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ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, JULY 1st, 1883,

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The Pacific Express Train from Denver, Pueblo and Eastern points will arrive in Salt Lake City daily at 5:48 a.m., and Ogden 7:27 a.m., making direct connection with the Central Pacific Trains for the Pacific Coast. Local Trains leave Springville at 6:57 a.m., Salt Lake City 4:20 a.m., arriving in Ogden 10:49 a.m.; returning, leave Ogden 2:47 p.m., Salt Lake City 4:22 p.m., arriving at Springville at 6:47 p.m. ille at 6:47 p. m. Leave Salt Lake City for all points on Bing-am and Alta Branches at 7:02 a.m., arrive

Am and Alla Brenches
6 22 p. m.
For Scoffefd and Coal Mine, leave Salt Lake
City 10:26 a. m., arrive 5:48 p. m.
An Accommodation Train will leave Pleasant Valley Junction at 7:47 a.m., Thistic 10:57
a. m., Springville 12:48 p. m., Provo 1:32 p.m.,
arriving at Salt Lake City at 6.07 p.m.
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I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I

Could not movel
I shrunk!
From 228 lbs. to 123 I had been doc
toring for my liver, but it did me no
good. I did not expect to live more than
three menths. I began to use Hop Bitt ra
Directly my appetite returned, my palue
left me, my entire system sermed renewed as if by magic, and after using several
bottles I am not only as sound as a sov
erign but weigh more than I did before.
To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '81. R. FITZPATRICE
How TO GET SICK. — Expose yourself
day and night; eat too much wi hout ex
ereise; work too bard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums
advertised, and then you mill want to
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Express train leaves Salt Lake daily at 7:00 a.m. for Juab and intermediate stations, and Through express leaves Salt Lake at 3:05 p.m., and connects with stage lines at Milford and Frisco for Southern Utah, Nevada

Express train from Juab and intermediate Through express from Frisco and Milford. Arrives at Salt Lake 9:30 a.m. JAMES SHARP, FRANCIS COPE, Gen. F. & P. Agt.

LUNCHES PUT UP FOR TRAVELERS.



of the door without a word of explana-

ROSAMOND'S CHOICE.

of girls at the corner of a school build-ing, in Salt Lake City and laughing with the rest at the merry sallies of wit with which Jennie Rathbone answered

the girl.
"Gracious" ejaculated the youth,
"the object of my search."
"If you'll be kind enough to stop
staring at me as though I were a newly

discovered Egyptian mummy, and stand out of the way, so that I may pass, I will be greatly obliged, Mr. Stuart, "said the girl, without a particle of sarcasm in her tones, only extreme, cold frankness.

"Always cruel, Miss Rosamond," nervously answered the young man, "I was just seeking you to ascertain if you

mervously answered the young man, "I was just seeking you to ascertain if you would take a little ride with me, this afternoon, in my father's buggy."

Dressed like a fashion plate, exquisitely neat, with the daintiest of linen, and newest rage in ties embracing his thin neck, his extremely long stender legs adorned with the most stylishly cut pants, and bright hoots stood this

cut pants, and bright boots, stood this rich man's son, sheepishly fearing the cold replies this girl vouchsafed him. Evidently a dandy, his conscious vanity

iri, "I must go home, good day."
Fred Stuart looked admiringly at her
im figure, as she walked

trim figure, as she walked away with-

out the slightest touch of pride, or the

self-contained manner that was better than pride, and more chilling than haughtiness. "Confound her," mut-tered the youth, "I'll make her like me; I have never known failure yet," draw-ing his collar up proudly and smooth-ing out his tie; "Fred, my boy, you must make that girl come to your feet."

Fred Stuart was the son of a wealthy banker, and what little brains he had, were devoted to the noble art of "flirting." His father intended him to follow in his own footsteps, and Fred most likely would make a very good

money-maker, as he was close, and very careful with his allowance.

Fifteen years ago, society in Utah was freer, with less formality and more innocent pleasure than now. The young people who attended this school had become computed together.

make me like her better by holding on a little. I shan't give up, I can't that's all.'

Thus musing, he strode homeward, with his hands grimly stuck in his oversion pockets.

As for Robert and Rosamond, they strolled along under the dark-blue, star-embroidered curtain of heaven, and talked of various common-places, and Rosamond wondered dimity what peculiar emotion of pleasure stirred at her heart in this quiet evening wik.

Robert told her of his distant country home, and how his summers were spent in harvesting the ripened grain, and cutting down with the scythe the cheefer perfuned meadow grass, and how his parents were building a new home, are rived he was to own the old log home, with its large, low, homely rooms and the pretty apple orchard at the back.

"Heat I guess I am tring 70a," said Rob. at last, "talking about such stupled things. But you wanted to know something about where I lived, and forgot that you might not care to hear so many details."

"No, I am not tired in the leasa. Are you happy at home? Do your folks keep cows and have a dairy?"

"Then you take after your mother, Robert. T have wondered whom you resembled most."

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"Then wou take after your mother, Robert. Thave wondered whom you had adany. Yes, we have, silkough it is rather a homely one just now failed the proposition clang her fetters before her eyes, and lay on her shudden "Yes," said Jennie, "I am strong-minded beyond everything. I just think its heavenly to earn one's own living, and be literary and indepen-dent." "What about the husband when he comes along?" asked Cora Whipple. out to see what's going on if we don't disperse soon."

And away buzzed the crowd of light-hearted girls, leaving Rosamond Willis standing near the wall. She was just wondering if she could ever be strong-minded. She was a slender girl, with a peculiar face. Her chin was purely white, with a rather straight red mouth, that never pouted. Eyes of a very light blue; but the liquid brightness of the eye, and the large well-opened gaze redeemed them, and made them almost beautiful; almost I said, for the pale hue of the eyelash, and eyebrow well-night spoiled the beauty of the whole face. A nose, straight, with thin, delicate nostrils, a well rounded forehead, over which parted the reddish-yellow hair with soitest-grace, hanging in four loyely curls to her waist and two tiny shell-like ears completed the fascinating face.

One could scarcely help wondering wherein the expression of lennie Rathbone's face betokened strong-mindedness, or calm self-contained Rosamond could disclaim that noble but abused quality.

Jennie was large, and finely formed.

quality.

Jennie was large, and finely formed, but her face was full of weakness. A short undecided chin, with a lumpy nose, and curving lips were not signals of strength. But Jennie was pretty and full of cute taking ways.

Little Cora was the vine that clung around her sturdy friend, Jennie's uncertain support. Rosamond allently pondered over her companions words, turning to take her homeward way, when she almost ran into the arms of a young man who was coming around the corner at the same time.

"Mr.Stuart," breathlessly exclaimed the girl.

for milk, when the folks move into the new home. But I don't know when I shall occupy the dear old cabin, for I daressy I will have to hunt a long while ere I find anyone willing to take take charge of it for me."

,'Nonsense, Robert, you will find a young, nice girl in your own town, when you leave school, who will know how to take care of you and your home, too; and press tubs of creamy cheese, and quantities of sweet butter. That's the kind of wife you will select, and you will be quite right, too."

The girl said this without a shade of personality in her tones, but as a mother would speak to her son. And Bob felt hurt and repulsed, he scarcely knew how. However, he commenced talking of the examination which was shortly take place, and wondered if shortly take place, and wondered if there would be a party; and when they parted, he simply raised his hat, and said "Good night." Rosamond sat late that evening with her mother, telling her all that had happened; for they were more like sis-ters than mother and daughter. ters than mother and daughter.

"Mother, I tried again to show Fred Stuart how distasteful his attentions and nonsense are to me, but he won't take a hint. I spall certainly tell him frankly my opinion of him, if he asks me to show him another favor."

"You will do right I am sure, Rosemond. Only don't wound his feelings unnecessarily. I shall tell him the simple truth, and it may do him good."

As Rosamond combed out her silken golden curls for the night, she wondered at the change in Roll's manner as he.

She sat in the chair at the table, and

ed at the change in Rob's manner as he left her, concluding she must have said something unfortunate (as her friend told her she was always doing myhich "It must have been the excitement

"It must have been the excitement that has given me such an odd feeling," she said to herself as she drew her shoes from her pretty little feet. "I should like to know the kind of girl Robert Adams will select for a wife," burying her head in the pillow for warmth, and in a few moments she was quite lost to Robert Adams future wife and everything else, for the thin-dell-cately-veined lids were over the blue eyes and Rosamond was asleep. Her last thought showed quite plainly that she hardly believed what she told Robert about the girl whom he would choose, for she was wondering and wondering what see would be like.

Oh youth! Thy happy unconsciousness is a brighter charm, and a stauncher shield than all the arts of Circe.

were at Sister Willis' talking over the affair.

Robert Adams, who played a little, was wading galiantly through "The Battle of Waterloo," rattling away at the retreat of the French, coming with the heavy bass of the cannonading, scampering over the keys at the flight of Bomaparte's forces, at which noisy point Fred Stuart took the occasion to ask Rosamond in his softest tones and with his sweetest smile if he could be her partner at the coming party, just as she commenced her reply the retreating army was merged into the lamentation of the slain, which Robert did with the softest pedals down, and her words came distinctly to his ears.

"No, Frederick, I don't wish to go with you. You are not the kind of a young man I can like. You drink occasionally (don't deny it, Harry has seen you in liquor), you smoke and swear. It is no use asking me to go with you, for I shall never do it. Tilly," turning to her, "what are you going to wear." A half-savage pleasure filled Robert's heart at the giorious snub that his rival.

"You are a—" but his struning on the organ to hide his semotion.

She waiked quietly up to him, and laying her hand on his shoulder, leaned caressingly over his bowed head, her curis brushing his cheek and falling over his breast, thrilling him to his finger ends with their touch, softly whispered:

"Rosamond! Rosamond! will you come to my arms, my darling?"

"Rosamond! Rosamond! will you come to my arms, my darling?"

"Rosamond! Rosamond! will you come to my arms, my darling?"

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"Rosamond! Rosamond! will you come to my arms, my darling?"

"Rosamond! Rosamond! will you come to my arms, my darling?"

"Rosamond! Rosamond! will you come to my arm in innocent games, sometimes even including "kissing games." One evening the crowd had gathered at Jennie's house, her mother being extremely sociable and fond of young society.

There was Robert Adams, a young man who lived in the country, and who was at present going to school in the city, Jennie and Cora, Rosamond Willis and her brother Harry, Fred Stuart and his brother Will, Lilly Harrison, who lisped, the Brown girls, of whom there were three, Joe Ostler, and two or three of Jones' big boys.

A happy party they were! They sat around against the wall, chatting and laughing, at first; Jennie Rathbone and funny little Tilly Harrison sitting on two of the girls laps as there were not chairs enough.

"Leth's play gameths," said Tilly.

"Yes," cried Bob Adams, "let's play forielts."

"Oh, no, let's play cross questions

their services were needed at home.
Robert Adams went to his distant home with a heavy heart. He bade Ross a quiet good by, as the crowd were bidding each other good night after an evening spent at Tilly Harrison's.

She was equally quiet although her heart ached with a dull pain, at the thought of his departure. She suspected he liked her, for she was woman enough to detect his feelings from what he had said and done; but she could not speak a word, nor even ask why he had so changed of late. And so that happy winter was passed. Robert wrote accasionally to Harry, wishing to be remembered to Rosamond, but did not write to her.
Two years passed slowly on. During that time most of Rosamond's young companions were married and settled for life.

Fred Stuart had turned the citadel and a pathone's stern heart, and

prosperous merchant, and clung as ovingly to her good husband as she had to poor Jennie. On New Year's Day just two years

after the opening of our story, kosa-mond was down at Harry's letting their mond was down at Harry's letting their
"yearling" as she called their fine baby,
boy, pull out her long satin curls,
romping and laughing with him "to an
extenth," as little pratler Tilly said,
and talking about that big New
Year's dinner they were to have when
Harry came through the lot, and told
his sister that an oid friend had called
to see her, and was over at her house.
She hastly brushed her rumpied
curls over her finger, wondering who
it might be, and running home she went
in by the front entrance and opened n by the front entrance and opened the parior door.

Robert Adams was playing on the organ to amuse himself while waiting for her, and did not notice her.

She started back, and in a moment a spirit of love, happiness, doubt and trambling seemed to possess her. She waited a moment to calm herself and then shutting the door noisily she greeted Bob as he rose from the stool with a friendly calm handshake. But if she was calm, he was not; for

She sat in the chair at the table, and they carried on a desultory conversation about everything they could think of. At last, they spoke of old times, calling up incidents and memories of their winter in school.

"By-the-by, Robert, we haven't heard from you for a long while. I have been wondering if you have not run across that nice girl who was to press cheese for you in the quaint old homestead. Maybe that's what you have come up to the city for now;" casting a demure but keen glance at him, to discover the effect of her words.

Happy New Year! Happy New Year

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