OVERLOOKED.

It is late in the night—I don't know what hour; I only know that tonight sleep and I can have no friendly communion. I have come to my desk to look over papers and letters. Why not burn my letters? One's mind is clear in the still silence of the night, and much is plain that daylight does not know.

I can see that it is useless to keep letters, and yet it is a foolish habit that I have indulged. I have them all systematized in my desk; milestones in memory's backward road to boyhood. Heavens, how they bring back olden days! How they bring up faces dead and gone, and others not dead but faded away and lost!

What a kaleidoscope of friendships and loves, of successes and passion, of wisdom and folly they represent as they lie before me! I will light a fire in my fireplace and drop them in.

Here are a few written long years ago, when I was a boy at school. The writing is slender and graceful, yet with a certain dash and style very characteristic of the one whose hand held the pen.

Hello! I quite forget these letters—Florine's, as I am a sinner. Ye gods, but she was pretty! I can see her now, sitting on the table, making a cigarette, swinging her little feet and chattering gaily in her disjointed but fascinating English.

Shall I burn them? They are all I have, and my mother will write me no more. Yes, let them go. It only saddens me to look them over, and why court sadness? I drop them on the fire. They burn steadily with a quiet white flame as pure as the love of which they were but a faint expression.

Here are some from Conrad, my little brother—at least he was my little brother when these were written, and then mine poor lad, he went quite wrong, until at last he ran away and we heard of him no more. I wonder where the boy is tonight. It is ten years now. I wish he could know that I am sorry for him and that I would gladly take him back if he would but come.

These few thin notes tied with a ribbon—ah, I will leave them until the last. This great bundle, written on all sorts of paper, is made up of letters from Dora Carlos, some written just before he went to college, then struggling along all through college life; then they became more serious as Carlos went in for a commercial career.

Here they are on the paper of various hues—that was while Carlos was on the road. Poor Carlos a traveler. Ah, well, he soon tired of that and came back to the dream of his life and studied law. Then he became engaged. What jolly, affectionate letters they are, to be sure!

And then he married, and that was the end of it, for, of course, his wife did not like me. I wonder why the wife of a friend's best friend so seldom does like a fellow? The letters speak nothing now—they might as well burn.

In they go, one at a time. They burn like fireworks, with little bursts of sparkling stars. Here are Ted's letters—the dear old chap. I don't know why I kept them. They are mostly telling me how happy he is in his married life and urging me to join the married men. Ted, old boy, you never knew about those few letters tied with a ribbon!

Well, in they go, your letters, Ted. They'll burn steadily, like your friendship—not impetuous, but a good, constant, easy going sort. I think I'd rather have the rash, impulsive friendship of love. It may not last as long, but it is alive while it does last.

Yes, I like hills and valleys and dashing streams, torrents and rocks and clambering vines. I am no lover of the tame expanse of level plain, clad in monotonous verdure. This package come to Aunt Annie's letters. You love dear old Annie? What a placid, quiet dame they'll make! They ought to smell of flowers and new mown hay and the apple blossoms of her Devon orchard.

One is not often bored with such sweet simplicity as hers. Here are a lot of odds and ends—a couple of letters from Uncle Kate, a few from dear old dad when he was doing diplomacy at Madrid, some from my sister from her far western home.

Into the fire one by one, and the fire flares up, and I catch a word or two in the light of its flame as it glows in red and amber and blue and gold.

* * * *

They are all gone save the few tied with ribbon. They are only six. Yes, here is one more. I thought it was only six, and I wrote her scores. Oh, Janet, why did you never answer that last one, when I wrote you how the wretched money had come to me at last and told you how much I loved you? And then when I heard nothing from you I went away and buried myself in Cuba for a year; then came Ted's wedding cards, and the name with his upon them was yours, Janet. Four little letters, I have them all by heart. No one to read them over. I suppose you loved Ted all the time.

* * * *

The fire is almost out. I drop them in slowly—one, two, three, four, five, six. Oh, Janet, if you had only loved me, how different life might have been. And this seventh card! I don't seem to remember this. It looks as if it had never been opened. What date—_____? It was before I went to Cuba!

DEAR JACK—You know I love you, and it matters not about the money. But I not have enough for both? But, Jack, you stupid boy, a girl must wait until she is told something she may marry all the time. Come to-night at 8. Always your _____.

The letter flutters from my hand down upon the smoldering embers. It burns for a moment. I can read the words, "Dear Jack, you know I love you," and then the light fades and there is nothing left but a few ashes.—London Sun.

Get a Bargain.

The rage for economy is frequently illustrated at the shopping counters. Some time ago a young man and his wife, who live in a small city, came to New York on a visit. While here they spent most of every day in buying things that were supposed to be much cheaper in the metropolitan than in their home town. One day the young man went on a shopping tour alone. When he returned in the evening other are exhausting day he told his wife he had found a magnificent bargain.

"I bought two dozen shirts," said he, "for the most wonderful price."

"But, you don't need so many shirts at this time, and they will crowd up our trunks so much. Why didn't you wait till we got home?"

"They were such bargains," he replied, "that I could not afford to let them go."

"How much did you give for them?" she asked.

"Only $1.10," he said in triumph.

"Why, the same shirt would cost $2 at home," she said, "and you have spent a thousand day and exceeded our trunks so that I can't get our dresses in them just as we I need a shirt."—New York Times.

From Her Point of View.

Bob was very young. They stood gazing into a store window, admiring the pretty trucks that children so love, and turning to look at the ragged figure within her Majesty and companionably. "Little girl, is that little girl, who has your better clothes?"

"No," the other responded with a British shake of her head, "my brother Arthur is worse off."—Boston Herald.

NEW WRINKLE IN FARMING.

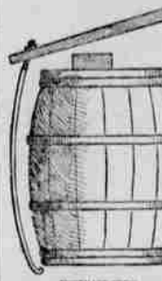
The Campbell System of Soil Culture Recommended.

Inquiries have been made of a half score of experiment farms in North Dakota where the Campbell system of soil culture has been tested. The results as reported in the New York Sun are such that leading farmers of the state have unanimously recommended it to the farmers of their counties and have received in public to adopt it themselves.

This system was first tried in South Dakota last year and the season before by a farmer named Campbell. It consists of so packing the subsoil by means of dished harrows that moisture shall not escape downward, and in so cultivating the surface that it shall not escape upward. There is formed a hard subsoil with a dust blanket on the surface, the latter about two inches deep, and the result is to give the growing crop all the moisture that falls. Last autumn arrangements were made by the Northern Pacific road to sell the crop on half a dozen farms along its line and by the first reports it did so. The Milwaukee road also has had one farm in operation, and the state of North Dakota itself. All have been wonderfully successful, so much so, indeed, that a company has been formed to improve on this system a million or more acres in the subarid belt.

Apple Barrel Press.

The press commonly used for healing barrels of apples in large orchards is too complicated for home manufacture and more expensive perhaps than many care to purchase where the output of the orchard is but a limited number of barrels. We find in American Gardening a sketch of a homemade press which hardly needs to be described.



HOMEMADE PRESS.

An iron rod is bent to the curve of a barrel and its lower end turned over to hook under the lower edge of the barrel. The lower at the top and a block of wood, to be used first thatwise and then edgewise, complete the outfit. The lower can be raised or lowered by the nut on the end of the iron rod.

News and Notes.

Liverpool is the greatest point of distribution for American apples. According to American Agriculturist, half or more of the entire amount which reaches English markets from this side of the ocean is handled in Liverpool.

The cigar leaf tobacco crop is reported to be a large one and of high, uniform quality.

The cotton crop has deteriorated greatly throughout the cotton belt. The intense heat and lack of moisture cause a premature opening of bolls and shedding.

Professor Kedzie of the Michigan Agricultural college is credited with saying that tender plants and fruits of all kinds, if thoroughly watered late in the evening when frost is expected, will escape unharmed.

The State Veterinarian of Wisconsin says the goldenrod is the cause of the disease resembling consumption that has destroyed thousands of horses in his state and Michigan.

Radishes and lettuce are readily obtained in the spring by use of hotbeds.

Brown county, which is one of the central cities of Texas, is noted for its pecan crop.

Scrofula is a word you don't quite understand, but if you talk with your doctor, he will tell you that it is generally believed to be due to the same cause which gives rise to Consumption. It appears mostly in those who are fat-starved and thin, usually in early life. A course of treatment of Scott's Emulsion with the Hypophosphites wherever Scrofula manifests itself, will prevent the disease. Let us send you a book. Free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

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(Made by the Chicago Scale Co.)

For Sale Cheap.

Inquire at The Office.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, November 16, 1868.

A DIVIDEND OF FIVE PER CENT upon the capital stock of this Utah Sugar company has this day been declared by the board of directors, payable at the office of the company, No. 50 Main street, Salt Lake City, Utah, on November 16, 1868, to stockholders of record, November 14, 1868.

ATTEST: H. WHITE, Secretary.

The transfer of stock of the Utah Sugar company will be closed on November 14, 1868, and reopened on November 21, 1868.

HORACE G. WHITE, Secretary.

TRUSTEES' SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN accordance with and under the power and authority granted to us under and by virtue of Deed of Trust, dated April 6th, 1867, of the undersigned, recorded in Book "T" of Mortgages, on pages 1 to 8 inclusive, records of Salt Lake County, Utah, we will offer for sale, and sell to the highest bidder for cash in the United States gold coin, at the house of Joseph Bull, in said Salt Lake City, and County of Utah, on the 14th day of December, A. D. 1868, at 12 o'clock noon, the following described property, 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,