HE LOVED THE NEGRO

"I hev the pow' possible shoughshed yuh each tuhed," said Uncle Reuben as he smoothed the cloth and put down the condiments. "Will yuh hev soup?"

Of course then Uncle Reuben took and judge, aye a thing of that kind you always take what he prescribes. So I ordered the shoughshed, and Uncle Reuben went to the kitchen to prepare it. When the fire was hot and the fish was cooking, he came back to me in his old way and sat down on the other side of the table.

"Jem ah poosh ur lookin down dah these days," he said.

"Sweeping some of 'em off, Uncle Reuben."

"Didn't I reeah tell yuh 'bout tha' time thu lemah Jone? Didn't I reeah tell yuh 'bout tha'? Oh, tha' was ah time. Yuh ketch me ah-sittin in ma rooms alguh in west Tow'ns. Kaininly ay tha 'bout kim. He was tu mean fer 'im tu mind ah pick, an tha's ah fact. Jone was one ur 'em tha' is, he was one ur the fun'ly, ur raised in tha house wiz tha oldah good niggahs, fun Jone was mean tah nobody I kows.

"Somehow, Miss Cha'ity think a whole lot ur Jone, an she try all she kin tuh make him good. But Jone jes so mahd tuh hah tu be made good. Miss Cha'ity she try an try an try all she kin, but Jone kah tu saved. He dis simply ain' no good. He jes wiled wit uh bad hawsh, an Jimmy he gotsh tuh hah a hahm hornin crowd. Yuh kinows how hoss hahm Jimmy ahs' fuh folks. Jone jes wiled wit 'em, an I'm sayin, an tha was hahd times fer uh niggah.

"Tha was the one thing tha' kep Jone fun hitin hung, an tha' was the hoss tha' Mistah Hary had fer him. Yuh see, Jone took keer ur Mistah Hary and Mistah Hary, hah uh pointer, was pow'ful fond ur Jone. He save Jone's life onch.

"One night all tha folks they's settin roun in thun jes sh hahm, an Jone he ain' no ter'ly rid up tuh tha front gate an sah fuh Marse Tom Barnah. Marse Tom was settin wit tha folks an he tuhnah uh noisin wrong, an Mistah Hary, wha was at me an in parlor sid, was settin by Marse Tom. When tha gentleh rode up tuh tha gate Mistah Hary he gat all tuh onch interested. Marse Tom he gi down tuh tha hig gate tuh see tha gentleh, an Mistah Hary, hah small an not much noisen, followed 'long tuh him. When Marse Tom met tha gentleh, they say they want Jeje.

"Wha fuhr, say Marse Tom.

"Faw turnin uh hahn," say tha gentleh.

"Jeje been turnin uh hahn?" say Marse Tom.

"An when tha gentleh they say yes Marse Tom, he kinlah mumbled tah say, 'Gentleh, I reckin yuh have tuh take him.'

"Little Mistah Hary he hears tha' an he slip away fun tha crowd an he go run sin tuhds tha house. He hog gun run tuh wah tha niggahs live, an he see Jone. Soon as he see tha niggah he say, 'Jone, Dey s done come fuhr yuh, yuh hatah run. Take tha yellow pony an git outen tha county.'

"Jone he's so skeerd he dun' know what tuh do, an he' he kin git outen sight, 'cept tha Marse Tom.

"He says, 'Jone, yuh been mighty good tuh Hary, an I want tuh save yuh, but yonse uh hot niggah an yuhself knows 'bout it. If I save yuh fum tha rope, will yuh do what I say?'

"Ur cose, Jone was willin tuh do anythin tuh git away. So Marse Tom he gi down tuh sa tha gentleh at tha gate an he say: 'Gentleh, Jone is up at tha house. Yuh kin git him if yuh want him. Yuh know I done raised Jone in this fam'ly, an I kinlah hate tuh hahv him hang. Now, ef I promise yuh tha I will take Jone outen tha county tubnight an tha he won' nevah come back no mo', will yuh let him go?'

"Well, tha' was uh lot ur talk, an bimeby tha leadah he say, 'Mistah Tom, we'll take yo word. If yuh'll git Jone kim lunah Arkansaw an promise tha county he'll stay thah, we'll let him off on yo word.' Marse Tom he giv his word, what was tah tuh bond in tha county, an tha mob they rode away.

"Purty soon Marse Tom he kum down tuh tha stable and he say, 'Saddle up Queen an Night.' Then tha law two hosses we got in tha lahn. When I git 'em saddled, he say, 'Wah's Jone?' Everbody go lookin fuh Jone. We hah fin him nowhah. Marse Tom he's sho worried. Jone he done said he promise him outen tha county. Then was tha hosses saddled an Marse Tom all ready, but thah wa'n' no Jone. We look an look an look fu him. Marse Tom is tha ready tah cuss when somebody say, 'Wheah's Mistah Hary?'

"Marse Tom he kindah think uh little an then he walk intuh tha big house kindah slow, lak he dun' want tuh go. Wun yuh reckin Marse Tom he weep right an tuh wah Mistah Hary his sleepin sense he was big 'nough tuh sleep by hisself an that they was Mistah Hary, wiah an erised, jes lyin in ma'ry his arm 'round tha wuhliest niggah Jone, an Jone ah sneein lak uh sick hoss.

"Marse Tom he look at 'em lyin thah so stiff, an then he kindah wipe his eyes an he grab Jone by tha arm an pull him out an tha bed. 'Jone,' he say, 'yuh mus' git out tha' hah. Yuh mus' git out tha' hah. Yuh mus' git out tha' hah. Yuh mus' git out tha' hah.' Jone ah he pul him an he fight an he talk like away.

"It was mighty late when Marse Tom come back, an tha hosses was all unsaddled yet, cause tha' dey's tha' uh bag way Marse Tom dun' he nothin tuh say no'n tuh keep tha hosses dry, an his face was mighty white when he walk up tuhw tha big house. All us niggahs is thunkin an worryin how we didn't know what time we might go lynch Arkansaw outen us. We dun' know how tha', but anyhow we dun' see Jone no mo'.

"Nex' mornin Mistah Hary he wake up an take uh look 'round, an he jump an he shouted. He jes mahd tha' leadah he go lookin fuh Jone. He look down in tha cellah and he look in tha hahn. He look all onch tha' places tha' he dun' see no Jone. Then he run fun tha stable hoss, cause ef ahve hesh uh dinner here, hurfuh than say niggah on tha place. An Mistah Hary, he jump an he fun, but he dun' look no hoss neeyuh tha hoss tha' Jone. He reckon tha' hoss is fun uh niggah he hah uh hah Jone. Jone an hoss, nobody kin tell 'em. Then he run tuh tha hoss an he ask Miss Cha'ity wiah Jone is. Miss Cha'ity look at tha kindah sorrful lak uh dah ah Jone, an she dun' know. She dun' hava tell nuw tha trut.

"Then Mistah Hary he fin Marse Tom an he ask him wiah Jone is. Marse Tom he dun' hah tu tell him, an he say, 'Jone dun' mend yuh Arkansaw.' Mistah Hary he look at Marse Tom ah mihnh. An then he look back his hand an straighten kinah lak he mun been set he say tuh Marse Tom, 'Fuh Jone ah owah.'

"An tha tha way ah white man hows yuh ah nigger." Charles Nicholas in New York Journal.

OUR POOR FEET.

How to Care For Them Properly—To Cure Aching and Swelling.

If the feet are neglected, the nails get out of shape and other and the skin is not as smooth and white as nature intended it should be.

Tiny spots feet are tortured into footgear that is far too small, that fits in no particular, that crowns out the feet and makes corns, and above all that makes us limp and waddle like so many ducks.

To put the foot in a well fitting shoe of the size that properly belongs to it and to wear low heels is the way to preserve the foot in perfect health, and let no gently whisper that nothing so soon brings redness to the tip of the nose as tight shoes.

If you have a long, narrow foot or a fat one, you must have your shoes and boots made expressly for you, as ready made boxes never take into consideration anything out of the common as regards the formation of the foot. If you have a flat foot, do not wear a too arched instep; if your foot is very arched, see that your shoe is made to fit it.

If you wish the foot to appear small by perfectly natural means, always wear black kid or satin. A white shoe makes a foot look large and very wide and should never be worn except where the foot is faultless in shape and very small to look at. If the shoes are dusty or in color than the dress, the foot will appear to much more advantage.

You should always have your shoes eased for you before wearing them, and be careful never to take long walks when wearing a new pair. Very grave trouble is often the result of walking in shoes that are stiff to the feet. I have known severe lameness ensue, and very great pain is the inevitable result.

It seems superfluous to say that the feet should be well washed twice a day. Tepid water should be used, and the heels, toes and soles should be daily rubbed with pumice stone or pumice powder. This will entirely prevent all thickening of the skin, which is so unpleasant.

Salt and water dashed over the feet will strengthen them, or a little alcohol after bathing, then. The feet should be poured into the palm of the hand and gently but firmly rubbed in one direction only.

How to Make Bottle Cement.

Take a connecoach of common red and black sealing wax and of beeswax half an ounce. Melt these together in a salt jar or pot on the stove. When the mixture begins to froth and seems as if it were going to boil over, stir it with a tallow candle, which should effectually settle the froth. As soon as the whole is melted it is ready for use. When required a second time, the contents of the jar need only be melted for use. This wax is invaluable for securing over corks in sauce bottles, preserves, etc.

How to Cure Hydrophobia.

There is a very simple method of curing both hydrophobia and that form of epilepsy which is so frequently mistaken for it, which cure is known as the Bulsara treatment, and is effected by forcing the poison through the pores of the skin by profuse perspiration. In cases where convulsions have already taken place the patient should enter a vapor bath, with temperature from 121 degrees to 140 degrees F., and rouse there until all symptoms of hydrophobia have disappeared. Where those baths are used as a preventive one should be taken in each of seven consecutive days. This remedy is so simple that if the Russian or Turkish bath can be had it is quite possible to gain the desired result in any room by excluding the air as much as possible, placing patient in a chair over a lighted stove and giving a pan of hot water and having wrapped all in blankets allowing the patient to sweat out the poison.

The greatest praise other emulsions can take to themselves is that they are

"Just as good as Scott's Emulsion"

Measured by this standard of the world, are these unknown preparations the thing for you to buy when health and life are at stake?

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

Davis and Weber Counties Canal Company, Ogden, Utah.

NOTICE—THERE ARE DELINQUENT upon the following described shares of stock, the amount of assessment levied on August 11th, 1897, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Name	No. of Cert.	No. of Shares	Amt.
Bell, John B	17	1,000	$ 10 00
Hall, Wm	101	40	40
Ivy, Wm	434	40	40
Ivie, John C	435	40	40
Dee, Chas M	604	10	10
Dee, R R	605	10	10
Cooley, A M	197	1,000	10 00
Cooley, A M	198	40	40
Cooley, H G	199	40	40
Brown, Geo. Mary	7	100	1 00
Crawford, Geo	13	200	2 00
Brown, Geo	102	200	2 00
Brown, Walter	201	50	50
Culmer, Isa Inc	251	200	2 00
Culmer, J E	252	200	2 00
Culmer, J M	253	200	2 00
Culmer, Janet	254	200	2 00
Culmer, Jennie	255	200	2 00
Culmer, R D	256	200	2 00
Culmer, W J	257	200	2 00
Culmer, Wm	258	200	2 00
Culmer, Wm Jr	259	200	2 00
Culmer, Wm M	260	200	2 00
Clark, Sarah Ann	429	40	40
Clark, Emma	430	40	40
Clark, Ella	431	40	40
Lamb, Samuel T	103	1,000	10 00
Lamb, Ella	247	40	40
Lamb, James	248	40	40
Lamb, Charles A	249	40	40
Lamb, F Richard	250	40	40
Lamb, Ella M	346	10	10
Edwards, Sarah	176	10	10
Edwards, Hannah	177	10	10
Kirby, Henry	356	50	50
Kirby, Ellen	357	50	50
Kirby, Charles	358	50	50
Kirby, A	41	5 00	5 00
Kirby, F A	42	5 00	5 00
Conner, James D	174	200	2 00
Conner, Sarah Louisa	175	200	2 00
Fowler, Mary E	178	1 00	1 00
Fowler, Ann	179	1 00	1 00
Fowler, Mary W. Ann	180	1 00	1 00
Fowler, Joshua	181	1 00	1 00
Fowler, Joseph	182	1 00	1 00
Fowler, Hyrum	183	1 00	1 00
Fowler, Hyrum	184	1 00	1 00
Fowler, Hyrum