THE FORGOTTEN GRAVE.

[illegible]

FOR YELLOW GOLD.

When the stage "went light" they let out the small backboard, but even there were more than four passengers the big mud wagon was "jet on." This was a backboard for the two seats in a single pew sense. What was more to the point, as the Gold Butte Mining company needed it, was that under the driver's seat was a box with $10,000 in so-called of new bees and twenties in it.

The driver had looked very blue as he drove his four nondescripts to the postoffice—where he took a very flat leather bag, which was lastly of the incapacity or confirmation of the Thimble Spring people for letter writing—over to the railroad station, where he was to take the box. Things were going all wrong at home. That was why no town face looked so happened; for why he held so loosely to the "one," that was why he chewed so hard on the bit of "plug" in his mouth.

"Such hard scratchin I never seed pass," was what he had said as he fat lolloudy threw the mailbag on the wagon; "can't get no decent job nowadays. Nothin to be had in prospects—tried my time an gone of I got any thing it pelers and pale of a week. I might make a mile over her Sand Dunes, but it's a mean jour way off, an one in 300 the kits has moved to often 'at we can't raise nothin for move on nor. Why in Sam Hill did Sue her get that rheumatic jes' now, when we so hard up, an alone she wanted the baby! It's a damned shame. We can't Bill get something for the—great, big backboard case. If I had a brother, poorer'n a cuse, d'you think I'd go an live on him, an live on him, till they wasn't nothin for it in the house? Sho, Zach Springer, you're a blessed fool. Bill hasn't no chance. He ain't for blame for pain his leg broke that time. Bill's all right, but he's unlucky. Been gone for a month for get a job, and can't get it nowhere. He's within an walk. He'll stan crutch deep in the mush washin out tailin's of he will make his mark at it. Tried it here twice an didn't pan out. Tried by a pair of gum boots. Whoa, hoshin! D—n that one eyed critter! he'd jum right inter the extra platform of yer didn't see his tech out."

And then the box was taken on, and the express agent had something to say. That "something" was not which Springer's illing. He chewed faster than ever on the bit of plug, and said the hard months of the mustangs by an unnecessary speeding of the reins. It was a positive fact to be relied on that he whack his lash down upon the sides of the nervous brutes and turn them loose for the forty mile run to Gold Butte. Why had he needed a lecture from a feeding of the express company, and why should that smooth faced agent have balked at him with such dark suspicion?

"They think 'cos I got steed up down to Black Rocks lat' time I had a big load o' gold, then I need to be preached to every time I go out now with a full box. Jammed sheep shuddered, dock settin lonesome! I'd like to see one on 'em handlin the ribbons when there's a Winchester taken at 'em with an eye as big as a lat's head. Can't tell me they wouldn't give in. The sweet scoundrel, calkilatin boated young ladies! That ain't a man among 'em."

Zach Springer's indignation was now in full flow, and he was more at him than had been his feeling of thirsty a little earlier. What he had delivered himself of just now was not what he would force said had he round his true sentiments with reference to the express agent's lecture. In human then words rate the thought that "they" had suspected him of turing a hand in the Black Rocks robbery. It had come to him before in what he called a "left handed" way, and he had had other settlements of righteous indignation, the same in which the upbraiding was as great as that of the present. Hat that been the reason the stage company had cut down his pay to "sixty" a month? The chances were that it was. It was too blamed mean for a lot of swine like those people to come it so high handedly over a poor man who only wanted his own. Wouldn't it serve them just right if—

The white dust of the desert rolled up from the mustangs' hoots in little puffs, and sprays of a powdery nature followed the turn of the wheels half way up. There to be caught by the breeze and drifted behind in a long streak that followed the backboard like a haunting spirit. Sometimes, as the light breeze shifted, it came back upon the backboard and its driver like heavy thoughts on the conscience of a guilty man.

It would serve them just right! Besides that, only think—on thousand! What would the people down in Mother or Gladstonia, where he would fly, know or care if somebody up in far off Nevada had dumped a box off his backboard and gone back and got it after a few days—maybes a week? It would have to be a dark night, wouldn't it? You couldn't go and get a box like that in the daytime and take it anywhere, for the whole country would be out looking for the man who had it. Maybe a month. That would be better. It would all blow over by that time. Let's see, would it? Yes there, and was a good deal. Those stage stiffs were always striking the box on the wrong day. They never got so much as that at one haul. In two months, then—perhaps two months. But it would have to be well hidden.

And the thought stuck to him, despite all attempts to keep it off, though by the time he had driven the mustangs into Red canyon his indignation at having been suspected by the company had died down. The box at his feet had taken on a new meaning for him. It meant smart money for the wife. It meant a good schooling for the children. Those are little ones had had a hard "rustle" of it to get what few scraps of learning they had. He far engaged to clinch; and as for clothes, they were dressed like juvenile scarecrows. Yes, all the hard scrabbling would be over if he dared to do what many another hard pushed man had done. Receiving the whole matter down to a plain, clear out proposition, it was after all simply a question of "nerve."

Here was the place to do it. Right here, where the high, scraggly rocks, with the patches of sagebrush alongside so near to the backboard. It could be thrown over there, anywhere, into the sagebrush. It would be as well concealed as though buried in six feet of earth. The backboard had reached the top of a long down grade. Zach put on the brake and twisted the reins about the brake handle. As if about to take a plunge into ice cold water, he ducked down for the box. But wait a bit. He took off his big sombrero and hung it on a projecting rock. Then dashing out his six shooter he sent a bullet through the brim of the hat, which he then replaced on his head.

"Enough it had been hot enough when he started out, from Thimble Spring, there seemed to be a chill in the air just now. Would they believe the story that he would have to respect, even though he showed them the hole in the hat brim? What would he care whether they did or not? They already suspected him. It is not the same he might as well leave the game. He looked at a spot where the sagebrush clustered thickest and made a mental throw or two in a tentative way, in order to "get the distance."

Then he laid two persons back on the box. He gave a little tug. Lord, how heavy it was! Could it be based over these after all? It might have to be carried. He lifted it upon the seat. "Via Thimble Spring Stage Line." What was the sense in putting on such a direction as that? It was the only way it could go. The only way. And that way was now closed, for he was about to leave.

"God! ain't they treat you—you, Zach Springer? Ain't they treat Old Zach?" he burst out hoarsely. "Yes, but why don't they do as any other decent mining company does—turn their stuff into the bank at Frisco, aren't it's stolen? What in Hell do they want me to up that?"

Well, after all, that was their business. But he wouldn't be treated. What would Bill says Bill was an honest man. He would blush with shame every time his brother's name was mentioned after that, for at least two weeks. Sue would never suspect. Any kind of a story would land beside her. Bill was smart. He could put two and two together as quickly as any man in the country. And yet Bill himself was a little reckless sometimes. He had been asking very emphatically and had been over to Johnson's a good deal, drinking and playing cards with the boys. That would not do. Bill must be looked after.

He was only a young fellow—a mere boy, even if he had been trying to raise a mustache lately. Yes, Bill was a good deal younger than he. Why, he remembered well the day he was born, when they took him in to show him his new baby brother. He used to carry Bill all around, and he was the first one to stand him on his legs and try to make him walk. He remembered how he used to lug his own load when Bill got a knock by falling out of his high chair. Bill was just as much to him now as ever, and those knocks which fate and the weaknesses of his nature were giving him now must him just as badly—worse perhaps than they did Brother Bill.

What would Bill say?

He laid his hands upon the box again. It would be safe enough behind the rocks there under the sagebrush—as safe as if—

"Git up thar, d—n yer! Git, Rocksidin! Git, old Gabe! Ye lazy critters, G'long!" And down came the long lash upon the dust covered backs of the mustangs, and off down the long grade they ran, making the dust fly in the rainy sun as it never flew before. For Zach had grasped the reins in a grip of iron, and both his big cowhide boots were planted firmly on the box.

"This 'er is what I call goin heffty right!" he said, ten minutes later, as they were still flying down the grade. "But I had some time with a blessed fool notion that I orter a been licked for ever thinkin on a minit. Wal, the mustangs got a good rest. Makin up for it now, though. They'll soon be in a lather. I'll git to the full way home in quarter of an hour, an I know I'll take a good horn. I feel kinder nervous yit. That 'ere box is a durned heavy load on a man's mind, I s'pose the express feelin up to Gold Butte is worrin about it too. Never mind, ol' fellur, you'll see that stuff stowed away in the safe afore sundown.

"What's that? A hold up, eins an shootin?"

Out from behind a tall rock a man with a piece of dark cotton over his face and a very large Winchester in his hand, had suddenly sprung, and the muzzle of the rifle looked right into Zach's big round eyes. The brake scraped the wheels and made the sparks fly. The mustangs came to a sudden stand. There was no getting by that Winchester.

"I reckon you've got the drop on me, stranger," the driver easily made remark. "Stick up my hands? In course I will, if you insist on it, but I tell yer those two mustangs is mighty skittish, an it's on the down grade. So yer needn't shoot if they start up, for I'll be your one to land I s'pose yer arter this 'ere box? Throw it out! It's no blessed treasure for that. You'll fer yer gits in a lift."

The man with the gun had said nothing, but the relaxation of the holding to purchase was so free that Zach understood every wave of the stranger's hand and every shrug of his shoulders, when the waves and shrugs meant anything. Zach had been held up before. He of the cabin knew that and stay for word at once. In this occasion that he should assist in taking off the box he seemed to comprehend. Yet one of Zach's hands was held aloft and the other, with the four reins in it, was on the level of his shoulder. The man edged up to the backboard, unhooking the weapon which he presented at Zach's head for a six shot revolver.

"Dunno, stranger," said Zach, with fiend movement. "I never like to hev one o' them air long for pointed things pointed at me. They shook his duffu straight. 'Now, look yer-are."

With his foot he shoved the box along until it was near the edge of the wagon.

"That it is, help yourself, but you'll find it a blisted heavy load for pack, of yer gits it up over forty yards."

The robber fingers grasped the box nervously.

"A green one on the lie," thought Zach. "Mebbe that'll be an opening here yit."

The robber pulled and hauled at the box, but it would not budge. It was caught on a railroad in the bottom of the wagon. In his feverish anxiety to secure the gold he loosened the revolver a little and grasped the box with both hands. Swiftly Zach's right hand fell to his hip and out he whipped his bright barreled pistol.

"Git the dust drop, stranger! It's no go!" he shouted. "Put that weapon down, you fool!" for the man was raising his pistol. "You won't? Then take that!"

A flash, a report, and lock fell the robber without a moan. He fingers cleared the dust for a moment, as if he were grasping for a hold on life. But the hold was not to be had, and he gave it up, and lay there quietly in the dust.

The driver shoved his pistol into its holster, and wiped the sweat from his brow. It has been a close shave for the box and a closer shave for him.

"Talks a party keen on her gift evinny with ol' Zach arter all," he chuckled, spitting lightly from the backboard, while a broad smile lit up his brown face. "This 'ere means a big take from the stage company as a hundred or two from the Gold Butte folks. I guess they'll think the ol' man's been right arter this. Hooray for honesty! my stock's up! It's way up now! Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! Whoop-ee! How how how!"

He stooped down over the dead man and lifted the bit of cloth from his face.

"Almighty God! It's Bill!"—Frank Bailey Millard in Argonaut.

A Dinner Taster.

Perhaps the most curious occupation conducted by woman is that of dinner taster. She is a product of Parisian refinement as yet unknown to the country. She spends a part of each day in visiting hotels and tasting the dishes intended for dinner, she suggests improvement, and shows the cook new ways of preparing dishes. She has a large number of patrons and she rides in a cab. Of course, she is a skilled cook, and the charge for her services are dear. It is questionable, however, whether the American housewife would take kindly to such an invasion of the household, and possibly the pioneer in such an occupation in this country would find it accompanied by vexatious trials.—New York Sun.

It Wouldn't Work.

Weary Looking Man—Doctor, can insomnia be cured?

Doctor—Nothing is easier. Any one can fall into a sound sleep by simply trying to count a thousand.

Weary Looking Man—Yes, but baby can't count.—Coal News.

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Nursery one mile south of city limits, on State road.

MARTIN CHRISTOFFERSEN.

"August Flower"

Dyspepsia. There is a gentleman at Malden-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., named Captain A. G. Parts, who has written us a letter in which it is evident that he has made up his mind concerning some things, and this is what he says:

"I now must your preparation called August Flower to my family for seven or eight years. It is constantly in my house, and we consider it the best remedy for Indigestion, and Constipation we have ever found or known. My wife is troubled with Dyspepsia, and at times suffers very much after eating. The August Flower, however, relieves the difficulty. My wife frequently says to me when I am going to town, 'We are out of August Flower, and I think you had better get another bottle.' I am also troubled with Indigestion, and whenever I am, I take one or two teaspoonfuls before eating, for a day or two, and all trouble is removed."

Indigestion.

Constipation.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the estate of Milton Abbott, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT [illegible]

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the estate of Mary Tom, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of Sale of Real Estate should not be granted.

JACOB G. PATE AND THOMAS GREEN, [illegible]

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Rachel Parker, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT [illegible]

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Salt Lake Packing & Manufacturing Company, a Corporation, Plaintiff,

P. H. Lannan, J. H. Harvey, W. H. Atwood and Lucy Pierce, Defendants.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER of sale and decree of foreclosure and [illegible]

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CALIFORNIA BREWERY.

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