THE KNIGHT TO HIS FICKLE LADY

Will some one, fair maid, to a bowl of the
Country we seek from the rebels to spare,
Tell the whole tale we without, then set free
Of prisoners a knight even battled to gain.
The whole will repeat, then forget it again.

Though I climbed the stone at the gate of
treason,
And slew the foes, the traitors, the treacherous,
Yet proved it to more a southern bravado,
Who lay on the ground with my lance at his
breast.—
I feel that another now dots thy behest.

And today in the tourney I meet my successor,
He comes among maids that are queens of
all—
Of the queen of which he is a possession,
To search it out hath it aleft on the lists.
Thou pass hath thy success in his for in the
lists.

So, at rest in his estate, the pice blinks home
May discern that with arms none slack thee
that lovest
But the knight which will stand at his side
shall discover
How false was his challenge, how empty the
shows—
What he who will die for thee never will
know.

—Fitzed Scott Mines in Harper's Weekly.

QUIXARVYN'S RIVAL.

The battle of Sedgemoor had been fought and lost. Night had come again, and in the old gray church of Weston Zoyland 500 of the beaten rebels lay imprisoned.

The dense limits the church was crowded in its wild impressiveness. It might have been a grave of the lost souls in the Inferno. The faint glare of a few torches which were stuck at intervals against the pillars revealed the forms of men sitting and lying on the worn stone floor in every attitude of dejection and despair. Up and down the aisles the area and beds of the rebellion sang upon the pavement.

The greater part of the prisoners were silent, or only muttering with the pain of recent wounds some more prolific one was raving, mad with terror. And, in truth, he and his companions had good cause for fear, for their conqueror was Feversham, the general of the Royalists, whose only mode of dealing with a rebel was to hang or shoot him without more ado, and who was now waiting for the daybreak to begin the work of slaughter. A few only kept their consciousness—among them two who were sitting together in the dim light of the pulpit steps. Both these men had been conspicuous in the field, and both knew well what they must die at daybreak.

The elder of the two was a man of about thirty-five, with a powerful, thickset frame and strong and regular features, if bad luck with others against one might say. He was by trade a horse trainer, and a great part of his business was to break in the wild colts of the north. His companion was some six or seven years younger. His figure was tall and slight, but finely made, and his face was singularly handsome. He was the swiftest runner in the east of England, perhaps in the whole Kingdom. His name was David Dare; the other man was John Quixaryn. Both were natives of the town of Axbridge, but until the day before they had been strangers to each other. Chance had made them comrades in the contest, where they had fought side by side and where the same troop of Royalists had seized them both.

For two hours silent, Quixaryn had pulled out a short black pipe, had filled and lighted it, and was now smoking tranquilly. His companion had also pulled out something from his breast—but it was no pipe; it was the portrait of a beautiful young girl. He took a long look at the lovely face—a look which said farewell.

Quixaryn watched him. In the dim light in which they sat he could not see the features of the portrait, but he guessed how the case stood.

"Poor fellow!" he said, with more kindness than would have been expected from his looks. Then, after a minute's silence, he went on, as much to himself as to the other, "And you say you love her. I mean, in love—I am in love, but I help that—and I also have her portrait in my breast. What would I give if I could look on it as you can look on yours?"

Dare looked at him with interest.

"Why?" he said. "Have you also the same trouble—a poor girl who will go distracted when she hears of what has happened to you?"

"No," said the other bitterly, "she will not go distracted; she has had enough of me. And I shall have the pain of dying surrounded upon the knave who robbed me of her!"

It was strange to see how in a moment his eyes had grown ablaze with passion. The young man looked at him in astonishment.

"Who was it?" he inquired.

"Who is?" echoed the other. "Do you think, if I knew that, that I should now have cause to write at dying with my crying quite with him! No, I do not know him—I only know she loved him—that she could bestow her—that, when I asked her plainly whether she had found a younger and better looking man, she confessed that it was true, and throw herself upon my generosity to set her free from our engagement. I did so—in a frenzy of mad passion. But when I asked her for his name, she would not tell me, fearing, I guessed, that I might take his life. I should soon have found it out, but I was a fool. I let myself from rushing to the fight to call my blood with blood. And so here I am—going to be shot at daybreak. But I swear to heaven, if I only had that fellow in my power for one brief minute, I could die contented."

"You are right," said the other; "I should feel the same."

Quixaryn drew a portrait from his breast, and held it out to his companion.

"Look," he said, "is this a face to jilt a man—though it is one to drive him crazy. Let me look at yours—it has more humanity than this one, I dare swear."

The young man took the portrait, and at the same time handed him his own. Each looked in silence at the portrait in his hand—in a silence of astonishment, of stupefaction. The two portraits represented the same person!

Quixaryn was the first to break the silence.

"What!" he said, drawing a deep breath and turning into a low laugh which was both force and glad, "you, too! To think that that I have found you after all! Fate is kinder to me than I fancied."

The other returned his gaze.

"Well," he said, "it was I, it appears, though I never knew it, nor suspected it. And," he added sharply, "if has been no easy task."

"Do she love?"

"No, no, no! Mary Bellon liked you, but she did not love you, and when we met she found out her mistake. You frightened her with your bad manners. Without mentioning your name she told me the whole story. You could not make her happy, and I could. That's the whole case. Do you blame her?"

"No," said Quixaryn, thrusting the portrait back into his breast. "I love it. But I have sworn to be equal with the man who turned her mind against me—and I am going to do it. Defend yourself. I give you warning."

Both were standing in their feet at the same instant, and stood glaring at each other, as if they meant there and then to hew! outside the church the castle of a drum.

Only the rattle of a drum. But the sound struck these musicians as forces behind the scene. Now the doubled on the two companions for two moments. There was a momentary silence in the church, stop as the silence of the dead. Then a movement—a long sigh of hope. The sounds ceased, but they were breathing and that their hour was over.

The guard set instantly to work to prepare the first batch of prisoners to be led out of the church. Dare and Quixaryn were among the first march. With about a score others they were marched into the open air. The gray dawn was scarcely giving way to the first streaks of sunrise as they passed out of the checkered gloom, for, the white village was wide awake and in a tumult of excitement, indeed, there had been little sleep that night. Every man who was able to bear arms was present in the party of doomed men, surrounded by a band of soldiers, were hurried through the narrow streets and out upon the open moor.

At the bottom of the moor on an elevation in horseback, surrounded by a crowd of officers. Here the party halted, and the guards united. The officer was a man of about forty, whose disdainful face, with a rebel was to hang or shoot him without more ado, and who was now waiting for the daybreak to begin the work of slaughter. A few only kept their consciousness—among them two who were sitting together in the dim light of the pulpit steps. Both these men had been conspicuous in the field, and both knew well what they must die at daybreak.

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"German Syrup"

Here is an incident from the South—Mississippi, written in April, 1891, just after the Grippe has visited that country. "I am a farmer, one of those who have to rise early and work late. At the beginning of last Winter I was on a trip to the City of Vicksburg, Miss., where I got well drenched in a shower of rain. I went home and was soon after seized with a dry, hacking cough. This grew worse every day, until I had a weak relief. I consulted Dr. Dixon who has since died, and he told me to get a bottle of Boschee's German Syrup. Meantime my cough grew worse and worse and then the Grippe came along and I caught that also very severely. My condition then compelled me to do something. I got two bottles of German Syrup. I began using them and before finding enough of the second bottle, I was entirely clear of the Cough that had lung to me so long, the Grippe, and all its bad effects. I felt up to and have felt that way ever since." Potter J. Briale, Jr., Cayuga, Hinds Co., Miss.

A Warning

To Horse-Owners.

The Bill Nye in this issue seriously takes up the horse question, which is believed by thousands, Mose, that point to the end some years the greatest place for manufacturing and so manufacture the Clark-mobile, which we, the inventor, claim the horse is not made with for use among two weeks.

There will be no trouble now. The same thing happens to the horse as happens to the man who takes Hood's Sarsaparilla. It will do all that is claimed for it. Ask your druggist for it. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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In the Matter of the Estate of Bridget Moore, deceased.

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LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of Caroline P. Horsfall, deceased.

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LEGAL NOTICE.

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

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