GOOD RESOLVES.

Like a star to the storm-tossed sailor
When the tempest howls in wrath,
Or the wanderer in the desert
To guide him in his path,
The good resolves that we have made
In the years that have gone before,
Seem to awaken and cast to the
To help us in life's fray.

And the darker the night seems to
The brighter they shine forth
Till with the energy they give us
We journey about our path,
More fully determined to succeed,
With Duty and Faith to our side,
With Providence to help us on,
And conscience for our guide.

Frank H. Dalgleish in Arkansaw Traveler.

A PROPHECY.

When Annie and I went together to the state fair held at Holdenwick we were just engaged to each other, and everything seemed romantic and lovely.

I do not suppose that the machinery was more wonderful than usual, or that the pyramids of fancy soap and wax candles were more transcendent, or the silverware more elegantly designed, or the pumpkins bigger, or the artichokes and dahlias more, or the apartments of poetry and the fine arts more crowded than any other year, or there's preserves more delicious, or mother's pickles more dainty, or any of the exhibits much improved, but they always were in beauty or value, but we were engaged, and everything seemed so.

We loaded ourselves with arms full of pillow and blue ribbon, under the impression that we were making a choice for every collection. We tasted free specimens of "Dr. Dodds's Magic Cough Syrup," and stopped to see the "secret of the gods." We listened to a tuneless tune hard that blared away in a kind of loft at the bottom of the main hall, and believed that a heavenly orchestra was going to a sociable soon, and later we partook of skinny coffee, corn starch ice cream, harbor sandwiches and stale supercrumbs, served in a gymnasium after being with tissue paper profusely and believed ourselves to have feasted sufficiently. You see, we were engaged, and that makes such a difference in everything. We spent a long afternoon at the fair, just alone, arm in arm and thinking of little besides each other, and in the twilight came out upon the grounds among the "side shows."

Punch was there, chattering as usual, and our hearts were so soft that we wept when he killed the baby. There was a frightful jiggler in a booth who rap people's heels off, but afterward found them under clothes baskets, well mended and none worse for their temporary absence.

We bought several omelets of a gentleman in a turban, who, when we inquired as to his nationality, said, "So help his Sublime Is a Turk!" and we felt as if we some upon the prophet's eyes and entered in. The prophet, done up in flowing robes and white wig and beard, presided behind a counter upon which two terrible dolls were set forth, one marked "Ladies," the other "Gentlemen." It appeared on inquiry that the prophet would come to pick up a number of prophecies in secret eyes, or buy grocers at pounds of tea and sugar. You pick five cents, and then a little green pamphlet comes from the prophet and picked out an envelope as he stood on the prophet's finger. Of course we bought a prophecy each. Were we not engaged? We did delight in the mysterious, as all lovers do, and after that hurried home to take high tea with Annie's mother. We had no time to open our envelopes before we reached the table, and as it seemed proper that they would amuse the party, we produced them there.

"Ah!" said I, reading the words printed on a slip of paper within my envelope, "ah! I shall be rich and powerful if I live. Beware of speculation."

We all laughed, and Annie was called upon to read her fortune aloud. She opened the paper laughingly; but somewhat had she cast her eyes upon it than she turned pale.

"Oh, dear!" she cried. "Oh, how dreadful, just when I am so awfully happy! Oh, John! oh, John! oh, mamma!" and she burst into a flood of tears and begin to sob hysterically. I caught the paper from her hand and read these words:

"Lovely lady, you will die before the violets bloom."

"Oh, dear!" she cried. "Oh, how dreadful, just when I am so awfully happy! Oh, John! oh, John! oh, mamma!" and she burst into a flood of tears and begin to sob hysterically. I caught the paper from her hand and read these words:

"Lovely lady, you will die before the violets bloom."

"And they bloom in May," added Annie. "Surely, my dear, you don't believe this prophecy?" I ejaculated.

But Annie sobbed between her sobs:

"Oh, yes, I do. You will be rich and powerful, and you will marry some charming woman; but I shall be dead before the violets bloom."

"How absurd! A printed slip given you by an old humbug in a fair booth," said her father.

In fact we all said something; but Annie wept until she grew hysterical, was led away and put to bed, and was ill for a week. The doctor was very much alarmed the attack, and when she came down stairs again she was pale and nervous, and persisted in taking the prophecy as though it were a revelation from on high, continually repeating:

"I shall die before the violets bloom!"

It was quite Christmas time before she began to be like herself again, and although I loved her better than ever, and also was always the smartest little creature alive, I could not but wonder how such an absurd thing could have had an effect on any one endowed with a grain of common sense. I felt sure that although Annie was merry and bright again she had not forgotten the prophecy, and once when I spoke of the fact that we were to be married in June she sighed and said:

"Ah, John, spring comes before summer, and the violets bloom in May."

The worst of it was that the doctor made such a serious matter of her condition, and told us that he could not answer for the results unless we would rid her of what he spoke of as a nonsensical.

Still the winter was not bad, but when April came we found her constantly at work fitting about the garden and watching the violet plants, of which there were many.

As I passed her away from them I used to wish that I could make her forget a word of a prophet and punish him as he deserved, but he never crossed my path. He had vanished with the closing of the fair. It was such a little show that it was.

With May our trouble grew greater. We who loved Annie were in despair. The mother stood at daybreak to nip off the violets as they bloomed. Her tears were in the place, and Annie might find them there, for now it was really the time for blooms. We knew not what to do. I remember that it was the 1st in of May, when I lathought me that a trip to the city might divert Annie, and went to the house to invite her. My dear girl met me at the door, holding a violet bud in her hand.

"How green they are just before they bloom!" she said.

I took the leaf from her and threw it away.

"Forget all about those violets, love," said I. "Let us take an outing. Come to New York and spend the day."

She smiled and said that she should like that very much, and was sorry to disappoint her mother, who was very sad and anxious.

"I fear for her mind and her life," she said.

I also had my terrors, but my darling came back looking as bright and pretty that I began to feel hopeful again, and we started on our way quite merrily.

We all know how people who visit New York behave among themselves. We saw all that [illegible] as a fine restaurant. We had finished and were about to take other amusements when in turning the corner of a busy avenue we came upon a little museum where curiosities were exhibited, and there was every appearance of a good season of some kind, and at the foot of the long line of attractions read these words: "The prophet's cave. Dwelt and fasted here four persons said by the only surviving prophet."

"The prophet! agitated" cried I. "Show me it."

Annie clutched my arm and tried to pull me away, but I refused to depart.

"My dear," said I, "a little curiosity is a very venial sin, and I intend to interview the prophet and tell him my opinion of him, and shall be obliged to take you to walk me."

As I spoke I stalked through the door, and, leaving Annie in my wake, made my way directly to the curtained archway near which I saw the words:

"The prophet's cave. Mr. Morcom is the only person who can enter."

"Ah!" I said as I read this, "and it is very probable that he is blind while the world will be entirely destitute of prophets. I intend to think of this."

As I expected, Mr. Morcom was our old original prophet—white wig, beard, robe, sandals, prophecy and all as before. Two young people were just emerging with their envelopes in their hands, and we had the place to ourselves. I walked up to the counter, and, laying down a dime upon the prophet, said, in a low tone:

"Mr. Morcom, I have an account to settle with you."

The prophet retreated as far as the wall of his "cave" permitted.

"Look sharp, sir," said he. "I don't stand no trouble with no gent, but if you are looking for the lady I can't be bothered. My remedies are not personal, but my pens making trouble in the museum will be bounced by the manager—see?"

"All right," said I. "I suppose, being a prophet, you don't mind answering a few questions?"

"Not if they're civil," said he.

"When I want to ask you, Mr. Morcom, is this," said I. "What the dickens do you mean by putting up in your envelopes prophecies addressed to dreamers or makers—prophecies of death and disaster to such a one, tempts of you, has done more mischief than I can tell. It is absurd that it should be so, but it is a fact. You have upset a lady's health and unhinged her mind."

"Oh, John!" whispered Annie reproachfully, but I went on, shocking my foe as the prophet.

"A woman who believes that your nonsense is prophecy got hold of one of those yellow cards that, I should like speedily dead, and, as I said, the consequences were disposable and not nice. She will not live to be a hundred—that was her day of accomplishment—but, and if she does you die also! I've a mind to kill you now!"

The prophet retreated again as I shook my fist at him, but he stared at me in amazement as he did so.

"Look here, sir," said he, "we don't put no prophecies of that there character into none of our envelopes. Them sort wouldn't be popular. Our's is all favorable and encouraging. We make a rule they shall be. Besides,

"This that yeha what hot was like."

When he's cooled chall be sold to prince, which is in the gent's basket, and is regarded as a joke. These aks to sell prophecies to the officials. Oh, no, it's some other prophet. There is two or three of them along the Brewery. Some promise less nor I."

"My friend," said I, "you are the prophet who had a booth at the state fair at Holdenwick last autumn."

"Yes, I was there," said the prophet; "but, as I said, sir'o, especially for the ladies, is all encouraging."

"Do you call this encouraging?" I asked, taking the envelope from the poor dear of sweetness, and, as I read it, I felt as if I should die.

"Lovely lady, you will die before the violets bloom," he repeated.

"Now, of that sort a blessed shame, I'm a donkey! Jee hee—that sort no fault of mine. I'll explain. But the lady hasn't read the rest of the printing; he's been folded up and tucked under somehow—folded it altogether and it's no fault."

He had unroofed the paper now, and it was evident that it had been folded so as to conceal several words which followed those I had read.

"Lovely lady," he began again, "you will die before the violets bloom if you let that old rum-sot and dram-seller sell Dr. Dodds' Magic Cough Syrup this winter. For sale in the great hall. 25 per bottle."

"Don't you see?" Mr. Morcom said, appealing to me, "that that stays no prophecy, but just a regular ad? I'll tell you the way of it. That old quack, Dr. Dodds, and his cough syrup at the fair, and he hired our hall to sell it. Some of them, curious into our envelopes. I suppose some was distributed before I caught him at it and dismissed him with as good a welting as my cane had. My lady, that ain't no prophecy. Why! Here, lady, let Polly pick you out a true one to make up for it. No charge whatever."

He held the parquet toward the basket. She picked out my envelope with her back and dropped it into Annie's hand.

"Open it," said I, "open it and read it. It is the true one, I know," and on the instant the dear girl obeyed and read aloud:

"You'll be a bride in June."

"All's well that ends well," said the prophet. "Hope you are satisfied, sir?"

"Entirely," said I, offering him my cigar case, and Annie and I went home together in a state of utter bliss and joy. We had been strangers since our first interview with the prophet, and when we arrived at the door Annie rushed into her mother's arms, crying out:

"Oh, mamma, dear! I am not to die when the violets blow—I am to be married in June."—Mary Kyle Dallas in Fireside Companion.

A Wise Story.

When Lord Tissot was imprisoned in the tower for his share in the conspiracy, his friends—the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Level and Capt. Smith—were admitted to play whist with him, and rewards till the lock up hour of 11. Early in the sitting Capt. Smith fell back in a fit of apoplexy, and one of the party rose to call for help. "Stop!" cried another; "we shall be forced out if you make a noise; let your friend alone till 11; we can play dummy and he'll be none the worse, for I can read death in his face."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Cracker's Garden.

The element of rickety shoes was described by a girl whose only home it had been for fourteen years: "I makin bit 'bi not up thar a right smart while yet, but I ketch a right smart sore toes." Bites where better quarters are obtainable the cracker prefers some great shocking structure impossible to point or so humane, lessons, Mrs. Stowe, in one escapee alleged, "have no less a claim" bill." Want to flock to the suburbs of a city, look beyond the ears that have fallen and disembodied, in Rich and semi-human in leaky hovels without other furniture than the barest necessities. If there's ground enough to grow a little vegetable, the responsibility of cultivating it becomes a present this often deprives a household of the comforts of the food. Mrs. Intermitt describes such an occasion of "cabbie or garden." A little girl, who with her sister's help supported a family of six, when asked why her father did not work, answered him on the point: "Dad does our garden!" "Garden being a plot ten by twelve

"The Light of the World."

For some thirty years the dream of writing "Paradise Lost" lingered in the brain of John Milton before he had leisure to undertake the pleasant task. He meant it not only as the great achievement of his one life, but as an epic of the ages. At last the time came when he could write it. He bent to his work with single hearted devotion, toiled incessantly and carefully. He put into it prodigious learning and intellectual power. But, alas! the poetic fire and enthusiasm of his splendid youth were gone. The hour of advancing age had put into his bones and his brain. His words and his poetry had become alike stiff and lumbering. "Paradise Lost" contains, a stupendous work, full of massive power, an epic which will be a classic as long as the English language lasts. But traces are there, its passion and enthusiasm! Where is the play and dash of poetic rainbow coloring? According to Henry Taine, they are lacking wholly.

It is an enormous thing to say, but Taine's criticism of "Paradise Lost" comes to mind on reading Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of the World." Our Christian belief and modes of thought tend to make us judge favorably of the poem in advance. We naturally incline to place it above "The Light of Asia." We desire to do so; we expect to.

Nevertheless those who have caused the popularity of "The Light of Asia" are not over, there are to whom it seems philosophy and modern enlightenment are unlike as household words, will, whether they confess it or not, feel a disappointment with "The Light of the World." A friend of Sir Edwin writes that this poem has been his daily and nightly dream for ten years, and that he intends to be stand as the crowning work of his greatly gifted pen. So Milton thought, so too, like "Paradise Lost," "The Light of the World" lacks the exquisite play of fancy, the infinite poetic grace and sweetness of the poet's earlier work. One fole with prophetic instinct that "The Light of Asia," not "The Light of the World," will stand as Sir Edwin Arnold's greatest poem.

Probably the like in "The Light of the World" that will become most familiar are these:

Love, which is outlight of power,
Is ever to be trusted.

The sinner and outright are dead
And sinner and saint shall count
Of heaven, each each good is well
Both that are good is well
How the sinner dies of this
Far off future, time!

The Americus dressed beef plan will probably be soon tried in India. There, on account of caste prejudice, the natives will touch no meat slaughtered and handled by Christians, or much of any other kind. On the other hand, there are vast numbers of English government and army employes who do eat meat continually, and want more than they get. Very few of the natives in India will slaughter an animal on account of their religion, considering the killing of quadruped creatures for food a horror. It comes about, therefore, that the Englishmen's meat in India must be shipped to him at great expense, except what he can kill in hunting or otherwise. The British government has therefore turned its eyes upon the great slaughtering plants of the American dressed beef packers, with a view of establishing at least one similar one in India. Negotiations are at present in progress looking to the creation by a well known Chicago firm of a slaughtering plant in India. The employes will be natives, and if they want to eat meat they themselves have killed and dressed they can do so, and meanwhile the Britons, who are not prohibited by caste from slaughtering their beef, can be supplied.

Professor Harper, of Yale, the new president of the new university of Chicago, will endeavor to make the western school into a typical university of the future. His idea of the model school is one that never stops, but goes on all the year around. There should be four terms of twelve weeks each. Further, the course should be so adapted to the needs of all students that a learner might pursue a single study if to so desired. Then professors might entertaining the circle, and noted specialists need not confine their labors to a single college, but could give students all over the country the benefit of their knowledge from time to time. But it is by no means the right thing, in Professor Harper's opinion, that all the colleges in the country should be closed a fourth of the time. The true university might to begin, and then, like Tennyson's brook, go on forever.

Whittier has never been a rich man in one sense. In the other, perhaps truer sense, of having simple wants and tastes, he is well off. Between 50,000 and 60,000 copies of his works are similarly sold, and will continue to be sold, it is hoped, for centuries to come, particularly his poems of nature and patriotism. The copyright on his works holds good for some years yet.

Our exports of dairy products for January, 1891, amounted to over $10,000,000 less than for the same month in 1890. This shows very plainly that there are fewer cows in the dairy districts than there were last year, because so many men became discouraged and went out of the business. Several, dairy products being a better price at home this winter, consequently a less quantity is shipped abroad.

The Philadelphia Telegraph says that when Senator Ingalls resigned the presidency pro tem. of the senate, his farewell speech suggested that a greater man was retiring from that presidential chair than had ever filled it. This recalls the quotation from Macbeth, "Nothing so become his life as his leaving it." But John James Ingalls is not dead yet or even an old man. He has magnificent literary ability, and has shown himself an orator. If he will only curb that caustic tongue it may well be that his best days are yet before him.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda

is Palatable and preferable to boiling cod liver oil because both the Oil and the Hypophosphites are in a state of perfect emulsion, so that it is as easy of digestion as is cream.

Scott's Emulsion is a perfect remedy for CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds. Ask for Scott's Emulsion and take no other.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of Daniel Hall, Deceased.—Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the Undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament, have qualified by qualification and taken upon himself the administration of said estate; and all persons having claims against the deceased are notified to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months from the date hereof, to the said executor at the residence of the undersigned, in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, or the same will be barred by the statute of limitations. Dated this 3rd day of March, A. D. 1891.

JOHN HALL,
Executor of the estate of Daniel Hall, Deceased.

By C. S. Varian, Deputy.

SUMMONS.

In the District Court in and for the Third Judicial District of Utah Territory, County of Salt Lake.

LAURENTIUS HOUGAARD, Plaintiff,
vs.
LUCINA PRATT, WIRT, FRANCIS A. DYER, ELLEN S. PRATT, LOUIS H. HUNT and ANNIE L. PRATT, being all the heirs of ANNA PRATT, deceased, Defendants.

The People of the Territory of Utah send Greeting:

To Lucina Pratt, widow, Francis A. Dyer, Ellen S. Pratt, Louis H. Hunt and Annie L. Pratt, being all the heirs of Anna Pratt, deceased, defendants:

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED TO APPEAR in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the Territory of Utah, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county, or within twenty days if served out of this county, but in the latter case from the date of service, and if you fail to answer the complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff will take judgment against you for the sum of $1,000 and costs of suit.

The action is brought to recover the sum of $1,000 with interest thereon at 1 per cent per month from July 15, 1890, and for one year's rent of the premises described in the complaint in the sum of $300 and for one year's rent of the premises described in the complaint in the sum of $300, and for one year's rent of the premises described in the complaint in the sum of $300, and for one year's rent of the premises described in the complaint in the sum of $300,