TED AND TOM.

Ted and Tom were brothers, born in the same old farmhouse.

Proud as the rose your mother, friend is the world's delight.

Both shared the same red wattleback, but chanced to be some cockerel.

Ended in the barnyard, and fed to some pet cat's dinner.

Ted embraced all creeds, passed the world's test approvingly.

And found Knowledge across through laundry bills.

He asked unanswerable scores, by boiling liquid lessons.

Boasted to whipper-snappers and better-thanyou moral shells.

Tom lived a peaceful life, sweetly the sun shone on him.

And found his reward between red wattleback and cockerel.

He asked no questions, he simply ate the wheat, and was fed.

Ted, he thought, grew out between the maple leaves.

Ted, he felt, had a knowledge far beyond his wattleback.

He saw the wise sparrows, the sweet, pleasant cows.

The big hen by the pear woods, the lambs in the meadow.

The red house in the valley—the house where he was born.

Tom lived in obscurity, and had to stick to his wattleback.

Thought sparrows divided by studying lands and seas.

Felt proud the north lambkin, both lived in the meadow green.

Until both met together beneath the maple tree.

—S. W. Tom in Tuscan Rhythm.

REFORMING AN OUTCAST

"I was a vaquero the other day," said the old cattleman, tipping back his chair, "how some old Roman chary who most likely was interested in the wars says: 'All roads lead to Rome.' Jim knows quite a Roman myself, or rather of the same ways that an Hombre about, I of course don't mean author, so simply lets her fly as a quotation for what it's worth. It suggests, however—leaves Rome for the reformation of now—that all trails leads likewise to Rome. No one can tell how soon or by what curious means some sorry, free thief sort of fellow, of no more value to a decent camp than an Apache or a horned toad, will come spurr 'round on his blind trails as to good people.

"This yere was mighty nearest the row with a trail up I know, name by the name of Johnson. He comes into Wolfville one day in August, along of a paint pony. He comes trailin' in after the stage at the time, for company like, I suppose, which the same is not unusual. Old Monte, the driver, never shows cussed like with his nose in his whisky, so how he sees Johnson feel back some thirty miles into the Lila, an as old Monte seemed to reckon a whole lot, that Johnson owns some cattle comes in, an as the Jew ain't worry in no some colour, we all lets her go at that.

"Johnson, Mister? Is a long, lean, good looking kind of a fellow, with a quick eye, which is gettin its share of the coinery right along, an if he's remarkable at all it's because he's partially around mighty cautious, as some like he's as curious as a prairie dog. As far as my opinion goes at that time, I reckon like him. I like some of his ways, drinks whisky straight, an that, neutral cool, kinder does him to my heart. Then, as I, one night I observes him in a little game with Cheroker Bill, an Johnson lays down three queens when Cheroker reckons Bill ain't too down, an there I respects him. A man who is not willing to be imposed on by some who is to lay down three queens is plenty sure, an when found he has no to spare.

"Well? Did you Johnson is trackin 'round Wolfville, now in it's two weeks, sculpin of a little galoot, a backer of a little faro an absolute of his friends afterwards, an all in a way which polite politic suspicion to sleep in a manner if, it ever this in hand, which is doubt.

"One month we was all mighty sure blankets an scrambled for the 'Early Bird' all on account first drink time an we was gathered that for our morning eye fizzy drops—when in comes Dan Boggs all spoiled out.

"'Gosh,' says Dan to a tune as shows he's all keyed up, 'Gosh, I'm a longed Johnson is somebody ain't done run off every hose we has in the corral—leastways he's run off his hosts, bein as of the stage company's in the hands too.'

"'Well,' says Sam Enright, as'ally tipping up his glass until he gets every drop as it comes to him, 'takin two hosses is different from takin all. Means you go over an see about stealin four hosses—get hot news, Jack, an lookeep, Kitty up first drink time with enough medicine—give us some of the Willow run stuff. I reckon, I'm goin on, takin to the rest of us, 'we overtakeds the pure hoss dealer too soon.' Enright was chief of the Stranglers, an a prompt, thoughtful man. You can gamble he knowed his business.

"'While we are waitin for the hosses,' says Dan Peets, an I starts to mention that good likely the yere Peets was the smartest man I ever saw. 'Yonder we survives the strap on Red Nell's saddle. It may help find the thief.'

"Dan Peets stays out an turns his six shooter here three or four times, as of course all the blind trails comes rushin up eager for to see whatever gets doused so early in the day, an when we sounds down on Red Nell's saddle just about this pure sharp, Johnson.

"'I reckon he's our man,' says Enright. 'I don't go much, but you all know I'm all takin the hosses. Reckon is comin 'with, an grub out an get him.'

"So Peets, Booth, Buggess Cheroker Bill stops into the saddle an, pickin up the trail over by the corral, lines out toward the Tuscan. They runs the trail until late that afternoon, an then, as guess it agin is the time to turn, it takes 'em into the hills. Yere it gets hard and rocky, an they, neutral-mouth, and bein Injuns, lose it. An Injun can track a mouse along a stone wall, but white men ain't got an owls gift. But on they goes, trail or no trail.

"'We gets this yere Johnson,' says Jack Booth, 'or my name is a cinnamon bear! I know right to these yere hills how we gets. Either we gets him or I don't go back no more, in which event Wolf'ville has not rule nor lawes, but a volcanic abyss.' Booth is mighty for the Stranglers, as he is outside like this pure Johnson to stick in and grab to the lawes placed in mighty groups an gets to Jack.

"'As the truth, we stumbles up a valley an here lows a lone whinny feeder side of the hill. It was one of the three hosses, an he gets wind of an appearance of two—they hate to stick 'em—when the same is caught in the brush and ropes, an as he lows 'Howdy' to him, says Bolivar, 'Pure hoss, he says 'howdy' back, at the same minute there pour here people in from all quarters into the valley where the six hosses is, an each wondering. Sez Johnson, for that our name is Jack A. Sim, it's some lively. When the dust settles there's that man Johnson stretched out with his big holster at the hoss, an Booth is busy getting his cattle off his red dead hoss to get it outen another. Then there sets Johnson in a saddle after tying his big holster for his hosses, which he all takes on, same intended to the market, an leave out for home.

"'Just as the south is entering into a long, suave stretch of canyon where the walls is high an inclinable, they hears fifteen or twenty guns behind 'em, an at the same time the bullets begin to scatter an scatter around in the rocks. Back they looks and there's forty Injuns up the valley half a mile.

"'Old you wants us, do you?' says Booth, plenty scornful; 'well, we'll just lead you up a whole lot! What do you say, Peets, let's stop an give 'em a rough time? There's enough in it, of course, but let it go into the annals of the south under the head of "good of the order."'

"'Jim,' says Peets, 'let's get out of the hills onto the flat ground first. You good a chance to cover 'round us yere.'

"'But I'm constitutionally agin it,' lewis Injuns to prefer 'round too this away,' says Jack. 'What do you allege?' he continued to Buggs an Cheroker.

"Buggs was for stopin, an Cheroker allowed he don't care none which way anything as suits the rest suits him.

"'Don't I get no vote in this yere, I'd like for to know?' says Johnson, who was on his hoss Injunin, soon pale with his bowed lids, but none an only got the same. 'Ain't I into this at all?'

"'Well, I should say not,' says Booth, mighty nonconsentin. 'Do you think we're movin out yere in the hills to let a hoss thief wave along of us? If you do, you ain't got our goods, none of us!'

"'At this time the Injuns is close an, without will an wanted good lifin they shoot do, an as Peets is more low nominant stands, sorter drops the whole south in front of a polite' rocks an he plays pumpkin if like the heathen in a mighty civilized way. This yere goes on for the minutes, an for Johnson water drops out of the pours here must be enough what ships they're about.

"'Lemme,' says Johnson to Peets, while they're waitin, 'you all's shore due to bring me where we gets to Wolfville?'

"'We must likely will make a holiday this away,' says Peets. 'Why, what ever made you think it?'

"'I ain't thinkin of it,' says Johnson, 'look whatever. The pouch for my way of begoing a conversation here, when I'm getting to a thief I'm goin to bring explosive, an it hurts my lady the blues to die. Now, what's the number of you all gives me a Wolfville and a neighborly Cody, and say about 10 pounds of "Hy," an then we camp right yere in the rocks an carry on the war. You all can stroll off to Wolfville then, an I'll see that no Injuns go by you. The canyon will'll see they don't go round more, an that you be. I think she's a lucky go good an fine, indeed, so does we—both. They won't relieve done you for two hours, an I'll give you start yonder, even if you're afoot. What do you say? is it a go?'

"'What do you all think?' says Peets to the rest, some thinkin of it wore to Johnson. 'It looks all right to me. This yere same is hoss thief bein sent simply pedees Injuns to us an bullets to a rope. I would myself, absolutely standard. It seems likely to a bunch of the boys a trip to make like ride out. What do you all say? Shall we let him make the play?'

"'It looks like when a man's done bound to lose anything,' says Cheroker, 'he shore ought to be allowed to say which card he drops his stack on.'

"'We might as well let him have his way,' says Booth gloomily. 'Pickin him in with his bound knee is a heap of bother, an when we do get him to thar we ain't got no real good rope and no place to swing him to. Hangin him to the windmill stage promotion's to that quarter for an hour an interferes with the water supply. On account of not being able to drink water, an a mere remain in the way, the last time we came up on Tonto Dave, Sin Bucker gets 'very bothered an perplexed' an in the thirteenth excitement an we don't see no rope till 7 o'clock. Sin Bucker tells us then that's the last time we ever hangs a man to the windmill. Sez sure she won't stand no more of it. Stretchin of a dead man don't do no good neither. It ain't no examples.'

"'Be everybody hollin' alike about it,' they says an gives Johnson a Winchester an a hoss of six shooters, an points him down behind a rock, with his back agin another, turns him over a cookeen of whiskey, an says, 'Adios.'

"'You're gain to have a chance now, Johnson,' says Peets, 'as the scrapbiss for society, an I thinks hopes you improve it, an don't lay down on it none.'

"'That's all right, boys,' says Johnson, takin a big drink an warm his hand all pleasant. 'When you all gets in, just wake us in the morning an we fetch up this my scrapbiss, an tell him to stretch up his count on Apaches at back too.'

"'Do you mean to tell me,' says Peets Bill, for one a double, when they stood in front of the Red Light, 'some time hours large an ashes the rest of us have the gains, stands, the you all which to dance? you an tell that you had while off a short a week an leaves a white man behind with a bullet in his hoss to get shot an stabbed by Injuns? Cheroker,' continues Bill, gets over to him with hoss in his eyes, 'I wouldn't hankin for no such play from you, no time.'

"'Why, Bill,' says Cheroker, 'this yere is what I ought to have done.'

"'Well, I don't,' says Cheroker, 'this yere is what I ought to have done.' Johnson was not be long, anyhow, on of our differences, as he says himself, it is for such cases he was hired. It is hard to quit another. Now the stage's back, he's gone, to get a whole lot of liquor home, Bet, which would show to a stranger he was on a spree. Let's go to Johnson. If you wants to know Johnson is fired when Dan Aguchas pungs up, you sees, he finally plays in a whole lot of luck.'

"'I'm goin over after that sure,' says Pete Bill, all of a fashion and not a wrinkle of a hoss for her body or thinks cold shoulder the street.

"'You can't lay fire!' continues, over the street, says Peets, as you see gamble Peets insisted, 'we make Hoss you sees, bet, an we might just as well call this yere a place an all Lock's middle up an follow Bill. Since the states settles her way, I'm beginnin to have a sickly sight of curiosity about this yere Johnson myself.'

"So they spun the whole be-part of the south middle up an we all goes stampedin off after Pete Bill. It was a long, hard run into these hills, but we makes it all right. We finds Johnson up with his rock, a little paler an a little drawn—he's been thar' long hours this lim an fights an cuffeins, an it's yer gotem dark—but from the looks of things and in front it appears he's been with the hind sights right along when he shoots. This yere Johnson who clearly shows strain grace an carry cases. Of course when the Injuns seen an sounds they hoops states this way, too quick. They was glad of an excuse, some they was quite a long trail of Johnson, the way he acts, an was thinkin of quitin him anyhow.

"'Now we gets this yere outfoot agin,' says Peets to Enright as the rest whoops was all in back in the Lila. 'Whatever is we gets to do with him?'

"'Well,' says Enright, 'of course, here sentin by the laws of God an man means hangin. This is in the regular everything game of life. But this yere is an exception. We don't know this yere man man, whom shoots a hoss of Red Nell's, an Red Nell also our pizza on our to get home. We reckon we'll not give him over to Nell to do what she likes with. What do you say, Bill? What'll we all do with this yere Johnson?'

"'Pete Bill gets closer to Cheroker an pulls his hoss above whispers. 'Cheroker,' he says.

"'Whatever you say is right, Bill,' says Cheroker, unmoldin down his face. 'You can gamble is goin to be right in Wolfville, so tell 'em what it is.'

"'Well, then,' says Bill, holdin up close to Cheroker an takin hold of his hand behind her, 'we'll'll let gets all well an then give the poor a pony an let him hope. We don't want him anyway.'

"'Well, sir, the yere Lower Gila yere dance pulses Johnson. I reckon he's good after all, and sure is Peets, an he's got a reason an a fine name an is sickness complete. He tells me since he's got all an account of three months of Peets Bill. Yere number he hoped an he ain't go to go home for an. As he allows—oh, it's lovely thing Quiet in Kansas City Star.

For the Ears.

"'Oh—oh—oo,' hollered the thirsty tenderfoot who he had just a large, sunburned, tenderfoot style of lady through for pears for music opera. 'I—I hardly think you'll do.'

"'What—what's the matter?' she stammered, quite knocked out.

"'Oh, well, pear voice isn't the kind for the ears.'

"'But it will do for cross roads, won't it?' she inquired.

He scratched his head for a moment and got over to the other side of the dark.

"'Won't it?' the school teacher and literally.

"'Oh, come, you, for big walls, or—or—or something like that,' said he dodged those times and got away all the side counters.—Detroit Free Press.

Possibility in Necessity Mines.

Many valuable gold or silver mines, which could not be worked profitably owing the expense of transporting fuel to the mines, are now being operated by electric motors, whose power is furnished by another mine in the valley, which uses water power.—New York Times.

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LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court of the County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of Thomas Stevens, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned administrator of the estate of Thomas Stevens, deceased, has filed his final account and report in said estate, and that the court has appointed Tuesday, the 12th day of January, 1892, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the court room of said court, in the City and County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah, as the time and place for hearing said account and report and the settlement of said estate, when and where all persons interested in said estate may appear and show cause why said account should not be settled and said administrator be discharged from said trust.

Dated December 24, 1891.

C. E. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.

By C. E. Allen, Deputy.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the estate of George Martin Millard, Deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of Real Estate should not be made.

MARGARET A. WHITE, THE ADMINISTRATRIX of the estate of George Martin Millard, deceased, having filed her petition herein, praying for the order of a private sale of the real estate of said deceased, consisting of the undivided one-half of the following described real estate, viz: Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40,