PARTED.

[illegible]

DAISIES.

Dollie sid and Neptune's trident gave Dick along the old stone wall, and set a daisy lingered in the grass near the big meadow. Ned Egbert sat under his great white umbrella with all its impedimenta which a very young artist thinks necessary scattered about him, and sketched the distant photo in. He had the shattered barn, and put in the hill, the lonely man, for the sake of the bit of color furnished by his red coat.

Rosie Beck looked over his shoulder in some admiration.

"How perfectly splendid it must be to paint," she said. "I'd give millions of dollars if I could just do one of those daisies."

The was a liberal offer from a girl whose private fortune was twenty times one in which and an old copper penny with a hole in it, but Rosie was of an unselfish nature.

"Yes, just one of those daisies," she repeated.

Young Egbert hesitated.

"That is easy enough," he said; "I'll back you to paint a daisy."

"Oh, no, you couldn't. I haven't a bit of genius" said Rosie.

"You don't know until you try," said Ned. "But it don't need genius to paint daisies."

"Can?" asked Rosie.

"Why" said Ned, "it's only a trick of the brush. Sit down here, and I'll show you how to do it."

Rosie looked at her dress and scrutinized down her yellow apron with despair in her hands, now undeniably pink from long immersion in hot suds, for it was washday.

Rosy a painting lesson ought to be a full dress occasion, she thought.

"Oh, how I look to paint," she faltered.

"As sweet as you always do," said Ned. "There, sit down."

He fetched away the landscape which stood upon the easel, and substituted a clean mill board and knelt at the behind Rosie's chair.

"Take the palette—so," he said. "You hold the mahlstick—so. I suppose I'll have to guide your hand for a while." And as mothers teach their babes to make their first great A's and would B's he taught the girl to set the pencils in a circle and touch in the yellow center, until after a while she caught the trick and could do it herself. Three or four queer little straggling attempts, three or four better ones, and then with slow precision and eager, anxious eyes she watched what seemed to her a very perfect flower form itself under the tip of her brush.

"Is it good?" she asked Ned.

"Very," said Ned. "Wonderful, considering."

"I cannot believe I did it," said Rosie. And after that she made another with greater ease.

"Oh!" she said at last, with the long down sound with which children hail the advent of a skyrocket. "Oh!"

"Rosie" screamed a voice in the distance. "Rosie—Rosie—"

"There's sonny calling me!" cried the girl, between tears and laughter. "I had forgotten all about her." And frowning sadistick, palette and brushes into the young artist's hands she flew toward the house, leaving Ned staring after her in all the thrilling rapture of a boy in love, for those few moments had given Cupid a chance to drive an arrow straight to his heart. He had always thought Rosie a very pretty girl. Now she was a divinity, and it seemed to him quite shocking that her aunt, the hat farmer's wife with whom she boarded, should have the right to call her to peel potatoes or stew pumpkin, or that any household service should be required of her.

Ned Egbert had just received the paternal consent to become a professional artist.

It had been his father's hope that he would take to business, and the old gentleman had held out for a long time, but at last he had relented. Ned was to study seriously that winter and go to Europe in the spring. Now he was sketching from nature among the Catskills, and, as we see, teaching his landlady's niece to paint daisies.

He gave her many lessons after that. He taught her those simple rules of perspective that astonish those ignorant of drawing. He showed her how to draw "a street," and "a house," and "a room," but though she worked assiduously as she could, considering her multifarious duties, and ruled upright at straight lines toward a point of sight and filled a drawing book with a hundred votes, the only thing she really seemed to succeed with was the daisy. She grew quite clever at this, and painted them in her friends' albums and on the panels of her sweet bedroom door, and at the corner of her note paper, and felt great satisfaction in gazing at them after they were finished.

Meanwhile Ned Egbert wrote to his father that he was diligently "studying from nature," and that his gratitude for the paternal clemency was still unlimited.

Autumn had come. The sketches Ned sent home for inspection were all of bare boughs and paths carpeted with yellow leaves and fields of stubble. The summer boarders had vanished like thistledown, and it was pleasant to set up his easel in the warm kitchen, and paint Rosie stoning apples, or Rosie beating eggs.

One day by accident he placed one of these sketches in the parcel he regularly sent home for his father's inspection. The mill boars had slipped under the stretcher of a large canvas. When the box was opened his Aunt Penelope pounced on it in a second, and her eyes sparkled as she said:

"Ah, ha!"

"A figure piece," said old Egbert. "And by Jove, the best of the bunch!"

"From nature evidently," said Miss Penelope, "and a very pretty girl." After a few moments' inspection she added, "Brother, I think you might as well let Ned go to Europe this winter."

"Yes, yes; I think I will," answered the old gentleman, regarding the "girl making pies" with great satisfaction.

The next evening but one Miss Penelope alighted from the Pentville stage at Mr. Beck's door. She had traveled many hours, as on a matter of life and death. Indeed it seemed to her to be one. Her heart was full of anxiety, but she was a woman who knew how to control the expression of her feelings.

She beamed upon the farmer's wife; she beamed upon her nephew; she beamed upon Rosie, who was dreaming a pie plate with daisies by the light of a kerosene lamp.

"I know you will put me somewhere for the night," she said to Mrs. Beck, "and I am going to carry Ned away with me to-morrow. Your father was so delighted with your sketches, especially the figure piece, that he thinks you might as well go to Kaniptal once. Mr. Brush is going, and will introduce you to the proper people. Really I think figures are your forte. This young lady must have been your original for the pie baker."

Rosie blushed violently.

"Quite an artist herself," said Miss Penelope, putting up her eyeglass to inspect the pie plate. "Daisies! How pretty! Now, tell me you are delighted, Ned, to be so near Europe."

But Ned could not speak cheerfully. He was miserable at the thought of being sent away from Rosie—of being divided from her by the ocean. Years that Mr. Hawkins, the dapper clerk at the "store," would on him out troubled him.

He could scarcely have hoped to linger at Rosie's side making sketches of her forever; but Aunt Penelope's arrival and the news she gave him came like the shock of an earthquake.

It was quite impossible, however, for him to do anything about it. He was swept away by the early stage, with no opportunity to bid Rosie any adieu more tender than might be offered amid the assembled family in the front hall.

His eyes were full of tears; so were Rosie's. What! not one whisper, not one kiss—to tell the truth, it wasn't not be the first that he had stolen—no, not even one long pressure of the hand. He was in the stage; they were away, Aunt Penelope was talking of art, and he was wishing that he dared cover his face and cry.

"Rosie!" his heart cried out, "Rosie!" but his lips dared not utter a sound. And still, when he had reached home and Mr. Brush had been asked to dine with them, and all the talk was of Europe and great painters, and the old masters, and his future prospects, he began to grow again with the old hope—to dream of the great picture he would paint. But he did not carry out his resolution of telling his father that he would go in for business in order that he might remain near Rosie, but he set down and wrote the girl a letter—a long, tender letter—telling her that wherever he should go his image would go with him, and asking her to be his wife one day, and giving her his address in Paris, where he would go first, begging her to write soon.

"And until I get your answer I shall know no peace," he wrote. "Though I hope you do not care for Silas Hawkins."

And he drew a little daisy in the corner, and told her that he had kissed it, and begged her to put her lips to it also.

It was a foolish boy's foolish letter, if you will; but he felt very near heaven when he wrote it. Just as he had sealed it his Aunt Penelope popped into the room. Perhaps she had peeped in before.

"I am going to post my letters," she said. "Shall I take any for you?"

Aunt Penelope had beamed so sweetly upon Rosie that the boy had persuaded himself that she secretly sympathized with his love affair. Now she gave him a little arch look, and he returned a grateful glance, and as she opened her reticule dropped his missive into its maw and heard the crisp snap with which it swallowed it up without a misgiving.

Miss Penelope loved her nephew truly, and when she burned the letter in the kitchen range she said to herself:

"I know what is for the poor boy's good far better than he knows himself. That girl is no mate for him, and I'm no doubt she will be much happier with Silas Hawkins."

You see, she had read the letter before she consigned it to the flames.

Shortly after Ned Egbert left America in company with Mr. Brush, and through the winter evenings Rosie sat painting daisies and thinking of Ned, but no word came to her.

On Sundays then Hawkins came and made himself as agreeable as possible, but Ned had no reason to be jealous of him, for when he offered his hand and heart and a prosperity grocery business Rosie gently but decisively declined them.

She began to think that the young man had forgotten her, but she knew that she should never forget him. Meanwhile he, with all the novelty of Paris occupying his mind, with his studies, with all Europe before him, still remembered. Nothing could make him forget—not modern art, nor the old masters, nor the bright eyes that often beamed upon him. In time he came to believe that the love had all been on his side, but he should never find any one like Rosie, he said to himself, in all the world.

When he came home a full fledged painter, and opened a studio and had receptions and was spoken of favorably by the critics he had not forgotten her. His life had not been without romance nor had he escaped adventure. He had met women as beautiful that Rosie could in no wise compare with them; but when in thought of the woman who should one day share his lifeside and be the mother of his children, none of these rare beauties arose before him, but instead a simple American face, honest eyes that knew no arts of coquetry—Rosie's face, Rosie's eyes—none other.

At least he thought he must see her once again; he must banish his illusion, if it was one; he must know what Rosie had become; and he went up to Pentville city shortly and found the Beck homestead where it had been. No Becks were there, however. Mrs. Beck had gone to live with a married son "somewhere west." A new man had the store; he barely remembered Si Hawkins, who had married and "set up in New York." Five years seemed to have changed everything completely, and Ned returned to his studio convinced that it was Rosie whom Hawkins had married.

He mentioned his visit to nobody. A sense of blight and disappointment lay upon him for some days—a feeling that he had lost life's best good. Then he shut the doors of the past behind him and began life in earnest. And were Aunt Penelope, still at the helm and active as ever, began to steer his bark toward the happy isles of matrimony.

It is quite the thing nowadays for aesthetic heiresses to marry fashionable young artists. For an elegant heiress of this sort Aunt Penelope kept sharp lookout, and soon decreed her in the person of Miss Edna Vale. The spinster had not been quite free of self accusation in that matter of Ned's first love affair. She felt that she should never absolve herself entirely until she saw him in love again, and she constantly pointed out Miss Vale's perfections—her classical features, her graceful movements, her sensible neck, her low voice, her costumes, now Grecian, now Venetian. Ned could not refuse to acknowledge her beautiful, and at last Aunt Penelope felt that her efforts had not been in vain.

The Vales had given a musicale. Ned and Edna had been together all the evening, and now she had spoken of a rare flower that had just bloomed in the conservatory, and he had asked her to let him see it.

"He will propose there, I am sure," Miss Penelope thought, as they walked away. "I see it in his eye."

She was right. Ned had deliberately made up his mind to ask Miss Vale to be his wife, but no such happy thrills as those which had come to him when he held Rosie's little pink wrist and taught her to paint her first daisy moved him as he offered his arm to Edna.

"I am no longer a boy," he thought; "that sort of thing is over. I suppose it is with every man at 30—I suppose it ought to be."

A soft opal light filled the conservatory. The air was laden with perfume. A sort of soft mist seemed to hover over the plants, and in it he saw a vision—Rosie's face, her hand, a daisy between the fingers. He uttered an inarticulate exclamation. It was gone!

"I beg pardon," he said. "Really, is your conservatory haunted? I thought I saw a ghost behind the roses."

"Oh, that was only Rosie!" said Miss Vale.

"Rosie?" he gasped, "only Rosie?"

"My little sister's maid," said Edna. "She is always giving me a fright by ghostly ways. She comes here to smell the flowers, and sometimes to get a daisy to copy."

"A daisy?" he repeated, as if in a dream.

Edna was familiar with the fact that a man on the verge of proposing often becomes semi-idiotic. Rather in order to torment him than because she had any interest in her sister's maid, she went on:

"Oh, I assure you she is artistic! When she has a holiday, instead of going out for a green frock and a red bonnet to enjoy herself, she shuts herself up and paints daisies. Some one—some sign painter, I presume—taught her to do it once upon a time, and she came from her native wilds to New York with the view of becoming a designer. I believe The Church charity found her starving in an empty hall room and persuaded her to go out to service, and mamma tried her in the nursery. She is quite faithful, but such an idiot. The butler wanted to marry her, and mamma tried to talk her into it. Such an opportunity for the girl! But she said she had loved once, and never could like any one again." Mamma feels sure that she was thinking of the sign painter. Of course she has real romance, and fancies herself a heroine. Now do look at this flower; is it not splendid?"

Egbert muttered something unintelligible.

Edna saw that he was staring at vacancy across the room.

"I wonder whether he will drop on his knees, as Capt. McAllister did?" she asked herself as she fell a little behind her fan and waited for what she thought was coming. But nothing came, and in a moment it flashed upon Edna that the gentleman had either forgotten or repented of his purpose in leading her to the conservatory. What could pique a woman more? Her heart was full of wrath, but she was equal to the emergency. "Why, there is Mr. Lester," she cried. "I must speak to him" and away she sped, following a line into train that swept past the conservatory door, and leaving Egbert, as she hoped, to rage and mortification.

For he is just, however, Ned felt no such emotions. Beyond the mass of foliage and blossoms he saw an open door, and in the passage beyond it he fancied that a woman's figure lingered. Another moment and he had entered the passage. A shadowy figure fled. With two long strides he overtook it, pouted him in his arms and clasped it to his heart; and all those sweet memories, those tender heart throbs, those enchanting thrills that he thought dead with his love buried returned to him as he whispered:

"Oh, Rosie! I have found you at last, and we cannot never part again."—Mary Kyle Dallas in Riverside Companion.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Post Office at Salt Lake City, Utah, February 14, 1891, which, if not called for within two weeks, will be sent to the Dead Letter Office at Washington, D. C.

LADIES' LIST.

[illegible]

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

[illegible]

A momentary, but feet long, was seen to cut itself up in slippery form on the road at Pocatello last week. The author of the trick was one the creature distinctly.

Maybe the shoes of a "fox." If people would believe the following truthful statement as readily as the positively grandiloquent ones, it would be for the benefit of suffering thousands of them. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, if taken in time and given a fair trial, will actually cure consumption of the lungs which is really scrofulous disease. If this wonderful medicine does not do all we promised, when taken as directed, we will cheerfully and promptly refund all money paid for it. We are able to make good our offer. No other medicine possesses sufficient power over that fatal malady—consumption, to warrant its manufacturers in offering it under such trying conditions. The "Golden Medical Discovery" is not sold the most wonderful strengthener of enfeebled, emaciated people. Sold by druggists, from building up both strength and flesh. For all cases of Scrofula, Consumption and Lung Diseases accompanied with lingering coughs, it is absolutely unequaled.

$500 REWARD is offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for a case of Catarrh in the Head which their cannot cure. By the mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases, no matter how long of how much standing. Fifty cents, by druggists.

JOHN M. CANNON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 15 MAIN STREET, Hooper & Eldredge Block. 4

NOTICE.

INGE SALE IN SALT LAKE CITY, A GOOD Butcher's business. Apply to Robert Eccles, Logan, Cache Co. 4 weeks.

RANCH FOR SALE.

THE PROPERTY KNOWN AS THE HILL Ranch, consisting of 160 acres, in Wasatch County. Apply to M. Freeman, Big Cottonwood, Utah. 4

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used in children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. 4 weeks 1W

Utah Central Railway

Time Card in Effect OCT. 21, 1890

Passenger Trains Leave and Arrive at Salt Lake City, and Park City, Daily, as Follows:

SALT LAKE CITY.

Train 1 leaves Ogden & Marion, 8.00 a.m. Train 2 arrives Park City ..... 10.30 a.m. Train 3 leaves Park City ..... 6.30 p.m. Train 4 arrives Ogden & Marion, 9.00 p.m.

PARK CITY.

Train 1 leaves Park City ..... 10.30 a.m. Train 2 arrives Salt Lake ..... 4.00 p.m.

FREIGHT TRAINS

Leave Salt Lake at ..... 7.00 a.m. Arrive Park City at ..... 11.00 a.m. Leave Park City at ..... 11.00 a.m. Arrive Salt Lake ..... 4.00 p.m.

No Passengers carried on Freight Trains.

PASSENGER RATES

Between Salt Lake City and Park City, Single Fare, $2.00. Round Trip, $3

J. H. YOUNG, Gen'l. Supt. T. J. MACKINTOSH, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

RIO GRANDE WESTERN RY.

OUR NEW TIME TABLE, JAN. 4, 1891.

East-bound Trains.

	No. 1 Pacific Mail.	No. 3 Atlantic Express
Lv. Ogden	11.00 a.m.	6.00 p.m.
Ar. Salt Lake	3.40 p.m.	9.30 p.m.
Lv. Salt Lake	3.45 p.m.	9.35 p.m.
Ar. Provo	5.20 p.m.	11.10 p.m.
Lv. Provo	11.50 a.m.	11.20 p.m.
Ar. Helper	1.50 p.m.	1.20 a.m.
Lv. Green River	3.30 p.m.	4.30 a.m.
Ar. Grand Junction	7.30 p.m.	8.30 a.m.
Lv. Grand Junction	7.35 p.m.	8.40 a.m.
Ar. Gunnison	1.35 a.m.	1.40 p.m.
Lv. Gunnison	1.40 a.m.	1.45 p.m.
Ar. Grand Junction	7.35 a.m.	7.40 p.m.
Lv. Grand Junction	8.00 a.m.	8.00 p.m.
Ar. Green River	11.50 a.m.	11.50 p.m.
Lv. Green River	11.55 a.m.	11.55 p.m.
Ar. Helper	2.30 p.m.	2.30 a.m.
Lv. Helper	2.35 p.m.	2.35 a.m.
Ar. Provo	5.30 p.m.	5.30 a.m.
Lv. Provo	5.35 p.m.	5.35 a.m.
Ar. Salt Lake	6.50 p.m.	6.50 a.m.
Lv. Salt Lake	7.00 p.m.	7.00 a.m.
Ar. Ogden	9.10 p.m.	9.00 a.m.

West-bound Trains.

	No. 2 Pacific Mail.	No. 4 Pacific Express
Lv. Ogden	7.00 a.m.	6.00 p.m.
Ar. Salt Lake	9.50 a.m.	8.15 p.m.
Lv. Salt Lake	10.00 a.m.	8.25 p.m.
Ar. Provo	11.40 a.m.	10.05 p.m.
Lv. Provo	11.50 a.m.	10.15 p.m.
Ar. Helper	2.40 p.m.	1.15 a.m.
Lv. Helper	2.45 p.m.	1.20 a.m.
Ar. Green River	6.30 p.m.	4.50 a.m.
Lv. Green River	6.35 p.m.	4.55 a.m.
Ar. Grand Junction	11.35 p.m.	9.45 a.m.
Lv. Grand Junction	11.40 p.m.	9.50 a.m.
Ar. Gunnison	7.40 a.m.	3.50 p.m.
Lv. Gunnison	7.45 a.m.	3.55 p.m.
Ar. Grand Junction	3.40 a.m.	11.50 a.m.
Lv. Grand Junction	4.00 a.m.	12.00 m.
Ar. Green River	8.30 a.m.	4.30 p.m.
Lv. Green River	8.35 a.m.	4.35 p.m.
Ar. Provo	11.35 a.m.	11.35 p.m.
Lv. Provo	11.45 a.m.	11.45 p.m.
Ar. Salt Lake	1.30 p.m.	1.30 a.m.
Lv. Salt Lake	1.40 p.m.	1.40 a.m.
Ar. Ogden	4.10 p.m.	4.00 a.m.

LOCAL TRAINS.

SALT LAKE AND OGDEN.

Leave Salt Lake 8.00 a.m., and 5.15 p.m. (except Saturday), arrive Ogden 11.35 a.m. and 9 p.m. Returning, arrive Salt Lake 12.40 p.m. and 6.45 p.m.

SUNDAY.

Leave Salt Lake 4.30 a.m., returning, arrive Salt Lake 11.30 a.m.

AMERICAN FORK, PROVO, SPANISH FORK, CHESTER, ST. JOHN'S AND NAVO.

Leave Salt Lake 4.30 p.m.; returning, arrive Salt Lake 11.15 a.m.

D. C. DODGE, General Manager. J. H. BENNETT, Gen. Pass. Agt.

REFUSED

—TO ANSWER—

THE FEDERAL GRAND JURY!

Released under Writ of Habeas Corpus

Appeals to Supreme Court.

RECENT CHICAGO AND OTHER EASTERN PAPERS CONvey the information that some dealers and several general freight agents of prominent railways have been adjudged guilty of violations of the Inter-state Act. In some cases a heavy fine was imposed; others were placed in custody. Every effort is being made to protect the shipper, whether his consignments are a full car-load or a full train. Illegitimate competition of dealers is in this manner avoided. The Chamber of Commerce are also endeavoring to secure Lower Rates for Utah Territory, this city in particular, but up to this writing they have failed. The low tariff which prevailed in December, 1890, has just been advanced by the railway companies, February 7th.

We are pleased to inform the public that a full train of THIRTY-EIGHT CARS, worth nearly $200,000, was shipped from the East to this city. It left the manufacturers in December, BEFORE RATES ADVANCED, and contained a full line of

DEERE & CO. STEEL PLOWS,
OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS,
BAIN & MITCHELL WAGONS,
KAIN HARROWS,
WALTER A. WOOD MACHINES
BINDING TWINE,
STAVER CARTS,
DAVIS BUGGIES,
CLIDDEN BARBED WIRE,
RUSSELL ENGINES, FROM 6 TO 30 HORSE POWER.
RUSSELL SAW MILLS,
RACINE SPRING WAGONS and BUGGIES,
SWEET'S COMMON-SENSE SLEDS,
MEYER'S HAYING TOOLS AND PUMPS.

In fact it contained a little of everything that the Leading Implement House of the West could think of buying, with a view of filling the wants of a growing Territory and the demands of her intelligent citizens.

This immense train load consignment having been bought right, shipped right, the machinery must work right, and coming BEFORE THE ADVANCE IN RATES, enables us to

DEFY COMPETITON AND OFFER THE LOWEST PRICES!

Quality of goods considered. Our terms are elastic, providing reference is satisfactory. We will in extreme cases sell for cash. Respectfully your friends,

Co-operative Wagon and Machine Co.

Feb. 15, 1891. Leading Implement Dealers.

GENERAL OFFICE: SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

BRANCHES: OGDEN, Utah. LOGAN, " EAGLE ROCK, Idaho MONTPELIER, "

We make a specialty of Car-lot orders, either from this city or manufacturers.

WE GUARANTEE FREIGHT RATES.

This suggests the advisability of dealers writing for prices, and of farmers in one township joining hands to purchase a car lot and

SAVE MONEY!