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THE OLYMPICIAN.

Of stature strong, years to manhood flow
Is adding than man's stature could ever know.
This shattered cylinder, spared amidst by time,
Attests the great victories conferred,
Where, now the very triumphant and where
Born in Athens's Sportsville, are her prime
Finished conquering race she Hellas' storied
The Temple, Rome the Thunderer? Where are
Ye who would grace Fame's crown, who seem
The pages
Of lovely hearts secure, the Journal of bones,
Lured by vain glitter of conquering Fleece,
That smoke the silver—which Calliope's
Sons,
Near you wrecked strings, achieved when were
Green Green
Bound to the sacred song of Imperial Rome.
—C. A. Kelley in Blackwood's Magazine.

THE SHADOW.

On the border line between New York and Canada is a small chest of water overlying at one point by a high cliff known as The Smuggler's Shadow, concerning the origin of which name is given the following singular story:

"What did you make o' them, Burk?"

"They are a s'picious looking crowd, and I set them down as United States officers."

"Jest my judgment; and I reckon the boys had better be put on the lookout."

"Correct. Tell them to meet down to Lingo's and I'll be 'long later. I jest wanter see if everything is all right at the Horse Shoe."

"Hadn't you better take one o' the boys 'long with you? You—"

"Shut! do you think Burk Brandon has lost the mettle of this good right arm? No; I'll go to the Horse Shoe alone, an I'll come back, too, in spite of 'em hounds of the—w."

He was a tall, burly framed man, with coarse features and grizzly locks, he singularly form clad in a gray suit of coarse material.

His companion, though smaller in stature, was evidently a man of his own stamp.

They were known as foreigners by the few settlers of that thinly populated country, though had the truth been known they, with half a dozen others, followed the more hazardous and unlawful vocation of smuggling.

The appearance of several strange men in that vicinity had naturally enough aroused their fears. It had been less than a year since some officers had suddenly appeared searching for the smugglers supposed to be lurking in that locality. Though they had succeeded in throwing the officials off their track then it would be more difficult to do it again.

Anxious each to go his way, the previous twain separated, the younger hastening to warn their associates of the impending danger, while the other bent his steps toward the hiding place of their contraband goods.

"So the hounds think to smell me out!" muttered the smuggler chief as he followed his way. "Well, mebbe they will, but more'n likely they'll find that old Burk Brandon has a keener scent than they!" and he smiled grimly, while a latent fire shone in his small gray eyes.

It was already nightfall when he reached by boat that part of the lake's shore overlooked by granite cliffs of considerable height, but the moon had risen, so the smuggler was enabled to pursue his course without difficulty.

Winding his way amid the bowlders that bounced in his path, and then wading through a shallow pool of water, he finally came upon a spot where the cliff overhanging the water in a semicircle formed a small cove which could not be seen until fairly reached.

A narrow shelf about midway on the side of the precipitous ascent offered a foothold, and along this Brandon unhesitatingly threaded his course.

When reaching the toe of this shoe-shaped retreat he gained an opening in the rocky wall where the curious pathway ended.

Entering within the dark recess he lighted a lantern and began to examine the place, which was in truth nearly filled with such articles as he and his confederates had concealed there, hoping to dispose of them at their leisure.

"Poor fools!" he muttered, "to think that I shall run the risk of staying in these parts longer. Enough of these valuables to make me independent and I am off this very night! But let some of this old wine will clear my head for the work before me."

Speaking thus to himself, with an occasional pedation of the liquor, he passed perhaps half an hour in collecting the treasures he wished to take with him. Then, with a farewell look at the balance of their plunder, he turned to retrace his course.

Reaching the mouth of the cavern he found that the moon had risen above the line of the cliff so that its mellow light fell full upon Horseshoe cove, lighting the place to almost artificial brilliancy.

Extinguishing the light, he was about to step out on the rocky pathway when he started back with a low cry.

Upon the opposite wall of the cliff he had discovered the shadowy outlines of a man with one hand uplifted and pointed toward him.

At first he thought the wine he had drunk had bewildered his brain and that the image was but a hallucination.

He rubbed his eyes and looked again to find it still there, and after a few minutes he was forced to believe his sight.

"Ha! I see!" he chuckled. "'tis some one on the cliff and his shadow falls on the rock there. Perhaps 'tis one of the officers lookin for me! But his shadow has betrayed him. I'll wait till he is gone before I venture out."

On account of a projecting rock he could not see the pathway from his cavern, and he dared not leave the cave lest he should be discovered and fired upon by his foes. Had he been armed with other than a knife he would have felt more secure. As it was he lay quiet waiting for the danger to pass.

The time seemed tediously away while his gaze was riveted on the shadowy form until his eyes became strained and his limbs benumbed.

To his wonder the figure continued motionless, though once or twice he fancied it was a slight movement.

Several times he was upon the point of leaving the cave, trusting to escape, but he refrained from taking the risk.

"The fellers take 'em!" he muttered "there sin't about me down like a dog without my fifth a dinner."

He eluded at his helpless position and blamed himself for coming again to the place, while, higher and higher, the ghost moved moon stole up the dark Horseshoe of night.

Still there was no visible change in shadow on the rock. In his bewildered state he never realized that with the ascent of the moon its shape would alter and its position vary, or if he did give it a passing thought it only served to intensify the mystery and increase his fears.

Vainly he waited for it to disappear—vainly, until he fancied, it would grow jealous in outline, until the shadowy limbs assumed substantial, the body the rounded form of a living be ing!

"I can't stand this any longer!" he cried at last. "I must take my chances whatever they be."

Freeing himself of the plunder he had hoped to take away, so that he would not be unduly cumbered, he crept out upon the shelf.

Not a sound broke the stillness of the night save the common murmur of the sea.

Now that his back was turned upon the phantom figure, and that his journey of the scene discovered no one, he moved forward with rising hope.

He had passed half of the circular distance from the cave to the end of the narrow pathway without anything to alarm him, though at each furtive glance he saw the changeless shadow, when the sound of footsteps reached his ears.

A moment later a man's form came around the edge of the cliff, and then a second and a third.

With a low cry he turned to retrace his course to the cavern, knowing that once there he could defend himself against a dozen, but in his excitement he missed his foothold and, clutching at vain upon the ledge, he went tumbling down its jagged side upon the rocks below.

A piercing cry that rang far and clear on the night air, a sullen splash in the water of the Horseshoe cove, followed.

The newcomers proved to be some of his own confederates, who, anxious at his disappearance, had come in search of him.

The smugglers were about to descend to the side of their unfortunate leader when they saw for the first time the shadow of the cliff.

Without stopping to solve the mystery they lost a lady retreat to their homes.

The next day it was found that the supposed shadow was the painted figure of a man, and, strange enough, Burk Brandon's double son had done the work. He became to this place in a boat, and, having singular spitness in this respect, had performed his self imposed task with remarkable faithfulness to nature. In the glimmer of the moonlight his father's mistake was not unnatural, though it had cost him his life. With the death of their chief the smugglers no longer continued their unfortunate business, so that William Jack had unconsciously rendered an inestimable service. That was several years since, and though the figure has faded from the rock, the place is known as the Smuggler's Shadow.—George Waldo Browne in Yankee Blade.

WEAVING WAS AN ART

IN THE DAYS OF HOMESPUN WOMEN USED TO WORK HARD.

Our Grandmothers Used to Spend Much Time Spinning, Weaving, Knitting, Tatting and Embroidering—They Manufactured All Their Own Cloth.

In the days of homespun four ounces of flax, cotton or a half pound of lock wool was a day's stint in spinning, though a clever spinner could easily do twice as much. Wool was often colored before spinning, jet black or red, then carded with white. The resultant thread, steel or red mixed, was wonderfully soft and harmonious in color.

Old silk carefully raveled, then carded with white wool or cotton, made the silk mixed that was such a favorite for the long stockings worn with knee breeches, as well as for homespun gowns. They were woven in checks, stripes and clouds. One of the prettiest was blue cloth—a kind of basket weave—of alternate white and blue, the latter varying from thirteen to fifteen in the group. It was troublesome to weave—a thread too many made a balk in the pattern. Children and servants had simple checks in blue or copperas and white. Among far wealthy women it was dispersion in green and scarlet and black and blue.

Dyeing was part of the home work, as well as weaving and spinning. From walnut hulls, bark and root came brown in shades of brown. Green walnuts and sumach berries gave a beautiful fast black that did not stain the wearer. Hickory bark or peach leaves gave a glowing yellow; swamp sanger, a blackish purple; sugar maple, a light leather tint, and oak bark, an ash copperas, a handsome grayish color. In fact, a skilled dyer could get twenty colors from the woods and fields.

Knock for knock, carpets and blankets the warp was usually of flaxen cotton. A very pretty carpet had half the warp of coarse wool doubled—a strand of green and one of brown. In weaving when the wool came upper most a very coarse wool thread was shot in. When the cotton came up a very fine thread caught and held it almost invisibly. Beaten up thick the effect was that of a nonpy, shaded Turkey fabric. Other carpets were woven in stripes or plaids. His weaving, the women spun threads passing over and under the cotton warp two at a time.

Rag carpets were woven by the number of threads that, laid side by side, made cloth the regulation yard wide. The material was old. Years back it was sewed up with needle and thread, and ripped up with needle and thread, except that of the spinners' skill and patience. There was scarcely anything they couldn't weave on the loom—jeans and wool and cotton and linsey, home woven, had to do duty for silks and satins. The counterpane was homespun high water mark. Women who had mostly the figure in calico skipped up on a white or blue ground. Those of better means, the white and blue spread till they dazzled the eyes. Of some one pattern a clever woman could weave eight yards in a day.

Of homespun, knickback and diamond figure in white, each was a good day's work. Finer patterns were more tedious. The raven of skill and patience was knotted cloth. The weave was perfectly plain, but at intervals of an inch a big knot was woven in, with and pulled up in little knots all along its length. Over the body of the cloth they formed regular diamonds. For the center they made an elaborate arabesque design. Down one side of the spread the maker usually drew their up for shape her initials, with either the date of nothing in remembrance of her husband's name opposite, to indicate her own.

These were rare, and to cure. Bolts in these days of fast fast from the loom. Counterpanes were three yards by four without the fringe, which was either woven with dates and initials in the deep open heading or knitted in open lacings pattern to which deep tassels were attached. It fell over a valance, also homespun, and was either fringed or edged with scoted points at the bottom.

Wearing was not the sum of homewhere in that era. The good dame knew as much of comfortably as their favored great-grandfathers. One of them has left behind her a monumental piece of work, in which can be found no less than sixteen different stitches, many of them, among the rarest and most difficult known.

The knitting needle and stirrup filled up many a day. The lack was the powder resistance in furnishing them. It was a tall few years, and, besides number pins and talmas, had noted curtains and noted points, edging the long pillow and bolster cases. Window curtains were noted, too, besides edgings and fringes for all kinds of household articles. In particular the "valins" that fell over the high square bureaus had often a noted full half a yard deep around them. In addition, caps, ruffles, purses and fichus were noted. The latter was called upon handkerchiefs, and folded high about the throat over the low cut gowns. On them the mother lavished her choicest art.

Sometimes the much was as fine almost as holiness. Noted caps were high in favor, but the square with long ends was accounted better for young women. Sometimes they had fringe or tassels about the edge, or even a ruffle of the net with a lip pattern run in. The handkerchief fichu was embroidery. The finer the net was the finer stands over cloth, the figures were wrought through both, then the under fabrics were cut away, leaving something closely approaching old rose point.

The women who practiced these arts made tatting, knit lace, stockings, tollfoni, taffed gloves, scarfs, comforters, garters, gallows and many things besides. Before their works fellow them it might be well if some collector would gather up and keep safe for later generations a representative array of the homespun masterpieces.—New York Sun.

The Sultan Objects.

Beyond Tangier I see between ranges of metalliferous mountains, upon whose slopes herds of wild horses, enough to set up the Continent with cavalry or tame cattle for its commissariat, would be raised, vast alluvial plains, well watered, utterly untouched by industry, yet capable of bearing grain and fruit enough to supply half Europe—wheat, oranges, lemons, Indian corn, sugar, grapes, olives, dates, bananas and every kind of vegetable. I see a great navigable river, the Lebou, down which all this produce might be floated, between Fez and the seacoast, for rapid export. Not a steam plow, or a harrow, or a threshing machine will the sultan permit; not a square foot will he sell; not a steamer or trading boat may ply upon rivers which should be at once the boundaries of teeming and prosperous provinces and the arteries of cosmopolitan commerce.—Fortnightly Review.

Tried Used for Sets.

It is probable that the umbrella, instead of being the child of the parasol, is its great-grandfather, for everything indicates that it was first used as a sun guard, and later on as a rain guard. As soon as it was found to be available in wet weather as well as in sunshine it remained off, and, lo! the parasol was born. The French have their parapluies and umbrelle and their parasole; the Germans have their regenschirm and their sonnenschirm. It is believed that Italy was the first European country to adopt these conveniences which were first used as parasols, and after as umbrellas, until both were manufactured.—Detroit Free Press.

Thompson's Wit.

Some one at a college dinner made a rather offensive speech, when his neighbor heard Thompson say in a meditative manner, "He reminded me of his father." People soon turned, expecting some reminiscence of a laudatory kind, when he added, "He succeeded in being at once dull and flippant." Then, after a short pause, "to uncommon combination."—Gentleman's Magazine.

Kitty's Idea.

The bright sayings of Kitty, one of the servants in an Asbury Park hotel, are a constant source of amusement to the guest. The other day she was reading a Christmas Testament printed on rice paper. "Behold," said the girl, after she had looked the little book over, "it do be so easy to believe the Chinamen do be themselves. No wonder the heathen have crooked eyes if they love to read the folkes of leaf."—New York Tribune.

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From Park City and Cache Valley	10:30 a. m.
From Ogden	10:30 p. m.
From Cache Valley and points	7:15 p. m.
From Milford, Brooks and intermediate points	10:00 a. m.
From Juab and Eureka	6:45 p. m.
*From Tintic and Nephi	9:45 a. m.

DEPART.

For all eastern points	8:00 a. m.
For Ogden and intermediate points	8:40 a. m.
For Boise, Portland, the Pacific Coast and Cache Valley	10:00 a. m.
For Cache Valley and Park City	2:30 p. m.
For all Eureka points and the Pacific coast	4:00 p. m.
For Eureka, Juab and Milford	7:45 a. m.
For Eureka, Juab and intermediate points	3:30 p. m.
*For Tintic and Nephi	8:30 p. m.

*Daily, Sundays excepted.

Trains between Juab and Milford do not run Sundays.

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CURRENT TIME TABLE

In Effect May 22, 1892.

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No. 2—For Gardo junction and all points East ... 9:25 p.m.

No. 3—Fast Express, Gardo junction and all points West ... 9:25 p.m.

No. 4—For Gardo junction and all points West ... 8:10 a.m.

No. 5—For Ogden and points North ... 8:10 a.m.

No. 6—From Ogden and points North ... 6:00 p.m.

TRAINS DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

No. 7—From Provo, Eureka and the East ... 11:00 a.m.

No. 8—For Provo, Eureka and the East ... 3:00 p.m.

No. 9—From Bingham, Stockton and intermediate points ... 4:45 p.m.

No. 10—For Ogden and points West ... 7:00 a.m.

No. 11—From Ogden and the West ... 7:00 p.m.

No. 12—For Ogden and the West ... 10:00 a.m.

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