

THE EVENING DISPATCH.

No 167—Vol 3.

PROVO CITY, UTAH, TUESDAY, JUNE 12, 1894

PRICE FIVE CENTS A COPY

WHAT IS GOING ON TODAY

AT THE

CO-OP.

THE WONDERFUL SALE OF

Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes and Clothing.

If any Proofs are needed, surely the number of patrons we are pleasing with These Goods is Abundant.

IT IS ONLY BY SELLING GOOD GOODS AT REASONABLE PRICES THAT IT IS POSSIBLE TO GAIN AND RETAIN THE CONFIDENCE AND TRADE OF THE PUBLIC.

PROVO

Co-operative Institution

A. SINGLETON, Mgr.

SELLS & RENTFROW.

Praised Without Stint by the Newspapers Elsewhere.

The Grand Rapids (Mich.) Leader of has this to say regarding the performance of Sells & Rentfrow's circus which comes to Provo on Thursday of next week, June 15th.

"It was a very large crowd that attended the circus performance given by Messrs. Sells & Rentfrow last evening. Fully 3,500 people occupied the seats and filled every portion of the main tent and departed at the close of the entertainment well satisfied with the exhibition they had witnessed. The character of the entire show from beginning to end, in every department, is pleasing and above reproach. Mr. Rentfrow, who is a citizen of Grand Rapids and well known here, and his associate, Wm. Sells, the renowned rider and showman, are both gentlemen of pleasing personality and honest business methods, and they have surrounded themselves with a corps of employees who, by their courteous treatment of visitors and general excellent deportment, are a credit to the establishment and add materially to its popularity. Of the performance it is not necessary to say more than that it is from start to finish far beyond the ordinary circus and in quality is the peer of any in the land. Sells & Rentfrow have cut their prices in two this year—a dollar show for 50 cents, children, 25 cents.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

"Andie" Goes a Fishin'.

What about the fish and game law anyhow? Some believe it to be a nuisance, "because," they say, "the laboring man can't quit his work to go in search of trout and deer, and while the law is in full force, crowds of 'men of leisure' through our mountain streams with spear, hook-and-line, and gun, catching the choicest of the finny tribe, while the laborer is busy at home. And that it is necessary that there be an officer of the law stationed at or near all the eddies in every creek, in order to catch the trespassers. And that there are about nine hundred eddies or fishing holes in the little stream of Hobbie creek alone. And, further, that the sports are more plentiful in their efforts to kill game when there are laws against it."

They will cite you to Buffalo Bill who slew 150 buffaloes, soon after the New York Tribune, in a long leader, came out and spoke so earnestly against the wholesale slaughter of game. They will refer you to the time when the Prince of Wales and party, many years ago, killed thousands of our birds and animals on the plains during a period when public sentiment was very much opposed to it.

Now, being a "man of leisure," and hearing so much talk about fish, I was suddenly seized with a strong desire to go up among the rippling rills and catch a few hundred pounds of the finny beauties, and, at the same time, note what was going on among the law breakers up along the stream. Our outfit consisted of one Martin safety rifle, one bowie knife, hook-and-line, after jolting over twelve miles of rough road up Hobbie creek, and passing many fishermen on the banks of the

stream waiting patiently for a nibble, I concluded to try my luck. Remembering that I brought nothing to bait my hook, I immediately started off in search of a grasshopper. After tramping about a mile toward "The Head of Days" a large hopper flew from among the weeds (for there is no grass in Hobbie creek canyon now, the sheep are so numerous) The weed-hopper lit about twenty-five yards away. Just as I was in the act of striking him a stinging blow he flew to the top of a rock ledge. I climbed after him. As I peeped over the ledge of the rock a large rattle snake whispered in my right ear. Whether his intention was to kiss me or to try his fangs I know not. I took his word for it, however, and slew him. The hopper was sighted a few feet away, nearly exhausted. I wore my Harrison hat out on him and secured one of his hind legs and part of his back—enough to bait a small trout. I took a short cut to the creek, killing three rattle snakes on my way. When night came on I found the result of my out to be as follows:

No hat, no fish, no shoe on my left foot, and several pieces of skin gone from my left cheek. Gain: Seven rattle snakes and one young magpie. I am convinced now that there ought to be a law against attempting to fish, vea, for even thinking about fishing.

Well, I don't have much luck fishing but I'm death on snakes. When the new history of Utah is written, put me down as one who helped to "kill the snakes."

Range 10, Hobbie Creek canyon, June 11, 1894.

A MONKEY CHASE.

The World's Fair City Still Has Its Exciting Adventures.

A huge monkey belonging to Ernest Bros., the brewers, at 67 Larabee street, escaped yesterday afternoon and gave active employment to several policemen and a crowd of boys before it was captured. As soon as it was discovered that the monkey had escaped a number of the employees of the brewers attempted to capture it. A number of school children joined in the chase. When the monkey was hard pressed, it climbed a tree and reached the roof of a house.

A ladder was procured, and one of the men followed it, but the monkey swung off into a tree and into the window of another house, frightening the occupants, who immediately gave the animal full possession of the premises. The crowd soon increased to several hundred people, and several policemen took a hand. They found themselves less useful than the schoolboys and finally gave it up in disgust. The chase was kept up through alleys and streets and from yard to yard for nearly a mile, when a son of Italy, with the aid of his banana stand, succeeded in coaxing the monkey into captivity.—Chicago Tribune.

There is a well at Scarpa, a village near Tivoli, Italy, which is 1,700 feet deep, all but 20 feet being out in solid rock.

A FAIR TRIAL of Hood's Sarsaparilla guarantees a complete cure. It is an honest medicine, honestly advertised and it honestly CURES

NEWS OF A DAY.

The Cripple Creek Trouble and Big Coal Strike

ARE NEARING AN END.

Deeds of Blood and Violence are Reported—The Pendergast Case Comes up Again—The Case to Determine as to the Murderer's Insanity to Come up November 2nd.

CRIPPLE CREEK, June 11.—The deputies left here today for Colorado Springs in accordance with the agreement between General Brooks and Sheriff Bowers. The militia will remain in the vicinity of the mines to preserve the peace.

NEARING AN END.

COLUMBUS, June 11.—The joint committee on a scale of wages, composed of operators and miners, is in executive session today. Each side expressed the feeling that circumstances elsewhere placed an agreement here in jeopardy. John McBride said the miners were not contending for the recognition of the Miner's union, but for a uniform scale.

The statement wired from here that the strike had been settled except in Illinois, is not correct, but the conference will not adjourn until it is settled.

BAD MAN WITH A GUN.

READING, Pa., June 11.—William Webber killed Justice Clemoner, his father-in-law, aged 85 years, tonight in a quarrel, arising out of Webber's domestic affairs. Webber then fired at his wife and a neighbor named Miller, but he missed them. He then fled, but later gave himself up.

PENDERGAST'S CASE.

CHICAGO, June 11.—The Pendergast case came up today before Judge Payne. When the continuance heretofore agreed on was submitted to him, he refused to enter the order, saying he knew no reason why the continuance should be granted. The matter went over temporarily.

Pendergast insisted on making a speech. "I am the defendant here," he said, "and I want no continuance. The question to be determined is my guilt or innocence, not insanity. Murder is the malicious taking of human life. That crime I have not committed." The prisoner was thrust into a chair by the bailiff.

State's Attorney Kern said tonight that the hearing of the insanity case will go over until November 2nd.

ARE BLUE GUMS VENOMOUS?

A Texas Doctor Experimenting With the Virus of a Snake's Bite.

It has long been a belief among the negroes that the bite of one of their race who has blue gums is about as deadly as the bite of a mad dog or rattlesnake. Few white people think this is anything more than mere superstition, and while instances are recorded in the newspapers every once in awhile of deaths resulting from bites inflicted by blue gum negroes the general opinion is that the death was not caused by the bite, or else that the blood of the person bitten was in such condition that a wound of almost any character equally severe would have produced death. It is not questioned, however, that the bite of a human being—whether the blue gum variety or not—may in some instances prove a severe injury.

A case is reported from the Lott Store neighborhood. A negro woman—Ellen Tomley—about 50 years of age, was bitten about a week ago by her daughter-in-law. The wound was on the little finger and was not at all dangerous in appearance, but in a day or two the hand began to swell, and the swelling was accompanied by great pain. It soon spread to the entire arm, which puffed up to twice its normal size. A physician was called in, and he prescribed such remedies as the case seemed to demand, but lockjaw set in and lasted about 80 hours. Finally the swelling began to abate, and the old woman is now considered on a fair road to recovery.

The doctor learned that the daughter-in-law was of the blue gum variety and examined her mouth to see if it differed from that of anybody else. He says the gums are of a purplish blue mottled appearance, unlike those of the ordinary negro. He is skeptical on the subject of the bite of such a person being more poisonous than that of any one else, but says he is experimenting with the virus or saliva from this woman's mouth to see if there is any truth in the belief of the negroes. The subject of his experiment is a small dog, which he innoculated with the virus, and he says he is waiting for developments with some degree of interest.—Benham Cor. Galveston News.

A New Musical Instrument.

A Swedish electrician and musician has succeeded, after many years' trying, in making a new and, it is reported, a most successful musical instrument, which is played with keys like a piano. It has a frame on which are strung a score of tuned bells, a series of steel bars struck by metallic hammers, a row of steel strings of proper tension, a xylophone and a fraudulent bagpipe made of a bar of steel and an electric current. The music from the new instrument is said to be very pleasing.—Stockholm Letter.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
Most Perfect Made.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A SMOOTH ENGLISHMAN.

A Specimen of the Scamp Who Slip Into American Society to Its Detriment.

A young Englishman, "of good family," of course—all Englishmen are—has been detected in stealing right and left from prominent New York families who had received him on terms of intimacy. The funny part of the business is that the young Englishman was a self confessed thief in his own country, had received letters of introduction to New York people and been shipped over here in order that he might make a living. His name is withheld out of consideration for the families with whom he has associated here and whom he has robbed. Having been exposed, he has retired with a choice collection of scarfpins, silverware and a substantial wad of greenbacks, which will keep him until he finds another opportunity to replenish his stock.

This pathetic tale leads me to make a few remarks as to how these foreign scamps obtain a foothold in our "best society." Suppose the scene is the opera. Mrs. A. notices a stranger in Mrs. B.'s box.

"Who is that over there with Mrs. B.?" she asks.

"Oh, that's a young Englishman. I met him at the club last night. I think his name's Cremorne. Seems a jolly fellow."

"He's nice looking. You may bring him to my box if you please."

So Cremorne, the scamp, is duly passed on from one family to another, no one knowing a thing about him, or caring, for that matter, so long as he is presentable and a novelty. He may have got his first introductions through accident, mistake or a chance acquaintance on shipboard. It matters not. He is soon in the swim, and being an iron pot is very apt to get the best of the earthy wares of the families who have taken him up. In this recent incident the people who petted the pilferer are to be congratulated that he didn't get away with a daughter or two as well as with their money and bric-a-brac.—Chollie Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

SHAVED HER HUSBAND.

How a Baltimore Lady Raised Money to Assist in Improving Church Property. The Ladies of Memorial Protestant Episcopal Church of the Holy Comforter are industriously working to improve the church property. Some time ago they got together, and after discussing ways and means each pledged herself to raise a certain sum of money within two months. The time having expired, a meeting was held Tuesday night to relate experiences and to learn the result of the various undertakings. Each lady returned her card with a larger sum than she pledged herself for.

The methods used to raise the money were almost as varied as the numbers of the cards. One lady made and sold soap, the profit from which she supplied her with money to redeem her pledge. Another sold cakes, another candy, and another made and sold dresses. One lady adopted a novel plan to raise the promised money. She has not only strong nerves and a steady hand, but a husband who has great faith in her, for he has allowed her to shave him and paid her the price which he usually paid his barber.

The report does not say anything about the condition of his face after the two months had passed. By the united efforts of the ladies a large sum was realized, which will be used to renovate the church.—Baltimore Sun.

Submitted the Bell.

People who passed St. Paul's cathedral one evening last week may have fancied that the clock did not strike 8. It, however, really did strike, and its soundlessness was, says The Daily News, due to a pious little conspiracy, of which certain music lovers who shall be nameless may perhaps not unreasonably be suspected.

Bach's "Passion," according to St. Matthew, was being performed in the cathedral before an enormous congregation, and, as everybody who attends such ceremonies is aware, a church clock has the awkward habit of striking at very inconvenient moments, often entirely spoiling the effect of quiet passages. So certain young men mounted the bell tower and took the liberty of tying a kneeling cushion to the bell hammer, which thus fell without noise.

Immediately after 8 o'clock the cushion was brought down again, and the clock struck 8 as usual.—Pall Mall Budget.

Car Alexander's Diplomacy.

Russia needs peace in order to develop her internal affairs. She entered into relations with France not in order to make war on Germany, but to form a counterpoise to the triple alliance and prevent France from embarking on a policy of adventure which might have dragged Russia against her will into war. Now that Russia is sure of the pacific intentions of France, she is binding Germany to her by ties of interest. Thus she holds in her hands the policy of two great nations which for nearly a quarter of a century have maintained a hostile attitude. If it is Alexander III who personally directs the foreign policy of his empire, it must be admitted that he is endowed with admirable diplomatic resources, for the game has been played so quietly and so surely as to be worthy the eulogium of future historians.—Paris Herald.

Open For Experiments.

A recent issue of The Medical Bulletin printed the following remarkable offer: Physicians desiring to obtain a subject on which to observe the process of digestion or other workings of the vital or-

gan, or on whom to try the effects of poisons and their antidotes, may probably do so by communicating with the editor of The Bulletin. Subject is unmarried and not prevented by any ties or responsibilities from acting in this matter as he chooses, and does not object to a probable fatal termination of the affair.

Good Friday in Spain.

A curious Good Friday custom still prevails in Spain. On that day the Spanish sovereign appoints a certain number of criminals condemned to death, and this year the queen regent relieved seven unfortunate men. Standing with one hand on the petitions for mercy, Donna Christina placed the other on a crucifix and said solemnly, according to formula, "I pardon these men that God may pardon me." The news of the reprieve was then telegraphed to the colonies.—Madrid Letter.

SENSATIONS OF DROWNING.

The Experiences of a Man Who Barely Escaped a Watery Grave.

When the water rushed into my lungs and stomach, it felt for all the world like a pleurisy pain, which has also given me a tussle in later years, but was over in a second, writes a man who was once nearly drowned. Then my body settled quietly to the bottom, and my arms fell limp by my side. In my half-conscious condition I could see all my relatives and acquaintances crowding about me and looking down on me with tearful faces. All the events, it seemed, of my career passed slowly in review, and the good, bad and indifferent acts stood out before me in bold relief. I knew I was drowning and remember thinking, "Why, this is not so hard, after all!"

I wondered where my body would be found and shuddered at the thought that it might never be found. I also wondered whether or not my companion had become alarmed and run away and left me to my fate, or whether he was diving here and there to find me. Then I pictured my burial, and how the clouds would resound on my coffin when it was lowered into the grave, and my fate would be pointed out to other boys by anxious mothers as a warning.

At the next stage I could hear bells softly ringing in the distance, together with little tinklings and chirrup sounds in my ears. Then I began to see pretty pictures. The colors of the rainbow danced before my eyes and intermingled and formed into all sorts of odd shapes. I had no pain and no fear of what was expected to follow. I seemed to be enchanted at the scene before me. Everything was light and calm and moved about without any visible impelling force. It was like looking into a large mirror with every beautiful thing that the most vivid imagination could conjure up revealed thereby.

The last stage that I entered increased the beauty of the surroundings. All discordant noises ceased and were superseded by the softest, sweetest music that could be thought of. Apparently I had been transported to a place flooded with bright calm sunshine. It was neither too hot nor too cold, but seemed like a clear autumn day. Then I seemed to rise from the ground and float off into space like a thistle down. Higher and higher I went until I seemed to look down on the world from a great height, and then came a blank.

The next thing I knew I was lying on the raft with my companion looking down on me with a pale face.—New York Journal.

The mortar and pestle still in use in most parts of Asia and all over Africa is the prototype of the modern flour mill.

The syrinx, or bundle of reed pipes, is the prototype of the bagpipe.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fever, and permanently curing constipation. It has given permanent satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug stores in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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Eight Room pressed brick Modern House, excellent location, \$4,500 will take land near Provo for \$2,000, balance long time.

Seven Room pressed brick house, \$3,500, will take \$1,500 worth of Provo land, with or without water right, balance to suit.

East Waterloo lots, \$275 per lot, Southeast part of the City, the choice location, cement walks to car line, Shade trees, etc.

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COLORED, SILK and NEGLIGEE SHIRTS A SPECIALTY
ALSO REPAIRING.