GIVE WHAT IS GIVEN.

To whom God by love has gifted
With a sight to read the book,
Must not on all his talent sifted
Other eyes to see the face.

Poets he must when their lights beckon
Men and nature to their sense
Blind shall others open, when
As their eyes or their guess.

What to him the world that labors
To credit and to power,
Buried by the dust and glamour
Highest in the firmament.

He must stand beneath the pouring
Thinker on the dreamer's way,
Trusting, doubted and scorning,
Wisdom for a future day.

From the throb of silent nations
To the last look of the earth,
All along the distant ages
Made and filled by men of worth.

By humble Truth's hand forever
Creeping down the channel and
Exploding with light quiver
To the land that shall see the.

—James Riley in Boston Pilot.

RIQUET.

Last year I spent a few days with a friend, who is judge of the court at A——, in the lovely country of Provence. We were benefitting and I was enabling the gay doings of Paris where a horse race, a duel and grand toy lack a very rich lover.

"Pardon me," said my friend, "I am this afternoon from the prison and I must end it at once."

When he had finished he seemed quite depressed for one who had seen many human beings sentenced to death while not counting the last sensation.

"Hark it," he said, pacing up the large chamber.

How has the accusation?

Your Honor—My trial is not for murder. I have endeavored to explain my case to the young lawyer who defends you but from his manner I think my honor only amuses him. I am afraid to speak of it to you, and for that reason I write. Pardon my liberty. Believe me, sir, I am an honest man and not a common thief.

I formerly always lived in the poor section of this town. In those days I was quite well off. I was by no means the richest man in Provence when I married Dilmon, but I was certainly the richest in town. We were happy. We were growing when I came home tired with the daily work, just to see our cards covered by persons. A little girl, crowded as the night come to crown our happiness. Unfortunately we were thinking, and I worked with a good will. I fear my letter will be very long, but I must give you all the details.

In and by finding ourselves better off, Dilmon confided to neither medicine. We wanted to cure a donkey. She sold butter and eggs in the town, and the donkey was long on feed. "With a donkey," she said, "I can easily go to market and take Solange with me." We had made an fine four glass for the purchase of our little heart, and our beautiful eating morning we started at 8 o'clock to be first on the field at the county fair. We walked along pretty under the fresh green foliage, and I can still recall how exactly the money rattled in my pocket. After walking for an hour and a half we arrived at the grounds. We had taken turns carrying little Solange. She was four years old and built on her tiny feet. But not all of us walk even a distance.

There were at least thirty donkeys for sale. I chose one, but Dilmon said it had a wicked look. At last, by careful search, we found a very small one. She was young and had a plaited little mane as he proved the ground impatiently with his small hoofs. He had handsome dark eyes and clapped his long ears at every sound. We gave he a drink, gently, for, fearing lest he should stray to get nearer to him, he patiently allowed her to put him.

The owner, seeing that the beast suited us, asked very francs for him. I offered twenty-five francs. We then spent in bargaining we agreed upon thirty. Toward evening we started for home, the good little animal following so very willingly with Solange on his back. The installation of our new possession was quite an affair, but he appeared to appreciate it all, for from that time I didn't be really loved us. We named him "Riquet." Every morning at breakfast time he used to come for his bit of bread in his window, his pretty head framed in cover peas and morning glories, he would rub certainly gently with its nose to express his thanks.

Just as we had planned, twice a week Dilmon went to town with her butter, eggs and fresh vegetables in one basket and Solange in the other for a counterbalance. I could watch them from a long distance as they approached our home, always a little tired.

But three years a day, after three years of continual happiness, when Dilmon could not leave her bed. My poor darling! She had the typhoid fever. Doctors came from town. They cut off her beautiful black hair they got her on her bed, but nothing could save her. One died while attempting to sing a little song. I could have wished to die also all was so changed for me—but Solange was left. She was growing very fast and looked exactly like her mother.

On Sundays we two—Solange and I—would go to the cemetery which crowned one little eminence and sit there by the grave until afternoon, when we had to take a walk, the little one mounted on Riquet. Then we would trudge to Sorbi long Dilmon, stopping good lunches or cream for the donkey's sugar.

One afternoon—it was during the olive harvest—there were signs of a storm, and the mother made us work until dark to finish the gathering. I could not be sure that day or the next, but the following evening I started, hope in the thought of once more seeing Solange. To my great surprise she did not come to meet me, and on getting nearer our cottage I could see no light in the window. Trembling with fear I mounted the stairs. I saw my cherished little girl lying on the bed all dressed. The four tear eyes, and Riquet stood at the door with long ears, but only his head was visible in the room. Poor little Solange lying there, darker, weight cold, the kind little whole watching as one for her to return.

I gave up, your honor, for telling you all my troubles, but when I saw the poor child so ill I roughly lost my senses. The fever never left her. She had a thousand fancies. Sometimes the great pale, her great eyes shining very brightly. Dilmon was the only friend who could make her smile. She often had a hard cough, which exhausted her completely and furnish two brilliant red spots to her cheeks. She grew weaker and weaker. Nothing seemed to give her any strength. The doctor said very little, but ordered some wine which cost much money. I could no longer work. I could sit day by the side of my little treasure. Soon she could not leave her bed, and then she had many fantastic wishes, which I gained for expensive fruit, for toys and flowers. I had no money, and not knowing what to do I was forced to borrow. How could I refuse my darling?

A neighbor lent me the money, for which I made him a note. I would leave signed away my tops of a place in paradise to make Solange happy, to watch her smile or see a ray of returning health. One afternoon in spring she said to me, as she lay in the flowers, which I could never resist, "Dear father, I feel well! I want to see the flowers. Will you bring them and put me on him and take me on a little way?"

I wrapped her up warmly, for she was as light as a feather. Riquet seemed to need enough when he felt that my burden, and held his ears erect as if to show he good intentions. Solange rode me with joy, she was so glad to be in the fresh air and sight of the flowers. Her cheeks, which were almost transparent, moved to hold the roses, but Riquet stopped of his own accord at all the best places for him to gather and more and more of the hawthorn, which she liked the most, the people like roses on top large Gallica.

"Oh, it is so nice here, is it not, papa?" As the pure child said this her head dropped. She had a rose of one-volume and her hand on my arm. I took her home and put her on her bed.

The doctor told me he had expected it. They had her from me and I saw none.

As I had not paid back the money I borrowed and had signed a note for it, they came to my home and seized everything. The sheriff locked into all the closets, finished in the lemon drawers, sent from cellar to attic and out to the garden, and finally, on All Souls' Day, they told me to go. The auctioneer stood on our door.

From a German I could see this take such article as he stood and had it up to view—one chair and place. We chiefly chairs, the table, a cradle—everything was sold. Dilmon is a little time recovered after I married it all, and I felt my heart breaking as one blow after another went under the hammer. Finally, raising to view the auctioneer said: "There is also a young donkey good for work. Is there a bidder at five?"

No one spoke.

"At thirty?"

Not a word.

"Twenty-five?"

Then he said, "Gentlemen, he is worth more than that."

They sent to fetch Riquet. He came very slowly, picking up his long ears and looking about for his lawyer. He seemed to realize that he was to be sold, and that for him also happiness was at an end.

"This donkey is offered for fifteen francs, gentlemen!"

"Twenty!" said one.

"Twenty-one!" said another.

"No one bids higher Great!" and a burly, red faced, red faced farmer advanced him.

Poor Riquet, who had always been so gentle, tried to kick, but his new master struck him with a heavy stick and dragged him away. I suppose it was very foolish, your honor, but when I saw that I ran off screaming.

I had to let you know I was a farmer in the neighborhood, who hired me by the day. I worked like a trade, and that good man completely then it kept me from thinking of my grief. At night I slept soundly, but the awakening was terrible, as I recalled more and more each day my burden of sorrow.

At the end of a year the farmer's daughter was married, and there was a grand fete at the house, but the same day of the wedding scene was a death knell to my heart. I felt that I must get away from it all.

Quite alone I walked across the country, and in spite of myself I took the road to Sorbi. I never to join, sir, I felt no self intention in my mind. I went along in a half dazed manner, hoping that I had grown very old. Life is hard for the poor. Passing myself near the cemetery, I thought I would visit the graves of my wife and child. Not wishing to be recognized, I took a short cut across the fields. The corn towered over me, and as I walked I heard the stubble crunching under my feet.

All at once on the other side of a dike, I saw a donkey and heard a loud and prolonged bray. Coming closer, I saw it was Riquet, who had recognized me. He stretched his neck as far as he could permitted, and looked at me with his beautiful eyes. I was quite upset. He stopped cropping the grass, and when I was near enough he took my coat very gently between his teeth and check his head several times. I caressed him and gave him a few pieces of sugar, I found him much altered. On his back were some sores made by wearing too heavy a saddle. His legs were covered with bloody scratches, and he coat, formerly so glossy, was full of tufts and patches. Poor Riquet! He had his pretty head on my knees, at the same time feeling he kind me to see if by chance I had a morsel of bread hidden away for towards the rock of his. It was the meeting of old friends after a long absence, but so pressing appearance we were forced to part.

Taking Riquet by the bridle I said gently, I turned back never for a farmer's look. I took merely gone a hundred steps when I felt a knock on my back. It was poor Riquet. He had broken his tether to follow me. I went to it, poor brute, I meant to take him back and let him recently, but while I was feeling him he nudged me recently that I turn lost my strength. I saw, as in a dream, the happy morning when Dilmon and I set out to buy our donkey, laden with our baskets.

"Do as I have me, I am so unhappy," his large, plaintive eyes seemed to say, and his look of misery filled me with pity. Then I was armed with a sudden fully and could go him, with a peculiar kind of feeling as to that he knew and "Come!" Still holding him by the bridle with my hands, we started and ran like veritable thieves. We both seemed to have pastured our hearts. I confess thinking only that I had contained a little of my lost happiness. I do not know how far we had gone when I heard a voice calling after me.

Instead of stopping I ran all the faster. Riquet trotting and fairly dragging me after him. It was a wild chase, the earth fairly flying from under our feet I was breathless, but could still hear the voice behind me carried on the wind. The thud was ringing in my ears, and my breath stopped in my throat. Suddenly I felt a heavy hand grasp my shoulder and a coarse voice said, "Thief!" It was all that the man could say, for he, too, was at the end of his strength. At last he regained his breath, and as we were nearing a village he made an effort to call to some men who were coming and anything as a current. He still held me by my collar, but has taken the bridle out of my hand. Riquet no longer led the way. He was headed along, and had a kinky look in his eye. The men came and the self said to the group and was shaking me relaxed I recognized the man who had bought Riquet.

Two others persuaded my course. A crowd collected and I had nothing to do in self defense. The former held of my wife right, which of course aggravated the offense. Your honor, I swear you Riquet seemed to comprehend it all. They put me in prison and my mother to my home. Your honor, I do not ask of you to give orders that Riquet shall be well cared for. This is the whole story. I have told it truthfully. I am free because I am guilty. In fact, we are both as guilty. I am free because I am not a genuine thief. Respectfully your servant, Jean.

"I shall not have said after this trial," said to his friend. "I wish to hear your judgment in the case of this poor fellow."

"There is something better than that which you can do," he replied. "You are in liberty to do it, but you can not this farmer who claims the donkey. If you pay him the price of the donkey and a small sum in addition that will end it all."

No sooner said than done. For the poor I could have the little animal then and there, and the man was only too glad to which the case ended.

We returned Riquet to his first master, who looked as happy as the other. I have even seen them to my generosity together, going from village to village selling small wares. Two friends, I hope, will remain to know the French of Jacques Manuel for Business by Anna R. Alvey.

Curiosities of the U. S.

The postoffice at Lowell, Massachusetts keeps a record and copy of the all dropped on envelopes and wrappers addressed by men. Here are some specimens of the local language modeled in by residents:

As written	As intended
Cherry Ho Mass	Cherry Ho, Mass
Lowell Ma	Lowell, Ma
Lowell Mass Ro H.	Lowell Mass. R. H.
Lo Ma	Lowell, Mass
R. F. Calloway	Ross Fleming, Co.
Philadelphia	Philadelphia
Sacramento Ben H.	Sacramento, N. B.
Florence	Florence, Mass
S. B. Hill	Hill, S. B.
Phenomen C.	Pacific Corporation
Boston Massa	Lost in transit
Hoot Hoot	Amherst, Mass
Milwaukee, Mas	Lost River, Mass
Lowell Mass	Lowell, Mass
Boston Massachusetts	Boston, Mass
Lawrence Massachusetts	Lawrence, Mass

From the above it is plain that some letter writers would be benefited by taking up for a civil service examination.—St. Louis Republic.

The Parent Leads of Mexico.

A glance at the map will call to the attention the apparently contradictory fact that the principal seats of population in the state of Mexico are directly in the Rocky mountain region. This is difficult for the majority of readers to account for. Indeed, the term may be let the spots and lower or side ranges are great chat or wonder chemistry, and even until the vertical Rocky themselves are necessarily the most fertile in the world. Nowhere are more gorgeous paintings to be found anywhere in the world. In or beside such valleys are the cities built there to be close to the mines that are being worked in the mountains.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

Tick of the American Watch.

The United States is fast crowding Switzerland out of the watch market, and there is no part of the world, no matter how remote, where the tick of the American watch cannot be heard. Today American factories turn out 80,000 watches a week. Almost the only exceptions imported are repeaters, stop watches, and those having special movements, which cost a high price.—San Francisco Bulletin.

The Mind of Judge Fry Wanted.

The story is told of an Irishman who tried to impede his brother with the world. Dad he wanted to have a fair trial and an upright judge. "Tom, woman," replied her spouse, "what I want will an upright judge! What I want is a judge that I have a little."—London Globe.

The art of cookery is an essentially feminine accomplishment, yet all the great cookery books are by men.

If flavor, purity, mildness and aroma have no weight with you when

selecting smoking tobaccos, why not smoke cabbage leaves or brown paper? If you appreciate quality you will ask for MASTIFF PLUG CUT.

ALWAYS THREE OR FOUR PLUGS.

"August Flower"

Dyspepsia. There is a gentleman at Malden-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., named Captain A. G. Purdy, 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 used your 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 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 of August Flower, and I think you had better get another bottle.' I am also troubled with Indigestion, and sometimes I am, I take one or two teaspoonfuls before eating, for a day or two, and all trouble is removed."

Indigestion.

Constipation of August Flower, and I think you had better get another bottle." I am also troubled with Indigestion, and sometimes I am, I take one or two teaspoonfuls before eating, for a day or two, and all trouble is removed."

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RAILROADS.

UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM. THE THROUGH CAR LINE. EFFECTIVE JULY 10th, 1892.

Trains leave and arrive at Salt Lake City, as follows:

ARRIVE.

From Ogden, Echo, Evanston, Green River, Rock Springs, Cheyenne, Denver, Kansas City, Omaha, Chicago	8:00 a. m.
From Ogden, Echo, Evanston, Green River, Rock Springs, Cheyenne, Denver, Kansas City, Omaha, Chicago	7:00 p. m.
From Park City and Heber Valley	10:30 a. m.
From all points East	10:30 a. m.
From Garfield, Tooele and intermediate points	7:00 p. m.
From Ogden and Eureka	10:30 a. m.
From Tooele and Eureka	7:00 p. m.

DEPART.

For all points East	8:00 a. m.
For Ogden and intermediate points	8:00 a. m.
For Garfield, Portland, San Francisco and Central Utah	10:30 a. m.
For Park City and Heber Valley	10:30 a. m.
For Garfield, Tooele and intermediate points	5:30 p. m.
For Tooele and Eureka	5:30 p. m.
For Ogden and intermediate points	6:00 p. m.

For further information call at Union Pacific City Office, 201 Main St. S. H. HOUGH, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept. S. N. SIMPSON, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt. J. H. MANNING, Ticket Agent.

RIO GRANDE WESTERN. Standard Gauge. CURRENT TIME TABLE. In Effect May 22, 1892.

DEPARTURES.

For Ogden and points North	8:00 a. m.
For Ogden and points North	4:00 p. m.
For Ogden, Portland, San Francisco and Central Utah	10:30 a. m.
For Park City and Heber Valley	10:30 a. m.
For Park City and Heber Valley	5:30 p. m.
For Tooele, Eureka and intermediate points	6:00 p. m.

ARRIVALS.

From Ogden and points North	10:30 a. m.
From Ogden and points North	4:00 p. m.
From Ogden, Portland, San Francisco and Central Utah	10:30 a. m.
From Park City and Heber Valley	10:30 a. m.
From Park City and Heber Valley	5:30 p. m.
From Tooele, Eureka and intermediate points	10:30 a. m.

For Tickets, Sleeping Car Berths and all information apply at City Office, 201 Main St. D. C. DODGE, G. A. WELBY, J. H. BENNETT, Gen. Manager. Gen. Pass. Agt. Gen. T. & T. Agt.

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