DO YOU REMEMBER?

Do you remember how that night was cheerless? Yes, it was a cheerless night, and something more as well.

The ice-white moonbeams dotted at our feet, and spread in each lover's trembling bed.

The moaned wave came creeping to the beach.

And there there with a frozen silence at her, Dare remember how there was no space for her to rest for him. Our heartbeats throbbed not for us.

A small white falling star shot through the gloom.

You tell me "wish" before it could depart, Yet tell me how I answered—"Stay!" Because there was no wish left in my heart.

—Clara Pickett.

THE YOUNG SKIPPER.

"Is that the chap we shipped under? Why, he hasn't grown a beard yet!"

"Nevertheless he is the skipper of Blue Fin, and a right smart one, too, or you'll find out if you cruise many months aboard of her."

"That may be, but I'd rather see a man on the quarter deck than a boy."

"Thats the difference, if the boy has a navy head on his shoulders. It isn't always those who have lived the longest in the world that know the most, as I have found out. Now here as you and I, we have been following the sea over twenty years, and I'm not glad to say that we could handle a sail in any weather, but if we were asked to take a ship from New Bedford to Cape Horn, do you suppose we could pilot it? I tell you, Tom, no. That's because when we were young we wasted our time in idle talking instead of study. It was different with our skipper, as I know well, for he and I were shipmates together on the voyage that he pumped iron before the mast to the quarter deck."

"Don't see how he could do it," grumbled the one addressed as Tom.

"Well, I'll tell you, mate, when we get below," replied Bill Decker, one of the best steerers of the whaling ship Oregon, which had just left her home port for a three years' cruise in the Pacific.

"It was this way," began Bill that man evening in the "dog watch" when he and his companion Tom, who was also a boat steerer, were leaving sky over the weather rail, gazing out on the vast expanse of waters over which their vessel was bounding before a fair breeze.

"It's little over four years now since I joined the Race Horse down in one of the Kanaka islands. I had run away from another ship and had shown conduct to justified perhaps for trouble, and I got a chance in the Race Horse. We were going north to cruise in the Okhotsk sea. The skipper was before the mast then; he was a chap that didn't have to see a thing done more than twice before he could do it himself.

"I had left the harpoon in the mate's boat, and little Blue Fin, as we called our cub, that is now, pulled the bow oar in the same craft. One morning, just a little after daylight, the lookout in the crosstree raised a school of sperm whales. We had a pretty stiff breeze the night before and the sea was still running high. We lowered away, however, our three boats—mate's, second mate's and third's.

"I'll take that fellow up to windward," called our officer, as he pointed to a big whale that was playing around on the outside of the school, as though he was placed there to protect the cows and calves that were huddled together in the middle from any danger.

"'Look out, Bill,' says the mate to me as he stood grasping the steering oar. 'Look out, man, and don't miss him. There's a good hundred barrels there.'

"'Ay, ay, sir,' said I. 'Let me on close enough and I'll drive both 'irons' into him clear to the buckets.'

"There was no danger but what he'd do it, for the fellow didn't know what it was to be afraid of a whale. I wasn't going to take any chances, so I waited till the boat almost touched the big beast, then I let fly both harpoons, one after another, and sang out, 'Stern all.' When the boys were backing as to get out of the whale's way to stay, I went aft to change places with the mate, and he walked forward to his station in the bow to kill the fish with a lance.

"Now this whale was one of those kind of fellows that takes his medicine easy at first, but fights like fury before he lets his next flag. He didn't 'sound,' but lay and wallowed for a minute or two, then began to swing 'round so as to get sight of us.

"'He's going to give us a tussel,' called the mate.

"'Ay, ay, he's a fighter,' says I.

"Then I caught sight of Blue Fin's face. All the other chaps were glancing over their shoulders and beginning to get a little shaky, but he sat on his Stewart with his hand grasping the oar, just as quiet and unconcerned as if he were in a skiff on a still pond, and not within half a cable's length of a mad bull sperm that threatened to send him and his companion to Davy Jones' locker at any minute.

"'Stand by to jump,' called the mate. 'She's coming for us.'

"Now you know there's no boat quick enough to get out of the way of a whale when he means a rush, so the only thing to do is to leave her. The other men sprang to their feet, but the boy still sat there and I began to think he was paralyzed with fright.

"'Stand by to jump, Blue Fin,' I called. 'And when you go keep straight for the beggar, and not from him.'

"He had smiled and nodded his head, and standing up, unshipped his oar from the thole pin, held it ready and faced about.

"Then the whale started.

"'Jump' yelled the mate.

"The next instant we were all floundering around in the water, while the bull caught the boat in his mouth, crushed it to pieces and sounded.

"The third mate, who had just killed one small chap, was not far away, so he came and picked us up—all but the mate, we never saw him afterward. He must have been fouled in the lines and gone down.

"We got two out of the school, but all hands felt sad at the loss of the officer. I couldn't help telling our skipper how cool Blue Fin was through the whole thing, and when he shoved the Stewart aboard he told his own boat steerer third mate and ordered Blue Fin to take charge of the boat in his craft.

"I tell you the boy was proud enough, but he had nerve and good luck, both of which are everything to a whaler. This was destined to be an unfortunate voyage for the After Guards. The whales were plenty in the Okhotsk sea, and there was hardly a day but what we were mixing in or trying our hooks.

"One afternoon the cap's boat went away for a right whale. Our boat was close alongside, for the skipper hung out.

"'Don't you meddle with him, he's my fish,' he cried as we were being hauled up. I was standing by to lend a hand in case we were needed.

"Blue Fin made a pretty dart. He hurled his feet from about six feet off the bow hole, and the other he planted in the belly as the fellow rolled. It was a death blow, but before the whale began to spout blood he brought his fluke around, caught the boat before the boys could back out of the way and smashed her to pieces. We had to get up the crew. I grabbed the 'old man' just as he was going down, and when I landed him up I saw that he was hurt badly and was unconscious. He was picked up in a frightful manner and never recovered.

"Next morning at eight bells we launched the dead body of the captain from the starboard gangway, while the fish that had killed him was moored with chains to the main chain of the ship. Poor Blue Fin fell overboard, and he kept mourning as the mate read the burial service, saying:

"'Oh, if I hadn't struck the whale that had killed my father!' was the sad burden of his lamentation. Lots of people thought the boy was to blame for the death of his father, but I knew that was not so, for I had seen the fish before I struck it, and I knew that it was one of the most complimentary to sever received.'—Washington Post.

Time for Late Hours.

There would seem to be no excuse for the late hours which society patronizes for the amusement. Late evening parties for children are admitted to be injurious. But we are all children as regard to be, so far as the laws of health are concerned. We do not, as many thinking age care a right to violate the laws of health. Nature takes pay for it in one way or another.

One difficulty at the foundation of our social life is that we do not select amusements as necessary to our lives. We do not set apart time for them, but make it fused into them by fashion, upon taking them out of time that ought to be given to rest of mind and body. The day must all be given to business, so to its hours are available hour, and we take from hours that should be given to sleep time for social duties.—New York Ledger.

Glacier Ice.

Glacier ice is not like the solid blue ice on the surface of the water, but consists of granules joined together by an intricate network of capillary water filled fissures. In exposed sections and upon the surface of the ice can be observed "ribbed" or "banded" structures veins of a denser blue color alternating with those of a lighter shade containing air bubbles. The cause of this peculiar structure has been the subject of much theorizing among investigators, but hitherto the greatest authorities consider that the explanation of the phenomenon is yet wanting.—Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

Which She Was.

Neighbor (on the street)—Good morning, my little dear. I never can tell you and your sister apart. Which of the twins are you?

Little Dear—I'm the one wa'n't walkin.—Good News.

Women Teachers.

Of the teaching body in the United States at the last census 65 per cent were women. The total number is 236,000. Women are sometimes employed as teachers exclusively for boys, but more frequently for boys and girls together. In Chicago there are two grade schools for boys—the sexes are taught together. Women in Boston teach all the branches in all the public school rooms to children of all ages and all classes in life. In reply to the comparative merits of male and female teachers the commissioner of education reports: "Women, I think, as a rule succeed better than men in getting work out of pupils of all kinds. The intellectual training which they give is therefore better up to a certain point than that given by men. They also maintain better discipline than men and with less corporal punishment."—Exchange.

Chips for the Churchyard.

There are many people who think they ought to help the Lord to keep the premier humbug.

It is a great thing to win an enemy without the trouble of having to keep up a church social and a prayer meeting.

The parlor who tries to carry his church to heaven on his shoulders will be sure to drop the most of it.

Man who stands ready to grease the skids in the pulpit are not much account in helping people toward heaven.

Closing the heart against the cry of the needy is only another way of slamming the door of heaven against yourself.

The practical sympathy in which the members of the pastor's family take an interest is not apt to develop into sermons of a revival.—Ram's Horn.

THE BEST.

206 Front St., San Francisco, Cal.

"I used Jacobs Oil for Rheumatism in the shoulder and arm. It gave immediate and permanent relief."

W. H. McALISTER.

PERMANENT.

SALT LAKE NURSERY.

HAVING BECOME SOLE PROPRIETOR of the Salt Lake Nursery, I am now prepared to offer Fruit, Shade and Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, at low prices. Nursery one mile south of city limits, on main road.

MARION GREENSTREET.

"August Flower"

"I inherit some tendency to Dyspepsia from my mother. I suffered two years in this way; examined a number of doctors. They did me no good. I then used Relieved in your August Flower and it was just two days when I felt great relief. I soon got so that I could sleep and eat, and I felt that I was well. That was three years ago, and I am still first-class. I am never troubled with a bottle, and if I feel constipated the least particle a dose or two of August Flower does the work. The beauty of the medicine is, that you can stop the use of it without any bad effects on the system. Two Days.

Constipation While I was sick I felt everything it seemed to me a man could feel. I was of all men most miserable. I can say, in conclusion, that I believe August Flower will cure anyone of indigestion, if taken Life of Misery with judgment. A. M. West, 405 Bellefontaine St., Indianapolis, Ind."

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the estate of Mary Finn, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of Sale of Real Estate should not be made.

JACOB G. PAYE AND THOMAS GREEN, Administrators of the estate of Mary Finn, deceased, having filed their petition herein, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said deceased, for the payment of debts, as set forth in said petition, and for the distribution of the proceeds of said sale among the creditors of said deceased, and the heirs and devisees of said deceased, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the court, upon the said petition, that it will be for the benefit of said estate, and of said creditors, heirs and devisees, that said petition be granted, and that said administrators be authorized to sell the real estate of said deceased, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the court, upon said petition, that said deceased died seized of the following described real estate, situate in Salt Lake County, Utah Territory, to wit: Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40,