A BELLE IN TEARS.

Hyte pulse—I haven't the faintest idea what
The bride-to-have's, the flower on some
How could I say I did not love him?
I didn't know I did, before!

If the big scissors, mortgage mamma,
Dad would believe my word to him
I love him that, of all my suitors,
He's absolutely without fault!

Of course we're sure to meet tomorrow—
The fiancée-hand, the flower on some
I feel like crying. Dad I tell him,
"My answer was a No to you!"

For he would change his love to scorning,
His trust to silent or dark doubt
If I could so dissemble lacking,
He'd say there's nothing I'd not flirt.

So I will wait for home and home,
And then he will tell I am sorry!
"Pardon—I came—here to—what, crying?
Dearest, you don't mean what you said?"

"Oh, call me fool—but then your eyes, dear,
Were crystal and sweet—how could I tell?
There is the laughter that I make:
They never would have said farewell!

"And now they weep, they are so true, dear,
Love lips and hearts, I only make—
It is some lips that make it sweet
For me to have a world of love!"
—Rose Hawthorne Lathrop in Harper's Bazar.

SWINTON'S LAST TRIP.

Railroad accidents are often caused by disregard or disobedience of orders, and the loss of life and damage to property are sometimes fearful. When such disasters may result from carelessness it is not enough to find rules and regulations to guide those employed in the train service as rigid as those employed in efficient military forces.

Operating a single track railroad, and particularly one over which the traffic is frequent, requires great skill and long experience on the part of trainmen, as well as on the part of the train dispatchers.

The train dispatchers regulate the movements of all trains from the general office by means of special telegraph wires to the various stations along the line. The head office is in communication with every train running over the road; but so long as a train is moving upon its regular schedule time it does not require any special order to govern it.

Only in case of an accident, perhaps, or for some unusual cause, or in the case of extra trains, which, not being down on the printed time table, are called wild trains, are the good judgment and ingenuity of a train dispatcher brought into full play. To avoid collisions under such circumstances it is necessary to issue explicit orders and to have them positively obeyed.

John Swinton was one of the oldest and best engineers on a certain road. He had been in the service for years; had begun as fireman on a switch engine, succeeded his promotion as engineer, and finally ran engine 122, hauling the fast express. He was always on time, unless something beyond his power prevented; he was never in bad humor, and was altogether careful and trustworthy.

John might have had this "run" still if it had not been for an accident which so upset his nerves that he became unfit for the regular service, and was put on the "extra list." He ran specials when the president went over the road, or some other dignitary had occasion to travel in that way, when haste was especially necessary, and was always called upon to run the pay car on its regular monthly trips. He had a way of blowing his whistle so that one might easily imagine that it meant more than "Look out for me." He could sound it for the crossings or blow for a station with a musical thrill and finish that was really pleasing.

While he was still running the fast express and whirled it across the plains at forty miles an hour, there were few people along the line who were not able to detect John's hand at the throttle by the very manner in which the crossings were announced, and the peculiar orbit of the dust behind the train as it flew along the rails.

He was a good fellow; every one liked him. He had a way that made him popular with the boys on the road, as well as with his superiors. He was not at all "cranky," as most express engineers are, and if called upon to run an extra after his regular day's work was done he was on hand promptly, and did not waste time before the start by oiling around and tinkering with the piston rod packing or the nuts on the steam chest.

He was on into the rear end of local train No. 23 one night. It was not a very bad wreck from the point of view of damage to property, because he reversed his engine in time, and the shock was mild, but a brakeman was killed. He was "laid off" pending an investigation, and although it was clearly shown that the head did not get far enough back with signals to give him sufficient warning, after that he seemed to "lose his grip," as the boys said, and never fully recovered from the shock.

There are many such instances among the brave men who drive the iron horse.

It was deemed best at any rate to put him into the extra service. When he was called upon to get down from the footboard of express engine 125 and become the master of "Number 2," he fully believed it, because, as he said, "he hadn't the heart to haul the express; the responsibility weighed him down."

After that he never missed a trip in running the pay car. The trackmen and station agents said they always knew to a minute when to expect the pay, for he was always on time.

Once he was "laid off" for exceeding the maximum speed of forty miles an hour, the limit for all special trains; but he was urged to do that by the paymaster for particular reasons. The offense was subsequently overlooked, and he did not lose any wages by it.

It was said by some of John's friends that he had a premonition that something was going to happen on that fatal winter, when he ran the pay car out of the main station for the last time.

It had been snowing and blowing with great fury for some hours, and there was every indication of severe weather. The sweepers had been put in order and were already at work on some divisions where the storm was fiercest. It looked as if there would be plenty of work and worry for the dispatchers from "stalled" trains, "dead" engines and a general disarrangement of the regular schedule.

Engine 9, with the pay car, had orders to "run wild to Minnola and report." Minnola is a junction and a busy place, even in winter. A branch railroad running through a farming district terminates there, and some fifteen or twenty trains a day run over it, making connection with the trains on the main line, most of which stop.

One ordinarily finds there two or three freight crews, who be now waiting for connections.

When John Swinton, after a hard struggle with the elements, pulled up alongside the station and ordered his fireman to give Engine 9 a drink from the water tank, there was a scene of great confusion. Passenger train 23, going east, was snow bound. Westbound freight No. 2 was in a drift two miles east of the station, and there was a report that the branch road was filled in full of snow where the cuts were the deepest.

Four or five extra engines, steaming and blowing, were awaiting orders on the siding, and the platform and station were crowded with passengers and train men waiting for something to be done.

A report came after a time that a snowplow was working west, down the branch, and that the road was likely to be clear by afternoon.

It was the custom to pay off employes engaged on that division first before going east over the main line, so the pay car stood awaiting orders to proceed.

A gang of men were busily at work digging out freight train No. 2, and it was expected that the main line would also be clear before evening. There was no longer falling, but the wind blew with much force. The wintry sky foreboded continued cold weather and a blustering night.

The day wore on. The snow bound passengers had grown tired of asking questions as to what were the prospects of raising the blockade, and had distributed themselves among the neighboring restaurants in spirit of something to eat. The sewdogs had long since sold out their supply of peanuts and candies, so that soldier from the empire seemed no longer to be obtained.

Engines were blowing off steam, the chill winter wind whistled about the cars, and the relief gloom of a short day drawing to a close had settled down.

At last a report came over the wire that a snowplow from up the branch had succeeded in working its way through the huge drifts, and was nearing the junction. Soon there was a shrill whistle, and the great plow, forced along by six powerful engines covered with ice and snow, came dashing by the station. Every one knew that the track was clear.

Two hours not long in the service the right was not unusual; but to one unacquainted to such scenes there are few things grander. The belated passengers set up a shout, glad that relief had come and impressed with the magnificent sight.

Then came orders for Engine 9, with pay car, to proceed up the branch.

Everything was astir. John had lighted the headlight and had thoroughly oiled his engine. It was growing dark, the rear wind lamps on the pay car were displayed, and every preparation made to get over the road in a hurry, so that the regular trains should not be interfered with, and in order that an early start might be made in the morning to pay off the men on the branch, coming back.

"I can't pull out till the relief train following the snowplow comes up," John said to his conductor.

"There are no orders about a relief train," was the reply.

"Perhaps not," John answered; "but do you suppose the boys have been aboard that snowplow all these hours without a bite or two to keep them up? I tell you there must be a relief train following them down the branch, and we can't go ahead till it comes in."

By the light of his lantern John read the order over again:

"Engine 9 with pay car will run to G. H. regardless and report."

That was plain enough. It gave him right of way over everything on the road; but for further assurance, both men repaired to the telegraph office. There the order was confirmed.

John was half doubtful still, but there was nothing to do but obey.

He mounted his engine. There was a stroke of the bell; a sharp blast of the whistle and they were off, with the red tail lamps on the pay car disappearing around the curve in the driving snow. John was evidently "letting her out" a little, for the bystanders at the station could hear old Engine 9 cutout as though the would blow out a cylinder head in spite of the shrill wind and escaping steam from the engine on the side track.

Hardly had the sound died away before over the wires clicked an order:

"Hold pay car at Minnola Junction till arrival of relief train."

The operator sent the reply:

"The train has gone already."

The train dispatcher suddenly realized that the relief train was coming down the branch with exactly the same right which the snowplow had, and none of the switches were closed so that either train could take a side track.

It is impossible to describe the terrible feelings of that operator, neither any one wonder that the dispatcher has turned white that night. The two trains were now speeding each other under full headway on a single track.

It was dark, the line was full of curves and hills, and disaster was imminent and there could be but one result.

The pay car had already passed the next station, and if was beyond human possibility to remedy the awful mistake. The only hope left was that the engineers of the two trains might by chance see their danger in time to some straight stretch of track. But that was only a mere possibility.

Did John say to himself he was right after all, when, looking ahead into the darkness, he thought he distinguished the glimmer of a distant headlight? At any rate he was half disposed to shut off and ease down a bit.

He consulted his original order once more by the dim light in the cab, looked out again, saw nothing, and changed his mind. He glanced at his watch, turned to the inspector to be sure water into the boiler, looked at his steamgauge, and opened it up a little or two inches.

It was not Engine 9's fault if she didn't exceed expectation, spent then and plunge through the snow and darkness to destruction.

Suddenly a glare, an awful crash, a fearful plunge, the noise of escaping steam, a few added groans—and it was all over. The trains had met on a sharp curve against the hopes and prayers of those now responsible for the calamity.

They found John's body in the wreck badly mangled, his hand still held the throttle. He had gone down to death with his engine. His fireman escaped with a broken leg by jumping, but both engines were completely wrecked.

The pay car was thrown from the track violently and was badly smashed. It seemed a miracle that its occupants were saved. They were fortunate enough to escape with a few bruises.

Poor John! He died a hero, and there was no one on the road who would calle 60 his place.—Benjamin Norton in Youth's Companion.

The Chinaman's Blue Blouse.

One Chestnut street firm sells all the peculiar blue material worn by the thousands of Chinamen in this vicinity, and has a practical monopoly of the business. The staff cons but little to the outsiders, but it seems pretty badly. Many mills have tried to produce the material, but with little success. The peculiar color is lasting and without lab the staff has no secret for with the Chinese. The quantity used is enormous, and the prices are almost prohibitive. Mr. Jonathan Chinaman tells us a story of how this firm was made a profit. When he plays for his dollar he wears a suit of regular blue cloth, a bit that is cheap at $1.10 a yard, but he is never so comfortable as when allowed to think of the Burnsity styles of fashion of a peculiar shade, that cost twenty-five cents a yard, and a pair of white, high water shoes in Russian trousers. It is this material that reaps a harvest of sterling gold for the firm that monopolizes its American production and sale.—Philadelphia Record.

Paper for English Bank Notes.

Bank of England notes are made from new white linen rotting—never from anything that has been worn. Essentially is the paper prepared that even the number of dips into the pulp are counted and booked to each person through whose hands they pass. They are made at Laverstoke, on the River Wint, in Hampshire, by a family named Portal, descended from a French Huguenot refugee, and have been made by the same family for more than 150 years.

About 1860 a large quantity of the paper was stolen by one of the employes, which caused the bank a great deal of trouble, as the printing was comparatively easy matter, the great difficulty with forgers being to get the paper. They are printed within the bank building, there being an elaborate arrangement for making them so that each note of the same denomination shall differ in some particular from the others.—American Processor.

Eating Buckwheat Cakes.

Says a gentleman who attended the recent Methodist conference in Washington: "I was amused at the way in which a few English delegates conducted themselves at the hotel. It reminded me of the story told about Matthew Arnold on the occasion of his visit to this country. When at Cleveland he was generously entertained. One morning his host put before him at the breakfast table, among other things, buckwheat cakes. For a long time neither he nor his wife took any notice, but nothing; then his American friends stir them with a great apparent relish and gusto, he gingerly took one on his plate and tasted it very critically. Then leaning over to his wife he said, 'You'd better try one, dear, they are not half so savory as they look.'"

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Dr. WM. HALL'S BALSAM combines no opiate, narcotic, nor any deleterious drug, is perfect and free from injurious effects. Large bottles and patented dropper, for children and persons unable to take a large bottle, 25 cents. Ask your druggist for Dr. WM. HALL'S BALSAM, and take no other.

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PRICE, 25c., 50c., $1.00.

DR. WM. HALL CO., NEW YORK.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of John S. Rogers, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, Peter O. Thoresen, Administrator of the estate of Peter O. Thoresen, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof, with the necessary postage, to the said Administrator, at his residence, in the County of Salt Lake, Utah Territory.

Dated Nov. 30th, 1891.

PETER O. THORESEN,
Administrator of the estate of Peter O. Thoresen, deceased.

Parties Represented: John M. Owens, attorney for Administrator.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of John S. Rogers, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT Joseph J. Rogers, administrator of the estate of John S. Rogers, deceased, has confirmed for settlement and filed in said Court, his final account of said administration of said estate and petition for final distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled thereto, and that the day set by said Court for the hearing of said account, for the settlement of said account and for the distribution of said estate, is the 12th day of December, A. D. 1891, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., at the Court House, Salt Lake City and County, Utah Territory, has been duly appointed by the Judge of said Court, for the settlement of said account and for the distribution of said estate, when and where all persons interested in said estate may appear and contest said account and petition for final distribution, if they see proper.

Dated November 16, 1891.

E. S. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By C. E. STANSON, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL AND PERSONAL PROPERTY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of Salt Lake County, Utah Territory, made on the 1st day of November, 1891, in the matter of the estate of James Jacobs, deceased, the undersigned, the administrator of the said estate, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash and subject to confirmation of said Court, the following real and personal property, belonging to said estate, to wit:

[illegible]

Terms of sale: Cash in lawful money of the United States. The sale of said property will be made on the premises thereof, in the City of Salt Lake, County of Salt Lake, Utah Territory, on the 12th day of December, A. D. 1891, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, subject to the approval of said Court, and will be continued from day to day until the same is finally disposed of.

Dated at Salt Lake City, Utah, this 12th day of November, A. D. 1891.

[illegible]

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of Henry Moore, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT [illegible]

[illegible]

Dated November 5th, 1891.

E. S. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.

SEALED BIDS.

BY ORDER OF THE COUNTY COURT of Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah, sealed bids will be received by the undersigned, Sheriff of said County, up to 12 o'clock noon of Saturday, the 12th day of December, A. D. 1891, for the following, and every or any part thereof, to wit:

[illegible]

Sealed bids will be received for any or all of the above mentioned property, and the same can be examined at the office of the undersigned, Sheriff of said County, in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dated November 23, 1891.

[illegible]

A Warning

To Horse-Owners.

The Sore Spot in the shoe previously based the foot-form which it was recently taken by Worcester, Mass. One point of the nail came out in the corner, close for clinching, and so scratched the black-earth wire fitted the hoof. The other point went in the direction shown in the illustration, forcing the leather part of the nail called the "quick," from which the horse was made lame for one nearly two weeks.

This is not an unusual case. The same thing is happening every day in every city in the country. Make there the results are not so serious, but the pain is just as great. Horse owners should be careful to see that their horses have Safe Calk and Country Calk Shoes, but Calk and Country Calk Shoes, but Calk and Country Calk Shoes, but