THE SON OF THE SHEIK.

The smell of the warm slime on the Jeliffe river and the sweet, heavy and sickening odor that exhaled into the unspeakable heat of the desert air from the bunches of dead and scorched water reeds is with me yet; also the sight of the long stretch of dry mud bank, rising by shallow and barely perceptible degrees to the edge of the desert sands, and thus disclosed by the shrinkage of the Jeliffe during the hot months. Ha! I can remember just how those mud banks looked. They were very broad and very black—except where they touched the desert, and there the sand had sifted over them in light, transparent sprinklings—and in rapidly drying under the sun of the Sahara had cracked and warped into thousands of tiny concave cakes that looked for all the world like little saucers in which Indian ink has been mixed. (If you are an artist, as was Thevenot, you will the better understand this.)

Then there was the reach of the desert that drew off on either hand, and that rolled away, ever so gently, toward the place where the hollow sky dropped out of sight behind the shimmering horizon, swelling greedily and gradually like some mighty breast, which, panting for breath in the horrible heat, had risen in a final gasp, and had then, in the midst of it, suddenly stiffened and become rigid, while on this relentless bosom of the desert, where nothing stirred but the waxing light in the morning and the waning light in the night, lay tumbled red and gray rocks, with thin drifts of sand in their rifts and crevices and gray-green cacti squatting or sprawling in their blue shadows. And there was nothing more—nothing, nothing, nothing—except the appalling heat and the numbing silence.

And in the midst of it all—we.

Now, "we," broadly and generally speaking, were the small right wing of General Pastret's division of the African service; speaking less broadly and less generally, "we" were the advance guard of said division, and speaking in the narrowest and most particular sense "we" were the party of war correspondents, specials, extras, artists, etc., who were accompanying said advance guard of said wing of said army of said service for reasons herein to be set forth.

As the long, flat, black scow of the commissariat went crawling up the torpid river, with the advance guard straggling along upon the right, "we" lay upon the deck under the shadow of the scow's awning and talked and drank homesickness.

I forget now what had led up to it, but Poncastine had said that the Arabs were patriotic, when Bab Assoun cut in and said something which I shall repeat as soon as I have told you about Bab Assoun himself.

Briefly, then, Bab Assoun had been born twenty-nine years before this time at Themsen, of Kabyle parents—his papa was a sheik—had been transplanted to France at the age of ten, and had flourished there in a truly remarkable manner. He had graduated fifth from the Polytechnique; he had written books that had been "couronnes par l'Academie;" he had become naturalized; he had been prominent in politics—no one can cut a wide swath in Paris in anything without hitting against la politique; he had occupied important positions in two embassies; he was a diplomat of the most qualities; he had lots of influence; he dressed in faultless French fashion; he had owned Crusader; he had lost money on him; he had applied to the government for the office of "Secondes des bureaux-Arabes dans l'Oran," in order to recoup; he had obtained it; he had come on with "us," and was now on this, his first visit to his fatherland since his tenth year, on his way to his post.

Voila Bab Assoun.

And when Poncastine had spoken thus about the patriotism of the Arabs, Bab Assoun made him answer, "The Arabs are not sufficiently educated to be true patriots."

"Bah!" said Santander, "a man does not require to be educated in order to be a patriot. And, indeed, the rudest nations have ever been the most devotedly patriotic."

"Yes," said Bab Assoun, "but it is a narrow and a very selfish patriotism."

"I can't see that," put in Poncastine. "A patriot is like an egg—he is either good or bad. There is no such thing as a 'good enough egg;' there is no such thing as a 'good enough patriot,' if a man is one at all, he is a perfect one."

"I agree," answered Bab Assoun; "yet patriotism can be more or less narrow. Listen and I will explain"—he raised himself from the deck on his elbow, and gestured with the amber mouthpiece of his chibouk. "In looking backward upon the gradual development of patriotism in the minds of men since the days when they first began to band together, you can see it pass through five very distinct stages. Patriotism, first, was but love of family—of parents and kindred, but then as the family grows and expands into the tribe, it, too—as merely a large family—becomes the object of affection, of patriotic devotion. This is the second stage—the stage of the tribe, the clan, the gens; men call themselves of the Gothic tribe, of the Clan Chattan, of the Gens Fabianus. In the third stage, the tribe has sought protection behind the inclosure of walls. It is the age of cities, patriotism is the devotion to the city. Men are Athenians are Grecians, Romans are Italians, Carthaginians are Africans. In the next period patriotism means affection for the state, for the county, for the province, and Burgundian, Norman and Fleming give freely of their brave blood for Burgundy, Normandy and Flanders, while we of today form the latest, but not the last, link of the lengthening chain by honoring, loving and serving the country above all considerations, be they of tribe or town or tenure. Yet I do not believe this to be the last, the highest, the noblest form of patriotism. No," said Bab Assoun, "this development shall go on, ever expanding, ever ascending, until, carried upon its topmost crest, we attain to that height from which we can look down upon the world as our country, humanity as our countrymen, and he shall be the best patriot who is the least patriotic."

"Ah-h, Sabtre!" exclaimed Santander listlessly, throwing a cushion at Bab Assoun's head, "va te coucher. It's too hot to theorize; you're either a great philosopher, Bab, or a large close!"—he looked at him over the rim of his glass before concluding—"idiot."

But Bab Assoun had gone on talking in the meanwhile, and now finished with "and so you must not blame me if, looking upon them" (he meant the Arabs) "and theirs in this light, I find this African campaign a sorry business for France to be engaged in—a vast and powerful government terrorizing into submission a horde of half starved fanatics," he yawned, "all of which is very bad—very bad—bah! give me some more homesickness."

We were aroused by the sudden stoppage of the scow.

A detachment of "Zephyrs," sent on upon the right bank, scrambled together in a hollow square. A battalion of Contumelia, with halts and hoarseness rippling, scuttled by us at a gallop, and the Twenty-third Chasseurs d'Afrique in the front line halted at a "carry" on the crest of a sand ridge which hid the horizon from sight; the still, hot air of the Sahara was suddenly pervaded with something that seemed as to our feet in an instant. Santander whipped out his ever ready sketch book and began blocking in the landscape and the position of the troops, while Thevenot snatched his note book and "stylograph."

Of the scene which now gathered upon us I can, in respect to time, place or relative succession of detail, remember nothing, only out of that dark chaos can I rescue a few detached and fragmentary impressions—all the more vivid, nevertheless, from their isolation, all the more distinct from the gray blue of the background against which they trace themselves.

Instantly, somewhere disquietingly near, an event, or rather a whirl of events that rushed and writhed themselves together into a quivering mass of dizzying complexity, suddenly evolved and widened like the flame, quick rending open of some vast scroll, and there were zigzag hurryings to and fro and a surging heavenward of a torrent of noises—noises of men and noises of feet, noises of horses and noises of arms—noises that hustled fiercely upward above the brown mass and closed together in the desert air, blending or jostling one with another, joining and separating, reuniting and dividing; noises that rattle, noises that clanked, noises that hummed or shrilled or thundered or quavered, and one well known noise that, at regular intervals, was dominant over all as of a mighty flood of planks and boards falling from some vast height upon the earth beneath. And then came sight of blue-gray tremulous curtains—but whether of smoke or dust I could not say—tumbling and billowing, bellying out with the hot tempest breath of the battle demons that raged within and whose outermost fringes were torn by serrated files of flashing steel and wavering ranks of red.

And this was all at first. I knew we had been attacked and that behind those boiling smoke billows, somewhere and somehow, though exactly how and where I could not tell, men, infuriated into beasts, were grappling and struggling, each man, with every sinew on the strain, honestly striving to kill his fellow.

And now we were in the midst of a hollow square of our soldiery, yet how we came there I cannot recall, though I remember—trivial enough as it was—that the water of the Jeliffe made my clothes heavy and clinging and uncomfortable—remember this, although a mortal fear sat upon me of being shot down by some of our own frenzied soldiers. And then came that awful rib-cracking pressure, as from some outward, unseen force, the square was thrown back upon itself.

The smell of sweat, of horses and men, the odor of the powder smoke, the blinding, suffocating, stupefying clouds of dust, the horrible fear—greater than all others—of being pushed down beneath those thousands of trampling feet, the terrible pitch of excitement that sickens and weakens, the momentary consciousness—vanishing as soon as felt—that this was what men called "war," and that we were experiencing the stern reality of what we had so often read.

It was not inspiring, not thrilling; there was no romance, no poetry about it; there was nothing in it but the hideous jar, one against the other, of men drunk with the blood lust that eighteen hundred years had not quenched, and all that we called nobility and glory faded out of sight as the magic of its real presence.

I looked at Bab Assoun. He was standing at the gunwale of the scow—somehow we were back on the scow again—with an unloaded pistol in his hand. He was watching the battle on the bank. His nostrils quivered, and he shifted his feet exactly like an excited thoroughbred. On a sudden a trooper of the Eleventh Cuirassiers came spinning round and round out of the brown of battle, gulping up blood, and pitched, wheezing, face downward, into the soft ooze where the river licked at the bank, raising ruddy bubbles in the ooze as he blew his life breath in gasps into it, and raking in into gridiron patterns as his quivering, blue fingers closed into dots.

Instantly afterward came a mighty rush across the river beneath our very bows. Forty odd outriders burst into it, followed by eighty or a hundred Kabyles. I can recall just how the horses' heels rattled on the saucer like cakes of dry mud and flung them up in countless fragments behind them. They were a fine sight, these Kabyles, with their fierce, red horses, their dazzling white bournous, their long, thin, murderous rifle barrels, thundering and splashing past, while from the whole mass of them, from under the shadow of every white hulk, from every black bearded lip, was rolling their war cry, "Allah, Allah-il-Allah!"

What long dormant recollections stirred in Bab Assoun at this old battle shout! As he faced them now he was no longer the cold, cynical boulevardier of the morning. He looked as he must have looked when he played—a sixteen-year-old boy—about the feet of the horses in his father's black tent. He saw the long lines of the dunes of his native home; he saw the camels and the caravan crawling toward the sunset; he saw the women grinding meal; he saw his father, the bearded sheik; he saw the Arab horsemen riding down to battle; he saw the palm broad spear points and the blue yataghans. He was no longer the Parisien, the "product of civilization," the "new problem." In an instant of time all the long years of culture and education were as a garment stripped away. Once more he stood and stepped the Kabyle, and with those recollections his long forgotten native speech came rushing to his tongue, and in one long, shrill, exultant cry he answered his countrymen in their own language, "Allah-il-Allah, Mohammed Rasoul Allah!"

He passed me at a bound, leaped from the scow upon the back of a riderless horse, and, mingling with the band of the Kabyles, sped out of sight.

And that was the last I ever saw of Bab Assoun.—Argonaut.

There are many simple and effective disinfectants, among which are coffee pounded and burned on an iron plate, sugar burned on hot coals, vinegar boiled with myrrh and sprinkled on the floor and furniture of a sick room.

Ladies and smiling maids among the ancient Greeks and Romans wore plain hoops of gold or silver in their ears, and as time progressed these became more elaborate, precious gems being set in them.

It keeps three large Chicago factories busy to manufacture the locomotive headlights and railroad lanterns that are used in this country. The factories give employment to 1,100 men and boys.

Two Kinds of Gargle.

Two little girls were overheard speaking about their recovery from an attack of sore throat with which each had been afflicted.

"What did your mamma give you?" asked little Amy of Helen.

"Oh, she made me goggle my froat with hammomilla. What did you do?"

"Oh, I had to goggle mine with glory of potash!"—Detroit Free Press.

[illegible] of Lawns.

A mistake is often made by setting the lawn mower to cut too short, and there is not enough of leaf growth left to give strength to the roots of the grass. A more natural condition is given by cutting a little higher, and the lawn is made more like velvet, and there would be less danger of the earth below being dried or burned by exposure to the sun. Owners and gardeners are sometimes puzzled to know what to do under the shade of trees where grass will not grow freely. The best remedy is a free seeding with Kentucky bluegrass, which will endure shade better than most other lawn grasses.

TESTING CREAM AND [illegible].

Getting Less Butter Than the Cream Test Indicates.

Creamery men inform us that at times they are unable to make cream hold out. It is not meant by this that the standard gauge of cream fails to make a pound of butter, but that the butter churned is less than the test indicates. We are asked what is the matter. The buttermilk tank is a good place to commence investigations when the butter churned out is less than the test.

It is perhaps possible to recover practically all the butter fat and yet have the butter fall short. If the casein and water is less than 12 per cent. of the total weight—that is, if the butter contains more than 88 per cent. of butter fat, it is presumable that the weight will fall short. An analysis of fifteen samples of butter showed a range of fat content from 80.29 to 87.38, averaging about 84. The cream test is gauged to allow for 88 per cent. of butter fat. Butter which contains 88 per cent. of fat will, however, fall short a trifle, as a little fat goes into the buttermilk. If it contains 86 per cent. of fat there should be no shrinkage. If it contains less than 85 per cent. it should overrun, and, in fact, well ordered creameries will naturally secure a surplus.

The principle of the cream test may be briefly stated thus: Five inches in depth in the test tube is said to hold out when it yields one and one-tenth inches of butter fat. This shows just 22 per cent. of fat in the cream. A gauge of cream weighs four pounds and is estimated to churn out one pound of butter.

Four pounds of 22 per cent. fat condensed to one pound will be 88 per cent. fat—more than the fat contents of average butter. As the creamery management does all the measuring, testing and weighing, the patron has no opportunity to swindle the creamery, and a failure to get out at least as much as the test indicates should lead him to watch the churning with an intelligent eye.

But the milk test is different. It should always overrun. If the test shows four pounds of butter in a hundred of milk the fat is there—granting the test to be correctly made. If the butter maker fails to churn out four pounds of butter fat, the separator or the churn, or both, do defective work. More than this, it should overrun as much as the weight of water, casein and salt remaining in the manufactured butter. It would be very interesting if our readers would report how milk tests agree with the churn. We refrain from laying down a rule regarding the amount it should overrun in weight, as we do not want to encourage having the butter loaded with water. How many find it overruns more than 16 per cent. and how many less?

If all the butter fat gets into the butter, and none is lost in the skimmilk and buttermilk, 85 per cent. butter will overrun nearly 18 per cent. Will it? Let us have reports.—Creamery Journal.

The Cow for Florida.

In the live stock department of the Ocala exposition there were cattle representing the Holstein-Friesian, the Shorthorn, Devon and Jersey breeds. While we admired the splendid appearance of the Experiment station's animal and the portentous steak in the Shorthorn, we could see no reason to change the opinion formed six years ago that the Jersey and its grades were the cattle for this climate.

While primarily considered as cows for butter, the Jersey steer will rough it on Florida pastures and make fine beef. A decided improvement in the quality of beef offered in the Tallahassee market over that killed a few years ago can only be traced to the infusion of the Jersey blood, as bulls of the other breeds have succumbed to the heat of the summer. While the Jerseys themselves are prone to be attacked as well as the others, they will recover quicker and the percentage of loss is not so great.

A large cow requires a large amount of feed, and if she has to search for it a portable house would be necessary to keep up with her, and we have yet to see the planter in this state who puts up enough feed to satisfy even the small Jersey.

Even here in Florida feed must be provided for the winter months, for there is a time when the pastures are bare, and unless fed from the barn or silo cattle suffer as much as on the western ranges. The latter method of storing feed seems to fill a long felt want, and from unavoidable causes having been unable to fill ours the past season, we miss it very much.

Any one with land able to grow corn and handy with hatchet and saw can construct a silo. I will be glad to inform any one where to get the best plans embodying the latest ideas.

Where one has the time to devote to it properly, the calf should be raised by hand, and it is not so hard to do so as one may imagine.—W. H. Schrader in Southern Live Stock Journal.

Notes.

Hog raising and dairying go well together.

That Ohio authority, John Gould, says that 62 degs. is the best temperature at which milk can be set. He declares, moreover, that good keeping butter cannot be made with ice, and that "our mothers" best made to please in the art of making butter that would keep several weeks in perfect condition.

Two dairy cows well fed and cared for are worth more than six long legged, half starved ones.

A. D. Baker declares that sweet skimmilk is worth as much to feed calves till they are a year old as to feed pigs.

Two Railroad Presidents Meet.

Judge McWhorter is president of the shortest railroad system in the world. It is something more than three miles in length, between Crawford and Lexington.

Of this road Larry Gantt tells a good story on the judge.

"Hamp was in New York a few months ago," said Larry, "and while in Colonel John Inman's office he met Jay Gould. He was introduced to the wizard as the president of the Lexington Terminal.

"'Yes,' said Mr. Gould, 'I am glad to meet you. You have a nice road. By the way, Mr. McWhorter, how many miles are there in your system?'

"'Nearly five,' replied Hamp.

"'All under one management?' asked Mr. Gould from force of habit."—Atlanta Constitution.

Among the women's clubs in New Jersey are some that have named themselves "The Sparrows," because they live on the crumbs that fall from the big clubs' tables. In other words, they have the second reading of the papers from two or three large clubs in the state.

NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of Catherine Alice Piggott, deceased.

Order appointing time and place for settlement of final account and to hear petition for distribution.

On reading and filing the petition of Abbie A. Piggott, administratrix of the estate of Catherine Alice Piggott, deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration upon said estate in this Court; that all the debts of said estate and of said deceased have been fully paid, and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order allowing said final account and of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled.

It is ordered that all persons interested in the estate of the said Catherine Alice Piggott, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the County of Salt Lake, at the Court Room of said Court, in the County Court House, on Wednesday the 15th day of July, 1891, at 10 o'clock a.m., then and there to show cause why an order allowing said final account and of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of said Catherine Alice Piggott, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered that the clerk cause notice of this order to be posted in three public places in Salt Lake County and published in the Deseret Evening News, a newspaper printed and circulated in Salt Lake County, three weeks successively next before the said 15th day of July, 1891.

Dated June 24th, 1891.

G. W. BARTCH, Probate Judge.

Territory of Utah, County of Salt Lake, } ss.

I, C. E. Allen, Clerk of the Probate Court in and for the County of Salt Lake, in the Territory of Utah, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a full, true and correct copy of order appointing time and place for settlement of final account and to hear petition for distribution, as appears of record in my office.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said Court, this 24th day of June, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL.] C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.

By C. E. STANTON, Deputy Clerk. [illegible]

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of George W. Piggott, deceased.

Order appointing time and place for settlement of final account and to hear petition for distribution.

On reading and filing the petition of Abbie A. Piggott, administratrix of the estate of George W. Piggott, deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration upon said estate in this Court; that all the debts of said estate and of said deceased have been fully paid, and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order allowing said final account and distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled.

It is ordered that all persons interested in the estate of the said George W. Piggott, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the County of Salt Lake, at the Court Room of said Court, in the County Court House, on Wednesday, the 15th day of July, 1891, at 10 o'clock a.m., then and there to show cause why an order allowing said final account and of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said George W. Piggott, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered that the Clerk cause notice of this order to be posted in three public places in Salt Lake County and published in the Deseret Evening News, a newspaper printed and circulated in Salt Lake County, three weeks successively next before the said 15th day of July, 1891.

G. W. BARTCH, Probate Judge.

Dated June 24th, 1891.

Territory of Utah, County of Salt Lake, } ss.

I, C. E. Allen, Clerk of the Probate Court in and for the County of Salt Lake, in the Territory of Utah, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a full, true and correct copy of order appointing time and place for settlement of final account, and to hear petition for distribution, as appears of record in my office.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said Court, this 24th day of June, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL.] C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of Probate Court.

By C. E. STANTON, Deputy Clerk. [illegible]

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of James Watkins, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the estate of James Watkins, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at the law office of Richards & Moyle, Constitution Building, No. 34 S. Main Street, Salt Lake City, in the County of Salt Lake.

Dated May 21, 1891.

JOHN WILLOUGHBY,

Administrator of the estate of James Watkins, deceased. [illegible]

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Mary Ann Childs, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, George J. Taylor, Administrator of the Estate of Mary Ann Childs, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said George J. Taylor, at his office, No. 41 South, First West Street, Salt Lake City, in the County of Salt Lake, Utah Territory.

Dated May 1st, A. D. 1891.

GEORGE J. TAYLOR,

Administrator of Estate of Mary Ann Childs, deceased. [illegible]

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the Estate of Hannah [illegible], Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Hannah [illegible], deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his office, at No. [illegible] East First South Street, Salt Lake City, in the county of Salt Lake, Utah Territory.

Dated June 16th, 1891.

DAVID S. EMERY,

Administrator with the will annexed of estate of Hannah [illegible], deceased.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of James Moses, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrators of the estate of James Moses, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrators at the law office of Richards and Moyle, Constitution Building, No. 34 Main Street, in the city of Salt Lake and in the County of Salt Lake.

Dated June 18th, 1891.

FRED. F. MOSES,

J. T. MOSES,

Administrators of the Estate of James Moses, deceased. [illegible]

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah, in the matter of the estate of Sarah Walkins, deceased, the undersigned, John T. Buckle, as administrator of said estate, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, for cash, and subject to the confirmation of said Probate Court, on or after the 13th day of July, A. D. 1891, all the right, title and interest, which the said Sarah Walkins had at the time of her decease, in [illegible] certain real estate situated in Salt Lake City, county of Salt Lake and Territory of Utah, [illegible]. Terms of sale cash. Deed at the expense of purchaser. Bids must be in writing, and may be left at the store of [illegible] & Co., No. [illegible] South East Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

JOHN T. BUCKLE,

Administrator of the estate of Sarah Walkins, deceased. [illegible]

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Francis Ann Linnon, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Francis Ann Linnon, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at her residence, [illegible], in the county of Salt Lake, Utah Territory.

Dated June 16th, 1891.

JOSEPH [illegible] HAWKINS,

Administratrix with the will annexed of Francis Ann Linnon. [illegible]

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate and Guardianship of Joseph L. M. Graham et al., Minors.

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

Sarah A. Mitchell Graham, the guardian of the persons and estate of Joseph L. M. Graham, William H. Graham, [illegible] F. and Charles H. Graham, Minors, having filed her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all the real estate of said minors, for the purposes therein set forth, it is hereby ordered that the next of kin of the wards, and all persons interested in the estate of said minors, appear before the said Probate Court on Friday, the tenth day of July, 1891, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of said Probate Court, at the County Court House, in the City and County of Salt Lake, Utah Territory, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said guardian, to sell so much of the real estate of the said minors, at private sale, as shall be necessary, and that a copy of this order be published at least three successive weeks in the Deseret Evening News, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated 8th day of June, 1891.

G. W. BARTCH, Probate Judge.

Territory of Utah, County of Salt Lake, } ss.

I, C. E. Allen, Clerk of the Probate Court in and for the County of Salt Lake, in the Territory of Utah, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a full, true and correct copy of order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made, in the matter of the estate and guardianship of Joseph L. M. Graham, et al., minors, as appears of record in my office.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said Court, this 8th day of June, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL.] C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of Probate Court.

By C. E. STANTON, Deputy Clerk. [illegible]

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

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

Upon reading and filing the petition of Sarah H. Rawlins, praying for the admission to probate of a certain document, therewith filed in this Court, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of the deceased. It is ordered that Friday, the 10th day of July, A. D. 1891, be and is hereby appointed for the hearing of the proof of the execution of said Will, at 10 o'clock a.m. of that day, at the County Court House in Salt Lake City.

It is further ordered that the clerk cause due notice thereof to be given by publication of notice of hearing said petition in the Deseret Evening News, a newspaper published in Salt Lake County, for at least ten days before said day of hearing, and that notices of the same be mailed to the heirs residing in Salt Lake County.

I hereby set Friday, the 10th day of July, 1891, to hear the petition of Sarah H. Rawlins, praying for admission to probate of a certain document purporting to be the last will and testament of Henry Rawlins, deceased.

Witness my hand at Salt Lake City, this 26th day of June, A. D. 1891.

G. W. BARTCH, Judge of said Court.

[SEAL.] C. E. ALLEN, Probate Clerk.

[illegible]

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Harriet Taft, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Elizabeth L. W[illegible], administratrix of the estate of Harriet Taft, deceased, has rendered for settlement, and filed in said Court, her final account of her administration of said estate and petition for final distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled thereto, and that Friday, the 17th day of July, A. D. 1891, at 10 a.m., at the Court room of said Court, in the County 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 hearing said petition for distribution, at which time and place any person interested in said estate may appear and show cause, if any there be, why said account should not be settled and approved and final distribution made as prayed for.

Dated June 27th, 1891.

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of Probate Court.

By C. E. STANTON, Deputy. [illegible]

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

The Bellevue, Idaho Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, Salt Lake City, Utah. Location of Mines and Works, Mineral Hill Mining District, State of Idaho.

Notice.—There is delinquent upon the following described Stock, on account of assessment of thirty (30) cents per share, levied on the [illegible] day of April, 1891, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective Shareholders, as follows:

Name.	No. of Certificate.	No. of Shares.	Amount.
Chas. H. Briggs,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
D. F. Webster,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
H. O. Bass,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
John T. Burns,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
L. H. Hurd,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Chas. H. Briggs,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Geo. S. Frink,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
M. Shaughnessy,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
M. Shaughnessy, Trustee,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
T. A. [illegible],	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
J. L. [illegible],	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
A. P. Bradstreet,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
A. M. Young,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
E. M. [illegible],	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
D. F. Webster,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
W. H. [illegible],	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
A. P. Bradstreet,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
D. F. Webster,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
E. A. Lewis,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
J. Barnett,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
F. O. Hunn,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
E. M. Conklin,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
J. R. Furlow,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
W. F. Lenn,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
L. A. [illegible],	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Arthur Brown,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
J. [illegible],	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

And in accordance with law and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the [illegible] day of April, 1891, so many shares of each parcel of Stock as may be necessary, will be sold at the Office of the Company in Salt Lake City, on Friday the [illegible] day of June, 1891, at [illegible] p.m. to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

F. O. HUNN, Acting Sec'y.

Salt Lake City, Utah, June [illegible], 1891.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Bellevue Idaho Mining Company, held this day, the date of payment of the above described delinquent stock, was extended from the [illegible] day of June, 1891, to the [illegible] day of July, 1891, at the same hour and place.

By order of the Board of Directors.

F. O. HUNN, Acting Sec'y.

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GEO. M. CANNON, Vice-President,
A. C. YOUNG, Secretary & Treasurer,
L. G. HARDY,
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