SORROW.

Sorrow, my guide, my teacher and my mate,
Thou art the one companion I endure
Of all that I meet upon my way of fate,
Thou art I know, O Sorrow, that my fate

Both mould us each to each a relationship.
You and I are as kin and as akin.
Do what we can we shall be kept and sway us
Hand I love them, some people call me happy.

It may be so, I know, I have seen them sad
Sorrow, I know, I know you have them the like of thy
Sorrow, I know, yet then art a friend.
Even to the time when death shall come to destroy.

Then in the time when death shall come to destroy,
Then I shall turn reader for and for more time,
Then thy will come would hence me—Good Day,
Sorrow!

—Exchange.

ON THE ROOF.

Have you never read of a person their hair turning in a single night? Of course you have. The old story books are full of such tales. I can remember dozens of them—heroes setting with gaps and Gods with Empires, and generalities with armies and all sorts of unusual things. The person, and sometimes the hero, goes to bed of night with hair as black as the raven's wing, and along in the night some the horrible something that sets and in the morning the raven hair has turned a snowy white.

I can remember, too, that I never used to take any stock in such stories. I used to read them and get up spine-tingling thrill at the most horrible scenes, especially when the castle filled awake, leaving everybody in cold darkness, just as a deep groan was heard in a long, shuddering cry, like the wind through the weeping willows in a graveyard.

Oh, yes! I was quite susceptible to reading passages like these, and I used to hurry up to bed and tuck my head under the clothes and shiver with the best of them. But somehow or other I could not accept the hair turning red of the black, or even the hair, black or white, would stand on end, but not a good head of black hair would turn itself out between dark and daylight even a little too much to realize.

I know it sounds queer. I have had a little experience of my own which—but perhaps it is best to tell the story as it occurred.

It was on the roof of the cathedral at Milan. We had climbed the stairs in the late afternoon of a beautiful spring day after paying the customary fee. Our guidebook prior to be asked for all the famous sights from the elevated turrets. We had looked through the telescopes—smaller for—and had each amused the others that we saw Mont Blanc perfectly well, without for a moment believing which the others said or contending that we had the truth, and at ended our climbs by ascending to the highest point under the lantern—if it is a lantern—for the enormous statue, which will scarcely permit any but the tallest persons to pass when one is going up and the other coming down.

We were a party of four, and when the end was reached the youngest proposed a ramble over that portion of the structure. To this all but myself assented. I was tired and preferred to sit awhile at the foot of the lantern, where the others were to pick me up on their return, so that we might all leave together. This was satisfactory and off they started.

For a time I was quite comfortable, and paid no attention to the passage of time, but I suddenly noticed that it was getting dark and that my companions had not returned. I called to them first in a whisper, then I voice, then more loudly, but received no answer.

Feeling that they would be belated on the roof I started in search of them. I walked the entire length of the stairs at the main roof and passed down all the side passages in the gathering dark, but caught no glimpse of my companions. Then I descended to the roof of the aisle and made a search there which was also fruitless. I became alarmed as the light faded, and ran from one point to another, calling out as I ran, until I found, to my great distress, that I had lost my way. I could not for before see the lights of the great city and hear the distant rumbling of the carriages as they drove per on the stony streets.

But I was as effectually lost for the moment as if I had been in the heart of an African jungle without a compass and no money on the short to hire me up. In the enthusiasm and despair which the sense of this fact first produced, I rushed about so wildly that I slipped and fell on a long flight of stone steps, and with the flow which had begun to fall. I was not conscious of any serious injury from the fall, but when I tried to get up at the foot of the stairs and tried to regain my footing, I found, to my despair and horror, that I was unable to move my limbs. I was paralyzed.

The mental agony I suffered is incomprehensible. Yet curiously enough I spent the first moments in speculating as to the exact nature of the injury I had sustained. Had I broken my back or simply injured my spinal cord? I tried to recall what I had heard my doctor friends say about injuries of another character, but could not seem to remember anything definite. The words, "the fifth pair," flashed into my mind and appeared to connect themselves in some way with my condition, but whether it was the fifth pair of nerves or ribs or of something else, I could not make out.

I could not understand either how I could have been so seriously injured without any sensible shock, for I felt sure the power of locomotion was gone there was no doubt. I could move my hands and I began to speculate on the number of times one could do with such a hand's chance. The complaint no for that second to be an hour but as the train of thought was interrupted by a clock striking the hour of midnight. I contained treasure been much longer and wondered I had not heard the striking hours.

Suddenly the full horror of my condition flashed upon me. I was not only doomed to remain where I was, helpless and alone, during the long chilly hours of the night, but there was no certainty that I would ever get away alive. My friends would never dream that I was there. They not unnecessarily concluded that I had gone down and if they missed me would search everywhere but in the right place. It might be days before the particular spot in which I lay would be visited, and in that case it would be too late. Starvation would do for me, even if the injury I had received did not. In my anguish I shrieked aloud, but the deep one alone all the time that nobody could hear me. Visitors and sensitiveness after must have departed hours before, and even if my cries were heard from the streets below nobody would attribute them to their real source.

To the feeling of acute anguish succeeded that of black despair. I no longer speculated on the possibility of being discovered dead or alive. There was a dull leaden feeling in my chest, and I found myself repeating mechanically old rhymes and jingles and saying the alphabet backward, as I once learned to do in seeking relief from insomnia. Yet at the same time I was conscious that my whole life was passing in review before me, as they say it does when one is drowning or being hanged. I remembered that saying, too, and, without any conscious of the review I wondered in my doubled consciousness if I were undergoing the sensations of a drowning man, or of one being hanged, and wished I could put them down on paper for the benefit of the rest of mankind.

What struck me as singular was that the clocks kept on striking twelve. The second time they did this I thought I must have lost consciousness for an entire day and that this was the second midnight. But when the third stroke of twelve came from half a dozen clocks, I knew it would not be two days since I had fallen.

I thought first that I had become demented and then it occurred to me that if I were I could not know about it is that fashion as the clocks chimed ten and twelve twice. This theory satisfied me until the striking began again, when I wondered in another fantastic speculation. Was it possible that discovered that I was missing, and were having the bells rung to keep my spirits up.

Oh, the hour, long, weary hours I spent in waiting for a glimpse of daylight. I had no hope that daylight would bring me any relief, but the prospect of staying where it was endless midnight seemed unendurable. I groaned and wept and dug my nails into the palms of my hands until the second at if my blood would come, but I did not even feel any sense of pain.

It must have been after the clocks had struck midnight a dozen times or more—I lost all correct account—that I saw in the distance at what seemed to be the farther end of the cathedral roof two faint glimmers of light. Presently these were lost sight more and then two more, until there was a regular procession of them. I tried to shout, but had become so weak with cold and self-pity that I could not raise my voice above a whisper.

The lights nevertheless approached, growing gradually stronger, until I could see that they were borne by several black-robed figures who were marching beside a coffin. As the procession moved slowly toward me I began to wonder what it meant, and whether funerals took place at midnight on the roof of Milan cathedral. Then I speculated a moment on the propriety of burying the complete even in my extreme need. Suddenly it dawned upon me that this was my own funeral, and I knew that I was either dead or had gone mad. In the rapture of this discovery all memory of past suffering was blotted out, and I remained in a new period of the most exquisite torture. Fortunately, I was of brief duration. As the forward of the moving figures neared me I felt a grasp on my arm and a voice called in my ear:

"Wake up, father! It's time to be going down. I guess you must have had your jabs turned."

It was my daughter, and beside her were the rest of the party. Rubbed with their remedies the most I straightened out my cramped limbs, which must have gone to sleep about the time I fell, and pulled out my watch. I had been there just fifteen minutes.

I don't mean to be misunderstood that my hair really did turn gray in that night of horror on Milan cathedral. In the first place there is not much of it and what there is has been tolerably gray for years past. Yet I do mean to say that I am no longer incredulous as to the possibility of such a capillary change as the story books tell about. I am quite sure that if any man or woman really had just such an experience as I thought I had, his or her hair would turn gray provided of course he or she had any hair that was not gray already.

Overworked Biscuit.

A shoe manufacturer of New England, becoming dissatisfied with the efforts of his salesmen, started over the route of one of them (without his knowledge) to see what he could do in the way of selling goods. He didn't meet with any success, and at last, on leaving Utica on the afternoon train he was too late, the order having been placed, he offered to take the other at one cent per pair less if the dealer would countermand the one he had given. This was agreed to, and the manufacturer returned with the feeling that his journey had not been so entire failure. But he discovered on looking at his order-book that in twenty-six orders taken by his own salesmen which he had bribed the dealer to repudiate. Then he actually indulged in language more emphatic than orthodox.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

No Room There for the Dog.

A young man had owned for some years a dog who was his constant companion. The young man married and moved with his bride and his dog into a house on the opposite side of the street from his father's house, his own home. The dog was not happy, for the time and attention which had formerly been his were now given to the young wife. In many ways he showed his unhappiness and displeasure, in spite of the fact that the master tried to reconcile him and the bride to win him.

One day when the master came home, his wife met on his knee while "Jack" was lying by the fire. He rose from his place, came over to the newlywed expressed his disapproval. "Why, Jack," said the master, "this is all right, she's a good girl," and as he spoke he patted her arm. "Jack" looked up at him, turned away and left the room.

In a minute they heard a noise, and going into the hall, they found "Jack" dragging his bed downstairs. When he reached the front door he whined to be let out, and when the door was opened he dragged his bed down the steps across the street to his old home, where he scratched for admittance. Since then he has never been back to his master, refusing all overtures.—London Spectator.

One to see old traditions and fond beliefs pass away. A young Mississippi doctor had a theory that a man need not be obliged to die even though his neck was broken. Unfortunately, however, for some years no man broke his neck in the doctor's neighborhood and he had no opportunity to try whether his theory would work. Large prosperity strolled at last, however, and one day a man willingly fell out of a carriage and dislocated his neck, just as the doctor was riding by. The doctor's idea was that the person with the broken neck could be rescued from death if the dislocated vertebrae could be forced back into place before the patient was changed by pressure upon the spinal cord. Accordingly he forcibly began to operate in this case that Providence had sent to him. He placed one hundred pounds of the patient's chest, at the same time moving it gently and carefully from side to side. Presently he gave the neck a strong pull, and a snap was heard. That was the prosecution of setting a dislocated neck. The patient recovered and commences about another day. There were some slight hitches in the vertebrae as well, but these were replaced under the same or a stronger would replace the bones in a broken leg. The patient was then carefully nursed for three months at the end of which time he was entirely well, to all appearances. This is perhaps the most remarkable case on record on account.

Was He Insane?

It is impossible to draw the line at the point where eccentric and "queerness" ends in that desperate outlaw, Bob Dunn, lynched in Alabama. A thrill of horror ran through the whole country by the story was told of how Dunn and his brother and son, his most faithful henchmen, and finally even his daughters, were dealt with in the method of backwoods justice, nothing more, persons who were lynched. The south claims to be civilized to a degree beyond any portion of country in Christendom, yet such a thing as the hanging of a woman by lynch law could scarcely have happened in the north under any circumstances.

When, however, the full story of the Bloodie outrages comes to be told, what we see can justify lynch law, yet one wonders how his fellow citizens kept their hands off him so long. We are to unmistakably the practical growth of terrorism. If Bob Dunn had been arrested and sent to the penitentiary early in his career and his illegal whisky making squelched in the beginning, there would have been no awful lynching hour later. But this was not done. It looks as if all his fellow citizens and the whole United States government were afraid of Bob Dunn.

When a little but few years old Bob Dunn was a most pious Methodist. He even prayed in camp meetings and had fervent gifts. He was thoroughly exemplary in his conduct and was universally respected intellectually. What a famous and eloquent preacher he would have made! He went into the Confederate army as a soldier. It is recorded that he was a good soldier too.

But after his connection of the army he became dissatisfied with the world. It straightened out his cramped limbs, which must have gone to sleep about the time I fell, and pulled out my watch. I had been there just fifteen minutes.

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Accounted For.

She—I wonder why the hair of professional musicians so often stands on end.

He—Easily accounted for. His hair is trying to get away from the connection going on under the surface.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

THE POINT.

"A 1" ST. JACOBS OIL, The Great Remedy For Pain.

Prepared for the Poorest of the Poor as well as for those of the Richest.

It Cures Promptly, Permanently; and is in regard to its power to cure, unequaled by any other preparation.

HENRY WAGNER, SALT LAKE CITY.

CALIFORNIA BREWERY.

LAGER BEER, ALE AND PORTER. Wholesale and Retail.

Ex. 98 EAST. FIRST SOUTH STREET.

"August Flower"

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. The doctors told me it was chronic. I had a fullness after eating and a heavy feel in the pit of my stomach. I suffered frequently from a Water Brash of clear water. Sometimes a deathly sickness at the Stomach would overtake me. Then again I would have the terrible pains of Wind Colic. At such times I would try to lash and could not. I was working then for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Cor. Irwin and Western Ave., Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. Finally I used August Flower, and after using just one bottle for two weeks, was entirely relieved of all the trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I would like to refer you to Mr. McHenry, for whom I worked, who knows all about my condition, and from whom I bought the medicine. I live with my wife and family at 20 James St., Allegheny City, Pa. Signed, John D. Cox.

G. G. GREEN Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the estate of Mary Pike, Deceased.

Notice to show cause why order of Sale of Real Estate should not be made.

JAMES H. PATE AND THOMAS VARNEY, of Salt Lake County, Utah, administrators of the estate of Mary Pike, deceased, having filed their petition herein, and it appearing from the records of said estate that said deceased died seized and possessed of the following described real estate, to wit: Lot 3 in Block 3 in the city of Salt Lake City, according to the official plat of said city, and it appearing to the court that it is necessary to sell said real estate for the payment of the debts of said deceased, and for the benefit of the heirs and creditors of said deceased, and for the benefit of the heirs and creditors of said deceased, and for the benefit of the heirs and creditors