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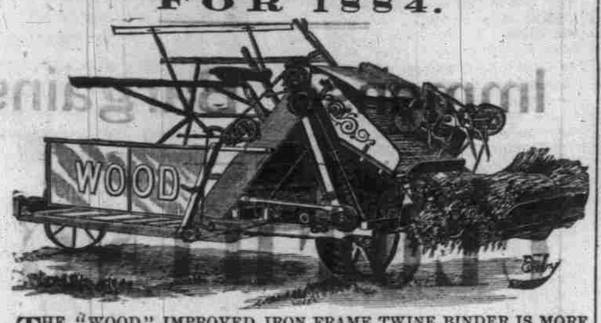

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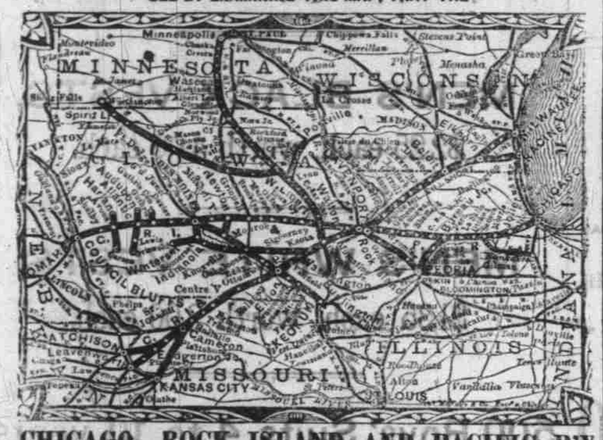

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☞ Special quotations given to orders in large quantities. d11 6m

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Delivered	$7.00 per ton.
At Yard	6.50 " "

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Delivered	$5.00 per ton.
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RED CANYON.

Delivered	$4.50 per ton.
At Yard	4.00 " "

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Delivered	$4.25 per ton.
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Rock Springs	$6.00
Red Canyon	4.50
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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN. CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES. Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO. Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

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EVENING NEWS.

Monday, May 19, 1884.

HOUSE-CLEANING.

"Saidee! Saidee! Where are you? Why don't you answer me when I call?"

"Yes, Aunt Leah—I am coming in a minute."

"In a minute," sarcastically repeated the old lady. "It's always 'in a minute' with you Saidee! But I suppose, because I'm old and helpless, my comfort is a matter of no consequence whatever."

"Dear Aunt Leah!" answered a bright, cheery voice; and Saidee Lynn came into the room with a little tray, where was arranged, on a snowy napkin, some teabiscuit, half a dozen pink radishes, a few thin-cut shavings of smoked beef, and a little pot of tea, with a cup and saucer of old blue china which would have been invaluable to a collector. "You see I had you in my mind all the time, Aunt Leah," she said, merrily. "I gathered the radishes from our own garden. Don't they look nice?"

Aunt Leah, a withered little old lady, in a dress of worn black silk, and sharp eyes, peering through gold-bound spectacles, tasted of the tea and shook her head.

"It's too weak," said she. "It isn't fit to drink!"

"I put in all the tea there was in the canister, Aunt Leah," said Saidee, with a distressed countenance.

Aunt Leah pushed away the cup, with an expression of distaste.

"It is as I might have expected," said she. "My nieces have too little thought for my comfort to study my poor and few necessities. Never mind the tea; I can drink cold water, I dare say!"

Saidee wrung her hands in despair. How could she tell this weak, feeble old lady, above whose declining years hung the threatening Damocles sword of heart-disease, of their narrowing circumstances, of the empty exchequer, the clamoring creditors, the pitiful straits to which they were reduced?"

"What shall I do?" she asked herself, as she went slowly back to the little kitchen of the ruinous Gothic cottage, which they had obtained for a ridiculously low rent because it was ruinous. "I've borrowed of the rector's wife twice, and I'm ashamed to go again, and I've sold everything I can lay my hands on. But glancing up at a picture which hung in the half beyond, "there's the Velasquez still. A Velasquez is always worth money. Belle will scold about parting with it, and Aunt Leah will mourn; but we can't live on air and dew, like the fairies. I'll take it down to Mr. Bruner, the artist, this afternoon, and ask him to get us a purchaser. Poor people such as we can't afford to retain old family relics." And so, when Aunt Leah was indulging in her afternoon nap, and Belle, the beauty of the family, was ironing out the flounces of her white muslin dress for the morrow's picnic, valiant Saidee climbed on a chair, took the unframed picture down (it was the head of some old Spanish grandee, with a stiff pointed ruff, and an evil leer in the eyes), wrapped it up in a newspaper, and crept across the meadows with it to the village.

Mr. Bruner was in his studio—a grizzle-headed, blunt old gentleman, in a belted linen blouse and a faded velvet cap. He nodded kindly at Saidee, who had once taken a few lessons from him; but when she displayed the canvass he shook his head.

"How much do you think it is worth?" asked Saidee, wistfully.

"Nothing!" said Mr. Bruner.

"But," cried the girl, "it is a Velasquez."

"That a Valesquez?" cried Mr. Bruner, contemptuously. "My dear, there isn't a picture dealer in the country who would give fifty cents for it. It's a mendacious imitation, and a wretched one at that!"

So Saidee tied up the poor picture, and went home again, shedding a few tears as she walked under the whispering trees.

"My last hope gone!" she thought. "But I'll not tell Aunt Leah or Belle that it is an imposture. They have always taken such innocent pride in the Velasquez."

As she came past the old brick house at the foot of Locust Lane, a load of furniture was being carried in, for it was the second week in May. Wicker chairs, twined with blue ribbon, a cottage piano, case of books, engravings, bird cages, plants—all sorts of pretty things.

Saidee paused and looked at them, not without interest.

"I wonder who our new neighbors are to be?" she thought.

Just then out trotted a stout, cherry-cheeked old lady, with her cap all on one side, and a worsted shall tied over her shoulders.

"Oh!" said she; "are you the young woman who disappointed us yesterday about cleaning?"

"No," said Saidee, crimsoning to her temples.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said the old lady; "what is to become of us? All the furniture coming in, and my daughter lame from falling off a step ladder, and the girl gone, and—But" with an eager look, "perhaps you can recommend some one to help us settle."

"I am sorry to say that I cannot," answered Saidee, and she vanished beyond the lilac hedge, rather amused at the mistake the old lady had made.

Belle was full of news that evening.

"O Saidee," she cried, "such a nice family is moving into the Locust House!"

"Yes," said Saidee; "I saw the furniture carts at the door, as I came from the village this afternoon."

"Oh, the village!" Cried Belle, tossing her blonde head. "It's strange, Saidee, how much time you get to run about and enjoy yourself, while I am drudging at home. But there's a young gentleman there—the handsomest man, Alice Aikens says, that she ever saw—and Mr. Pyle knows him, and he is to be at the picnic to-morrow, to get acquainted with all the young people in the neighborhood. Won't it be delightful?"

"Very," said Saidee, indifferently.

But while Belle was talking she had made up her mind what to do on the day of the May picnic.

Early in the morning, while the flush of sunrise was crimsoning the sky, and blonde Belle lay asleep with her yellow hair in crimpers, Saidee arose, dressed herself quietly, and slipped out of the back door like a little gray shadow.

At 8 o'clock Aunt Leah tapped with her cane on the ceiling of her room, which was directly beneath the one occupied by her nieces. Belle made her appearance presently, in a faded calico wrapper, rubbing her eyes after a drowsy fashion.

"Where's breakfast?" said Aunt Leah.

"Where's Saidee?" counter-questioned Belle. "Oh, I know, the selfish thing! She has got up early, and gone down into the woods to get some pink azaleas for her hair before the other girls think of it. She wants to astonish us all at the picnic. But I think she might have told me."

"I'm afraid Saidee thinks more of herself than she does of us," said Aunt Leah sourly.

And Belle, in a very ill humor, began to prepare the breakfast—a task generally assumed by her elder sister.

While Saidee, hurrying down the path by the swamp, took the short cut across the clover meadow, and was presently knocking at the door of the brick house where the load of furniture had stood the day before.

The old lady with the crooked cap and the cherry cheeks came to the door.

"Have you yet engaged any one to help you get settled?" said Saidee, blushing very prettily.

"We can't hear of a soul!" said the old lady. "Every one is engaged just now, and —"

"If you thought I could be of use," faintly began Saidee.

"Bless me, child!" said the old lady "you are too slight and small. Besides," looking closer at her, "you are a lady."

"But I know how to clean house, for all that," said Saidee, vehemently. "I've done it every year at home. We are called upon to nurse people of means. And I think you will be satisfied with my work. It is necessary that I should earn little money, and —"

"Come in, my dear," said the old lady—"come in and have a cup of coffee with us. I am Mrs. Hartwick—and this is my daughter Kate."

"Saidee Lynn!" said the soft voice of a pretty young girl, lying with a sprained ankle on the sofa.

To her amazement, our heroine recognized one of her schoolmates, Katharine Hartwick, who had graduated in the same class with her at boarding-school two years ago.

"But you surely never have come here to—work?" said Kate, in amazement.

"Yes, I have," said brave Saidee. "Why is it any less creditable to clean paint and wash windows than to play croquet or go Kensington stitches? And my Aunt Leah has lost all her little property, and we are very, very poor. So now you know all about it. And when I have eaten my breakfast, if Mrs. Hartwick will give me a cleaning cloth and plenty of soft soap, I'll show her what I can do!"

So that Miss Lynn was mounted on a step-ladder, polishing off an antique mirror, when Kate's soft voice was heard, saying:

"Oh, Harry, is that you? We supposed, of course, you were at the picnic. Miss Lynn, this is my brother Harry. Harry, let me present you to Sadiee Lynn, my dear old schoolmate, who has come here to help us clean house."

Miss Lynn made as graceful a bow as she could under the circumstances. Mr. Harry Hartwick inclined his head.

"At the picnic, indeed! he retorted, merrily. "Not at all. I've been hunting high and low for some one to help you, and for lack of any success, I have returned to do a little whitewashing myself."

"Oh, have you?" said Saidee. "I know such a nice receipt for calsomine—as white as alabaster, and it won't rub off at all."

"Let's make it," said Mr. Hartwick, promptly.

No picnic could ever have been more delightful than this day among dust, whitewash, scouring-sand and brooms.

Kate, on her sofa, hemmed curtains, Mr. Hartwick bustled to and fro, Saidee, with her curly hair tied up in a handkerchief, scoured paint, and Harry whitened ceilings; and at twilight had three rooms in perfect order.

"We have achieved wonders," said Kate, looking around at the neatly tacked carpets—the soft garnet plush hangings—the pictures on the walls—the crystal brightness of the windows—while Mrs. Hartley took Saidee mysteriously on one side.

"My dear," she said, "I don't know how to thank you sufficiently. But I am ashamed to offer you a dollar and a half, although—"

"But I shall not be ashamed to take it," said Saidee, smiling. "Why should I? That is, if you really think I have earned it."

"My dear, you have more than earned it," said the old lady; "and if you could possibly come to-morrow—"

"Of course I will come," said Saidee.

Weary as she was, Saidee went around by the village to buy some Young Hyson tea for the old lady before she returned to the Gothic cottage.

"Well," she cried brightly, to her sister, "what sort of a day did you have at the picnic?"

"Awfully stupid!" yawned Belle. "And the handsome young gentleman from Locust Lane didn't come at all."

"Didn't he?" said Saidee.

"And where have you been?" demanded Belle, in an injured tone.

"Oh, spending the day with a neighbor!" said Saidee, with a laugh.

They finished the house-cleaning that week. Mr. Harry Hardwick found it necessary, we may add, to walk home with Saidee the next evening, and he developed a remarkable talent in the amateur painting and kalsomining line before they got through.

"Isn,t she pretty?" said Harry, enthusiastically; "and she is brave, and she isn't afraid of honest work, and, altogether, she is my beau ideal of a girl."

"Mamma," whispered Kate, laughing, after Harry had gone out, "I believe our Harry is love with Saidee Lynn."

"I'm sure I dont blame him." said Mrs. Hartwick. "She is a little jewel."

Aunt Leah never knew where the Young Hyson tea came from, nor the sponge cake, nor the white grapes, nor all the little luxuries which had cheered her of late; nor did she suspect anything until one day Harry Hartwick came to her, and formally asked her for her neice's hand in marriage.

"Well, I never!" said Aunt Leah.

"But how did you ever become so well acquainted with him, Saidee?" questioned Belle, half pleased, half jealous.

"Because I cleaned house for his mother," said she, laughing.

And then, under solemn seal of secrecy, she told Belle all; and Belle declared that it was too romantic for anything, never pausing to think that real life is full of romance as a summer meadow with buttercups, and that for tune comes to those only who go bravely out to seek fortune.

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TORPID BOWELS and DISORDERED LIVER.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, a feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work, and are a perfect ANTIDOTE to MALARIA.

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GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1. Sold everywhere. Office, 44 Murray St., N. Y.

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

Before the Hon. Elias A. Smith, Judge.

In the Matter of the Estate of Thomas Lenham, deceased.

ALEXANDER McRAE, ADMINISTRATOR of the Estate of Thomas Lenham, deceased, having in due form of law presented to this Court a petition for an order of this Court authorizing him as such administrator to sell real estate belonging to said Estate and the Court having duly examined the same, does now order that said petition and the matters therein stated be set for a hearing in this Court at the Court House in said County on the 27th day of May A. D., 1884, at 10 a.m., and that all persons interested in said Estate then and there appear in this Court and show cause if any there be why an order of this Court should not be granted to said administrator to sell the real estate in said petition described. It is further ordered by the Court that a true and correct copy of this order be published in the DESERET NEWS daily for ten successive issues before the time appointed for the hearing in this petition.

Done in open Court this 9th day of May A. D., 1884.

ELIAS A. SMITH, Probate Judge.

TERRITORY OF UTAH, County of Salt Lake. } ss.

I, John C. Cutler, Clerk of the Probate Court in and for the County of Salt Lake, in the Territory of Utah, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a full, true and correct copy of order to show cause in the matter of the Estate of Thomas Lenham, deceased, as appears of file in my office.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said Court, this 9th day of May A. D., 1884.

(SEAL.) JOHN C. CUTLER, Probate Clerk. d 145 10d

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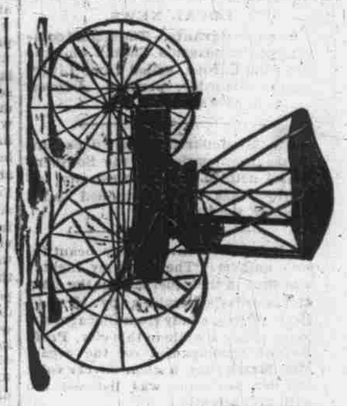

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