UNCLE JOE'S PHILOSOPHY.

You can't a-ford to sit an' do a lot
In dem up in yo' thinkin';
An' want expect to fly fo' to
Ki dey yo' little dinkies.

Dat friend is mo' what hogs you fo',
An' a pick yo' ole ole duck!
Dat hom what's gi' yo' a high fo' what kinds
Wan' comin' in fo' yo' luck.

Don't stay yo' pocket to stickers inside,
Nor yo' ha'ds tucked away
Yo' ha'ds ain' gi' you nuf'n
Ef dey ain' ready to dem.

Dat man what wants to hinge do lin
Can' ollus do do' pong;
De hoss dat's gi' to high fo' what
Some hoss can win yo' ho' ong.

—M. V. Moore.

AN ISLAND EPISODE.

Little Mrs. Colter was in a turmoil of jealous indignation that brilliant July day. It hadn't begun with the day, however, for all had been serene and smiling as she went down to breakfast in one of her prettiest gowns, escorted by her handsome, genial husband. And this pleasant state of things had continued while she looked through her lotions, enjoyed a few minutes' sewing on the piazza and passed in review the lady battalion, with their shining morning faces and crisp frilles. Then, with some of the other ladies, she had ventured down to the little pier to see her husband off on his fishing excursion, with half a dozen more husbands, brothers and fathers in his party; and this done, the next thing on her programme was to see that her room was put into that comfortable state of order which, to the average lady chambermaid, means an "unknown quantity" indeed.

And just here her severity departed and the turmoil began in her poor little heart. For then, to the first chair flung down with true masculine carelessness, lay her husband's flannel suit, deserted in favor of the fishing "togs," and as she lifted the coat to hang it up there unfeelingly slipped from the pocket a little twisted array of paper, which, with a smiling "Let's see what Rob can been perpetrating now" she proceeded to investigate. For Rob was blessed with a keen sense of humor, and was much given to jotting down bits of verse, puns and sage reflections on the different aspects of summer hotel life, which it was their custom to laugh over together in the retirement of their own room. So it was quite without suspicion that Mrs. Rob unwinded the innocent looking scrap, and was confronted with—not her husband's bold scrawl, but a delicate feminine writing, to this effect:

"Yes, mon ami, I don't know that I mind giving up my afternoon siesta for this once; and if I can evade the notice of the rocking chair 'Tabitha,' I will slip away about 3 o'clock. That is, if you will promise yourself that both rowlocks and dude lurk on the further side of the big rock, and if you are sure that it is one of window songs. For it would never do if we were to be seen there, Tom, J. L.

"Wednesday, a. m."

As she took in the sense of these words, her plaid smile was succeeded by a frown.

"Oh! that horrid Mrs. Lesson, of course, she has put thoughts in Robert's head ever since she came Wednesday, eh? That's today, and now we'll see about this walk. I shan't mention this note, but I think I can manage to defeat this plan. I wonder, though, if it would not be a good idea to set up a little counter flirtation? There's that handsome young Dugall just waiting for a little encouragement, and, evidently, Rob needs a lesson."

Now all this was quite natural, but in her indignation Mrs. Colter failed to give due consideration to circumstances, or to remember the kind of employment she was fitted for "idle hands"—and idle minds as well. She and Robert were spending a month on a small island in the sound, just off the Connecticut coast. It was one of the most unique and delightfully secluded of summer resorts. The nearest land was a mile away to the west, but that was only on one side, and in all other directions there was a much wider expanse of water, dashing up all day with a soft summer, and always the most delicious salt breezes was blowing all across the island, so that even at midday it was not unpleasant to feel the sun.

But it was such a little island, only about thirty acres in all, and not a building on it but the hotel and offices, which could only accommodate about 150 people. There wasn't a horse on the place, for there was no room for driving, but there were good fishing, sail and row boats always available, bathing, billiards and a bowling alley, and a long, two story piazza for a promenade and flirtation gallery. A delightful resting place it was for semi-invalids, for lazy people who can look in and sunshine, and for bookworms and dreamers, but just a wee bit dull for a city man.

Robert Colter was the possessor of a sweet, intelligent wife, who appreciated all the good things of life almost in equal degree with himself, and who was so ready with sympathy and comprehension that it was the most natural and comforting thing in the world to go to her with all his hopes and jokes, and though they had been five years man and wife he never wearied of her companionship. Still that did not prevent his enjoyment of other women's society, and in this quiet little island he had found a certain piquancy in exchanging light badinage or a few harmless confidences on the beach piazza with some fair one's wife—or widow. These evening conferences were much looked for the next morning, and certainly there was no harm in them, according to his ideas. Why, Milly was quite welcome to pass the same little game, if she chose to do so, and he was broad-minded enough to allow her to do it.

Feeling this, and knowing that his dull moments would be apt to increase with each coming day, it was not with total indifference he had witnessed a new arrival his week previous, and had noted an inclination on the part of the newcomer to bestow upon him various kindliest glances and smiles. Still her arrival was very flirtatious without and old gold hair, big blue eyes and pouty white lock and arms, of which the same rather liberal display whose dressed for dinner.

She was not a person of much refinement, but she had a sonny tongue, an imbiding flow of spirit and a big, high voice, with which she could call upon "Hi-e-yoh! Robert, let gue J-a-ne," and she had faith in various other rather interpolated adjectives from the management old Mr. Lesson, Milly had also an insatiable appetite for admiration, and was never contented without some mere dangling after her. As Mr. Colter was quite her opposite in appearance, being slow spoken, cool, dark haired, the last at once attracted him as her novelties, regardless of the fact that there was a Mrs. Colter, who might reasonably object to having her husband monopolized in this way. As a matter of fact Mrs. Milly had felt quite sore on the subject, simply because everything had ceased so entirely to be surface, and it was only the feeling of Mrs. Lesson's mischievous Billie over which her uncle her believe that Robert could deceive her.

And now what should she do? To be sure it was hot, as far, a very serious matter, but it was enough to make her jealous, jealous lest very sore and pouting, and not being by any means of the Griselda type of woman one of her first thoughts was to retaliate. Hence her resolution to battle up her indignation and quietly observe the whole by keeping an eye on Robert until dinner time and so prevent the proposed walk.

In due time the fishermen returned, and lunch being over, the usual afternoon dispersion began. A sailing party drew away some of the guests, and others retired for a lounge and a nap. Mrs. Lesson stationed herself on the piazza with a book, and seemed unusually timid and inclined for her own company. But Milly was not going to treat to this morning indifference, so she got together half a dozen pool players, and carried Robert and also young Dugall off for her beau. Robert, in her opinion, Rob evinced no repugnance to being thus captured and seemed to enjoy the game, which was prolonged until almost dinner time. But having become emphatic, Milly insisted further exercise upon the part of the walk until the twilight hour as being more conducive to sentiment—so she coaxed Tom in her vacillation to pay back to his own pool table instead, and was so charming to young Dugall that his head was quite turned. Which effect was still further increased when she appeared at dinner time in a delicious black lace and satin gown, lighted up by knots of orange ribbon and a corsage bouquet of great glowing marigolds—one of the special products of the island.

Dinner over, Mr. Dugall proposed a stroll over the bluff to the welcome hoot of the sailing party, which had been over to Stallington to buy in a supply of boots and enjoy the delicious peach ice procurable in that sleepy old town. And after that what was more natural than to wander so cool by the bathing beach, where the waves were coming in with greater force than usual before a rising wind, which had fair to be a small sized gale before morning. Then back to the hotel for a promenade on the piazza, and finally a cozy tete-a-tete in the most secluded corner, where Mistress Milly's volume of retaliation progressed so rapidly that within an hour Mr. Dugall was eloquently portraying the delights of a sail over to Watch Hill and dinner at one of the hotels. And "would Mrs. Colter let him escort her over tomorrow?"

"Oh, tut—these women, you know. How they would talk!"

"Well, surely, you don't mind them. We'll just start off quietly after breakfast, as if for an hour's sail, and if they do gossip we'll have a nice day anyhow, and be home here by dinner time. And you know it won't hurt equal Mrs. Lesson's dainge."

"By the way, where is the widow this evening, Mr. Dugall?"

"Why, don't you know? Sumner came over an hour ago with his entourage and invited your husband to try its speed around the island, and nothing would do but Mrs. Lesson and her sister must go too. And they haven't got back yet. Come, now! won't this give the gossips enough to talk about tomorrow, as they won't be thinking of us? You'll go, Mrs. Colter?"

"Well, I won't promise, but if I come down in my bathing suit you can see Tom about engaging the Mermaid."

Then her spirits seemed to flag. Flirting wasn't much fun after all, and, oh, where was Rob all this time? After a quarter hour of wandering thoughts and increasing indignation against the whole sisterhood of widows she felt that she must have stillnder so, with merely a glance into the parlor, where Major Leonard, the proud father of the levelest baby in the hotel, was delighting an admiring audience with the inspiring strains of "Nancy Lee," she ran up stairs and locked herself into her room for the inevitable good cry in which feminine human nature finds a safety valve in most emotional crises. The latter to indulge in this luxury she got into a wrapper and cuddled down on the bed in the dark.

As yet, her feeling of indignation and resentment were stronger than her anxiety, for Robert was a good sailor and there was neither fog nor storm tonight to make it dangerous on the water, and as the thought more of the comments which would be made on his increasing intimacy with the widow than of any danger to the party. "I believe I will go over to Watch Hill tomorrow. I'm sure I won't care as the neglected wife, and there's no knowing what folly that woman will try to lead him into, though I don't suppose he could help her going tonight."

Here her thoughts grew indistinct, and the next thing she knew she was awaked from what might have been a long and sound nap to find herself still alone.

She struck a light. Past midnight and still quiet, but outside, but outside the wind was fairly howling. It was a real gale now, and every little while the hotel would tremble all through, in spite of the iron cables which chained it to the rocks. It was feared to think that Robert was somewhere out in the storm, and that nothing could be done until daylight, and not even then if the gale continued, as the hotel's pleasure boats were not built to face such a wind. There would be no one in amusing any one else, who was much petted by all until the household should be stirring, and she could advise with some of the gentlemen. But, oh, the loneliness of that night! To her dying day she never forgot it. Sometimes it seemed every bit night, when Rob had been safe beside her! He recalled the little jokes they had laughed over, and how pretty and affectionate he had been.

But then, he always was sweet tempered and loving, always making some plan for her comfort and amusement. And to think how angry she had been only a few hours ago seem very worthless! To be sure, he hadn't known it, but she felt just as remorseful as if she had put her feelings into words and had scolded him well. What if he had, for lack of other amusement, drifted into an idle flirtation? Suppose that Jane Lesson had already fixed a on him, just as she had invited herself to share the catamaran. Anyway, it didn't matter now—nothing mattered but to have Rob back.

By and by the darkness was all gone, and various noises told of the beginning of another day's business. As soon as she thought the office would be open, Mrs. Colter sent down stairs enclosing a dollar and a note to the clerk, to request that a catamaran was never known to capsize; that Mr. Sumner did not understand his new craft very well, and that they had probably been driven out by the wind, and had been unable to return to the island. In a few hours they'll be back, all safe. As the various guests appeared for breakfast, they one and all echoed this opinion, and were very kind in their inquiries about Rob.

Through the 8:54 plan they could see that there was no catamaran lying at the dock on the nearest Connecticut shore, but it might have been driven across the five miles of water separating them from Fisher's island. The gale still continued, so that it was not considered safe for any one to leave the island in a sailboat, so there was nothing to do but to patiently wait news from the pioneer of the ill-fated boat. Mr. Dugall and with the other guests, endeared his sympathy, but had too much tact to remind her of bad evening's pouting, which would, however, have unreasonably added to her misery, only to make her more self reproachful and more loving toward the absent Robert.

Slowly the hours crept away, until nearly noon, when suddenly the sentinel party lookin of the glass announced that the Puffing Pig, a small ferryboat running between Fisher's island and the Connecticut shore, was about starting out from the island, and if the young ways had found a harbor there they would get the Pig's capitain to bring them over. Every one became excited then, and the Pig's slow progress was breathlessly watched. It was very rough, and several times she seemed in the point of turning back, but still she struggled on, and by and by something like a woman's feather crowned hat was observed in the pilot house, but it was spot shelmed from the wind. Yes, there were two of them, and now there is a handkerchief waving and the Pig is seen to make a careful turn away from its usual landing, and towards the little island. No doubt about it now. The Pig was aimed at the dock, and there was a hasty exodus from the piazza of the eager guests.

But Milly would not risk a scene in public. She ran away to her own room, where, in a few minutes, Robert came to her, and was cried over and petted so tenderly he had been absent a year instead of a night.

"Why, my dear," said he, "any one would suppose I was a long lost treasure, instead of a mere commonplace husband."

"Oh, it's all very well for you to joke about it. I suppose while I was almost crazy with anxiety you were having a good time flirting with the widow."

"Then you never were more mistaken in your life, Milly. The widow wouldn't speak to me at all. Yet see, she gave me a note at breakfast time yesterday to deliver to Sumner, and I forgot all about it, and as chanced her out of an afternoon's walk, and almost made a quarrel between them. But it's all right now. I made an apology, and Sumner made a proposal, I believe, for they announced this morning that they're engaged.

"You don't mean it, Rob? What a joke!" And to that day Mrs. Colter doesn't know why Milly should have fallen upon him, with a second shower of kisses, on hearing of Mrs. Lesson's engagement. For that sly little woman told to herself: "So that note wasn't for Rob at all, and I came near making a fool of myself for nothing. But he never shall know it."

And then she went down to lunch, such amiable, penitent Mrs. Colter, and Dugall for being the recipient of her gracious encouragement the evening before. But she made a pretty little speech of congratulation to the widow, and blushed her cute little face red as she made back into Rob's pocket and held her tongue until he had had his say.—Eleanor Corbet in Pittsburg Bulletin.

An Illuminating Dress Pot.

Few persons know that the dome of the state house was made to represent an inverted bean pot. It costs thousands of dollars every few years to paint it, but a few days immediately after the operation pieces so much further that the expense is considered of small importance.—Boston Courier.

Taller Than Goliath.

The king of giants was Christoff Meuser, born at Erbach near Mundos, in June, 1699, who, according to authentic records, attained a height of four feet three inches taller than Goliath of Gath. He served in the body guards of the Elector and lived forty-four years.—New York Times.

A $4,000,000 Bridge.

One of the longest and most costly railway bridges in the country is now being erected in the western division of the United States, almost at its extreme western boundary, the great steel bridge which the Union Pacific is building across the Columbia river at Vancouver, Wash. The length from the Washington to the Oregon shore will be 4,000 feet, and the draw pier will be over 400 feet long. The cost of the structure will be over $4,000,000.—Detroit Free Press.

Entirely Impartial.

Traveler—Which is the clear and quick and best route to the west?

Ticket Agent—I don't know, sir.

"Have you no opinion on the subject?"

"None at all. They all pay the same commissions now."—New York Weekly.

A San Francisco man has a peculiar mania for opening and closing doors, and will stand for hours at a time at one of the entrances to the Palace hotel opening and closing the doors for the accommodation of the pedestrians.

Asbestos is a mineral that crystallizes in long fibers. The fibers can be separated as easily as those of our softer textile materials, and are used in a variety of articles, which are worn for protection against fire.

CALIFORNIA CREAM OF PRUNES

A very pleasant laxative, made from the juice of Ripe Prunes, combined with a few harmless vegetable extracts of acknowledged and highly medicinal qualities, not up to Force of

CREAM DROPS,

Making a very valuable preparation for Adults and Children.

Assimilating the food and regulating the stomach and bowels.

IT PROMOTES DIGESTION, COMFORTABLE AND WELL

IT IS A WONDERFUL REMEDY

For Constipation, Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney Complaints, and Biliousness, and

PRICE 25 CENTS.

For Sale by All Druggists.

BRIGGS MEDICINE CO.,

San Francisco, California

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of Rosa G. Island, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT on Monday, the 31st day of August, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the court room of said court, in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, has been appointed for the hearing of the petition of Jesse Island, praying for the probate of a certain instrument in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, and for the granting of letters of administration with said will annexed, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the probate of said will, and when and where all persons interested in said matter may appear and show cause, if any there be, why said prayer should not be granted, and said instrument be admitted to probate and letters of administration with said will annexed issued thereon.

Dated August 15, 1891.

C. E. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By C. E. STANFORD, Deputy Clerk.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of James Stalker, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT on Monday, the 31st day of August, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the court room of said court, in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, has been appointed for the hearing of the petition of Jesse Island, praying for the probate of a certain instrument in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, and for the granting of letters of administration with said will annexed, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the probate of said will, and when and where all persons interested in said matter may appear and show cause, if any there be, why said prayer should not be granted, and said instrument be admitted to probate and letters of administration with said will annexed issued thereon.

Dated August 15, 1891.

C. E. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By C. E. STANFORD, Deputy Clerk.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Lucky Bill Mining Company. Location of principal place of business Park City, Utah.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT a meeting held on the 3rd day of August, 1891, at Salt Lake City, Utah, an assessment of Ten Cents per share was levied on the capital stock of said corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the secretary, at the office of the company, in Park City, Utah Territory, and any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 21st day of September, 1891, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless previous to such time, will be sold on the 21st day of October, 1891, at the office of the company, in Park City, Utah Territory, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

LUCKY BILL MINING COMPANY.
W. J. DUNTON, Secretary.
Rooms 10 & 11 Dee Block, Salt Lake City, Utah.

NOTICE OF SALE UNDER DEED OF TRUST.

WHEREAS, GEORGE C. NOBLE AND Alice E. Noble, by their deed of trust, dated the 1st day of August, 1890, to the undersigned, John W. Dickson, of Salt Lake City, Utah, Trustee, duly recorded in the office of the County Recorder of Salt Lake County, Utah Territory, in Book 17 of Mortgages, page 500, to secure the payment of the principal sum of $1,000 with interest thereon at eight per cent per annum from date, payable monthly, quarterly and yearly, as in said deed of trust and the notes therein mentioned and described, and which said mortgage was duly assigned to the undersigned, John W. Dickson, by the said Mortgagee, by deed of assignment dated the 1st day of August, 1890, and recorded in said Recorder's office in said County, in Book 17 of Mortgages, page 501, and default has been made in the payment of said principal and interest, and the same remain unpaid and payable, and the said Mortgagee, by his said deed of assignment, has duly elected to declare the whole of said principal and interest payable, and has duly elected and does hereby elect to sell said premises to satisfy said principal and interest, and the costs and expenses of sale, including a reasonable attorney's fee, as provided in said deed of trust, and in pursuance of the notice of sale and election to sell and declare the whole of said principal and interest payable, which said notice of sale and election to sell and declare the whole of said principal and interest payable, the said Mortgagee has caused to be recorded in said Recorder's office in said County, in said Book 17 of Mortgages, page 502, and the said Mortgagee, by his said deed of assignment, has duly elected to sell said premises to satisfy said principal and interest and the costs and expenses of sale, including a reasonable attorney's fee, as provided in said deed of trust, and in pursuance of the notice of sale and election to sell and declare the whole of said principal and interest payable, which said notice of sale and election to sell and declare the whole of said principal and interest payable,