WITH VIOLETS.

The violets I send to you
Are a sweetness that you prize
I shall not confess to you,
Lest you know my secret well.
Within each tender violet
Is a sweet, sweet thought of you.

Oh, little flowers, that I send to you
So modestly, so meekly, that
I know what you will say to me,
Lest you never, never know
The love of thine or
If you could speak! Yet she will know
If you send them, for she will know
I love you and she, yet never knew
To wake a heaven, yet
—Jane Vincent.

THE MAN WHO BRAGGED.

His name was Phineas Ellsworth, but we knew him at the "HX" ranch called him Billy Bragg, for reasons which you naturally conversation with him would make obvious, even to a total stranger. To say that he was confounded to drawing it very mildly and to state that the chief act of his opinions was the particularly excellent one he held of himself is superfluous.

There were boundless, monotonous days at the "HX," and there was scant opportunity for Billy to exhibit the courage, prowess, skill, ability, and so forth, which—we had his own oft repeated statements for it—he possessed to a remarkable degree.

Once in awhile something would happen to relieve the monotony, but Billy, somehow or other, was never on deck to show what he was worth. He always turned up afterward with the remark "you passed a mighty lot o' fun by, I s'pose" or "my thunder underfoot, s'd a bin yer he'd a' been!" or, "That was a fool trick, Moe, of I'd been thar I'd a did so an so," or, "Bet my Sunday best against bo'rd bill" Why, bless thar, my old Kyra Pass, we mus' t' let th' kids an' wimmen do that kind o' work."

And so it went for nearly a year, and though we invented many a plan to give Billy an opportunity to show his worth, he managed, on one pretext or another, to keep out of our reach.

One day Cole Boulling, who was out looking up some stays, fell in with a Rawsville stockman and, being a cousin, and thinking at first that it was an "HX" critter rode toward it. But the beast was what is known as a "bad one," and horse down and bellowing with rage he turned and charged on the startled cowboy. Cole tried to turn his pony and run, but the animal was green and only reared and scared. Cole thought he was about to take a plain bedding down, but he pulled his gun and fired at the critter, aiming the steer right between the eyes, and dropping it not more than ten feet away.

Cole was a bit sore in the business, and he was rather pale when he rode up to the ranch and related his experience, but there was a twinkle that bore in his eyes as he told of the successful shot from the back of a bucking pony.

Billy listened with a superior air, "Huh! he remarked condescendingly, "mind yo'ns'lf bo'rd fo' bed. Yo'd jes' 's well yo'ns'lf as regard 'em. Some folks never see no f'ud fo' prog'ly. Warm, ain't, wem mother?"

We ate breakfast and proceeded to saddle mounts Cole on his back, but Bill did not seem to care. He was getting used to our practicums. At may be noted, however, that when we tried next morning to get Billy to take a galloping shot at the stripe in a blanket hung upon a sled shot, to see how near he could hitch come to "scouring" a real more from the back of a bad pony, our proposition was met with scorn. "There go agin," said Billy. "What's th' blame use o' wastin ca' wimmin th' bridges fo' ? mo'ns'ver mons o' gabbin extra that ar thing kin be did! Ain, go off on my pocketbook tho' I can't hide for yo' wife. Yo' jes' can't even do that." And he rode off, much offended.

When Joe Fleming, brother of the boss, and Hank Hoey had a bench with bets about bullets, and just managed with their lives, leaves a bench of fat cattle to be cut off by Uncle Sam's dues, again prologue, Billy's opinion was at once forthcoming. "Shut! Ye most gu' ? well ainit sure of th' critters go yet them bullets ted cause you." W'y didn't ye, w'en ye saw 'em rain down on ye, jes' kill three or four critters, jes' 's up for a bar'ndale, an give th' rest devils cog' ha'-a-?' That's how he'd ha' done it." Hank Hoey, Jr., bullet bonds.

When Bob Hall, a cowboy from the "S Bar," the next ranch—one of the foremost, tallest, most quarrelsome bullies who ever frontiered a gun—got killed at the hotel in town by an unoffending tenderfoot, whom he had tried to compel to take a drink, Billy, as usual, had something to say. "Huh! That's them tenderfeet all over. They think o' so mard trick o' how fun with 'em hyar that they've got t' shoot, an scout quick. Th' galoot oughtn'ye jes' took Bob Hall b' th' scruff o' th' pants an kicked t' thrown 'im out, an Bob 'd've had th' laugh jes' quick. Bob Hall never had no stack.

All the same, there was an old story to the effect that once, when Billy had been unaccountably absent from the ranch for three or four days, he had been in town, devoting considerable attention to keeping out of the belligerent Mr. Hall's way.

But Billy's opportunity came one day. He had been laid up a week and was still lame as the result of being shot in the side near the ground when his pony scrambled and fell one day, and was sitting at the door one morning about 11:30 when the stage came along. Several of his were in the ranch house and they were somewhat surprised to hear the wheels outside, for the stage road was two miles from the ranch. As we crowded to the door we saw "something was up" for Dyer, the driver, looked excited.

"Morain, gentlemen," he said. And then to Boss Fleming: "Fleming, I wan't t' behind up over t' Five Mile creek. Kin one of th' boys go with me? I'll get Mother Gray at Parkers, an I reckon I'll need 'em."

"Why, yes, of course," was the reply; "you can have more if you want 'em. I'll go myself. But why didn't you bring guards if you're carrying any valuables?"

Dyer explained. The night before he had noticed three suspicious looking characters in town, and observed that they eyed him considerably. This morning he had started early, hoping to pass all the places favorable to a "hold up" before the three much looking gentlemen had time to get located. He had left a bit behind about bringing guards, as he did not like to expose correctly, and besides his stagecoaches carried no treasure and the lonely would be no hold. There were no valuables except the mail bags.

But the three strangers had passed into a mile back, evidently to a hurry to get somewhere hence the visit to the "HX."

Fleming turned to get ready to go—he was not the man to send somebody else into danger—but was met at the door by Billy, "loaded" with two revolvers and a Winchester.

"Hello, Joe!" ejaculated Fleming. "Didn't you hear me say I was going?"

"Don't care if yo did," recovered Billy curtly. "This pony wan't do, an my leg's lame enough t' shoulder any blame branches." And he climbed painfully up on to the driver's seat, and the stage rolled away, leaving us staring at each other, unable to believe our eyes.

The stage did not reach the Five Mile mine till a block Parker's. At a place two miles west of the "HX," where the road traversed the edge of a bluff overhanging a deep ravine, there were three men lined, and Dyer with Dyer and his two team leaders fell into the road. Then there were more shots—a rattling fusillade for two or three minutes—then silence.

When we got to the scene we saw Billy Bragg lying across the body of the driver, supporting himself on one elbow and keeping "the drop" on a man who stood holding up one arm—the other was shattered and hung limp. Two dead men lay in the dirty by the road. The wheelers were quiet now, but their body had evidently mangled the bodies of their quondam comrades in front.

"I knowed yed come, boys," said Billy, "cause I'd bet I kill this lot, sho, if I ketch 'im for a bootle cockfite party. They got Dyer fust lick, but w'en they run up again Plain Ellsworth, they ketched er h—l ev er fiddle. Guess I kin die off and peaceful now."

But he did not die. With a ball in his leg, another trending around among where on his inside and a wound in his throat which cause his voice to break in a ludicrous way he still lives and brags of this very exploit.—H. L. Kotchan in Argonaut.

Obeying Orders.

"Government employes include a good many very old men," said a chief clerk of a government bureau. "Some of them are very hard to manage, and more than one has painfully undermined my force and even scandalized some, who required an explicit order for every bit of work they undertook, and literally can do nothing at all without a copy.

"One of the most singular of these was Colonel Jeremy Hilliman, who was sent to call him, somewhat unkindly. He was the most literal man I ever knew.

"Once, before I became chief clerk, we had a clerk who was extremely economical of government property—which was a good fault, if it was a fault at all.

"On this he came into the room, and holding up a little piece of brown paper, he said:

"'Colonel Hilliman, I've found this piece of paper in the room, and I think it ought to be saved.'

"'Why, Mr. Jones, I'm sure I don't know what it is good for, but if you think it ought to be saved, by all means let it be saved.'

"'Yes, sir,' said Hilliman respectfully.

"'Then he proceeded to tear up the large sheet and throw it in the waste basket, and taking out a small piece he commenced his conjectation on that'"—Youth's Companion.

Pay of Sponge Gatherers.

The number of persons engaged in the business of gathering sponges in the Bahamas, handling them and preparing them in various stages for market is from 4,000 to 6,000, all of whom, except the shipowners, brokers and shippers, are colored people. Hands employed in shipping, washing, packing and preparing sponge for shipment almost get from 75 cents to seventy-five cents per day of ten hours. The amount earned by the men who go fishing for sponges cannot be given, as their pay depends entirely on the number of sponges obtained. The men who go to the wrecks also find it a costly expense, and the profits of the voyage are divided upon shares among the owner, the master and the men.

They are never hired by the month, nor do they ever get specified wages. The most that can be said is that the men make a tolerable living, and the sponge fisherman who earns over $300 a year is the exception. The owners of the vessels, as a rule, have built our ships, from which the vessels are fitted out, and on supplies thus furnished the owner makes a profit in addition to others. The shipowners, generally speaking, find considerable profit in the business, while the fishermen, if not able to lay up any money from the pursuit, are yet enabled to rely upon it for a moderate living.—Scribner.

Three Costly Bathrooms.

This is the season of the year when the great army of gardeners employed by New York's millionaires who have a fad for flowers are putting their hothouses in shape for the winter. I met Jay Gould's chief gardener yesterday and he told me that everything was in excellent shape as the railroad king's $500,000 bathroom up the Hudson. A lot of choice plants and orchids have just arrived from India and other eastern countries.

John Hoey's difficulties have not deterred him from looking after his pet flowers in his grand hothouses at Hollywood, N. J. I am told his chief gardener has had several conferences with Mr. Hoey during the past two weeks about his favorite flowers and their care. Mr. Hoey is passionately fond of flowers, and selects the seeds and bulbs himself, and at times experiments the work of his gardeners.

Another man who has a half a million dollars in the house is the Standard oil king, John D. Rockefeller, who has a palace on the Hudson. It has not been completed long and his gardeners are constantly receiving new additions. Mr. Rockefeller says he will have the finest flower show in the world in a year or two.—New York Telegram.

Green as to the mode of silver at present in the "money bags" of the government, it is being readily borrowed by the purchase of $4,000,000 additional ounces every year, or at the rate of seven tons for every working day of the year.

A Vermont man has just decided that a man who leaves himself while hunting on Sunday cannot recover on an accident policy which he held, because he was violating the law of the state in hunting on that day.

It Was Not a Hero.

Officer C. O. White not lately been put on the Twenty-ninth street beat, which includes Prospect avenue. White is a fearless officer, and the other night, as he was making his rounds along Prospect avenue in a dense shadow close to the side of a building, he detected the form of what he supposed to be a burglar lifting a window. Of course that would never do, so with a prodigious wind of his club, a little coughed a perceptible lightening of his stature to approximate the police.

"Come along out of that now, will ye!" he exclaimed.

The lubber moved not so much as a muscle.

"D'ye hear me? I say of something more of that, will ye? Yes or no? Will, I'll shoot yer."

With that White grabbed the supposed lubber by the back of the neck. There was a short, preliminary grunt, thumping of a clubs, and then the fur fairly flew. It was the pet black bear of the Union club saloon that White had awoke, startled. For some minutes after there was a little the freshest scrapping seen there or thereabouts that the ever been known in police circles, and when White got out of reach of the cub he was minus a brand new helmet, a new dollar hat, the dirtiest of his uniform and his temper, and he was plus numerous wounds and scratches, bruises and black spots. And to cap the climax, the young brute stood guard over his handiwork, his gun and his club.—Tacoma News.

Egyptian Statues Unearthed.

The correspondent of the London Times at Alexandria, Egypt, states that three colossal statues, two feet high, of rose granite, have just been found at Abouhir a few feet below the surface. The discovery was made from indications furnished by the government by a local investigator, Dariouz Pasha. The first two represent in one group Dameses II and Queen Nectanara seated on the same throne. This is unique among Egyptian statues.

The third statue represents Rameses standing upright in military attire, a scepter in his hand and a crown upon his head. Both bear inscriptions to enterprises, and both have been thrown from their pedestals face downward. They are to be the ancient Cape Zephyrium, near the remains of the temple of Venus and Arsinoe. Relics of the early Christians have been found in the same locality.

A Step Walker's Fearful Leap.

James S. Clague, a stock raiser of Cheyenne, Okla., walked into the police station at Burlington, Ia., recently, haltless, restless and generally bressed up, and told a remarkable story. He said he had left his home to visit friends in Galva, Ill., and had taken a sleeper at Denver. The last thing he remembers was retiring to his berth. When he awoke he was lying in the ditch at the side of the track not far from Burlington, badly bruised and half frozen. He walked to the police station from there. He thinks he was thrown out of the train while asleep while it was running full speed. An investigation by railroad officials proves the truth of the man's statement. He is said to be in bad shape ill from his terrible exposure.—Cor. St. Louis Republic.

The Czar in Plain Clothes.

When the emperor of Russia passed privately through Berlin the other night he was attired in plain clothes, and it was the first time that he had ever appeared in public thus arranged. The emperor's towering figure was not displayed to advantage in a loose suit of brown tweed, especially when contrasted with the splendid Prussian uniform in which Prince Frederick Leopold appeared, and his majesty was the only personage in plain clothes. The emperor, who dined at the Neuer Palais, drove to the Berlin line station, dined on sandwiches, which he washed down with several bowls of tea, which were made on the spot by his own servants, with his own certain tea—London World.

Books in Boats.

It appears from the report of the Russian Association of Bookseller and Publishers that the number of works published in that country last year was 4,400 and that the total number of copies sold was not far short of 12,000,000. Translations from foreign languages counted for only 5 per cent. Of these a little more than one-third were from the French. Of one work by Zola 2,800 copies were sold. Next came Gabaritz, Dumas, Hugo, Jules Verne, Sulliver, Flaubert, Dumas. An edition of "Paradise Lost" sold 6,000 and one of "Hamlet" 10,000.—London News.

A Grand Old Commoner.

Though essentially a modest man, Mr. Smith had a certain pride of his own. Public rumor was always comforting a pretty high him, and I suppose that had he lived he would have accepted one. But he was proud of his independent and "self made" position as a wealthy commoner. "You see," he said to me, "I have no aristocratic aspirations, no family interests; indeed, I haven't a male relative alive except my own boy. I am completely unpopulated and unfettered." He was aware of the advantage this gave him. He was rich and a bachelor, and his colleagues had confidence in him accordingly as a strong administrator.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Question of Telephone Charges.

A proposal has been made by Dr. Strecker, of Berlin, which seems to solve the question of telephone charges. He proposes to levy a fundamental charge to meet the expenses for installation, maintenance and depreciation, in addition to a time charge, to meet the working expenses. Nothing could be fairer than to charge for the use of the telephone according to the duration of conversation, and Dr. Strecker proposes to use a clock which goes as long as the conversation lasts.—New York Telegram.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the estate of Henry Hoffman, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT Mary E. Hoffman and Louisa E. Hoffman, executrices of said estate, have presented to said court their final account of said estate and petition for final settlement of the estate of said deceased, and that the hour of ten o'clock, A. M., on Tuesday, the 12th day of December, A. D. 1891, is ordered by said court for the hearing of said account, in the Probate Court Room, Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, has been duly appointed by the judge of said court, for the settlement of said account, at which time and place any person interested may appear and contest said account, and that notice of the time and place of hearing thereof be published and posted according to law and the order of this court.

Dated December 3rd, 1891.

C. E. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.

By C. E. PRATT, Deputy.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Peter O. Thomsen, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, administrator of the estate of Peter O. Thomsen, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at the office of Pierce, Critchlow & Green, in the county of Salt Lake, Utah Territory.

Dated Nov. 6th, 1891.

OLOF THOMSEN,
Administrator of the estate of Peter O. Thomsen, deceased.

Pierce Critchlow and John M. Green, Attorneys for Administrator. (Nov 14)

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Miles L. Williams, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, administrator of the estate of said Miles L. Williams, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at his residence, in Lewis, at his residence, No. 31 Grant street, in Salt Lake City, in the County of Salt Lake.

Dated November 6th, 1891.

JOHN S. LEWIS,
Administrator of the estate of Miles L. Williams, deceased. (Nov 14)

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

In the matter of the Estate of Charles Brown, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, executors of the last will and testament of Charles Brown, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executors, at their residence, in Salt Lake City, in said County and Territory.

MARY BROWN,
CHARLES E. PARSONS,
Executors of the last will and testament of Charles Brown, deceased.

Dated at Salt Lake City, Nov. 6th, 1891.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Hannah Tomlinson Wardle, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, administrator of the estate of said Hannah Tomlinson Wardle, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at his office, in Salt Lake City, in the County of Salt Lake, Utah Territory.

Dated December 1st, 1891.

THOMAS G. LEWIS,
Administrator of the Estate of Hannah Tomlinson Wardle, deceased. (Dec 4-10)

NOTICE.

A MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS of the Pioneer Mining Company is hereby called to meet at the office of the company, in the city of Pioneer, Utah, on the twenty-second day of December, A. D. 1891, at the hour of ten o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of electing a board of trustees to serve the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

Dated at Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, this 2nd day of November, A. D. 1891.

The transfer books of the company will be closed on the twenty-second day of November, 1891, and remain closed for the transfer of stock for the ensuing year.

MILANDO PRATT,
President.

J. E. DOWNEY,
Secretary. (Nov 13-20)

SHERIFF'S SALE.

PURSUANT TO AN EXECUTION TO ME directed and issued out of the Third District Court of the Territory of Utah, I have levied upon and shall offer for sale at public sale, at the front door of the County Court House, in the City of Salt Lake, in said County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah, on the first day of December, 1891, at 11 o'clock noon of said day, all the right, title and interest of the defendants, Thomas Jones and Ann Jones, in and to the following described real estate, situate, lying and being in the county of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah, to wit: Lots 1 and 2 in block 3 in Plat "A" in Salt Lake City Survey, commencing at a point 10 rods north of the southeast corner of said block 3, and running north 10 rods; thence west 16 rods; thence east 16 rods; thence east 16 rods; thence south 10 rods to the place of beginning.

Taken and levied on the property of Thomas Jones and Ann Jones, defendants, to satisfy judgment in favor of said plaintiff.

Terms of sale cash.

Dated at Salt Lake City, this 7th day of December, 1891.

ANDREW J. BURT, Sheriff.
By JOHN D. CUMMINGS, Deputy. (Nov 28)

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Lucky Bill Mining Company. Location, Pioneer District, Place of Business, Salt Lake City, Utah County, Utah Territory.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT AT a meeting of the board of Trustees held on the 12th day of October, 1891, the assessment No. 4 of three cents per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable within thirty days to the Secretary at Salt Lake City, Utah. All stock upon which this assessment may remain unpaid on the 16th day of November, 1891, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on the 12th day of January, 1892, at Room 10, the Commercial union Block, Salt Lake City, Utah, to pay delinquent assessments, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

W. J. HUNTON, Secretary.
Office—Room 10, Commercial Block, Salt Lake City, Utah. (Nov 21-Dec 26)

Deseret News Company

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SEALED BIDS.

BY ORDER OF THE COUNTY COURT, Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah, I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for cash, on the premises, on the day of sale, after the expiration of ten days from the date hereof, the following described property, to wit:

Hospital property, the paper with surplus carpet.

Hospital furniture with mattresses and bedsteads, stoves, tables, chairs, and other furniture, and all other hospital furniture, to be sold in lots to suit purchasers.

Hospital bedding, consisting of blankets, sheets, pillows, pillow cases, and other bedding, to be sold in lots to suit purchasers.

Hospital dishes, consisting of cups and saucers, plates, dishes, etc., to be sold in lots to suit purchasers.

Hospital cutlery, knives, forks, spoons, etc., to be sold in lots to suit purchasers.

Hospital tinware, tin pans with surplus carpet.

Hospital utensils, consisting of tubs, buckets, etc., to be sold in lots to suit purchasers.

Hospital stoves, consisting of cook stoves, heating stoves, etc., to be sold in lots to suit purchasers.

Hospital furniture, consisting of tables, desks, etc., to be sold in lots to suit purchasers.

Hospital pictures, consisting of pictures, etc., to be sold in lots to suit purchasers.

Hospital paper, consisting of paper, etc., to be sold in lots to suit purchasers.

Hospital stationery, consisting of stationery, etc., to be sold in lots to suit purchasers.

Hospital medicines, consisting of medicines, etc., to be sold in lots to suit purchasers.

Hospital furniture, consisting of furniture