HOW HE WON HER.

"It was in the year 1859 that I came to Cleveland and became employed in a hardware store on Superior street. I became acquainted with a worker lady who kept a few boarders on what is now known as Euclid avenue.

"My landlady was accomplished and had evidently seen better days, but the death of her husband left her in reduced circumstances. She had two daughters, both lively, intelligent and possessed of graces that only come from association with the better class of society. They were of extremely gay disposition, and I had not been at the house a month before I was hopelessly in love with Fanny, the elder, and though at times her manner toward me was tender and encouraging she carefully avoided giving me an opportunity to be alone with her long enough to declare my passion.

"The winter had nearly passed, without finding me any farther advanced in my suit, until one night in February, after a heavy fall of snow, I asked Fanny to take a sleigh ride with me, to which she consented, and after tea I procured an high stepping a pair of horses around to front to the city, drove up to the house of my affinity, and in a few minutes we were whirling away out on the Cleveland and Medina turnpike. I had taken this road partly because it led toward my old home, and also owing to its being less traveled at night than the other thoroughfares leading from the city, and we were not likely to be interrupted in our ride or conversation. The night was just cool enough to make it necessary to place my arm around my companion, the horses were frisky, and the moon shone with that peculiar light which is produced by the reflection of the snow, unless it be that of a parlor lamp turned down so low that as an illuminator it is nearly useless.

"Through Brooklyn township we whirled out into the country, where the lights from the farmhouses became more scattered, and the baying of a watchdog was the only sound heard. Fanny, who had previously sung, laughed and chatted merrily on our ride, now became quiet. As we came to a rise in the road that showed a brief strip of two or three miles in length before us I said to myself, 'Before we have traveled the road now in view I will settle my fate and go home a happier or more miserable man.'

"Hardly had I come to this conclusion before I heard a jingler rushing sound behind us, and looking around could see a flock of sheep coming at full speed toward us, and behind them were two or three dogs, which accounted for the flight of the sheep, which would doubtless run for miles before stopping and cause their owner much trouble in hunting them up. But a bright thought came to me. Fanny was a city girl and had never seen a sheep save in the shape of cutlets or roast on her mother's table. I would indulge in a strategy of the kind which is considered fair in love or war. Lowering my voice to the note of the stage Jibbenainosy where he speaks of the death of his parents, wife and friends, I said, 'Fanny, my girl, are you brave—can you hear terrible news?' 'Why, Henry, what is the matter—what makes you so pale?' Assuming a more tragic voice I replied: 'Be firm, dearest—rely on me. We are followed by wolves. Look behind you and you can see the monsters, who are already thirsting for our blood.'

"She gave a hurried glance backward, heard the rushing sound of many feet, the deep breathing, which, when heard in the forests of the north, causes the wildest dismay, then drawing nearer to me said, 'I did not know there were any wolves so near the city, Henry.' 'Neither did I think there were any,' I replied, 'but it seems we were mistaken, for these behind us are of the gray species and most dangerous of any to meet. Driven by hunger, they have approached the settlements, and unless our horses can go to the stone tavern in Parma before we are overtaken we are lost.'

"As she juntures the old early horned loader, tired and out of wind from the long run, gave vent to a prolonged howl which was fearful enough to scare a girl less timid than Fanny. I waved on the horses' hits, flourished my whip frantically around them until they were excited and apparently doing their best to escape the fate behind them, but I was secretly holding them back to allow the wolves (?) to get closer. On came the bloody hords, panting for breath, nearer and nearer, until I began to throw out robes and blankets. 'These will keep them meeting a few minutes,' I said, 'and we may escape.' But the sleigh had no appetite for the robes and were close behind us.

"I arose in the sleigh, gave the reins to Fanny, saying, 'Drive for your life—I will sacrifice myself for you!' and made a movement as if to jump out of the sleigh. 'Never! Never!' she screamed. 'We will die together!' And she pulled me down beside her to await her fate. While this occurred I succeeded in obtaining a hasty kiss of Fanny, at the same time I was holding back the horses to let the pursuers go by. They come, the monsters separated and passed on the other side, while I held my fair one for her face that she might not see the dreadful description I had played upon her.

"She fainted the moment we were overtaken by the wolves, and, without trying to revive her, I turned the horses homeward, and only stopped to pick up the robes which had been thrown out to check the ferocious animals. After driving a mile or two my now affianced wife revived sufficiently to know that we were saved by a party of sleigh riders who met us just as we were surrounded. Though nervous and weak from the excitement, she recovered her buoyancy of spirits before we arrived home and had promised to keep our adventure a secret from all inquiries, for the rumor of the horses would change our a hearty prize if he knew to what tests his steeds had been put.' And that is my adventure with wolves and how I came to marry!

"But did your wife never find out the deception you practiced?" we asked the old settler as he laughed again while thinking of his harmless pranks.

"Not until eight years ago," he replied, "when I took one of it one evening when she was teasing."

"What did she say?"

"Not much—not very much," answered our old romancer, but, removing his hat, he showed us a triangular space upon his head, such as might have been made by a hot smoking iron, and with not a hair upon its surface. We thought Fanny was avenged.—Exchange.

THE LOST OLD LADY.

"Lost, an old lady of medium height, in a black lustrasine dress, black silk apron, plain white net cap, gold framed spectacles, which repose upon her soft white hair when not in active service; low shoes, which she calls 'Jefferson,' and is heard a 'rustling,' which holds her knitting and always some peppermint drops for her grandchildren. This old lady has a pink color upon her smooth cheeks and a smile upon her lips for every child whom she meets."

"What a charming old lady, and how sad that she should be lost!" the reader exclaims, only to glance down the column and learn that the missing lady is not the aged relative of any person in particular, but that the above is the announcement of the loss of the type of old lady-hood that blessed the childhood and youth of the writer. Lovely in the retrospect, as to the reality, was this universal grandmother, who, guiltless of false fronts or of the vagaries of fashion, was always to be found by her own fireside.

Here she turned the heels of successive stockings to be worn by the rising generation and sweetened their lives with half way rugelas of gingerbread and molasses candy, all undismayed by the discouraging admonitions of parents, who, in view of the throneen of dyspepsia, or the decrease of vitality among modern children, have issued a stern edict against all such nauseous delights of youth.

Admits of today, who have survived this older and more genial dispensation, can recall a childhood spent under the beneficent influences of the grandmother and the candy shop. They may prove by unanswerable logic that the growing child is better without the indulgent grandmother, and that the world has gained by the exchange of the old lady of the fireside for the active woman of society and of affairs, whose middle age is prolonged indefinitely, but who really believes them?

Without entering into the merits of this question, in which so more logicians they undoubtedly have the best of the argument, we still find ourselves unreasonably lamenting the passing away of a serene and comforting figure from the background of our too restlessly progressive age, the passing away of some one to go out from, some one to come home to, one around whom tall sons are proud to rally, and one to whom married daughters repair to secure with their offspring, feeling sure of a patient and sympathetic listener to the most incoherent nursery decalog.

One day in the busy crowd upon one of the thoroughfares of a great city I found myself following a tall, spare figure in plain bonnet, mantilla, stockings, sandals and all the other almost forgotten paraphernalia of old fashioned. There was a strange fascination about those severe and unadressed outlines which in some indefinite manner carried with them an atmosphere of tariff childish days, with their reliance of simple pleasures and sorrows dimmed and shadowed by distance.

I walked behind the figure, then beside it, longing to peer beneath the shuttering old fashioned bonnet to see whether the face of the wearer was grandmotherly and kind, just as the spectral young blades of the last century must often have longed to, and doubtless did sometimes, peep at the pretty Quaker faces beneath their judicially guarding evasions of pasteboard and silk that, kilkenny-like themselves, only served to make fair faces fairer.

The pursuit of a young and beautiful maiden is a trite enough subject, although it still forms the groundwork of most romances, but it has remained for a modern writer of fiction to shower on his theme the titles and disappointments of an elderly widower in search of an old lady to fill his heart and chase his fireside.

The chief difficulties of the hero of this ingenious tale, which appeared in a recent English monthly, were the dispiriting nature of his collar buttons and the irrepressible and discouraging youthfulness of the ladies whom he met at hotels and boarding houses, the discouragement lying in the fact that they made this modern Goliah appear old by comparison.

One night in the excitement of a fire in the hotel where he was stopping there emerged from her apartment, in a nondescript costume of nightcap, wrapper, petticoat and far enough from being a young lady, with no youthful airs about her. The progress of the fire was fortunately soon arrested, but the lady's nerves, jarred by the unwonted stir and anxiety, required the gentle stimulants of tea and sympathetic companionship.

The former panacea was furnished by her own tea service, which she had brought into the hall for safety, while the latter methodism the enraptured widower was happy to supply. A blissful and all too fleeting hour was spent over cups of tea, the presiding genius of the feast never more causing her companion to feel old by contrast. On the other hand, she spread about her, even amid the confusion and wreckage of the fire, a mood and satisfying atmosphere of middle Aged comfort and home cheer.

The pair parted friends, she to enjoy what "beauty sleep" might still be had, he to dream of a home blessed with the presence of a congenial and not too youthful companion, but, alas, when Cotsha met the assembled household to luncheon the next day, his friend of the fire and the tea would not be found. She, feeling sensitive on the score of the rather unconventional costume and circumstance of their meeting, hesitated to address him, while he failed to recognize the lady of his dreams and of his brief acquaintance in the youngish looking woman before him in furnished frisses, sailor hat and jaunty gown.

This one happy household failed to take its place among the homes of England, and a lonely widower settled down to the cheerless life of a boarding house, where the women were all painfully young, "because," as the writer of the story remarks, "while realizing that boys will always be boys, he failed to grasp the more important fact that women will be girls to the end of the chapter."—Philadelphia Press.

PUTTING UP A STOVE.

A Version of the Operation That Rarely Happens in Real Life.

This is about a man who put up a stove.

It is unnecessary perhaps to go farther with it. You know in advance just how he swore and how he spoiled the carpet, and the pipe didn't fit and he skinned his knuckles and cut his finger and spilled soot down the back of his neck and finally went up town and got six men to finish the job.

"Johnson," said Johnson's wife at dinner yesterday, "I want you to come home early this afternoon. I want that sitting room stove up and going by sunday."

"All right, my dear," said Johnson. "I'll be home at 4."

So that afternoon Johnson's wife sent the children over to visit on the other side of town and stuffed rags in all the cracks to deaden sound. After a fervent prayer that all the neighbors would be out of town for a few hours that afternoon she was ready for Johnson.

He arrived promptly.

"The stove is out in the wood shed," said his wife.

The stove was not very large, and after Johnson had doused himself for the occasion, with the help of Mrs. Johnson, who had taken care to have his old clothes and gloves handy, he got the stove to the back porch without much difficulty.

"It must be blackened," said Mrs. Johnson as she mixed the blacking. It blackened to a beautiful finish with very little rubbing, and Johnson whistled at his work.

Then he tacked down the oilcloth mat and the zinc and kept on whistling.

He took the stove in carefully and put it in the right place.

There was plenty of the old stovepipe, and while he cleaned it in the alley with a stick Mrs. Johnson sat on the back porch and listened to him whistle.

The first joint went on all right, and the damper stood in place. The next joint fitted so well that Johnson almost stopped whistling in sheer admiration for it, and so did the next one. The elbow fitted admirably, and the collar and last joint went on like a top. The exam was on the right side all the way up.

There was not even a speck of soot on the papers Mrs. Johnson had spread on the carpet.

In ten minutes more Johnson had a lovely fire in the stove and was in his business suit again spick and span reading the paper while his wife got supper.

It was just been that there was a savage nudge in Johnson's left ribs and he heard his wife tell him to wake up, and that he had not slept, for it had been daylight for half an hour.—Topeka State Journal.

General Hancock's Body.

The removal of the attempt to remove General Hancock's body to Arlington appears to have excited something like indignation in the state newspapers. Wherever referred to, the plan is condemned. The OH City Blizzard says:

"The mischief makers who wish to thwart General Hancock's own wishes as well as those of various members of his family have resumed the agitation of the removal of his body from the bank in Montgomery cemetery to the national cemetery at Arlington. There is very little danger that the threat, which is certainly in exceedingly bad taste, to say the least, will ever be carried out. It is a well known fact that the old of the dead will be invoked if necessary to prevent the desecration of the tomb and to secure the enforcement of the dead hero's wishes as to the final disposition of the body."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Dr. Mack has returned from San Francisco and has taken elegant dental offices on 4th floor Allen block.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,

... Week of JANUARY 20th.

A Magnificent Production of the World-Renowned Drama,

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Presented with the Full Strength of the

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PRICES: 25 Cents, 35 Cents and 50 Cents.

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STANDARD GAUGE

CURRENT TIME TABLE — In Effect Nov. 18, 1895.

Leave Salt Lake City

No. 1—For Brighton, Provo, Heber Junction and all points East ..... 8:00 a. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Heber Junction and all points East ..... 7:40 p. m.
No. 5—For Ogden and intermediate points ..... 4:30 p. m.
No. 6—For Mt. Pleasant, Manti, Ephraim and all intermediate points ..... 1:00 p. m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Provo, Heber Junction and points East ..... 3:00 p. m.
No. 7—For Ogden and the West ..... 11:45 a. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West ..... 10:10 p. m.

Arrive Salt Lake City

No. 1—From Provo, Heber Junction and the East ..... 11:05 p. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Heber Junction and the East ..... 11:00 p. m.
No. 4—From Provo, Heber Junction, Salina, Eureka and all intermediate points ..... 9:35 a. m.
No. 6—From Ogden and intermediate points ..... 9:00 a. m.
No. 2—From Eureka and Provo ..... 9:45 a. m.
No. 7—From Ogden and the West ..... 2:45 p. m.
No. 5—From Ogden and the West ..... 1:00 p. m.

Only line running through Pullman Palace sleeping cars and Salt Lake City to San Francisco. Salt Lake City to Denver via Grand Junction and Salt Lake City to Kansas City and Chicago via Colorado points.

Through tickets of family sleepers without change, to Kansas City, Chicago and Boston. Free reclining chair cars Salt Lake to Denver.

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J. H. MANNING, Traffic Manager.
E. A. WADLEIGH, Gen. Pass'gr. Agt.

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You leave Ogden, or Salt Lake in the evening, take a good night's fasting in the sumptuous dining cars of the SANTA FE ROUTE, on the third morning, you arrive in Chicago or St. Louis in season to attend to business or pleasure with all fast trains for the East. Some one has said recently that the track of the ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE railroad was in such perfect condition that the long distance run of the "Flyer" on the New York Central could be equaled if not exceeded, by its magnificent trains.

GEO. E. GILMAN
General Agent Passenger Department.
50 West Second South Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Great S. L. & Hot Springs Ry.

Time table in effect Jan. 5, 1896.

Leave S. L.	Ar. Farmington.	Lv. Farmington.	Arrive S. L.
*7:00 a. m.	7:50 a. m.	*8:00 a. m.	8:50 a. m.
9:30 a. m.	10:20 a. m.	10:40 a. m.	11:35 a. m.
3:40 p. m.	4:30 p. m.	4:35 p. m.	5:25 p. m.
6:00 p. m.	6:50 p. m.	7:05 p. m.	7:55 p. m.

*Underscored Sunday.

Sunday only.—

Lv. S. L.	11:45 a. m.	Arr. F'ns	12:35 a. m.
Lv. F'ns	12:40 p. m.	Arr. S. L.	1:30 p. m.

Depot, Third West and South Temple st. General office, 104 south Main st.

S. HAMBURGER, Gen. Manager. ALF. A. RUDY, Gen. Pass. Agent.

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The only line running dining cars and through Pullman sleepers to Chicago and St. Louis without change.

NEW TIME CARD, IN EFFECT DEC. 1, 1895

Trains Arrive and Depart at Salt Lake City Daily, as Follows:

ARRIVE

From Chicago, Omaha, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Park City and Ogden ..... 3:10 p. m.
From Helena, Butte, Portland, San Francisco and Ogden ..... 8:45 a. m.
From San Francisco, Cache Valley, Ogden and intermediate points ..... 7:20 p. m.
From Chicago, Omaha, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver and Ogden ..... 8:30 a. m.
From Provo, Milford, Sanpete Valley, Nephi, Provo, Marion and Scofield ..... 5:00 p. m.
*From Terminus, Tooele and Garfield Beach ..... 4:05 p. m.

DEPART

For Chicago, Omaha, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Ogden and Park City ..... 8:15 a. m.
For San Francisco, Ogden, Cache Valley and intermediate points ..... 5:00 a. m.
For Ogden and intermediate points ..... 4:30 p. m.
For Chicago, Omaha, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Butte, Portland and San Francisco ..... 7:00 p. m.
†For Eureka, Nephi, Provo, Sanpete Valley, Milford and Frisco ..... 7:45 a. m.
*For Garfield Beach, Tooele and Terminus ..... 7:45 a. m.

†Trains south of Juab run daily; except Sunday.

*Run daily except Sunday.

E. E. DURLEY, General Agent Passenger Department.

City Ticket Office, 201 Main Street.

Telephone 306.

P. H. E. CLARK, OLIVER W. MINK, S. ELDRET ANDERSON, JOHN W. DOANE, FREDERICK K. CRUDDUT, Receivers.

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EFFECTIVE NOV. 26, 1894.

Train No. 4 leaves Ogden 7:00 a.m., Salt Lake 8:00 a.m., arrive at Pueblo 8:15 a.m., Colorado Springs 9:01 a.m., Denver 10:30 a.m.

Train No. 2 leaves Ogden 8:00 p.m., Salt Lake 9:00 p.m., arrive at Pueblo 7:27 p.m., Colorado Springs 8:18 p.m., Denver 9:40 p.m.

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