CONTENT.

Much as we seem vile heaven is only as
Nine is to zero in each allotted course.
That only a journey of one is to us so—
Life but a broken course wanting the bearing
Full to the end in the line other pleasing,
Fields with their velvet of harvest are waving
Gleam of beautiful the valleys are laving,
Those varied blessings make "life worth the living."

There's music divine in the ocean wave roar,
The glad mountain stream wending on its way
shore,
In the melody that rose the azure in one,
Each grace in these a tribute of praise
Life, to be joyous, must fill its cup,
With the daily sorrows some pleasures are
mingle,
Only the enabling heart heavenward,
Knows that earth and is "a bright of value."

Think of the sorrow relieved and relieved,
Think of the hellish messages at stake,
See how tired girls are rather stand tired,
Hope's beaming star in our sky cause is
alone,
Spring scatter little or in life spring showers,
Joys fear the sign refreshed as to flowers,
The ripe the ripened fruitage of autumn is over,
If Eden has vanished, we've still a bright
Heaven.

—Mrs. N. R. Message in Arkansas Traveler.

LANCE ELLIOTTS IDEA.

"To be just like this or something like it all my life, hardly able to read or write my own name, always to be a poor, ignorant drudge!" Lance Elliott dashed the tears angrily from his eyes with a feeling of shame, though there was no one near to see his weakness and spoiling lip. "Coward! To be crying at my age!"

With his sleeve wiping on the tear trickle wished and his head between his hands, he stood thinking sadly of his unhappy lot. He was only fourteen years old, but for nearly two years he had earned his living in various ways. He had blacked boots, run errands and sold papers. Now there was no boot grease superfluous to bed, and very often the bed had been a haphoff or a cornfield. Now, however, he was regularly employed selling papers on the express train which left Wendover at 9:30 every evening. Though he was earning fair wages considering his age, he was growing more and more dissatisfied every day, for he saw no prospect of improvement.

Mr. Bascom, the conductor, to whom Lance had confided his troubles, had said, "The thing, my boy, is to do your duty in whatever position you happened, and let the rest take care of itself."

But Lance was in no mood to deal with "it seems to me," he had answered, "just the difference between walking on level ground and climbing up a pair of stairs."

Tonight he had sold all his papers for the trip and had gone out upon the rear platform of the train where he could be alone. The rapid motion of the express seemed to soothe his troubled thoughts, and he stood long while watching the lights along the tracks as they flashed by and were lost in the darkness behind.

As he gazed dreamily before him, gradually a dim perception of something unusual out of place among the familiar objects along the road grew upon him. At first he could not make out what it was, but in another moment he understood. It was a new light and one that he had never seen before.

But what calmly puzzled Lance was the position of the light. It seemed to be directly in the center of the line of rails upon which the express was traveling. It could not be a signal lantern, for it was too high in the air; besides there was no signal at that part of the road.

As he continued to watch the strange object with growing wonder, he suddenly became aware that the light was in motion. More than that, it was following the express! As the train swept round a curve the light vanished, only to appear a moment later, showing that it, too, had rounded around the curve.

Lance had already guessed what it was, but he was afraid to believe his own eyes. If it should be true! He felt a cold chill creep over him.

While he was confusedly trying to think what he ought to do the door of the car opened, and Mr. Bascom, the conductor, stepped out upon the platform. Without waiting for him to speak Lance caught him by the sleeve, and pointing to the light behind exclaimed:

"Look! Look! Do you know what that is?"

Mr. Bascom shaded his eyes with his hand and gazed earnestly at the light. Then, without a word, he turned and turned back through the train.

A sudden scream of the engine of the express sounded a shrill warning whistle, and Lance felt the train suddenly increase its speed. Presently Mr. Bascom, accompanied by one of the brakemen, came back on the platform beside Lance again.

Both men examined the light, which had meantime drawn much nearer, with evident alarm. Then the conductor took two red lights he carried several times.

"That is No. 36," said Mr. Bascom. "She was standing on the siding at Bodie's as we passed."

"What does she mean by following us?" asked the brakeman. "And why doesn't she answer our signals?"

"Because," said Mr. Bascom, "there is no one on board to see or hear them."

"A runaway!" exclaimed the brakeman.

"Just that," replied the conductor. "It has happened before. They have run her out on the track easily to take her train, and somehow she has got started."

Lance, who had listened attentively to this conversation, understood it perfectly. The light behind them was the headlight of the runaway. He, too, had seen it on the side track as the express passed. As Mr. Bascom had said, after the express had gone by, the engine had drawn out upon the main track ready to take the train, while she was to start until half an hour after the express, and in some unknown manner had got started under a full head of steam, with no one on board to guide it.

Engine No. 36, as Lance knew, was one of the most powerful engines on the road, and it was running free, whereas the express engine was drawing six heavily loaded cars. Unless something could be done to stop the runaway, it would soon catch up with the express.

The express should have stopped at Bromly, but there was no time for that now; and as the train passed by lights caught a glimpse of white astonished faces, starting up and flashing past. Then all was swallowed in darkness again.

At this time the passengers of the express had learned of their danger, and were in a state of panic that the utmost efforts of the trainmen, themselves pale with alarm, could quell. Mr. Bascom seemed paralyzed with consternation, and unable to think of any means of averting the catastrophe.

Badly frightened as he was himself, yet Lance had been pondering deeply during the past few minutes. Now he suddenly pulled Mr. Bascom's sleeve, and raising his voice so as to be heard over the din he said, "Just other we cross the next bridge there is a heavy grade?"

"Yes, yes! What of it?"

"Wasn't a train stalled there a few months ago, just after the oil train had broken down?"

Mr. Bascom recalled; he began to understand.

"Well, then, why can't we oil the tracks and stall that engine?"

Mr. Bascom reflected for a moment. "We can try," he said at length, his pale face glowing a little. "It is at least a chance," and he hurried away.

Lance's idea was this, as every one knows who has seen railway tracks are coated with low the driving wheels of an engine will sometimes slip and require repairs without moving the engine itself. The same is true when the tracks are coated with oil. When the train is under full way and on a level this might not happen, but on a steep or grade the heavy would be lost, and the wheels would probably slip on rails covered with lower oil.

Mr. Bascom supposed, pushing his way through the terror stricken crowd of passengers, carrying two kegs of lime, each containing a gallon or more of the thick substance, and oil and lime which is used to lubricate the machinery of coal engines. To each one was attached a long curved spout, on the opposite side a handle.

The engineer was already mounting the steep incline, and behind us, not a hundred yards distant, toward the pursuing engine, its headlight streaming steadily in the starlit face of the men stationed on the rear platform of the car. Mr. Bascom handed one of the fellow men to the brakeman and then both men dropped on their knees, and bearing far over the platform held the curved spouts of the cans within a few inches of the rails.

As the express sped on, Lance saw the thick fluid rush from the spouts upon the rails, which glistened in the glow of the advancing engine's lamps. Every one, passengers and trainmen, who had crowded to the rear of the car to witness the experiment, held his breath as the runaway engine rushed upon the long, shining track.

On it came with unhindered speed; then, yes, it was surely a little distance between the express and the engine was widening! And now as the impatient train labored up the incline, puffing and panting like an exhausted runner, all there uttered a wild cry of joy and relief.

Engine No. 36 had gradually lost its headway, and now, slowly and meekly, stood still upon the oiled track, its wheels revolving uselessly, with a noise like distant thunder.

A short distance farther on the express was also stopped, and the engineer ran back and mounting into the stalled engine turned off the steam, rendering the pursuing engine incapable of further harm. A little back, who undertook the business, took charge of it, and ran it back to the station whence it had escaped.

There was a meeting of certain passengers on the express hold on the spot, and a vote of thanks to the conductor, Mr. Bascom, passed. That gentleman, however, declared that no thanks were due him, and led forward Lance Elliott looking very red and bashful, explaining that the saving of the express was wholly due to the boy's ready suggestion as to oiling the rails.

Lance's hand was very nearly shaken off at the wrist by the enthusiastic passengers, and made to his discomfiture several ladies fainted on kissing him. Nevertheless Mr. Bascom had been talking in a low tone to a group of well dressed men, and now he turned to the boy and said with his kindly smile:

"Lance, my boy, these gentlemen agree with me that your clever idea is well worth the course at college you have always longed for, and they have made arrangements to provide the necessary funds."

Lance tried to find words to express his thanks, but he choked and the tears sprang to his eyes. However, the gentlemen seemed to think he had said enough.

As the passengers resumed their seats and the train started on again Mr. Bascom said to Lance, "And I can tell you to do your duty and let the rest take care of itself!"

"Yes," answered Lance, with a swelling breast, "and now I am going to climb the stairs."—Harper's Young People.

The National Cloth of Ireland.

As far back as the history of Ireland can be traced in writings mention is made of a coarse woolen cloth woven by the people of the country and known to them as frieze. The name is said to be drawn from the ancient Frieze in the Netherlands, whence possibly the art of making the fabric was derived. It remains, however, in the period when Frieze was first made in Erin that no one can tell when or where or by whom it was originally spun. Century after century, so long that the mind of man runneth not to the contrary, it has been the linsey cloth of Ireland, the distinctive dress of parish, peasant and peer, and since the nineteenth century so outward badge of the people's aspiration for nationality.—Dunlop's Magazine.

Time for the United States has been able to undertake industrially every dye that has landed on her shores, and has increased in national prosperity thereby. It is charged, however, that the Russian Jews are another industrious set thereby, but that they are more like the indolent and shiftless Russian peasants. If this be true, their brethren of the same race will speedily take time in hand and educate them up to the requirements of American industry. The American Jews have prospered in the United States as they have done nowhere else except perhaps in France.

The wall that is being built at Wheeling in the interests of science has proved a degree of insufficiency of a mile. Progress is being made at the rate of about ten feet a day.

Rabbits Learning to Climb.

The effects upon animals of a change in the conditions of their life is a favorite topic among zoologists, who find that nearly every species of animal undergoes, in some other time in present form or some previous epoch of the world. The whale, for instance, was once a land animal. Forced to take water for a living, he became in time so much like a fish in shape that like a land animal.

According to a Tasmanian paper a modification of the form of a familiar European animal is going on in the Australian world under the eye of the people there.

The Australian rabbit, imported from England, is annoying quite on its feet and learning to climb. As is well known, the rabbits of Australia have increased to such enormous numbers that they have become a great pest, swarming over the land and devouring the farm products.

In order to protect their fields farmers put up wire netting in place of fences. The rabbits could not get through them, but they patiently began to burrow under them.

Then the farmers sunk the netting six or eight inches in the soil. "We stopped the rabbits from getting in," said one, "but they promptly began to attempt to climb over the netting.

As the result of this attempting, it is said, the rabbits are developing a tail by their toes. The tail development has been noticed in Queensland, and still later in Tasmania.

According to the theory of natural selection, it is likely presently to happen that in certain districts only those rabbits will survive who have climb at most a little, and in this way a race of climbing rabbits may be developed.—Chicago Mail.

The Russian National Hymn.

The great part which the Russian national hymn has played in western Europe since the French fraternization with Russia has started much inquiry about its origin. According to the France-Russe journal, the hymn is not certainly years old, and was first used for its present purpose under Czar Nicholas. Words are made to it in the French and Austria in the year 1833, by, it is accompanied by Alexandra Lvoff, the Russian composer Lvoff, a passionate violinist and a composer of some skill. The war was imposed by the fact that very enthusiastic band in France and Vienna greeted him by giving the national hymn of their own country, and this was adopted for by the French absence of any acceptable national airs in the great empire which he ruled.

Nicholas was much impressed by the delicacy, and during his return journey toward St. Petersburg had much talk with Lvoff upon the subject, and at last ordered him to compose a hymn for the Russian military bands. Lvoff hesitated upon ad music to Jukowsky's "God Be Our's Protector." The Jukowsky-Lvoff hymn was first played publicly before the court on Nov. 24, 1833, and so pleased the sovereign that by a ukase of Dec. 4 of the same year he ordered it to be adopted as the national hymn of Russia. Lvoff was not only rewarded by the gift of a gold snuff box and with diamonds, but permission was given to him and his heirs to select the first line of the hymn as the family motto.

Ready to Have Around.

Among the conveniences, almost necessities, kept in the pantry by every housewife, are a dozen of blotting paper, a bottle of tincture of potash and a solution of starch. This is most fortunate, because I read in the paper today that after the passage of an electric storm a good deal of smoke is left smoking around behind the stove, in the cellar way, up in the garret and so on. With the articles mentioned lying handy on the pantry shelf, all one has to do to detect this smoke is to make a solution of the tincture of potash and the starch solution, and then dip the blotting paper in the compound. If it turns blue it is smoke. If it doesn't it's just as well.—Detroit Free Press.

Boulanger and Balmaceda.

It is quite possible that the suicide of Balmaceda suggested to Boulanger that method of getting out of his troubles. Balmaceda, starting out under the most favorable auspices and apparently with a sincere desire for the good of the republic of Chili, developed the spirit of the military dictator. In his desperate attempt to subvert government by the people he was overthrown and driven to suicide.

Boulanger, too, attempted to overthrow government by the people, stirring like a viper at the republic that had made him. Like Balmaceda, Boulanger failed, and took himself by short cut out of a world that had no room for his ambition. Such attempts as this will overrate every man who seeks to crush liberty among the people and put their necks under the foot of a dictator, whether he be czar, emperor or military adventurer.

Louisiana and the Lottery.

Speaking of the decision of the supreme court of Louisiana that the proposed lottery amendment to the state constitution has been properly enacted and must be submitted to popular vote, The Christian Union says it was against the opinion of perhaps four-fifths of the lawyers of the state.

The Christian Union remarks of the legal decision:

It is a most valued score as a security against, and as another illustration of the grip which the lottery company will have upon every legislature, and upon every public interest, that the lottery company is able to get it to be submitted. It is indeed the very essence of the corporate power, self-willed, working serene and secure by its purchases that has at our second the power to submit to the people against government, of the public against the amendment.

A million lottery tickets will be issued, and the lottery will send around half a million from other states—which is an illegal, dishonest method of evading the authority of the state government to the great gambling company. The experience of the last year has proved the immense value this world assets. The world is pitiful for, but not to assist the sick and the poor, and even to relieve the poor of their money. The lottery company makes itself felt. Every state seems to be under the control of the lottery company's corporations, to treat gently and, in the support of their contracts. During this campaign the lottery company is reported as have offered the Catholic authorities to pay off all the church mortgages in the dioceses if he would assist them. The offer was declined, but the fact is noted. The lottery company is able to make itself felt. Every state seems to be under the control of the lottery company's corporations, to treat gently and, in the support of their contracts. During this campaign the lottery company is reported as have offered the Catholic authorities to pay off all the church mortgages in the dioceses if he would assist them. The offer was declined, but the fact is noted. The lottery company is able to make itself felt.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of Jane Pearce, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned, William J. Pearce, executor of the estate of Jane Pearce, deceased, has resigned his trusteeship of the said estate, and that the undersigned, William J. Pearce, has been appointed by the probate court of said county, to act in said trust, in the Court Room in said county, in the County Court House, Salt Lake City, Utah, on the 2d day of November, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Court Room in said county, in the County Court House, Salt Lake City, Utah, at which time and place all persons interested in said estate may appear and show cause why said trust should not be assigned to the said undersigned, who is a suitable and competent person to act in said trust.

Dated October 19, 1891.

C. E. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By C. E. WEAVER, Deputy Clerk. 414

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Dated October 19, 1891.

C. E. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By C. E. WEAVER, Deputy Clerk. 414

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of Edward Cullinan, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT Jane E. Cullinan, administratrix of the estate of Edward Cullinan, deceased, has resigned her trusteeship, and that on said court, in the Court Room in said county, in the County Court House, Salt Lake City, Utah, on the 2d day of November, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Court Room in said county, in the County Court House, Salt Lake City, Utah, at which time and place all persons interested in said estate may appear and show cause why said trust should not be assigned to the said undersigned, who is a suitable and competent person to act in said trust.

Dated October 19, 1891.

C. E. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By C. E. WEAVER, Deputy Clerk. 414

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of Simpson D. Hull, deceased.

Notice of time and place for the hearing of petition for admission to Probate of Will.

PURSUANT TO AN ORDER OF SAID court, made and entered on the 2d day of November, A. D. 1891, in the above entitled matter, I will on the 2d day of November, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Court Room in said county, in the County Court House, Salt Lake City, Utah, at which time and place all persons interested in said matter may appear and show cause why said petition for probate of said will should not be granted, and that distribution made as prayed for.

Dated October 19, 1891.

C. E. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By C. E. WEAVER, Deputy Clerk. 414

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

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Dated October 19, 1891.

C. E. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By C. E. WEAVER, Deputy Clerk. 414

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Dated October 19, 1891.

C. E. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By C. E. WEAVER, Deputy Clerk. 414

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Neil Ross, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, administrator of the estate of Neil Ross, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the date of this notice, to the undersigned, at the residence of Ellen Ross, in Ellen's Ward, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dated September 30, 1891.

ELLEN ROSS,
Administratrix of the Estate of Neil Ross, Deceased. 414

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of Jesse Haslam, deceased.

JOHN W. WINTERS, THE ADMINISTRATOR of the estate of Jesse Haslam, deceased, having filed his final account and report of said estate, praying for an order of sale of certain real and personal property belonging to said estate, and for a distribution of the balance of said estate, and notice of said application being duly published, and the hearing of said application being duly set for hearing, it is therefore ordered by the Judge of the Probate Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be hereby notified that the hearing of said application will be had before the Probate Court, in the Court Room in said county, in the County Court House, Salt Lake City, Utah, on the 2d day of November, 1891, at 10 o'clock A. M., at which time and place any person interested may appear and show cause why the order of sale should not be granted, and why the balance of said estate should not be distributed to the persons entitled thereto.

Dated October 19, 1891.

C. E. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By C. E. WEAVER, Deputy Clerk. 414

SUMMONS.

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

Brownie Wood Thatcher,
Plaintiff,
Samuel Thatcher,
Defendant.

The People of the Territory of Utah send Greeting to Samuel Thatcher, Defendant:

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED TO APPEAR in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the Territory of Utah, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county, and within twenty days if served out of this county, and in the event of your failure so to answer or appear, judgment will be taken against you for the relief demanded in the complaint, which is briefly stated as follows, to wit:

This action is brought to have a decree of this court dissolve the bonds of matrimony heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant and to be restored to her maiden name, Brownie Wood, on the ground of the adultery of the defendant with one Ella Thatcher, and for such other and further relief as may be deemed just and equitable.

Given under my hand and seal of the Third Judicial District Court, this 2d day of October, A. D. 1891.

C. E. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Third Judicial District Court.

[SEAL.] HENRY G. SCHILLAKE, Clerk.
By C. E. WEAVER, Deputy Clerk.
Henry G. Schillake, Attorney for Plaintiff.
First pub. Oct. 5.

NOTICE.

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

ELIZABETH PEARCE, HARRY E. PEARCE, Plaintiffs, vs. Frederick Pearce, Thomas Pearce, Mary E. Pearce, Joseph Pearce, Frederick H. Pearce, Jr., Thomas Pearce, Jr., Ann Pearce, Elizabeth Pearce, Ann Pearce, Thomas Pearce, Jr., Pearce, Lavinia Pearce, Joseph Pearce, Jr., Pearce, Mary Pearce, Pearce, Ann Pearce, Thomas Pearce, Jr., Pearce, Lavinia Pearce,