A SONG OF BEDFORD SQUARE.

It's a long time now and a year time to boot,
Ever since we first met in the Bedford square,
But always come the days that young love made the most of—
Be short as the stick and as long as the oak!
We lived in a cottage in old Somerset village
With a tiny star pool that was most brown and black;
But it actually set to be my girl's parlour, sir, sir,
And the moss spread up in our little back yard.

The moss spread up and the willow sap bitter,
And honeysuckle and jasmine, sweet Wildnurt could yield,
And in summer fragrance and bright definition
Filled every little hole that I rendered our yard.

They were quite country people, bright kind and good,
And the use of us worked for them, sound long and hard;
And the lovers who lived in her old country cottage
They made her at home in our little back yard.

In the morning I dug while the breakfast was cooking,
And went in the shop where I toiled all the day;
And at night I returned and I found my love looking
With her bright country cheekbone the old yard.

And we talk would tell us what flowers were blooming,
And her soft hand slipped like a hand that was hard;
And she sat through the moon, till a breeze came performing
Our little back hall from our little back yard.

It was long, long ago, and we haven't grown wealthy,
And we don't live in state up in Mayfair square;
But the old moss is hale, and Jack's better and healthy,
And the wife is mine the wife for the wife is her fair.

Each year finds a sweet new scent on the moss,
Each year makes hard life seem a little less hard;
And with your a new love for old love the stronger,
Come, wife, let us walk in our little back yard.

—H. C. Bunner in Puck.

FIRST CLASS FISHING.

"That is the place we must go," said Edith, as her father read about an advertisement of a summer boarding place. "You class fishing is what we want."

"Oh, pouh! You girls won't get a fine in this water, and I have to stay here a week days" grumbled her father, putting down the newspaper which his daughter had given him.

"But, papa dear, you can fish Saturday afternoons. Do please take us to the place, Willowcreek," coaxed Agatha and Lily.

"We will enjoy the quiet, and get fin roses in our cheeks again, as you said we must, after last winter's dissipation," added Edith.

Finally Papa Andrews was convinced that his gay daughters pined for a quiet summer resting place, and Aunt Clara, who cared for nothing so much as an easy chair and novels, was easily persuaded that there was no place so conveniently near, so select and promising of comfort, as the village of Willowcreek. Her niece managed her, and she chaperoned them unobtrusively and obediently.

The elaborate costumes which these young women found necessary to take to the secluded village would have surprised any one not acquainted with their plans; but could one have heard a portion of their conversation on the morning before they showed that advertisement to their father the wonders would have been explained. "Willowcreek! Listen, girls; that's the place Alfred Wall found her millionaire. She says the best men go to fishing places, the quieter the better, so they can lounge around and dress as they please. We will go to Willowcreek, with our best luck," said Edith.

"At fishing," added Agatha.

"And we will take plenty of bait—the most fetching gowns and hats and shoes!" said Lily.

So they went, and they found that their boarding house was a mile from the village, and contained no other boarders but themselves. This was a great disappointment at first, but at supper they learned that there was a camp of fishermen only a mile up the creek. "Awful fine folks from town, with two men to cook and work for them," said Mrs. Cracken, their landlady. There were also some "cottagers" down on the bay, a mile the other side of the village.

"We won't trouble the cottagers," said Edith, as the sisters discussed the situation.

They learned, further, that some of these gentlemen went down to the village nearly every day, and that they often stopped at the farmhouse to order butter, eggs and vegetables. The prospect seemed much brighter after this information, and the girls now congratulated themselves on being Mrs. Cracken's only boarders.

The next morning they went fishing. They put on bewitching boating suits, carried rods and walked along the road which led up the creek, close beside the water. They frequently remarked, in silvery, though rather loud tones, that they wished they could find a boy who would get them some bait and pole it on their hooks. Oh! what would they not do for such a boy! If they found no boy, and met nothing but a cynical looking cow, who curved them to turn and hurry back to Cracken's landing.

The day was very hot, and the men they were looking for were lying around in limp heaps, giving thanks that there were no mosquitoes within three miles. There was no middleman—no woman, to create a movement between demand and supply, so supply rejoiced in its freedom, and demand tried to nap in a hot, stuffy farm bedroom.

To need supper time the fishermen were some and made elaborate toilets, and after supper they got into a skiff which Edith posed along the edge of the stream among lily pads, where the water was shallow and still. Presently they allowed the boat to stop, and they all sang, and made a charming picture. Agatha placed her knife and leaned gracefully against Lily, whose gay Japanese parasol made a bright spot against the dark foliage, and Edith leaned on her pole. They sang in manner calculated to draw the fish out of the water, providing that these finny jewels were gifted with musical and artistic tastes, and presently Edith, who was captain and lookout also, heard the sound of oars.

"They're coming, sing that first verse again."

In a few moments a skiff containing three handsome young men came down the stream, but the successive girls sang on, with downcast eyes, until Edith dropped her pole, tattered until the boat rocked, and exclaimed:

"Oh, girls, what shall we do? The pole is gone!"

The singing stopped, the girl, scrouched and rocked over the side of the boat, apparently trying to get the pole, but really, it is said to relate, pushing it out of sight under the lily pads until it floated almost to shore. Of course these distressed damsels were promptly rescued by the three young men, and a delightful acquaintance began. It soon appeared that Frank Lawrence, the eldest, knew Papa Andrews quite well—by name, and had often seen in the city of Rivermont, and that Robert Somers and Charles Rich knew a cousin Tom, whom the sisters had not seen for a couple of years, but whose acquaintance made a formal introduction to these young men quite superfluous, since he was a most proper person married and well to do, living in Chesterfield, where the young men lived. When Papa Andrews came up on Saturday evening, he was pleased to find his daughter happy at their camp boarding place in the society of "Cousin Tom's friends."

Those were many boating parties and picnics, limited to seven people, of whom Aunt Clara was the unused somebody, the dark shadow of a chaperon; for the attractive young people always settled her in a hammock with a magazine not over her, while they strolled around. The young men declared the village as the explorer of place, offered big million cigars our ready, but none of these indispensables were sent for to the city, so the young people did not visit the village, the mail being brought by one of the gentlemen, as they took turns in rowing down for supplies.

There were long evenings on the porch, when it rained or had rained, and still the green hen was for walks and talks, and there were gay wind parties, when two of the young people had to take turns walking on the porch while the other four played. The Sabbath was left for a day of rest, for, as the prudent Edith observed to her younger sisters, it was the catching that concerned them most seriously, and when, on comparing notes, after three weeks' stay, they found that Rhoes had been respectfully but earnestly begged for, the fair sisters felt justified in calling seven "nibbles" and in putting forth extra caution and skill in landing their prize.

"We must be very careful, now, a kin begged for is an extremely promising nibble, but a kiss taken or given is letting him run away with your luck," said Edith.

"Charlie called me dearest," murmured Agatha.

"Robert called me darling," said Lily.

"That all goes for nothing. I've known men to actually propose and be accepted and then get up a quarrel when they were tired of the girl. We can't be too careful. I wish we knew more about them. I have a mind to write to Cousin Tom," said Edith, the wise virgin.

"But Cousin Tom has gone to some place in Canada," objected Lily.

"Let us say we're going home and see how they take it," suggested Agatha.

"You know papa said on Monday that he was getting tired of the empty house."

This suggestion seemed good, and that evening each sudden observed to her sweetheart in a sweetly regretful tone that three pleasant days would soon be at an end, for papa wished them to come home. The result was pleasing, but not entirely satisfactory. Frank and Robert and Charlie declared that their summer joy would end as soon as Edith, Lily and Agatha departed, and they immediately proposed to fill the five remaining days with pleasant excursions. But they proposed nothing else.

"I suppose this sort of thing goes on all over the world," sighed Lily, when the sisters were once more in council.

"Not in Europe. There the chaperons attend to business. They have all the anxiety, and the girls just stay quiet and let themselves be married," answered Edith.

"Oh, I wish things were managed that way in this country! It is such a nuisance to have to chase after men and get them when they talent. They are so deceiving," wailed Agatha.

"If we American girls sat down and wailed, we should all be old maids. I've seen that sort of thing tried by nice, good, bright girls, and they just totally failed. Since we're in America we have to manage in the American way," said Edith decidedly.

"I wish that something would happen. In books the lovers run away, or girls fall into the water, or thunderstorms drive people together in most pointed ways, and they show their true colors," said Lily.

"The Cracken horses are not likely to run away, and the creek is not deep enough to make it worth while to fall in, and the only thunderstorm we have had have been when we were in bed. If only we had some other men to pile these up with!" sighed Edith.

"It seemed to me that when Robert was saying he would get the cushioned boat and drive me home to the Cove, while you four came in the runaway, he was thinking about something—something serious, I do believe. His look was not like his usual looks," said Lily seriously.

"Well, we shall see, and I shall write to papa tomorrow morning that we will be ready to go home on Saturday, for if anything comes of this time trip or the moonlight walk, we need not waste any more time here," said Edith, as she extinguished the light and threw herself impetuously on her creaking bed.

The time trip was a perfect success so far as lovely weather, an excellent luncheon and musical attention from the men could render it so. But other it was not attention, but intentions, which the girls required, and they were actually relieved when they reached the farmhouse, just before supper.

"Was that storm coming," exclaimed Lily, as they were dressing.

"I only felt a hot sense while we were in the woods! With the wind roaring and the thunder crashing we might have come to an understanding. Men always feel tenderly toward the women they protect from danger or fright."

"Just our luck," sounded Agatha.

The men had evidently become down after supper, and the girls were anxious lest the storm should prevent them, and it threatened to be heavy. Clouds of dust rolled along the road, and the girls, who went to the porch as soon as supper was over, listened gloomily to the thunder.

"Wasn't it the good of a three-hackney when there's not a man around? I wish some one would come. I would welcome any one!" exclaimed Edith.

Just then a carriage turned up the road and stopped at the gate. The gate was at the side of the house, and as Mrs. Cracken went out in response, we will that three girls looked through the vines at the end of the porch and saw three women alighting.

"Yes, of course you may stay, girls! never get there dry. Come right around here." And the good maid led her new guests to the porch.

The three girls who had been wishing for any one, were confronted with three of the prettiest young women imaginable, gowned to perfection.

"Oh, Lorena! more fellow mallows!" whispered Lily.

One of the ladies turned to Mrs. Cracken and said: "We have heard how kind you are, Mrs. Cracken, but we introduce Mrs. Robert Somers and Mrs. Charles Rich. I am Mrs. Lawrence, and I must thank you for taking such good care of my husband."

Mrs. Cracken bowed and then introduced her boarders, with an embarrassed air. But no embarrassment was shown by the fifteen Andrews. They declared they were charmed to meet the ladies from the Bay cottages and wished the meeting had come sooner, for they had been so lonely, but had promised papa to stay perfectly quiet this summer, after being so exhausted by last winter. Yes, they had seen the gentlemen several times, but of course they could be tired of their life at a shoal engaged this time. The wives, to whom the men had merely said that an old maid was looking after some young misses at Cracken's, played their part equally well.

"They explained that they had refused the delights of camping, and had been enjoying the cool bay side, and wished they had known of these young ladies having been invited to such delightful sections. They would have called, of course. All the polite fiction was polished before the storm came, and, after all, it was only a shower, after one, and just as the wives were so fearing the marriage is proved on their way to surprise their husbands, these young men came only to the farm, and then, of course, every one had a pleasant evening.

When the guests were gone Mrs. Cracken put her head out of her bedroom door, as the sisters were up to bed, and said, in a tone of deepest concern:

"Say, I never knowed them fellers was married. I thought they was sparkin you-uns."

"Oh, say! What a joke, dear Mrs. Cracken! Why, these people are dear friends of our uncle, Mr. Thomas Jones, of Chesterfield," exclaimed Edith, with a merry laugh.

But when the sisters were in their room they looked at each other with rage and shame in their pretty eyes.

"I wish I were a French girl," moaned Lily.

"I wish I were dead," sobbed Agatha.

Edith simply remarked, "Better luck next time."

And this is the American way.—Eva Miller in Pittsburg Bulletin.

Stocks in England.

While there is no known record of stocks having ever existed in England, it is not improbable that they occasionally did so, from the fact that they at one time existed as far north as the capital of Scotland. A writer in about the 14th chronicler who resided near Edinburgh, states that in the year 1416 stocks came and nested on the roof of St. Giles' church, in High street, of that city. They remained a year, he says, and departed to return no more; and "neither they few no man knew eth."—Chambers' Journal.

How a Spider Ruined a Nation.

When the French quartermaster, Dejancal, was confined in prison by the Dutch at Utrecht he sought to beguile the tedium of his prison life by attentively studying the habits of the spiders which frequented his cell, and right soon he found that a spider was found to be well versed in their ways. In September of 1794 the French army, of whose victory over the Dutch depended Dejancal's restoration to liberty, were in Holland, and the victory seemed certain if the fact, which was then of unprecedented severity, continued.

The Dutch navigation had failed to agitate a panic, and Holland was despairing when the frost suddenly broke. The Dutch were now exulting, and the French generals prepared to retreat, but the spiders of Dejancal's cell foretoldness that that the thaw would be of short duration, and he knew that the little insect would—somehow—have discovered him. Accordingly he contrived to communicate his weather knowledge to the army of his countrymen and to generals, who duly estimated his (Dejancal's) discovery, typed upon his accuracy then without a few days the winters would again between so as to be possible to the French troops.

They delayed their security, within twelve days sharp frost and the French army triumphed. Dejancal was released, and a spider and hungry run to the Dutch nation.—St. Louis Republic.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of James Monroe, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned, administrator of the estate of James Monroe, deceased, has rendered his accounts, and has set and appointed Tuesday, the 6th day of October, A.D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a.m. of said day, at the court room of the undersigned, in the Court House, in said County, Salt Lake City, Utah, as the time and place for examining and allowing said accounts, when and where all persons interested in said estate are required to appear and show cause, if any there be, why said accounts should not be allowed and the administrator be discharged from his trust, and the estate be finally settled.

Dated September 8th, 1891.

C. E. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By C. E. STANSBY, Deputy Clerk.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Salt Lake Mining Consolidated, Location of principal place of business, Salt Lake City, Utah.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT AT a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 21st day of August, 1891, it was found that the expenditure of the sum of $1,000 in the mine known as Salt Lake Mining Consolidated, situated in the Alta mining district, Salt Lake County, Utah, and the improvements made thereon, and the cost of the work performed upon said mine, and the cost of the improvements made upon the same, and the value of the labor and the value of the material furnished, and the value of the work done, and the value of the labor and the value of the material furnished, and the value of the work done, and the value of the labor and the value of the material furnished, and the value of the work done