HOUSE TO LET.

"We have got to move!" sighed Selina Spencer. The wind rustled in the leafless poplar trees, the muslin curtains flapped in the draft. Old Dorcas, the colored servant, went on sprinkling the pillow cases on the pine table in the corner.

"I've seen it coming this long time," said Selina. "The landlord has been as good and considerate as possible"——

"De landlord's an old lamy!" said Dorcas. "Jes' looks allays he!"

"No, he's not," persisted Selina. "We owe him eight months' rent already, and I do not know how he is ever to get his money. I would offer him the piano and the carved rosewood parlor suit, I thought they would possess any value in his eyes—to part payment I mean."

Dorcas rolled up the coffee colored pillow of her eye.

"Dat pieter do was Miss Adelaide's when she fur cross from Ballford mordling school!" said she. "Dat lonly fur-niture as was made to order in Amerjiy Ni, Miss Lina—nes wir de child's cousin!"

And she rolled a little old damask table cloth very tight and packed it into the basket with emphasis.

"Mamma must know nothing of this, Dorcas," said Selina sadly.

"Dunno how you're gwine to keep it from her, Miss Lina."

"It can be done, Dorcas. I've thought it all out," said the girl. "She must be made transparent that she's going to spend a few days with my employers at Newport"——

"Jes dey done asked her, Miss Lina!"

"No, you goose! I don't suppose that they even know that I've got a mother. I am only a typewriter and stenographer in their employ, and render my services at so much a day. Mrs. Pimlimmon is known all through New York as a female philanthropist, but while she's helping poor immigrants out of the slums and rectifying the chapdop question, she don't appreciate that a well dressed northern lady may be in sore straits, but don't make as good a lightnoheed as any other."

"Miss Lina," said Dorcas, after a brief silence, during which the rolled and sprinkled, patted and folded with unceasing vigilance.

"Well?"

"I knows what I could git four dollars a week for laundress, or five for cook. Think o' dat, Miss Lina."

"Do you want to leave us, Dorcas?"

The old woman uttered a subdued groan. "Lord knows it ain't dat, Miss Lina! Lord knows it's hour enough to work for de de Spencers! But it's money we mus wants—de story cook of de six woman's wages, dey'll come back to ole mammy and Miss Lina."

The long lashes dropped over Selina Spencer's lovely hazel eyes. "It's of no use, Dorcas," said she. "We've got to bend before the storm. Hush! Do you hear that tapping?"

"Somebody knocking at de do'!" cried Dorcas. "Why an' ain't dey ring de bell?"

"No," Selina, detaining her as she was about to answer the supposed summons. "It's the agent putting up the 'To Let.' But whatever happens, Dorcas, don't let mamma know!"

She rose, and getting up her hat and gloves, went up the wide, gloomy old staircase. Dorcas looked after her and shook her turbaned head.

"Mebs Miss she's po'fol brave!" muttered she. "This ole Dorcas dunno ef's cryin dis berry minute! Why didn't she marry Mars George Berkeley when he axed her an sabe herself all this trouble?"

Up in the dingly lighted sitting room Mrs. Spencer sat, a faded bulls of the olden days. The piano was open, the window was full of carefully tended plants; a pink shaded lamp burned on the table, and Mrs. Spencer herself was engaged in crewel work with slow, languid fingers.

"You are later than usual tonight, Selina," said she fretfully. "Perhaps your idea of a dutiful daughter is different from mine, but I think any amount of Shakespeare and Browning classes would be no compensation for your time away from your mother."

"I stopped to give Dorcas orders in the kitchen, mamma," Selina cheerfully answered. "But I'm all ready now. What shall I read to you until the tea comes up?"

"Well," said the poor lady feebly. "I'd like a few chapters of the 'Scottish Chiefs.' It was the first novel my dear papa ever allowed me to read—and in my opinion your 'Guldar and Bradjone' don't come near it."

And while Selina read out the trials of Helen Mar and Hiwee the brave, she wondered as on earth she should broke up about showing the house to the eager sightseers who would be sure to be attracted by the legend "To Let" on the morrow.

"You'll go in dat ar room!" said Dorcas, interpreting her silent frown between a hard featured house hunter and the door of Mrs. Spencer's boudoir. "Dat's private, dat ar is!"

"Anything wrong in the room?" sharply questioned the woman.

"No'm," stolidly responded Dorcas.

"Ceilings cracked? Water pipes burst?"

"No'm."

"Then why can't I see it?" with a sudden push to that direction.

She might as well have attempted to charge a battery of artillery. Old Dorcas stood immovable.

"Lady ain't well, mum," said she. "Can't nobody go in dat room! Tain you so afeer!"

"Anything contagious?"

"No'm."

"Sure?"

"Yes'm, sartin sinsh!"

"Very well," said the house hunter, with a forward jerk of her chin; "I shall take no house that I can't see every inch of! and she flounced out.

All day long Dorcas fought the army of investigators valiantly, and at night, as she herself observed, "she was jes' tired as if she'd done a double day's work." Stout Selina peered into the whole cellar and determined the drainage; ran ladies jaded their parasols into the kitchen sink and bits off strips of the hall paper. Deep visaged men patrolled as to the humidity central; fat old gentlemen asked questions in husky accents.

"I shall go crazy," said Dorcas.

The next morning, however, there wringed Dorcas once more settled down on the field of action. The agent came up and removed the bill.

"The house is taken," said he.

"Who's took it?" demanded Dorcas, who chanced just then to be sweeping the lawns. But the agent either did not know or would not tell. Dorcas heaved a long sigh. "Jes," says she "we've got to git out."

The landlord sent Selina a polite note in a day or two. He had concluded, he wrote, to accept her offer of the furniture and belongings as an equivalent for a certain portion of the unpaid rent.

"Now," said Dorcas, "what is we to do?"

Poor Mrs. Spencer was all in a flutter. The Newport invitation had pleased her, and she was very busy looking over her wardrobe with reference to the coming visit. Selina had written to the sons of an old acquaintance of ours, who had a bowling house in the far west, offering selling her lowest price for a condition sum. Dorcas was to go with Mrs. Spencer as attendant and maid, and Selina had resolved to have a room in New York and send board for as well as the world.

"But this has been a dear old home," she remarked. "I wonder who will sleep in my room. I'm so far whose hands will dispose the yellow sage of mamma's old piano and can any Rowing blue china and arrange the old delft tinted chairs."

The purple twilight alone softly listened to the plaint of a stolid, tearless eye glued on the mantel brought back most miscreants of the old mothers flower garden, and all of a sudden a voice which she had last heard in those very gardens stuck on her ear.

"Selina—have I startled you?"

"Mr. Berkeley!"

He extended a cordial hand.

"Perhaps you fancied that I could not trace you out?" said he. "But I can letter at bible and ask than you thought."

She contrasted laughingly. He handsome countenance fell. Evidently he was deeply disappointed.

"Are you not glad to see me, Selina?" he exclaimed. "Ah, Selina! I had counted so much on this interview! I had planned to weave my suit—to ask you once more to be my wife."

She drew her slight figure up.

"You are presuming too much on my very without poverty, Mr. Berkeley," said she. "I refused you when I was Miss Spencer, of Spencer Vale. What sort of a woman should I be if I were now to accept you—simply as a protection against adversity?"

"But, Selina"——

"Pray excuse me from any further discussion of the question," said Selina.

"May I not hope to see you mother?" he persisted.

"I should prefer not."

"Do you know, Selina," he said, after a brief silence, "that this is a very bitter mortification to me?"

"Is it? Then what must it be to me?" she retorted, almost fiercely, looking up at him.

He stood a second or two gazing sadly at her. Stung by the scrutiny, she swept from the room like an angered princess.

Half a minute later she came hurrying back, full of sweet, strange misgivings. But he was gone.

"I have let another opportunity slip by!" she murmured. "Oh, heavens! shall I ever be drifting to!"

At that moment Aunt Dorcas entered in the landlord, a fussy, bald headed old gentleman with a fur collar to his coat.

"Good evening, Miss Spencer," said he. "I expected to meet the new party here."

"The—I beg your pardon," said Selina.

"The gentleman who has purchased this house and furniture," explained Mr. Bunday, "and settled it on yourself and your mother. A friend of yours, I suppose—Mr. Berkeley."

Standing sadly in the shadow of the trailing purple boughs outside George Berkeley felt the magnetic influence of another presence. A soft voice stirred the twilight air, like the far off music of forgotten days.

"Mr. Berkeley," it said—"George!—please will you forgive me?"

A dead silence ensued.

"Won't you, George?" with a little sob in the voice. "I—I didn't mean to speak so harshly to you. I didn't know then what I know now of your noble generosity."

Silence—only silence still.

"If I accept it for dear mamma's sake, you surely will not misinterpret me. Oh, George! how can you be so cruel? Why don't you answer me? What are you waiting for me to say?"

And still no word broke that haunting silence.

"George," in a low voice, "I've changed my mind. I will be your wife!"

He took her in his arms.

"Dear sweetheart!" he murmured. "Your little melting snow wreath. I knew that love would conquer you at last."

When Mrs. Spencer heard of the engagement she said quietly:

"I always thought they cared for each other, but when your Uncle Ned, Dorcas, my poor head has scarcely been itself. Put make haste and finish the packing. We are going to Newport, you we know."

And so the wedding trip was to Newport.—Toronto Mail.

Value of the Kangaroo's Tail.

So important is the kangaroo's tail in his rapid progress that experienced hunters with guns are accustomed to fire at the point where the appendage joins the body, when the tail being disabling for its office of balancing, the animal is as effectually stopped as if hamstrung. He knows, except with a rifle bullet, or at point blank range, the kangaroo is nearly timely to get off.

One peculiarity of the kangaroo is that, after being started up, he very rarely reverses from his course, through which peculiarity each is easily "quitted" by hunters, who cannot themselves while a man on horseback drives the herd toward them.—Boston Journal.

Reversed the Picture

The pensive words of "Gosling counts cast their shadows before" occurred to Campbell in a dream. He awoke and found himself repeating them aloud, and afterward sent them in "Lochiel's Warning," a noble poem of martial music.—Philadelphia Ledger.

One hundred years ago, in September 1791, the Jews of France were first emancipated and placed on an equality legally and civilly, with other French citizens. In the formal celebration that commemorated the event French Jews hint the great happiness of printing for a long list of illustrious names—those of statesmen, authors and splendid financiers—that their race had given to the mother country in return for its enfranchisement.

BANKING ON CELERY.

A Plan That Gives Satisfaction at the Giles Experiment Station.

Here at the station for the past three years we have been raising our celery in beds about four rods wide, and the plants are set in the row four inches apart, writes F. C. Greene, of the Ohio station, in Ohio Farmer. This method, by the way, possesses some advantages that are not gained by the usual way of planting in rows. The war of banking, so dreaded by the celery grower, is thus effectually settled by a well known writer on rural subjects—"the manner now gets on his knees, shoulding the row and performing all the duties of one plant after another in his left hand, leaves the soil firmly around with his right to retain them in a compact and erect position". seemed to be out of place in our beds, so we tried trying to banking our celery with plank and the plank going on the near, keeping the celery bare enough to hold the stalks in place.

This was a decided improvement over the way of holding the stalks in place by earth until the rest of the soil was got in, but when it came to banking the celery all the soil would be thrown around the plants and the leaves and upper parts of the stalks would be torn off, and the time it took in removing it made us almost want to go back to the way of holding it up with our hands. All sorts of suggestions were made to get rid of the trouble of taking off the dirt, but all came one thought that paper string would do, and it would rot off and not hurt the plant.

We put it on several thousand plants and then banned to see if it would do as we done. When the plants were taken out the winter it was found that very little injury was done and this happened by the careless putting on of the string. The plants were held in position by the string until a rain came and settled the dirt around the plant and wet the string enough so it would give way to the growing plant. Some of the plants we gave a second banking before the string gave way and let the plant spread.

I have adopted by a good many improvements but I never had any that worked so well from the start as this one did. We intended a little device for putting the string on. First we hold the ball in one hand, but this was inconvenient. So one day I went into the shop and took a board and punched a hole through the bottom of it, nailed it to a stick, and then with a piece of pantaloons' suspenders, with the buckles, fastened it to the right arm above the elbow and at the wrist, letting the string run out the bottom of the can and between the thumb and forefinger. With this one can wind celery all day. This plan works just as well with the plants in rows as it does in beds and does not take quite as much string.

The Bath Lima Bean.

One objection to the old Lima bean has been, with many persons, that it can be grown only on poles, which are both unsightly and expensive. The bush Lima, which does away with poles, has been thought worthy by the committee on vegetables, in a report to the Massachusetts Horticultural society, of special mention as follows: "It grows only about fifteen to eighteen inches in height, like any other bush bean. The only fault we have to find with it is the size of the bean itself. We think it would have been nearer the true thing to have named it a bush ceva, as the beans are even smaller, if anything, than those of that variety. However, it must be considered a great acquisition, and will meet the wants of a large class, even should it prove too small to be profitably grown by the market gardener. It is a 'hook' in the right direction and opens up a wide field, the possibilities of which can hardly be estimated."

School Savings Banks in England.

There has been a large increase of the number of scholars in the schools of England since Sept. 1, when the free education act went into force. Two measures of a novel character have been taken to induce the children to put into savings banks for the benefit of their children the three pence per week that had previously been paid for the education of each child, and school savings banks have been formed to receive these deposits. This advice was followed by large numbers of parents in various parts of England, and the banks have already been of service. In the city of Manchester, for example, more than 5,000 new accounts have been opened in three the first month. The small funds thus deposited will be useful to the children hereafter.—London Letter.

Cheap Chest Protectants.

At this season of the year so many people are caught unawares at a distance from their hearth and home and warm clothes that it is a good time to mention the great value of newspapers as chest protectors. Let the papers be firmly dried and then folded into several thicknesses and placed across the chest, or wherever it happens to be most cold. The arms it will be found that they exert a beneficial influence.

Professional economists who utilize everything, even to old tin cans and shoe tops, are quite unanimous in the question of old newspapers, and use them for linings for quilts, stuffing for beds, pillows, door linings and sole protectors.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Gunsmith's and the Rusted Wire.

A wicked Connecticut gunsmith got hold of a Tartar at the Cheney farm at North Haven a few days ago when it tackled the wagon wire fence that encircles a big lot belonging to Mr. Cheney. The lot hit the fence near the house, split itself in two, and the divided halt went entirely around the field in opposite directions to the same point. The wires jingled like a cotton spindle, and held their own pretty well, though the lot finally got out of the ground where posts that carried the wires.

What England Could Do in Case of War.

In two weeks after a declaration of war England could place fifty gunboats on the lakes, and more than thirty armored vessels in the harbors of our leading cities, and could concentrate 75,000 regular troops in Canada, backed by a sturdy million ready to march across our border, while in twice that time part of her Asiatic squadron could sail through the Golden Gate.—Col. T. A. Dodge in Century.

A wild grape native to California has a grain of wheat in its loop stalk, when planted, produced a variety hitherto unknown.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of Jane Porter, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT William J. Paxton, administrator of the estate of Jane Porter, deceased, has rendered his settlement, and that the said administrator, and all persons interested in said estate, are hereby notified that the settlement of said estate will be heard and adjusted by the Probate Court of said County, at its office in said County, on the 9th day of November, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m., when and where all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to appear and show cause why said settlement of said administrator and heirship should not be confirmed, the administrator released and the estate of said deceased made to proceed and distribute said estate to proper persons.

Dated October 19th, 1891.

C. E. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By C. E. STANTON, Deputy Clerk. 414

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of Jane Porter, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT William J. Paxton, administrator of the estate of Jane Porter, deceased, has rendered his account and report and petition for final distribution of said estate, and that the said administrator, and all persons interested in said estate, are hereby notified that the said account, report and petition will be heard and adjusted by the Probate Court of said County, at its office in said County, on the 9th day of November, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m., when and where all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to appear and show cause why said account should not be settled, report and petition granted and said administrator released and the estate of said deceased distributed to proper persons.

Dated October 19, 1891.

C. E. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By C. E. STANTON, Deputy Clerk. 414

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of Edward Cal-[illegible], deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT John E. Carlisle, administrator of the estate of Edward Calder, deceased, has presented his final account and report and petition for the final settlement of said estate, and that the said administrator, and all persons interested in said estate, are hereby notified that the said account and report and petition will be heard and adjusted by the Probate Court of said County, at its office in said County, on the 9th day of November, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m., when and where all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to appear and show cause why said account should not be settled, report and petition granted and said administrator released and the estate of said deceased distributed to proper persons.

Dated October 19, 1891.

C. E. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By C. E. STANTON, Deputy Clerk. 414

NOTICE.

In the District Court of the Third Judicial District of Utah Territory, County of Salt Lake.

ELIZABETH PIGGOTT, NANCY E. PIGGOTT, MARY E. PIGGOTT, CHARLES PIGGOTT, ALBERT E. PIGGOTT, ALBERT PIGGOTT, ROBERT H. PIGGOTT, LEONA PIGGOTT, ROSE PIGGOTT, JOHN PIGGOTT, LEONA PIGGOTT, ALBERT E. PIGGOTT, and JOHN M. PIGGOTT, minors, by their guardian, Thomas Piggott, Plaintiffs,

vs.

THOMAS PIGGOTT, LEONA PIGGOTT, MARY PIGGOTT, ROSE PIGGOTT, JOHN PIGGOTT, ALBERT PIGGOTT, ROBERT PIGGOTT, and LEONA PIGGOTT, minors, children of said Thomas Piggott, deceased, and MARY E. PIGGOTT, widow of said Thomas Piggott, deceased, and JOHN M. PIGGOTT, minor, and CHARLES PIGGOTT, guardian of said minors, and ALBERT E. PIGGOTT, and JOHN M. PIGGOTT, minors