STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Miniature Portrait of a Young Lady Made Several Months After Her Death.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: If you ring the electric bell at 1128 North Grand avenue any afternoon between 2 and 4 o'clock, a young scholarly-looking old gentleman with white mustache and imperial and a slight foreign accent will come to the door. In reply to questions he will tell you that he is Dr. Simon Pollack, a retired practitioner of medicine in this city, and probably in the state, but you'd never guess it from his appearance or his conversation.

If you impress Dr. Pollack favorably and there is no great rush of business you will stop for a cigar and, with eyes that tell you stories of life in Tennessee and Louisiana fifty or sixty years ago, tell of Mr. Lincoln in war times. Some are gray, some are gay, and all are interesting.

Probably the favorite recollection of Dr. Pollack is how he obtained a little picture of a girl who died more than a dead six months. He declares that there was no tendency sentiment than friendship involved, but when he tells the narrative there is a constant suggestion of the "saddest words of tongue or pen."

The story has never been printed before. "It is fifty years ago," said the doctor to a Globe-Democrat reporter yesterday. "I was living on Sycamore creek, twenty-five miles from Nashville, Tenn., with the family of Samuel Watson, a prominent manufacturer and a member of the legislature. He was a person who then, not long in the country, and I spoke English so fluently I desired to improve in that the tender books beginning the practice of my profession in Nashville.

"Sycamore creek was a beautiful stream, clear as crystal, as is most of the water in the limestone regions around Nashville. Mr. Watson had had dammed it and made a pond and a waterfall with sufficient force to run a grist mill, a saw mill and a cotton factory. He was a Whole Island man, full of push and enterprise, and a setter-by of Governor Martin of Tennessee, the man who was elected by one vote in 1840.

"His brother, Matthew Watson, was a bank president in Nashville. Matthew had a daughter, Mary Frances Watson, the most charming creature I ever saw. She was a brunette, just bloming into the full bloom of young maidenhood, with eyes like deep shaded waters and a smile like the breaking of dawn.

"That summer five young ladies came down from Nashville to spend their vacation at Samuel Watson's home. Mary Frances was among them. I taught her to ride a black pony I had bought from a stranded circus, and we used to row a boat on the pond above the waterfall. The girls had great sport, riding, rowing and fishing in the day and singing and dancing at night. Mary Frances was the life of the company. Highspirited and active, she enjoyed all out-door sports, but nothing delighted her so much as a gallop on Apollo, the black pony.

"It was a time to be remembered, for its joys as well as the tragedy that ended it. In August, a few days before the girls were to return home, there was an accident on the pond. The boat upset and the five girls were thrown into the water. They were all rescued, and none experienced any evil effects but Mary Frances. I have doubted since that she had the seeds of malignant malarial fever in her system, and that the wetting she got developed the disease. She was seized with a chill which was followed by a high fever.

"She was taken to my home, which was the most convenient for the purpose, and put to bed. There she lingered for eleven days. I watched her till the end came, taking practically no rest. I am an old man and I have had my share of sorrow, but no grief I ever felt was keener than that which wrung my heart when I saw the child-woman's mother mourning over her. We feared Mrs. Watson would lose her reason, so great was her sorrow. 'Oh, if I only had a likeness of her,' she would say. 'Just something I could love as her image.'

"It was very sad, but the world does not stop for human sorrow. Mary Frances was buried in Nashville. I remained at Sycamore Creek till September of that year, then the place grew hateful to me. Everything about it reminded me of the dead girl. I removed to Nashville. I called frequently on Matthew Watson's family, and Mrs. Watson talked to me of her daughter. She often said that it would be a mitigation of her grief if she only had a likeness of her child.

"Photographs, and even daguerreotypes, were unknown in those days, and miniatures were rare in this country because of the scarcity of good artists.

"George W. Dodge was the most noted miniature painter of that day. It was he who painted the celebrated miniatures of Henry Clay, David Webster and Andrew Jackson. He lived about the time Polk was elected President. He came to Nashville shortly after I did and I met him.

"An idea struck me. I went to Dodge and said: 'Could you make a likeness of a person you never saw?'

"He laughed at me. I explained more fully. 'Mary Frances Watson was just as vivid in my mind as though I were looking at her. I could describe her accurately, and I could get models of her features.

"Dodge became interested. 'It looks impossible,' said he, 'but I would like to try it. First, however, I must have a cast of her face.'

"'But she has been dead six months.'

"'I must have it,' said he. 'It is necessary for me to have the exact dimensions and proportions of the face and cross structure. Without that no description would be of any service. Your description may be good but it is doubtful.'

"You shall have it,' I said. I went to Matthew Watson and confided my plan. It was to obtain a likeness of Mary Frances and present it to her mother. He agreed to aid me by giving his consent to the delicacy being shunned.

"Dr. R. K. Martin, Mr. Samuel E. Yeatman—one of St. Louis, and the only person living except myself, who had any affection for Mary Frances Dodge and I went to the cemetery at night, opened the grave and took out the coffin. We had been out two hours and it had been put there a month or two before in a walnut coffin.

"Dodge took the plaster of paris cast of the dead face and constructed the remains.

"Then he began hunting models. Whenever I saw a girl or a woman with a feature like one of Mary Frances', I got acquainted with her and took her to Dodge. He might sketch the features. In that way I got the nose, the ears, the lips, the curve of the chin, the growth of the hair about the temples, the curve of the eyes and other features. I think we got any two features from the same person.

"I looked for weeks before I got the cross. I was always in the hope of finding it has never been my nature to abandon an undertaking, and Dodge drew dozens of eyes in the hope of getting the right kind by accident. Finally one night I was at the stopper table in the old city Hotel, and I saw Dodge. They were in the face of a handsome matron or so, but they were the eyes of Mary Frances.

"I inquired who the lady was, and learned that she was Mrs. John J. Crittenden, the first wife of Kentucky's famous senator. She second wife was Miss Ashley of St. Louis, and that she would probably leave Nashville next day. I sent my card to her room, and she came to the hotel parlors.

"'What is it you wish, sir?' she asked.

"'Madam, I want your eyes.' I replied.

"She recoiled in astonishment. She thought I was a madman. Then I explained telling her what I had done and what I hoped to do. She entered into the spirit of the thing as one. Certainly I was sure Mrs. Dodge's sitting, she said, and she did, not one, but several, for she crossed on anatomy as I had the photographs of a number.

"Dodge completed into Mary Frances' smile to my mind's picture perfect. The eyes he put on Dodge's face. It was her mother's. It seemed a hopeless task to try to get one, for since her death her dear Mrs. Watson had never smiled.

"I went again to Mr. Watson. He gave wife a full hour for consideration, said. He persuaded her to go to Dodge. I was there with Dr. R. K. Martin. Dr. Martin was a famous surgeon. Mrs. Watson was coming to hold Mary over after funny story. He made her laugh. Yesterday, she was sad and tearful; today she smiled in just such a smile as she was wont to charm the confirmed misanthrope. Dodge had her expression. He understood and caught the smile.

"Thirty-odd years later the miniature was given to my wife. It was perfect likeness to me, but to make sure I submitted it to a social lady, mentioned it as an excellent and exact likeness of the Vanderbilt social party. Mrs. Mary Frances was a perfect likeness. It was a fair, fair, and resembled it so much that I knew it was the same. That satisfied me.

"I took the miniature to Mrs. Watson and presented it to her without a word. She took it in her hand and looked for joy, and fell on her neck and kissed and hugged me as though I were her own child.

"Mrs. Watson had the picture framed with a row of pearls around it, and wore it on her bosom. Had she been a queen she would have worn it in the place of her queen. It is now in the possession of her sister, Mrs. Lee Foster, wife of a sugar planter of Louisiana.

"It cost me $500, but I never got more pleasure for so little money in my life. Dr. Martin, Dodge and Yeatman had to take in. Mr. Yeatman has the only one in St. Louis.

"Apollo, a black pony that Mary Frances rode, I would never sell. Mrs. Watson gave it to Louisiana, and after my plantation was washed away by the river I purchased him back of Commodore Jack Shelby and Zach Taylor. Miss Betty Taylor admired Apollo and I gave him to her. When President Polk came to Nashville I rode with a thousand others with Old Whitey, the President's war horse, and, I think, died there."

Square Wives.

After a long residence in Indian Territory and a careful observation of family and domestic life as it exists here, says a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, I am thoroughly convinced that the Indian woman who becomes the wife of a white man always makes a good and faithful wife, and manifests a devotion to her husband's happiness and comfort which no woman was equaled among women of the Caucasian race, no matter what sacrifice it may call for. I have seen married to a white man some to think that she must be her husband's slave, and her gratitude was so great for having made her his wife and for treating her with kindness and consideration in unlimited.

White men who come here and become owners of large tracts of land are compelled to take their own safety from Indian women—they must have Indian wives to afford them protection and some of them even go out of their white wives in order to marry Indian women for that reason. No white man proved to be an Indian woman in Indian Territory dares to ill treat or abuse her. A man would be an utterly heartless brute who would mistreat or neglect so loving, faithful and devoted a an Indian wife, but if such a wretch should venture to manifest any unkindness to his Indian consort her relatives and friends would put him out of the way.

One Reason

WHY SCOTT'S EMULSION CURES when other preparations fail is because it not only makes rich blood, and strengthens the nerves, but it builds up the tissues so that all parts are nourished and strengthened, and because all the proper elements can deal with it. Scott's Emulsion is sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents. Put up in a yellow wrapper. Look on the yellow wrapper for the name SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

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Nature's Detectives.

When a crime is committed, no matter in what corner of the earth the criminal tries to hide, he knows that probably some keen eyed detective will be on the job, and a detective will be his hand on him.

Now, when any disease attacks man, the blood tries hard to do human system, no matter how tolerant it is or how complicated the disease may be, it has to do some strong work in order to force of detective remedies has one that will eventually hunt down and arrest that particular disease.

Lung and bronchial diseases are among the most baffling sensations which doctors have to deal with, because it isn't the lungs or bronchial tubes of which are affected, but every corner of the system hitherto lurking place for these elusive maladies.

They settle in the joints and dodge about the system under numberless disguises. They are almost always complicated with liver or stomach troubles, neuralgia, or "general debility."

The best detective remedy which Nature has given to man is the blood and nerve purifying ailments is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It lays an arresting hand directly upon the germs, forces the disease elements hiding in the liver and digestive organs.

It gives the blood-making glands power to manufacture an abundant supply of pure, rich, healthy blood which reaches every nerve, the lungs with healthy tissue; feeds the nerve centers with power, and builds up strong, healthy flesh and muscle.

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, hoarse cough, bronchitis, severe coughs, lingering colds, and allied affections, this is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest coughs it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

A DIVIDEND (No. 3) OF FIVE PER CENT on the capital stock of the Utah Sugar Company has this day been declared, payable on or after February 15, 1898, to stockholders of record on February 8, 1898.

HORACE G. WHITNEY, Secretary.

Salt Lake City, January 18, 1898.

The stock transfer books of the Utah Sugar Company will be closed on February 8, 1898, and reopened February 16, 1898.

HORACE G. WHITNEY, Secretary.

Salt Lake City, January 18, 1898.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT in accordance with and under the power and authority contained in the mortgage deed, made the first day of February, 1893, to the undersigned, Trustee, as mortgagee, I shall sell Mary Marshall his wife, and record on February 2, 1893, in Book 23 of mortgages, on page 401 of the records of Salt Lake county, Utah, to the highest bidder for cash, at the west front entrance to the Joint City and County Building in Salt Lake City, Utah, that being the County Court House of Salt Lake County, Utah, on the hour of 11 o'clock a. m. of said day, all the following described property, and all the rents, issues and profits thereof, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said Peter W. and Laura L. Wee-ton, the mortgagees, the principal and interest of said mortgage, and the costs and expenses of said sale, to wit:

Beginning at a point 4 rods and 22½ feet east from the southwest corner of lot 3, in block 10, plat "D" Salt Lake City survey, and running thence along the center line of said lot, south 8 rods; thence east 5 rods; thence north 8 rods; thence west 5 rods to the point of beginning. Containing one and three fourths acres.

WILLIAM E. JACOBS, Trustee.

Dated, January 27, 1898.

First publication January 27, 1898.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Office of the Commercial Gold Mining and Milling Company.

Place of Business 273 Atlas Block, Salt Lake City, Utah.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT at a meeting of the board of directors of the above corporation held at the office above described on the 15th day of January, 1898, an assessment of five and one-half (5½) mills on the dollar of the capital stock of said corporation, payable on or before Friday, February 5, 1898, to Sharp Walker, treasurer of this corporation, at his office, room 273 Atlas block, Salt Lake City, Utah, has been levied on the capital stock of said corporation, and that so much of said assessment as may remain unpaid on the sale day hereinafter will be delinquent and will be advertised for sale at public auction, and unless previous to the time of sale payment is made for the amount of said assessment, together with costs and expenses of advertising and sale, such sale will be made to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

HAROLD M. FITZ, Secretary.

Dated Salt Lake City, Utah, Dec. 1, 1897.

STRAY FOUND NOTICE.

ONE BAY MARE, ABOUT 8 YEARS OLD; hind and right fore feet white, star in forehead, white on nose, on branded visible. One hot brand on left shoulder, and hot brand on left thigh.

One brown horse colt, about 1 years old; hind foot white, branded left thigh with

One brown horse colt, about 1 years old; hind foot white, branded on left thigh looks like

One bay mare, about 5 years old; hind foot white, branded on left thigh looks like

One bay mare, about 7 years old; white star in forehead, white on nose, branded on left thigh looks like

One iron gray mare, about 7 years old; hind foot white, branded on left thigh looks like

If the above described animals are not claimed and taken away before the month of May, 1898, they will be sold at City Estray Pound at 4 p. m.

JOHN O. MAYO, Poundkeeper.

ESTABLISHED 1866.

JOSEPH E. TAYLOR,

PIONEER

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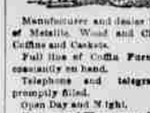

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CONSUMPTION

To the Editor.—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN accordance with and under the power and authority contained in that certain trust deed, made the 1st day of December, 1892, to the undersigned, Trustee, to secure Hall and Nellie Hall, his wife, and record on December 2, 1892, in Book "E" of mortgages on pag. 3-4, records of Salt Lake county, Utah, I shall sell at the west front entrance of the Joint City and County Building in the city and county of Salt Lake, and state of Utah, to wit: Lots 1 and 2 in block 8 of Plat "A" Salt Lake City survey, to the highest bidder for cash, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m. of said day, to satisfy the principal note of William A. Hall, for the sum of two thousand dollars, principal, and interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent per annum from said 1st day of December, 1892, to the date of sale, and the costs and expenses of said sale, and the attorney's fee of two hundred dollars, payable in lawful money of the United States, for the purpose of paying and satisfying said principal and interest, and all