A PLAINS INCIDENT.

Joe was not a nice boy at all. There were doubtless many excuses for a naturally perverted and disfigured by the blotted circumstances in which he had been placed, but the actual result as represented in Joe was neither gratifying nor edifying, save in one qualification—he was an excellent cowboy. But the cement of his peculiar and unclassified and poisoned to a great extent his attainments in this manner, for so cruel was he that he would stick a loose flesh could, no hire vault into the saddle and draw blood with a few strokes of the spur without a thrill of sympathetic pain and an involuntary expression of regret.

On the other hand, when scanned to distant strains to the sweet meditating grasses of early June, the lowly and unnoticed far and wide upon the boundless prairie, and, grown carry through long experience of cruel rents made use of every hillock and ravine to escape pursuit, there was none like Joe to find and bring them in, and, though his mount on such occasions stood scarring with clouds and bowing flecks and rolling eyeballs that seemed to cross being, a . . . of water from the stream fetched in a few hours' emptying of the stream would bring the wretch again, and, even if it didn't, what matter "Only $20 worth of bossbolts," said Joe.

Their the amount of "cow sense" possessed by our hero was altogether wonderful. Riding his watch around the herd on one or so block a night, he sensed the very intention of prairieness. So far bolted could the Joe in his place in the herd and steal away from its mountain, dashed to slaughter in the distant stockyards, without hearing the equid hoofs of Joe's pony's hoofs and seeing their outlines by the dark hat, whose one ribbon with great menace, and whose lips poured forth a fresh volley of imprecations with each furious whirl of his hurl.

When calves were to be branded, so painful bleating sickened Joe's heart so that his hand. Closed to the point of cruelty the tension of his cruel pony, whose tender creature wordlessly bounded through and on dust or pieces of. Hoofing calves while the making motions gazed with bulging tongues and bloodshot eyes upon their offspring's agonies, and Joe, scoughing with savage grace from his saddle horn, scooped up a handful of dirt and flung it with diverse laughter into their poor dumb faces. Yet so much of the whole subtle could bring as many tears as he, a green time to be trembling lie, and time is valued even on the plains.

Now, if Joe had come to his death by trampling of cattle in a stampede, crushed pale or goring at the horns of a maddened cow, or if his pony, rendered desperate by spur threats and profane invocations, reared his back so expert a rider, but suddenly reared and flung itself backward, crushing him to the ground, the end of this unpleasant story would have been in general singular. But that this "dill weed should experience a fate such as Nelson or Terry might have glorious in was certainly an extraordinary example of the vagaries of destiny.

Autumn was come, and the herd of chosen beeves was gathered. Scores upon spill in their saddles, the owners continued with infinite satisfaction their sleek sides and contented lows. Excitement of any kind means shrinkage of thickness and to be strenuously avoided because of the corresponding shrinkage in the pockets of the two gentlemen on horseback who looked through these fleshy grass ranges to a remote perspective of a winter of pleasure and luxury following upon the spoiling of bull and bankings. Time was usually a thorn to the rose somewhere. Here there was a flow to be crossed—a river which at this season should have been little more than a rippling rill, but which recent and phenomenal rains had swollen to an alarming volume. Its tangle waters rushed oddying by, and over and anon a splash of startling force told of banks undermined and a still rising tide. Since more than a same a flow away the opposite bank, frisked with twice and smiling in sunlight, offered an inviting camping ground.

The cattle, which had been purposely kept from the water until the moment for crossing arrived, moved willingly, for knowing with noses deep in the cool flood and swishing their tails contentedly. The boys knew their duty and knew that they drive them along. All seemed going well and heading for the farther shore, when a big steer in the lead was suddenly seized with panic and, turning upon its own pardons with a frightened bellow, quickly threw the whole living mass into riotous confusion. That portion of the herd which had advanced farthest into the river and were in swimming depth was swept down by the swirling tide struggling and bellowing, and a couple of horses spurred boldly after to gather and bring them back.

Also, the very thing most undesirable had come to pass! The madness of fear has resistible than that of rage, was upon the herd. In vain the shouts of encouragement from a score of horse throats. In vain the spurs and lashes and rifles of jaded ponies, now surrounding in the angry torrent, now scrambling up or down the unstable bank. After an hour of hopeless "rolling" the exhausted men and horses made lunge milestone of living beef—round and round, head to tail, packed with all breaking pressure against the outer, after an hour in watch every possible means of irritation has been resorted to without avail, the herd straightens itself out as if by accident and once more moves sway toward the opposite bank.

To keep them going in the right direction is now the end and aim of every man and boy in the outfit. Yet, in the herd, Joe is always in the lead, may cause trouble again. Indeed, he is turning at this moment, and Joe, whose black eye has been watching him, urges his pony forward to commence, if possible, the effort of this movement upon the cattle in his immediate neighborhood. Suddenly, with a rush and roar of the angry current, Joe's curses are visible rather than audible. His pony raises deep, and the lay is awash in the water, suddenly the horse rises, floundering by, with a following of terrified stricken comrades. Joe, in the insanity of impotent fury, endeavors to intervene and turn them back. Circling, spurring to his death maybe—he goes not. Down goes the pony under the swimming shape of steers. Up he arises, and they have swept by, but with an empty saddle.

Joe was never seen again. Strange as it may seem, even his body was never recovered. This is the story of Joe's life, which nobody grieved for the loss of him—and the beasts certainly had good reason to be thankful—and it might seem that he died in the performance of his duty.—New York Ledger.

St. Nicholas Day in Holland.

In some homes the little children who go to bed early put out their shoes and stockings and find them crammed with presents in the morning. Others have to pay a guess of kids and sack for their presents, which the father and mother have hidden in the most mysterious manner and in all sorts of the very places. In a great many families, however, Dec. 5 is celebrated by visiting and receiving parcels in the evening of that day. "Parcels" must be taken here in a very broad sense. The several who that to deliver the bell is obliged to bring in whatever is put in his hand or before her and consequently is often heard to giggle behind the door of the room in which the whole family is assembled. Then in walks—say, in pantaloons and a most extraordinary looking gentleman or an old lady, or a spare man, carrying chiefly of wood or of lime filled with sawdust, in which the presents sometimes are of very small dimensions, like cameos, lying little gold pieces, or a sweetmeat. The gaiety and generally much good natured teasing to ensuing to the perfect limit. The patience of some people is often sorely tried by a parcel consisting of a big ball of very fine cotton, which has to be unwound by a friend of the second, as Annie C. Kuiper in St. Nicholas.

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TRUSTEE SALE.

WHEREAS, THE SYNDICATE MINING and Milling Company, by its certain deed of trust, dated the 6th day of December, A. D. 1895, and duly recorded in the proper office of the County of Tooele, in the State of Utah, in Book "Y" of Mortgages, page 19, did sell and convey to the undersigned Grantee the following described and mining claims, situate, lying and being in said County, to-wit: The Metropolitan No. 1, the Metropolitan No. 2, the Metropolitan No. 3, the Metropolitan No. 4, the Metropolitan No. 5, and the Metropolitan No. 6, mining claims, together with all the dykes, veins, lodes, ledges, and all other mineral deposits, and all the tenements, hereditaments, rights, privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining, and the rents, issues and profits thereof, and all the estate, right, title and interest of said Grantor, in and to said mining claims, and whereas, said Grantor, by its said deed of trust, did convey the said mining claims and premises, and all the rights, privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining, unto the undersigned Trustee, in trust, to secure the payment of the sum of $1,000 in gold coin of the United States of America, and the interest thereon, at the rate of ten per cent per annum, payable quarterly, according to the tenor and effect of certain promissory notes, executed by said Grantor, and payable to the order of the said Grantee, and whereas, default has been made in the payment of the said notes and the said Trustee's sale, certain promissory notes, and the interest thereon, in the said deed of trust, and default has been made in the payment of the said notes,