### LITTLE THINGS.

A pretty thing is a little thing,
With your hand on the door to go,
And it makes the time seem to be a thing
Of a thousand years or a year long
That you stay on your side.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare,
After the toil of the day is over,
But it sounds the time's death-knell of the care
And time on the forward you move called
In the cares that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, "You are tired,"
"I love you, my dear," each night,
But it yields a fair harvest the heart, I
And
For love is tender, as love is blind,
As we think life's rugged length.

We move each other for love's caress,
We take, but we do not give,
It costs us nothing to say to bless,
But we miss love's greatness, you and I,
Till we falter and hard to live.

—Union Signal.

## SOLD FOR A SILK RAG.

It was New Year's eve at one of the gay military stations of the Central provinces, India. The ball given by the officers of the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth was in full swing. The large dining room of the mess bungalow had been turned out and decorated as a ballroom.

Supper was laid in a tent hard by, and now, at 11:45, the guests were assembled round the well supplied tables.

The One Hundred and Twenty-fourth always did things well, but tonight they surpassed themselves, for the general of the division was present. He was a favorite with them all, and they delighted to do him honor. He very rarely gave them the benefit of his company in social time, but this was a special occasion—necessity had obliged him to make a note of exception at this season.

"Such a rather rude of me showing this night of all others for keeping late hours!" whispered a pretty girl to her partner, as she drew off her long white gloves preparatory to taking the savory hock bottle.

"It isn't matter for once in a way," he replied, "you need not get up till you please."

"Indeed! And do you suppose for a moment that I could let our regiment run behind? Don't mention it! Without being present! You must have a poor opinion of my esprit de corps! Of course I shall get up. It's o'clock, isn't it?"

"A quarter past."

The unknown young fellow by her side bent down into her ear, and whispered something which brought the color to her cheeks. His manner too, was suggestive of hours appropriation, and it seemed to the young lady that the existence of a stronger bond between the two than friendship.

They were not engaged, though they were both desperately in love with each other.

Amid the course of true love fell out you remember in their case. A stern father barred the road to bliss and caused poor Alice many heartaches and tears.

But Captain Hamilton was an audacious lover. Such a trifle as the opposition of a mere parent troubled his mind but little. Truth to say, it rather added to the zest of his courtship. Even at this moment his eye of the unsuspicious father seized was upon the young couple with strong disapproval.

The murmur of voices round the supper table increased. Under the cover of the noise Alice said:

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that; you know it is of no use."

"I know nothing of the sort," he replied quickly. "Did you ever meet a soldier who was frightened off the field in love or war? Your father will not be able to subdue me with a stare."

"He is looking so annoyed."

"My little darling you need not be so alarmed. Eat a good supper and drink your champagne, then you will be better prepared to listen to all I have to say tonight—and I have a great deal to say," he concluded impressively.

She gave him a quick, apprehensive glance.

"Oh, George," she protested.

"You heard the good news this morning—that I have got my step? Here, try some of this pate de foie gras aspic it looks uncommonly good."

He helped her as he spoke. He was a most self possessed man, this Captain Hamilton—quite capable of making a good supper and love at the same time.

"Yes, I was told, and I am very glad. I congratulate you. It will compensate a little for your having left the regiment to go into the staff corps. I wonder why father hates the staff corps so?"

"Because it robs him of his most precious promotion. How bitterly opposed he was to my going; and all because he thought that in the far, far distance I might make a good adjutant to the regiment. I have been adjutant of the Fifteenth N. I. for the last two years, and now I have got my step."

"Yes. I suppose that is a pecuniary way you have done well," she sighed.

He lowered his voice and said impressively:

"Alice, I am afraid to keep a wife now."

But the girl looked distressed at his words, and the suspicion of a tear dimmed her eyes.

"Oh, George, my father will never give his consent. You know that he never will."

"He shall give his consent; I intend to make him. You if I don't, you poor frightened little darling! Do you think such failures are never compassed? Only you must have patience. Here, have more champagne, and some of this trifle. These trifles like a good meal to build up one's courage. Hallo! what are they doing now? Oh, it's o'clock, is it? Silence for the C. O. and the generals."

Glasses were filled, speeches were made and the gong tolled out the hour. Then each turned to his neighbor and good wishes were exchanged. The band of twenty musicians, with the noise-long is of the new year.

Very shortly afterward Captain Hamilton was pilloring his companion into the lost in a dimly lighted little anteroom. There, carefully hidden by a large group of persons, he could hide not.

His exclamation, like his attitude, was unstudied by timidity or faint heartedness. It was unusual for Alice to doubt or fear, he would listen to nothing. Danger to meet his pleading, she caught something of his hope and enthusiasm, and gave herself up to the enjoyment of the hour.

"A last kiss, and then one turn around the room before that white Indian," said George, with a sigh of joy.

But it was not to be. Gentle Alice Darrien was suddenly seized with a violent pain.

"Oh, Alice, I have been looking for you everywhere. Your father says that we must go home. He has managed to take cold, and is already quite shaking. If he is trying, because he must be on parade tomorrow morning. The general will be there, and we cannot go off it."

Colonel Baring, who commanded the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth, was not the man to shirk his duty. His only anxiety now was to get home and apply the usual remedies in the current hope that the troublesome ailment might be staved off. He was annoyed that the necessity had risen for turning his back on his guests. He would have liked to have seen the ball out. He was also annoyed with the attentions Captain Hamilton had shown his daughter at supper, and his yellow was aggravated by the disappearance of the young couple immediately afterward. This, together with his embryo cold, combined to bad temper, and made the drive home anything but pleasant for wife and daughter.

He did not dislike Captain Hamilton personally. On the contrary, the whippersnapper in him an unusually smart soldier, but he loathed the Indian staff corps. Its higher pay and richer places irked the young soldiers from the queen's regiments, and in his time he had seen a dozen youngsters go from the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth above. They had no business, in his opinion, to leave the regiment. It was only dirt on you which made them do it. Why couldn't the staff corps be properly recruited without forcing to steal men from British regiments just as they are beginning to know their work?

Poor Alice had to listen to a tirade on the subject as they drove home to their bungalow. He knew only too well what it all meant, and unexpected by her, he gave her a lecture back into the old dogged. How could he sympathize with her prejudices? It would be impossible. She knew her father better than he did. It would tend nothing short of a serious illness if he opposed it.

Colonel Baring put the feet in hot mustard and water, and tried all the well known old household remedies, so friendlies, so futile in most cases. The sleepy servants were roused from their warm blankets and sent flying in different directions, one for hot water, another for the whisky bottle, a third for the travelling rugs. A fourth for sweet spirits of nitre.

In their anxiety to please the some what impatient master they brought sensible enough to have treated the whole company of men with influenza.

Mrs. Baring and Alice administered patiently and gently to their sufferer, the patient said—fortunately for all parties concerned—he fell asleep among his blankets and was at peace—at peace enough for his profundest sense that should his frame.

Very early in the morning, before it was light, the ayah crept to the door of the bedroom with the tea tray.

"I am afraid your mother is no better this morning is very thick," said Mrs. Baring in response to the ayah's inquiring look. "However, he must go on parade. I hope his uniform is laid out ready, and tell the butler to see that the horse is saddled in good time."

Mrs. Baring returned to the bedside and found her husband awake. He was already firing off his fire de joie as he proclamation morning in a volley of sneezes.

"Oh, confound this cold! Get me out some old soft silk handkerchiefs. I feel as if my head would burst," he cried as soon as he could speak.

Dressing this morning was no easy matter. Never had a man a worse or more weeping cold. Every now and again a fit of sneezing held him speechless in its grip. It was with the greatest difficulty that he got himself into his uniform, drank his tea and heeded on his sword. He was convinced, in spite of all his wife could say to the contrary, that he was late. He hurried out of the house, mounted his charger and galloped to the parade ground.

The English troops were drawn up in line on the opposite side, and on their left the native regiments were in position. All was ready for the eagle eye of the general.

Colonel Baring pulled up as he reached the ground. The general had not yet arrived. It was a relief and a respite, for it would give him time to blow that much affected nose of his once more. The morning air was sharp, for the sun was only just touching the horizon, and, confound it all, here was another fit of sneezing coming out.

Where was his handkerchief? Now, where had he put it in the hustle of dressing?

He felt in the cuff of each sleeve. It was not there. He stuck his fingers in the breast of his tunic. Of course it was not there. He never carried it in such a place. He looked around at his horse's hoofs. No, he did not remember leaving it in his to hold.

Horses of horses, to had come without it! What was to do?

The knowledge that he had no handkerchief seemed to increase his cold, but as it already was. The sneezing became more frequent, and, dash it all, his nose began to run!

What would the general say? Never did there exist a sharper eye for appearances than his. The slightest speck would be detected, and the smallest motion would place every spot.

It was truly distressing, almost though it may seem. Each moment the value of handkerchief rose in his eyes. There is no telling what sum he would not have given for one at that moment. His eyes were affected now, and the landscape was blurred by his influenza tear tears.

He was sulking slowly past the Seventh Native Infantry do, yet in his nose he felt that he must be pass all the Regiments, ask to see Colonel Smith at the head of the regiment with two or three of his officers. He rode up to him.

"Can you lend me such a thing as a handkerchief?" he asked, in his most nasal voice. "I have come without one, and I have got the worst in the world in my head."

Colonel Smith looked a little surprised at such a strange request.

"I have only one, my dear fellow, and as I have a slight cold also, I really cannot part with it. Have you no mouse?" he said, turning to a fellow officer.

"Very sorry; I haven't one to spare."

Colonel Baring's dislike to the staff corps was well known, and none of the men asked felt inclined to make a sacrifice for his sound, and it would have been a sacrifice to have parted with one's only handkerchief on such a cold morning.

Another and yet another officer was asked, but with no better success.

In the distance the general might be seen approaching. It was time, handkerchief or no handkerchief, that Colonel Baring took up his position, for it was to this that the general would first come.

Disturbed by his want of success, and distressed by his constant sneezing, he was passing the Fifteenth without a word. A familiar voice at his elbow cried:

"Good morning, colonel. A happy new year to you! How is your cold?"

"Oh, Hamilton, is that you? Thanks. I'm not at all well. I think I must have the real thing—the real influenza this time. I don't know what I have felt so bad, and, whose bide, I've forgotten my pocket handkerchief. I suppose you couldn't lend me such a thing?"

There was not much cope in the world as he offered them. He had been very short and curt indeed with the young man ever night, even though he was his guest. It was hardly likely that he would feel very good-tempered disposed toward him this morning.

"I don't mind give it to you, for I have only one. But I tell you what I'll do. I'll share it with you."

And Captain Hamilton drew out of his sleeve a large, soft, comfortable silk handkerchief, the very sight of which was soothing to the affected nose.

"Here, be quick, take half!" And the smart young adjutant raised his horse close up to Colonel Baring's side.

He drew the cloth, and as the colonel drew his end toward him it fell right in two, leaving by far the larger share in the hands of the general man.

"My good fellow, how shall I ever thank you?" he cried between gentle irritation and humiliation.

"Not one to be bothered this morning," returned George, with unknown sweetness.

The colonel eyed him for a moment, blew his nose loudly and tapped the half dangling handkerchief in the air.

"You cheeky young dog, I know what you mean and what I let myself in for when I cut you. You may come and be very thirsty yourself today to have was let so easily."

He galloped off, and so he must be said to himself.

"He's a smart young fellow that. A man of such resources must come to the top wherever he may be. I'm sorry I told, believing myself and the general would have thought of having a pocket handkerchief and with his sword but Yes, yes, I shall be far wiser enough to let such vanity go! I wonder if Alice's Alice. Pity he belongs to that unpunctual staff corps. Why couldn't he have come to the regiment?"

The colonel passed off well. The general was pleased to compliment Colonel Baring on his nose, and he was had a few words of praise to bestow on the adjutant of the Fifteenth.

Alice rode out to the field in time to see the hoaxed nose.

When the last volley had been fired and the business of the morning was finished, Captain Hamilton managed to get a few words with her.

"Two good hands we exchanged the usual New Year greetings.

"Oh, you need not look at your father in that terrified fashion. He has given his consent, and I'm invited to breakfast."

She gave him a startled glance, and then turned away incredulous.

"Don't tease me, George. You know I can't feel it," and her lip actually trembled.

"My darling, I'm not teasing you. It is perfectly true. It was a bargain. Your father's all yet to see this morning just before the general came."

"I can't think."

She began to think that he had taken leave of his senses.

"You sold you for a silk rag—for half a pocket handkerchief. Yes, you is the other half," and he pulled the remnant out of the sleeve.

Her troubled face cleared a little, but showed no signs of enlightenment.

"I must go now," he continued. "I'll tell you all about it if you will invite me to that snap little morning breakfast. And with a happy smile he moved back to his post, for the men were preparing to march to their lines.

When George wants to tease his wife now he tells her that she isn't worth much, for she was "sold for a silk rag."—London Society.

Aaron Mosher, of Stafford, Conn., heard sounds from his pigeon house one morning, and knowing that no one was in the room he began to be a believer in spirits. On investigation he found his cat pounding up and down on the floor, with a pigeon defiantly standing beside protector. After that she was watched, and whenever the pigeon is left open she will pop upon it to the last of her ability.—Cor. New York Sun.


# "August Flower"

**Dyspepsia.** There is a gentleman at Malden-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., named Captain A. G. Parsis, who has written us a letter in which it is evident that he has made up his mind concerning some things, and this is what he says:

"I have spent a large preparation called August Flower in my family for seven or eight years. It is constantly in my house, and we consider it the best remedy for Indigestion, and Constipation we **Indigestion.** have ever used or known. My wife is troubled with Dyspepsia, and at times suffers very much after eating. The August Flower, however, relieves the difficulty. My wife frequently says to me when I am going to town, 'We are out **Constipation** of August Flower, and I think you had better get another bottle.' I am also troubled with Indigestion, and whenever I am, I take one or two teaspoonfuls before eating, for a day or two, and all trouble is removed."



# Utah Central Railway

TIME TABLE.

**In Effect April 1st, 1891.**

**Passenger Trains** will Run Daily, between **Salt Lake and Park City,** as Follows:

SALT LAKE CITY.

Trains 1 arrives 10; leaves 10 Noon & 6 P. M.

PARK CITY.

Trains 1 arrives at Park City ..... 11.00 a.m.

Office Ticket Depot corner 4th South and Main Streets.

T. J. MACKINTOSH, G. P. & A.

# Rio Grande Western Railway.

STANDARD GAUGE.

CURRENT TIME TABLE.

In Effect Wednesday, July 1, 1891.

| Eastbound Trains. | No. 1. | No. 3. | No. 5. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lv Ogden | 8.00 a.m. | 10.30 a.m. | 4.15 p.m. |
| Ar Salt Lake | 10.45 " | 1.45 p.m. | 7.15 " |
| Lv Salt Lake | 11.00 " | 2.00 " | 7.30 " |
| Ar Ft. Duchesne | 8.00 p.m. | 7.00 a.m. | 4.00 a.m. |
| Ar Vernal | 10.30 " | 9.30 " | 6.30 " |
| Ar Ft. Thompson | 4.00 a.m. | 3.00 p.m. | 12.00 m. |
| Ar Grand Junction | 7.45 " | 6.45 " | 4.45 " |
| Ar Ft. Mackay | 1.45 p.m. | 12.45 a.m. | 10.45 p.m. |
| Ar Salida | 8.00 a.m. | 7.00 p.m. | 6.00 a.m. |
| Ar Pueblo | 12.00 m. | 11.00 " | 10.00 " |
| Ar Ft. Worth | 7.00 p.m. | 7.00 a.m. | 7.00 p.m. |
| Ar Denver | 6.00 a.m. | 5.00 p.m. | 6.00 a.m. |
| Ar Kansas City | 6.30 p.m. | 6.30 a.m. | 6.30 p.m. |
| Ar Chicago | 8.00 " | 8.00 " | 8.00 " |
| Ar Ft. Bridger | 4.45 p.m. | 1.45 a.m. | 10.45 p.m. |
| Ar Green River | 6.45 " | 3.45 " | 12.45 a.m. |
| Ar Evanston | 8.00 " | 5.00 " | 2