A GREASER BALKED.

The "greaser" is a Latin in the city, a degraded Latin, with a full and perfect knowledge of the vices of two continents and an utter willingness to be ignorant of all moral things. Southwest in New Mexico he shows his as a necessary evil, but as they become Chinese in California, or negroes in the southern states. He is always ready to be a scab, and he makes himself possible by his exceedingly low self-estimation.

Sometimes he shuffles off his servility and becomes a bandit. This is popular here, to deal with him, and also a lucky hand in the bagging. I became aware of this just a few months ago, when I was staying with Jack Henderson.

Jack had one in New Mexico five years ago with a little stock and ditch, and $2,000. When I saw him, his herds had become a market to the cities of Jack, Jr., and it, the dream was on the verge of realization, and the $2,000 had gone.

Jack had written me that a propitious opportunity to become a Pain farm, where a mountain had washed out an ancient irrigation system, 40 miles from cities by and even miles from a white man. There were no neighbors in the valley and which was then grazed 40 sections. All round Elm was the public domain, and the nearest to the sun, mile beyond miles of brown parched grass with thousand times a bunch of scrubby herders.

Blanks in the English sense of the term, there were none. We rode to the place and the bald and bracks, sometimes without rid or chaps, and the greasers "senor," in city and New York business and bally and suspicious of public days, and the Jack's dream was in the process. And now at last we reached a long, low hacienda of clay in sitting in the midst of a regular, poor that had literally fallen into the sun and yellow hell. The two wife's home, and presented by mine Mrs. Jack, with Jack, Jr., filling the city in her claim, to give me a welcome.

It was boiling hot day, for after a fashion that we in a Southern clime can produce not a with. The white man could lift his hand to his head without a wonderment smiling question. Only the olive and greaser was portable, and indeed Jim stood both. He chart period of our observation to be more on the qui vive than any other living thing.

Jim was Jack's cook, a sodic, consequentially looking greaser, with a covering pounds and long locks that stood in adjunct to a wizard's conjuration. I ventured a remark upon his appearance, mainly conversation, but Jack bristle up quant upon his military virtues. Here Mr. Jack had something to say on the subject, and I felt at once that I was joking with a touchy vein.

When, therefore, Jack left me later in the day that he had long origin to the dining Jim, with instant orders to depart, it was a matter of no small astonishment to me. I felt, however, that it was a delicate subject, and to this day I have no idea what was Jim's cause of offense. I suspected that Mr. Jack was constrained, and that the hard man-duty, for Jim's accomplishments were unparalleled, and a slight insult would have caused his departation.

In the evening the temperature grew endurable, so that it was cool or pleasant as anything that an English resident of a summer evening, but there was no relaxed frown, and the frown was long shadows on the sun dial.

Jack and I decided upon a ride. We set off upon our way, talking as naturally as I know not what. Jim left family school Jim at he mounted his pony on the back door of the house.

When we were 20 feet farther on, there was a whirling hoss and west of another third. Jack was delivered of a sound that appeared to have begun 20 ft. ago and ended behind side to be a gurgle, and his hoss jerked itself on its haunches and seemed to stagger helplessly.

By the time I could turn my head Jack was half way out of his saddle. A bullet at them was gone around his ellow, pitching his arse to the sides. By cities and was handed to the pommel of Jim's saddle, and Jim was bending over his hoss's neck with a devilish alarm behind his hoary spectacles.

Jack fell his fingers on his revolver in an instant, but relapsed as he saw by the thing that on long into his face. He was as helpless as though his arms had been broken.

I looked at him, frown to my saddle, as unless to move to his rescue as though the lariat was round about me.

Then there was a crack that startled me, and the whole fantastic tableau. Jack's arse was free, and Jim was laughed up to a colossal mass of pony, harness and man.

As the pony fell there appeared behind its body the figure of Mr. Jim, pale and spitter-cap, with the lips set and a sort of horror in the eyes that was a revelation to me in my state of exposedness. In his hand was a revolver, with a thread of smoke stickling from the barrel as it hung down from the pony's side. The second afterward, and I lifted for from the ground.

Before that time, however, Jack had recovered himself, and when I looked round he was standing over the prostrate greaser, with his watch in one hand and his revolver in the other.

"Jim," he remarked, as plainly as though he had been reading Gibbon, "I'm just sure sorrow I am going to kill you. I shall tell you on the whole case."

It was an unpleasant sense to look at. The fellow lowled like a hurt hoss. He clung to Jack's knees and prayed for mercy in the name of all his saints.

"Up on one, Jim. I'm going another minute yet. I have no use for one such as you, and I don't see how anybody else can have."

"Jim lowed and a little later, and then Jack relapsed arm. I had my hands full for awhile, keeping the couple in a reasonable semblance of order.

I did not understand until a day or two afterward, when Jack was willing to talk about it, the old school of Mr. Jack's partner. He had indeed planned for his murder, in the hopes of gaining the ownership of the Elm Ranch. Jim was to be killed, for he was a dangerous man, and Jim was to be a prisoner. And now at last we reached a long, low hacienda of clay in sitting in the midst of a regular, poor that had literally fallen into the sun and yellow hell. The two wife's home, and presented by mine Mrs. Jack, with Jack, Jr., filling the city in her claim, to give me a welcome.

"Jim was boiling hot day, for after a fashion that we in a Southern clime can produce not a with. The white man could lift his hand to his head without a wonderment smiling question. Only the olive and greaser was portable, and indeed Jim stood both. He chart period of our observation to be more on the qui vive than any other living thing.

Jim was Jack's cook, a sodic, consequentially looking greaser, with a covering pounds and long locks that stood in adjunct to a wizard's conjuration. I ventured a remark upon his appearance, mainly conversation, but Jack bristle up quant upon his military virtues. Here Mr. Jack had something to say on the subject, and I felt at once that I was joking with a touchy vein.

When, therefore, Jack left me later in the day that he had long origin to the dining Jim, with instant orders to depart, it was a matter of no small astonishment to me. I felt, however, that it was a delicate subject, and to this day I have no idea what was Jim's cause of offense. I suspected that Mr. Jack was constrained, and that the hard man-duty, for Jim's accomplishments were unparalleled, and a slight insult would have caused his departation.

In the evening the temperature grew endurable, so that it was cool or pleasant as anything that an English resident of a summer evening, but there was no relaxed frown, and the frown was long shadows on the sun dial.

Jack and I decided upon a ride. We set off upon our way, talking as naturally as I know not what. Jim left family school Jim at he mounted his pony on the back door of the house.

When we were 20 feet farther on, there was a whirling hoss and west of another third. Jack was delivered of a sound that appeared to have begun 20 ft. ago and ended behind side to be a gurgle, and his hoss jerked itself on its haunches and seemed to stagger helplessly.

By the time I could turn my head Jack was half way out of his saddle. A bullet at them was gone around his ellow, pitching his arse to the sides. By cities and was handed to the pommel of Jim's saddle, and Jim was bending over his hoss's neck with a devilish alarm behind his hoary spectacles.

Jack fell his fingers on his revolver in an instant, but relapsed as he saw by the thing that on long into his face. He was as helpless as though his arms had been broken.

I looked at him, frown to my saddle, as unless to move to his rescue as though the lariat was round about me.

Then there was a crack that startled me, and the whole fantastic tableau. Jack's arse was free, and Jim was laughed up to a colossal mass of pony, harness and man.

As the pony fell there appeared behind its body the figure of Mr. Jim, pale and spitter-cap, with the lips set and a sort of horror in the eyes that was a revelation to me in my state of exposedness. In his hand was a revolver, with a thread of smoke stickling from the barrel as it hung down from the pony's side. The second afterward, and I lifted for from the ground.

Before that time, however, Jack had recovered himself, and when I looked round he was standing over the prostrate greaser, with his watch in one hand and his revolver in the other.

"Jim," he remarked, as plainly as though he had been reading Gibbon, "I'm just sure sorrow I am going to kill you. I shall tell you on the whole case."

It was an unpleasant sense to look at. The fellow lowled like a hurt hoss. He clung to Jack's knees and prayed for mercy in the name of all his saints.

"Up on one, Jim. I'm going another minute yet. I have no use for one such as you, and I don't see how anybody else can have."

Sarah Bernhardt

writes of

VIN MARIANI

THE IDEAL TONIC:

"It has always helped to give me strength, I never fail to praise its virtues."

Mailed Free, Description Book with Testimony and Portraits OF NOTED LADIES.

Beautiful and Apropriate.

Every Non-Drinker Recommends Vin Mariani. Ask for "Un Refiant," At Druggists and Fancy Grocers.

MARIANI & CO., 52 W. 15th St., New York.

Amount of Water in Irrigation.

J. W. Hanson, Utah station, began in 1894 experiments with grass to ascertain the amount of water to be used in irrigation. These experiments were continued in 1893 on a third and also on Smoky. On the whole water was applied at rates sufficient to saturate the soil to depths of 4, 2½, 1½, 3, 1½ and three-quarters feet, and on Smoky at the first five of these rates. The results are thus summarized: The plants on soil saturated to the depth of 1½ feet gave a better crop of grass than those on soil saturated a greater or less amount of water. For Smoky the plants saturated 2½ feet deep gave the best results. When water applied is small in amount the temperature grows higher on morning accounts. Water applied in generally rate appears to evaporate period of 14 days.

Dosing Out Water in Winter.

Unless the water commences to shut down from the reservoir and running out, it is often advisable to haul Hessian out of every week in the field, dumping it in piles to wait to haul, but occasional ing it. Water over material is wanted of these piles to the ranch or those off by the winds will lodge in the soil where the crops are to grow, while the hoodlums and dust of the harvest are usually left a loss and a nuisance. The method of the hoodlums will save that objection, the middle line of cultivation. It stack will run from the public—American Agriculturist.

How Young Hens Rate.

As the pullet generally enters in winter, the owner is that the new is quite natural fowl. Place the pullet in the run and supplied by only pullets and the size of hen-fruit, weight. A little experience will soon enable one to form a correction of the pullet. Now then replaced with trimes the size of pullet hens or hen eggs. Hens are more apt to set eggs when in confinement than when running at large.

PIONEER MONUMENT.

Centerville, Spanish Fork, Virgin City, Gold Hill,

BIG COTTONWOOD AND SALT LAKE

Aid in the Cause of Appreciation and Respect to the Vanguard of Western Civilization.

CARD FROM THE FIRST PRESIDENCY

Salt Lake City, Jan. 22, 1895.

Notice is hereby given that contributions to the monument to be erected in Salt Lake City in memory of Brigham Young and the pioneers who preceded, and until further notice, be acknowledged through the columns of the Deseret News. It is expected that success in the collection of funds for this worthy purpose will be established in such ways in all the Stakes, and that such funds, with the list of donors of the contributions, will be forwarded as frequently as convenient to Henry M. Wells, secretary of the Brigham Young Monument Association, Salt Lake City, who will see that these are properly acknowledged in the Deseret News. We earnestly hope that the people will respond generously and promptly to this call so that if possible the monument may be completed, dedicated and opened to the public by the 6th day of next October.

WILFORD WOODRUFF,
GEORGE Q. CANNON,
JOSEPH F. SMITH,
First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

SUNDAY LAST NEWS.

The Brigham Young Memorial association acknowledges receipt of the following contributions to assist in the erecting of the Pioneer monument:

From Salt Lake City:

From Salt Lake City:

Alice L. Cox, 10c; W.	10
Susie B. Cox, 10c; W.	10
Lucy C. Cox, 10c; W.	10
Joseph Cox, 10c; W.	10
Total	$ 1.00

From Big Cottonwood Ward:

J. F. Grant	$ 1.00
Hyrum Bullock	1.00
Andrew G. Hunt	1.00
Total	$ 3.00

From Names of Gold Hill, Tooele County:

Peter Gertsen	25
Wm. Gertsen	25
C. Hansen	25
Jos. H. Jones	25
Jos. Jones	25
Jos. Jones, Jr.	25
Geo. Jones	25
Geo. Jones, Jr.	25
Geo. Jones, Jr.	25
Geo. Jones, Jr.	25
Geo. Jones, Jr.	25
Geo. Jones, Jr.	25
Geo. Jones, Jr.	25
Geo. Jones, Jr.	25
Geo. Jones, Jr.	25
Geo. Jones, Jr.	25
Geo. Jones, Jr.	25
Geo. Jones, Jr.	25
Geo. Jones, Jr.	25
Geo. Jones, Jr.	25
Geo. Jones, Jr.	25
Geo. Jones, Jr.	25
Total	$ 5.00

From Centerville Ward, Davis Stake, per John J. Smith, Esq.:

Geo. W. Smith	25
Geo. A. Smith	25
Geo. A. Smith	25
Geo. A. Smith	25
Geo. A. Smith	25
Geo. A. Smith	25
Geo. A. Smith	25
Geo. A. Smith	25
Geo. A. Smith	25
Geo. A. Smith	25
Geo. A. Smith	25
Geo. A. Smith	25
Geo. A. Smith	25
Geo. A. Smith	25
Geo. A. Smith	25
Geo. A. Smith	25
Geo. A. Smith	25
Total	$ 5.00

Previously acknowledged:

From Bennett Stake	
Ward	$ 2.00
Ward	2.00
Ward	2.00
Ward