"marvelous," says the gentleman, giving his hand healthy. "I am very glad to see you.

"Yet I hate my double, sir," says I, "if you can be half so glad to see me as I am to see you."

"The time has appeared so long—just 6, Marigold!"

"I won't say that, sir, considering the real length; but"—

"What a story my good fellow!"

All I should think it was! Green such a woman, so pretty, so intelligent, so expressive! I knew then that she could be really like my child, or I could never have known her, standing quiet by the door.

"You are affected," says the gentleman, in a kindly manner.

"I feel sir," says I, "that I am but a rough chap in a sleeved waistcoat."

"I feel," says the gentleman, "that it was you who raised her from misery and degradation, and brought her into communication with her kind. But why do we converse in this manner, when we can converse as well with her? Address her in your own way."

"I am such a rough chap in a sleeved waistcoat, sir," says I, "and she is such a great lady, sir, and she stands so quiet at the door!"

"Try if she moves at the old sign," says the gentleman.

They had put it up together of purpose to please me! I ran to her. I gave her the old sign she used to put her feet and dropped upon her knees, holding up her hands to me with pouting tears of love and joy; and when I took her hands and lifted her she clasped her round the neck and lay there, and I think I must have a fit I didn't make or myself until we all three settled down into talking without sound, as if there was a something soft and pleasant spread over the whole world for us.

So every item of my plan was crowned with success. Our reunited life was more than all that we had looked forward to. Contrast and joy went with us as the wheels of the two carts went round, and the sun stopped with us when the two carts stopped. I was as pleased and as proud as a pug dog with his muzzle black leaded for an evening party and his tail extra curled by machinery.

But I had left something out of my calculations. Now, what had I left out? To help you to a guess, I'll say a figure. Come. Make a guess, and guess right. Naught? No. Nine? No. Eight? No. Seven? No. Six? No. Five? No. Three? No. Two? No. One? No. Now, I'll give you what I'll do with you. I'll say it's another sort of figure altogether. There. Why, then, says you, it's a mortal figure. No, not you a mortal figure. By such means you get yourself pressed into a corner, and you can't help guessing a immortal figure. That's about it. Why didn't you say so sooner.

Yes. It was a immortal figure that I had altogether left out of my calculations. Neither man's nor woman's, but a child's. Girls or boys? Boys. "I, says the sparrow, with my bow and arrow." Now you have got it.

We were down at Lancaster, and I had done two nights more than fair average business (though I cannot to honor myself tell them as a quick audience) in the open square there, near the end of the street where Mr. Sly's King's Arms and Royal hotel stands. Mim's traveling giant, otherwise Pickleson, happened at the self same time to be acting in an in the town. The great leaf lay was adopted with him. No lack of a van. Green baize above leading up to Pickleson in an auction room. Printed paper, "Free but suspended, with the exception of that proud boast of an enlightened country, a free press. Schools admitted by private arrangement. Nothing to raise a black in the cheek of youth or cheek the most fastidious." Mim asserting most horrible and terrific, in a pink calico pay place, at the clackpots of the public. Serious hooded in the shops, imparting that it was almost impossible to remain in a rational condition in the history of David without seeing Pickleson.

I went to the auction room in question, and I found it entirely empty of everything but one gentleman and lady with the single exception of Pickleson as a piece of red dragget. This entirely for purpose, as I wanted a private and confidential word with him, which was "Pickleson, taking much happiness to you, I put you to my will for a Pyrenean notion, to save trouble, here's four pounds down, which may equally suit your views, and let us conclude the transaction." Pickleson, who up to that remark had had the disjointed appearance of a long Russian raindight that couldn't anyhow get tighted, brightened up at his top extremity and made his schoolchilmounts in a way which (for him) was particularly eye shapeous. He likewise did add that, having ceased to draw as a Roman, Mim had made proposals for his going in as a converted Indian Giant, worked upon by the Dairyman's Daughter. This Pickleson, hatting his singulars since with the tract named after that young woman, and not being willing to couple gay with his serious views, declined to do, thereby leading to words and the total stoppage of the young man's box. All of which, the whole of the interview, was confirmed by the ferocious growling of Mim down in the pay place, which shook the giant like a leaf.

But what was to the present point in the remarks of the traveling giant, otherwise Pickleson, was this: "Doctor Marigold"—I give his words without a hope of conveying their fashionable—"wife to the strange young man that hangs about your ears!" "The strange young man!" I pressed here, thinking that he meant her, and he lingered circumlocution had dropped a stitch. "Darkey," he turns, with a pulse calculated to drive a hoss from a steady eye, "I am weak, but so so much yet as that I don't know my words. I repeat (hem) Doctor. The strange young man." It then appeared that Pickleson being raised to stretch his legs (not that they wanted it) only at times when he couldn't be seen for noticing, to wit, in the dead of the night and broad daylight, had twice seen hanging about my carts, in full sixes (very of Lancaster weather) had been only two nights, this same unknown young man.

It put me rather out of sorts. What it meant or its particulars I no more knew than thou (or thee) my footsole sir, but it put me rather out of sorts. However, I made light of it to Pickleson, and I took leave of Pickleson, advising him to spend his money in getting up Hecatombs, and to continue to stand by his vocation. Toward morning I was a-lighted for the strange young man, and—what was more—I saw the strange young man. He was well dressed and well looking. He followed very nigh my carts, sometimes (but not as if he was taking care of them) and soon after daybreak turned and went away. I sent a lad after him, but he never started or looked around, or took the smallest notice.

We left Lancaster within an hour or two, on our way to Carlisle. Next morning at daybreak I looked out again for the strange young man. I did not see him. But next morning I looked out again, and there he was—sure enough. I sent another lad after him, but as before he gave not the slightest sign of being anyways disturbed. This put a thought into my head. Acting on it, I was waiting my time, and I gave the sign at different times not necessary to enumerate, till I found that the strange young man was deaf and dumb.

The discovery turned me over, because I knew that a place of that establishment where she had been was allowed to young men (some of them well off) and I thought to myself, "If she favors him, where am I? and where will that I have worked and planned for?" Rights—I must confess to the selfishness—that she might not favor him. I let myself to find out. At last I was by accident present at a meeting between them in the open air, looking out toward, and the deaf man as if he was without their knowing of it. It was a meeting meeting for all the three parties concerned. I knew every syllable that passed between them as well as they did. I listened with my eyes, which had come to be as quick and true with deaf and dumb conversation as my ears with the talk of people that can speak. He was a going out to China as clerk in a merchant's house, which his father had been for long. He was his only child, he said. He was in circumstances to keep a wife, and he wanted her to marry him and go along with him. She persisted, he. He asked if she didn't love him. Yes, she had loved him dearly, dearly, but she could never disappoint her beloved, good, noble, generous, and Tilda's mother still all father meaning me, the Clean Jack in the covered wahlbonnet, and the world stay with him, leaving Tilda him! though it was to break her heart. Then she cried most bitterly, and that made up my mind.

While my mind had been in as unsettled state about her favoring this young man, I had felt that unreasonably toward Pickleson that it was well for him to had got his legs down, for I often thought, "If it hadn't been for this same weak-minded giant I might never have come to trouble my head and worry my soul about the young man." But, since that I knew she loved him—since that I had seen her weep for him—it was a different thing. I made it right to my mind with Pickleson on the spot, and I shook myself together to do what was right by all.

She had left the young man by that time (for it took a few minutes to get my thoughts well shook together), and the young man was leaning against another of the fir trees, of which there was a cluster, with his face upon his arm. I touched him on the back. Looking up and seeing me, he says, in very clear and dumb talk, "Do not be angry."

"I am not angry, good boy; I am your friend. Come with me."

I left him at the foot of the steps of the Library cart, and I went up alone. She was drying her eyes.

"You have been crying, my dear."

"Yes, father."

"Why?"

"A headache."

"Not a heartache?"

"I said a headache, father."

"Doctor Marigold must prescribe for that headache."

She took up the book of my prescriptions and held it up with a forced smile, but ending her lip still and look earnest, she softly fell it down again, and her eyes were very attentive.

"The prescription is not there, Sophy."

"Where is it?"

"Here, my dear."

I brought her young husband in, and I put her hand in his, and my only further words to both of them were these: "Dr. Marigold's last prescription. To be taken for life." After which I added, "When the wedding comes off, I intend a coat (nice and bright tortoise) for the first and last time in all my days, and I shall be very happy with my own hand. There were only or three and the gentleman who had had charge of her for three two years. I give the wedding dinner of four in the Library cart. Figures pie, a leg of garnished pork, a pair of fowls and suitable garden stuff. The best of drinks. I pave from a spouts, and the gentleman gave us a speech, and all our joyce told, and the whole went off like a skyrocket. In the course of the entertainment I explained to Sophy that I should keep the Library cart as no fitting cart when not upon the road, and that I should keep all her books for her just as they stood, till she came back to them from the west to China with her young husband, and it was a parting sorrowful and heavy, and I got the boy I had another service and so of old, when my wife and child were gone, I went plodding along alone, with my whipcord my shoulder, at the old horse's head.

Sophy wrote me many letters, and I wrote her many letters. About the end of the third year she sent me one to all mournfully based: "Dearest father, not a week ago I had a darling little daughter, but I am so well that they let me write three words to you. Dearest and best father, I hope my child may not be dead (such thoughts!) but I do not yet know." When I wrote back I limited the question, but as Sophy never answered that question, I felt it to be a sad one, and I never repeated it. For a long time our letters were regular, but then they got irregular, though Sophy's husband kept moved to another station, and through my being always on the move, for we were in one another's thoughts, I was equally sure, letters or no letters.

Five years, old months, and gone since Sophy went away. I was still the king of the Clean Jacks, and at a greater height of popularity than ever. I had a first rate amount of it, and on the 31st of December, 1861, I found myself at Uttoxeter, Middlesex, clean sold out. So I popped up to London with the old horse, light and easy, to have my Christmas eve and Christmas day alone by the fire in the Library cart, and then to buy a regular new stock of goods all round, to sell 'em again and get the money.

I set a good hand at cookery, and I'll tell you what I knocked up for my Christmas eve dinner in the Library cart: I roasted an a beef-steak pudding for one, with two kidneys, a dozen oysters and a couple of mushrooms thrown in. It's a pudding to put a man in good humor with everything except the two bottom buttons of his waistcoat. Having polished that pudding my chief away, I turned the lamp low and sat down by the light of the fire, watching it as it shone upon the back of Sophy's books.

Sophy's books so brought to Sophy's self that I saw her working two quite plainly before I dropped off dozing by the fire. This may be a reason why Sophy, with her deaf and dumb child in her arms, came to me and shook me out of all thoughts my nap. I was on the road, off the road, in all sorts of places—North and south and west and east. Winds filled hot and words filled heat, Fires and floods and people pelting. Over the fire and far away—and still one stood silent by me, with her chest cold in her arms. Even when I woke with a start she seemed to vanish, as if she had stood by me in that very place only a single minute before.

I had started at a real sound and the sound was on the steps of the cart. It was the light, hurried tread of a child coming, coming up. The tread of a child had been so familiar to me that for half a moment I believed I was waiting to see a little child.

But the touch of a real child was laid upon the outer handle of the door, and the handle turned, and the door began to be a little way and a real child peeped in. A bright little curly girl, with large dark eyes.

Looking full at me, the tiny creature held off her mind of a great hat, and a quantity of dark curls fell all about her face. Then she opened her lips, and said in a pretty voice:

"Grandfather?"

"Ah, my God!" I cries out. "The can speak!"

"Yes, dear grandfather. And I am to ask you why you thus was over my coat that I made you off."

In a moment Sophy was round my neck, as well as the child, and her husband was wringing my hand with his face red, and we all had to shake our voices together before we could get over it. And when we did begin to get over it, and I saw the pretty child a-sobbing, pleased and quick, and every and here to her mother, in the signs that I had first taught her mother, the happy and yet pitying tears fell rolling down my face.

THE END.

Money in Christmas Giving.

The custom of giving at this season is ordinarily honored and truteful arise due honored and autocratical at this season of the year is lamentable. As the fact is largely due to thoughtlessness it is well worth while to mention the matter with a warning intent.

If you give a present at Christmas you do so by way of profoundly affection or regard for the person to whom you make the gift. If you feel so such affection or regard, and make the present as a sense of social obligation or with a view to some possible advantage to be got from flattery, you are a hypocrite.

If by reason of calamitous or shamefulness, or what not, you give more costly presents than you can afford you are a dishonest pretender, a sham, and are acting in the spirit of the thrifty who promises to be my lord.

In all such giving there is not grace, but shame. It is utterly out of tune with the spirit of the holiday season, the spirit of good will and gladness and true friendship.

The value of a Christmas gift lies in the testimony it gives of the affection that prompts it. If that testimony be true it matters not at all what the form may be.

If you can afford a rich gift and are moved by affection to make it, all is well. But if your means be small and your affection great the expression may be made as effective as in the other case. There was a poor little lodging room, the son of a laundress, who on Christmas morning spent the solitary penny for a clay pipe, and lighed through the smoke to give to him radiant face, to one for whom he had conceived an affection. It was a very common clay pipe, and he is whom it was given possessed certain mechanisms with curly under noses. But this was to him the most precious of both all, because in the smoke wreaths that rose from it he saw the love of a little child reflected.

That was a true Christmas gift, honestly made in the spirit of Christmas.—New York Evening World.

A Seventeenth Century Christmas.

"Christmas Day (1662)—Had a pleasant waite to Whitehall, where I intended to have received the communion with the family, but I came a little too late. By and by to dress to the chapel again, where Bishop Mosley preached on the song of the angels, 'Glory to God on high, on earth peace and good will to mankind.' Methought he made little of the matter, but long, and expatiating the common injury of the court for the time for that shall and ought to be on these days. Particularly commending Herod's care in place and gallantry, saying that he where other it is to keep the peacemakers to order and without tumult, serves but for a second author in cobbling troubling the gossips gossip. Upon which it was observed concerning him for they are come from taking the sacrament, that it is a laying seriously, that they all laugh in the chapel when he reflected on their ill actions and excuses. He did much please to try, and to hospitality. But one that stood by whispered to me saw that the bishop do not speak one grace to the poor himself. The sermon done a good anthem followed with viols, and the king came down to receive the sacrament."

"Christmas Day (1663)—To church in the morning, and there saw a wedding in the church, which I have not seen in many a day; and the young people so merry one with another, and strange to see what delight we married people have to see those poor fools decoyed into our condition, every man and woman grieving and smiling at them."

"Christmas Day (1665)—To dinner alone with my wife where pray, wrangling and unpleased all day till it at night, sitting and talking of a noble pertinent, which I by her making the boy send to me the 'Life of Julius Cæsar' and Don Quixote book of mine."—Pepys's Diary.

A Bright Idea.

A Kansas man gave his extra a liberal meal of white paint on All Hallowmas. Next morning he counted fifteen hogs with a picket fence outlined on their backs. Detroit Free Press.

DR. LESLIE'S SPECIAL PRESCRIPTION

IS THE ONLY KNOWN REMEDY IN THE WORLD THAT WILL ABSOLUTELY CURE

SICK HEADACHE!

TESTIMONIALS

FOID & CRAWFORD, Commission Merchants and Dealers in Building Materials.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, Jan. 20th, 1891.

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Gents:—Some of the 25c. samples I asked for what we owed you for Dr. Leslie's Special Prescription for Sick Headache, proved to be just what I have longed for for years. Some time ago I was troubled with a terrible attack of sick headache, so I sent a sample of your Special Prescription. It fully cured me. Please send us a gross of your Special Prescription. Yours truly,

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DEEDS AND MORTGAGES.

Conformable to latest Territorial Statute for sale at the

DESERET NEWS OFFICE.

RAILROADS.

Rio Grande Western Railway.

STANDARD GAUGE.

CURRENT TIME TABLE.

In Effect Sunday, November 1, 1891.

EAST BY CENTRAL TIME.	No. 6.	No. 8.	No. 4.
Lv Ogden	1.15 p m	9.40 a m	7.00 p m
Ar Salt Lake	3.30 p m	11.45 a m	9.40 p m
Lv Salt Lake	3.40 p m	11.55 a m	9.50 p m
Ar Provo	4.55 p m	1.10 p m	11.05 p m
Lv Provo	5.00 p m	1.20 p m	11.15 p m
Ar Helper	6.40 p m	2.55 p m	12.55 a m
Lv Helper		3.00 p m	
Ar Pueblo		6.40 p m	
Lv Pueblo		7.00 p m	
Ar Colorado Springs		8.20 p m	1.30 a m
Ar Denver		9.35 p m	3.00 a m
Lv Helper	6.50 p m	3.10 p m	1.10 a m
Ar Grand Junction	10.40 p m	7.05 p m	5.05 a m
Ar Green River	1.40 a m	10.05 p m	8.05 a m
Ar Rock Springs	3.05 a m	11.40 p m	9.40 a m
Ar Evanston	4.15 a m	1.00 a m	11.00 a m

WEST BY MOUNTAIN TIME.	No. 5.	No. 1.	No. 3.
Lv Denver		7.00 a m	10.45 p m
Lv Colorado Springs		8.15 a m	11.55 p m
Lv Pueblo		9.30 a m	1.00 a m
Ar Helper	3.15 p m	12.05 p m	4.05 a m
Lv Helper	3.25 p m	12.15 p m	4.15 a m
Ar Glenwood	6.00 p m	3.00 p m	7.00 a m
Ar Green River	8.00 p m	5.05 p m	9.45 a m
Ar Grand Junction	9.00 p m	6.05 p m	10.45 a m
Ar Rock Springs	11.50 p m	9.05 p m	1.45 p m
Ar Evanston	1.15 a m	10.40 p m	3.15 p m
Lv Evanston	1.25 a m		
Lv Ogden	4.15 a m		
Lv Salt Lake	5.00 a m	3.00 a m	6.00 p m
Ar Provo	6.15 a m	4.15 a m	7.15 p m
Lv Provo	6.20 a m	4.20 a m	7.20 p m
Ar Helper	7.50 a m	5.50 a m	8.50 p m
Ar Pueblo	11.00 a m	9.00 a m	12.00 a m
Ar Colorado Springs	12.15 p m	10.15 a m	1.15 a m
Ar Denver	3.00 p m	12.45 p m	4.00 a m

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Utah Central Railway

TIME TABLE.

In Effect April 1st, 1891.

Passenger Trains will Run Daily, between Salt Lake and Park City, as Follows:

SALT LAKE CITY.

Trains leave this Station at 8.00 a.m. and 4.00 p.m.

Arrive at Park City at 10.30 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.

PARK CITY.

Trains leave Park City ..... 9.30 a.m. and 5.00 p.m.

Arrive at Salt Lake City ..... 12.00 m. and 7.30 p.m.

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A Warning

To Horse-Owners.

The Spill Nail in this wise, recently found the horse from which it was removed, is taken in Worcester, Mass. The point of the nail came out in the pasture, and for shoeing, not as directed, for fitting smith who shod the horse. The other point went in the direction shown in the illustration, piercing the center part of the foot, called the frog, and from the hole the horse was made lame for six nearly two weeks.

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Imported Canary, Cinnamon	4.00
Imported Canary, Cinnamon	3.00
Imported Canary, Cinnamon	2.00
Imported Canary, Cinnamon	1.50
Imported Canary, Cinnamon	1.00
Imported Canary, Cinnamon	0.75
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