ENVIRONMENT.

The earth, where we unwillingly we came,
Holds us with kindness, to which we bend
Our footsteps. The willow and lotus the well
Are fondly fealty of Fancy's creation.
For flowers are our guts—books the remote
Or lightning flame our pastime the grave
spell
Of moonlight speaks our sorrow—and mirror
we tell.
But partaken from form the immortal realm.
Wherefore the comfort that we turn to look
On those material and yet airy you
Which, shut us in the sun through faint
rays.
We almost feel as if great nature took
Our part in woeful our sensation with, our
sighs
Or makes her winds, and for her tears our
tears.

—Edgar Fawcett in Cosmopolitan.

EARNING AN EPITAPH.

The old man took the ledgers out of the safe one by one and then replaced them. There were twenty-seven of them in all, and in the making of each of them he had had a part. There were actually tears in his eyes as the door of the safe clanged to and turning away he walked into the outer office with a feeling of desolation in his heart as though he had just consigned his dearest friend to a sepulchre.

Half mechanically he mounted his stool were stood against the wall under the little glass window out into the great warerooms for the last time. The rooms were empty and deserted, for the sheriff's sale, held three days ago, had cleared them effectually of their stock. And now there was nothing for it but to lock the office up, hand the key to the janitor and be gone.

"I want you to see the last of Tennyll, Thomas & Co., Hum," said the senior partner and said that morning when he dropped in to say goodby. "You've been with us since the beginning, and I dare say you'll like to see the old firm out. It's hard, Hum. Hum—very hard loss on all of us, you know. We're all in the same boat, however—you, who've lost your few little hundreds that you saved from your salary, and I, who have lost my thousands. The whole concern has gone to the bottom, Hum, and the shareholders equally all round. It's very hard on you, I know, for you're not so young as the rest of us, and you have been here such a long time. Twenty-seven years, isn't it? Good heavens, what an eternity! I can remember you sitting over at the junior's desk there when I was a little chap in short trousers. You've been an excellent worker," repeated the senior partner, gradually increasing the superior manner he was wont to exhibit to his employees. "If my name will be of any use to you—though it is not held in the greatest esteem just at the present moment," he added with a bitter smile, "use it, of course. But then, with the wide acquaintance you've gained since you've been here people will be only too glad to snap you up."

"Ah, yes, sir," Hum had answered, "but I ain't what I used to be, you know. It ain't that I'm so old—I ain't fifty as yet, but the doctor says if I don't have lots of fresh air it's only a question of time"—

"Tut, tut, Hum! Confound the doctor! They're a lot of croakers. You're all right for another half century. Now good-by, Hum, and good luck to you." He held his hand out, and as old Jared Hum grasped it the senior partner, whose cool extravagance and foolhardy tactics had brought the old firm to shipwreck, seemed to fade away, and in his place there stood a curly haired little fellow, who used to come down to the office with his father now and then and was forever getting into scrapes.

"God bless you, Master Charlie!" Hum had said, and then waving his hand airily to him the senior partner had taken his leave.

Hum sat there for some little while, and then getting up suddenly he told himself that the sooner things were tailed now the better. So going to the cupboard he brought forth his old office coat, and then taking the little Turkey red, purchased off his desk, his favorite prohibiter, the little almanac that hung above the desk and a few other trifles, he wrapped them up in a newspaper. "I'll put 'em round my room," he said to himself, "and they'll look like old times a bit."

Then taking up his parcel he passed out and locked the door. He handed the key to the janitor and walked slowly toward his lodgings. He was free now—off for an indefinite holiday, at nobody's beck or call. He had chuckled to himself at the thought of it, for years and years ago, when he had first come to the city from his New Hampshire home, he had dreamed of a time of this sort when he should be absolutely his own master. Only he was to have been a rich man, according to the dream, and not a bookkeeper out of employment, with a little less than $100 to his name. Still, even though the circumstances were altered, the fact remained that he was free. Why not get away from the great bustling city for a little while? The doctor had told him he needed fresh air. And if the old people had been alive he would have gone back to them, confident, even then late in the day, of a loving welcome home. But they were dead, and there was only Hosie who would care about seeing him now—and Hosie was married.

He remembered, as though it were but yesterday, the night he took up a copy of the village paper and read the notice of her marriage. And he knew that it was all his own fault—that was the worst of it. If he had only written home and then, or gone up to New Hampshire on his two weeks' vacation, matters might have turned out differently. But there was no use talking of that now. He had taken in exchange for Rosie a lot of ledgers, whose column, with their mystical figures and footings, had allured him and held him as though with charms. He could not make the past, but he could live differently in the future.

"Just think!" he said to himself. "Suppose I was to die now, there isn't a living soul but Rosie as would care a cent. Likely as not she'd never hear of it, and as I ain't got money enough for a funeral even after my funeral expenses are paid, I wouldn't be a bit better off than those poor creatures as live up in the potters field. But maybe ain't the stuff to make resolutions of, anyway—it's better as I wants. Rose made out of hearts! I'm a pretty crabby old commoner, not over good lookin. I never was one of them as can make friends like a stack of dollars. But there's the money! that time out and it's then I'll look to for my epitaph."

A few days later he gathered his little household goods together and moved to a cheaper street down town. He decided to be very economical until he had built, and a good situation. Days passed, and weeks, but he heard of no opening. His funds ran very low. At last there came a day when Hum resolved that he would no longer harass the agencies, but go out on his own account and, no matter what it was, accept the very first thing that offered. Help came that night from a very unexpected for quarter.

On the floor below him lived an old man and his little boy and girl. The girl was a little invalid, a cripple, and the boy, several years older, was a cripple. Hum said the children were great friends. He used to spend the greater part of his time there, helping the boy, Leo, to sort stamps.

There was a hospital somewhere in the country which had offered a set to any lovable man would collect a million postage stamps. It was the one ambition of Leo's life now to gain that prize. There were thousands and thousands of stamps already done up in neat little packages containing a hundred each, but Leo was learning to his sorrow that a million was a "monstrous big" number, and the end was by no means yet.

Out on the evening in question Hum met Leo's father for the first time. "You do Mr. Jared," he exclaimed, coming forward and shaking hands. "I was just telling Leo as I've just read of a situation as would suit you pretty. It's open air work and very healthy. I'm in the same business myself for a firm in Broadway. This situation is in Grand street, where the walking particular good, and I can recommend the employer to use as being very light. I'm a sandwich man, you know, and so you'll be before long, I trust."

It took Hum some little time to grasp the situation, and it took him a still longer time to consent. Suppose some of the old firm—one of the office boys, even—were to see him, the whilom bookkeeper, treading the street between two boards on which the virtues of a patent medicine were extolled in effusive terms—what would they say? But it was no time for reflection. He was hungry now, and the thought of going out into the world again fairly appalled him, and so he accepted the position and began his duties on the morrow.

Really, all things considered, after a month had passed did not find it so trying a position as he expected. And then one day came great thing news to him. Leo had gone to help Leo. He made friends with all the shop boys along his route by degrees, and got them to save all the stamped envelopes for him, and in the evening he would take them away. In return there were many little favors he did for them. He was by no means too old self nowadays, and his mind was apt to wander, but figures had always been a rocky passion with him and he was as good a mathematician as ever. There was one little office boy in the grocery at the corner he used to be was a boon to this project. It was a post of his duties would the accounts up, and this formed the base of the small revenue. He used to sit over the window, and as Jared passed he would wink and his head and exclaim:

"Say, Sandwich, seven times five!"

Sometimes even he would be waiting him on the doorstep, and as Jared passed a slip of paper covered with figures and a pencil would be passed into his hands while the boy remarked, sotto voce: "Say, do it for a feller, will yer? I'm all muddled up." Every night Jared carried home a good bundle which Miss Leo's little soul with joy. The evening was spent in sorting the stamps and packing them away. At last there came a day when the cupboard in the back room could hold another bundle, and yet there were by no means a million there yet. Winter passed and the summer came, and still Leo kept on counting, counting.

At last one night—a night when Jared felt so ill that as he came in from work he told himself he would go and lie down for a little while before he went to see Leo—as he climbed the stairs and knocked at the child's room impatiently, and as Leo caught sight of him he waved his crutch enthusiastically and exclaimed:

"Mr. Jared, it's a million!"

Jared took his hat off and gave vent to a feeble cheer.

"It's a million!" he repeated, as he threw himself extended on the bed. "A million! Hip! hip! hurray!"

These were the last words he ever spoke.

There's a new sandwich man walking in Grand street now, though the legend upon his back sends the same patent medicine as did in Jared's time; but he has failed to propitiate the shop boys of the vicinity, and the boy in the grocery shop was but expressing the opinion of the boys in general when, in speaking of old Jared Hum the other night, he remarked, "All so fellers liked him, we did." And then added parenthetically on his own account, "An, by gosh, he was a dandy adder!"—Anna Dorner in New York Evening Sun.

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The twenty-five years the standard for purity, force and wholesomeness. Its quality never varies, and it is the same today as when first put up by its inventor, the great chemist, Justus von Liebig, whose signature it bears, thus

J. v. Liebig

It is the pure essence of lean beef, of unsurpassed flavor, free from fat or gelatine, and indispensable

In Improved and Economic Cooking.

RAILROADS.

Utah Central Railway

TIME TABLE.

In Effect April 1st, 1891.

Passenger Trains will Run Daily, between Salt Lake and Park City, as Follows:

SALT LAKE CITY.

Train 1 leaves Salt Lake at	8.00 a.m.	
" 3 " "	4.00 p.m.	
" 5 leaves " "	6.00 p.m.	
" 7 " "	6.00 p.m.	

PARK CITY.

Train 2 arrives at Park City	10.30 a.m.	
" 4 " "	5.30 p.m.	
" 6 leaves " "	7.30 a.m.	
" 8 " "	7.30 p.m.	

Office and Depot corner South and Main Streets.

T. A. BACKENSTOSE, G. P. & T. A.

Rio Grande Western Railway,

STANDARD GAUGE.

CURRENT TIME TABLE.

In Effect Saturday, August 1, 1891.

Eastbound Trains.	No. 4	No. 6	No. 8
Lv Ogden	7.00 a.m.	4.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
Lv Salt Lake	11.45 "	8.45 "	1.45 a.m.
Ar Salt Lake	12.45 p.m.	9.45 "	2.45 "
Lv Provo	3.25 "	12.05 a.m.	5.25 "
Lv Spanish Fork	3.45 "	12.25 "	5.45 "
Lv Thistle	4.20 "	1.00 "	6.20 "
Lv Helper	4.35 "	1.15 "	6.35 "
Lv Grand Junction	8.00 "	5.00 "	10.00 "
Lv Green River	9.45 "	6.45 "	12.00 m.
Lv Rock Springs	10.45 "	7.45 "	1.00 p.m.
Lv Rawlins	1.15 a.m.	10.15 "	4.15 "
Lv Laramie	4.50 "	1.50 p.m.	7.50 "
Lv Cheyenne	6.00 "	3.00 "	9.00 "
Lv Denver	10.45 "	7.45 "	1.45 a.m.
Lv Pueblo	3.45 p.m.	12.45 a.m.	7.45 "
Lv Leadville	8.45 "	5.45 "	12.45 p.m.
Lv Glenwood Springs	11.45 "	8.45 "	3.45 "
Lv Gunnison	4.45 a.m.	1.45 p.m.	8.45 p.m.
Lv Salt Lake	8.45 "	5.45 "	12.45 a.m.
Ar Ouray	1.45 p.m.	10.45 "	6.45 "
Ar Silverton	2.45 "	11.45 "	7.45 "
Ar Ironton	3.00 "	12.00 m.	7.45 "
Ar Rico	5.45 "	3.45 "	10.45 "
Ar Dolores	7.45 "	5.45 "	12.45 a.m.
Ar Stoddard	8.45 "	6.45 "	1.45 "
Ar Grand Junction	12.45 a.m.	10.45 p.m.	5.45 "
Ar Green River	3.45 "	1.45 a.m.	8.45 "
Ar Rock Springs	4.45 "	2.45 "	9.45 "
Ar Evanston	7.45 "	5.45 "	12.45 p.m.

Westbound Trains.	No. 3.	No. 5.	No. 7.
Lv Ogden	10.00 a.m.	7.00 p.m.	12.00 m.
Lv Salt Lake	2.30 p.m.	11.30 "	4.30 a.m.
Ar Ogden	6.30 "	3.30 a.m.	8.00 "
Lv Provo	3.45 "	12.45 "	5.45 "
Lv Spanish Fork	4.05 "	1.05 "	6.05 "
Lv Thistle	4.40 "	1.40 "	6.40 "
Lv Helper	4.55 "	1.55 "	6.55 "
Lv Grand Junction	8.25 "	5.25 "	10.25 "
Lv Green River	10.05 "	7.05 "	12.05 m.
Lv Rock Springs	11.05 "	8.05 "	1.05 p.m.
Lv Rawlins	2.05 a.m.	11.05 p.m.	4.05 "
Lv Laramie	5.15 "	2.15 a.m.	7.15 "
Lv Cheyenne	7.00 "	4.00 "	9.00 "
Lv Denver	11.00 "	8.00 "	1.00 a.m.
Lv Pueblo	4.00 p.m.	1.00 a.m.	8.00 "
Lv Leadville	9.00 "	6.00 "	1.00 p.m.
Lv Glenwood Springs	12.00 m.	9.00 "	4.00 "
Lv Gunnison	5.00 a.m.	2.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
Lv Salt Lake	9.00 "	6.00 "	1.00 a.m.
Ar Ouray	2.00 p.m.	11.00 "	7.00 "
Ar Silverton	3.00 "	12.00 m.	8.00 "
Ar Ironton	3.15 "	12.15 "	8.00 "
Ar Rico	5.00 "	3.00 "	10.00 "
Ar Dolores	7.00 "	5.00 "	12.00 a.m.
Ar Stoddard	8.00 "	6.00 "	1.00 "
Ar Grand Junction	12.00 a.m.	10.00 p.m.	5.00 "
Ar Green River	3.00 "	1.00 a.m.	8.00 "
Ar Rock Springs	4.00 "	2.00 "	9.00 "
Ar Evanston	7.00 "	5.00 "	12.00 p.m.

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OH, MY BACK! STOP IT NOW. SOON IT WILL BE TOO LATE.

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2. It may always be relied upon as advocating or defending the right side of every question, proper for public journals to concern, or helping to concern it.

3. It is devoted to the interests of the Latter-day Saints and has, from its inception, valiantly defended their rights and advocated the principles in which they believe, and every Latter-day Saint who can therefore feel that under obligations to do his part in helping to sustain it.

4. It is not published for speculation, and never has been, but for the good which it is capable of accomplishing, the profits, if any there be derived from it, being devoted to extending its sphere of usefulness, and benefiting the community.

5. It is doing its utmost to establish home industries, among which are paper making and type founding, stereotyping and electrotyping—branches necessary to the development and independence of the community, but which, during their infancy, which in this Territory they have not yet passed, can only be carried on as a pecuniary loss.

6. There is no danger of any subscriber to the News failing to get what he subscribes for through failure of the business and a suspension of the publication—a result in the case of hundreds of newspaper ventures every year.

7. It is now printed throughout its new and readable type, so that even the aged can read it without difficulty or danger to their eyesight.

8. It is free from objectionable advertisements, so that no parent need fear that his children will have their minds corrupted from having access to it; in fact, it reduces thousands of dollars worth of the best reading advertisements annually, because it is devoted to the moral and spiritual interests of its readers instead of to getting gain at their expense.

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10. It never consents to be readers by paying off columns of self-praise for every issue.

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