THE MINSTREL.

He thought he saw much sing
A song of love and spring,
The statesman, though he held a full strong
lyre
Because he lacked the art
Warm labor years unwork
Because the skill was less than the desire.

And so we lie so sense to know
Just how the time should flow,
But science the young amber sure so strong,
The impulse of the heart
Is stronger than the art,
The skill to sing is better than the song.

The relenting touch of time
Shifts into the hasty rhyme
That in the test of years once spurned contrast
For reason in webs of thought
The flying dreams are caught
Age looks beyond the scene to the vast.

Ah, could the singer's art
Assume the lofty part
As sages the brother in the realm of song!
Ah, could their greater themes
Show like the early dreams,
What minstrel then would say he had lived too long?

—Chebotarev P. Crouch in Harper's.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

I suppose it is owing to my having led an unusually free and active out of door life that I am exempt from the nervous terror and hysterical sensibility generally supposed to be inherent in a woman's nature. In spite of a taint of inherited superstition and the gruesome tales of the negro nurse, I grew fearless alike of bogies lurking in dark corners, "haunts" infesting deserted houses, or the more real terrors of rural life in the south.

An only daughter, I was brought up with a house full of brothers. A notorious "pickle," I at last learned and admitted authority at, defiance, and indulged in hours of daily wandering on foot or horseback. My almost masculine training stood me in good stead when the hour of peril came.

I had been married about a year when the war broke out. My mother was then dead; my husband and brothers at once entered the army; my father, though an old man now, joined a company of home guards, and I was left virtual manager of our large sugar plantation, and sole proprietor of my baby boy and our household goods. My only reliable help was the overseer, but the negroes seemed docile, and as yet I had had little trouble.

One autumn evening as I sat in the hall rocking my baby to sleep my father passed through and paused to say:

"Nan, I'm called off to town in a great hurry. They're looking for trouble with the negroes, and some wiseacres say they've noised out a regular conspiracy. You had better pack up and go with me. I don't like to leave you here alone."

"To-night! Oh, father, I really couldn't! It would take so long to get ready, and I can't thing of taking baby out at night and a storm coming up. Just look at that cloud in the northwest! I'd much rather stay at home. I'm not the least afraid."

"Well, do as you like. I don't think myself there's any danger. No doubt it will turn out a mare's nest. But you'd better have Simpson to sleep at the house."

"Very well. Hurry up, or you will get caught in the rain."

As soon as my father was off I dispatched my maid to the quarters to summon the overseer. In a few minutes she returned.

"De obersear done lay up wid de ague. He done got de orange pee'ling laid fer sho'. Cain't stretch he laigs nuuuse'n dey's tongs, 'n' he eyes done roll up 'n' set en de roff er he haid. 'N' he tongue"——

Here the fearful catalogue of ailments was cut short by the entrance of Aunt Sukey, my sidline nurse and now my cook.

"Don't yer b'leeve er wud er dat jambaree, Miss Nan. Dat gal de lyines' lin' er ole scratch ever sun borned. 'N' I wo'kes at you habin' her 'bout dat precious baby. Yaas' does I, chile. Yer knows her husban', de wustin' darkey on de place, 'n' all de pains yer tuck ter hender her f'um marryin' him. But laws! when dem fool gals take er notion ter er man, seems like dey dos hses de sense dey borned wid, 'n' goes ter 'struction like dey's drug dar. 'N' now she cut no better'n him. Evil mauntious her kreckled bad manners, Miss Nan. Yer tek my wud for dat, honey."

"That's the very reason I've taken the girl, Aunt Sukey," said I, trying not to smile at this scriptural quotation. "She has neither father nor mother, and her husband is almost always 'run away.' What would become of her without somebody to look after her?"

"Huh! stich er her don't need none er yo' lookin' atter. True' sis Sam ter look atter his own, chile."

"That's just the looking after I don't want her to have." I began, when I was interrupted by a loud boo-hoo from Sally.

"Aunt Sukey allus er peckin' at me 'n' er tryin' to set folk fgin me! I cut dose muffin ter be not 'gin! Tant my fant cute Sam run away, 'n' I not tell no lies nudder. De obersear am all crook up on de hald wid he toes on he neuf."

"There, Sally, that will do. You're not going to be punished her sudden, unless I find you've told a story."

"D' dat dos what I gwine ter tine out," cried Aunt Sukey. "I'se gwine straight ter de quarters 'n' dissyvyerse Mauna Simpson's leg 'n' toos 'n' come back 'n' tuke yer de truth 'bout 'em, Miss Nan."

"Aunt Sukey allus er peckin' at me 'n' er tryin' to set folk fgin me! I cut dose muffin ter be not 'gin! Tant my fant cute Sam run away, 'n' I not tell no lies nudder. De obersear am all crook up on de hald wid he toes on he neuf."

"Yes, don't do that, Aunt Sukey. Revolver yourselves instead. If you get straight to the rain your legs and toes will be worse off than Mr. Simpson's. Just see if he's really sick, and, if not, tell him to come up and sleep at the house to-night. I am too nervous, and so lonesome with no one for company but baby and Sally."

With an emphatic sniff and a "Huh! better off dout her sumpy!" Aunt Sukey departed.

Minute after minute passed and she did not return. Night and the storm drew rapidly nearer, but neither Aunt Sukey nor the overseer appeared.

At last I gave them up, concluding she had found Mr. Simpson really sick, turned from the bed, and dashed out into the wet, dark night.

Oh, if I could only reach the overseer's house before that door gave way! But the quarters were half a mile off, the night as black as pitch, the road a slough of mud and water. On I thundered, straining my babe desperately to my bosom, sinking ankle deep at every step, my slippers dropping off, my clothes saturated with wet, clinging tight to my limbs and impeding every motion.

All at once I stumbled over something lying in the path, and nearly fell forward on my face. In the pitchy darkness I could see nothing, but I heard a moan, and stooping down I passed my hand over a prostrate form that by the tattooed head and hand I terrified recognized as the house I knew to be a negress.

"Aunt Sukey!" I exclaimed at a venture.

"Dat you, Miss Nan! Reuse de lord lind not chyses to run the risk of getting wet just to say so.

I fastened the doors and windows, and when all was safe and secure I directed Sally to spread her pallet on the floor of my room, and set down to while away the lonely hours as best I could. My boy slept soundly, undisturbed by the now continual thunder and lightning, and his nurse seemed seen to follow his example.

As for me, I never felt less like sleeping in my life. Whether it was the effect of the electricity in the atmosphere I am not scientific enough to say, but every nerve in me seemed unpleasantly alive, quivering to the lightest touch or sound. I was not afraid, I had no sense of danger, but an acute feeling of utter and helpless isolation possessed me.

However, I was the last person to give way to such fancies, and taking up a little book I was endeavoring for my boy's sested myself by the lamp, determined to find in steady employment a sedative for my excited nerves.

Everything in the house was profoundly still. Outside the thunder had gradually died away, and only the steady pour of the rain broke the silence of night. Suddenly another sound caught my ear—very slight, scarcely perceptible, but I found it. Something inside the room had moved. Without looking round or otherwise stirring I raised my eyes to an opposite mirror and watched the girl Sally.

When making her bed for the night she had spread it close to the back door of my room. That door I had myself locked when sending the house for the night, yet I now saw it slowly and cautiously open and the girl slip quietly through.

This door did not open on the yard, but into a sort of inclosed gallery that ran back of my room and the dining room. What could she want in there? I was on the point of calling to her when Aunt Sukey's warning flashed across my mind.

Could it be possible that her husband, the negro desperado she had so determined to marry, lay hidden there? The plans was seldom entered at night, being used as a linen and china closet. She could easily have slipped him in there at dusk and concealed him in one of the numerous presses.

And with what object? That question was easily answered. There were quantities of silver plate stored there, much of it handed down by distant forbears from colonial times, and not yet become the spoil of war. This was indeed a tempting prize. If they could escape with it to the Yankee lines riches and freedom would reward their successful robbery and evasion.

But would robbery be all? Would not murder be once to follow?

There was no outlook to the gallery, no window, nothing but solid wall lined with presses. The door leading into the dining room was locked within. Their only egress was through my room, and if they intended me no harm would not they have waited until I was asleep and tried to slip off with their plunder without my knowledge?

Yes, they meant me mischief; I was sure of it. The man was one of the very worst types of his race; he owed me a grudge for having opposed his marriage, and my father bitter hatred for severe though well merited punishment. My life and perhaps my child's would be taken. Even sudden and violent death might not be the worst fate in store for me.

But what could I do? Alone in the house, burdened with an infant, at the mercy of these two miscreants, not even a closed door between me and them? Well, something I must do. If I perished it should not be through my own cowardice. My nerves steadied, and my old bold spirit rose to the emergency.

It has taken long to tell these thoughts, but they whirled through my brain with the velocity of light, and in less than two minutes after Sally crept from the room I was ready to act.

I rolled up my boy's little frock deliberately—ah! would he ever wear it?—placed work, scissors and thimble in my sewing basket, yawning aloud as I did so, set back the basket against the wall, and with another yawn sauntered leisurely across the room to the bureau and commenced taking down my hair.

The bureau was on the same side of the room as the back door, and not two yards from it. With every sense on the alert, I distinguished a low, shuffling noise in the gallery, not as it seemed to me, very near the door, but coming from the middle of the floor. My treacherous maid had released her husband from his hiding place, and they were stealthily approaching my room.

With one bound I was at the door. It was slammed, locked and bolted in a breath. Not a moment too soon. As the bolt shot a heavy weight dashed against it, and a volley of oaths poured out in the unmistakable lingo of a plantation darky.

I had not a second to lose. How long the door would resist their attack was a question of minutes. Even now it was quivering and creaking under them a powerful blows. I snatched up my baby, wrapped him hurriedly in a Lawd! I fought yer Aunt Sukey's time done come. 'dood did I, chile. Dat ole darkey runaway nigger, Sam Hatter, come creep me dis time. I gwine atter de obersees, 'n' he dee tuppiest me ober wid he fist 'n' knock my po' old haid 'gin er stump 'n seek me send stare! I ben layin' yere ob'ersee 'specin' blessed Marster call me ebry minute."

"Are you hurt very bad, Aunt Sukey? Can't you get up and go with me to the quarters? Sam Hatter is up at the house with Sally. I forgot them locked up, but they'll break out and kill us all. I know they will! Oh, do get up and come along! Make haste!"

"Chile, chile, 'dood wouldn't I, honey. Dis yere creekin' mauntsy, I b'leeve hels my legs done bunk ole dem. Ebry time de tinnes, dey hit'n me. You go 'long, Miss Nan. Yer gotter tek ker ob dis blessed baby. If yose Sam Hatter knock ole Nannan in he haid, war diffrence it gwine make? You run 'long 'n git outt'n de way, chile."

"Oh, I can't leave you here like this! The wretch will kill you, if Sam Hatter doesn't. Oh, listen! they're breaking down the door! They will be here in a minute."

"Hush, honey, don' yer tuck no fear. Gloose de problem hint. Jiso tek hold er my neuse 'n' help me to de fence ner. I don't tendus fer ter hide sight. Yer reckn I gi' ter do obersees now? My dey catch yer, sus mebby de good Lawd won't let 'em tun yer."

With my help Aunt Sukey dragged herself painfully behind the screen of bushes, where I quickly joined her. We kept as still as mice, and I was invisible my child be seen, but, oh, terrible! if the baby should wake up and cry! His deep hard breathing seemed lately sweet I listened—nearly his mother, and was healing him in dreams! But if he should wake! Never in my life have I prayed for anything as I prayed then that my boy might sleep on undisturbed.

The noise of the crashing door had been definitely audible, and now we heard footsteps racing down the road. As they got near our hiding place we heard them say:

"Like yes done gotter de quarter already, I know. Run fer 'im 'n' well catch her 'fo dat gi' dee. Ef I knew my fippers on her foot!"

They passed on, and we remained crouched in our narrow refuge, shivering with cold and shuddering with fear lest some untoward accident should betray us. We dared not even whisper when we heard the menials returning, more slowly this time, and disputing as they came.

"I done tole yer," cried Sally, "dat er he ax me sarchin' for 'em on de dark. She cut bee ter de quarter, 'cause ev'ry ting quiet down dar. She done cut cross de diff' ter de neighbors, an hidin' sum'ere in de dark. 'n' you mark'n well s'arch fur er sesdin on er bigstack. Done 'long 'n' less git de stuff 'n eher out 'fo' dey catch us."

The fellow grunted a horrible imprecation on his bad luck in missing the prime object of his foray, but they went on without stopping until the sound of their voices died in the distance.

"Now, honey," said Aunt Sukey, "dis slip in ter de quarters 'n' skeer 'em all up ter ter catch dem mediterion villians. Leab de precious lam' longer me. Ef we don't run fer wid him on yer arms. Ole mammy'll take good keer on him. He's warm en er bear, 'n' dee es sewn' crokeep! Tuck up yer coats 'n' scoot, chile."

I did "scoot," and reached the quarters out of breath and minus slippers and shawl. It took but a few minutes to rouse the plantation, and not many minutes to surround the house, but we were too late to catch the thieves. They got off, but in their hurry left most of their intended plunder behind, so I was well content to let them go, only too thankful to have got rid of them so cheaply.

My robust health prevented my feeling any ill effects from my midnight adventure, and so for my boy he slept persistently through the night, and woke up as fresh and bright as the glorious autumn morning that followed the storm.

But poor old Aunt Sukey, though she had no broken limbs to complain of, paid for her exposure to the wet and cold by a long spell of rheumatic fever, through which I nursed her as if she had been my mother. It was the least I could do in return for the devotion to me and mine that had nearly cost her life.—A. G. Caldwell in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Not Just Now.

Bunting—Bismarck's annual income from his grand business is about $24,000.

Larkin—Well you can scarcely call him a rising man.—Epoch.

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LEGAL NOTICE.

In the matter of the Estate of Robert T. Smith, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT George T. Smith, administrator of the estate of Robert T. Smith, deceased, has rendered and presented his final account of his administration of said estate to the undersigned, the judge of the probate court of said county, for settlement, and has filed a petition for the distribution of said estate among the persons legally entitled thereto, and has set the hour of ten o'clock among the regular hours of said court, on the 7th day of March, A. D. 1891, at the court room of said county, in the Tribune building, in the city and county of Salt Lake, as the time and place for hearing said petition and settlement of said account, when and where all persons interested in said estate may appear and attend the settlement of the same, and show why said account should not be allowed and said petition for distribution be granted as prayed for.

Dated February 26, 1891.

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

Charles E. Powers, Attorney for Administrator. 2w

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of Isaac Sears, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT on Saturday, the 7th day of March, 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the court room of said county, in the Tribune building, in the city and county of Salt Lake, Utah Territory, has been duly appointed as the regular day for final settlement of said estate, when and where all persons interested in said estate may appear and show cause why the account of the administrator should not be allowed and settlement and distribution made as prayed for.

Dated February 26, 1891.

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

SUMMONS.

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

LAURENTINE HOMLIST, PLAINTIFF,
vs.
LUCINA FREEY, WIFE, FREEMAN, HYRUM, ELLEN R. FREEY, LOIS J. REYNOLDS, L. FREEY, sons of the late A. O. Sloan Freey, Defendants.

The People of the Territory of Utah send Greeting:

To Lucina Freey, wife, Freeman, Hyrum, Ellen R. Freey, Lois J. Reynolds and Leo L. Freey, sons of the late A. O. Sloan Freey, deceased, defendants:

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED TO APPEAR in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the district court of Salt Lake County, in the Territory of Utah, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county, and if served out of this county but within this Territory, within twenty days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, and in the event of your failure so to answer or appear the plaintiff will take judgment for the relief demanded in the complaint, which is briefly stated as follows, to wit: Commencing at a point 2 rods west of the S. W. corner of lot 3, block 64, Salt Lake City survey, thence north 12 rods; thence east 8 rods; thence south 12 rods; thence west 8 rods to the beginning, being a part of lot 3, block 64, Salt Lake City survey, in Salt Lake County, Utah Territory.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as aforesaid you will be taken by default by the Court for the relief demanded herein.

Witness the Hon. Charles S. Zane, Judge, and the seal of the District Court of the Third Judicial District, and of the Territory of Utah, this 10th day of February, A. D. 1891.

E. L. ALLEN, Clerk.
By Geo. H. Lowe, Deputy Clerk.

SUMMONS.

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

William Wagner, Plaintiff,
vs.
Mary Ann Wagner, Defendant.

The People of the Territory of Utah send Greeting:

To Mary Ann Wagner, Defendant:

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED TO APPEAR in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the district court of Salt Lake County, in the Territory of Utah, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county, and if served out of this county but within this Territory, within twenty days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, and in the event of your failure so to answer or appear the plaintiff will take judgment for the relief demanded in the complaint, which is briefly stated as follows, to wit:

This suit is brought by a decree of divorce dissolving the bonds of matrimony between the plaintiff and defendant, granting custody of minor children to the plaintiff, and for such other and further relief as may be just and equitable in the premises.

Witness the Hon. Charles S. Zane, Judge, and the seal of the District Court of the Third Judicial District, in and for the Territory of Utah, this 10th day of January, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one.

(SEAL.) E. L. ALLEN, Clerk.
By Geo. H. Lowe, Deputy Clerk.

A Warning
To Horse-Owners.
The Great Nail in the Hoof extensively introduced into this country for the first time by us, is now manufactured by us in Montreal, Canada, and is offered to the public for the first time. One point of the nail comes out in the proper place for clinching, and we recommend the blacksmith who shod the horse. The other point went in the direction shown in the illustration, pointed the tender part of the foot called the "quick," from which the horse was made sore for one nearly two weeks.
THIS NAIL IS SOLD ON TRIAL. We now bring to horseshoe nailers what we claim to be the best nail ever made, and we do not hesitate to say that if it is used in the proper way it will not injure the quick, and will not be dangerous.
DANGEROUS
The Putnam Nail
CANNOT SPLIT, SLIVER OR BREAK.
It is the only Nail Forged and Hammer-Pointed Horseshoe Nail in the World made by machinery in the same manner as the old-fashioned hand-made nail.
The United States Government protects the process of their manufacture through patents, and some firms who make or advertise a Machine Nail, so called, are guilty of infringement and Deceive the Public.
ASK YOU VALUE YOUR HORSE insist on Putnam Blacksmith using the PUTNAM. It is absolutely safe.
For sale by all dealers in Horseshoe Nails, Jobbers from Factory. Mention this paper.
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SUMMONS.

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

The Deseret Savings Bank, a Corporation, Plaintiff,
vs.
George E. Taylor, Hermione Taylor, Newell J. Smith, Jane, Jane Smith, Cooper Sabine and Edward J. Towers, Defendants.

The People of the Territory of Utah send Greeting:

To George E. Taylor, Hermione Taylor, Newell J. Smith, Jane, Jane Smith, Cooper Sabine and Edward J. Towers, Defendants:

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED TO APPEAR in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the district court of Salt Lake County, in the Territory of Utah, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county, and if served out of this county but within this Territory, within twenty days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, and in the event of your failure so to answer or appear the plaintiff will take judgment for the relief demanded in the complaint, which is briefly stated as follows, to wit:

The said action is brought to recover the sum of $2,000 with interest thereon at 1 per cent per month from July 15, 1890, and the sum of $500 with interest at 1 per cent per month from June 4, 1890, and the sum of $1,000