THE LONG TRAIL.

Tim O'Connell was the hardest rider on the Rio Grande. All the cowboys had one opinion of him. When one wanted to boast, he would say:

"I can ride 'most as far in a day as old Tim O'Connell." Or they described the endurance of a person by saying, "He's almost as tough as old Tim." The "almost" was invariably used, for none presumed to say anybody could do anything fully as well as old Tim. They knew it was not in human nature to do so. He was the limit beyond which the cowboy imagination never dared pass. Why, even old Timberlog once said, as he sat chopping a new log one night:

"Tim O'Connell, sirs, is the toughest man I ever saw. I'll be shot full of holes if he ain't got a spirit like rawhide and a body like—like—well, like this here wooden leg of mine. It'll wear and wear and never show a splinter till all at once it'll drop off and there will be an end of it."

Old Tim came to Eastland when he was a middle aged man—came riding into the frontier on a hungry looking horse and a greasy saddle. He turned the beast out and traded the saddle to Bill Tomlinson for a good horse. He made a new saddle with a jackknife out of a pair of old leggings and asked Bill for a job, and Bill hired him. He was set to riding the trails, and he rode day and night and worked so hard Bill said to him one day:

"Tim, you needn't work so hard. You'll kill yourself."

"Rather be dead 'n poor all my life," answered Tim. "And a man what won't work'll die poor." So he went ahead working hard as ever. I was going to say "harder," but he could not.

But that was 20 years ago, and between then and now he had kept on working, but not getting much richer.

Bill Tomlinson lost his ranch, and Tim was thrown out of a job, but his reputation as a worker got him one the next day. He accepted the first offer and set to work so hard he never saw the rich opportunities open for him. Soon after he had gone to work for Scott Parkinson, Bill Tomlinson happened along near where Tim was [illegible] a bunch of steers and said:

"Why, Tim, you could have had a better job than this. You work too hard. Pretty soon you'll be dead and nothing to look back to but hard work."

"Better be dead 'n poor," retorted Tim, "and a man what won't work'll die poor."

Well, it happened that Bill failed to get his affairs straightened up and had to fire with Parkinson himself. Parkinson made Tim boss, and Bill was only a cowboy. There never was such a boss on the ranch. The cattle grew fat with careful herding, and the cowboys grew lean. Bill would be set on watch at night, and Tim would roll up in his blanket. But if Bill would stop riding round the herd, no matter what time of night—if he stood still so long as ten minutes, he would hear Tim's voice call out from the blanket:

"Hi 'em around 'em, Bill!" so that Bill got to thinking Tim never did sleep. There was no way of arguing with him about excessive work, for he invariably replied: "A man what won't work'll die poor, and I'd rather be dead 'n poor."

The long trail that led round the whole ranch was 70 miles in length. Most of the cowboys made it a two days' jaunt, but Tim, who rode it at frequent and irregular intervals, made it in a day. He would say at breakfast:

"I'm going down the long trail today," and one or another of the boys would venture: "Tim, you oughtn't to make that in one day. It's too long for an old man. Some day you'll come riding in from the long trail dead."

They said it just to hear him drawl out:

"Better be dead 'n poor any time."

Tim failed to get up one morning. Bill had gone to sleep on watch that night and stood still an hour, and Tim never called at him. He awoke with a start and hurried over to camp fearing the worst. He found Tim all afire with fever. The boys tended the old man all day. Toward evening he brightened up and suddenly jumping to his feet said:

"Why, I'm well as ever, sirs. And I guess I'll ride down the long trail tonight, being as I've rested all day. The moon is bright, and it will be a cool trip."

There was no use remonstrating, so just as the others rolled up in their blankets for the night—all but Bill, who had the watch—Tim mounted and started down the long trail.

"Never saw Tim's eyes so bright," said Jim Fenner. "He looks as if sickness did him good."

"It'd kill an ordinary man," said Bill as he rode to go on watch, "but Tim'll ride in in the morning sitting straight up in his saddle."

And, sure enough, he did. The boys were at breakfast when Bill called out:

"Here comes Tim!" And there he did come in the distance, jogging along on a gentle trot, sitting up straight in the saddle and never moving a hand, and rode on down the long trail over the homestretch quietly, as if he had only been out for a little exercise.

Presently he neared the camp, but he stopped at the corral, and his horse put its head down and began eating hay with the other horses. Tim sat there, unconcerned, as if in deep thought.

"Better come and eat breakfast," called Bill. But Tim paid no attention, and pretty soon Bill walked over to the corral, and as he laid his hand on Tim's saddle band he called out in alarm:

"Why, boys, Tim's dead!"

And, sure enough, Tim did sit there in his deep saddle dead. There was no telling how many miles his cold hand had held the reins as he rode down the long trail, but he had come to the end of it at last.—Cincinnati Post.

THE FARM TOOL SHED.

How to Build It With Little Money—Device For Work Bench.

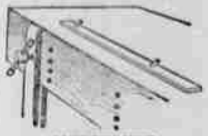
No more convenient building can be erected upon a farm than a good, roomy tool shed, where all farm machines and small tools can be housed from the weather, while the owner has the assurance that he can put his hand at a moment's notice upon any implement that may be needed without the necessity of hunting through half a dozen buildings to find the tool desired. On the average farm the tools are either left out of doors for lack of a place to put them or are crowded away into any nook or corner that can be found, often to be in the way for the next six months.

The accompanying illustration from the New York Tribune shows a cheaply built toolhouse that is fitted to hold all the farm tools and implements, providing also in one end a repair or carpenter's shop. Three sets of double doors are provided, both in front and opposite

CHEAPLY BUILT TOOLHOUSE.

these in the back side, so that a machine can be driven in on one side, the horses unhitched and driven out the other side, leaving the machine ready to be hitched up to the next day and drawn out the front doors without turning it about. There is no chamber in the building, but there is ample storage room above the cross ties to pile away lumber or the hundred and one other things that need to be kept from the weather. A part of the space could be floored over at one end to provide a place for sleighs and sleds during the summer months, a hook being placed conveniently in the ridge pole for a pulley block to use in hoisting them into place.

A second illustration from the same source shows advice for making the work bench convenient. The strip of board has two pegs set into it at an angle. In the side of the bench are a series of holes bored, not horizontally through the side of the bench, but downward through the side. The strip with the pegs can then be slipped into any set of holes, according as the board to be planed upon the edge is wide or narrow.



A FARM WORK BENCH.

Couldn't Bear the Disgrace.

"What's that? An alderman committed suicide?"

"Yes, he didn't have relatives enough for all the jobs at his disposal."—Detroit Tribune.

Losing Strength

How the blood [illegible] ... Scott's Emulsion [illegible]

Five-pound bucket nice Jelly; at 35c each. Equitable Co-op.

A Trip to Mexico.

Those desiring to know about this most delightful winter outing should call at the Union Pacific Ticket Office, 201 Main st. Special arrangements are being made for this excursion.

The direct line to Kansas City, St. Louis and Atlantic seaboard, is via the Missouri Pacific Railway, from Pueblo. Through sleeping and chair cars, and all connections made in Union depots in the day time. If you're going East and care for a daylight ride through the grandest scenery of the Rocky Mountains en route, see that your ticket reads via Missouri Pacific Railway. Expect that as positively free to have or regular train tickets.

H. B. Koser, C. F. & P. A., 21 Morton Block, Salt Lake City.

Bring your dress cover to the Equitable Co-op, and get a highest price [illegible].

ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH

Is quickly absorbed. Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals and Protects the Membrane from Cold. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Gives Relief at once and it will cure.

COLD IN HEAD

A particle is applied directly into the nostrils and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

[illegible]

NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING [illegible]

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

[illegible]

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN [illegible]

Dated October 28, 1896.

TRUSTEES' SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN [illegible]

G. J. SALISBURY, SIMON BAMBERGER, Trustees.

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

[illegible]

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

[illegible]

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

[illegible]

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE.

[illegible]

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE.

[illegible]

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

[illegible]

G. J. SALISBURY, SIMON BAMBERGER, Trustees.

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

[illegible]

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

[illegible]

LEGAL NOTICE.

[illegible]

SUMMONS.

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

[illegible]

SUMMONS.

[illegible]

NOTICE.

[illegible]

NOTICE.

[illegible]

NORTH POINT CONSOLIDATED IRRIGATION COMPANY.

[illegible]

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

[illegible]

DAVIS AND WEBER COUNTIES CANAL COMPANY.

Ogden, Utah.

[illegible]

A RESOLUTION

[illegible]

AN ORDINANCE.

[illegible]

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

[illegible]