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BY AND BY.

By and by we'll leave each other,
As we never have before,
When the tide of life is breaking,
And the shadows fall adore.

By and by we'll cross the river,
Enter in the Golden Gates,
Hear the strains of angel music
softly falling on the ear.

When the night fall that hides us
Pass on deep and dark before,
Shall be dawn with heaven,
We shall meet them face to face.

By and by our cares and sorrows
Pass the heart and trouble
And our souls shall rise triumphant
When the veil is rent in twain.

When grim death shall come our throughfare
Call,
And our dear ones pass away
While our hearts are torn with anguish
At the thought that we must part,
How our souls whisper softly,
"Twill be better by and by."

—E. G. Jones in Pittsburg Bulletin.

WOMAN AND HOME.

ADVICE ON HOME CULTURE TO GIRLS WHO LIVE ON THE FARM.

The Morning Meal—Where Are the Most Beautiful Women?—Children in Company—The Eldest Sister—Woman's Greatest Charm—Household Notes.

Some of the farmers' girls are imbibing the idea that they are cast in a somewhat finer mold than their "brothers," and have minds capable of higher culture than they can find in the dairy, with its cream pots and churning pans, or in the chicken yard, to accompaniment of solid cackling and doughy time; an intellect too promising to be bound down to the homespun existence of the ordinary country housewife. Don't forget, girls, that the mind is "the soul's inner temple," and a pure heart, free from selfish desires, ambitious discontent, impure thoughts, malice and envy, is sure to develop to a considerable extent in a cultured and to be found in books or in the highest sort of learning—a heart refinement—which presents of circumstances, poverty or seclusion from the great world can never effect.

Where will you find anything which will more strongly appeal to your love of the beautiful than the scenes to be found around and near every country home, or where can you find a more sweet taste for music better than to listen to a concert from the trees near your home every morning? Perhaps the advantages of a college or normal school training may not be within your reach, but few families are so poor they cannot afford an occasional good book or one or more of the standard periodicals.

Most farmers of the present day recognize the importance of keeping up with the times, and think it poor economy to do without papers and books, especially those containing information on their line of business. So, with an earnest desire for improvement, it is possible to educate one's self to a great extent. I don't mean that it is undesirable or unadvisable for all who can to procure a thorough education, but there are many so placed that a common school education is all that is within their reach. But those who have their homes to go to the city to become "nobodies" or shopgirls, thinking they are so much more cultured, higher place of society than they find in their quiet country homes, with the plain, unpretentious and apparently unaspiring people and homedrum round of work, are making a great mistake, as they will find sooner or later.

A contented spirit, and a feeling of having done the commonplace, every day duties thoroughly and well, coupled with an endeavor to take advantage of every opportunity of self culture within reach, cannot fail of good results. Some of the most noted women I have ever met were those who had improved their chances and educated themselves in this way.—Cor. Springfield Homestead.

The Morning Meal.

It is generally allowed now that the most important meal of the day is breakfast, that a wholesome breakfast taken regularly is of more value than a dozen prescriptions for keeping up the strength and fortifying all the members of the family against those liabilities to contagious disease from the horse cars and other kinds of exposure attendant upon a day's routine. And yet breakfast is apt to be the meal which receives the least careful attention. Take the average home of moderate income, and this is certainly the case. If there is a cook, matters are little better, for in this case they will have a full of late, which is sure to grow tiresome. If one is absolutely sure of finding brown bread every Sunday morning, then, no matter how good it is, one soon gets tired of it. The most delicate griddle-cakes are favorites if served morning after morning.

The most important point in regard to breakfasts is to have them varied from week to week, so that one may not know what to expect. This makes it incumbent upon mistress or housekeeper to pay some attention to the morning meal. "Breakfasts are the plague of my life," said a young married woman, who kept only one servant, and who found it happened regularly that she would get almost to sleep after an early spell at baking pies, when the dreadful question, What are we going to have for breakfast? would interfere with her peaceful slumber.

The result each morning would be anything but satisfactory and no one would be to blame. She found this trouble regulated some way, as both she and her husband had been accustomed to finger over delightful breakfasts in their own homes. Her girl was just an ordinary cook, so after working out a great variety of lists of dishes suitable for breakfast, including those simple dishes which seem in the early day to be the most relishing, she took pains to see herself that each one was cooked as she desired the first time each was tried.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Where Are the Most Beautiful Women?

The American writes as if their women were a galaxy of loveliness, and then comes a military critic (Knight) who only sees three pretty women in the States, and one of them was a foreigner. There is no knowing what to believe when patriotism boasts of the local belle. Are the women of Attica really more lovely than their neighbors? Is "Land Ayr" peculiar beyond the vale and Maybole for the possession of bonnie lasses? Were the women of Tamagra prettier than those of Thebes? Or do they now their reputation to the local school of artists? Are Irish complexions and Irish eyes the particular inventions of Hibernian patriotism? Are all Lancashire witches more bewitching than those of Gloucester?

These questions can never be satisfactorily answered. Perhaps it might pay an American journal to send a commissioner to beauty all around the world, one who should give a comprehensive and unbiased opinion. But it would be difficult for the world to believe in his judicial fairness, and no really scientific result could be obtained. At home we may all look alike to us and ask where beauty flourishes more. Now it may be a heresy, but we think that the beautiful observer will find beauty most common among the young workwomen and shopgirls on the sea-board, and among "the highest circles"—the oldest families—on the other.—London News.

Children in Company.

Every one understands the way to build a fire better than the one who is doing it. So no one in the world understands managing children so well as the people who have none.

"Why is it," we asked in a paper not long ago, "that mothers do not discipline children more in private, so that the effects of this discipline may be apparent when guests are present?" The writer of the above quoted article then proceeded to relate her and harrowing experience while calling upon a mother with six children, and that the conversation was constantly interrupted by "Sadie, Sadie, Nellie, don't darling," or "Tommy, don't stick at the table," until finally the visitor felt, feeling her time had been wasted, and if the mother had taught the children to behave beforehand it would have been better all around.

Now it is a self evident fact that the writer of all this has no children, else she would undoubtedly have disposed of such chief actors into them as soon as company appears on the scene. And a certain desire to "show off" also runs counter due to their hearts. And all the lines upon lines, precepts upon precepts, here a little and there a rule dull, are one and all forgotten or defied.

As far as possible it is well to resist the temptation to take children into a room with company. Of course they are the conceitedest and spiteful things in the world, you think, but they will appear to much better advantage all around if they are kept in the background. Oh, I know this style is a hard one, but it will be infinitely better for the children and better for the mother, and perhaps more agreeable to the visitor, who may not be interested in chronic out of pictures.—L. E. Chittenden in Housewife.

The Elder Sister.

How much the world owes to the elder sister in the home. Often while yet the family was in limited circumstances she has had to hold and take care of younger brothers. And if there is anything that makes my sympathy is to a little girl carrying around a great heavy child, and getting her care heard because she cannot keep him quiet. I remember time also poor young woman, so pale and worn out, and her attractiveness has been sacrificed on the altar of unduly fidelity, and she is consigned to spiteful, ugly, and ill-bred boy by an indifferent mother, but in heaven they will call Mother. In most families the two most admirable places in the record of life are the first and last—that, the first because she is worn out with the cares of a home that cannot afford to hire help, and the last because she is spoiled as a pet.

Among the greatest mysteries that every through the streets of heaven will be those occupied by sisters who sacrificed themselves for brothers. They will shine the East of Apocalypse white brows, and many who on earth looked down upon them will have to turn out to let them pass. And this leads me to the thought, Let sisters not begrudge the time and care bestowed on a brother. It is hard to believe that any boy you know will not be you do your mother can ever turn out anything very useful. Well, he may not be a Moses. There is only one of that kind needed for 4,000 years, and I tell you he had your trouble will be either a blessing or a curse to society, and a candidate for happiness or wretchedness. He will, like Moses, have the choice between enjoying living ease, and your influence will have much to do with his decision.—Dr. Talmage in Ladies' Home Journal.

Woman's Greatest Charm.

Woman's greatest charm to me is that evanescent of spirit which is to be found not in the evidence and interpretation of a woman's face, but in the indefinable spirit of age, but in a moment of mutual heart and wide and eye experience, who has attained to the fullness of perfect love, one whose experience has brought her knowledge of sharp sorrows of life, whose gentleness of spirit and kindness of heart belief not knowingly to wound or give offense to any one, and who has lost and unfortunate prevent her from doing it unwittingly, whose well balanced judgment and keen discrimination, allied to native intuition, leads her instinctively to do the right thing at the right time and in the right way; one who has passed through the valley of deep suffering and the crucibles of hardship, yet whose indomitable spirit and unflinching courage have been strengthened rather than crushed or weakened thereby, who, having been wealthy, is able to make intelligent comparison and profit by the lesson; one whose stout heart and unswerving faith in control rather enable her to look calmly and confidently upward, and to go steadily onward in whatsoever path of duty may lie before her, patiently awaiting the glorious dawn of the day, when, having been healed by the coming day.—Charles H. Hopes in New York Press.

How Women Vote.

A woman's election is about as much like a man's as a cowbird is like a thrush's eggs. A woman voter is not shut up in a little booth and made to swear to her age and a lot more about things. If she were there would not be so many votes at the election. No, they sit in a big circle about the table where the votes are counted, all in their prettiest gowns and gayest bonnets, while her "sweetheart" lip about passing the slips and collecting the votes all in graceful dignity and order. To look in for a minute you would never dream how much lobbying and wire pulling the women are equal to when they want to get a friend elected. It isn't necessary to close all the shops when women have an election, and the money influence in certain directions would be tremendous. If my eight related men would look in for a minute upon the pretty scene at one of the meetings of heroes he would go away feeling that the chariot and the whole ticket after all to give women the suffrage, only of course, he would have made a mental reservation restricting his own wife and daughters from voting.—New York Sun.

He Would Not Write.

She—You will write to me when you're away, won't you, dearest?

He (who has been had up for breach of promise)—I—I think not, darling. Pen, ink and paper strike me as being much too prosaic, and instead of expressing the burning love I feel for you, pet. Wait till I return, my own, and then I will pour into your charming ear my destitute devotion!

She (pettingly)—But you're going away for six months!

He—Yes, darling; so I sh—I have all the more to say when I return!—London Tit-Bits.

SHE JUMPED AT CONCLUSIONS.

This Woman Has a Good Reason for Doubting Circumstantial Evidence.

"I don't believe in circumstantial evidence!" cried the exasperated I had with it," said a very prim, angular looking woman to a companion on the elevated. "Just let me tell you. You know Miss H——, don't you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, she came to see me on Wednesday evening about three weeks ago, and we had a nice little chat together, and made arrangements to go to a concert the next week and it being quite late before she went we joked some about the late hours we were keeping.

"Now, just a week from that night I, not having seen her since, sent her a short note, heading it 'My dear friend,' and in the note itself reminded her of the concert, telling her to be sure and call for me, and also making some reference to the lovely time we had last Wednesday night, but I didn't sign my full first name, but just J. H——, and in addressing the envelope put my friend's initial in the same way. Well, by some mistake or other that letter got sent to 121 West —— street instead of 121 East —— street, where it seems there was a family of the same name as my friend.

"The man of the house got it and thrust it into his pocket, and there his wife found it, and as it happened that he had been out the very Wednesday evening I referred to in my letter, she jumped to the conclusion that her husband had been making love to some other woman, and as my address was in the note she rushed around to my flat at ——, —— street, and raised there the speaker's voice sank to a whisper and her friend looked horrified. All this happened while I was down at the school.

"She wept, told the janitor and the other tenants that I had been stealing her husband, and then went out on the sidewalk, called for the police and shrieked and threatened me with all sorts of things, to the great delight of all the neighbors, of course. At last the janitor got rid of her, told her I was a teacher in a public school and gave her the number of the school and sent her around to find me, and so that afternoon she walked into my classroom and asked for Miss H——, and just as the principal happened to be in the room too.

"Of course I didn't know what was the matter, and I said 'that's my name.' Then she glared at me for about a minute without saying a word, and then she said again, 'This is Miss H——?' I said 'Yes; what do you want?'

"She commenced to abuse me like a pickpocket; said I had stolen her husband, and taking a letter from her pocket and holding it up before me said, 'Look, I have the proof.' I said 'That's a letter I wrote to my friend. How did you get it?' And then she shrieked, 'I am his wife and found it in his pocket,' and then burst into tears.

"I tried to explain, but the more I explained the more mixed up I got, but just then who should come in but Miss H——, and between the two of us we convinced the old fool that I had not stolen her husband and had no intention of stealing him, and at last she departed, looking as if a world of sorrow had been lifted from her heart, and perhaps it had.

"Of course I told all my friends the facts of the case, but some of the people in the neighborhood—whom I don't know and therefore cannot explain to—always smile as if they guess an awful lot. I hate such people, don't you?

"Twenty-third street!" yelled the guard, and the two old maids departed, leaving me to ponder upon the uncertainties of circumstantial evidence.—New York Recorder.

Didn't Know Ethel Was Married.

Ethel is seven years of age and lives in an aristocratic Boston suburb. Betty is the family cat, and when she becomes the proud mother of four or five little puff balls they usually first see the light in the stable.

The last litter appeared not long ago and Betty found a very comfortable place for them in the family sleigh. They made such a pretty sight that Ethel was taken out by her aunt to look at them.

"Oh, the pretty kittens," she cried. "Whose are they?"

"Why," remarked Aunt Emma, "those are Betty's new ladies."

"Oh, auntie, that can't be," said the seven year old, with wondering surprise in her bright blue eyes. "Don't you know that Betty isn't married!"—Boston Herald.

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Waiting to Assist.

New Son-in-law—Above! You remember, Mr. Oldchapp, you said that after we were married you would assist me in the matter of furnishing a home.

Mr. Oldchapp—Certainly, my boy, certainly. Come around the corner with me and I'll introduce you to a friend of mine who is in the installment business.—New York Weekly.

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EASTERN NIGHT TRAIN. No. 1—For Ogden, Salt Lake, Grand Junction, Denver and points East ... 10.00 p.m.

WESTERN DAY TRAINS. No. 3—For Ogden, Salt Lake and points West ... 12.30 a.m. No. 5—For Ogden, Salt Lake and points West ... 12.30 p.m. No. 7—For Ogden, Salt Lake and points West ... 6.00 p.m. No. 9—For Ogden, Salt Lake and points West ... 6.00 a.m. No. 11—For Ogden and the West ... 12.15 p.m. No. 13—For Ogden and the West ... 12.15 a.m.

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DEPART. For all points East ... 7.00 a.m. For Butte, Portland, San Francisco and points North ... 12.30 noon. For Carbon, Eastern Utah and intermediate points ... 7.00 a.m. For Ogden and points North ... 12.30 noon. For Carbon and Provo ... 4.00 p.m. For Ogden, Logan, Pocatello, Butte and points North ... 4.00 p.m. For Ogden, Logan, intermediate points ... 6.00 p.m. For Carbon and Provo ... 10.00 a.m. For Ogden and points North ... 10.00 a.m. For Ogden, Logan, Pocatello, Butte and points North ... 7.00 p.m.

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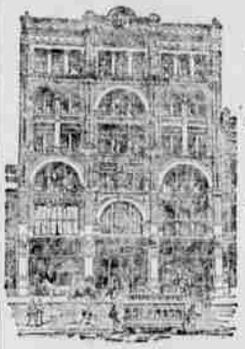

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