THE OUTCAST.

He couldn't tell exactly where he was going or who he was going or where he would stop. He was just going. That was all.

It was a long time since he had started—a long time. And it was a long time since he had been a man. He was only an animal, only—no, no, he was a man still, and a good man at that. Why should he work when others wouldn't? Why shouldn't he be lazy? Why shouldn't he be idle? Why shouldn't he sit and sit and sit and rot? Why everything?

He was walking in the middle of the railway track. The rails were stretching and stretching in front of him and behind him, behind him, to his right, to his left, was the prairie—a great, lone prairie.

What a strange place it was, this prairie—the very outside of the world! Nothing but grass—grass everywhere. And a blue sky that became black and hard when the eye looked straight up into it. Sky, black, grass!

And alone, wandering grass alone that held nothing, it seemed, but—but—something that was here, there, everywhere, that loomed about him, that lay off to the distance, that was by his side that was up in the air. He could feel this thing was above just as surely as he could see the sky and the grass and the pale heaven which he was walking.

He was alone, alone, alone from everything. This, something was here, but it was something outside himself. It was not able to him. It was something he could not understand, something to fear, a thing apart.

He had been worse than lying in the cell at a prison. There at least voices that were real were near one. If only the daylight and the bars. Voices were there, if only the dark, only behind the bars.

He had often thought when he was in prison what a fine thing it would be to get into the free open air, to get right out on the outside of everything. Well, he was on the outside of everything here, and he felt afraid.

For how was it that he never moved to get any farther? He was walking, always walking, and still he made no headway, or at least he appeared to make no headway. He had been going on for five days. He was as far now as when he started. Here was the same sky, the same grass, the same dirty, sharp bottom. Perhaps he was not moving at all.

Ah, he had it! He was moving all right, but he was moving only in one place. That was it, sure enough. The sky, the grass, the bottom moved from him as he moved. To—a will it all! Things were playing a game with him.

He was hungry, but he had gone past the stage where hunger pinches. He felt a lightness and one in his power of movement. It would be easy for him to jump over places or to run or to carry heavy weights or to fight. He seemed to have lost his weight. He could see better. He could hear—

Oh, yes, he could hear very much better, for now he noticed that the prairie was filled with sounds, and not one of them that lay in the depths of the watching silence. He was trying to think what the second was.

It was sound, lying in dead silence. It was something—Ah, could it be that it was—

He sniffed.

Sixty leaves had gone by since he had eaten his last piece of bread.

He wondered what bread again perhaps. Well, what of it? He felt better without it. Bread was hard to get, after all. Everybody wanted to get it. Everybody pressed after it. Thousands and thousands were going after gold, but really they were grasping after bread. You had to be a slave to get bread. You had to be a robber to get bread. You had to be unnatural and degrade yourself to get bread.

Bread, bread, bread!

And now he wanted it not. He felt better without it. He was love in the middle of the terrible sounding silence because of the struggle for it. Bread! You had to kill yourself that you might get it and live. Bread! You had to watch the life ooh to keep the life in. But still—

"Sleep!" said a voice. He started. It was distinctly a voice, a voice behind him. He saw nothing.

He did not look around. Herodd not he saw, only because he was afraid. He would have known it if long ago. Besides, there was no sound.

He walked faster.

But it might be a man. But, then, if it were a man he would have heard. He would have known it long ago.

The man was—he had lost sight. Oh, if he could only look around! But what was the use of his looking around? It was nothing but a man, after all. And what could see a voice? Besides, the prairie was full of sounds—that dead sound.

The best thing for him to do was to jump on board. It could not be a man, and it could not be a ghost, for ghosts don't come in the broad glare of sunlight.

What was it then? Just a voice. But if no one were there, there would be no voice.

He had heard nothing after all.

He felt relieved to feel that the whole thing was only the working of his mind, but he was nervous for all that, and he walked more quickly.

And now he remembered that he was walking from the west to the east. He was going from the setting to the rising sun—going to the east where come the ghosts, ghosts, ghosts.

He was going from crime—from crime to which—

And the good prairie was widening out before him.

He moved on.

Ch.—Kate Kennedy in London Sun.

A WOMAN'S ARM.

Well Known Sculptor Describes It as the Perfect One Should Be.

"I find great difficulty in getting a model with good arms," said a well known sculptor recently. "It is astonishing how very few women have arms that conform to the standard. A perfect arm measured from the scapula to the wrist joint should be twice the length of the hand. The upper part of the arm should be large, full and well rounded. The forearm must not be too flat, nor nearly so flat as it usually is, for example. A dimple at the elbow adds beauty to a well proportioned arm.

"From a well molded shoulder the whole arm should taper to long, graceful curves to a symmetrical and rounded wrist. It is better to have an arm that somewhat varies if the parts do not follow the generally required lines. For instance, a full, round upper arm which is joined to a flat or thin forearm has a very bad effect. It is only a degree worse, however, than a graceful, well molded forearm tacked on to a thin, scrawny upper arm.

"Correctness of form is not the only thing necessary for a good arm. The color must possess the power of suggestion in her arms. As a general thing American women are deficient in this. Those nationalities which show the most expression in their arms are the Spanish, French and Italians. The warmer climates of Italy, Southern Spain and Southern France, where the sun is hottest, seem to develop the most expressive arms. Not so one can say that the divine Sarah ever appears ungainly in consequence. Much more fine in the beauty of arm expression than is generally supposed."—Boston Post.

Dwarf Knee Sage.

Dwarf Essex sage has been grown at the North Dakota station for two years, finding a good sale for the product. It was tested by cutting once, the green material being weighed. The yield was at the rate of 15,000 pounds per acre, or 6½ tons of green matter. This crop is highly prized in Canada as a feed for sheep.

It is seeded broadcast, or better in drills 30 inches apart, the latter part of June. The sheep are turned upon it in August and allowed to feed it off. They are put on a new one from it than this last would indicate, as it grows up after being cropped until frost comes, whereas in the last it was cut but once. The seed is like turnip seed and should be sown at the rate of 1½ bushels per acre. The sheep are fed it twice a day, and at the rate of about three pounds per acre when seeded in drills and five pounds when sown broadcast. Cattle are as fond of it as you would eat if soon in chills.

Sage is prized by many farmers in Wisconsin, Minnesota and the states farther east, as well as in Canada, where it has been grown for many years, as a food for fattening sheep and lambs. Several cars have been exported when sheep are first placed in a rape field, as they are likely to overeat, causing bloat or blind. In this way rape is much worse than clover, the effects of which are quite noticeable. Well known, they have been accustomed to it, however, as in the case of clover, so managing effects are noted. Crops of wheat following rape show a remarkable increase over crops which have had wheat continuously.

X Rays In Agriculture.

What is probably the first application of Roentgen's rays to the elucidation of an agricultural problem has been effected at Munich by Dr. Gruetz, who has obtained by the agency of the X rays the "photographic" of a pig one day old. The outline of the skeleton system is clearly shown. An examination of the image of the skeleton of this young pig makes much more intelligible than would a long dissertation the necessity of a diet rich in phosphatic matter, and its effect upon the perfect development of the osseous system. The young animal, of which the four limbs are so imperfectly constituted at the time of birth, finds in its maternal milk the nitrogenous and phosphatic ingredients essential to the formation of bone. After it is weaned such food as is afforded in cereal grains furnishes it with the phosphoric acid, the lime, and the nitrogenous material for the completion of its osseous structures. In the solution of many problems which still remain to be attacked in the domain of animal nutrition the application of the new method promises to be fruitful in results, while its value in affording a means of verifying conclusions which are already regarded as established must be apparent to all.

Confusing Not Gross.

Prairie College Station, Tex., writes this advice: Do not let the seed mature, but thrash and destroy the plants during the fall. The best time to kill both is between midsummer and frost during a dry time. Check it out with a vigorous growing crop. After one crop is harvested in the summer prepare the land immediately for another vigorous growing crop. Cowpeas and sorghum are good crops for southern localities to choke out these pests.

FEW digestions are so out of gear but that they can deal with SCOTT'S EMULSION

SYRUP of Figs

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With a better understanding of the laws of health and a proper use of our physical life, which vanish before proper effects—gentle effects—pleasant effects—that's why it is the best. Now, it is evident to the intelligent, that no many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the gentle and healthy laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get the beneficial effects, to note when you purchase that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the opinion of any book of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If liver or bowels need stimulating, it may be commended to the most skilled physicians, but if in need of a laxative, a dimple at the elbow adds beauty to a well proportioned arm.

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SHERIFF'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT PURSUANT to an order of sale and decree of foreclosure to me directed from the United States District Court of the state of Utah, in the cause of the Mercantile Trust Company, a corporation, plaintiff, vs. Thomas Ferguson, defendant, I, the undersigned, Sheriff of said Utah, will, on Saturday, the 3rd day of October, 1896, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the front door of the Territorial Penitentiary, in Salt Lake City, Utah, sell at public auction to the highest and best bidder for cash, all the right, title and interest of the said Thomas Ferguson, in and to the following described property, to wit:

Beginning at a point ten rod east of the southwest corner of lot 1, block 10, Plat "A" Salt Lake City survey, and running thence north 10 rods; thence east 16 rods; thence south 10 rods; thence west 16 rods to the place of beginning. Also the south half of lot 4, block 10, Plat "A" Salt Lake City survey, and