A TALE OF REVENGE.

"Manuel, I'll have to leave you to some time." Let everything go on as if I were here," said Dick Stanton to his foreman.

"Yes, sure. Some bad news, eh?"

"Yes, Manuel. I have a sweetheart, but I doubt if my arrival in the United States will make us as well as it will me."

"I shall see you once more before I go, no greeting, Manuel."

"Adios, senor."

Seven years before Richard Stanton had headed to Canyon with but little money in his pocket and no friends. He had plenty of money now, but was still without friends. For two years he had clerked in a coffee house, and then, tired of his position, he started for the goldfields. From the time he was born he had been kept from contact with the world. Every effort was made to drag from the present age of to be a cripple. And when at last the power expanded were strained he soared aloft, only to find a rich vein of gold where others had dissatisfied to search. And now he was a millionaire, with millions. But he took no pleasure from his wealth. He seemed happy only when in danger and spent more time handling bullets than in superintending his mine.

As he sat in his tent smoking his thoughts centered upon a little home England town. "I will open their eyes when I get home," he was thinking. "That rascal Ratcliffe will rue the day he ever married Maude Adams. He will be sorry now. My poverty and my station, for such he loved me, but she knew no more about father Duke as Poor Father! Brother Adams caused his death, I'm sure. I'll fix him! He wanted the old homestead, so he foreclosed the mortgage behind. Well, maybe some wouldn't hold malice toward any one who had treated them as they treated me. I hold neither. I'll be revenged for the death of my father and the loss of my home. I'm not cruel of the soft, forgiving kind. The poor home, yet to know that I would revenge myself at any cost."

Such thoughts welled up in the mind whenever he thought of home. Eight years before he had been in the same year at Harvard. His father was wealthy—comparatively, at least. He was engaged to be married to a beautiful girl. The world looked very bright to him. Then one morning he received news that his father was dead—had fallen his home sold, in fact. Following upon that, the announcement that his father was bankrupt, and a letter from his sweetheart telling him that she loved another. He learned enough to know that Junior Adams had been instrumental in causing the bankruptcy of his father and the breaking of his engagement.

When, some years before, Robert Stanton had come from college he found the funeral of his father and found himself penniless. He bribed proceeded to another town, he had actually swore that he would repay every dollar borrowed and cause the bankruptcy of Junior Adams, as his father had been made bankrupt. Then Maude Adams, she who had never liked poverty's blighting, cursing effects, should suffer too. He would bankrupt her husband too. His vengeance would be complete indeed.

Now it is morning, and the wagon train has carried out. It is still dark. The wheels rumble and groan, the bellowing and protesting and the ox wagons form the main body. The mounted men, each one carrying a gun and revolver, ride ahead. The mounted men are advised with caution, and one must go armed. No doubt, however, it likely to attack the Americans. So say the cowboy mountaineers as they wind their cloaks more closely about them. Now they are starting upa long range, and the drivers jump from the wagons and walk up. Dick's thoughts tumble from one thing to another, but always come back to the home of his childhood. He wondered if Maude Adams now Ratcliffe was happy. What mattered it to him? He now cut father's image as he lay cold in death cause back to him. "I wonder how Adams will look when I'm through with him?" he muttered. "He has the courage to kill himself."

It was still dark. A man rode up to him and in carried tones informed him of the presence of bandits a few miles ahead. Dick rode forward, and, placing a dozen men under his leadership, ordered them to advance and engage the bandits, if there were any. He knew this fellow, the bandits chief, Mendoza. He had pursued him for 100 miles. He was one of all money. So many reports are only rumors. How will he announce himself to-morrow? What will people think of him? He does not care for their opinion. He thinks only of his poor dead father. Junior Adams might as least have spared his old friend. He has them under his thumb now, for the world and they are penniless. It is future now. As they go higher and higher up the slope the lighter it gets. A large moon springs up. The time between sunrise and break of day is long. Dark! What is that? The faint crack of rifles is heard now. He urges his horse forward and with the guard dashes up the road. Now they have reached the place. Two of three men are lying upon the ground. Further down the road they are fighting, hand to hand. His men have been fired upon and launched the enemy. Down the road, upon one side of his guards fall, his sword club is a resistless stroke from the hands of the bandit chieftain. With cries of "Forward!" he rides down upon them.

The fight is soon over. Nearly all the bandits were killed. It had been a surprise to them. The rebels were gone when they reached the village. They only bring upon the group, supported by the lieutenant, is not that of a mulatto. No, it is the green face all that is mental of Robert Stanton, a bullet in his brain. And as the horseman, owning the uniformed of carrying bright colors, the dress boots and the rising sun glints across the ghastly set mouth from his little hole in the forehead. And then he looks at the face of Maude. He was buried in a rather grave surrounded with stones to keep the jackal away. And Dick, who he had reached the age of 30 years, has the rather cover and for now the account.—Lippincott's Mag.

TENDERNESS OF BOOKS.

The real beauty of a book is undeniably to be looking far beyond the covers, yet the wealth and beauty of the author's thought may find fitting clothing in nightly paper and an artistic binding. The indifference of many scholars seem to the outward form in which the great thoughts of their literary families appear before them is as strange as is the indifference or others to all books that are not specimens of fine printing and binding.

Ruskin, the lover of the beautiful in the common things of life, is an admirer where books are concerned. He appreciates a book for what it contains and can appreciate in the same breath its outer clothing, bear the mark of the most artistic skill. It is said that he never so much as thought to what form his own books were to be given to the world. Being an Oxfordian, he was supposed, he cared not in what garments their wares were clothed.

Ernest Renan was another scholar to whom the outward appearance of a book made no appeal. His large library is said to have contained no fine bindings. His study was his workshop, his books the tools that aided him in the attainment of his end, and he was not particularly careful of his tools, they say.

Of Darwin it is affirmed that he possessed no appreciation of the difference in the value of books and would treat a Bachelor and Elzevir with the same main contempt that he exercised toward a penny pamphlet. Green appeared to him a useless weight and decidedly in the way, and he often got rid of them by tripping them off. Sometimes the book was harmed.

It is said that in the east his friends used to give him any book wished to without to Salem, for they knew that, if it were ever returned, the man thinks to book would be as one.—Youth's Companion.

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MR. EDWARD STONTON, long connected with railroad construction in Nebraska, writes: "My health seriously failed and passed me for to years. Symptoms of bright was for months and most constant symptom. Intense excruciating pain, generally followed by severe exertion. Faintness, hunger without any appetite. Burning that made me shrink my tongue, and palpitation that often choked me as if I would fall. Sometimes severe. Again, everything would turn black if I arose from a sitting posture quickly. Sometimes sharp and excruciating darts were sometimes and I could get no rest day or night. I consulted leading physicians and tried advertised remedies. They gave no relief. One of Dr. Miles' circulars described my case so exactly that I took Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure and I am now a well man. I hope every one troubled with heart disease will try Dr. Miles' remedies. If they will write me personally, I will gladly give their full details of my experience." Geo. Stonton.

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NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE stockholders of the Utah Sugar Company will be held at the office of the company, 1 Exchange Place, in Salt Lake City, Utah, on Thursday, the 15th day of November, 1896, at 11 o'clock noon, for the purpose of the election of directors to serve for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

Dated at Salt Lake City, Utah, October 9, 1896.

CHARLES H. SYMS, Secy.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Parnassus Mining Co., Location of mining claims in Stockton Dist. Tooele Co., Utah. Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 1st day of October, 1896, the following assessment was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, viz: Assessment No. 3, 1 cent per share, payable on the 10th day of November, 1896, to the secretary, at the office of the company, 1 Exchange Place, Salt Lake City, Utah. Any stock upon which said assessment shall remain unpaid on the 10th day of November, 1896, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, November 23th, 1896, at 11 o'clock, a. m., to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
DOUGLAS VALLEY LAND & LIVE STOCK CO.
Little Dixie, Secretary.
Salt Lake City, Utah, Sept. 12, 1896.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN accordance with and under the power and authority granted to the undersigned by that certain deed of trust executed by Henry A. Wenzel and Ida Wenzel, his wife, to Henry W. Lawrence, Trustee, for the benefit of the Utah Savings and Trust Company, a corporation, dated the 1st day of July, 1890, in Book 2 of Trust Deeds, page 1, of the records of Salt Lake County, Utah, and recorded in said County, Utah, and at the request of the legal owner and holder of the indebtedness secured by said trust deed, I will sell at the time, place, and in the manner following, to wit: At the hour of 12 o'clock noon, on the 10th day of November, 1896, at the place where the Court House of said Salt Lake County stands in said Salt Lake City, Utah, on the 10th day of October, 1896, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon