A SONNET BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

When you love, one surrenders you, one pain,
Or thinks the pain, and one destroy
Himself by you (shame is equality)
Who hate for love (love's love revenge).

The end immortal made in bodies twain,
Joined by one flesh each, wanting to the half;
And if one live, one shall then complete wholly
Rent in two bodies, and there will speak no more.

If that love's death fetch being other wholly,
Lost being (we say) shadowed image of love,
And well something the least wish answer,
Which is instead over embalmed whisky—
Whose of quantity, one drop the taste power,
Ah, when shall there so fast a lost six wives?

—Clive Elliot in Academy.

AN AMATEUR CABBY.

Young Van Bibber's success as an amateur cook so excited the members of the club who had lost money by it that young Mr. Travers said he, too, would go out and pay upon society and in fine form this night. He would do this in the guise of a hansom cab driver. His friends argued that he could not make the race he named between the hours of 7 and midnight. Travers, however, declared that he could, as he was afraid soon one would recognize him if he drove through the streets in the daytime. He had great difficulty in procuring a hansom cab. He finally found one who consented to give up his tenant for the evening for $10 down and a guarantee that it would be returned in order. Travers borrowed the man's clothes, put them on and sent his man after a high hat of his own which was most disreputable. Then he climbed up on the box, wrapped the blanket around his legs and waved his whip-lash in a charmingly professional manner. His friends applauded in dumb show from the club window, and he saluted them solemnly as he turned into the avenue.

He had not the least idea what the proper tariff of prices was, but as he had never hired a hansom cab driver who did, he did not allow this to disturb him. He felt rather all the more qualified to rob and blackmail his passengers. He was crawling along up the street when a gentleman came down the steps of a large private house, hailed him and jumped into the cab before it had stopped. Travers lifted the trap and said "Where to, sir?" to the top of the gentleman's high hat. The high hat turned and twisted, and the gentleman said:

"Broadway theatre in a hurry."

Travers had his own idea of a hurry. He hit the horse a vigorous lash across the hind, which caused it to start forward as suddenly that the fare inside was shot out over the dash, and Travers only saved himself from going over backward by clutching the reins. They reached the theatre in five minutes. The doors had just been opened.

"Well," said Travers, cheerfully, "I got you here in time to avoid the rush, anyway."

"How much" said the fare.

"Oh, anything you please for myself," said Travers, "and five dollars regular fare."

"Five what?" gasped the stranger.

"Five dollars," said Travers; "what do you expect to pay for a ride behind a racehorse like that? You said to hurry, and didn't hurry! Will cost me five dollars to doctor that horse up, as it is. I can't use him no more to-night."

"Well, I won't pay it," said the gentleman, indignantly; "it's robbery, and I'll take your number. It's downright extortion."

Travers calmly unwrapped his blanket, stuck his whip in its socket and prepared to descend. Over two dozen men gathered around the gentleman, some of them telling him to have the driver arrested so, the other half urging Travers "to take it out on him."

Travers merely went forward and patted his horse's legs tenderly, "Look at that," he said to the most offensive looking individual in the crowd; "look at that swelling in that leg. All through racing him for this man that calls himself a gentleman. Pretty gentleman he is, isn't he? Lasing a horse and trying to rob a poor driver of his fare. I guess I won't do this to that horse again for two days, and where's my earnings coming from while he's laid up? That's what I want to know."

The offensive individual said the swelling was not at all evident to any one else, was the "worse he ever seen," and the crowd began to murmur indignantly.

The gentleman pulled out a roll of bills serenely, and gave a five dollar bill to Travers, who sighed as he took it.

"I'd like to punch your head for it," said Travers gloomily, but the gentleman did not wait, and Travers drove slowly away until the corner shut him out of sight, when he whipped his horse into a gallop.

"That's very good for a starter," said the amateur whip.

As the next corner two men, very much the worse for dining, waved at him, and fell and tumbled into the cab.

"Ah, a gentleman," Travers mentally, "this is where I live. I'll take every cent they've got."

"Where to?" he asked again.

"Wherever you please," shouted back one of the occupants, "and get there in a hurry!"

Travers drove them directly to the Thirtieth precinct police station, and called to the sergeant:

"Three men," said Travers, "took my cab at 4 this afternoon, and they've kept me ever since, and now they don't know where they want to go, and they won't get out or pay me my fare."

The two passengers, who had promptly fallen asleep as soon as they were settled in the cab, staggered drowsily into the station house, where the sergeant assigned them to two cells, took Travers' name and number and gave him $10 from the roll one of the men carried, which he declared was little enough for five hours' service.

"That dissipation will cost them quite a little sum," soliloquized Travers grimly; "it illustrates the evil effects of strong drink."

He was passing a too well known gambling house on Twenty-seventh street, which is well known to every one except the police, when a young gentleman he knew ran gleefully down the steps and hailed him. The youth's name was Forbes, and he came of rich but honest parents.

The boy told him to drive to Delmonico's, and Travers whipped up his horse.

"How much?" said young Mr. Forbes, grandly, pulling out a great wad of money compound of bills of large denomination.

"One dollar," said Travers. The youth handed him a twenty dollar bill.

"Can you change that?" he said; "it's the smallest I have."

"I'll keep the change, thank you, Mr. Forbes," said Travers calmly; "no, if you like, I'll drive up to your father's with you and get him to change it, and I'll tell him what good luck you had at the tables. He'll be so pleased."

"Confound you!" said the boy, growing pale, "my name's not Forbes. Give me back that money or I'll have you arrested."

"So, you won't, Mr. Forbes," said Travers, "or if you do I'll tell. I chose you'd better be me keep it, and when you go home tonight tell the governor all about it and promise him never to go there again. You've got off "mighty cheap as it is."

The young man glowered and swore under his breath, but Travers chirruped to his horse and started off gayly. He now needed $15 more and it was still early.

At Twenty-third street and the avenue a young man with a bag in his hand waved to him and he drew up to the curbing. Then a young girl stepped out of the shadow and sprang into the cab, and the young man followed her. He gave Travers an address up town, to which he drove quickly. "Strangers in the city," said Travers; "if I had any way of knowing who they were, so that I could get their money back, I'd pinch 'em."

The young man and the girl entered the house and remained there a few minutes. They came out looking greatly troubled, and the girl was crying. The young man gave him another address, and Travers made off for it. It was a house attached to a church. "They are a runaway couple and they are trying to get married," he said. They were apparently unsuccessful this time, for they came out again immediately, and the girl was sobbing bitterly.

"Can you tell me," said the young man with her, "do you happen to know of any clergyman who lives near here, or a justice, or some one who can perform a marriage ceremony?"

Travers whistled softly and gazed at the stars. "I know of one," he said, finally. "Get in."

They got in, and Travers drove them to the house of a young parson who was a friend of his and who had just been married.

"Tell this gentleman," said Travers, "that Mr. Cupidon Travers sent you to him. This Mr. Travers is a great swell and a friend of this clergyman, and his name goes, and"

The young man seemed somewhat surprised, but said nothing, and entered the house. When he came out he was smiling, and the girl was smiling too.

"I did as you said!" he exclaimed, "and if I had not in wouldn't have married us. There was no reason why he should wait, for we are both of age, and all that sort of thing. I'm very much obliged to you for your suggestion. I suppose this Mr. Travers is one of your regular patrons."

"I used to drive his first-born hansom," said Travers.

"We won't need you any more," said the young man, "and thank you again. Here's fifteen dollars; you can keep the change."

Mr. Travers raced back to the club with his $60 and told his story, which was fortunately believed. Then he enclosed the different sums he had taken to the address from which his first fare had descended, to the addresses on the police blotter, and to the home of Mr. Forbes. The last $15 he kept. "I earned that," he said.

He won $200 on the bet, and the next day the cabman whose hansom he had borrowed sent him a polite note from the Tombs, where he had been taken charged with extortion and blackmail.

"Sure enough," said Travers gloomily; "I forgot that cab had a number."

The driver's bail bond amounted to just $500, and Travers paid it, and then, in four hot his protege should skip his bond, he promised him a regular engagement for each day of the three months' probation. As he does not need the hansom more than three or four times a week, he finds it a bit expensive; but the other men are using it freely. It promises to cost Travers about $600 before the three months are up.—New York Sun.

Talleyrand's Views on Society.

The power of what is called "society" in France was prodigious during the years which preceded the revolution, and even throughout the whole of the last century. Those light and varied forms which are peculiarly its own have probably hindered our historians from tracing the origin and following up the effects of this outcome of modern civilization. I have often thought of it. The following are my views in this connection. In these countries where the origin of the present forms of government is lost to view in the mist of ages, the influence of "society" must needs be immense. Where, on the contrary, the constitution is but of yesterday, and, consequently, still present before men's eyes, this influence is null. Thus it is that Athens and Rome in ancient times, England and the United States of America in our own day, have had and have no "society."—Talleyrand's Memoirs of Century.

Homes Don't Dry Bread.

Paris was treated to a queer sight the other day—the arrest of a man who had stolen five score sheets of cakes, and yet who was fourteen months, crusts and other decoratives, all green him for gallantry on the field of battle. Such losses are plenty, but the weapons made go raised and hungry. Hitherto Paris Press.

A German invented the art of printing, but Americans have brought the steam printing press to perfection. The Rios company have extensive works in London as well as in the United States, and the senior member of the firm has just returned home after arranging to Americanize the forms of the leading London dailies. They are adopting the American presses, and will shortly issue one with many paged editions like our Sunday papers. Mr. Hoe's presses have revolutionized the methods of printing English newspapers three times within thirty years.

Put down in your memory this saying of Abraham Lincoln: "I shall try and correct the errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views as fast as they shall appear to be true views."

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Post Office at Salt Lake City, Utah, January 31, 1891, which, if not called for within two weeks, will be sent to the Dead Letter Office at Washington, D. C.

LADIES' LIST.

Anderson Miss Tillie J. Jerome Margaret
Allen Mrs M G Lindemann Miss Anna
Adams Mrs Ella Lowder Mrs Ella K
Adams Miss Laura B Lindgreen Mrs Chas
Anderson Miss Mary Lundin Mrs C
Johnson Mrs Margaret Lundstrom Mrs Sophia
Parson Miss Della Maher Miss Theresa
Barney Mrs Emma Morton Miss Anna
Bailey Miss Rose Mulligan Miss
Barnett Mrs Jesse Miller Mrs D W
Bennion Miss Martha Morgan Jennie
Bowman Miss Clara O'Neil Miss Mary
Bailey Mrs Ellen Shurtz Mrs Mary
Blackwood Miss Pearl Pearson Mrs T
Bates Miss Aileen Reynolds Miss Nettie
Bates Mrs Nora Rebecca Sarah
Bates Mrs Mattie Richards Sarah
Bates Mrs George Richard Miss Lizzie
Cook Mrs C A Rogers Miss Anna
Cook Mrs Anna M Rollins Mrs B
Carney Mrs J Rowe Mrs E
Cooley Mrs J J Stone Mrs F
Cooper Mrs Lydia Stone Mrs Ella
Clark Miss Mattie J Sharp Miss Mary
Clark Mrs Y A Stewart Mrs
Christensen Mrs T Sears Mrs E
Carriage Mrs Ed Schmidt Miss
Davis Mrs Belle Stanquist Mrs Peter
Douglas Miss Alice Stewart Miss Lena
Dunbar Miss Mary Stevens Mrs G
Davis Mrs Kate J Sessions Mrs E
Dunbar Mrs A Sessions Mrs E
Davis Miss Susan Smith Mrs Fidelia J
Dennis Mrs Hannah Smith Mrs Fidelia J
Dowdle Mrs Catherine Thomas Miss Ella
Dunn Mrs Susan Thomas Miss
Fowler Mrs Julia Walker Mrs Hettie
Foss Mrs Wallace Mrs
Green Miss Kate Wilkins Miss Mary
Green Mrs Anna J Webb Mrs W W
Hill Mrs Mary J Wilson Mrs N J
Hoagland Miss Maggie Wilkins Miss
Hopping Mrs J Wagner Mrs E
Hill Miss Ella Wilson Mrs
Jones Mrs Emily Wrong Mrs H
Johnson Miss Lydia Young Mrs
Jay Mrs Myrtus Yard Minnie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Anderson P A Fake Michael Hassett Isaac
Anderson Jno J Fred Fred Hoffman Jno
Anderson Mr Fred W S Haupin W J
Allen Jno Fisher Jno Hoffman Jno
Andel Angel Foster Fred H Hammond J
Andel Angel Fox Fred Hoffman Jno
Atwell Boy Foster F Hanson Oscar
Anderson A C Fuller W W Hoffman Jno
Anderson A C Fuller Geo W Hoffman Jno
Anderson A P Fuller Geo W Hoffman Jno
Anderson A P Greenwood Lee Hoffman Jno
Bradley A Gardner J H Gibbs Geo
Bradley Al Gilmore Hallet Hoffman Wm
Bailey Jno Gibbs Geo Hoffman Jno
Black & Drake Gibbs Wm J Hoffman Jno
Bailey Mr Gibbs Thos Hoffman Jno
Bailey Mr Gibbs Thos Hoffman Jno
Bailey Mr Gibbs Thos