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WHERE IS HEAVEN

"What is Heaven?"
"Child, how can I tell
Of the beauty that rests in the city of God?
Mine eyes have not seen it, nor that have not love
Its golden paved streets set with jewels whose worth
Humbles and rebukes the jewels of earth,
And it is in Heaven I know only this:
'In the kingdom of glory the season of bliss.'"

"Where is Heaven?"
"Dear, how do I know?
We gaze into space through the blue firmament and
Star rises and star pommels, and we say, 'It is there.'
Above, and beyond us, more high and more high,
God's palace, whose floor is our beautiful sky,
And where is Heaven? I know only this:
'In the place of all ages wherever it is.'"
—Rose Hartwick Thorpe in New York Observer.

THE STRANGLER VINE.

"You want to know how those marks came there, do you? Well, you would guess a mighty long time before you would come near it, so I'll spare you the trouble and tell you the story."

He held up his brown right hand as he spoke. Across the back of it were two livid lines. One of them lines passed inside his hand and wound around his little finger. This finger was twisted and broken and bent backward. Right up to the finger nail extended the fury, threatening line.

The second line was a deeper red, wider than the other, and from it other filamentlike lines branched, covering the wrist with a network of scarlet tendrils. The main line could be seen to wind once around the wrist and then was lost up the speaker's sleeve.

"Well," he resumed, "you remember the excitement that followed the discovery of silver in Yucatan in 1872. The Indians had been bringing down small quantities of horn silver for some time and selling it at Merida. Finally, one of the half breed merchants of that town got an Indian drunk and induced him to tell where they obtained the silver. They say it was one of the mines from which the Aztecs, or whatever race it was that built the cities, the ruins of which cover so many miles in that country, used to get the silver for their temples. At all events, the merchant came back with two burros laden with almost pure silver. He said that there was silver enough in sight at the mine to load a fleet of steamers. He told in a general way where the treasure mountain was, and started out with a pack train for more. One of his mules strayed back nearly a month later, but that was all that was ever heard of him.

"I was one of the swarm of prospectors that started out to find the old mine. It had taken the merchant two weeks to make his first trip, so we could calculate about what distance he had traveled. I had for a companion a Native Indian miner, who knew something of the interior country. We traveled ten days through the wildest country that any one ever heard of. Mountains, whose snowy tops were thousands of feet above the clouds, and whose sides were covered with jungles so thick that for days together we simply had to hew our way through it. At last we reached a valley, the other side of which was bounded by a spur or chain of mountains. Thence, from where we stood, seemed perfectly unscalable, but my companion said he had been on top of them.

"From the summit," he said, "you can see the Chikunduesan."

"I had heard of the Chikunduesan. The name means 'Table of Dead Men,' and the Indians say it is covered with plants that have the power of motion.

"'Have you ever been on the Chikunduesan?' I asked.

"'No man has ever gone there and returned to tell it,' he answered.

"We crossed the valley, passing through the ruins of a great city built of almost transparent quartz, and finally struck the trail he spoke of, and two days later stood on the top. On the other side was a narrow gulch, and beyond it a chasm with many hundreds of feet high. Still the top of this was lower than we were, and we could look down upon the Table of Dead Men. The mesa on the other side of the gulch seemed perfectly level, and so far as we could judge was surrounded on all sides by just such a precipice as we saw. The country is all sandstone, and the swift little rivers have nearly all worn deep channels for themselves. In many localities you can walk a hundred miles, be able to throw a stone into the river and yet you may die of thirst, as high and exact are those fearful walls. The Chikunduesan was covered with some low vegetation and there were a few trees in the distance.

"'That is the flower that travels,' said my companion.

"He noticed my look of amused incredulity, and seemed rather scornfully.

"'You don't believe it! I have seen it move. Look there!'

"I looked, the table was agitated, and looked like the waves of the sea. The whole green surface seemed to approach the edge nearest us. My hair rose for a moment, then I burst out laughing. 'It is only the wind blowing the snakeweed,' I said.

"'But there is no wind here.'

"He spoke truly. The air where we stood was perfectly still. Yet, I explained, it might be a breeze experienced by the nature of the country, that did not extend to our side.

"'No, no,' he insisted. 'The Indians who have lived here for years know better. These flowers are devils. No one who goes over comes back from there.'

"Two Indians who lived one season went up on the Chikunduesan to hatch. Human eyes never again saw them alive. We are told that they fell victims to the flower that creeps.

"I had a first class pair of glasses with me and I directed them to the plateau. I had variant with the vines and grass as I could see something while. There were two spots that caught be sticks, and I thought I could trace the outlines of two human forms. They might have been rocks, and were outlines what originated the Indian legend.

"An idea suddenly occurred to me that this story of certain death to who ever went up to that mountain top was a story of the Indians to prevent any one going there.

"'I'll bet a horse,' said I, 'that the mine is there, and I'm going to see.'

"Well, to cut it short, I left him there, and with one mule started for the Chikunduesan. I calculated that I must get around in three days, and told him to camp there and wait for me. It was nearly work getting down into the river bed, but I did it before night, and had the satisfaction of camping on an old trail that night. Early the next morning I entered a fissure at the base of the main mountain. It was a dry water course, not more than a dozen feet wide, and wound around between high sandstone walls. It was, however, comparatively free from brush, and I got along famously for a time. There were many cutthroats and sandpockets along the old water course, but nothing more.

"I had been going up the old channel for probably four hours, getting higher every step. The walls of the water course were getting lower, and at this point I was not more than forty feet below the surface. As I turned a sharp bend, however, I came right up against a bowlder that completely filled the creek bed. The trail ended right there. It appeared as if the rock had recently rolled down to where it lay.

"I thought that if I could climb over it I could continue on up the water course. So I started to climb. The bowlder was rough enough for me to gain holds for my hands and feet, and though it was slow, hard work and I often slipped back, at last I managed to surmount it and stood on top. To my intense surprise I found myself within a dozen feet of the face of the mesa, and just above me one one of the giant cactus I had seen from the other mountain. Then I determined, instead of continuing in the dry creek bed, to scale this wall and so reach the mesa, where I expected to find the silver mine.

"The sandstone was soft and I had a strong knife. Besides, at the edge I saw some vines hanging over that looked strong enough to bear my weight if I succeeded in reaching them. So I began to climb the wall.

"At last I grasped the hanging vines.

"The stems were covered with fine points like so many prickly pear, but I could not let go without falling. I reached my other hand higher and grasped another vine.

"In an instant its tendrils were around my wrist, other stems fell over the edge of the cliff. They curled around my arms and waist like snakes. Then they began to draw me up, and almost before I realized it I was dragged over the edge of the chasm almost to the foot of the cactus.

"The vines dragged me on, other stems curled about my legs and drew tighter and tighter.

"Then I realized that the Indian story was no fable. The mysterious, resistless power of this constricting thing that covered acres of land paralyzed me for an instant. The hand that had just touched the vines was being crushed in the devilish tendrils. My little finger was broken backward by the power of the vine. The pain brought me to my senses, and I began to fight for my life. One hand was free, and in it was my knife. I began to hack at the snakelike coils of the devilish vegetable. As fast as I could cut away one running stem another would coil around me. Fight as I would, the vines was stronger, and on and on it dragged me.

"My foot struck something, and I felt it crush and crumble beneath my heel. I looked down. It was a human head, one of those white spots I had seen through my glass. The body, fearfully shrunken and contracted, lay there among the coiling, twisting vines. Four it was another.

"I realized it all while I hacked and struggled. These two had been caught in the folds of the awful monster like myself and strangled.

"I was getting weak. The pressure about my limbs was unbearable. I had cut myself badly in cutting the strangling bonds. I looked over the mesa with a wild hope of seeing some one or something to help me.

"The mesa was all in motion. The vines were twisting, curling, falling, rising, trembling. It was a moving mass like the waves, and the waves were reaching and falling toward me.

"It was all the wind blowing the snakeweed. The Lendish plant had life and motion and every fiber of it was straining to reach me. I knew that if these advancing waves of black ever reached me I was lost. I would be like those shriveled bodies by the giant cactus.

"I made a final effort to escape. I could hear the muscles crack and strain as I pulled. I cut the thickest stem that enveloped me, and for the first time since the struggle began was able to make a step backward. But the fight was not over yet. A dozen smaller tendrils, like so many whipcords, were tangled about me, cutting into my flesh with a terrible power. I had kept my blood free, though the vegetable serpents seemed to strive to end about it. So I cut and struggled backward. A final slash, a jump, and I was over the edge and on the bowlder in the dry creek. But the remorseless attack followed me. I knew that they would never again before I could get down, so I dashed to the other side of the water course and clambered up there.

"Thank God! Thank God when I found nothing there but grassweed and cactus. I saw the vines swing and sway over where I had escaped, and then I fainted.

"When I came to the mesa was quiet again. The vines had receded, and if it had not been for my aching, swollen limbs I would have sworn it was all a nightmare. But there lay two dried out bodies. While I lay there I recognized one of them. It was the half breed merchant from Merida. The other was doubtless the Indian who betrayed the secret of the silver mine."—San Francisco Examiner.

He Knew What He Wanted.

The waiter had brought Farmer Bloomson a particularly diminutive "pat" of butter. The old man picked up the dish, looked at it closely and observed:

"Wipe that grease spot off that plate and bring me some butter."—New York Tribune.

SAM JONES ON A DRAY.

Early Life of the Reformer and the Horse That Caused his Change.

Before Sam Jones took to preaching he ran a public dray at Carterville, his native town. He was a familiar figure around the depot, and he at that time hauled all the drummers' trunks from the depot to the hotel. Many veteran drummers still remember Sam as a dryman.

His outfit was a small, rickety, rattling rumbackbiting wagon and an old sorrel horse, that was old and experienced enough to have come down from from the Revolutionary war. This horse was a character in his way and some people say he was the cause of Sam's reformation. He was as humble a horse as ever could wait to see.

He submitted to all Sam's cuffs and rebuffs without any protest other than mildly backing his fine bitter ears. He had an air of one who was always deeply engaged in thought and looked upon the frivolities of this life with supreme disdain. And then Sam's horse was extremely unsociable in his temperament. He never cared to make any new acquaintances and seemed desirous of treading the wine press of sorrow alone. For many days he went on in the even tenor way, drawing Sam's rickety old dray with the utilitarian fortitude. It was never necessary for Sam to tie him when he left him, for he had such insurmountable constitutional objections to locomotion that there was little danger of him taking his departure. So he thought and so it was for many, many days.

But things do not always remain the same, alas!

One day Sam's horse was seen, to the most extreme surprise of the Cartersvillians, tearing down Main street followed by the dray, which was rolling about from one side to the other. Down the street he sped like mad, and it seemed wonderful to those who knew him intimately that he could acquire such speed. Sam, who had left him for some purpose, stood wondering his mental cancer sagacity.

"He's decided to emigrate," Sam remarked, as the horse continued in his wild flight.

Presently the horse swerved to his right and the wagon struck against a tree, and, with a crash, came to a standstill.

The spectators all went down to survey the wreck. It was a complete one indeed. Sam stood and looked at it silently for some moments in deep reflection. I saw was a pathos in his voice when he finally turned around and said:

"I guess I'll have to find some other way to make a living."

In a few weeks Sam left Carterville and went down near Columbus.

"The next I hear or saw of Sam," said the gentleman who told the story, "he came back to Carterville and preached a sermon. I went out to hear him, and I never saw such a complete change in a man."—Atlanta Constitution.

Apes Rile Off Each Other's Fingers.

Orangs have a very curious method of fighting. In their conflicts antagonists, which are frequent, the effort is always to seize the fingers their adversaries and bite them. A very beautiful group of these animals at the National museum, mounted by Mr. Hornaday, admirably illustrates a typical encounter of the sort. It is not to the credit of battle that it is almost impossible to procure a skin which does not lack some of the fingers. If defending itself against a man the beast will always attempt to grab the arms of his human opponent, so as to chew off his fingers. For this purpose its jaw is admirably adapted, being enormously powerful and equipped with huge incisors.—Interview in Washington Star.

Knew of No Such Rules.

"I was coming down from the mountains the other day on the Ontario and Western. All the cars were crowded. There was a child in a seat near a gentleman. The conductor, seeing ladies standing, went to the gentleman and told him, loud enough for those around him to hear:

"'You'll have to take that child on your lap, sir—rules of the road.'

"I know of no rules of the road that can compel me to travel with a child on my lap," replied the gentleman indignantly. "That child isn't mine."

And the owner of the young vagrant, just then taking in the situation, led the child back to her seat, whence it had wandered, amid the laughter of the audience.—New York Herald.

Improve Your Razor.

The simplest method of sharpening a razor is to put it into water to which one-twentieth of its weight of muriatic or sulphuric acid has been added, and then to strop it as usual. Do not wipe the blade off, but let it dry before it is used. The acid supplies the place of a whetstone by corroding the whole surface uniformly, so that nothing farther than a smooth polish is necessary. This process never injures good blades, while badly hardened ones are often improved by it, although the cause of the improvement remains unexplained.—Detroit Free Press.

Still Life.

First Little Girl (in art gallery)—I heard a lady say these pictures of old violins were studies in still life. What did she mean?

Second Little Girl—Why, you know a picture of a violin isn't make any noise.—Good News.

A Child's Query.

Five-year-old D——— is very much afraid of thunder, and every evening he asks before he goes to bed, "Is it going to thunder?" His aunt, tired of the oft repeated question, answered one evening: "I don't know; how should I do? Well, but what do you think?" "I don't think." "But if you did think what do you think?"—New York Tribune.

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CURRENT TIME TABLE.

In Effect Sunday, November 1, 1891.

SOUTH AND EASTBOUND.	No. 6.	No. 2.	No. 4.
Lv Ogden	8 45 a m	4 00 p m	9 00 p m
Ar Salt Lake	10 40 "	6 00 "	11 00 "
Lv Salt Lake	10 50 "	6 10 "	11 10 "
Ar Provo	12 05 p m	7 40 "	12 40 a m
Lv Provo	12 15 "	7 50 "	12 50 "
Ar Spanish Fork	12 35 "	8 15 "	1 15 "
Ar Thistle	1 15 "	9 05 "	2 05 "
Ar Colton	2 40 "	10 40 "	3 40 "
Ar Marysvale		3 50 a m	
Ar Salina		7 00 "	
Ar Gunnison		10 45 "	1 45 a m
Ar Grand Junction		3 45 p m	6 45 "
Ar Green River		7 45 "	10 45 "
Ar Rawlins		1 45 a m	4 45 p m
Ar Cheyenne		7 45 "	10 45 "
Ar Denver		9 45 "	12 45 p m

WEST AND NORTHBOUND.	No. 1.	No. 3.	No. 5.
Lv Denver		7 00 a m	7 00 p m
Lv Cheyenne		9 15 "	9 15 "
Lv Rawlins		1 00 p m	1 00 a m
Lv Green River		4 55 "	4 55 "
Lv Grand Junction		8 35 "	8 35 "
Lv Gunnison		12 05 a m	12 05 p m
Lv Marysvale		4 15 "	4 15 "
Lv Salina		7 50 "	7 50 "
Lv Colton	3 30 a m	10 40 "	10 40 "
Lv Spanish Fork	4 15 "	11 25 "	11 25 "
Lv Provo	4 35 "	11 45 "	11 45 "
Lv Thistle	5 15 "	12 35 p m	12 35 a m
Lv Salt Lake	6 35 p m	2 00 "	2 00 "
Ar Ogden	8 25 "	3 45 "	3 45 "

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TIME TABLE.

In Effect April 1st, 1891.

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

SALT LAKE CITY.

Trains	Leave	Arrive
1 Morning	8.00 a m	8.50 a m
3 Afternoon	2.00 p m	2.50 p m
5 "	5.15 "	6.05 p m
7 "	6.00 "	6.50 p m

PARK CITY.

Trains	Leave	Arrive
2 Morning	11.30 a m	12.20 p m
4 Afternoon	4.30 "	5.20 "
6 "	5.30 "	6.20 "
8 "	6.45 "	7.35 "

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Ladies $1.75 and $1.50 Walking shoe, best shoe ever offered at $1.75 and $1.50.

Ladies $1.00 Worth $1.25 shoe for misses and children, best shoe ever offered at $1.00.

Ladies $1.00 Worth $1.25 shoe for misses and children, Hand-sewed, Spring heel, best shoe ever offered at $1.00.

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