

# IRON COUNTY NEWS

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CEDAR CITY, : : UTAH

The Australian Government has a standing offer of \$125,000 for anything that will rid the country of the rabbit pest. Physicians from Pasteur down have suggested remedies, but not one of them, however fatal his practice, has yet discovered a successful one.

A dog that recently died in Harrisburg was found to have killed himself by swallowing the remains of a cigarette. The case is unsatisfactory, however, for gratification at the beast's putting himself out of the way is lost in condemnation of its bad taste in choosing such a method of suicide.

A number of horseflesh restaurants have just been started in Berlin, and they are doing a brisk trade. It is strange that they have not been opened sooner in Berlin, for those which have existed for several years past in Dresden, Hamburg, Magueberg and Frankfurt have done an immense business from the first.

WHAT we now think rapid traveling, will certainly within a few years seem very slow. Faster steamers and swifter trains will make the circuit of the world in thirty days a possible feat in the present generation. Only the completion of the Russian trans-Asiatic road to Vladivostok is needed to create the possibility.

The French are surely a peculiar people. The native population grows less than any other European nation, but the party of the right now proposes to tax all foreigners. At such a rate of progress the historian of civilization in the twenty-fourth century will write at the beginning of one of his chapters relating to Southern Europe: France was.

THERE is all the difference in the world between the estimate that history will put upon the work of Livingstone and that of Stanley as explorers. Livingstone was the explorer pure and simple, while Stanley was merely the agent of a rich syndicate prompted by the one sordid purpose of money-making. That both succeeded need not be questioned.

MANY a young man has been misled by Bob Ingersoll's advice. "If you have only half a dollar," said the eloquent infidel, "spend it like a prince." This is well enough, but it should be recollected that a wise prince—such a prince as Bismarck—knows the value of half a dollar, and when he spends it he gets his money's worth in some shape or other. The proper utilization of the small things—the trifles of life—is the foundation of success.

As is well known, phosphates are very extensively used in this country and Europe in the manufacture of fertilizers. Hundreds of thousands of tons are used annually, and the demand is increasing. The most valuable deposits in this country have been the beds in South Carolina, but the Paimetto state has found a new competitor in Florida, where the vast deposits are richer and extend from Tallahassee to Peace River, about fifty miles south of Tampa, a distance of over three hundred miles, and with a width, so far as developed, of from ten to fifty miles.

We have a tradition that gentlemen and gentle women never work, but the tradition is foundationless in the record of every noble life earnestly lived. Only fools are content to be idle in a world that is so full of opportunities to achieve. The only title to the aristocracy that counts the truly noble in its ranks is the title a man makes for himself when he "does with his might what his hand findeth to do." The parents who bring up their children in idleness, no matter what their income may be, do an injury to those children which no aftertime can ever rectify. Labor is the price set upon every thing that is worth attaining.

WHILE one can with great profit sit in judgment on his own farm management and every farmer ought to do it, it is also profitable to notice the management on the farms of the neighborhood, and see the successes and failures and study their causes. It is not uncommon to see two neighbors on adjoining farms which are very similar in soil, and natural capacity, and yet on one the farmer is always poor and his crops and stock the same, while on the other we see constant evidences of prosperity. There are no patent rights on secrets in farming, and it cannot fail to be profitable to study out the causes of this difference.

## The Seaside Chapel.

It has stood for years by the breaking waves. At the edge of the sea town quiet and old. With its gray walls flanked by the seafaring graves. And its lower half lost in the sea's foam. And memory still, when my restless mind. A sense of quiet and stillness comes. Slips slowly back, like a wren's wing. To the chapel built by the beating waves.

I remember the Sabbath mornings fair. When its bell's voice, blent with the sea bird's cry. The good folks summoned to early prayer. And its spire grew out of the mist clouds high. Like a solemn finger that points aloft. From doubt and fear to repose and peace. And the roar of the organ, which mingled oft. After sighs of storm with the roaring sea.

I remember the brides and christenings. The smiling faces and white attire. And still to my ears fond memory brings. The music sung by the village choir. I remember the sweet church festivals. That were love feasts truly in every way. And, alas! the sorrowful funerals. That sometimes darkened the chancel gray.

And ever around it, through waves of time. And change and distance between us roll. Spreads a solemn air, as of ancient rhyme. That speaks of rest to the fevered soul. That whispers of quiet, and trust, and love. From the world and its trouble remote and free. Like a billow that dies in sheltered cove. Near the chapel old by the sounding sea.

And if life's sharp cares would allow, my feet Would ne'er join with fashion's by cliff and shore. So long as pointed from you retreat. The finger-like spire and the ocean's roar. Though its lyles now o'er a ruin twine. And its bell is hushed, and its organ cold. My kindred worshipped within its shrine. And their dust is laid in its churchyard old. —Nathan D. Urooz

## 'NEATH CUPID'S CHARM.

I had quite successfully borne with the demands of a long and active day, had only a few moments before reached my comfortable office after a hearty evening meal, and was seated cozily therein, having thrown myself into a position of ease I felt myself fully justified in taking.

There is a sort of abandon or feeling of license which comes with the evening over one who has battled strongly with the requirements of a professional life, and this is heightened, if anything, by the peculiar satisfaction which follows a well-filled stomach and the halcyon lucidness of a fine cigar.

The mellow rays from my study-lamp intertwining, piercing, and blending with the soft, ascending columns of bluish-gray smoke, which first reaches upward, then expands, and gently descends as a delicate cloud of security—I say all this with contentment and with it a disregard for the sterner conventionalism with which we otherwise, and so almost constantly, clothe ourselves.

I felt such peace of mind come over me as I half reclined in my easy-chair and blew toward the ceiling long, conical columns of fragrant smoke.

My fountain of thought was all but stilled—the springs of ideation, for the nonce, confined their wonted flow. Yet not completely so, for my eyes wandered somewhat with the lighter vein of incubation, first to one thing, then to another.

Finally my vision rested for a brief period upon a photograph—the likeness of a sweet one whom I erstwhile counted dear and more.

For an instant my inner spirit was given glad some range. Quickly did my mind revert to a former time and revel in what had been.

I turned away, however, and with the same physical languidness still about me I stretched forth my hand and grasped a book whose "dog-eared" indicated an uncompleted perusal—though I had often read it before.

'Twas the oft-gleaned "Reveries of a Bachelor," and I admit that the beautiful lines always came as a balm to the lacerations of my heart which had formerly refused to kindly heal.

Well into bachelordom was I now plodding my way, though many times with no light or joyous heart. But these words of a brother-bachelor gave me a vast degree of comfort.

It was this feeling—this sense of serenity—which came and added measure to my peace as I again took up the volume and began to devour its truths. Yet that picture—which looked so sweetly down upon me—had brought up memories—as, indeed, it had done many times before—and these memories would not obey a stern "begone," but lingered upon the border lines of less-holy thoughts.

I read on, hoping to drown the recollection by sheer force of determination. Line after line I eagerly drank in seeking to obtain the deeper verities which I felt were buried there.

The light gleamed softly, my cigar gave off a thinner upward strand of fragrance, although the cloud above appeared denser, and a holy stillness as of the deeper hours enveloped all.

My eyes still followed the dimming lines, but the words now came slowly and yet more slowly.

"I wonder," thought I, as I dropped asleep, "if a married man with his sentiment made actual is, after all, as happy, as happy, as we poor poor fellows in our own dreams."

Hark! what gentle voice was that? A call came toward me, borne upon the stillness of the night.

I listened, for again the now clearer notes sweetly touched upon my ear.

"Hurry! Hurry!" now clear, distinct, and thrilling.

Yes, it was she. Yes, Yes. It was Madeline—my own dear Madeline. Garbed in delicate, flowing white, a new-blown rose of exquisite tint at her bosom, and those large, liquid eyes thrown fully upon me, what could be my feelings but those of infinite joy?

We had wandered along the banks of a laughing stream; we had plucked the half-hidden wild flower from its mossy bed; we had watched the gleams and little dots of dancing sunlight

Coming through the brighter interstices in the canopy above; we had joyed with them and sought their places to occupy, only to have the glittering beams pass across our chests and make the plainer the ecstatic throbbings of our frames; we had caught the spirit which prompted the free-bird to its offering of song; we had thrown kisses at the reflection upon the surface of the placid pool; we had grasped each other's hearts, as well as hands, and thrilled on where all was peace, and love, and beauty.

That was but yesterday. To-day! but time is nothing to us. It is not measured. To us it is not a quantity.

'Twas but a moment ago I saw her, and yet you call it yesterday. Is her spirit not my spirit? Is she not with me constantly? Though space forbid the eye its feast, yet is the mind not filled?

Ah! Yesterday for worldlings: to-day—now—and to-morrow—the coming now—for me.

Sit here, Madeline. I heard your loving call and my heart had played a rapid response.

How beautiful you are to-night! To-morrow! To-morrow!

Ah! to-morrow makes us one. Yet, methinks, no word of mouth, no holy liturgy, no purer essence of sainted sanctuary, can render closer our bounding hearts.

Oh! the rapture and boundlessness of God-given love!

Come nearer, dear. Your hand feels cold; or is it that my own is overheated from the glowing—from the fever—of affection within me?

Let us talk about our life not lives.

Have I attended to all the details? Have I prepared the little home?

Why ask me? Why think of such things. They are earthly. Yet yes, they are belongings. They are a part of the whole, although so material.

But you were not with me when the final touches were given? Did we not drape a little here? Did we not change a chair upon one side, and transpose a picture or two upon the other? Did we not take one long, glad survey of all ere we left, feeling that when we again crossed that threshold it would be to enter our common home?

Oh! what thoughts this word home brings to me!

A home I have not known, save at your side; a home I will not know, save with you ever as its queen. Home is your presence, wheresoever that may be.

Lead me to the barren sands of the sun-stricken south; call me to the alid peaks of the distant north; speak to me when journeying on the boundless waste of the mighty deep, and I will follow on, for I shall only be "going, going home."

To-morrow has come—it is counted as to-day—we call it now.

'Tis that day which has been set for the "consummation of our bliss"—as they call it.

Ah!—maybe.

But can supreme joy be added unto? Have not our hearts beat as one? Can more come from a repeated vow? Are we to look for a greater love, a love we have not known?

It cannot be. Love cannot exceed itself.

But hark! The wedding strains bid me "Come."

"Come" to what?

"Come" to the beginning? No.

"Come" to the end? Never for there is no end. Such affection has no limit it knows no terminat...

"Come," then, to its holy plighting. Ah! well. Its holy plighting. Yes.

I arise and critically scan myself in the large mirror. I give my tie just a little touch. I smooth out an imaginary wrinkle in my sleeve. I remove a little speck of dust which had somehow found a resting-place on my otherwise immaculate bosom. Then do I feel ready? Yes. I was ready before; yet, strangely, there seemed to be an invisible hand which tried to restrain me—which strove to draw me back. Some baffled spirit sought to deter me.

Is not this a frequent experience among those who thus approach the altar?

The impression, not of dread, but of something you cannot fathom, describe, or name, fastens itself upon you—almost commands you not to advance.

This is cast off, however, and you start forward upon the greatest voluntary event of your life.

So it was with me and I left my dressing-room, passed to her side, and stepped nervously beneath the canopy of flowers where a lasting unity of hearts was to be pledged.

A few words and her little, pearly hand rested calmly and confidently in mine; the magical ring was adjusted which helped to bind the sacred compact; then a few more seconds and a volume of congratulatory epithets were showered upon us.

Afterward the rustling of fabrics, a quick slam to the carriage-door, and we were whirling over the even roadway to our home.

There everything is in readiness—not one essential has been overlooked.

I passed to my room—a comfort my wife promised to allow me—where I found house-jacket and slippers awaiting me. A handful of new-plucked roses lay upon my table, while the latest issue of a metropolitan daily rested against a smoking-jar, which was well filled with my favorite brand of cigars.

I glanced about me with a deep satisfaction, and gave brief scope to thoughts of the many joyful, peaceful hours I should pass in this cozy little retreat, for I had thought that I should sometimes like to return again to bachelor days for an hour or two, just to benefit by the comparison, by giving myself to this one room. I soon retired from

these quarters, and, upon descending the broad stairs, was met by the sweet expression:

"Oh, Hervey! it does not seem that sadness can ever come to us! How pretty everything is!"

We grasp each other's hands and pass from room to room, bearing the proud persuasion that all is ours to enjoy, and that all speaks of enjoyment unalloyed.

The quaint little library, with books neatly arranged, and with a tempered glimmer of sunlight streaming through the vine clad window; the dining-room, not large, yet affording space for the number we expect often to have at our board; the large hall, where comfort is plainly suggested on every hand; while snug nooks and corners are met as we glide on, stopping here with an expression, and there with a look of joy.

We were just passing for, mayhaps, the twentieth time the great paneled door leading to the porch without, when a violent, startling knocking came to our ears.

Sweet Madeline convulsively grasped my arm, as if fearing some strange or ominous intrusion.

Again came the fierce pounding upon the outer door.

Somehow I could not move. Every muscle was fixed in a position of rigidity. I struggled inwardly for a power to advance. I tried to cry out against the cords which bound me helpless. My wife still firmly clasped my arm and much alarm was indicated by her features.

Again and like great volumes of thunder came the strokes upon the door, and as the last echoes resounded throughout the house and died away in the far-off corners I gave forth one mighty, superhuman effort against the restraining monster, and shrieked in tones of terror:

"Come in."

I then felt a cold draft of air upon my moistened brow and heard a gruff voice exclaim:

"Please call at 1101 Mansford street at once. A lady is dying."

I rubbed my eyes briskly, raised myself to a sitting posture, found my left arm was "asleep" from a cramped position it had suffered, noticed my half-burned cigar upon a chair beside me, observed the soft reflection from my dimly-burning lamp, and lastly, I caught sight of the figure of a man standing in the doorway and leering at me with a pair of wild and excited eyes.

Hurriedly and loudly he repeated his message, which was then comprehended.

## Hysterical Inventions.

A genius with a profound thought mill has taken up the subject of dusting and sweeping by means of suction draughts. He has a perambulating machine which, by means of fans and hydraulic pressure, gets a draught through a spiral hose with a nozzle shaped at its terminus like the trouble end of a trombone. He starts up a grand racket on the carpet till the dust flies, then turns on this blizzard machine and a condensed cyclone is immediately precipitated. He moves his hose end round like the snout of a Jersey hog, and wherever the cloud of dust arises the suction of his mechanism draws it, and it immediately goes "up the spout," so to speak. The idea is all right; the only difficulty which stands in the way is the possibility of his getting too big a draught on and shooting in stray leaves from the family text book, odd socks or Sister's bangs.

This idea, which is chronicled as an invention in the patent office at Washington, is on a par with the rocking chair which came out eight months ago, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. The inventor arranged under the rockers a pair of bellows attached to a series of pipes running up the chair back to where your neck would rest. As you rocked the chair the bellows worked, and you were given hysterical breezes. It worked all right for the man who could stand shower baths, but it cost one furniture dealer I know of three good customers by neuralgia, pneumonia and croup. In another case the customer tried it and had to run a block to catch his wig. It's a good idea, though, but like all those things you have to get some one to think so. As for myself, I think the sweeping scheme would be better employed shooting coal into a cellar, and the man with the bellows-rocker would make a fortune if he worked it up around the eaves of a roof and blew the snow into the next county instead of down the back of the neighbor who always gets under the roof at the wrong time.

## "Large and Respectable."

There is a large cologne of good stories about the Hon. Hannibal Hamlin in Maine, and this is one of them: In his earlier days, at a certain caucus in Hampden, the only attendees were himself and a citizen of very large stature. Mr. Hamlin had some resolutions to pass which he began by representing that they were presented to a "large and respectable" gathering of voters. "Hold on," cried the other man; "we can't pass that, for it ain't true! It ain't a large and respectable caucus! There's only two of us."

"You keep still, brother!" commanded the wily Hannibal; "it's all right, for you are large and I am respectable. You just keep still." So the resolutions were passed without further demur.

## Queer Playmates.

A lion cub at the Cincinnati Zoo is being raised with a black cat. It is very fond of pussy, and they play and frolic together most amusingly.

## ADVENTURES WITH SIOUX.

Two Boys Have a Hair-Raising Experience With Redskins.

An old trapper tells this story of early Minnesota days in *Forest and Stream*.

The man of the Lake Talcott party about this time came in also for a team to move their outfit home, leaving the two boys to take care of things until his return. A warm, muggy day came while he was absent, and the boys, attending to their traps and carrying their guns around during the day, got them both wet, and, boylike, neglecting to clean and dry them, in order to render them sure fire when needed, lay down to sleep in their bed without removing their clothing, only drawing off their boots. Their cabin door opened outward, and just at daylight, shortly after they awoke, they observed their door opening and saw an Indian swing it around and set a stick against it, and then spring back and raise his gun alongside two others who stood with guns presented. At the first sight of the Indian the boys sprang from their bed, and while in the act of throwing off the covering and springing to their feet the savages fired. The distance was not over fifteen feet (I afterwards examined the ground carefully, and while it could not again have been done in a thousand times trying without both being killed, the only hurt either sustained was a flesh wound by a small bullet through the calf of one of their legs. Seizing their guns, the boys aimed and snapped, but both guns failed to go. Instantly the thought of running, while yet the guns of the Indians were empty, came to their minds, and with a word to each other they sprang through the low door and rushed for the prairie. As they did so, one or more charges (probably from double-barreled guns) greeted their rush for the open air, and the unwounded boy, Tom Kirkpatrick, had a bullet part the hair and graze the skin of the forehead.



As the Indians ran after them the boys presented their guns, and after this maneuver had been a few times repeated the wretched cowards turned back to plunder the camp, and the boys were left to make their journey of forty miles to the settlements in their stocking feet over the burnt grass stubs of the prairie.

In the afternoon the wounded boy declared his inability to proceed further, and requested Tom to go to the settlement and bring a wagon out for him. Tom accordingly hurried on, and just about sunset, while descending the river just above the town of Jackson (which town, by they way consisted alone of a frontier post-office), just as he reached the crest of a low hill and glanced across the ravine to the summit of the next hill in front, he saw five Sioux, who, catching sight of him at the same instant, came for him on the run, spreading their line like an opening fan as they ran. Tom turned and ducked down behind the hill, and instead of running down the ravine towards the river turned and ran up it and out on the high prairie, where, providentially for him, stood an old deserted field which had belonged to a Norwegian settler murdered in the last massacre, and which, now surrounded by a high rail fence, was occupied by a dense crop of tall weeds. Tom sprang over the fence, and in his peril and his fright not forgetting to carefully part the weeds in front of each step and close them together behind him, worked his way well out into the field and fell flat. Soon an Indian, quickly followed by two others,



appeared perched on the top of the fence, where for minutes, which doubtless were anxious ones for Tom, they surveyed the apparently unbroken expanse of weeds, and at length to his great relief turned back towards the river. Lying quietly until darkness shrouded his movements, Tom made his way out of the field into the prairie, and making a wide detour reached the house of a friendly settler a few miles down the river, where just before morning the other boy put in an appearance, having been unable to rest in the cold of approaching night, but compelled thereby to keep moving, and doubtless passing the other Indians in the night time.

## Children in France.

France has 2,000,000 married couples without children. There are 148,808 families, each with seven children or more, which have claimed the exemption from certain taxes recently voted by French parliament.