DIRGE.

While with tears thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Thou sleep, dear, sleep!
And not a sorrow
Hang any tear on your eyelashes;
Lie still and sleep,
Sad soul, until the sea wave washes
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,
In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then die, dear, die!
'Tis deeper, sweeter,
Than on a rosebank to lie dreaming
With folded eye;
And then alone, amid the beaming
Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her
In eastern sky.
—New York Tribune.

IN THE QUICKSANDS.

The story properly begins at midnight on the San Luis Obispo coast, California, twenty years ago, when the September moonlight shone down upon Stoner's cattle ranch, near the Pacific ocean, in the rugged Santa Lucia mountains.

Stoner had been a Texas ranger, and could hold his own extremely well in that south frontier community. He had carried off a pretty Spanish wife from the Chihuahua region years before, had brought her to the rocky California coast, and had purchased a settler's claim and an old adobe house built by a Spanish hidalgo half a century ago.

Here he farmed, raised cattle on the unused government lands, and kept a sort of hotel, for several mountain trails joined at that point the broad highway which led from the county seat, twenty miles south, to the northern settlements in the pinories. He had five daughters, the youngest, Theresa, known as Tess, a girl of 17. That added to the attraction, and almost every night the dark eyed, half Spanish girls sang and danced, and old Stoner managed to hear all the news that was afloat, and somehow most of the loose coin of the region ultimately found its way into his pockets. He was a deep one, that same Ephraim Stoner, quiet, sly and patient, secret in his methods and deadly in his hate.

[illegible]

"Perfectly safe; only when you cross Toro creek keep on the sandbar. It's as hard as iron. I crossed there today."

"Thank you. Adios."

Simple, smiling speech, those words of Stoner's, and yet they were intended to send Warren to his death more surely and safely than by bullet of pistol or pellet of secret poison.

Stoner took an extra swig of brandy and went to his rest. Warren rode down the rugged hill to the bottom of the ravine, then turned seaward and at last the wide gulch opened broadly to the shore of the Pacific.

The cliffs were from 30 to 300 feet high, and full of waterworn caves. Warren drew rein on the beach, and for fully ten minutes watched the ocean away and else. His thoughts throbbed with dreams of Tess. He would take her away from her narrow and hurtful surroundings. He would force Stoner's consent, marry her and make her happy.

He rode rapidly south, and in half an hour the mouth of the Toro appeared in the midst of sand dunes, breakers rolling in and the shady river rolling out. Here was the long sandbar, ten feet wide and stretching across hardly an inch higher than the water surface.

Warren was beginning to have some suspicions of Stoner, but not such as to lead him to doubt the simple directions he had received. The sandbar looked safe, but within a few days the sea, as Stoner knew, had swept it nightly, torn out the long compacted bar and placed instead a quivering mass of quicksand, so treacherous that not even a light footed rabbit could cross without being swallowed up and dragged bodily down. Warren rode swiftly forward. He had crossed sandbars hundreds of times. Some horses would have been wiser, but the animal he rode had been bred in the valley.

The approach to the bar was hard for a few rods, and he galloped on. Suddenly, in one heart breaking, breathless descent, noiseless, but unutterably dreadful, Tom Warren's horse went down, down, and the soft, slimy sand came up to his knees. He shrieked out that ghastly cry of appeal and agony that a frightened, dying horse will sometimes utter.

[illegible]

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Post Office at Salt Lake City, Utah, February 7, 1891, which, if not called for within two weeks, will be sent to the Dead Letter Office at Washington, D. C.

LADIES' LIST.

[illegible]

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

[illegible]

I. A. BENTON, Postmaster.

A HORSE WHO CAN TALK!

[illegible]

$500 OFFERED by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the Estate of Thomas Harris, Deceased.

[illegible]

BURTON-GARDNER COMPANY.

[illegible]

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

[illegible]

SUMMONS.

[illegible]

WANTED.

A WOMAN TO DO WASHING AND IRONING. [illegible]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

[illegible]

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

[illegible]

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

[illegible]

LEGAL NOTICE.

[illegible]

LEGAL NOTICE.

[illegible]

HARRISON CONVEYOR IRRIGATING PUMP

[illegible]

NOTICE.

FOR SALE IN PROVO CITY, A GOOD [illegible]

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

[illegible]

NOTICE.

[illegible]

Deseret News Company

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Utah Central Railway

Time Card in Effect OCT. 21, 1890

Passenger Trains Leave and Arrive at Salt Lake City, and Park City, Daily, as Follows:

SALT LAKE CITY.

[illegible]

PARK CITY.

[illegible]

FREIGHT TRAINS.

[illegible]

PASSENGER RATES

Between Salt Lake City and Park City.

Single Fare, $2.00. Round Trip, $3

J. R. YOUNG, Gen. Supt. V. J. HACKSTONE, Gen. Frt. & Pas. Agt.

RIO GRANDE WESTERN RY.

CURRENT TIME TABLE, JAN. 1, 1891.

[illegible]

LOCAL TRAINS.

[illegible]

D. C. DODGE, General Manager. J. H. BENNETT, Gen. Pass. Agt.

DIRECTORS.

Geo. Romney, Manager.
Geo. H. Taylor, Assistant Manager.
Geo. R. Romney, Secy. and Treasurer.

Lumber Yard & Steam Planing Mill

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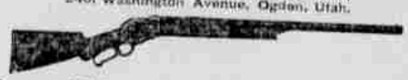

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A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF

THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY,

[illegible]

MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS,

[illegible]

VIA THE ALBERT LEA ROUTE,

[illegible]

E. ST. JOHN, General Manager. CHICAGO, ILL. JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Ticket & Pass. Agent.