THE DEAD SON.

The boy was in the clay,
The mother was weeping still
From dawn to evening gray
When dawn came found she the hill
Between the dawn and dark,
The eight-mile day between,
Almost the eldest son of milk
Oh, what is life unseen for!

He did not lift the lace,
He came without a sound,
He stood within a moment's pause,
A space of holy ground.
His calm eye was in his feet,
All of the fight was gone,
The gold curls were soft and sweet
That she was used to wear.

Before his feet of clay
Were wounds within the side,
His brow, as white as milk,
Did show a greater dignity.
"Mother, mother," he said,
"Your tears have gone out through
And come from the dead
To cry and comfort you.

"The other children stay,
But when I could return,
Oh, mother, I fear from far away
The crying of your mind
Had been so heavy as had
Caused me to come
Oh, mother, mother, mother," he said,
"I pray you not to weep."

The pot sank and the chair
Close, and her hands was gone
She rose and set the window back
And walked out in the dawn.
She saw the second dawn,
And made the fire to burn,
But she did not weeping from and sin,
God comfort them that mourn.
—Kalamazoo Gazette in Baltimore Observer.

THE JOLLY MANDARIN.

Before Clementine went down to Milltown for the summer she made up her mind that she would bend all her energies to wheedle Aunt Phebe out of the old blue ginger jar that Uncle Julius had brought home from China, little thinking that the old aunt eyed, fat and solemnly would take such a powerful interest in her joys and sorrows.

The old blue jar had perched for many years on the corner of the high mantelpiece in the old fashioned country parlor, and Aunt Phebe knew that if she gave it to Clementine she would have a dreadfully lonesome feeling every time she stood on a chair to dust the old clock, the shells, the peddler vases, the feather fans and other souvenirs of its lofty abode. But Clementine was an accomplished wheedler, and the fond old aunt finally said she might have her wish.

When Aunt Phebe gave over to Clementine outright and title to the old blue jar, Randall was leaning in the window and idly sifting rose leaves from the old climbing vine through the meshes of his tennis racket. He sympathized with her lively admiration for the unique antique in china, and was glad that she had attained her heart's desire; but a more absorbing interest possessed his manly breast.

Clementine was going home in the morning, and he had been trying in vain for several days to get the feeble courage of his ardent convictions up to the declarative point. She was such a lively, fun loving girl, and he was such a shy, so much intensely serious business. Several times Randall fancied he had found her in a sober and properly receptive frame of mind, when, with a trifling jest, she would detach his intention and put the little god to flight.

Now, however, when the shut eyed mandarin on the blue jar winked at him through the vines, Randall said to himself emphatically:

"Well, old boy, that's the very thing! Thank you for the bright idea! Are they all as clever as you are over in China?"

That night, in his room under the eaves, he constructed an eloquent letter to Clementine, and in the early morning sneaked into the parlor and deposited it in the robust bosom of the old blue mandarin.

"If she finds it before she goes home it is all right," said the timorous, adoring fellow; "and if she doesn't find it until afterward it will be all right too."

But the mandarin felt a little funny that day; so when Clementine packed her trunk he inspired her to stuff the ginger jar full of her silken hose, that the precious article might take no risks of breakage in its voyage. So, when Randall parted from her at the station she made no sign of knowing anything in particular, and his hopeful heart decided that she would surely find the letter when she reached home, and he would then hear from her.

Now Clementine was a girl who always had a great many things on her mind, and when she had unpacked the treasured jar and placed it on a dainty table in her pretty parlor—with a self congratulatory thought that it was so respectable to have things that one's relatives had brought from China—she wisely forgot the letter in her old blue mandarin and on his breast. She missed her silken hose, of course, and pestered Aunt Phebe with messages about them.

In Milltown, as you may imagine, Randall waited for the answer to his letter. Awhile he waited patiently, then impatiently awhile, and then dived into his law books with that "composure of settled distress" which lovers have known in every age and clime. He did not dream that the shut eyed mandarin would be guilty of the ungentlemanly trick of intercepting a love letter.

But the fun loving mandarin knew what he was about. He was not without experience in these matters, and he wanted to punish Clementine a trifle, and bring her to the proper condition of seriousness.

And Clementine was feeling the situation with all the sober sense that was desirable. She had suspected all summer that Randall had a tender feeling for her which she felt qualified to reciprocate, but she was a proud girl, and would not by a single weight, influence his hesitance of his attentions. Therefore, behind her smiles, she had been not a little wounded that he had allowed her to come home without having given expression to his sentiments.

So she, too, now took on a sober consistence and fondled thought and regret by leaving several new clothes and folding sentimentally in two or three more charitable repositories.

Just before Christmas Randall one day experienced in his mind a sort of impulsive intuition—perhaps direct from the shut eyed mandarin, who knew what he might hear or something to his advantage if he should go down to the city and call upon Clementine, on after some little reflection on the message, he found himself thither.

He was graciously received by Clementine—that is, graciously enough for a young man who had played the rôle with her in juvenile affections—and he seated himself in a cozy chair near the pretty table which held his old friend—the blue jar.

As he talked with Clementine—a little constraint being apparent on both sides—he toyed with the lid of the jar, and the shut eyed mandarin appeared to wink at him three times very knowingly.

Under some occult but imperative pressure Randall removed the lid and touched with his finger the blank texture of some mysterious contents.

Curiously further constrained, then, and he pulled from the bosom of the one polished mandarin a pale blue article of singular description for a parlor ornament, and following it, he extricated a pale pink strip of similar shape and structure.

Turning to Clementine for explanation of these unknown appurtenances, he found her questions with wild and astonishment, and, enclosed in a wild gesture, she seized the old blue jar and hurried from the room.

Randall sniffed the first vial, and felt, refreshing souls that he had indulged in for several months, and toured the pigtail of the old shut eyed that he would stay rooted to the spot until Clementine returned.

What she said to the genius of the jar as she threw up shutes with it only the mandarin can reveal.

As Randall paced the parlor, pulling his mustache and wondering if Clementine's keen sense of humor would carry safely through the trying hour, she came abandonedly into the room, bearing in one hand the blinking old mandarin, and in the other the pleading lover in bad form as long laid in blueberry old hosiery.

Randall met the dear girl more than half way, and as she whispered gently on his shoulder, he promised never, never, never to tease.

And when they were married, if you believe me, this ridiculous old ginger jar accompanied them on their wedding trip, and Randall packed the beam of the grotesque mandarin full of Clementine's bridal roses, there to fade, and there forever to remain.

Now, as the fall came and Clementine never told, the entire responsibility of this revolution lies between you and me and the ginger jar.—Emma Carleton in Romance.

Excess Being Worked by Electricity.

An interesting trial has been made in Germany with silk weavers' looms worked by electricity. By a cable of 110 feet in length, a one horse power electric steam motor, with 190 volts and four amperes, was put in motion, and the transmission for the weavers' looms was restricted for a commutator to seventy-two revolutions. The weavers' looms were put in motion, the result, as stated, being that the working by electricity was more satisfactory than that by means of caloric engines or gas motors, and that the swinging masses, otherwise necessary for the working on a small scale, can be dispensed with.

The German papers think the results named show that home industry could easily be made to flourish by the transmission of electric power, and that all the uses to electricity can be transmitted equally well over any distances. Further trials in this direction are being made also with long running dynamo machines, without the use of the commutator, for some loams even without winding; therefore, with direct impression of the electric motor at the loom by friction rollers, etc.

Closing a Horse Sale at an English Fair.

It is somewhat amusing to watch a couple of dealers or a dealer and some thrift old farmer on the point of completing a bargain. The intending purchaser has cautiously gone over the points of the horse—lifting its feet one after another to inspect the hoofs, examining its teeth to make sure of forage, and finally watching it trot and gallop down the field. As the animal is being led back at a walking pace the farmer turns slowly round. The dealer's hand goes up in the air—"Twenty-five pound for the word." "Twenty-four," says the farmer sluggishly. "Split the difference—twenty-four ten and she's yours." "Done, then!"

The dealer spits in his palm, and the two men's hands come smack together, the bargain being completed by that occult proceeding. Forthwith the money is paid, the expectant groom receives his "consideration," and the steed is led away by its new owner.—Chambers' Journal.

About Cracks.

"Speaking of cracks," said Mr. McMillin, of Tennessee, "it would almost seem that to accomplish anything remarkable in this world it is necessary to be—how shall we call a 'crank,' That is, a man must become a specialist. But does it pay? Is it the best use a man can be put to? Is it the ideal of intellectual manhood?

"I have a cousin in Tennessee who is a harmless crank. He has been loafing with the sun and the rains of day until he seems to be pretty well known by the experts even here in New York. He put his name in the light shade of the 'O' on a watch dial so it could not be seen with the naked eye.

"He made a chronometer so perfect that it can be put in the oven and baked, taken out and be frozen in an ice cream freezer, then boiled and during the entire process it would not only keep on running, but wouldn't vary a twentieth of a second in time."—New York Herald.

Awkward Occurrences at Court.

Awkward contretemps happen at court sometimes, as well as everywhere else. Years ago one of the Earls of Gainsborough, who had the habit of kicking his shoes off at dinner, had done it, as usual, and when the queen rose to leave the room he found under the table to try and recover them, but in vain, and he was obliged to get up and open the door for her majesty in his stocking feet.

Another thing happened not long ago, but the name of the unlucky man will not be given. Somebody was entertaining one of the princesses at dinner with a good story, at which she laughed heartily, and the queen turned and asked what she was so amused at. The story (who repeated it of course, but it was not accounted of) said the queen said, in a very severe way, "We are not at all pleased," and left the table.—London Tit-Bits.

Short Selling a Young.

The clerks differ from the "out" sometimes. A certain lapsed gentleman selling, the stock has been drifting and selling off, for six cents, in addition to the customary of the cents, a lowball called the "jib." The stock, all or part, bought, and the jib, which is some sales the word, but the jib has the reverse effect and tends to force the boat off and away from the wind. These sails, if properly proportioned, raise the yacht to keep a straight course, to steer easily and to sail without burying her head, for the jib, like the bow, and the mainsail, being set back near the middle of the boat, does not force her "down by the head" as the bow and mainsail do. In selling a stock, however, great care must be exercised, for this little jib is a treacherous sail and will lead you into trouble if you do not understand its peculiar tricks.

The rules for stock selling are briefly these: Before "young stock" sail off the jib, before coming to anchor or reaching up to a mooring cover the jib, when a squall strikes cast off the jib. In this, put rid of the jib first and work your boat with mainsail alone in all ever gentles that occur when sailing to windward. In running before a strong wind a reefed mainsail and a reef jib go best results, and shape rule better than cutting when running free, because the jib contributes the tendency to luff, to slow head and to tell, all of which tends are your power in the fickle breezes.

Observe the rule at all times when selling a steep. Never fasten the jib on that it cannot instantly be cast off. Fastened jib sheets cause nearly all the upsets with novices in the art of selling.—F. W. Pangborn in St. Nicholas.

Spectacles or Tongs.

They tell a good story of Chief Justice Fuller, of the supreme court of Maine, one of the brightest and wittiest ornaments of the bench in that state or any other.

While the judge was still a practicing lawyer he had for a client a farmer named Hanscom, who, though he was well past middle age, had the serious misfortune among Maine farmers of his age that he was as yet unable to read and write, and had been in a growing field with the last of them.

One day the farmer came into the judge's office to look at some papers which had been prepared for the signature, and as he picked up the first one he began to adjust it to the manner sometimes spoken of by those who use glasses and similar items as "nose-spectacles."

The judge noticed the action and, recalling that the farmer was holding the paper pretty well at arm's length, asserted pleasantly:

"Your eyesight seems to be failing a little, Mr. Hanscom." "Yes, will have to get a pair of spectacles."

"Got a bit of it," growled the old farmer; "not a bit of it. My eyes are good as I ever was. I don't want 'spectacles' for a good many years yet."

"All right," said the judge; "you'll have to get a pair of tongs then."—Detroit Free Press.

A Spoiled Child.

"English children are so much more civilized than ours," said an American mother seen. "I wonder why it is."

"It is undoubtedly because they are kept in the nursery and do not come into prominence at so early an age as ours do. The other day in a local restaurant I saw a round eyed darling with her sheer, golden hair duffed around her winsome face, her sister, a little older, had pinched back added to her phenomenal appearance. Almost all the men passing by stopped to speak to her. She was the delighted recipient of nickels, cards and kisses, and she took it all with all the airs of a society girl. My hours noted, for she was getting all the sweet, dowdy freshness of childhood ruined off so early.

"Her father, standing near, encouraged her and laughed at her naive questions and replies. By and by the white capped nurse came on the scene and bore her child away, and she, both to have the scene of her triumphs ended, fell to kicking, kicking and screaming for some, while the men laughed heartily at this edifying spectacle.

"There are some wise mothers who discourage such behavior in their prominently, but they are lamentably few in number.—L. C. Chilhowlee in Kimewits.

The Smallest Crab.

One of the most singular looking creatures that ever walked the earth or "swam the waters under the earth" is the well known crab of Japan. Its body is hardly an inch in length, but the head is filled with a face which is the perfect counterpart of that of a Chinese coolie; a veritable missing link, with open eyes and a mouth clearly defined. This curious and unusual creature, besides the great liberties it bears to a human being in the matter of facial features, is provided with two legs, which each end in a foot, the top of its head and long down over the sides of its face. Besides these legs, two "feelers," each about an inch in length, grow from the "chin" of the animal, looking for all the world like a colonel's forked beard. These manbeard crabs fairly swarm in the inland seas of Japan.—St. Louis Republic.

Prussic Acid and Instant Death.

Prussic acid, it is suggested, causes a painless and immediate death, and is therefore preferable to electricity in closing the career of criminals. First make the condemned man sleep soundly with an anæsthetic, then a few drops of prussic acid injected into the jugular vein with a hypodermic syringe will cause instantaneous death.—Yankee Blade.

Not a Case for Treatment.

A stout, middle aged woman fell on a street in New York, and when some one attempted to raise her to her feet she groaned, with tears and groans, that her leg was broken. An ambulance was hastily summoned, the woman lifted tenderly in and taken to a hospital, when it was found that the broken limb was artificial.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Boy's Pass.

The majority of recent celebrations of the war's past—there is at about forty since per second, or nearly three times that rate, so far as we can learn.—New York Recorder.

Conversation stop ladies are to be used in the Belgian artillery, the object being to enable a commander to issue direct the fire of his guns.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of James Stokes, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned administrator of the estate of said deceased, has filed his final account and report of said estate, and petition for distribution of said estate, and that the Judge of said Court has appointed Monday, the 5th day of October, A.D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a.m. of said day, at the Court room of said Court, in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, as the time and place for hearing said account and petition, when and where all persons interested in said estate may appear and contest said final account and said petition.

Dated September 22, 1891.

JOHN C. CANNON, Clerk.

By C. S. ZERANDA, Deputy Clerk.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Lucky Bill Mining Company. Location of principal office, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Salt Lake City, Utah, July 11, 1891.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT, AT a meeting of the Board of Trustees held on the 11th day of July, 1891, an assessment of ten cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable on demand to the Secretary, with interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent per annum from the 11th day of July, 1891, and that any stock upon which this assessment shall be unpaid on the 11th day of August, 1891, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on the 11th day of September, 1891, at the hour of 2 o'clock p.m. of said day, at the office of the Secretary, in Salt Lake City, Utah, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expense of sale.

LUCKY BILL MINING COMPANY.

Office: 204 Dooly Block, Salt Lake City, Utah.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of John Gore, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNDERSIGNED, administrator of the estate of John Gore, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the date hereof, to the said administrator, at the office of Richards & Hardy, in Salt Lake City, Utah, in the county of Salt Lake.

Dated August 28th, 1891.

ELIZABETH A. GORE, Administrator of the estate of John Gore, deceased.

NOTICE OF SALE UNDER DEED OF TRUST.

WHEREAS GEORGE A. SCHAF AND Ella L. Schaf, husband and wife, of Salt Lake City, Utah, by their mortgage or deed of trust, duly acknowledged and recorded in the office of the County Recorder of Salt Lake County, Utah, on the 3rd day of April, A.D. 1890, in Book 17 of Mortgages, page 185, to secure the payment of one certain promissory note therein described, in favor of the undersigned, the Deseret National Bank, a corporation, and to secure the payment of such other sum or sums of money as might become due to said bank under the terms of said mortgage, conveyed to Jesse W. Fox, Jr., the following described property, situate in Salt Lake County, Utah Territory, to wit: [illegible] and WHEREAS default has been made in the payment of said note and mortgage, and the same have become wholly due and payable, and the undersigned, the legal owner and holder of said note and mortgage, has duly made and filed with the said Jesse W. Fox, Jr., trustee aforesaid, his request in writing that he shall execute the trust in said mortgage or deed of trust mentioned, and WHEREAS the said Jesse W. Fox, Jr., trustee aforesaid, has duly made and filed his notice of intention to sell the said premises to satisfy said mortgage or deed of trust, and has duly published the same in the Salt Lake Herald, a newspaper published in Salt Lake County, Utah Territory, for the space of four weeks, and has duly posted the same in three public places in said Salt Lake County, Utah Territory, to the general knowledge of the people of said county, and WHEREAS the said Jesse W. Fox, Jr., trustee aforesaid, has duly made and filed his notice of the time and place of said sale, to wit, the 10th day of October, A.D. 1891, at the hour of 11 o'clock a.m. of said day, at the Court House in said Salt Lake County, Utah Territory, in the usual place for such sales