THE MENDED VASE.

A beautiful, delicate, fragile vase,
The work of a master hand and a master,
Had passed with the years of a whole generation,
And gleamed with a light that was rich and
golden,
A vase whose form was graceful and
And the fragile form, in comfort and shelter
stood,
By chance and by chance was lying low,
In a thousand fragments scattered.

And never again while the world shall stand
Can the vision of that exclusive form be
repaired,
As never, not even by an artist's touch,
Can the mutilated fragments be united,
So made that this form for grace and
Thousands therefore will still show traces,
And scattered edges will stand upon
Where once stood the form of rare grace.

And what is our life but a crystal vase
That an unknown hand has shattered and
broken?
Its beauty no touch may restore,
And its worth of its richness is only a token.
The pieces are dead together again,
But the face and the color are all unbidden
Dead, with the gang of a shameless pain.
It is only a vase that is mended.
—William Rice Bass in New York World.

FOR CHIQUITA'S SAKE.

Red Horrigan, or, as his card read, "Edward T. Horrigan, C. E.," stood in the doorway of the Rough Diamond and looked gloomily forth at the rain as it fell across the cactus growth and disappeared into the wind and dust of the mesa.

From the saloon within came the ratle of dice, the clink of glass, the rattle of cards and the murmur of deep, hoarse male voices. The Rough Diamond was a most favorable and flourishing institution in the little railroad town of Picture Canyon, on the line of the Union Pacific.

It was one of those places which, at the first, strong sip in a night and day, settled down along the line of the great road. Indeed, they followed the track, and wherever track laying ended temporarily there a town was certain to spring up almost as if by magic.

There were mountain of laborers, railroad men, engineers and speculators. With them came peddlers, shoeshiners, and last, but not least, the great army of gamblers and saloon keepers. Some of these places were located in advantageous situations, and finally took on a solid growth and prosperity. Others, having nothing to justify their existence save the promise of the coming of railroad shops, vanished utterly when the army advanced farther and farther on its mission of conquering space and time and broken cars and worn implements with heaps of stock.

Horrigan was attached to the engineer corps of the road, and had been for some time stationed at Picture Canyon, a city of some fifty inhabitants, mostly males, and which was pretty a month old, so nothing loined that an election for mayor and common council was being agitated by the more enterprising citizenry of the community.

Horrigan was, ordinarily speaking, accustomed to all the enhancements of life which would gradually up current lines may give to an old and settled community, the rude surroundings of his present life had at first disheartened Horrigan, but being at bottom a man of good sense and pluck and possessing a splendid constitution, a magnificent lungs, standing six feet and over in his boots, the man who had been Yale's especial terror at "right tackle," and who had filled the seat in the "Varsity eight with more than credit when the line crossed the line ahead of the Oxonians on Lake Quinsigamond, would hardly linger at hardships which other men bore without complaint, even if at times he felt a grow weary of oaths and liquor, sand-laced ham and beans and bacon and muddy coffee and Lorillards. Indeed he grew at last to like the wild freedom of his life, as all men will do in time, and he was fast taking on the exterior of a genuine frontiersman when he—

When he met Chiquita!

Chiquita was a sprite. She was the true descendant of many years ago, and dwelt now—a genuine child of the Sierras—and a woman withal.

Her reputed father was an evil eyed old Mexican named Rosario, ostensibly a broker of some sort, in a shop, really a gatherer of other men's estate.

Chiquita kept house for him in a tumbled together "shack" on the outskirts of the town, and here entertained her father's guests.

Poor little Chiquita!

She was brilliantly pretty, with the rich rose red flushing her olive cheeks, her white teeth flashing between ripe, dewy, crimson lips, with glorious brown eyes under heavy arching brows and shaded by such long curling lashes as would make one's heart ache, especially the heart of a frontiersman, to whose life female beauty is a rich and rare event.

Many a dollar led Chiquita's eyes and lips brought to old Rosario's sheepskin pouch—and still he was athirst for more gold.

It was of this Horrigan was thinking, for he knew Chiquita, and it was this which, thinking of it, drove him out of the warm and cozy barroom the only place where he could possibly stay, even in his cold and cheerless tent, and forced him to wait his heated brow in the cool, wet wind which blew from the mouth of Picture Canyon.

He was moved by a voice, a deep, clear, plaintive voice, addressing him.

"Pardner, you are in good case for a timberhoot; hankerage I've earlier kicked to you once I seen the way you whipped that two cowboy chump and belted him with his own gun. Some tender-foots ain't got as much lief you have. Ye Gi not one a bottle treated me of I his lay to, she's I'm from Texas—which I'm known as Black Way Jim."

"Why, what's the matter?" broke in Horrigan. Black Way's harangue, as he termed and regarded it, was the tall, athletic figure of the man beside him.

The Texan jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the barroom. "In there," he said in a low tone, "I heerd somethin—about—about you—in a way—

"Chiquita?"

"She's it, pard. You've called the tune. I'm just about that two little mavis I'd an ever wish the fear ever you knew to be hurt, I reckon, that's got his little hand long of him."

"What's up, then?"

"Keep your eye skinned, and don't go high old Harrow stack. I've warned you, pe-long, pard."

And Black Way lounged away into the gathering gloom and mist.

"Blind as," mused Horrigan, nothing after this "tell me at least who my enemy is."

Black Way turned and scanned the young engineer closely in the twilight.

"Pete—from Deseret" he paused and stood rapidly off.

Horrigan was a brave man, but he felt chilled at the mention of that name. It was the strongest of all that was most fierce, bloodthirsty and wicked were in that wicked and bloodthirsty little community.

"Deuce Pete!" he mused. "So he is going to do me up because I'm trying to win that poor child from her horrible life and save her for something better. I fear me, Edward, you're in no end of a bad scrape."

But the block which had rolled so boldly through the ruins when Yale's shouts rang triumphant over the football field in the gold was also of iron, and which served him to do his duty, take any risk, so long as he could save Chiquita from a fate Black Way warmly thought his heart.

"I'll not be scared," he will, and he frowned and shut from his mind's eye and shoulder his hatch. There was another name in Mr. Horrigan's and curse Deuce Pete, reckoning the height of the game clock as he was would hesitate with to have touched them had he known young Horrigan better he might have shown.

For Horrigan had strolled back to the brilliantly lighted barroom, and had called for a glass of whisky, the while he regarded a hand of two near by who were conversing in a low tone. Among these men was Deuce Pete, and against whom Horrigan had been warned—a handsome, jaty fiend, tall, slender man, dressed with great neatness in black and without a single ostentatious trinket—and over the bar while nearly every man wore a belt or a small, neat, hungry looking, gray eye, and so he looked at Horrigan as over the tankers glowing glasses, smiled and turned to his friends with the remark:

"The kid seems worried about something. I wonder if by any chance he has overheard us?"

"Guess not—we just come in a minute ago."

"Perhaps—perhaps," continued Pete, "but we will soon know."

Events moved quickly in frontier towns. As Horrigan finished his whisky and heaved the door behind him, Pete stood from his table.

His friends also sprang up, but he made a gesture of denial.

"No, boys. Leave this to me. I'll can't deal with any pardoned Lorrigan by watch and tie."

Pete swagged his shoulders and delivered his reply. He stalked to the bar, called for and swallowed a large glassful of brandy, which fact did not even bring a flush to his pale cheek, opened the door and was lost in the darkness of the night.

* * * * *

About two hours later the inmates of the Rough Diamond were startled by hearing shots, cries, oaths, the heavy thundering of a heavy body on the noisy roll of the room, and then a long, loud "Hurrah!"

There all was silent.

As one man they sprang to their feet and rushed for the door, but ere the foremost men among them could reach it it was burst violently open and old Rosario stood in, followed by Pete, from Deseret, who, swaying and staggering like a drunken man, called for brandy, and then came to the floor with a crash that shook the windows.

A babel of tongues prevented an explanation for a long time, and when Peter had somewhat revived he told them what had happened.

"Where's Chiquita?" some one asked.

A spasm of wrath crossed the features of the dying man.

"Gone," he gasped; "gone with that cursed tenderfoot."

"How did it all happen, Pete?"

"He was there when I got there. Chiquita was all dressed and ready to go off with him—wouldn't, curse her! He saw me coming. His horse was there. He waited for me. Oh, the fellow was game enough. I said nothing, but opened on him. The girl being there must have made me nervous, for I missed my man for the first time."

"And then?"

"Why, he pumped me full of lead before I could pull trigger. His one fire down. Then he mounted and swung the girl up in front of him. Old Rosario came up and opened on him. I got up and followed suit. He got back at us even—his last cartridge—and curse Rosario, for I heard him groan. Then the unfortunate pulled and rode off. Boys, give me a big drink. I'm done for."

And when they brought the drink a fine chilling corpse was all that was left of Pete from Deseret to drink it.

And Chiquita?

Chiquita went to a convent in St. Louis, and left there two years later a cultured and magnificently beautiful woman.

She will be pleased to receive any of Mr. Horrigan's friends at her lovely home in the Black Bar district in Boston, and if you proved to journey so she will tell you of that awful night at Picture Canyon when a "tender-foot" from Boston showed him "tenderfoot" can fight when a sweetheart is at stake.

And old Rosario?

When they looked for him he was gone. Nor was he or Edward Horrigan ever seen again in Picture Canyon—Atlanta Constitution.

A Wild Superstition.

One of the comparatively modern superstitions of the era of All Saints is found at the bottom of old and abandoned lime kilns. Just where it began nobody can tell with certainty, but in all probability Deluder Satan has claim to it. At all events, it used to flourish in that country some years ago. A girl with no beau or a girl with too many beaux is guaranteed to find out who is the lucky one destined to become her husband. In such a predicament all she has to do is to arm herself with a spool of strong thread and start off after dark on the eve of All Saints to some old lime kiln repaired to be the abode of evil spirits.

Standing alone on the edge of the dwelling, the candidate for matrimony repeats the Lord's prayer backward. Then she takes the end of the thread in her left hand, and after moving the spool into the chasm before her, patiently waits for a bite. Soon she will feel three pulls at the line, quickly and in regular succession to be kind enough to tell her the name of her future husband. A voice below will pronounce the name.—Gallipolis Messenger.

How She Served the Sausage.

She was bright and pretty, and she dropped into a literary office the other day and stood by the desk.

"What can you do?"

"Anything a woman of ability can do, and more than most men."

"Great opinion of yourself, young woman," said an elderly lawyer present. "Perhaps you think you could serve this sausage?"

"I might," said she. "May I look at it? Yes, I will."

"If you do that you'll do something we've all been trying to do for a week. He's a slippery fellow and his people are all proud. However, you may try it. You can offer it to him a little smoothly," and the lawyer smiled grimly.

At the best moment the office door was opened and the bright young woman walked in with—

"Sausage! I will give it up, old Round has an answer for you. Thought so."

"The sausage is served," said she. It was her turn to smile now, and she did it. The lawyer swung round in his chair.

"Round, Round was he?"

"Yes, it was simply splendid. I rolled it in place of business, kicked around, passed some memoranda and then asked it to wait for."

"Did," said the newsman, "but I can do as well."

"I think not," I said quietly. "He has always seen of me before, and he mistakenly just when I would."

"Well, in that case I might well as his house. He will be in to dinner."

"I did call at his house, dressed in my best, card case in hand. I sent in my card and he appeared promptly.

"Ah, ——," said I, rising.

"Yes. You wish to see me on business?"

"I have you are interested in property in ——ville?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have a paper which will interest you exceedingly (I offering him the envelope, watch his face with a smile. He looked it and looked over seen. He did). Nothing was said. He controlled his temper and accompanied me to the door.

"Another field open to women," was the lawyer's only comment.—New York World.

Why the Poor Prosecutor.

A very good looking German he was, as I he had succeeded in making a place for himself in society, the title girl of a Philadelphia. The girl rivin attention to the girl and to his suitor and his performance was creditable and thorough in both directions. But he did not get his reward even. Finally he arrived in her crowded home. "I've come back to claim my reward." That is said and he held out.

"Oh, no—but she is gone.

He turned with a sounding air of care and then waited expectantly to see him hearing the necessary reward, his pearly teeth, but he showed with each curving grace in his smile. He sought to have known faster, but in a spirit of kindness he replied to the man appeal to that winter girl was and he turned into the room. The girl wonderful was all right, the second was a great success, but the third—we would that our tale could end here, but it cannot.

At the third wedding, as he darted a glance of fond admiration at the girl, his teeth nearly stayed by the mangled ear of corn for an instant, then dropped to the floor with a rattle that sounded to his ears like the discharge of heavy artillery. Worst of all, as he nearly scrutinized for them he couldn't find his treasure. Finally the girl discovered them from a neighboring table, after a lady had kindly moved her shirts aside and revealed the cursed teeth. The look that passed between that girl and the drummer as she handed him the teeth had something in it that wilted the bouquet over which it passed.—Lewiston Journal.

An Adirondack Trip.

Healthy summer visitors to the Adirondacks frequently bear a term used by the natives in describing—in the delight of their early comrades in these delightful and health giving regions that greatly mystifies them at first. The people time referred to technically are called the "tangers," which is not generally found in be pretty Boston. "Tangers" pronounced "Tangers," is a word that has not as yet got into general usage outside the range of the pine tree dotted valleys of the northeastern part of New York state but its meaning and derivation are soon perceived and conceal instant admiration for their originality and ingenuity.

The "tangers" of the Adirondack regions are none other than the consumptives who venture thither for the benefit of their lung troubles, and who form a class by themselves in the eyes of the native born from the more healthsome and jubilant sectors. There is a sort of sadness in being a tanger that naught else can give, and the talk the word thus evolved by an admirable philological fitness seems to have a touch of rugged brutality in it at first sight, yet there is, after all, a kind of rough sympathy in it that is redolent of the soil.

As the rudimentary knowledge of the Adirondack people increases in manliness, as it doubtless will, one may expect to find the more delicate designations of "sun tangers," "shelf tangers," etc., though this, it is believed, has not yet been observed.—New York Tribune.

What the Pipe Has.

It is estimated that 5,500,000 steel pens are consumed daily. It is interesting to think what they do. For instance, they make love, write sublime poetry, scrape on the trials in a breach of promise suit, and end them at reputation, create our realistic novels and political editorials, calculate sensations, puff the and validate that, and in the close, do more to make and break, to save and destroy, to civilize and degrade the human race than anything else under the sun.—Detroit Free Press.

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Positive
ELECTRIC
LIMENT
CURES CATARRH
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Corns,
HEADACHE, AND ALL PAINS.
The California Positive and Negative
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CURES COLDS, CROUP, CONSUMPTION.

Liebig COMPANY'S
Extract of Beef
For twenty-five years the standard for purity, power and wholesomeness. Its quality never varies, and it is the same value as when Baron Liebig gave his invention, the good stamp, Justus von Liebig, whose signature is here, thus:
J. v. Liebig
It is the pure essence of prime beeves of unlimited flavor, for those in or convalescence and indigestible.
As Improved and Economic Cookery.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the estate of Daniel HIANS, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT [illegible] C. E. ALLEN, Clerk. By [illegible], Deputy Clerk.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the estate of George Marion White, Deceased.

To the above name will order of sale of [illegible]

MARIANA A. WHITE, THE ADMINISTRATRIX of the estate of George Marion White, deceased, having filed her petition herein, praying for authority and order of sale of the real estate of said deceased, for the payment of debts and expenses of administration, and said petition having been duly set for hearing this day at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. and it appearing that the notice of said hearing has been duly published in the Deseret Evening News, a daily newspaper of general circulation, for the space of four weeks, and that said notice was duly published in said newspaper for the space of four weeks, and that said notice was duly published in said newspaper for the space of four weeks, and that said notice was duly published in said newspaper