WEN MALINDY TOL' ME YES.

Jus' two weeks from my big fall out with my conscientious Lindsay,
Oh, Melindy, my Melindy, tell me "Yes!"
Ev'ybody cut me cold, my frien' an' kin,
Thought I'd somethin' done wrong, "my frien' Lindsay,"
Wuzzy with the honey mouth of shared confidence,
An' the snake in fair sa' symmetry, an' sez "Chil, ye air a-lost!"
An' a New Jerusalem glory in the fall an' a-liberation
An' I jus' kept on the laughter on the wrong face of a lady,
Wi'out Melindy, my Melindy, tell me "Yes!"

Like a beauty regiment sunbeams away beyond all sorrow,
The sun-crack bubbled over in a moon-water-fall an' sorrow,
An' I felt jus' like a summerin' on the mountain tops an' shouts,
That Heaven wuz open, with adoration free to all,
Ev'n grub-hoe in the mulder wuz a strike in Xavier's Bible,
That wuz played on by the angels with a veil-an' a-lifted up,
An' of Eden's flow wuz fluttered, an' sho' enough down the middle,
Wi'out Melindy, my Melindy, tell me "Yes!"

An' the angels played so lofty that the music reached the gateway
An' some strifes' through the spirits, and a-people down to earth—
Cuss a-mad' such a great way that the silver wuz a-straightaway
Melin' in the gold solder'ties of a lofty mom' little,
An' I wuz a-stand'in on the edge pile of an eden,
An' only ef to hollo in my hosts' baggy-mouth,
Wi'out Melindy, my Melindy, tell me "Yes!"

—Yankee Blade.

UNDER A CLOUD.

I am Agnes Grey, or at least that was my name when was bright summer day, as day as this is now, and I was young and could be another cloud in it, I came home across the fields from Nellie Hobart's wedding. Very sweet she looked in her bridal dress, and very fond the gentleman to whom she had given her hand seemed to be of her. The church was filled with flowers, and not one of those whose there but wished the pretty young creature well, and as she stepped out from the shadow of the painted windows into the clear, golden, out of door light I thought of the old rhyme—

Happy is the bride
The sun shines on her.

And thought that she looked like one of those fair saints the old masters were so fond of painting, blue eyed and blond, and with months like those of smiling babies.

I thought of something else, also, as I stepped every girl who had been to that wedding did, could one but know the truth. I wondered whether it would ever be my lot to stand where Nellie stood that day, and what manner of man my bridegroom would be; for I had never yet seen any one I could favor giving myself to, almost body and soul, as a wife must. I was making a picture of him for myself, like a game, when my feet caught in the grass, where some boys had tied it, and down I fell, twisted my ankle and hurting my head, so that for awhile I knew nothing.

At last I felt some one lift me off the ground, and opened my eyes to see that it was a great, swarthy, black eyed girl of seventeen or so—a girl with a careless look about her dress which was not lady-like. But one had the voice and manner of a lady, and she asked me very kindly if I was much hurt, and, seeing that I was, picked me up in her strong arms and carried me through a golden gate and into a little parlor, where she laid me on a sofa and bathed my head with cool water and told me to keep up my courage, for "Gideon has gone for a doctor."

That none told me where I was, I was under a roof that I had never thought would shelter me, no matter what would come to pass. I would have then said I would rather die than have fallen from the cold old sofa. For this was Gideon Lee's old homestead, and he, with the children of the man who, some years before, had been hung for the murder of my Uncle Mathew.

I was but a baby when it all happened, but I could remember how the whole village was astir in search of the missing man, and how a body was found at last in the heart of Alcott's woods, and how the facts that there had been a quarrel between Gideon Lee and Uncle Mathew, and that Gideon Lee owed the latter money, and how they were last seen together quarreling in Gideon's garden, where a bloody handkerchief, marked "M. G.," was found soon after, and brought Gideon to the gallows.

Perhaps hearing the story afterward from my grandfather made me fancy I remembered it, but at all events the scene I had listened to late was that of Gideon Lee. And now it was the child born on the day of her mother's death—the very day on which the father met his awful fate—who lifted me from the ground, dinky Madge Lee, who had never found a playmate nor a friend in its town because of the ban upon her father's memory, the son, who has been old enough to understand it all at the time, who came in with old Dr. Humphries soon after.

They were not poor people. The house was a substantial one, and there were more books and pictures and comforts of refinement within than country houses generally boast of. But even the farm hands spoke contemptuously of the "man of the house who was hung," and the servants who were hired by Madge Lee were not natives of the place.

And here was I, Mathew Grey's own niece, lying under the roof, and likely to be there for some time, for the doctor forbade my removal.

"I must go home—I must go away from this house!" I said, angrily and frightened.

And Madge Lee looking down on me as an Indian princess might, with her dark eyes agleam, said, in a bitter voice, "Never fear, Miss Grey, we'll not mar your pride and somehow shamed me, laughing as I was.

Imagine me away from home, or think even the risk of my life would not have kept him from taking me home. And I grew ill and delirious, and Madge Lee became as a sister might, and Gideon was kinder than a brother. He had to be, to bought me nothing drinks made of fruits after some tropical manner which he prepared, he found sweet flowers dripping with dew in the woods, and he sang, as I never heard any one sing before, those Scottish ballads that are lovelier than any other music ever written, in my mind; and it ended in my being them.

So when I was well enough to go away I took Madge's hand in mine and said, "How shall I ever thank you for your tender care of me?"

And she answered, "Agnes Grey, the only gratitude I ask is belief in us. The people down there" (and she pointed with her free hand toward the town) "call us the children of a murderer. We are the children of a martyr instead. I never saw my father, but we know that he is innocent. And Gideon remembers his kindness, his tenderness, his gentleness and his honor.

"Your uncle Mathew—forgive me, but it is the truth—was a wild, bad fellow. He quarreled with my father, not father with him, and the debt was paid. Mother saw it done, and heard him boast that the money should take him beyond the reach of irksome laws and clattering tongues. And for the bloody machine-chief, he had cut his hand, and unbound and washed it, and tied it up afresh in mother's very sight that day. Don't dare to doubt it, don't be so cruel as to doubt it, Agnes Grey."

Then she brought me the picture that they kept as a sacred relic, and verses written by his hand, and tender love letters yellow with age, and as I looked at the face—as sweet, as good, as fine that of the Gideon Lee I knew—it felt sure that those who stood before me, though they were the children of the man who was hung, were not the offspring of a murderer. And afterward Gideon also spoke.

"It is hard to bear," he said, "hard to know that we must bear it all our lives but if you only see the truth—if only, without proof, you will understand that we know no murder was ever done by our dear father's hand—we, who have his pictured face upon the wall, the letters written to our mother, the words our mother wrote begging us to read them often when she was dead, and never doubt the man who on his knees in the condemned cell, calling on God to witness his last words, had vows to his wife who would have loved him even had he in such hasty moment dealt a fatal blow, that he knew nothing of Mathew Grey's death, and even doubted that he would and at all—if someone before who set out with those who were his murderers, I, at least, shall have a lighter heart."

And I put my hand into his, and gave the other to Madge, and said, honestly, "I do believe as you do, and I always will."

And so I went away not I took their faces with me, their pleasant ways, their voices. As for Gideon's face, it haunted me. There was about him a charm that no one else ever had. They were all pleasant, all charming in their way, but he most of all.

A pretty scandal there was through the town when I began to go down to the Hobarbors to see my friends. I was sorry, too, for I thought it bearing.

"Gideon Lee never killed any one," I stood about to those who chided me, "I will not ban his children for the fault of others."

But there in the town were those who had been at the trial, and clerks of the jurymen and witnesses, and under a stone in the graveyard were the bones that had been sworn to as Uncle Mathew's, and in a locked and barred near the prison the coffin of the man who was hung, and how dared I, a baby almost at the time, to judge for myself.

I knew they were right enough, but I never faltered. I was as sure as Madge Lee was her father never killed Uncle Mathew.

They would not come to my home. Indeed, grandfather would have had the door closed in their faces, but nothing could make Jonas Grey cross them. And it was dangerous work for me, too, as I began to know before long, to act so much by Gideon Lee's side, to hear his deep voice so often, to feel my heart thrilling with a loving pity for him for which I had no words. He was my wounded and despised knight, this dear Gideon Lee, before I had known him three months, and I would have given my life for him, that he could see words of love to me as I to him. Just friends we were, and nothing more, outwardly. That was enough for the time—enough for grandfather. I was called unnatural, I found my dearest friends grown cold. Even the clergyman asked me if "it would not harm me to hold companionship with such people."

And I said: "They are the best people I have ever known. And even had their father done the deed for which he died, they would be no worse for it. As it is he was murdered, and you are all cried to these poor children of his—cruel and unchristian."

So he left me angrily, and so many a friend left me, and all my comfort was to sit between Madge and Gideon in the quiet evenings and talk to them.

In the summer time we used to light no candles, and the moonlight fell through the ivy leaves upon us, and the old dog lay at our feet and put his only head upon Madge's lap. We would tell stories of fairies and goblins or sing romantic songs written before any of us were born. Now and then Gideon would steal his arm about my waist or hold my hand awhile, and wrong though my own sight have thought there was no more harm in it than though we had been children.

Just so we were sitting one evening, when grandfather walked into our midst and clutched me fiercely by the arm. He used to repeat the words he uttered. The neighbors sang me as sharpy as they could Gideon Lee's children. But he forbade me ever to speak to them again and told me home with him.

The last glimpse I caught of the brother and sister showed them to be standing hand in hand, their fingers clutched tight, their teeth set, their faces white with wrath under the moonlight. It was my last glimpse for many years, for the day after this we sailed for Canada. Grandfather was a Canadian, and it was partly to revisit his native land and partly to put the ocean between the Lees and me that he took the voyage. But he could not bear my heart from them. I loved them better than any people I ever met; most of all I loved Gideon.

But I never heard of him or from him, nor could I guess whether he lived or died, remembered or forgot me, for three long years.

At the end of that time my grandfather died, and I, his heiress, returned to my native land a rich woman and my own mistress, though this was the call to the will that left me all.

Uncle Grey, having come to fear that my beloved grandchild is easily tempted by artful persons, and is not grateful enough to understand their guile, do, for her own welfare, add this proviso. That, should she ever give her hand in marriage to the son of the murderer of my son, Mathew Grey, all claim upon the money and estate shall be forfeited, and property go, without reserve, to the heirs of St. Martha, to be used by the trustees of said institution as they see fit."

But, despite this codicil, I went down into the valley in which Gideon Lee's homestead stood before I had been at home a day. It was sunset when I reached it, but the light still not so set you gild the panes of the upper windows to sheets of burnished gold. Every shutter was closed and the house seemed to frown upon me. The garden had run wild; the trellis lay desolate, the broken branches of the orchard trees told of hostile depredation. Strange cattle grazed in the meadow and Rover's kennel was empty. The eight hounds were in my eyes. I went up the old porch and found there, set with rain and tangled in the relics of last year's vine, a scarlet ribbon, one Madge used form wears. I pad it to my bosom and came away. No one could tell me anything of Gideon Lee's children, except what the empty house had told me—that they were gone.

I had lost them, and what did I care that all the country place hostiles welcomed me home? Gideon's cattle would have been more to me than all their greetings, and Madge would have given me a kiss that had true love in it.

I was not happy! I could not be gay. I could not care for anything very much. I lived a quiet life for two long years, and, let themself me cold and proud as one dear father's kind—we, who have his pictured face upon the wall, the letters written to our mother, the words our mother wrote begging us to read them often when she was dead, and never doubt the man who on his knees in the condemned cell, calling on God to witness his last words, had vows to his wife who would have loved him even had he in such hasty moment dealt a fatal blow, that he knew nothing of Mathew Grey's death, and even doubted that he would and at all—if someone before who set out with those who were his murderers, I, at least, shall have a lighter heart."

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ST. JACOBS OIL
CURES PERMANENTLY
SCIATICA. LUMBAGO.

IT IS THE BEST.

MONEY

HOUSE MOVERS AND RAISERS.

EXCELLENT, PRACTICAL AND REASONABLE. Work done anywhere in Utah. Buildings raised, moved and repaired and stables, etc., for sales bought, sold and lots dug. Work done on any part of the Territory. Correspondence solicited. Address, P. O. Box 1, Salt Lake City, Utah.
UTAH HOUSE MOVING CO.
CHAS. E. PEGGS, Manager. J. D. McNEIL, Sec. and Treas.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething, it soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty five cents a bottle.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT PURSUANT to the order of the Probate Court of Salt Lake County, made before Chas. S. Zane, Judge of said Court, on the 1st day of July, 1891, in the matter of the estate of Thomas Cummings, deceased, I will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for lawful money of the United States, at the hour of 10 o'clock, from 2 o'clock p. m. of said day, at the Probate Court room, in the Court House, in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, the following described real estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said order, to wit: Lots 1 and 2 in Block 1 in Cummings' Addition to Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, and the undivided one-half of the following described real estate, to wit: Lots 1 and 2 in Block 2 in Cummings' Addition to Salt Lake City, Utah Territory.
Terms of sale—Cash, and not less than the upset price of $1,000 for the whole of said real estate.
Sale to be made between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 2 o'clock p. m. of said day.
Given under my hand this 1st day of July, 1891.
JOHN W. DONNELLY, Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Cummings, Deceased.

NOTICE TO WATER CONSUMERS.

THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC IS hereby called to the provisions of section 4, of "An Act to provide for the incorporation of cities and towns," approved March 6, 1888, which prohibits the use of water for sprinkling purposes within the Upper and Lower Sprinkling Districts, after the hour of 10 o'clock a. m.
All that portion of the city lying east and south of the following boundaries is known as the Upper District: Beginning at the point where the east line of Main street intersects the south line of South Temple street, thence east along said South Temple street to Second East street, thence south along said Second East street to South Temple street, thence east along said South Temple street to Third East street, thence south along said Third East street to South Temple street, thence east along said South Temple street to Fourth East street, thence south along said Fourth East street to South Temple street, thence east along said South Temple street to Fifth East street, thence south along said Fifth East street to South Temple street, thence east along said South Temple street to the East Bench ditch, thence south along said East Bench ditch to South Temple street, thence east along said South Temple street to the mouth of Emigration Canyon.
All that portion of the city lying west and south of the following boundaries is known as the Lower District: Beginning at the point where the west line of Main street intersects the south line of South Temple street, thence west along said South Temple street to First West street, thence south along said First West street to South Temple street, thence west along said South Temple street to Second West street, thence south along said Second West street to South Temple street, thence west along said South Temple street to Third West street, thence south along said Third West street to South Temple street, thence west along said South Temple street to the West Bench ditch, thence south along said West Bench ditch to South Temple street, thence west along said South Temple street to the mouth of Parley's Canyon.
Water taking water from the mains on Main street, Fifth East, Fifth West, Second East, Second West, and all streets south of South Temple street, shall be deemed to be taking from the Upper District.
Water taking water from the mains on South Temple street, shall be deemed to be taking from the Upper District.
All that portion of the city lying east and south of the following boundaries is known as the Upper Sprinkling District: Beginning at the point where the east line of Main street intersects the south line of South Temple street, thence east along said South Temple street to the East Bench ditch, thence south along said East Bench ditch to South Temple street, thence east along said South Temple street to the mouth of Emigration Canyon.
All that portion of the city lying west and south of the following boundaries is known as the Lower Sprinkling District: Beginning at the point where the west line of Main street intersects the south line of South Temple street, thence west along said South Temple street to the West Bench ditch, thence south along said West Bench ditch to South Temple street, thence west along said South Temple street to the mouth of Parley's Canyon.
Any person or persons who shall violate the provisions of this section shall, on conviction, be fined in any sum not exceeding $100, or be imprisoned in the county jail, and not exceeding twenty days for each offense, or both at the discretion of the court.
A strict enforcement of this ordinance will hereafter be enforced.
By order of the Mayor.
E. M. ROSS, City Recorder.
Salt Lake City, Utah, July 23rd, 1891.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.
In the matter of the Estate of John A. Beech, deceased.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned, Sarah Beech, administratrix, with the will annexed, of the estate of John A. Beech, deceased, has filed her accounts and vouchers and filed in said court, her final account of her administration of said estate and petition for her final discharge as such administratrix, and that the hearing thereof has been duly set by said court for examining the accounts aforesaid, and for hearing said petition, for the 4th day of August, A. D. 1891, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m., at the court house of said county, in the County of Salt Lake, Salt Lake City and county, Utah Territory, at which time and place any person interested in said estate may appear in said court and show cause, if any they have, why said accounts should not be allowed and the same be settled, and why said petition should not be granted and the administratrix discharged from her trust as such administratrix.
Dated July 27, 1891.
C. S. ZANE, Clerk of the Probate Court.
By C. E. STEWART, Deputy Clerk.

CITY BONDS FOR SALE.

Fifty Thousand ($50,000) Dollars of Five (5) Per Cent. Salt Lake City Bonds For Sale.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT ON and after the 1st day of August, A. D. 1891, at the office of the City Treasurer of Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, the undersigned will offer for sale to the highest bidder or bidders, for cash, said bonds, or so much thereof as may be necessary, to the amount of the sum of $50,000, said bonds being twenty-one years from date, and bearing interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, and said bonds being issued for the purpose of funding the floating indebtedness of said city, and said bonds being issued under and by virtue of the authority of the Act of the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Utah, approved March 6, 1888, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation of cities and towns," and the amendatory acts thereto, and said bonds being issued in the denomination of $500 each, payable at the office of the City Treasurer of said city, and principal and interest payable in gold coin of the United States of America of the present standard of weight and fineness, and said bonds being issued in accordance with a resolution of the City Council of said city, passed on the 7th day of July, 1891, and said bonds being issued for the purpose of funding the floating indebtedness of said city, and said bonds being issued for the purpose of funding the floating indebtedness of said city, and said bonds being issued for the purpose of funding the floating indebtedness of said city