THE OTHER ROAD.

The dog sat rolled swiftly down the drive. It was so dark that the man could not see the woman's face, and she perhaps was well, for love-star was the only look that was flitting across these large gray eyes.

It was either luck or some freemen of the horse this guided them safely to that first dark hole through the village and out into the silent country beyond. They had no lights and passed like a shadow across the night.

Presently he got down and lighted the lamps.

"We must see our way, dearest," he said tenderly. "We shall need no one now." And when he had tucked the rug round them again he stood by. Her face was very cold.

"And afterwards?" she said. "Our way—can we see it?"

He looked the horse and did not answer.

"The way is very dark," she continued. "I cannot see it now."

"You do not love me," he said reproachfully, "or you would not speak like this."

"But I love you! I love you more than the east I am endeavoring for you tonight." Then she looked behind, and the lights of her home sparkled through the trees in the distance. "There is light behind," she whispered. "It is home." She turned round again. "Too, I have turned my back upon it."

"There is light before me," he cried fiercely. "It is love."

She was silent.

"Love is more than all," he whispered. "Stronger than all," she said, earnestly.

It is impossible to fathom a woman's mind. Perhaps she thought it due to her to pretect. Perhaps the cold night air that her upon her face was chasing away the clouds of passion, settling her to see the hard, naked reality of things.

Again he cut into the horse with his whip, and the rug swayed from side to side down the narrow road. He took his watch out and held it to the light of one of the lamps.

"We shall barely catch the train," he said. He thought it better to bring the conversation to practical matters. It threatened to become too ethical.

She laid her hand upon his sleeve. "Drive faster," she whispered. He bent his head and kissed the hand. The victory was his.

He then whirled on through the night till the road began to rise more abruptly and the horse's speed dropped to a walk.

"The Cheyenne bridge," he said, "we are not far off now."

Here the river had cut a curious ravine through the heart of the hills, and one old stone bridge that spanned it was the wonder and delight of every outsiders in the country. From the bridge the lights of the station could be seen a mile away.

In a few minutes they had reached the top of the slope and were upon the bridge. The lights of their destination thread brilliantly before them.

The woman looked back. Like a faint star in the distance shone a single twinkling light. It was the lost she was to set of her home.

The moments of the station and the terrible reminiscence of that one faint gleam broke upon her mind like a burst of madness. She seized the reins and pulled the horse up.

"It cannot be!" she cried. "Turn back."

"Are you mad?" he said angrily. "There is the station. We are close to it."

"I know, I know! It is too near! I am frightened. I cannot go with you. Turn back before it is too late."

"And our love?" he said between his teeth.

She put her face in her hands and wept.

"Our love?" he repeated sternly.

"It will have made the one great sacrifice. It will be purified of all its sin."

"I do not intend to give you up," he said quietly. "He was a man with an iron will.

"Your honor!" she cried. "What of my honor—the honor of my husband?"

"Names, names!" he replied. "Lighter than dust in March before the breath of love."

"But heavier and more choking than desert sands when the breath of love has died away."

"It never dies away."

She laughed. If this were true, the world's history must be written afresh from the beginning.

"Let us turn back," she pleaded. Then she said firmly, "I will go no farther." And her voice told him there was no further hope.

He did not break out into useless pleading. He sat silent and the thoughts rushed through his brain as a stream of fire.

"There are but two roads," she continued calmly. "Behind us is home, before us is the course of a lifetime. I have chosen my road, for there are but two, and the one is impossible."

"You are mistaken," he said quietly. "There is a third." And he quickly turned the horse till it faced the walls of the bridge. Then, reaching to its side an iron hand, he cut fiercely into it, over flanks and legs and hard till the whip ran red with blood. Then he let go the rein and sprang out of his seat into the sharp, passionate outcast. As the mice fell the horse sprang forward like an arrow loosed from the bow and dashed over the low parapet before it.

They had taken the other road.

* * * * * *

The mockery of it all was that they did not die, but they dragged out their crippled lives for long and weary years, the woman bended and stricken up to a loving husband, the man unnerved for and alone.—Ludgate.

FERN CULTURE.

How These Delicate Plants May Be Made to Flourish in the House.

It is better to begin with young plants, says Vick's Monthly. He can fill not to overpot them. Wash the inside of the pots clean and give especially good drainage. Use open, fibrous soil, light rather than heavy, and instead of filling the pot with soil to the brim leave plenty of room to hold water. Ferns should never get quite dry at the root, yet it will not do to keep them soaking wet. Many of them, especially the maidenhair and gold and silver ferns, dislike being splashed overhead, and hot sunshine must never fall directly upon these delicate leaves. Ferns are sure to be killed by long exhibitions of water given every day. The same rule that applies to watering other plants is good with ferns. When the top of the soil looks dry, fill the pot with water to the brim, or that of the ball of soil may have a thorough soaking. It is not best to set ferns in a dish of other warm or cold air.

There is no need to keep ferns in the house all summer, though many people do it. They have better outside on the porch or other sheltered spot, provided the owner will not forget to water them.

An old fern that has filled the pot full of roots may be repotted at any time except in fall. Repotting at this season would interfere with the partial rest which most ferns like to take at this season. With plentiful watering one can grow quite large specimen ferns in wonderfully small pots. Two points that the fern grower must never forget in potting and repotting are to have the drainage particularly free and to take all earthworms from the soil.

How to Make Delicious Clam Soup.

Put a dozen large clams, chopped fine, in a steepan, add a pint of water and heat slowly to the boiling point. Let the heat cook, then add a pint of milk, with a slice of onion. Melt a heaping tablespoonful of butter, add 2 tablespoonfuls of flour and stir until smooth, then add the clams and the milk, from which the onion has been removed. Simmer for ten minutes and season with a half teaspoonful each of salt and pepper. Beat the whites of 2 eggs to a stiff but not dry froth and pour the hot soup into them and serve immediately. This soup is delicious and very appetizing. If the clams are quite salty, use half the given quantity of salt.

How to Choose a Sponge.

The first requisite of a good sponge is that it should be dark in color. The beautiful yellow sponges commonly seen in drugs(sic) windows are a delusion and a snare. The natural color is a light to medium brown, and the yellow sponges have been bleached by a vitriol bath which destroys their size, tenacity and makes them wear much sooner.

The feel of a sponge should be velvety, and it should compress into a very small bulk by squeezing, and it must be free from sand. The best are the most expensive are Levant sponges. They come from the eastern Mediterranean, the Dalmatian sponge being next in quality and price. There are very many others, however, known to the trade as horse sponges, Limoges sponges, yellow, velvet, sheep's wool and glove sponges. The prettiest and at the same time the cheapest is the grass sponge, which is made up of myriads of small filaments and looks like a ball of yellow wool.

The majority of sponges used in this country come from Florida. Cuba also supplies a good many. The sponge, after being detached from the bottom, either by a dredge net or an instrument something like a sickle, which is made for the purpose, is allowed to lie in the sun until its flesh decomposes.

The sponges are then trodden underfoot in running water until the flesh is all washed away, leaving the skeleton, which is the sponge as we know it. If the decomposition is allowed to go too far, yellow spots will appear upon the sponge and damage it. They are then parboiled and sent to the dealer and, after a further washing, put on the market.

How to Sew Ducks.

Halve a neat duck, put it into a steepan, a little leaf gravy added if possible, a few leaves of sage, a small onion, pepper and salt. Simmer a quarter of an hour and skim clean; then add green peas according to taste. Cover close and simmer nearly half an hour longer; then drop in a small piece of butter and a little flour; give it one boil and serve in one dish.

How to Cut Bacon Properly.

First remove the bones, place the bacon on a board with the rind downward. Slice the bacon with a very sharp knife down to the rind. When enough slices are cut, press the knife closely to the rind, cut sharply, and they will fall apart. Bacon should be kept cold and free from air.

Those Germs

YOU HEAR SO MUCH ABOUT nowadays for minute bodies that it is difficult to know what that is the air and we take them into our lungs at every breath. Impure water they take proper care of, but impure air they take in perfectly. Sapolio, liberal and free from acid, is a good thing to use freely in the bath, and a reasonable amount of it will do no harm to the most delicate fabric. Sapolio is a household article of great value. It is for sale everywhere.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, OCTOBER 20TH, 1897.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE undersigned will sell at public auction at the office of the secretary of state, at Salt Lake City, Utah, on the 1st day of the 1st day of November, 1897, for publishing and binding the proceedings of the 6th volume of the revised statutes, in accordance with the specifications in the office of the undersigned, the following bids, namely: For the cost of setting type and presswork, in printing and stereotyping, and on the rate per volume for furnishing material and binding the same, with the number of copies to be certified stock equal to ten per cent of the amount of the bid to be kept open, reserving the award of the contract to him the bidder will furnish to and provide the state of Utah and school lands, capable to the United States of America, with two sureties to be approved by the undersigned, conditioned for the faithful performance of the contract. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids.

J. T. HARMOND,
Special Disbursing Agent for the Treasury Department.

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

Davis and Weber Counties Canal Company, Ogden, Utah.

NOTICE—THERE ARE DELINQUENT upon the following described stock on account of assessments levied on August 24th, 1897, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective stockholders as follows:

Name.	No. of Shares.	No. of Ass. Delinq.	Amt.
Byron Adams,	20	1	$ 10
Ann Adams,	50	1	25
John T. Adams, No cert. issued	100	2	50
James W. Adams,	40	1	20
Moses M. Brown,	172	2	86
George H. Brown,	80	1	40
Patrick Ellis, deceased,	20	1	10
J. J. Cushing,	20	1	10
E. A. Cushing,	20	1	10
E. A. Wells,	164	2	82
Dora A. Bird,	100	2	50
Dora A. Clark,	10	1	5
Dora A. Clark,	1,000	20	500
Mary A. Clark,	160	2	80
Ann Clark,	10	1	5
A. Lawrence,	160	2	80
Albert Fisher,	100	2	50
Samuel Fisher,	1,000	20	500
Samuel Fisher,	1,000	20	500
Samuel Fisher,	1,000	20	500
J. H. Hamilton,	160	2	80
Jane Johnson,	20	1	10
Jane Johnson,	20	1	10
Barnett Jones,	100	2	50
Barnett Jones,	100	2	50
Dominion Land and	1,000	20	500
Dominion Land and	1,000	20	500
Dominion Land and	1,000	20	500