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THE DESERET WEEKLY.

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THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSEBUDS.

"If you love me as much as you say you do,"
Said the maiden to her lover,
As the close of a poor little heartbreak to note,
"Send me six rosebuds, prime and sweet,
Kissed by your dips, before one to-night."

He read, and he laughed to himself to see
How cool and how foolish a woman can be;
But he stopped at the florist's. "I love her far
more,
Yet how can I tell her so? Ah, yes, I know!"

The rosebuds were bought, and the rosebuds
were kissed;
Her street and her number and house were not
missed.
She received the buds with love's tears and
love's grace—
But six, but when six, unified up in her face.

White buds make white roses they opened and
died.
Again, "Do you love me as ever?" she sighed.
The rosebuds he answered her, kissed as before
"But six, our twice six, but two dozen buds
more."

And so, in this city of music and dance,
Two hearts have their own, pretty rosebud romance,
And when she grows sad through the long, long
hours,
"Dearest absent, I love you," he whispers in flowers.

Ah! Love will have essence of sublime and dealt,
Presents as the spring puts her tender buds out;
But Love will find language for questions and
answers
So long as the rose loves the queen of romances.

—Frank Rivers in Harper's Bazar.

BROWN, SMITH & JONES.

I was a young lawyer, and had the reputation of being shrewd, and I do honestly believe that had I remained at the bar I might have been fairly successful. I had no idea of leaving it until Brown, of Brown, Smith & Jones, came to me and said:

"As you know, old Fox, our confidential man, is dead. We think it better to fill his place with a young man, and I have come to offer it to you."

The firm had a private book, and dealt in stocks. It also did considerable organization, placed bonds, bought mortgages, shaved notes, and made money in other dignified and respectable ways. It had no criminal business nor family pleas, and was rated conservative and sound.

The only curious thing about the firm was the trio composing it. Brown was an old bachelor of 50. He was tall, angular and homely, and the only woman whom he could endure was his landlady. Smith was five years older and married, but had no children. He was short, fat and taciturn, never speaking to anybody when he could help it. His wife never went into society, and Smith never entered a church. Jones was a little man, almost small enough to be called a dwarf, but with an awful dignity about him. He was over 40, a single man, but was popularly supposed to be "looking around." There were rumors that some one had once called him "the Napoleon of the West," and it he had any particular weakness it was that of attending Thursday evening prayer meeting. No business matter, no matter how important, could prevent his regular attendance, although he took no active part in the exercises, and was never known to contribute a dollar to the church.

Having accepted the post I found my duties to be almost numberless. I opened the mail, sorted the letters and attended to the correspondence. I "checked" on the cashier, verified all balances, investigated all risks, boated up the standing of all would be borrowers, and to a great extent had charge of the outside business. In less than a week I found that each one of the firm had his official peculiarity, as follows:

Brown would never open the mail.

Smith would never answer a letter.

Jones would never sign a check.

The street called them "conservatives," but the street never saw them in the private office, and consequently did not know of their oddities. The morning programme was a very funny one. I reached the office at 8:30 daily. At exactly 8:45 Jones came in. At 9:44 Smith entered. At 9:50 Brown appeared. The last man of the firm name was the first to appear. As each entered he hung up his hat on his own particular hook, sat down in his own particular chair, picked up his own daily paper, and none of them ever changed from each other by so much as a hour. At 9:30 I had the mail opened, they had made their papers, and the business of the day came up to be discussed.

It took me a couple of weeks to fall into the ways of these strange men, but in spite of their eccentricities they were very kind to me and treated me almost without fuss. Everything had been going along very smoothly, and nothing whatever had happened to break the routine, when something dropped from a clear sky. The private office was arranged so that I occupied the first, which was also a consulting room. Then each of the firm had a private office back of that, and each retired to it when not otherwise engaged.

One forenoon, at 11 o'clock, while I was alone in the front office, a lady entered. It was rarely that a woman came to my business with us beyond the teller's window, and I was considerably surprised at the presence of this one. She was about thirty years old, handsome as a picture, and I soon had reason to declare to myself that her manners were fascinating. She took my breath away by depositing a $1 bill down to me, for, so far as the legends of the office went he had never yet been interviewed by a woman, and I hesitated to reply to her direct question.

"I have business of importance with him," she continued, and down to see him in his private office. I will be there on the 1st, I believe. Pray don't trouble yourself to announce me."

She went to the door and tapped. Brown opened it, and when he saw her standing there he turned pale and staggered back. She entered, and closed the door behind her, and was closeted with him a full hour. If I was astonished at this action, I was almost paralyzed at his conduct as they came out. He was actually leering and smirking, and trying to be gallant—he the man who insisted that his landlady should never employ a female servant unless she was a hunchback or cross eyed! He followed her through the room, and out to the door of the bank, and when he returned he was smiling blandly, and his lips were moving as if talking to himself. He didn't say a word to me. If he had I could not have replied to him, as I was completely knocked out.

After that day I noticed a marked change in Brown. He ceased to chew off—or take more interest in life, and I caught on to the fact that he was writing private letters to some one. One day he added to my astonishment by calling me into his private room and inquiring if it would be a good thing for me to pick up a silver mine out in Nevada, providing we got a few figures and a view thing.

The next astonishing circumstance happened a week later. I was out on the street at 11:30, an hour when every man of the firm was invariably closeted with his self, and I suddenly caught sight of Jones going into a hotel. Believing himself to be the victim of an optical delusion, I followed, and as I looked about the office the clerk beckoned to me and said, "Room 44—Mrs. Temple—silver mine."

She had been to the office to call on Brown, and now she had probably sent word to Jones to follow her. I would have bet a hundred to one that Jones wouldn't have gone, even to close a deal in which there was a sure profit of $10,000, but there he was, sure enough, and I began to feel unnerved and uneasy. I was at the office when Jones returned, two hours later. He not only had a grin on his face, but he felt so good that he actually whistled a bar or two of a popular air.

If anything further was needed to convince me that things were at sixes and sevens in the house of Brown, Smith & Jones the conduct of Smith furnished it. On a certain Wednesday morning he was twenty-eight minutes late. As if this were not enough, he came in looking flustered and excited. An hour later a boy brought a note which I carried to his room. It was addressed in a woman's hand, and within twenty minutes after receiving it he left the bank, evidently to keep an appointment. He had hardly gone when Jones came out to me and began to discuss business matters. This had never happened before, and I was regarding him with surprise and astonishment when he observed:

"If we could pick up a silver mine known by insiders to be worth a million dollars, and get it for about $10,000, it might be a good investment, eh?"

I mumbled something in reply, and he took three or four turns across the room and disappeared into his private office. At 4 o'clock Smith came in. He had forgotten his usual dignity of entrance, and he was so almost mauled that he hung up his coat on the wrong hook. He blushed and then observed:

"I have had an offer of mining property which promises great things. Do you recollect of the Queen Anne mine of Nevada?"

I replied that I never had, and after sitting in a dreamy study for a while he also retired. He had evidently been to see Mrs. Temple also. Mrs. Temple then was a woman who had a silver mine to dispose of. Of all men in the world whom I should have hesitated to approach were the three complaining our firm. Of all people living to succeed with them a woman would be the very last. I couldn't make it out. It seemed to me that the natural order of things had been reversed.

Before the week was out Jones escorted Mrs. Temple to the theater. Brown had taken her out for a drive, and there were well founded rumors that Smith had sent her a bouquet. I then set to work to find out who Mrs. Temple was. No one could give me any information beyond the fact that she was the widow of a Nevada mine owner, and that she had come east for the purpose of disposing of some mining property. She had charts and maps and diagrams of lands and mines, and seemed to be well posted as to the business on hand. It was, however, the general impression that she was a sharper or adventuress, with a man behind her somewhere, and it was further told me that Brown, Smith and Jones, individually and collectively, were infatuated with her.

I always wondered why she did not attempt to secure my assistance in her project, but she probably either mistrusted that I suspected her, or she thought she could work her cards without my assistance. While each of the three partners knew that each of the others had been approached on the same subject—that of buying the mine—neither of them knew that the other had been done for by her fascinating ways. I have the strongest grounds for stating those separate and distinct beliefs.

First—That Jones expected to marry her.

Second—That Brown expected to marry her.

Third—That Smith had become so infatuated that he would have run away with her, leaving wife, business and all.

Well, the proposition to buy her silver mine came up at the business meeting one morning. There was nothing in the looks or words of either party to lead me to suspect that he had ever met her or talked to her before. It would have been proper to send some expert out to the mine to investigate and report, but she had given them the names of parties to write to, and it was agreed that if reports were favorable the deal should be closed. I saw for the first time instead of the location of the mine. I had not only been on the site and knew the mine to be worthless, but had friends there who could attest the fact. Under directions of the firm I wrote to the address given by Mrs. Temple. Acting on my own judgment, I also wrote to disinterested parties.

While waiting for answers to these letters Brown suddenly asked the other two members of the firm to congratulate him, as he had decided to get married. They had hardly done so when Jones announced that he had also decided on the same step. Smith couldn't follow suit, having a wife already, but he flushed up and looked confused, and seemed about to declare that he was going to elope, but caught himself and stopped short.

Ten days had elapsed, and answers to my letters were expected every day, when I was sent to a town a hundred miles away on business which detained me two days. Returning at 10 o'clock on the morning of the 3d, I caught sight of Mrs. Temple entering the Second National bank, where our surplus was on deposit, and on which checks of over $1,000 were drawn. It struck me that the letters written in the name of the firm had arrived, and the deal had been closed during my absence. I followed her in, and my fears were realized. Indeed Jones came in after her to identify her. It was coming to light, and as she presented the check I said to Jones:

"Let her wait until I can run over to my bank and return. Mr. Harpeth (to the teller), please delay payment until a trifling irregularity can be arranged."

Jones called to Brown and one other as he did not stop or answer. On arriving at our bank I found three letters addressed to our firm parties in Nevada. I took time to read only four or five lines of each, and then, calling on Smith and Brown to follow, hastened to the other bank. We had a lively row, I can tell you, when the letters addressed to the bank made the mine out to be a big thing, but those from my friends stamped it as a fraud. It was finally agreed that the check should be returned until further investigation could be made, and then afternoon the afternoon we skipped, to be heard of no more.

I do not know how the partners settled it among themselves, but I know they had a private meeting, lasting over two hours. Perhaps each one of them mentally admitted that he had made an ass of himself, and promised better things in future. All I know is that when the meeting broke up efforts were made to find Brown, Smith & Jones removed their old time vestige, and the only situation to the effect was made by Jones, who said, "Mr. Wardwick, I am requested to inform you that your services and attention to company has not escaped our observation, and you will be happy to hear that your salary will be $1,500."—New York Sun.

Up to the Attic.

"Did you sit in the stalls at the opera?"

"No. I was way up stairs, in the upper attic."—Puck.

We Are Not Anxious.

Canada need not fret. We are not in a hurry to annex such a quarrelsome little state as she is growing herself to be. The Liberals in the Dominion say that the only way in which the Conservative party would ever get an overall majority in the late election was by spreading reports of a diabolical scheme on the part of the United States to annex her, body and bones. That saved the Canadians, and barried them back into their habitual state of mind of not doing anything themselves or letting anybody else do it.

As far back as 1862 the most fulsome speeches would have been settled satisfactorily only for Canada. A proposition was made by Mr. Bagaud, to which Great Britain assented. Hence no a few intrusts, it will be admitted, in the North Pacific waters, and the proposition was one that Russia herself was willing to accept, believing it to be for the good of the seafing industry. All was satisfactory, when suddenly Canada flew up like a crooked stick and protested, and the majestic British empire succumbed to the pressure of a country with a population about equal to the state of Pennsylvania.

Once more, Newfoundland made a treaty with the United States, eminently satisfactory to both countries. The treaty was concluded, of course, through the British minister at Washington. All was well so far. Newfoundland was congratulating herself on the fine prospect opened before her, when lo! up flew the crooked stick again and the treaty between Newfoundland and the United States was withdrawn by the British government.

As between Canada and Great Britain, might can act without offense. Does the tail wag the dog?

A Case of General Interest.

It probably excited surprise throughout the country when the president and leading officers of the New York Central railroad were charged by a coroner's jury in New York city with being criminally guilty of the deaths of persons burned to death and suffocated in the railway tunnel. The warrants for the arrest of these gentlemen charged such with causing the death of the victims. The paper endorsing Mr. Depew's arrest stated that the individuals named lost their lives "by the act of Chauncey M. Depew."

On the whole, the attempt of some of the arrested gentlemen to make it appear that steam would be more dangerous than a stove, in case the steam pipe should burst, seems unworthy of the situation. One of the officers was "informed" that some passengers in a certain road had been found sitting in their seats asphyxiated, but some dead from inhaling scalding steam.

The men arrested probably represent more money than ever stood behind any similar number of men brought before the law before. Chauncey M. Depew and W. D. Bickelhaus are not often served with warrants. This very fact shows that the day is passing when money can shield men. The state of the public temper is such throughout the country and the world that nobody was surprised when the many millionaid gentlemen were charged with the greatest of crimes. The very fact that the victims were poor working people made the verdict of the coroner's jury against the officers all the more certain. Right or wrong, public opinion would have tolerated nothing less, and say what we will, public opinion goes far to form the verdict of even a jury. The workingman, the poor man, is on top in our time when it comes to the law now. There no longer any doubt of that.

The strange part of this verdict and subsequent arrest of the railroad officers is that the gentlemen against whom the charges were brought did not themselves seem to realize the gravity of the situation in which they now feel themselves. Under the circumstances flippancy and quibbling on their part were out of order, and certainly out of taste. In the opinion of this now the country will find out exactly how far railroad directors can be held responsible and made to obey state laws.

Egypt's Consideration for the Dog.

It has been suggested that the consideration which the Egyptians of old had for the dog possessed some connection with their superstitious fear of properly upon the periodical overflows of the Nile. To these floods they looked forward, as they do now, with anxiety, and it so happened that the floods times were customarily announced by the appearance in the heavens of Sirius, the dog star. As soon as that orb was seen above the horizon they hastened to remove their flocks to higher grounds and abandoned the lower pastures to the fertilizing stream. They hailed it as their god and protector and called it the dog star because of its apparent watchfulness over and protection of their interests. One of their deities—Anubis—had the body of a man with a dog's head.—Exchange.

The sense of smell is naturally better developed in some persons than in others, but like the other senses—taste, touch, sight and hearing—it may be trained to delicacy and accuracy.

A Sad Disease.

"Did you hear of Trottler's loss?"

"No. What was it?"

"Both his horses died last week of pneumonia."

"You don't say so—regular plural pneumonia, wasn't it?"—Judge.

WHY DO YOU COUGH?

Do you know that a little cough is a dangerous thing? Are you aware that germs lodge on the lungs and far too often runs into Consumption and ends in Death? People suffering from Asthma, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Consumption will all tell you that

"IT STARTED WITH A COLD."

Can you afford to neglect it? Can you trifle with so serious a matter? Are you aware that

DR. ACKER'S ENGLISH REMEDY

for Coughs, Colds and Consumption is beyond question the greatest of all Modern Remedies? It will stop a Cough in one night. It will check a Cold in a day. It will prevent Croup, relieve Asthma and cure Consumption if taken in time. "You can't afford to be without it." A 25c. bottle may save you $100 in Doctor's bills—may save your life! Ask your druggist for it, or write to W. F. GINN & CO., 46 Hull Building, New York, for book.

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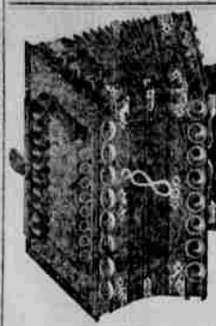

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KELLNER STOCK.

The $31,500 worth of GOODS that was kept in reserve in the basement. I have now placed on the main floor along with the rest of the stock, and I will on

Monday Morning, March 23rd, 1891,

commence the Sale of the ENTIRE STOCK until disposed of at about

65 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR

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This Stock comprises some of the very Finest Goods eve brought to Utah. Merchants and other large buyers wishing to buy a $100.00 worth and upwards, I will give a special discount to. Buy Goods now and lay them bye until you need them, for, MONEY SAVED IS MONEY EARNED. I have engaged nine additional clerks so as to give all a chance to thoroughly investigate the goods and prices and avoid confusion.

LOUIS LEDERER, Assignee,

205 and 207 Main Street, Wasatch Block.

P. S—See hand bills for quotations.

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OF

CHINESE AND JAPANESE

ORNAMENTAL AND FANCY GOODS.

As I am about to go East to buy Goods, MUST SELL OUT THIS WEEK. Everything will be sold at a GREAT SACRIFICE.

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Street and Carriage Parasols.

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SPECIAL FOR THIS WEEK.

A line of 24 in. Black Gloria Parasols, at $1.25, and a line of Fancy Colored Satin Sateen at $1.50.

Our Cloak Department

Offers Special Bargains this week. A line of newest style Accordeon Pleated, lined Underskirts, in Black, Tan, Navy and Black, at $3.50. Pleated Black Satin Underskirts, lined throughout, worth $6.50 and $6.50.

We offer a magnificent line of Ladies'

Blazers and Reefer Jackets,

At $3.50, $4.50, $5.00, $6.00 and upwards.

Dress Goods Bargains.

A line of 40-in. English Checked Wool Dress Goods, at 50c. 40-in. fine quality French Henrietta, at 75c. A lot of Dress Patterns, containing 20 yds. 36 in. Mohair, at 50c. per pattern, worth $1.50. A lot of Dress Patterns, containing 12 yds. 24 in. Fancy Dress Goods, at $1.00 per pattern, will worth double.

Wash Dress Goods.

In this department we are showing an enormous assortment of Zephyrs, Ginghams, India Pongees, India Mogalines, Cantillon Chintzes, Seersucker, Ginghams and other novelties. A line of 32-in. Zephyrs, very handsome effects, at the low price of 12½c. A beautiful line of Scotch Zephyrs at 20 cents.

Children's Caps.

A lovely line of Children's Caps in the newest styles, from 25c. up.

A handsome assortment of

Ladies' Skirts,

In Black, Scotch and Alpaca.

Our Hosiery Department

Offers the best line of Ladies' and Children's Fast Black Hose ever shown in the city, at 10c., 12½c., 20c., 25c., 35c., 50c. and 75c.

We have received a complete assortment of

Mother's Friend Shirt Waists.

OUR

Linen Department

Offers 100 dozen extra heavy Devonshire Huck Towels, cut-edged, size 22 x 44, at 20c. apiece. This is the best bargain we shall offer in this class of goods this season.

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The ages call economy
The surest road to wealth,
With Wire Gauze Doors economy
Seems too the path of health.
For as with them the juices
Remain within the meat,
More food and much the better
Is left for us to eat.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST,

BUY THE CHARTER OAK,

WITH THE WIRE GAUZE OPEN DOORS.

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