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COMBINATION OF THE FIRMS OF Hardy Bros. & Burton, L. D. & A. Young and Woolley Bros. & Co., DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS and SHOES, GROCERIES, TINWARE, QUEENSWARE, FLOUR, GRAIN, PROVISIONS and FEED,

BELL ROCK PRICES!

We would be pleased to see all the old patrons of Hardy Bros. & Burton, L. D. & A. Young and Woolley Bros. and Co., and the Public Generally.

WOOLLEY, YOUNG & HARDY CO., The Old Constitution Building!

MASSILLON THRESHERS, ENGINES and SAW MILLS,

MANUFACTURED BY RUSSELL & CO.

BUFFALO PITTS

Thrashers, Engines & Saw Mills,

MANUFACTURED by the PITTS' AGRICULTURAL WORKS.

We request the Public before purchasing a THRESHING MACHINE, to call and examine the MASSILLON and BUFFALO PITTS, as they are second to none in the Market!

The MASSILLON THRESHERS have been greatly improved since last season, under our personal supervision.

DIRECTORS: HERBERT J. GRANT, GEORGE T. ODELL, J. F. GRANT, J. H. LYMAN, JOHN H. SMITH, OSBORN A. WOOLLEY, CHARLES A. BURTON, JAMES W. WELLS, WALTER W. RITTEL, GEORGE BONNEY, JOSEPH P. SMITH.

CO-OPERATIVE WAGON AND MACHINE CO., Successors to GRANT, ODELL & CO. and HOWARD SEBREE CO., Half Block South of Theatre, SALT LAKE CITY, Utah.

EVENING NEWS.

Saturday Oct. 2, 1898

THE TEXAN FARMER.

To a large class of American youth there is probably no pursuit more fascinating than farming in Texas. The Lone Star State, as it is called, presents to them a sort of modern El Dorado, where the possibilities are not limited to a life of pleasant adventure awaits the enterprising stranger.

The youth arrives fresh from college or from a luxurious city home, breathing in the face and person such credence of redemptive possibilities. The idealism that he is immediately dubbed "cinder-foot" and "cinder-head". Then begins a novel experience indeed, which affects the new arrival according to his own peculiar temperament. It is much less fun and far harder work than it is generally supposed to be.

Again, it is, like other pursuits remunerative only in a certain fair proportion to the effort expended. There is no greater mistake than for a young man to go to Texas with little or no capital, expecting to come back a millionaire. It will end, as it so often does, in a speedy return to his home, with a good and either better or worse in health of body and morals.

The young man will perhaps relate exaggerated tales, and give various wild explanations for his change of plans. Or, if he has had the most honest disposition, he will avoid all mention of his trip, and dust at the first reference to those days of disillusion and disappointment.

We may include another class, occupying a middle position between the two, who went with less ardent expectations, and who will say that "it was really worth doing once." However, to return to our young "cinder-foot" as he first appears on the ranch, clothed in a dapper suit, quite ludicrous to Southern eyes, and his face radiant with hope and self-confidence. Let us follow him to the stock pen, the surrounding acres, and the live stock that surround him.

He may have a good deal of money, but it is not his own. He has inherited it from his father, and he is not used to it. He may have a good deal of money, but it is not his own. He has inherited it from his father, and he is not used to it.

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anyhow, I'm giving you my version on the tickets that trip was killed. I was breaking them and what whether they were drawn back from the tenth that I didn't know anything about that. They didn't have to pay for Jeffrey, anyhow.

The night after that suit was decided I came through the sleeper collecting tickets. I saw No. 4 sat a man that I thought was asleep. He had a snotch that drew over his eyes. I touched him on the forehead and he woke up. "Tickets, please," I said. He didn't move. I touched him on the forehead and he woke up. "Tickets, please," I said. He didn't move.

"I want your ticket," I said louder. He didn't seem to breathe or stir, and I was going to shake him when he slowly raised his head. I shall never forget the look of that face. The cheeks were sunken and the pallid lips were drawn back from the teeth that glittered in the light of the lamp I had on my arm. His complexion was like paste, only that and motion. There seemed to be a bruise or gash on his forehead, but he had pulled the snotch that drew over his eyes. I saw a coupon ticket that had evidently been bought at a long distance, and it was dated more than a year before, but it was an unlimited ticket and was good for a year.

"Oh, that's all right, we do make an allowance for that," I said. "I can tell you, it might be a good idea to do such a thing, but I might have done that for you instead of at you with those half-crossed eyes of his?"

"Didn't see his eyes. He was half asleep," I said. "He gave me a coupon a year ago." "Oh, it was all right. Here are the two. I'll report that up town office. When the porter called lower, I haven't got Old Ghastly's ticket!"

"Well, sir, no more he had it. Next time when the porter called lower, I haven't got Old Ghastly's ticket!" "I don't know what you mean. Next time when the porter called lower, I haven't got Old Ghastly's ticket!"

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ask them to receive our statement, but we are ready to refer the matter to the person who furnished us with the facts, and who will tell you whether or not our account is correct. Our informant is Mr. A. Lacey, Deputy United States mineral surveyor, who resides at West Point, a gentleman who, it is needless to say, is well known, and whose acquaintance is not confined to the limits of the country. Mr. Lacey and his son Frank were on a trip in the mountains for a double purpose, to see the country and to make some land he wished to look up in that part of the country, and he had made also the occasion to gratify the wishes of his son, who was recently from San Francisco, to enjoy a little of the camper's life far up into the mountains. They had reached a point on the "emigrant road" near what is called the "Big Meadows" and the whole of that mountain country, and he had decided on a campsite a few miles further on. But coming to an old log cabin on the way, in which Mr. Lacey put up before while on surveying trips, they concluded to take a look into the cabin, water their horses from a spring in the back of the house, and possibly make their campsite place. They accordingly proceeded to explore the cabin, as it happened to be closed, the door being partly crushed in by the weight of winter snows. Mr. Lacey, followed by his son, went to the low cabin door, which was closed, but not locked, pushed it open and stooped to enter, when he was struck with terror at the sight of a man, who, by his size and hideousness of appearance, seemed to be a creature of another world. He never was a believer in the big snake stories that he had heard, but he avers that every practice of incredulity that he ever possessed regarding those reports was completely knocked out at sight of this living specimen of a monstrous reptile. The snake lay stretched across the cabin with its head near and facing the door and its tail reaching to the opposite side and partly coiled against some stones that had been used for a fireplace. It was elevated about three feet from the floor and drawn a little backward by the stately curve of its neck, and its head was raised to the level of the opening door, the huge monster staring at its intruders. It had carried files and an older Lacey started back, the son brought his rifle to his shoulder and fired at the reptile's head. Mr. Lacey, who was covering himself, fired also, and almost at the same time. There was a sharp report, and the snake scolded the cabin, and its tail reaching to the opposite side and partly coiled against some stones that had been used for a fireplace. It was elevated about three feet from the floor and drawn a little backward by the stately curve of its neck, and its head was raised to the level of the opening door, the huge monster staring at its intruders.

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The Cunning Indian. The Galt "Galt" narrates the following: "Mr. Parsons, the Sacramento real estate man, was returning at Lake Tahoe a few weeks ago, drinking in the pine-needle water and trying to get fat on fish trout. One day he and his friends strolled up to a little creek of Washoe Indians who were hard at work over a game of casino. They watched the play until one of the bucks had possessed himself of the entire available assets of his companion, when, rather than let the session stop, Mr. Parsons offered to play with the Indian for 10 cents a game. 'No,' said the chief, 'him only squaw's game. He play you for a dollar.' Finally a compromise was effected on the basis of two bits a game. The Indian exhibited remarkable skill, and Mr. Parsons had just made up his mind that he would have to go back to Sacramento for funds, when he noticed a suspicious movement, and, reaching over quickly, he pulled from under the Indian's desk a big pack of extra aces which had no connection whatever with the deck in use. The red man had been counting up these aces every day of casino. The crowd yelled with delight, while the Indian took the exposure with a grin and stalked into the sombre depths of the forest."

She Was Wide Awake. He had been courting a girl a long time. It happened on a Sunday night after church. They were sitting at a table, and she was looking at him. She looked with infinite tenderness into his noble blue eyes. "George," she said, "will you marry me?" "I don't know," he said. "I don't know," she said. "I don't know," he said. "I don't know," she said.

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