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A LISTENING BIRD.

A little bird sat on an apple tree,
And he was as brown as brown could be;
He preened and he primped, and ruffled his throat,
But from it there floated no silvery note.
"Not a song can I sing," sighed he, sighed he—
"Not a song can I sing," sighed he.

A tremulous shower the apple tree shed
Its pink and white blossoms on his head.
The gay sun shone, and like jubilant words
He heard the gay song of a thousand birds.
"All the others can sing," he dolefully said—
"All the others can sing," he said.

So he sat and he drooped. But as far and wide
The music was borne on the air's warm tide,
A sudden thought came to the sad little bird,
And he lifted his head as within him it stirred.
"If I cannot sing, I can listen," he cried.
"But I can listen!" he cried.
—Julia C. R. Dorr in Harper's Young People.

HOW A WOMAN LOVED.

"As the marquise has said," began the old doctor, "love is an affair of temperament; for my part, a passion came under my observation that lasted fifty-five years, without a day of respite, and was terminated only by death."

The marquise clapped her hands.

"Isn't that nice!" cried she. "How delicious to be loved so! What happiness to live fifty-five years enveloped by such affection! How happy he should be, and how he ought to bless life, the man who is adored in that fashion!"

The doctor resumed with a smile:

"Indeed, madam, you are not deceived upon the point that the beloved being was a man. You know him—he is M. Chouquet, the apothecary of the town. As to the woman, you knew her also—she was the old chair mender, who came every year to the chateau. But I will make myself better understood."

The enthusiasm of the ladies had cooled and their countenances expressed disgust, as if love had no business save with elegant and highborn people.

The doctor continued:

"Three months ago I was summoned to that old woman's deathbed. She had arrived the day before in the wagon that served her for a dwelling, drawn by the sorry horse you have seen and accompanied by her two huge black dogs, her friends and guardians. The cure was already there. She made us her testamentary executors, and, to explain to us the meaning of her last wishes, related to us the history of her whole life. I know of nothing more touching.

"Her father and mother both were chair menders. She had never lived in a house built upon the ground. When young she had wandered about, ragged and dirty. They stopped just outside of the villages, along the ditches; they unharnessed; the horse cropped the grass, the dog dozed, his muzzle upon his paws, and the child rolled amid the verdure, while her parents mended, in the shade of the roadside elms, all the old chairs of the commune. They spoke but little. After the few words necessary to decide who should go around among the houses uttering the well known cry, 'The chair mender is here!' they began to twist the straw, sitting opposite to each other or side by side. When the child strayed too far or endeavored to make the acquaintance of some village urchin, her father's angry voice recalled her with, 'Will you come here, you little wench?' These were the kindest words she ever heard.

"When she grew larger they sent her to gather up the broken chairs. While thus engaged she became acquainted with several lads here and there, but it was then the parents of her new friends who roughly recalled their children, shouting: 'Will you come here, you slovenly boy? I'll teach you better than to chatter with barefooted vagrants!' Often the little lads threw stones at her.

"Some ladies having given her a few sous, she kept them carefully. One day—she was then twelve years old—as she was passing through this district, she met back of the cemetery little Chouquet, who was weeping because a comrade had stolen two sous from him. Those tears of a little bourgeois, of one of those lads whom she imagined in her weak vagrant's head to be always contented and joyous, upset her. She approached, and when she knew the reason of his trouble she poured into his hands all her savings, seven sous. He naturally took them and wiped away his tears. Then, wild with joy, she had the audacity to kiss him. As he was attentively gazing at the money he let her go ahead. Seeing that she was neither repulsed nor beaten she began again; she hugged him with all her might, with all her heart. Then she ran off.

"What was passing in her miserable head? Had she attached herself to the boy because she had sacrificed her vagabond's fortune for him, or because she had given him her first tender kiss? The mystery is the same for children as for grown up people. For months she dreamed of that corner of the cemetery and of the boy. In the hope of seeing him again she robbed her parents, pocketing a sou here and another there from the money she collected for chair mending, or the sums with which she was sent to buy provisions.

"When she returned to the district she had two francs in her pocket, but she could only catch a glimpse of the little apothecary, looking very neat, through the window of the paternal shop, between a bottle filled with red liquid and a shelf well stocked with drugs. She only loved him the more, fascinated, agitated, rendered ecstatic by this glory of colored water, this apotheosis of sparkling glass.

"She kept in her memory the ineffaceable recollection of him, and when she met him the following year, back of the school house, playing marbles with his comrades, she hugged and kissed him with such violence that he howled with fear. Then, to quiet him, she gave him her money—three francs twenty centimes—a genuine treasure that he stared at with wide open eyes. He took it, and let her caress him as long as she wanted to.

"For four years more she poured into his hands all the money she could get, which he pocketed conscientiously in exchange for willing kisses. It was one time thirty sous, once or twice two francs, once twelve sous (she wept with pain and humiliation on account of the smallness of the sum, but the year had been bad), and the last time five francs, a huge coin that made him laugh contentedly.

"She had no thought but of him. He awaited her return with a certain impatience, and ran to meet her as soon as he saw her, which made the young girl's heart leap.

"Then he disappeared. He had been sent to college. She found this out by shrewd questioning. Then she used infinite diplomacy to change the route of her parents, so that she could pass through here at holiday time. She succeeded, but only after a year spent in stratagems; she had thus been two years without seeing him, and she hardly recognized him, so greatly had he changed—he was so tall, so much improved and so imposing in his jacket with gilt buttons. He feigned not to see her, and passed proudly by her. This made her weep for two days, and from that time she suffered constantly.

"Every year she returned, passed before him without daring to speak to him, and he did not even deign to turn his eyes toward her. She loved him desperately. She said to me: 'He is the only man I have seen on this earth. I know not if any others exist.'

"Her parents died. She continued their trade, but she had two dogs instead of one—two terrible dogs that no one would have dared to brave. One day, on entering this village, in which her heart had remained, she saw a young woman come out of the Chouquet shop on the arm of the man she adored. She was his wife. He was married. That very evening she threw herself into the pond near the mayor's house. A belated drunkard fished her out and carried her to the apothecary shop.

"The younger Chouquet in a dressing gown came down to care for her, and restored her to consciousness without appearing to recognize her. Then he said to her in a harsh voice: 'You are mad! You must not be so stupid!'

"This sufficed to cure her. He had spoken to her. She was happy for a long while. He would receive nothing for his care of her, though she stoutly insisted upon paying him. And all her life passed thus. As she mended chairs she thought of Chouquet. Every year she saw him through the window of the shop. She acquired the habit of purchasing of him supplies of trifling medicines. In that way she saw him close beside her, spoke to him, and gave him money.

"As I told you when I began, she died this spring. After having related her sad history, she begged me to take to the man whom she had loved so patiently all the savings of her lifetime, for she had toiled only to put aside, she said, so sure that he would think of her, at least once, after she was dead.

"She gave me 2,327 francs. I left with monsieur the cure the twenty-seven francs for the burial and carried away the rest when she had uttered her last sigh.

"The next day I went to the house of the Chouquets. They were just finishing their breakfast. They made me sit down, and I began my speech in an unsteady voice, satisfied that they would weep. As soon as he comprehended that he had been beloved by that vagabond, that chair mender, Chouquet leaped to his feet with indignation. His wife was equally exasperated. Chouquet strode about the room, exclaiming: 'That is simply horrible! Oh, if I had known it when she was alive, I would have had her arrested by the gendarmes and put in prison!' I was stupefied at the result of my pious undertaking, but I had my mission to complete, and I resumed:

"'She charged me to give you her savings, amounting to over 2,000 francs. As what I have told you seems to be very disagreeable to you, it would, perhaps, be better to give the money to the poor?'

"The man and woman stared at me, dumb with amazement. I took the money from my pocket. Then I demanded, 'What is your decision?' Mme. Chouquet was the first to speak. 'Since it was the woman's last wish,' she said, 'it seems to me that we cannot well refuse to take the money.' The husband, slightly confused, resumed, 'We can at least buy something with it for our children.'

"I said, with an air of disgust, 'as you please.' Then I handed him the money, bowed, and took my departure. That was the only absolutely unselfish love I ever met with in my life, the love of the poor chair mender for so unworthy a man," said the doctor in conclusion.

Then the marquise, who had tears in her eyes, sighed:

"Decidedly, only women know how to love!"—Theodore de Banville in Newark News.

A Remarkable Painting.

The vivid and stupendous processes in modern iron working, with their remarkable capabilities of representation on canvas, have been availed of, it appears, in a most attractive manner by a German artist, Adolf Menzel. In a great picture, the "Cyclop's Workshop," there is represented the interior of a large iron foundry, with its giant steam hammer, its blast and puddling furnaces, and its huge cylinders, that roll out glowing masses of iron of vast weight as if they were but soft paste. One of these glowing masses forms the center around which the interest of Menzel's picture moves.

It has passed through the first rollers, and is being taken up with great tongs by the foremost workmen in order to be passed on to the second, a proceeding that involves a prodigious exertion of strength. Other workmen are employed in different processes—some directing the machinery, one in the foreground wheeling away a newly forged cylinder on a barrow, others are undergoing a very necessary process of purification and shirt changing, while others again are seen in a group in the background, already beginning their midday meal, and in the background of all is dimly visible the iron and steam monster that supplies the motive force for all this wonderful work.—New York Sun.

Civil engineering is the only profession in which women have not as yet figured conspicuously, but it is known that for some years the sisters of J. Edgar Thompson, the railroad magnate, have worked with their brother in the latter's office at civil engineering.

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THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN
Cures Promptly and Permanently
RHEUMATISM,
Lumbago, Headache, Toothache,
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Sore Throat, Swellings, Frost-bites,
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Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds.
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Are You Interested?

The following frank statement from J. E. Hare, of Trenton, Texas, will be of interest to many of our citizens: "My little boy was very bad for two months with diarrhoea. We used various medicines, also called in two doctors, but nothing did him any good until we used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which gave immediate relief and soon cured him. I consider it the best medicine made, and can conscientiously recommend it to all who need a diarrhoea or colic medicine." For sale by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept. d&w

The First Step.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into Nervous Prostration. You need a Nerve Tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and Alterative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the Liver and Kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50c. at A. C. Smith & Co.'s Drug Store. tu

MONEY TO LOAN

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Excursion to Wasatch.

There is no lovelier spot in the mountains anywhere adjacent to Salt Lake than Wasatch.

The Rio Grande sells round trip excursion tickets at rate of $1.[illegible].

Trains leave daily at 8:00 a. m., returning at [illegible] p.m.

J. H. BENNETT,
General Passenger Agent. d

"Don't Care to Eat."

It is with the greatest confidence that Hood's Sarsaparilla is recommended for loss of appetite, indigestion, sick headache and similar troubles. This medicine gently tones the stomach, assists digestion and makes one real hungry." Persons in delicate health, after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a few days, find themselves longing for and eating the plainest food with unexpected relish. T

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The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. C. Smith & Co.

GARFIELD BEACH.

New Time Card.

On and after June 28th trains will run as follows:

Leave Salt Lake.	Arrive Garfield.	Leave Garfield.	Arrive Salt Lake.
*7.30 a.m.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
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[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

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For Catarrh.

Use Dr. Isaac Hardy's Catarrh Remedy and Tonic Bitters, the two used together will eradicate it from the system. Johnson, Pratt & Co., Wholesale Agents, Salt Lake City. dlm

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

Lucky [illegible] Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, Park City, Utah. Location of Mine, [illegible] Creek Mining District, Wasatch County, Utah.

NOTICE.—THERE ARE DELINQUENT upon the following described stock, on account of an assessment of [illegible] levied on the [illegible] day of [illegible], the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Names.	No. of Certificate.	No. of Shares.	Amt. Due
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Trustees, made on the [illegible] day of May, 1891, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at [illegible], Salt Lake City, Utah, on the [illegible] day of [illegible], 1891, at the hour of [illegible], to pay delinquent assessments thereon, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

W. J. BURTON, Secretary.
No. [illegible] Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.
[illegible]

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37 to 43 W. First South Street, Salt Lake City, Utah,

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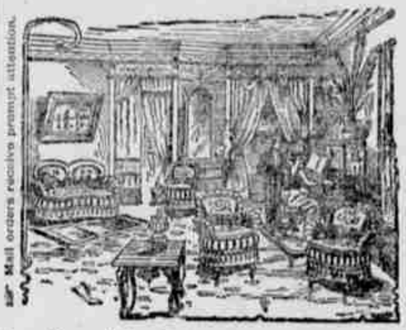

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NEAT and DURABLE FOOTWEAR
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Alike undisturbed by summer's heat and winter's storms. We have

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