I was on  
my way to the west, traveling on a  
fast through Baltimore & Ohio ex-  
press. On a bright Sunday morning  
I awoke in my berth and realized  
that the train was standing still. I  
raised the curtain and peeped out.  
The sun was well up in the heavens  
and the train stood in a dense wood  
away from any living creature. It  
did not move, some time, and I  
arose, made my toilet, and went out-  
side. The train stood partially on a  
long trestle work or open bridge,  
and I could see smoke rising from  
the end of the structure further  
from us. I walked out past the  
locomotive and on the bridge, where  
I met a number of gentlemen talk-  
ing.

"What's the matter?" I inquired  
of one.  
"Oh, a section of the bridge has  
burned," replied the gentleman.

"Luckily the engineer saw the  
fire in time to save us," I remarked,  
glancing down into the water below,  
and shuddered at the thought of  
being piled up in a sleeping car in  
the chasm that yawned for us.  
"But the engineer says he didn't  
see any fire when he stopped," ex-  
claimed one.  
"No," said the engineer who stood  
hard by, "I saw no fire. I had a pre-  
monition as I approached the bridge.  
Something seemed to warn me  
that it would not be safe to cross  
the bridge, and it came upon me so  
strongly that I just stopped the  
train and got out of the cab, and I  
hadn't walked 20 steps before I saw  
that the train would have gone  
down that hole, although it is but  
the length of two rails. The fire  
didn't show up much above the ties,  
as it was confined mostly to the  
timbers below. Right there in that  
little shed a watchman always," said  
the engineer, pointing to a diminutive  
dwelling a half dozen rods  
away, and it was his duty, and it  
has been for years to be out here,  
and pass over the bridge just before  
and after us; but somehow I felt  
that he was not faithful, that he  
might be asleep, and I could see in  
my mind as I approached the  
bridge, the whole train going down  
to death, and could hear the cries  
of the dying, and so I just stopped,  
as I said. The daily train, however,  
was asleep. Oh, you needn't laugh,  
for this is not the first time premoni-  
tions have saved lives when my  
hand was at the throttle. No, I've  
been in just this position before. I  
said he, blushing to the tips of his  
fingers, as two or three gentlemen  
smiled and whistled a bit.

"No," said he, "I had a foreboding  
of danger stronger than this a few  
years ago. I was running then on a  
division of the Sandusky. There is  
a station on that road where the  
passenger trains seldom stop.  
It has a siding for freights, however,  
and there was nearly always a  
freight train side-tracked as I passed  
through on the fast express. That  
little place is on a long stretch of  
splendid track, and for years the en-  
gineers had that as a racing ground.  
I said to you some mighty good  
time has been made there. At the  
time I had this premonition the  
rivalry among the engineers on  
that stretch of track was at its  
height. I was a watchman, and I  
saw that the train was coming,  
and I approached the station, on the  
down trip. It was foggy, and a  
fierce wind blew. I hadn't stopped  
there for three months, and as I  
went into the good track with a  
dash, and approached the village  
a terrible speed, I never thought of  
stopping. My locomotive was the  
best on the road, and I was con-  
gratulating myself, as the train  
drew his watch, that I was making  
the best time on record, and was  
thinking to myself how I would ap-  
pear on the train men side-tracked as I  
passed through. When a quarter  
of a mile from the station something  
whispered to me to stop. I didn't  
want to stop, and I was saying to  
myself, 'I could be if I would  
have to stop when in the heat of a  
successful race. I tossed my head,  
opened the throttle a little more,  
and oh, how we flew! Seems to me  
I never saw a train come so near  
flying, and yet she just lay as close  
and smoothly on the track as could  
be. Quick as thought I was com-  
manded by an inner being to stop,  
or it would make a run to death;  
and, without effort my hands rever-  
ed the engine and applied the air.  
There was no signal, no whistle,  
no bell sounded, and the trainman  
was astonished to see my frantic  
movements. The train lay still a  
few feet past the depot, and as I  
jumped from my engine I felt so  
embarrassed that I almost burned.  
I could make no explanation to the  
conductor or the trainmen who came  
about me. I looked all over the  
engine. Everything was all right.  
I cast my eyes along the train.  
Nothing appeared wrong. Then I  
walked down the track in front of  
the engine. When I had gone less  
than a hundred feet, and beyond  
the rays of the headlight I ran  
against a box car! It stood right out  
in front of the engine, full on the  
track. The engine had been left  
open and the wind had blown it  
out. It was loaded with carbon oil.  
I had not seen it, scores of persons  
would have been killed and burned.  
— Washington Critic.

### BECOMING PARTICULAR.

Our English cousins are becoming  
somewhat particular in regard to  
their investments in American  
securities. A few years ago any  
sort of a smart-talking Yankee  
could go over there with the plan of  
ship canal across the Rocky Moun-  
tains and dispose of all the stock  
which could be handled on a day,  
but times have changed. A Boston  
man wanted to London four months  
ago to dispose of shares in the nar-  
row gauge underground railroad,  
from the Hub city to Galveston, but  
retained the other day and dis-  
missed him. He wanted was a  
capital of \$500,000,000, and he was  
ready to give his word for a semi-  
annual dividend of six per cent., but  
English capitalists refused to put up  
a dollar. Even when he showed  
them a preliminary survey of the  
route, which settled the fact that  
the road would run through no less  
than six great oil basins and graze a  
hundred coal deposits, they leaned  
back and replied:

"Yes, it's all very plausible,  
you know, but there's the Grand  
Furnace and the Northern Pacific,  
and the Erie, and the Denver,  
and the Reading, and the Wash-  
ington, and a host of 'about fifty  
other' lines that would like to 'eat'  
from him in the way of dividends  
first."

### THE SPANISH OUT OF AN EARTH- QUAKE.

Over the great Los Angeles  
earthquake the communities  
down south are excessively proud.  
They claim that a man at San Fer-  
nando was actually thrown out of  
his bed by the shock. That this in-  
cident can be seen by perusing the  
following statement:  
Editor:—Please correct the state-  
ment in daily paper, my husband  
was not thrown out of bed by an  
earthquake. I threw him out of  
bed myself, and then it occurred to  
me he was home intoxicated, and  
down at the foot of the bed and put  
his muddy boots in my face.  
(Signed) JANE WILKINS.  
This takes all the starch out of  
the story of the clean earthquake in  
Los Angeles. — San Francisco Examiner.

### WHOLESALE PRODUCT LIST.

List of Buying Prices of Produce  
in the Salt Lake Market, corrected  
Semi-Weekly for the DECEMBER 17th  
NEWS, by Z. C. M. I. and  
others:

Wheat	.....	75 to 80 cents @ bushel.
Oats	.....	\$1.10 to \$1.25 @ 100 lbs.
Barley	.....	..... 1.20 "
Shelled corn	.....	..... 1.20 "
Flour	.....	..... 2.00 "
XXX	.....	..... 2.50 "
Beans	.....	..... 1.00 "
Shells	.....	..... 1.10 "
Butter	.....	..... some times, 25 "
Eggs	.....	..... 30 @ doz
Beef on foot	.....	..... 4 "
Mutton, dressed	.....	..... 80 @
Pork	.....	..... 14 to 16, @ lb.
Hides, dry	.....	..... 10 "
..... Salted	.....	..... 8 "
..... Green Salted	.....	..... 4 "

Remember, if you want healthy  
and strength of mind and muscle,  
use Brown's Iron Bitters.

**F. AUERBACH & BRO.**  
**True To Our Motto.**  
"We are never undersold."  
We offer our entire Stock of New and  
desirable Merchandise in all of our De-  
partments  
**AT COST**  
and expense of selling for  
**NET CASH ONLY!**  
**WHY?**  
Because we prefer doing one season's  
business without profit to permitting our  
Goods to get old on our shelves.  
MAIL ORDERS FILLED AT REDUCED PRICES.  
ESTABLISHED 1864.

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**WALKER BROTHERS.**