UNDERTAKERS.

We have sold, and still sell the Celebrated Ladies Shoe for the purchase of which a stampede to our store was made last Saturday by the purchasers of mines.

For this we are here and quoting, [illegible] Ladies Shoe by, Through connection of congressional committee's day night.

—Edgar Fawcett.

THE ROSE TREE MINE.

"The birds are going south, Antoine, and it is so early!"

"Yes, Angelique, the winter will be long."

There was a pause, and then, "Antoine, I heard a child cry in the night, and I could not sleep."

"It was a devil bird, my wife; it flies slowly and the summer is dead."

"Antoine, there was a rushing of wings by my bed before the moon was bending."

"The wild geese know their way in the night, Angelique, but they flew by my house and not nearby her."

"The two black squirrels have gone from the hickory tree."

"They have hidden away with the bears in the earth, for the frost comes, and it is the time of sleep."

"A cold hand was knocking at my door when I said my area last night, my Antoine."

"The heart of a woman feels many over things; I cannot answer, my wife."

"Let us go also southward, Antoine, before the great windows the wild frost sings."

"I have love of thee, Angelique, but I cannot go."

"Is not love greater than all?"

"To keep a pledge is greater."

"Did it well come?"

"There in the valley."

"Your mamela father; who should tell it?"

"He said to me, my wife, 'Antoine, will you stay and watch the mine until I come with the Hiroc northward south?' and said 'I will stay and Angelique will stay; I will watch the mine.'"

"This is for his riches, but for our part, Antoine."

"Who can say whether a woman's heart is true? It is full of gossiping. It shuts and darkens today and unknown — much—tomorrow. I cannot answer."

"I have a fear. If my husband loved me——"

"There is the mine," he interrupted firmly.

"When my heart whispers——"

"Angelique, there is the mine."

"Ah, my Antoine!"

And so these two stood on the island of Saint Jean, in Lake Superior, through the purple haze of autumn into the wine brilliancy of winter, guarding the Rose Tree mine, which Pakkins, the Indian man, and his companions had proposed and declared to be their home.

But Saint Jean was far from the ways of settlement, and there were little feet yet only one foot, and many thousand years to come for the Rose Tree mine to the place where men will their souls for money, and Antoine and Angelique, French peasants from the parish of Saint Jean in Quebec, were left to guard the great treasure until, to the sound of its hoarding spring, there should come any man and with machinery, and to taking of shafts in the earth and trundling of rubble.

But when Antoine and Angelique were left alone in the waste, and God bent to bless the pale crocus of frost slowly round them and many and to surround Saint Jean with a stillness most of ice, to hear of the woman felt some coming sorrow, and at last broke forth in words of fond warning. When she saw had come the sorrow, her soul dared behind the bags of salt about the home, and filled every crevice against the inhospitable spirit of Winds, and close her world closer and closer within those two rooms where they should live through many years.

The winter was hards, but the hearts of the two were strong. They loved, and love is the parent of endurance, the hunter of courage. And every day, because it seemed his duty, Antoine inspected the Rose Tree mine; and every day, also, because it seemed her duty, Angelique said many aves. And one Thursday was much with her—for spring is uncertain, that the child should not suffer; the child which the good God was to give to her and Antoine.

In the first hours of such evening Antoine smoked and Angelique sang the songs which their ancestors brought in Normandy. One night Antoine's face was lighted with a fine fire as he talked of happy days in the parish of Saint Jean, and with that romantic fervor of his race which stirs winters of Canada could not kill, he sang "A la Claire Fontaine," the well beloved song child of the voyageurs' hearts.

And the wife smiled far away into the coming times—far away, because the fire crackled, responded to the little church where they two were wed, and she did as most good women do—though exactly why, man the insufficient cannot decline—she wept a little through her smiles. But when the last Noël came both smiles and tears ceased. Antoine sang it with a fond monotony:

Would that such year were growing
Ever in one time gone;
And that the first year time
Deep in the years lay,
Ere a stranger was in Claire Fontaine
Ere I was in Claire.

Angelique's heart grew suddenly heavy. From the rose tree of the song her mind had wandered back to the hollow rose tree by the water, and her soul dread came back.

Of course this was foolish of Angelique; of course the wise and great Prince condemns in all such superstitious; and you knowing women will smile at such other meaningly and with joy to a dull man writer, and will whisper, "Of course, the child." But some things, your majesties, are hidden from your wisdom, and your greatness, and are given to the simple—to babies and the mothers of babies.

It was upon this very night that Pakkins, the Englishman, and such other men as Lochee, were talking jovially. "There's been the luck of heaven," he said, "in the whole exploit. We'll leave prospecting for month. As a sort of by-in a backwards we found over one night in an island and pitched home, but a dozen yards from where we ranged was a rose tree. Think of it, Delgard—a rose tree in a tangled island of Lake Superior! There's luck in old sentiment, says Mary O'Brien. 'There's luck here,' said I, and at it we went just beside the rose tree. What's the result? Look at that prospectus—a company with a capital of $500,000, the whole island in our hands in a week and Antoine squatting on it now like Benjamin on Zion."

"And what does Antoine get out of this?" said Delgard.

"Forty dollars a month and his keep."

"Why not write him off a couple of shares to propitiate the gods—gifts upon the rocky, eh? a thousand—what?"

"Yes, it might be done, Delgard, if——"

But some one just then proposed the toast of "The Rose Tree mine," and the souls of those men waxed proud and merry, for they had won the treasure's palm filled with gold, the nicker of romance. While Antoine was smoking with his wife they were holding court within the sound of Rose Bells. And for into the night, through silent Chequamegon, a pelting voice swelled through such laughter shrill:

Gold lies in pit to mount
Be he man or fool.

The next day there were heavy heads in London; but the next day also a man lay in the hollow of Rose Tree.

Antoine had sung his last song. He had waked in the night with a start of pain, and by the time the sun was hailing at noon above the Rose Tree mine he had begun a journey the sound of which no man has ever truly told, neither its beginning nor its end, because that which tried the spirit refused to be interpreted to the flesh. Some agree that he lies, but they are brief and shadowy, the awe of it is hidden in the scent of him that goeth out lonely unto God.

When the call was forth, not wife nor child nor any other was look the water face back, though he was hidden for an instant on the brink. The year moaned which Angelique sings were not those soothing hands and leading tones, they pass through clouds of the soul the place between heaven and earth to Antoine. It is only when the second moonlight follows that, with conscious tut pensive and for all eyes, he says to her, "Angelique, my wife."

For reply she lifts from his cheek and her fingers hunger for his neck. Then, "Is there pain now, Antoine?"

"There is no pain, Angelique."

He closed his eyes slowly; her lips found an Ave.

"I am tired, Angelique."

"Sleep, my husband."

"The ground is as dust—we cannot dig, and the water under the ice is cold—is it not so, Angelique?"

"We will break the ground, and the water is cold."

"You will see my face until the water is gone, my wife."

She bowed her head, but smothered his hand noiselessly.

He partly slept; his body slept, though his mind was feeling its way to wonderful things. But near the morning his eyes opened wide and he said, "Angelique, come out of the dark, Angelique."

And she with her hand on her heart replied, "It is my cry of a dog, Antoine."

"But there are footsteps at the door, my wife."

"Nay, Antoine, it is the snow beating upon the window."

"There is the sound of wings close by; dost thou not hear them, Angelique?"

"Wings—wings," she faltering said; "it is the hot blood through me, the chamber, the night is cold, Antoine."

"The night is very cold," he said, and he trembled. "I hear, O my wife, the voice of a little child; the voice is like to thine, Angelique."

And she, not knowing what to reply, said softly, "There is hope in the voice of a child," and the mother stirred within her, and in the moment he knew also that the spirits would give her the child. Then he said, "Thy, she should not be alone in the long winter."

The sounds of the hoarding spring had ceased—the coupling of the hollow branches, the cracking of the earth and the hoarding of a bud, the sprite of the frost had finished their work, and that as the gray forehead of dawn appeared beyond the cold hills Antoine cried out gently, "Angelique. Ah, mon Cagliaro, Jean," and then, no more.

Night after night Angelique lighted candles in the place where Antoine smiled on it in his frozen silence, and masses were said for his soul—the masses were answers for his dead. The earth could not receive him—its bosom was adamant—but no deep could touch him, and she dwelt alone with this, that was her husband, and one beautiful, bitter day, when, with her eyes open God's to see her, and to lessen comfort by her, she gave birth to a man child. And yet that night she lighted the candles at the dead man's head and feet, dragging herself hither in the cold.

In the early spring, when the cold painfully benefited away the frost that clung to it, with her child for nourisher and herself for season and priest, she turned Antoine with muttered prayer, for knew were the prayers of the priest and of the pure in heart, and she did not this because in the hour that her comrade was put away into the dark the world was laughing at the thought of coming summer.

Before another sunrise came the corsair of the island of Saint Jean came to claim what was theirs, and because that which had happened worked upon their hearts, they called the child Saint Jean, and from that time forth they made him to enjoy the goodly fruits of the Rose Tree mine.

A NUPTIAL NOVELTY.

How the Sentimental Rose Was Used by a Practical Justice of the Peace.

Camping near a town in Wyoming, we secured our stock and went to Kinkering that leading place of the town, I introduced myself to Mr. Stiles, one of the proprietors, and the postmaster. Stiles said: "It's now 2:15, and at 3 there's a wedding at Jesse Burlock. Old Jesse is a rough old man that we elected a justice of the peace about a month ago, and as this will be his first attempt at a marriage I think we will see some fun. Come, go with me." We went into the old settler's cabin and found him poring over a large volume of the "Statutes of Wyoming," sweating like a horse and evidently terribly anxious. After greeting he said:

"Stiles, these gabots that got up these yer laws hadn't gumption enough to last his ever night. I've run through the blamed books a half dozen times an ain't find a word about matrimony or how the bilkins process is preceded with. I've just got to put this change on this yer couple, hit or miss, an if it don't jaber 'em up legal I can't help it."

Stiles explained to him about how to proceed, and the old man daily thought he could worry through in bewilder shape.

He long the couple appeared, followed by a crowd of citizens of the camp. The bridegroom stood up before the squire, who began:

"Teller Gimmes, this yer man and this yer woman have appeared before the court to be hitched in the legal bands of wedlock. If any galoot in the jack knows of any reason why this block the game of tack to a higher court, let him now tot his hooves or else keep his jaw to himself now and forever more. All in favor of proceeding as authorized by law say 'I.'"

Everybody said "I."

"Contrary, 'No.'"

Nobody said "No."

The ceremony carried unanimously, as the court rules that there hain't nothing to prevent the trying of the case."

"Now," said the squire, "grip your flea."

The candidates joined hands.

"Amos Peabody, do you solemnly swear that you'll freeze to Mandy forever, and provide for her and treat her square and white accordin to the rules and regulations set down in sarcern sich cases in the laws of the United States, so help you Gosh?"

"Yes, sir; I do, sir."

"That lines your end of the bargain.

"Mandy Thomas, do you solemnly swear that you'll hang on to Amos for all comin time, that you'll toss him in sickness and sorrow to him in wellness, that you'll always to to him a good, true, honest, up and up wife under the penalties prescribed by the laws for the punishment of such offenses? Do you swear this, so help yer Gosh?"

"I swear I will."

"Then, by the power in me vested as justice of the peace in and for this precinct, I pronounce you, Amos Peabody, husband, and you, Mandy Thomas, wife, and legislate yo to remain each now and forevermore, as you'll stand commuted till the first and cents in the case are paid in full, so may God have mercy on your souls as these this union with his holiness blessin's."

The fees and costs were adjusted, and the newly made husband and wife after receiving the congratulations of the assembly departed for their cabin up the creek.—Chicago Tribune.

Her Nationality.

There came into one of the primary classes of a Brooklyn public school last week a little black eyed girl. A glance showed that her nationality was not that of the ordinary run of school children. The rest of the urchins seemed to be aware of this, for when the teacher pleasantly asked, "What is your name, little girl?" a newsboy over in the corner spoke up and said:

"Please, ma'am, she's a stick."

"A what?" asked the teacher.

"A stick."

The puzzled preceptress looked from one child to another and tried to divine what it was meant. The monitor cleared up the mystery.

"I am a Pole," said she. "That is what she means by a stick."—New York Recorder.

Use of the Thumb.

Cornelius Kelet painted his pictures with his thumb and it is still the picture dealer's safest tool. When sewing was rendered easier by the invention of the thimble, or thumbell, as it was originally called, that useful article was worn upon the thumb, not the finger, and the Japanese dentist, disdaining any but nature's appliances, finds his thumb and finger all sufficient in the extraction of the most stubborn of aching teeth.—Chambers Journal.

Deep Mourning.

Young Widow—Life has lost all its charms for me; I shall enter a convent and spend the rest of my days in mourning for my dear husband.

Officer—But, madame, it would be nothing short of suicide for a lady like yourself, so beautiful, wealthy, and thirty years of age, to——

Young Widow (interrupting)—Hug your pardon; only twenty nine.—Der Floh.

The skillful use of the needle has always been part of the training of every well bred girl. To learn how to sew was a thoroughly feminine idea little dreamed in the olden time, as it is today.

Chocolate requires great heat and rapid cooling in an uncovered dish so that oil will separate and rise to the top. Bitterness is removed by an unscented pitcher. Chocolate that is not fresh is bitter.

THREE THINGS.

3 Three things which afflict mankind the most with Aches and Pains, are

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO.

3 These universal afflictions are Promptly and Permanently cured by

ST. JACOBS OIL,

which has proved more than any other medical preparation that it is the best and cheapest.

SALT LAKE NURSERY.

HYMAN BROS. OLD PROPRIETOR of the Salt Lake Nursery, has just received a large Fruit, Shade and Orna mental Trees and Shrubs, of best quality and at lowest prices.

Call and see for yourselves at the Nursery, on State Road.

MARTIN CHRISTOPHERSEN.

"August Flower"

Perhaps you do not believe these statements concerning Green's August Flower. Well, we can't make you. We can't force convictions into

Doubting Thomas.

your head or medicine into your throat. We don't want to. The money is yours, and the misery is yours; and until you are willing to believe, and spend the money for the relief of the other, they will stay so. John H. Foster, 1122 Brown Street, Philadelphia, says: "My wife is a little Scotch woman, thirty years of age and of a naturally delicate disposition. For five or six years past she has been suffering from Dyspepsia. She became so bad at last that she could not eat down to a meal but she had to vomit it as soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower have cured her, after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy it; and as for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it."

Vomit Every Meal.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court in and for the 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.

JACOB G. JAYS AND THOMAS GREEN, [illegible] Mary Pike, deceased, [illegible] Probate Court [illegible] Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah, [illegible] Mary Pike, late of said county, deceased, [illegible] Probate Court [illegible] Saturday, the 26th day of March, 1892, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, [illegible] Probate Court [illegible] Salt Lake City, Utah, [illegible] Mary Pike, deceased