THE LITTLE FIFER.

"Hey there, little fifer, what are you doing?" called our sergeant La Ramee, who was on his way to the neighboring town in quest of a pork fricassee for the colonel's supper.

"I will tell you how it is, M. Sergeant," replied the little fifer. "His majesty the king being in great need of money and wishing to give a new chateau to a relative, it has been decided by the Cour des Comptes that the regiment, musicians and soldiers, shall not be paid this month, so, as my grandmother is poor and I have not a sou in my pocket to buy her supper, I have come out here by the wall to break the ice on the trench and see if I can't fish out a few frogs."

"Don't count on that," said La Ramee. "In winter frogs sleep."

"I know that. But the sky is so blue I thought perhaps they might wake up."

Sergeant La Ramee went on his way, and the little fifer hacked away courageously at the ice.

This little soldier, who loved his grandmother so much, was indeed as pretty a fellow as one would wish to see. Not much higher than a man's knee and dressed all in red, as were all in his regiment, he played his fife so finely as he marched the time for the whiskered infantrymen that on their entry into town the ladies at the windows forgot to look at the drum major.

The fifer understood frog fishing almost as well as he did playing martial airs. When the ice was cut out and thrown aside so that a little round spot of water appeared, he soon improvised a line and rod of a piece of string he had with him and a dry reed which he cut. Bait only was lacking. Usually this would not have worried our fisherman, for he would have used a red poppy for the purpose, as frogs are so greedy that anything red attracts them.

But poppies do not flourish under the snow, and hunt as he might nothing red could be found.

He was about to give up in despair and go away, when just at that moment a great frog poked its head out of the water. Lazily, as if half asleep, it stretched out its legs, opened first one and then the other of its pretty yellow eyes to the sun, then distended its white throat and uttered a gentle croak to which many others responded.

"That must be the mother of the other frogs," thought the little fifer, who had never before seen so large a one. "What a shame and what a pity to let it escape."

Then a sudden idea struck him.

"What if I were to take a part of my suspender strap. It is the regulation scarlet, and the frogs will surely bite at it."

No sooner said than done. The strap of regulation red was danced merrily on the clear water just in front of the frog's nose. It seized the bait, the fisherman jerked, the line broke and the frog darted under the water, carrying the cloth with it.

Fortunately there was the other strap. He could try again. The frog reappeared, bit again, the line broke, and the second half went to join the first.

"Dear me!" thought the fisherman. "What harm would there be in cutting a little piece out of my waistband? No one will ever want to look under my jacket."

Taking his knife he cut out a little piece, which the frog, also, carried away as before, and then another one, and another one.

On his way back with the provisions Sergeant La Ramee found the unlucky little fellow crying bitterly.

"What! A soldier crying!"

For answer the little fifer stood up.

"A bad business!" said La Ramee after looking hard at the cut trousers. "Injury to clothes or equipments furnished by the government is a matter to be tried by a court martial."

Saying this, he went on his way, blowing out his long mustaches.

The little fifer wept all the more bitterly. He already saw himself arrested, shut up in a dark cell and taken between two gendarmes before his judges. In vain he tried to move them, saying:

"It was not for myself. It was to get a dish of frogs for my grandmother, who is old and poor and had nothing for her dinner."

The military code was inflexible. He was disgraced, his fife and little sword were broken and they led him out on a plain where two months before he had marched at the head of the regiment past a shot conscript.

Then, thinking of his grandmother out of her head from cold and sorrow, he thought it would be better to die right away. So he let himself slide down on the frozen snow toward the black hole, from which the stars were already reflected.

But in what a wonderful land the little fifer suddenly found himself. As far as he could see there were great shining arches through which the soft light filtered, and long plants covered with sparkling crystals rising from below like delicate columns. These mingling with the silvery mosses on the banks resembled the most magnificent architecture. On the right, on the left, in these little grottoes, and the crevices made by the roots and loose earth, slept frogs of every species in numberless quantities. He filled great baskets with them to carry to his grandmother. The court martial no longer frightened him. He only vaguely remembered the damage to his breeches. Only one thing astonished him. That was that he was so warm in the water under the ice. Then he felt very happy and understood that he was going to sleep among the frogs.

He slept a long time. Suddenly a voice awakened him. It was his grandmother's.

"Hush!" she said. "He is opening his eyes. Oh, the naughty boy to make so much trouble!"

The little fifer was again seized with fear when he saw at the foot of his bed the shaggy eyebrows and long mustaches of La Ramee.

"The trousers! The court martial! Don't let them carry me off!" And he clung in despair to his grandmother's jacket. But she reassured him. The good La Ramee had taken him out of the water half frozen and trembling with fever, then he had told the colonel of the affair, and that officer had sent a man on horseback with a supper and a pair of new trousers.

The sausage was sputtering on the stove, and the trousers were hanging on the wall.

And this is the tale my nurse told me of the little red fifer who for love of his grandmother fished for frogs.—From the French For Short Stories.

Tobacco an Essential.

In a general order issued recently the president virtually recognizes tobacco as an article essential to the well being and sustenance of the soldier in times of great exertion, as well as in times of peace and routine. The order, which emanates from the war department, reads as follows:

"Under the authority vested in him by section 1148, revised statutes, the president hereby establishes an emergency ration for troops operating for short periods under circumstances which require them to depend upon supplies carried upon their persons. Its component parts are as follows: Bacon, 10 ounces; hard bread, 16 ounces; pea meal, 4 ounces, or an equivalent in approved material for making soup; coffee, roasted and ground, 2 ounces, or tea, half an ounce; saccharin, 4 grains; salt, .64 ounce; pepper, 4 ounce; tobacco, half an ounce."

The secretary of war directs that this emergency ration be resorted to only on occasions arising in active operations when the use of the regularly established ration may be impracticable; that, although its nutritive qualities permit its use on half allowance, it will not be so used except in cases of overruling necessity and never for a longer period than ten days, and that not more than five days' emergency rations be carried on the person at one time.

By order of the secretary of war, the subsistence department will provide tough paraffin paper for wrapping the bacon; will furnish hard bread in grease-proof packages, the pea meal in cylindrical packages, and the coffee, tea, saccharin, salt, pepper and tobacco in suitable packages.—Washington Star.

By Special Permit.

"Here! What does this mean?" shouted Whipply as he found his youngest riding a broomstick over the top of the piano.

"This is all right. Mamma said if I'd stay in I could play on the piano."—Detroit Free Press.

Newspaper Men Always Good.

Maude—I'll never marry a clergyman, for he's always about the house, and I won't marry a newspaper man, because he's out the greater part of the time.

Harriet—Why not make a compromise?

Maude—I can't; there's no compromise between good and evil.—Adams Freeman.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Ferdinand D. Merrill, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, administrator of the estate of Ferdinand D. Merrill, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said William W. Merrill at 322 Constitution Building, Salt Lake City, in the County of Salt Lake, Utah.

WILLIAM W. MERRILL,
Administrator of the Estate of Ferdinand D. Merrill, Deceased.
Dated February 12th, 1897.
JOHN M. CANNON and E. A. DUDLEY,
Attorneys for said Estate.

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

The Yerba Mining and Milling Company, a Corporation.

Principal place of business, Salt Lake City, Utah.

NOTICE. THERE ARE DELINQUENT upon the following described shares of stock of said corporation, on account of assessment of five cents per share, levied on the capital stock of the Company, Jan. 5, 1897, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows, to wit:

[illegible]

RECEIVER'S SALE.

[illegible]

SUMMONS.

In the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the State of Utah, County of Salt Lake.

[illegible]

TRUSTEE SALE.

[illegible]

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the District Court, Probate Division, Third Judicial District in and for Salt Lake County, State of Utah.

[illegible]

ESTRAY POUND NOTICE.

[illegible]

JOHN O. MATTOX,
City Poundkeeper.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

[illegible]

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

[illegible]

SUMMONS.

[illegible]

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Joseph F. Risley, Deceased.

[illegible]

ESTRAY POUND NOTICE.

[illegible]

JOHN O. MATTOX,
City Poundkeeper.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

[illegible]

SUMMONS.

[illegible]

SUMMONS.

[illegible]

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

[illegible]

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

[illegible]

[illegible]

SHERIFF'S SALE.

[illegible]

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.

[illegible]

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

[illegible]

NOTICE OF SALE.

[illegible]

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

[illegible]

NOTICE.

[illegible]