THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE.

And who the bravest of the brave
The heroes here ever knew
"Who was who dared a fiery grave,
If he dared in your the sore is sore,
Hic, more than this a hundred northern
And vagrants valiant but no more?
Ye ancient wise phrase now cast
The man, and men. "Put to thy sword!"
Cried he and he, as hours to say!
Ye leave to do, as hours to say!

"Put up the sword into the sheath,"
For I say unto thee, put up the sword,
He Cadmus's lands man rose smooth
The slow tiger-eye valiant Lord,
Spake calm and tranquillo. Some sat there
And took and stared upon the dead
Made thanks. Yet he spake not, saw
With strong word and gesture, words,
"Put up the sword into the sheath,
The peaceful olive bough beneath.

Ye Christian kings, in Christ's dear name,
I charge you, 'Do as gave this to
"Put up thy sword!" The time may come
To lift and hurl like darts to the
Rather than war is not reasonable!
Yet ye dare not to Christ in peace
With yet and evening could be hard!
Ye dare do to Christ dare!
Ye turn, turn, treat and smite,
Ye smote, smote, smote, smote, smite!

O God, for one valiant man,
One valiant King, one hero to stand
Yea, there would be an end of war
If but one could be heard or seen
To Christ: to heavenly cry:
"Put up thy sword, put up thy sword,
And let us date to live and die
As Christ-men, our valiant Lord,
With sword commended to its sheath,
The blessed olive bough beneath."
—Joaquin Miller in New York Independent.

NOT FOR GOLD.

"Janet's fortune! How much is it, mother?" said Ronald Mitchell, as he carefully measured the anchovy for his boiled salmon.

"How much, Ronald? Nothing less than the whole Cross-me-lief estate, besides £19,000 good money in the Bank of Scotland."

"Too little," replied Ronald, shaking his head in a comfortable manner. "I could not sell myself so cheap."

"But there is the bonie Barbye; she is not bad looking, and she is a careful housewife and a good Christian."

"Doubtless, mother, she is better than a bit bonnie, but I know a girl worth ever so much more than Janet McDonald."

"That will be Bellie Johnson's daughter!"

"You do me too much honor. I do not aspire to a woman so far high, especially when her temper is of equal proportions."

"Well, Isabelle has a bad temper, but Janet is different; she has no vice, and"——

"No heart."

"She has plenty of money."

"And no intellect."

"But she has intellect enough to send you to parliament."

"I don't want to go there, mother, and I do want my dinner, and you are taking away my appetite." And Ronald drew the meat cock toward him and helped himself so liberally that Mrs. Mitchell may be excused for sighing gently during the fact. Then there was a few minutes' silence, which did not deceive Ronald. He knew it was the lull before the breaking of the storm. His mother's attitude of indifference and listlessness was all assumed. He was perfectly familiar with it and knew—by some bad better reason to know—what a proud, resolute spirit it hid.

She was only hesitating now to open the subject which lay nearest her heart, because Ronald maintained a neutrality of perfect silence; and she knew that if she began she dispute, she gave him, at the opening of the argument, all the advantages which belong to the defendant.

While she was hesitating a servant brought in a card and gave it to her.

"It is Wylie, Ronald," she said; "you had better go and see him."

"Why so, mother? I know nothing about the property. You and he have always managed it. Besides, I have an engagement at half past 7."

"But something must be done. Every year the rents are decreasing. My income will soon be at starvation point."

Ronald looked up and smiled incredulously.

"Oh, yes. I keep up an appearance, of course, and I suppose I shall always be able to do that, for I am not one of the foolish women who spend as they go. I have laid a little by to help the future; but what is to become of you?"

"Helpless! I have a good angel, I suppose."

"A good wife would be more to the purpose, and if you would only marry Janet McDonald, she would bring you a fine estate; besides, she is a prudent lassie, and would help you to keep the gear well together."

"How do I know that Janet would have me?"

"I have already spoken to her."

"It was throwing words away, mother. If there is anything else I can do pleasure you to, I shall be willing and obedient, but I dare not ask my life away—not for gold, at least."

"Yet, you are going to do it for a pretty face."

"You are mistaken. I have my price, I suppose, like neither land nor money, and able to buy me."

"The women of men is wonderful; it passes the comprehension of women. Where are you going this evening?"

"To Mrs. Bosley's."

"To see Miss Eve. Very well, Ronald. Remember, if you decline to accept Janet McDonald as your wife, I also decline to receive Eve Bosley as my daughter. I suppose the right of refusion is left to me as well as you."

"Not equally, mother. You cannot make Janet my wife, but I, by marrying Eve can make her your daughter."

"I dare it for it, for it will cause you worst to longer — my son. Good evening, sir."

"Mrs. Mitchell victor as usual," said Ronald laughing softly to himself and slowly filling his glass. "There is a new turn in affairs. I must go and see what Eve's reply about it."

On his way there he failed not to think of the subject. It perplexed and annoyed him, but Eve had a way of letting sunlight into everything, and what ever she said of course he should do. Eve, watching and listening in the shadow of the crimson draperies, heard the echoes of his long, swinging steps, and divined in them something new even before she saw the strange light in his usual sleepy eyes.

"What is the matter, Ronald? I do not believe I shall call you 'sans souci' tonight; you look troubled."

"You may call me the 'Troubadour Knight,' for I think my trouble will amount to that."

"What have you been doing?" said Mrs. Bosley.

"My sin is one of omission, madam. You see, Mrs. Bosley, I am only a part of the estate to my mother. She wants to invest me profitably, just as she does the interest on her loans and savings. At present she allows me £100 a year; but if I refuse to carry out her plans she will withdraw it, I am sure. Then what am I to do?"

"Ask Eve."

Eve met the questioning face with one of confidence.

"Go to work, sir, and make £200 a year. I will marry you when you can earn £300. What do you say to that?"

"That you are the wisest and loveliest and bravest little lady in Christendom," and he fairly lifted her to his arms and kissed her.

"Put me down, Ronald, and listen to what I say. You are 6 feet 2 inches high, and strong as Hercules. You never have a headache, and are just twenty-two years old. 'Disinherited!' Pshaw! Your inheritance is in your own keeping. The world is given to the children of men; go into it and take your portion."

Nothing strengthens a man in trouble like the sympathy and help of the woman he loves. Ronald went from Eve's presence gifted with a definite purpose and an appealing look. The inward change had its outward evidence. It was perceptible in his firm, rapid tread, which had lost its usual lazy swing; in the manner in which he accepted the steps two and three at a time, and in the impetuous way in which he flung his hat and gloves on the hall table and caught his mother's presence. She was half sitting and half lying in a large duchess chair, lazily dipping her toast into a glass of mulled wine; but at Ronald's entrance she partly turned her head and said in a sleepy manner:

"Your energy is exhausting and unnecessary, Ronald. I wish you would be more preliminary."

He tried to obey her, as he had always done, but he was too excited tonight. Before he got half across the room he stumbled over a small ottoman, and then kicked it out of his way.

"What is the matter with you, sir? What kind of company have you been in to bring such a rudeness inflicture back with you?"

"I have been with two of the noblest women in the world, mother."

"Indeed! I am sure I should never have thought so." And the sneering accent was very perceptible.

"I told you I was going to Mrs. Bosley's, and I have been."

"Very well, sir; that is enough. I am not curious about the family. We will change the subject, please."

The habit of obedience was so strong that he remained silent—if silence that might be called in which every attitude was eloquent with resistance.

"The two Wilkies were here tonight. They wish to join you in a fishing excursion to the Trossachs. I told them I was sure you would go."

"You are mistaken, mother. I shall be better employed, I hope."

Mrs. Mitchell raised her eyes in wonderful beauty, but asked, "How?"

"I am going to try to find some work to do."

"Work!" almost screamed his mother. "And pray, what can you do?"

"Indeed, mother, very little, but I can learn. I have been taught nothing useful; my education is superficial, and no profession has been given me. I am not even fit for a clerkship. I can nothing before me but manual labor, unless you continue my allowance while I study law or medicine."

"You have begun at the wrong end of your story, sir. Now be pleased to begin your argument properly. What led you to form this resolution?"

"Your remark this evening. You declared that if I married Miss Bosley I should no longer be your son."

"Quite correct."

"Then, as I am determined to marry Miss Bosley, it becomes necessary for me to consider on some way of supporting her and myself."

"True; for you can hardly expect me to support a young woman I detest. As for continuing your allowance, I shall do no such thing. I will give you a month to reconsider your resolves, and if at the end of it you still prefer this—this"——

"Miss Bosley, mother?"

"This girl, sir. You can take her, and go your own way. That's all I have to say, sir."

But it was easier to determine to work than to find the work to do, and if it had not been for the strengthening influence of Eve, Ronald would perhaps have become discouraged. The month drew to a close and still no employment had been found.

"What shall I do, bright eyes?" said Ronald, one evening. "It seems as if there was no place in the workaday world for me."

"Oh, yes, there is; only you have not found it yet. And do you know, Ronald, mamma and I have been talking over your going to America?"

The suggestion was not new to the young man. His own heart had been giving him the same advice from the very first, and the subject once broached soon assumed a tangible form. It was thoroughly discussed and arranged for, and Ronald's place taken to a steamer leaving two days before his month of grace expired.

During all his trials and preparations Ronald's home—never a happy one—had been becoming daily more wretched. His mother wearied him with alternate remonstrance and entreaties, and his friends pitied or shunned, advised or laughed at him. Still, the last night he was to spend under his mother's roof he made another effort at reconciliation.

"I have a scheme for fortune tonight," he said. "Kiss me, mother, for the sake of old times."

"Certainly, Ronald, if the kiss implies that you have reconsidered your resolves, and are willing to follow out my plans for your welfare."

"I cannot give up Eve, mother. Forgive me this."

"You are old enough to choose between us. If it is Miss Bosley, her kisses must suffice you."

"At least, mother, shake hands."

"Your are inconsistent tonight; a thing I have no use for in the world. Good-night, sir."

"Well, good night, mother."

"Good-night, sir."

And thus they parted, never more to meet in this world.

Ronald left his parlor was with Eve. It did not suffice him like the remembered "Good night, sir," of his mother. In the future there were love and hope, and the promise of a happy union.

After Ronald's departure Eve waited hopefully and happily for the good news she was sure would come. She did she was so calm. In two years Ronald had completed his study for the law and opened a small office in a flourishing town in western New York. For some time his practice was small, but at the end of the fourth year he was making more than enough to claim the redemption of Eve's promise.

Mrs. Bosley accompanied her daughter to America, and lived many happy years with the young couple. Ronald is always a warm defender of Highlands abroad character, a mother in law.

As a proof warm on the little else ever said siblings was added to and enlarged until it became the pride of the town, and John Mitchell's handsome house and gardens his thoroughbred horses and numerous servants are certainly evidence of an income vastly above the £200 a year he refused to accept as equivalent for contested entailed rights and privileges.

Ronald is a portly, middle aged man now, and Eve, though still beautiful, has lost the early bloom of youth, but age and sorrow the long pauses and through the shady avenues of elm and chestnut many beautiful boys and girls play, walk or read, accompanied by any element but a wife and perfect love. For Ronald has still a sad remembrance of a home cheerless and lonelier until all its splendor of a childhood unblessed by love, love or mother's kisses, and of a youth in which everything was to have been ascribed for interest and ambition.

Mrs. Mitchell still lives. If her heart ever softens toward her son, she never suffers it to make any sign. She is apparently as indifferent to his later fortunes as she was to his early struggles and trials. It is fairly even that she may neither see nor hear, hard working son, whose brain and heart carry the cares and sorrows of many besides his own, for—

"The world is cold,
And let others say as sunset fall
Rain is the world."

Yet there is one Ronald Mitchell regretted the day in which he chose have taken land, and a true wife in preference to £19,000. Ask him today if he would part with even one memory of the real life which commenced for him with that decision, and he would answer, promptly and emphatically, "Not for gold."—Amelia E. Barr in New York Ledger.

E. G. RICH'S WEALTH.

Darius O. Mills is one of the most notable figures daily seen down town in New York. He was born in a small town on the Hudson river some sixty years ago, and began life in very humble circumstances. His earnings was equal to that of a Hibernian, and his ambition, energy and industry were all fully developed. He has always been dependent on his own exertions, and has fought his way up in life by sheer force of his own keen intelligence and unbounded enterprise. In the battle of life he has achieved signal success. He is worth $50,000,000.—Henry Clews in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Scotchwomen and the Ballot.

The women came out in great numbers at the school board elections in Scotland. "Whom are you going to vote for?" asked an election scout of a robust looking spinster at a recent election in a Scottish town. "Sam there can't ballot!" she replied, scorning question for question, in true Scottish fashion. "No, it is just an open vote," was this reply. "That's a lie," she retorted. "Wullie Gladstone dishes here whole nights o' sleep forrain a ballot box for something. Ye dinna ken who ye are talkin' about."—Exchange.

The Sea Cucumber.

Among the curious animals which inhabit the sea we may take the holothuria or sea cucumber, so called from its resemblance to the cucumber. When this animal is attacked by an enemy it does not stand, up and fight, but by a sudden movement it ejects its bowels, stomach, digestive apparatus and nearly all its intestines, and commences its body up to almost nothing. When, however, the danger is past, the animal commences to replace the organs which it has voluntarily parted with, and in a short time the animal is as perfect as ever it was.

Dr. Johnstone keps one in water for a long time and one day he forgot to change the water. The swallow in consequence ejected its intestines and shrivelled up, but when the water was changed, all its organs were reproduced. Although the animal is not eaten in Europe, it is a favorite with the Chinese, and the fishing forms an important part of the industry of the east. Thousands of junks are annually used in fishing for trepang, as the animals are called.—London Tit-Bits.

The lack of life in the Mediterranean makes some circumstances that when the French have subjugated in Algiers not know—is that you will a somewhat sunken.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the estate of James Sheldon, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of said estate will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, on the premises, on the 14th day of November, A. D., 1891, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, all the right, title and interest of said deceased at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest of said estate since said time, in and to 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, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 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Canvas Hair Effect Novelties, 40 in. wide, at 90c., would be cheap at $1.50.
Blue Novelty Cheyn, Paris made, at $35.00. A rare bargain.
Black Gros Grain Silk, 500 yards, 18 inches, at 50c., regular price 85c.
Satin Brocades, 500 yards, 20 inches, at 37½c., real value 50c.
Bengaline, Ottoman effect, 150 yards, at 65c., valued at $1.40.
Falls Faversles, extra quality, 23 inches wide, at 97½c., worth $1.50.
350 yards Black Brocade Silk, at 75c., reduced from $1.25.
$25.00 Sealskin Plush Cloaks for $15.00.
$22.50 Elder Plush Cloaks, elegantly lined, for $15.00.
$15.00 Plush Jackets, Satin Lined, $9.00.
Magnificent $20.00 Silk Down Quilts, at $15.00. They'll go quick.
Our $7.50 Fur-Trimmed Beaver are cheap at $10.00.
$10.00 Chaille Tea Gowns, slightly faded, for $5.00.
R. Crawley & Co's Genuine Silk Warp Henrietta, Melrose and Ecossaise Cloths, Crepes, Camels Hair, Herrettes, etc., etc., at prices never before approached.
Our Ten Dollar Ladies' Suits and Wrappers are getting crushed and mussed for lack of room. A reduction of one-third will sell them quick.

OUR LADIES' SHOE DEPARTMENT
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