THE STATION DESPAIR.

[illegible]

—Josephine Miller in St. Paul Globe.

NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

"Now, No. 18, finish your ironing, for I want you in the storeroom."

So it did not answer me, but bent her head sorrowfully. As she did so I noticed a tear fall from her eyes.

I was interested in this prisoner, for she was far above the usual class of criminals, for I was at the time of which I write assistant wardress of one of the county prisons. I had noticed her superiority to her fellow inmates. [illegible] particular [illegible] When she had finished her ironing we were soon engaged at the easier task.

We were by ourselves, and had not been five minutes in the room when sudden my charge burst into a fit of sobbing and to my surprise threw herself [illegible]

"There, this will never do, what is the matter?" I said quietly. "Suppose the governor were to come in, what should I do? You would get me into serious trouble."

She, however, continued to clasp me round the neck, giving vent to heartbreaking sobs.

"You really must be quiet and tell me the reason of this," I said, with a little asperity.

"I will be quiet, madam," she said with great effort. "I am very miserable [illegible]"

"All [illegible]," I answered as cheerfully as I could, "all are miserable who come here, except the hardened ones, but you will soon be home again. Only about [illegible] and you will be with your [illegible]."

"But my child, madam, my dear little boy," she sobbed, "he is ill, and if I do not see him ere then he may die. All my cry is for his mother, and I cannot, oh, I cannot get to him. What shall I do? My heart almost breaks to soothe his pains and troubles. What shall I do?" And she laid her head on my shoulder with a faint, despairing cry which wrung my heart, for I had two bonnie children at home and my heart went out to her.

"How do you know this?" I inquired, when her grief had subsided.

"The lame woman who came in yesterday told me of it, and that 'my boy's only cry was for his mother.'"

"Well," I replied, "your friends will take care of him, and a month will soon pass, take courage." And I kissed her, for I am a woman, if a wardress, and apt to broke my heart at times.

"No woman can take his mother's place," was all that she could say; then, clasping me suddenly to her, she whispered eagerly, "But, if you choose, you could help me."

"What do you mean?" I said.

"In this way," she said; "I want to be at home in three or four days."

"Nonsense," I replied; "you are losing your wits, get on with your work."

She stopped, but continued: "I know I can get out if you will aid me a little, and no one shall be the wiser. I want you to post me a letter only, and before long I shall be with my dear boy," clasping her hands and looking intensely at me.

"Now you must put such matters entirely from you. Supposing," I said, to humor her, "I do as you suggest and it was found out, the consequences would be I should lose my position, which is only a few years off, and I have two bairns to think of and am a widow."

She was quiet at this for a time and did her work in a random way; then [illegible]

"What amount of money do you calculate would bring in interest equivalent to your pension?"

"A thousand pounds," I said, smiling, and believing that it would put such thoughts away from her mind.

She stopped the clothing she held and seized my hands firmly. "If you were to receive £1,000 would you help me? Swear it by the love you bear your children and as you hope for their welfare."

"Yes, yes; I'll promise that," I replied, to humor her, for I thought she must be a little distracted with grief.

"Remember, that is a solemn promise," she said, and just upon it the bell rang to cease work, and the prisoners began to troop to their cells.

At the end of another hour my duty would be over for the night, and after seeing all the inmates of the cells I should transfer my keys to the night wardress in charge and go home. When I came to No. 18's cell I found her [illegible] and putting her arms around me she embraced and kissed me, whispering: "Good night, dear madam, remember, and God will bless you." I passed out and left her for the night, thinking that she had forgotten her idea of the letter.

As I stood outside I soon put on my hat and cloak, which covered my prison uniform, and left for the night, and was soon at home with my children.

Judge of my astonishment, after taking off my cloak, when I put my hand into my dress pocket, to find an unstamped letter, which No. 18 had evidently slipped there before I left her cell.

It was addressed to a city fifteen miles [illegible] I held it in my hand over the fire, but my heart gave a leap as I thought of her child, and, looking across the room, saw my own dear boy with his curly head bent over his slate, and my hand stayed. I will not burn it, I thought. I will wait until morning and think what I must do for the right, so I laid it on the mantelpiece.

After we had had tea I left my little girl of twelve to clear away things while I went out to buy eatables for the next day. I was away about an hour, and on returning my daughter greeted me with—

"Mamma, I bought a stamp and posted your letter just in time. Another minute and it would have been too late!"

"What letter, darling, was that?"

"The one you put on the mantelpiece," she answered laughingly; "and you owe me a penny for the stamp, remember!"

I sank into a seat, overcome by the thought that the letter was gone, for good or evil, and at the hands of my child.

I had a restless night, and on going to my duty next morning found my charge cheerful.

"I know you have helped me. I know it. I have been dreaming of my boy, and he said he was better and would soon see me."

"Silence," I replied; "I cannot hear any more of this. I shall get into trouble."

"No, no, you will not, and I shall bless you all my life. But I will say no more," at which I left her.

Next morning before going on duty I received by post a small wooden box. On opening it I found a bundle of bank notes and a letter, the notes being in fifties to the value of £1,000, at the sight of which my knees shook under me, the perspiration rolled from my forehead and I nearly fainted. Here was a predicament, but I soon revived and proceeded to read the letter:

"Dear Madam—My wife informs me that you have consented to help her, and I have received a letter from her, which you have doubtless posted, for which aid at her desire, I inclose you what you need with many thanks. Burn this and do not use the notes for some time, for fear of suspicion, at any rate, not until you hear from me again. Tell my wife one word, 'Yes.' I ask this as a favor."

I dropped the letter in the fire, and then, like a guilty thing, I hid the notes under a loose board in the attic floor. When I commenced duty and saw the anxious mother she looked at me with eager eyes, and as my lips framed the word "Yes," the tears rolled down her cheeks. "My dear boy, then, is better, I will trouble no more." I left her, thinking she might, as her boy was better, now give up her thought of escape and settle down quietly; consequently my mind became easier.

Another day passed and I left her once more. All that night it was very foggy, and next morning I was to my consternation informed that No. 18 had escaped during the night, having loosened the bars of her window, and being a slender woman had squeezed through on to the sloping roof of a building, down which she had crept, thence down a ladder which had been left by the painters, and being then in the open yard of the prison she had taken the ladder to the wall, on gaining the top of which some help had been afforded from the outside, possibly by a rope ladder. There all trace was lost.

Of course I was examined, with others, before the governor, but nothing could be elicited, at which I was much relieved and thankful, and I never enjoyed getting home more than I did that night.

Matters went on as usual and I had not touched my notes; in fact, I seemed to care nothing for them, when one morning, about six weeks later, I received a bulky package, addressed in a lady's hand, bearing the Canadian postmark. I broke the seals quickly and found, to my intense surprise, bank notes again to the value of £1,000. The letter inclosed explained everything:

"My Dear Friend—You will no doubt have wondered many times, with others, what had become of No. 18. I am now in Canada with my husband and dear little boy, who is now, thanks to your aid and God's blessing, quite well.

"You no doubt know how I escaped. My husband was to wait for me outside, which I knew would be the same night on the day you gave me his message, 'Yes.' I expect you thought I had given up my idea. I descended by a rope ladder which my husband had thrown to the top of the wall, and behind a fast trotter was soon in a trusted friend's house, clasped in my child's arms.

"May you never be separated from your children. I must tell you in confidence that my husband is the third son of a nobleman, and was unfortunately led into difficulties and got into the toils of a lot of sharpers and forgers, and they used him as a tool for passing forged notes. I unknowingly got one of these notes, and tendering it, was arrested and suffered imprisonment for it, as you know, and thus did not involve my husband. I was aware that when my time in prison was over that we should leave the country, as my husband had confessed all to his father with a desire to mend, and he persuaded to start us to Canada with £5,000. Then my boy fell ill and you know the rest.

"The first notes you received from my husband, I may at once say, are all forgeries. Pray forgive me my ruse, but it was the only way I could see out of the difficulty. I heartily hope you have not used any, but awaited this letter.

"Burn them, every one without fail, and if I might advise you, as possibly you may have some compunction to use even the good notes for yourself, invest them for your children, and may it be a blessing to them. Goodby, my friend; my little son sends his love and a kiss to the kind lady who let his mamma come to see him when he wanted her so badly."

Did I do right or wrong?—New York World.

Marching While Asleep.

It is a well authenticated fact that in the disastrous retreat of Sir John Moore many of the soldiers fell asleep and yet continued to march along with their comrades.—Northwestern Magazine.

THE "REG'LAR BOY."

How He Tries to Thrust His Family Upon Unsuspecting Strangers.

I had given up my check to the baggage master at the ferry, and after obtaining possession of my satchel—a somewhat large and heavy one—I inquired if I might secure the services of a boy to carry it for me as far as the entrance of the Brooklyn bridge.

The baggage master made no reply, but waved one hand and a dangling check strap in the general direction of West street.

I went outside and explained the situation to a group of half a dozen cab drivers who stood idling about the ferry house door.

How large was the satchel?

I gave its dimensions and probable weight.

They received the information thoughtfully, and one of them disappeared within the ferry house. He returned almost immediately, accompanied by a youth of about twelve years, whom he introduced briefly as the "reg'lar boy."

During the discussion which followed, and in which the cab drivers severally joined, I discovered that the "reg'lar price" was twenty-five cents.

As the boy was firm, and so, also, were the cab drivers, I accepted him without further parley, and we began our journey toward the bridge.

The boy walked a little in advance of me. His hair was of a painfully aggressive carmine. His legs were very long and thin, and seemed somehow to belong to an older and much taller boy.

On reaching the corner of Cortlandt and Greenwich streets I became aware that my satchel carrier had been joined by a companion. The salutation, "Ah, there, Rodney!" with playfully satirical reference to the vivid hue of the other's head, indicated his presence.

Rodney's reply, if any, was inaudible to me. As he did not offer to "lick" the newcomer, nor make any of the usual like demonstrations of resentment, I inferred that the appellation was one to which he had long since become inured, and its offensiveness produced no visible effect upon his sensibilities.

As Rodney turned to resume his journey, in response to a sharp request to that effect from me, the other boy turned also and walked on beside him.

Finally, to my great relief, the bridge was reached, and, taking the satchel from Rodney, I gave him his quarter.

Something very like a wink flashed between the two boys as I did so.

Rodney essayed a bit of conversation.

"Nice night, mister?"

"Yes," I said mechanically, preparing to mount the steps leading to the car platform.

"Dis is me brudder," continued Rodney, indicating his companion with a jerk of a very dirty thumb.

"Ah," I replied.

"He helped me wid der bag."

I had not noticed it and I said so.

"Yes, he did, mister," urged Rodney, "when yer wasn't lookin'."

I was getting very hungry.

"Rodney," I said wearily, "as a regular boy this is unworthy of you. Your statement regarding the assistance rendered by your alleged brother is palpably and glaringly false. You were hired to carry that satchel. You have received the amount agreed upon for so doing. Your relatives, Rodney, I must insist, are not in it."

Rodney and his extemporized "brudder" departed.—New York World.

Minute Holes in Diamonds.

The process of drilling the gems through which fine wire is drawn is kept a secret. A better idea of the minuteness of these borings may, however, be learned from the fact that the holes cannot be discerned by the naked eye, and only by the aid of a magnifying glass can one be convinced that they really exist.

When the wire gets very fine it is operated by hand and cut into suitable hanks of about fifteen yards each until the whole has reached the required thickness and attained probably a length of fully six miles.—Mechanical News.

An Electric Fence.

The farmer has had another resource added to the list of devices for controlling wild or refractory stock. All he now has to do to insure the safety of cattle is to connect up his wire fence to an induction coil and a primary battery. A vigorous current is thus maintained, and if any of the cattle should touch the wire with the idea of breaking the fence or otherwise, they will experience a new sensation, which will induce caution so far as future negotiations with the wire fence are concerned.—New York Sun.

Lee and the Ladies.

Mrs. Stonewall Jackson writes in her memoirs of her husband that "General Lee was always charming in the society of ladies, and claimed the privilege of kissing all the pretty young girls, which was regarded by them as a special honor."

Easily Detected.

When a young woman becomes engaged to be married she fancies everybody knows it; and, as a matter of fact, it isn't a difficult thing to detect.—Boston Transcript.

A Scheme for Moving Vessels.

A scheme for taking vessels of twenty feet draft through the Canadian canals by means of steel pontoons placed under them is being urged upon the Canadian government. The expense of this system would be about $500,000, while to deepen the canals sufficiently would cost many millions of dollars.—Exchange.

MONEY FOR LAND.

MANY PERSONS WISH TO SELL THEIR land, but when they find a wrong purchaser, [illegible]

CHAS. W. STATHER, Attorney-at-Law, Box 473, Washington, D. C.

SALT LAKE NURSERY.

HAVING BECOME SOLE PROPRIETOR of the Salt Lake Nursery, I am now prepared to furnish Fruit, Shade and Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, of best quality and at lowest prices. Nursery one mile south of city limits, on State Road.

MARTIN CHRISTOPHERSEN.

"August Flower"

Mrs. Sarah M. Black of Sencea, Mo., during the past two years has been afflicted with Neuralgia of the Head, Stomach and Womb, and writes: "My food did not seem to strengthen me at all and my appetite was very variable. My face was yellow, my head dull, and I had such pains in my left side. In the morning when I got up I would have a flow of mucus in the mouth, and a bad, bitter taste. Sometimes my breath became short, and I had such queer, tumbling, palpitating sensations around the heart. I ached all day under the shoulder blades, in the left side, and down the back of my limbs. It seemed to be worse in the wet, cold weather of Winter and Spring; and whenever the spells came on, my feet and hands would turn cold, and I could get no sleep at all. I tried everywhere, and got no relief before using August Flower. Then the change came. It has done me a wonderful deal of good during the time I have taken it and is working a complete cure."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the estate of Sarah [illegible], deceased.

Notice of time and place for the hearing of petition for [illegible]

PURSUANT TO AN ORDER OF SAID Court [illegible]

W. W. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court. By CARTER [illegible], Deputy Clerk.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the estate of [illegible], deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT [illegible]

Dated February 18, 1892.

W. W. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court. By CARTER [illegible], Deputy.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the estate of Mary Pate, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

JACOB G. TATE AND THOMAS GREEN, [illegible]

Dated February 26, 1892.

E. W. BARTON, Probate Judge.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNDERSIGNED [illegible]

Dated this 12th day of February, 1892.

BALLOW FERGUSON, Administrator of said Estate.

NOTICE.

To the Stockholders of the [illegible] Company, a Corporation:

YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED THAT the regular annual meeting of the stockholders [illegible]

By order of the Board.

[illegible], Secretary. Salt Lake City, February [illegible]

NOTICE OF FORFEITURE.

TO JOHN EDWARDS: YOU ARE HEREBY notified that I have expended four hundred dollars [illegible]

[illegible] WEARE.

Salt Lake City, County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah. First insertion Jan. 2, last insertion April 5, 1892.

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2. It may always be relied upon as advocating or defending the right side of every question proper for public journals to treat upon.

3. It is devoted to the interests of the Latter-day Saints and has, from its inception, valiantly defended their rights and advocated the principles in which they believe, and every Latter-day Saint should therefore feel under obligations to do his part in helping to sustain it.

4. It is not published for speculation, and never has been, but for the good which it is capable of accomplishing; the profits, if any there be derived from it, being devoted to extending its sphere of usefulness, and benefiting the community.

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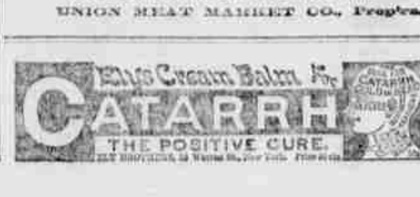
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