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THE DESERET WEEKLY.

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THE BLACK RIBBON.

The gentlemen of Cove house sat upon the piazza, smoking and looking at the sea as it tumbled in, when the evening coach, laden with piled up baggage and passengers, came rattling down the turnpike and made the steep which led up to the hotel. This in itself was matter enough for attention, but when, to the wake of the yellow old coach, just beyond its cloud of dust, a glittering little pony carriage rolled swiftly on, a dozen pair of lazy eyes grew interested and expectant.

The coach drew up with a scientific flourish, and the smoking horses stood panting with the lag through the heavy road, while the driver leaped down, and with much thumping and crashing of trunks the old stage was unloaded. Meanwhile the pony carriage, holding two girls, rolled smoothly up to a side door, and these waiters were instantly in attendance upon them.

The ladies alighted, and the two dis appeared at the private door of the Cove house.

"Who are they?" asked Paul Hanover, withdrawing his cigar from his mouth and turning his handsome blue eyes on the friend at his elbow.

Fane King, who was looking thoughtfully out at sea, replied quietly that he did not know.

"It's Miss Payson, of New York," said Will McKenzie, who knew everybody. "At any rate, that's her turnout."

"Which one?"

"The blonde, I suppose. I never met her, but she was at Newport with my sister last season. Nice, sta't she?"

"Who is the other one?"

"I don't know. Poor cousin, I presume."

Hanover and King relapse to their cigars, but everybody was thinking more or less of Miss Payson.

The ladies appeared at supper. There were only five of their party—the old gentleman, the two young ladies and an invalid child of 15 with her nurse. It was soon remarked that they appeared sufficient for themselves, and neither sought nor received acquaintance. The face of the blonde girl was as pale without the pony bed as with it, but the profile of her companion only was to be seen. A broad black ribbon bound around the chin and nearly concealing a wealth of rich brown hair revealed only the side view of a set of regular features and one smooth, fresh cheek.

"What can be the matter?" questioned the ladies one of the other.

So without the least possible information on the subject, Alice Payson was decided to be an object of sympathy and compassion, while unmeasured admiration and adulation were offered the other one.

I cannot say that either appeared much affected by the regard of those around them. Certainly they spoke to no one for at least three weeks. People became discouraged about making their acquaintance, and few more attempts were tried.

But things inevitably changed. One evening when all Cove house was in the surf a woman scream. The scream was followed by a frantic cry.

"Alice! Oh, Alice! She is drowning! Have her! save her! save her!"

"Who can swim?" was the cry.

Long before it was answered Fane King was seen striking out boldly for the spot.

But he had some forty rods to swim, and it was probable that Alice Payson had sunk for the second time while the strong tide swelled against the rocks.

"Swim, man, swim!" shouted the old uncle upon the beach.

"Save her, oh, for God's sake!" cried Maud, wringing her hands.

But within a few strokes of Fane King's outstretched arms Alice disappeared.

There was already death upon her aloof eyes and pallid forehead. He thought it was a corpse he clasped as he dropped beneath the surface and caught her sinking figure.

It was with difficulty he arose to the surface. Three the great billows rolled over his head before he appeared. He could only hold himself and his burden of the great rocks. Already his arm was lacerated with their sharp teeth.

They had put out a boat, and it at last came to his relief. As they lifted the senseless girl into the wherry they saw that the black ribbon had been torn from her face, and a large, dull red, disfigured mark appeared. It showed more plainly in the otherwise deadly pallor of her sweet face, for sweet it was, and pure as a child's. There crowed face and figure reverently. Among the quite dead, and recent back, which Fane found his way up the rocks to have his hand wrung speechlessly by the agonized old man.

"I don't think she is dead, Mr. Payson," said Fane, remembering with a thrill the silken hair which had washed against his lips. "She cannot be dead!"

She was not dead. In three days she appeared among them again, fairer, gentler, sweeter than ever, and frankly grateful for the interest everybody betrayed in her. And then it came out that there had been a mistake. It was Alice who was the heiress and Maud the poor cousin, though as beautiful, as radiant and perfect as a Hebe.

Miss Alice Payson, with the black ribbon replaced, tried to think Fane King on the first day of her convalescence, but her brown eyes filled and she only said:

"You are young; life is sweet to you; it was noble in you to risk yours for me, Mr. King."

Poor heart swelled so that he hardly knew what was the matter with him. But, somehow, the friendly clasp of Alice Payson's light hand and the gaze of her brown eyes affected him as no hand or eyes had ever affected him before.

The ice was broken, a levy of gentlemen strove for the attention of the cousin. Paul Hanover was foremost.

He was very handsome, fair, brilliant, graceful. He was and poor either. Fane remembered that lately as he saw him strolling with Alice on the beach or driving for her the little pony carriage. His own poverty and comfort seemed suddenly great. Miss Payson's gentle friendliness only made him worse.

He was startled one day as if shot by Hanover remarking:

"If you're not engaged gather your with the blues, Fane, I'd like you to congratulate a fellow."

"Have you won your bet on the trotting match?"

"Pshaw! Hang trotting matches! I'm so stupid, Fane. Haven't I been riding with Miss Payson?"

"Well?"

"Well it is," circumlocuting around the room and snapping his fingers like castanets. "I'm the final initiated of a lovely girl, after the latest word. Now, what have you to say, my respectable, moping friend?"

Fane tried hard to command himself and not betray his secret.

"Alice Payson is too good for you, Paul," he answered, with an attempt at being sage and composed, in which he succeeded but tolerably.

"I dare say, but it isn't her, Fane."

"Tessie Bell?"—looking electrified.

"Certainly not. The money's very well, not that defect of bean—by a delicate subject, but I really couldn't marry a girl with a disfigurement like that."

"You mean that you are engaged to Maud?" asked Fane, hardly believing his ears.

"Exactly."

"Why, I congratulate you, with all my heart!" jumping up excitedly.

"They are going away to-morrow. Don't you want to see them again?"

Fane went down upon the piazza where the ladies sat, unconsciously happy.

The ladies were standing upon the piazza, in the early twilight, when he approached Alice Payson to say good-by. Paul was talking to Maud, sunny and beautiful in her jacket but as Fane found his way to Alice's side.

"Good-by, Mr. King. You will come and see us, with your friend?" she said.

There was no one very near. He answered:

"No. I love you, and as I must say good-by forever, Alice."

He saw the delicate features pale. At that instant old Mr. Payson came hurrying out, followed by aperter with a large valise in each hand.

"Ready, girls?" he called. "Come, hurry, or we'll miss the train."

Alice, with downcast face, gathered up her gray trailing skirt. He thought she was going without a word, but suddenly she looked up into his eyes.

"No. Come," she said. And then in a moment she was gone, the dusty carriage glittering down the beach.

A week later he waited for her in the ruddy splendor of her drawing room. She came down, giving him her soft hands, nor resisting his embrace.

"I love you so" he murmured.

"Do you, really—with this disfigured face?"

"I never think of it, Alice."

She laughed then and slipped off the black ribbon, and there was one smooth cheek as fair and perfect as the other.

"I had blistered my face for the ceremonie. It was nothing lasting, you see."

When Fane told Hanover his happiness, or as much of it as can be expressed in words, he looked as if there was something wound upon his mind, but when he heard Alice name her bridal veil he seemed suddenly enlightened.

"If I hadn't been afraid of a black ribbon," he murmured, "I might have been fifty thousand dollars richer."

Perhaps.—E. E. in New York News.

Horses That Like Human Flesh.

There appeared in the papers some time ago a story of a horse which, standing in a Toronto street, mistook for new mown hay the blonde hair of a young lady on the sidewalk, seized it in its watering mouth and was rewarded by a blow between the eyes which could have been possible only in the days of heavy garments. One of the beauties of that story was that it was rigidly true, although the name of the horse's owner was withheld. But since then either the same animal or a full brother by the same sire and out of the same dam has been making a name for himself as a member of modern cost elegance, washing caps, beaten boas and tassel caputs.

He is a pretty little roan beast, owned by Larry Cosgrave, and a very snapping turtle in harness. He stood hitched to a little coupe in front of the Bank of Commerce and had five minutes of solid enjoyment, during which time he nearly pulled the arm out of an advertising agent. The arm looks as if it had been vaccinated. But Larry Cosgrave's horse is not the only one in the city that has fallen into evil ways. It is a common thing to see these ferocious animals crowded half way across the sidewalk, seeking whom they may devour.—Toronto News.

Effect of Plenty of Air.

A marked improvement is at once noticeable in those who, having previously existed in small, air tight rooms, timorously ventured themselves on an acquaintance of nature's most generous gift. Pure air will not only prevent disease, but effectually overcome feelings of languor and faintness. It will brighten the intellect, and make new creatures of mental weeks, who by their very presence will exalt, ennoble and glorify the general conditions of mankind.—Hall's Journal.

A Matter of Charity.

Teacher—Why does Great Britain support royalty?

Pupil—Because royalty cannot support itself.—Epoch.

An Anecdote of Genius.

An anecdote of Leigh Hunt, once related by "Oxford" Hogg, lately appeared in print for the first time. Hogg on a bitterly cold day in winter went to see Hunt, and found him in a large room with a table, old tattered carpet. He had dragged his guest on to the hearth, close to a large fire, leaving only room for himself and his chair, and was playing with the poker and expounding. "My dear fellow," cried Hunt, "are you aware that you are raising your poker forever and ever to that fire?" "I know—I know," murmured Hogg, "but it is delicious."

Sea Fancies.

Although it may not be generally known, even on those who have lived on the seaboard notes and along the coast of Great Britain, animal flowers are there found in as great beauty and variety as anywhere in the South Sea islands. They are repeatedly mentioned by Mr. J. Stevens in his "Wonders of Animal Life," and by Mr. J. D. Ia, minister of Cleveland.

Mr. Hazelhead, a minister of Uri, gives the following interesting account of some of these which had come under his notice: "About five years ago I discovered in the parish of Cheyne the animal flower, in even greater perfection and variety than I had ever seen them in Jamaica. The lively colors and their various and elegant forms are truly equal to anything related by the naturalists respecting the sea flowers of tropical countries. To see an elegant flower, garbed in many outlines of purple, green, blue, red, yellow and many intermediate colors, arising to catch a worm or a fly, is really amazing."

Man Like a Porcupine.

An old manorial site exists at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, England, whereon every year of the realm is bound the first time he enters the town to present a horseshoe to be nailed on the old portal, which is well nigh covered with these tributes. It is said that in one way ungracious poor church sinner to pay this tax the authorities have a right to stop his carriage and key blockaid by mounting one of the horses. To avert so serious a mishap more the tribute shoe is generally ready, some being of enormous size and inscribed with the name of the donor.—New York Ledger.

Bible Measures Regulated.

A "day's journey" was 22 1-2 miles.

A "Sabbath day's journey" was about 1 English statute mile.

A "cubit" is 22 inches, almost.

A "Sabbath breakth" was 2 1-2 inches.

A "finger's breadth" was about 1 inch.

Ezekiel's reed was 11 feet long.

A "shekel of silver" was about 50 cents of our money.

A "shekel of gold" was $8.10.

A "talent of silver" was $516.32.

A "talent of gold" was $13,824.

A "piece of silver" was about 12 cents.

A "penny" was the same as the "piece."

A "farthing" was 3 cents.

A "mite" was about 1 1-2 cents.

A "gerger" was equal to about 1 cent.

A "homer" was a measure that would hold 7½ gallons and 2 pints.

An "omer" was 1 gallon and 2 pints.—St. Louis Republic.

Progressive Conversation (Limited).

The first conversazione of the season was given at the Normal school by the girls of the senior class. The programme concluded with a promenade, when the young men made elegant bends with the young ladies to talk about the weather, art, physical culture and other subjects for the rest of the evening. The conversation was the time allowed for conversation with one young lady, and forty minutes to fulfill all engagements made during the promenade. The conversationalists were notified when their time had expired by the tapping of Professor Pettyman's bell.—Baltimore Sun.

Easily Satisfied.

"It's money, money, money all the time!" growled Mr. Myser. "Nothing but money."

"I'm glad to hear that," returned Mrs. M., meekly. "I'd begun to think it was money or no time. One hundred dollars will do me this morning."—Harper's Bazar.

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$50,000 Worth of Winter and Surplus Stock at almost half-price.

Black :-: Silks ! • Black :-: Silks !

Best qualities in Satin Rhadamir's, Gros Grains, fancy weaves and elegant Brocades at 50c., 65c., 75c., 90c., $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50, worth 50 per cent more than asked.

Colored Gros Grains at 50c., 75c., and 90c. Faille Francaise at $1.00, worth 40 per cent more.

50 pieces of all Wool Serges, new shades, regular price 65c., now 40c. per yard.

50 pieces of Wool Dress Goods in plaids, fancy weaves and gloria, worth from $1.00 to $1.50 per yard, now 75c.

60 elegant manufacturers Suits, at a reduction of 25½ per cent.

DOMESTIC :-: DEPARTMENT.

1000 yards of Curtains and Portieres, slightly soiled in handling, will be offered for one week from 75c. to $15.00 per pair, worth 50 per cent more, now than offered.

BLANKETS and QUILTS

At a reduction of 25½ per cent.

Quilts at 50c. each; 100 full size Crochet Quilts at $1.10 each; 250 full size Crochet Quilts, Marseilles patterns, at $1.25 each; 100 extra Marseilles Quilts, full size at $1.50 each; 500 Marseilles Quilts, extra size, very fine designs.

Blankets at $5.00 per pair. One celebrated White California Blankets, full size, at $7.00 per pair; extra quality White California Blankets, extra size, worth $10.00.

Special Attention is called to the Great Bargain in Assorted printed Scotch Zephyrs, at 12½ per yard, usually sold at 20c.

This manufacturer sent lengths of Anderson Imported Zephyrs at 10½c., worth 15c., per yard.

CLOAK DEPARTMENT.

To close balance of winter stock, tremendous reductions.

Ladies' Plush Capes,	reduced from $15.00 to	$ 7.50
" " "	" 12.00 "	6.00
" " Wraps,	" 25.00 "	12.50
" Black Checked Jackets,	" 11.50 "	5.50
" American Tweed "	" 6.00 "	3.00
Misses' Cloths,	" 3.00 "	1.25
" "	" 3.50 "	1.50
" "	" 4.00 "	1.75

Ladies' Cashmere and Flannel Tea Gowns, below cost.

Ladies' Cotton Wrappers, at 50c.

OUR CHILDREN'S CLOTHING AND GENTS' FURNISHING DEPARTMENT

Offers Boys' Suits at $1.35, 1.75, 2.00, 2.25, 2.50 and 3.00, worth 50 per cent more. One lot such as Boys' Knee Pants at 35c., 50c., 65c. and 75c. Best value in city.

Boys' Outing Cloth Waists at 25c., reduced from 50c.

Boys' fancy Cloth Waists at 35c., reduced from 65c.

Boys' Outing Cloth Waists at 35c., reduced from 50c.

Misses' Unmadeline White Shirts at 37½c. each.

Only 1 case of Men's Overshirts at 37c., 45c., 50c. and 65c.

Merino half hose reduced to one-half of regular price to 12½c., 25c. and 25c.

Boys' Overcoats at a reduction of 25 per cent.

OUR SHOE DEPARTMENT

Will continue the 25 per cent and 10 per cent discounts.

SPRING NOVELTIES For all of our numerous Departments are beginning to arrive.

Mail Orders receive Prompt and Careful Attention.

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