OUR IDEAL.

Were we and all, we call the young world,
Born to the world and with our eyes unsealed
Such as we should be, we should see
That our ancestors, poorer by a generation
Than we are, are richer by all that we have gained
We would see that our children will be richer
Than we are in the measure we
Have lessened the sum of human misery
And have left to them the earth
Purified and ennobled as we have been
—Edmund A. Preston.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

Among the many thrilling adventures of the early Rocky mountain trappers there is none more interesting than that of Colter's race for life with over one hundred and thirty Blackfeet Indians, one of the most vivid of the western tales. Colter had accompanied Lewis and Clark in their expedition to the upper waters of the Missouri, but meeting a party of trappers with a Spanish Pete the two decided to return with Lewis to complete the purpose of trapping and trading. Lewis at the same time recommended them to exercise the greatest prudence and caution in regard to the Indians, whose he had learned to be cold to be as treacherous and as warlike as panthers.

The plan planned by the partners was to set their traps late in the evening, visit them at early dawn, and after securing their spoil, return to the camp. Lewis and the party, he left them all day. The camps were located about a mile apart at the same time, and the men grew a little careless in removing all trace of their presence. One morning while moving up the river to their camp they heard a heavy splashing at a distance of a few feet. Colter suspected it to be Indians, and was for abandoning the canoe and taking to the woods, but Pete, who was his elder man, laughed at him and pronounced the first noise of a beaver. The question was soon settled by three stalwart Indians that faced the party.

Colter, seeing in a moment that escape was impossible, ordered them which he knew to be the chief, to come ashore and stand close to the bank. He and Pete were just stepping up, when an Indian snatched Pete's rifle. Colter, a powerful man, wrested the weapon away from the savage as he was about to shoot his partner, who seemed to be limed if some plunge. He threw himself back into the canoe and pushed it out into the stream. Colter, who hoped to release Pete from their grasp by his coolness, had gone to the bank to take his leave, but the panic-stricken man leaps out in the current, and presently stood by Colter. "Oh, I am wounded!" Colter turned just in time to see the Indian that had shot Pete leaping his tomahawk at his head, and which he caught in one the Indian drop dead and heard the report of Pete's rifle.

A second after Pete's Indian lady fell back in the canoe, pierced by a bandit arrow. Colter, who was in the bank, the Indians stopped him of his knife and held a consultation as to what was to be done with him. Colter, who knew their language slightly, noticed that some of the assembly seemed opposed to killing him at once, some to take him alive, while others wanted to leave him on the spot, but the chief, a burly old chap, with some authority decided the question by declaring that if he was to be sacrificed to the sun he should have ceremonies for his life. If he could get away he might, but if he was recaptured they would torture him alive.

The chief appointed the prisoner and asked if he was a good runner. Colter replied that he was a very poor one, while in reality he knew himself to be one of the swiftest foot racers on the border. His answer was followed with a light by the Indians, who were pressing for the time given them to reach the wigwams. The six Indians were stationed at equal points and Colter given a start of 300 hundred yards, that the chief might ask he to quickly ended. With a whoop from the Indians the race began.

Like an arrow from the bow the prisoner shot forward, and the dazed Blackfeet saw that it would put them to all they knew to overtake their human prey, or even to stand a chance of his being enough to shoot him. They had one great advantage over the white man, however, and they counted largely on this to give them the victory. Their feet were protected by moccasins, while those of the whites were bare, and supposed to be sandbars and cinders, with which the plain was liberally set. These pierced Colter's feet severely, but he could not pause for such trifles. He had more than a mile to run, and the Jefferson fork of the Missouri, for which he had made before he dared to look back. When he did he saw that he had left his savage pursuers full all his paunch far behind. The warrior who had shot at him, and who in leaper held short yards on with the speed of a greyhound.

He was within a hundred yards of the white man when Colter, resolved to save himself if it lay in human power, put forth a terrific yell, which was followed with all his speed. The blood burst from his ears and a sight benumbed his other blood his mouth, but he pushed on, trusting at the sight of being relieved after the experiment failed. He had nearly reached the river when he looked back once more, and to his dismay he saw that his pursuer was not thirty feet behind him and was just in the act of hurling his spear. With incredible energy he whirled about, and behind the savage could check his rapid course ran right into the Indian's arms.

Colter's unexpected action and his ghastly appearance so startled the Indian that he for a moment, and the lance thrown his feet, stuck in the ground and broke off. While the reddish tried to recover his equilibrium, Colter picked up the piece of spear that remained the head and drove it through the body of the Indian, pinning him to the ground a dead man. But fearing that the cries of the head would presently appear, the trapper stopped only long enough to secure the dead man's weapons and then ran for the river, leaping the river more wood himself than alive.

After a rest of a minute or two he plunged into the stream and swam a short distance to a cliff of rock and finds of frescoed steps. The dead body had lodged against the trees of a small sandbank and Colter dived beneath it, coming up with his head among the thickest floated branches. In a few minutes the Indians reached the dead body of the warrior, whom Colter now knew to have been a chief by the wailing of the most over his corpse. When this ceremonies of grief was over, Colter heard their yells for vengeance, and knowing that if captured just a death by the most horrible tortures awaited him, resolved to drown himself rather than fall into their hands. They ran to the left of the stream and searching for hours before giving up, not dreaming that he had dived and remained in it, but twenty times the trapper came beneath the drift to gasping a breath time that was unnoticed in the sand. But, though the Blackfeet searched for hours searching for his and joints the drift with their spears, they finally concluded that he had gone further down the river and departed to hunt the bodies.

Bound by the wounds and trapper, they again nearly the same day searching for him, but without coming crowing in the spot where the dead after by, and Colter could fall by their advantage values as they walked that they to be searching for a man. Absent to be thought they had so had of with. Colter crawled out, on visited by the water that he could scarcely see his limbs, and so exhausted by the loss of blood and his terrible race that he thought himself dying. He managed however after a time, and he started for Lisa's fort on the Yellowstone.

His situation was so desperate that he dared not let his mind dwell on it, for fear that he would lose his resolution and die of despair. The fort, the trapper place where he could hope to fall in with a white man, for a full week's journey from him, and he was not only exhausted, but without a weapon with which to kill game, or even a spear to trap. His first was in a rocky country, and by the sharp rocks and the thorns of the earth and which he had for his pain. Exposed to the heat of the sun for day and the dews of night, and without food, he was in a pitiable condition, the trapper still pushed on, determined to live through it all.

He subsisted for days on the wild plant known as the prairie onion, and the root which and grass, and roots and berries he found in his journey over which he wandered. One day he found the lake of a rivulet, in which was a litter of young. Having no axe or pocket and not to kill the litter, he knew it he had. Colter, who knew their language, and knew that killing them with a sharp stone that would him for a while, devoured their with palpitating bodies, scoring of their bones with his sharp teeth. He never remembered these days of misery without a shudder. He was weak and tired, and he was the blood and eating to make the very stomach.

On the sixth day after he had escaped from the Blackfeet a party of trappers were coming down the river, and he saw from the fort for the south, and while about six miles on their journey came across an object from on the plain with several buzzards hovering over it. Trying it for the amusement of a cold or of the Indians, he decided to look it out. Distance of twenty or thirty yards, when McLellan happened to see it make a gesture, as if to fight off a bonnet that had slipped out it. The movement excited the hunter's curiosity and he rode forward to see.

"Good God!" he cried, "Here it is a man!" It was Colter, who, unable to take another step, had fallen down for the He was blinded from head to foot by the sun's fierce heat, and had had nothing to eat for over five days and no water for twenty-four hours. With all possible care he was taken back to the fort and there recovered his health and strength. He left the service to settle Colter became an Indian scout, and is said to have killed with his own hand a hundred Blackfeet. He was a hell to which amplified the scales of that number of their gallies.—Philadelphia Times.

Bottles in the Sea.

The prince of Monaco has spared of 1,000 large bottles, moored in a line upon entering, thrown into the sea at Azores, and in a few days, in Europe and America, and of these 302 now have returned to him by the governments of the various countries to the shores of which they had drifted, and the results are regarded with satisfaction necessary to lead to the conclusion that the movement of the upper part of the water is circular, the water being to the west of the Azores. The bids of the Atlantic this direction the coast of Africa, and, finally, in a westerly direction, flows on toward Bermuda, and then turns northward.

The speed at which the bottles travelled is estimated at an average of four miles in twenty-four hours, though at some points they attained a rate of six miles. It was in the western half of the circle thus described that the rapidity was greatest. One bottle had drifted about for upward of five years.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Somewhat Qualified.

Little Girl—Did you ever see a ghost?
Little Boy—No.
"Didn't you ever, really?"
"No."
"That's queer. Everybody has seen ghosts."
"Everybody?"
"Well, I don't mean that exactly, but nearly everybody has seen ghosts and lots of them have seen them more than once."—Good News.

A Paradise for Thermometer Hands.

The cold region in the United states lies along the northern border of Minnesota, between the southern point of the Lake of the Woods and the Dakota border. The temperature along that line often falls as low as 50 degs. below zero. In 1872 the instruments at Pembina registered from 8 to 46 below.—St. Louis Republic.

What Others Say.

The American Cultivator says: "We do not see how any gardener or amateur will can dispense with some use of flowers."

The American Horseman says that the big covered track at the Jewett farm, where five-eighths of a mile of the track is now under cover, has proven during the past winter a success.

The promoters for Houston fly are building stables, lofts and cellars, for the crops. Planting only seed wheat in the fall may destroy many of the maggots and "thousands."

A cauliflower can be grown in the same space and with the same amount of manure required to grow a cabbage, and yet in much higher rate. It takes a little more care and skill to get perfect heads, but they usually sell for twice as much money as will the cabbage, says The American Cultivator.

"August Flower"

Perhaps you do not believe these statements concerning Green's August Flower. Well, we can't make you. We can't force conviction into your head or medicine into your throat. We don't want to. The money is yours, and until you are willing to believe, and spend the one for the relief of the other, they will stay so. John H. Foster, 1122 Brown Street, Philadelphia, says: "My wife was little Scotch woman, thirty years of age and of naturally delicate disposition. For five or six years past she has been suffering from Dyspepsia. She became so bad at last that she could not sit down to a meal but she had to vomit it as soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower have cured her, after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy it, and as for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it."

Doubting Thomas.

Vomit Every Meal.

DR. C. W. SIGGLEWR.

Microscopist and Analytical Physician, HAS PRACTICED IN SALT LAKE CITY, [illegible] Wounds and Diseases of Women and Children. Consultation Free. Medicines Furnished. Office, 36 Clinton Street, Salt Lake City.

SUMMONS.

In the District Court in and for the Third Judicial District of Utah Territory, County of Salt Lake.

Jessie Gardner Plaintiff,
vs.
William Gardner, Defendant.

The People of the Territory of Utah send Greeting:

To William Gardner, Defendant:

YOU ARE HEREBY SUMMONED TO APPEAR and answer the complaint in the above entitled action, of the Plaintiff in the above Court, at the City of Salt Lake, within twenty days after the service of this summons, if served within this county, or if served out of this county, but in this Judicial District, within thirty days, otherwise within forty days after the service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service, and defend the suit brought against you by said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of divorce on the ground of your wilful desertion of the plaintiff for a period of more than one year next prior to the filing of the complaint herein, and for the custody of the minor children of the parties, and for the costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

Given under the Clerk's Seal, Judge of the District Court in and for the Third Judicial District, at the City of Salt Lake, this 2d day of April, A. D. 1892.

HENRY G. MCMILLAN, Clerk.
By CHAS. H. LOGAN, Deputy Clerk.

SUMMONS.

In the District Court in and for the Third Judicial District of Utah Territory, County of Salt Lake.

Catherine Lewis, Plaintiff,
vs.
James F. Lewis, Defendant.

The People of the Territory of Utah send To James F. Lewis, Defendant:

YOU ARE HEREBY SUMMONED TO APPEAR and answer the complaint in the above entitled action, of the Plaintiff in the above Court, at the City of Salt Lake, within twenty days after the service of this summons, if served within this county, or if served out of this county, but in this Judicial District, within thirty days, otherwise within forty days after the service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service, and defend the suit brought against you by said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of divorce on the ground of your wilful desertion of the plaintiff for a period of more than one year next prior to the filing of the complaint herein, and for the custody of the minor children of the parties, and for the costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

Given under the Clerk's Seal, Judge of the District Court in and for the Third Judicial District, at the City of Salt Lake, this 2d day of April, A. D. 1892.

HENRY G. MCMILLAN, Clerk.
By CHAS. H. LOGAN, Deputy Clerk.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court of the County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah.

In the Matter of the Estate of Andrew Schmidt, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT Mr. Edward J. Burbidge, executor of the estate of said deceased, has filed his accounts for settlement and has set the same for hearing before the Probate Court of said County, at the Court House in said County, on Tuesday, the 26th day of April, A. D. 1892, at 10 o'clock A. M., at which time and place any and all persons interested may appear and contest said accounts.

Dated April 5, 1892.

C. E. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By CHARLES HOWELL, Jr., Deputy Clerk.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court of the County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of David M. Dodge, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT ANN W. Dodge, executrix of the estate of said deceased, has filed her accounts for settlement and has set the same for hearing before the Probate Court of said County, at the Court House in said County, on Tuesday, the 26th day of April, A. D. 1892, at 10 o'clock A. M., at which time and place any and all persons interested may appear and contest said accounts.

Dated April 5, 1892.

C. E. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By CHARLES HOWELL, Jr., Deputy Clerk.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court of the County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the estate of Mary Tates, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT J. R. Rowe, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has filed his accounts for settlement and has set the same for hearing before the Probate Court of said County, at the Court House in said County, on Tuesday, the 26th day of April, A. D. 1892, at 10 o'clock A. M., at which time and place any and all persons interested may appear and contest said accounts.

Dated March 31, 1892.

C. E. ALLEN,
Clerk of Probate Court.
By CHARLES HOWELL, Jr., Deputy Clerk.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

PURSUANT TO AN ORDER OF SALE TO me directed by the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the Territory of Utah, I shall offer at public sale, at the front door of the County Court House, in the City and County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah, on the 11th day of April, 1892, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, the following described real estate, to satisfy the judgment, costs and accruing costs in the action of Ann Eliza Young, plaintiff, vs. Brigham Young, defendant, to wit:

The interest of said defendant in and to the following described property, situate in Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:

Beginning at a point 10 rods north of the southeast corner of Block 50, Plat "A" Salt Lake City Survey, and running thence north 10 rods; thence west 10 rods; thence south 10 rods; thence east 10 rods to the place of beginning, containing 1 acre of land, more or less.

Also