THE FLOWER BED.

"Come see that mother's frown look
Not so it, darling, do not frown."

It was a lovely pair of groups,
The richest self that could be found.

"Do pains stay in such a bed?"
The little girl with wonder said.

"Dear me! there's not a single shoe
How do they never up thus feet?

"I should not think the sun would
Would be comfortable shining out."

"No pillow either! Why, the sun
Some night will worry them to sun.

"I'm glad I have a nice warm bed
Where I can cuddle down my head."

What told the flowers in the night
The rose blushed; but no one spoke.

For they resolved what the sun
About their pillows, and went to bed.

The morrow with its rosies crown
Put on a look much like a frown.

Better to them their bed of mold
Than blankets made of rays of gold.

Dear mother, so she heard the child
At last spoke, frown only smiled.

For back they took her through the years,
With all their emotions and their tears.

Till, by her dotting's words begotten,
She thought herself once more a child.

Robert L. Sharp in Cottagelain Homestead.

HOW HE GOT HER.

"So you won't marry me, Jenny?"

"It would be madness, Tom; you know it would."

"What do you mean by madness?"

"You know well enough what I mean, and you know that I am right."

"Yes," meaningly. "I think I do know. You mean that I am poor and you are ditto, and poverty multiplied by two is madness."

Jenny, a pretty little blonde, with bright golden curls and sweet blue eyes, said nothing, but looked down and wrote hieroglyphics on the ground with the end of her parasol, while Tom, a handsome, broad shouldered fellow, with dark brown hair and mustache, and large hazel eyes, lay half reclining at her feet.

"Don't that the sum and the answer?" he asked.

Still Jenny said nothing, but continued to write hieroglyphics, while a little flush rose on her cheeks and brow.

"I see how it is," he said. "While I have been away you have been dinner-ellied."

"What do you mean?" she asked, sharply, giving him an indignant glance.

"Oh, nothing to make you very angry," he replied. "It is just this: Some of those huge female veterans, who have gone through life satisfied to exist without that which, it appears to me, alone makes life endurable, have talked you into their way of thinking and now, forsooth, it is madness to marry the man you love. For you do love me, Jenny—you know you do."

The girl was silent yet a little while, and then she said plaintively:

"I did believe I loved you once, Tom, I'll acknowledge it; but I am ailing now, and think maybe I was mistaken."

"Pshaw!" said Tom; "think maybe. If you don't know it without any maybe about it, you were not mistaken either when I say you love me still. Yes, you loveme still, and yet you are going to marry that smoking Ralph Morley. Don't deny it, for I know it; though perhaps you don't quite know it yourself yet. Are you engaged to him?"

"That is an important question and I shall not answer it."

"Then I will take it for granted the, you are."

"You needn't do any such thing, for I am not."

"Well, you did answer my important question, after all."

"I was not going to let you think what you pleased."

"I am glad you answered it anyhow, for now I am going to tell you what sort of a fellow he is, and that's God so if I am being rude, as I might other who have done. But, pshaw! I won't plead my cause by abusing my rival. If I can't convince you of the divine right of love above every other social section, I'll throw up the case. I know you love it; I know I love you.

"Why, Jenny, I could go on all my life loving you just as I using a loved you, if you would let me; but know if you don't marry me you will marry somebody else, and it will be all my with me then. 'Better is a dinner with herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.' Do you know what that means?"

"Of course I do; any child would know."

"You don't, though, for all you think yourself so wise. It means that it is better to marry for love than for money."

"Oman, Tom," said the girl, and there was a catching of her breath when she spoke, which told that tear were not far off, "course, I must go home."

Tom noticed these symptoms, and, wisely concluding to press his suit no further just then, walked along by her side without saying another word.

There was to be a balloon ascension, and Tom Arrington was to be one in the party of aeronauts. He had been on several such expeditions before, and was quite an enthusiast in the subject of aerial navigation.

There was a big crowd collected around the balloons when the big silk bag was being inflated with gas. Tom was inside the balloon with Jenny, her two maiden aunts and Morley, who had joined them much to the young aeronaut's chagrin.

"How would you like to go up in her, Jenny?" he asked.

"Oh, I think it would be splendid, if I wasn't frightened, or I am sure should be," replied Jenny.

"I don't mean to make the trip, but just a little way."

"How could we do that?"

"Easy enough. We'll get in the car, and the man will pay out the rope until we are a hundred feet or so from the ground, and when you have seen what it is like they'll pull us down again. Come, get in and try it, you've no idea how nice it is."

Jenny hesitated, looking at her aunts. "Do, Jenny," said Aunt Jane, for whom she had been named, "I'll not permit you to try any such experiment. Suppose the rope were to break; where would you be then?"

Tom said there was no danger of the rope breaking, and Aunt Sarah, who had made up her mind to be one of the party, said she didn't believe there was.

"Will you go, sonny?" asked Jenny, whose heart was all in a flutter between excitement and fear at the idea.

"Yes," replied the sudden lady decidedly. "I've always wished that I could go up in a balloon, and now that I've got a chance to do it without danger—there is no danger, Mr. Arrington?"

"Why, Sarah!" said Miss Jane. "I'm astonished at your encouraging Jenny in such a wild, brazen scheme."

Tom soon had his arrangements made and helped the two ladies into the car.

"Will you go?" he said, not very audibly, to Morley.

"No, thank you," was the reply.

"Why, you are not afraid?"

"No, I'm not afraid, but I will stay on terra firma."

"All right," said Tom, stepping into the car when the ladies were already seated. "Let her out," to the men at the rope. "I'm below now, Jenny, the place of a woman," he growled, as they slowly arose.

"Oh, how nice!" exclaimed Jenny, when the balloon came to a stand about 150 feet from the ground. "Isn't it, sonny?"

"Are you sure there is no danger in the rope breaking, Mr. Arrington?" asked Miss Sarah, instead of replying to her niece.

"It is bound new," replied Tom.

"Then it is a very agreeable scene, that," said the lady.

After giving his companions sufficient time to fully enjoy the pleasures of their novel situation, Tom made a sign to the man below, and they commenced to haul in on the rope. The balloon seemed rather reluctant to have her native element—if one may call it so—but was at last wound near enough to the ground for the occupants to alight from the car.

After giving his assistance to Miss Sarah, Tom turned to Jenny, who was preparing to follow her aunt.

"Here would you like to try it again?" he said in a low tone.

"Oh, so much," was the reply.

In an instant he was back in the car, the signal was given to the men to pay out the rope, and when Aunt Sarah looked around her there was fifty feet above her in the air.

I don't know whether Tom Arrington had any such intention when the beginning but while Jenny was looking over the edge of the car, waving her handkerchief to those below, he took his penknife out of his pocket and cut the rope, and the balloon shot up in the blue sky like a wild bird set free from captivity.

At first Jenny was so astonished and frightened that she could not speak. Then she said, "Oh, Tom! I thought you said there was no danger of the rope breaking."

"I said what I believed to be true, replied that opinionating scamp, who had slipped his knife back into his pocket, "but don't be frightened."

"How can I help being frightened?" she asked in a trembling voice. "What will become of us, Tom?"

"I don't know," said Tom.

"Oh, Tom, I thought you were an aeronaut?"

"So I am."

"Don't talk such nonsense. You ought to be ashamed to try to make me more frightened than I really am."

"I am not trying to frighten you, but now that I have got you up here all to myself I am going to carry you to the moon, where girls are not sold for money."

"Oh, Tom!" cried the girl, beginning to think she was in the power of a madman, "what do you mean?"

"Mean! Why it's plain enough. Don't you know the moon is made of silver? Can't you see it for yourself? Come, Jenny," he said, "I was only joking; we'll come out all right."

"You—you—right—to be—ashamed to—frighten me so," said Jenny, crying and sobbing, while Tom, taking advantage of her helpless condition, put his arm around her waist. It had been there often before, it is true.

"Come, Jenny," pulling at the hand that connected with the valve with his disengaged hand; "come, dear, we'll be all right; so don't cry."

"I can't help it," said Jenny, laying her pretty head on his shoulder—she felt too frightened that way. "I can't—help—it; you are—is—so—cruel. I didn't—think—you—would—be cruel—to me—Tom."

"And I don't want to be cruel to you, darling," said Tom, kissing her. "I want to love you, and I want you to love me—that's all."

They were gliding along now easily and smoothly, but at a rapid rate, though that fact was imperceptible to Jenny. The landscape seemed to be receding along beneath her, but she should perceive no motion in the balloon.

"What are you doing with the rope, Tom?" she asked, having somewhat recovered from the treatment.

"The steering bar," he said with a seminal smile.

"Steering bar! I thought balloons couldn't be steered."

"Oh, yes, they can—when the wind's favorable. At any rate I am steering this one."

"Where are you steering it to?"

"Right straight to Hymen's bower."

"Now you are beginning to talk as if you were insane, and I shall get frightened again if you don't look."

Tom pressed her closer to him.

"Don't you love me, Jenny?" he asked.

She turned her eyes up to his, but didn't say a word. Her head was still lying on his shoulder.

"Don't you think it would be nice to sail along this way all by ourselves, away from home and Morley and the two old aunties and everybody, for ever?"

"I don't know, Tom; perhaps it might get tired."

"Never!" said Tom.

He had been discharging gas all the time, and the balloon had slowly settled down toward the earth till now everything on it was plain to the naked eye—houses, trees and even people, and Jenny, much to her home's regret, had lifted her pretty head from its recumbent position to look over the edge of the car.

"Do you see that little white church, Jenny?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, that's what I've been steering for; do you know why?"

"No; how should I?"

"How should you? Don't you know what people generally do in church?"

"They preach and pray and sing hymns."

"Nothing else?"

"Yes; they christen babies there?"

"Ha, ha! christen babies, indeed! Don't they do anything else in church?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"You believe so. I know so, and that's just what we are going to do."

"Oh, Tom, we can't."

"Can't we, thought! What's to hinder? Come, Jenny, you've got to promise to do just as I say, or I'll carry you up in the clouds again and keep you there forever."

"Oh, Tom, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to take advantage of my situation to make me do as you please," said Jenny reproachfully, but at the same time clinging closer to him; "haven't you any right to do it?"

"I've a perfect right to make you do what you want to do, and what is for your happiness. Come, promise! We are almost to the church, and if you don't I'll let her loose; I've only to throw out some of those bills bags, and up she goes," and he patted one of the sand bags, as if to leave it out.

"Don't, don't, Tom," said Jenny, laying her hand on his arm, "I'd promise."

"All right," said Tom, and in a few minutes the balloon was sidereating along not far from the ground, over an inclosed field. He threw one bag out of sight immediately, and it caught in a panel of a fence, bringing the balloon to with a sudden jerk.

"Oh," exclaimed Jenny, clasping her arms about her lover's neck, "I thought I was going to bounce out."

"We will bounce out, and that right quickly," said Tom, kissing her blushing face two or three times. "Tender the church—parson can't be far off and—and—I've got the license in my pocket."

"Oh, Tom," said Jenny, "aren't you ashamed of yourself to play me such a trick?"

But Tom wasn't a bit ashamed, and afterwards, whenever his pretty wife twitted him about it, as she did occasionally, he said it was a trick worth any two or a dozen that he had ever heard of.—Elmira Telegram.

They Did Not Know of Him.

Dante Rossetti used to tell a story of Tennyson, with whom he was walking one rainy summer night through High Holborn. They passed a building full family lighted up, and from which issued the sounds of joyous music. "What is that place?" asked the bard. "It is called," replied Rossetti, "the Holborn casino." "I should like to look in," pursued the bard, "only I should be at once surrounded by a crew of groundlings who would rob and pelter and jostle me." "My dear sir," quietly remarked Dante, "if you want to get on one of the tables, announce your name and recite three of your poems masterpieces into the bargain, probably not if you cut of the audience would have the slightest idea of who you are!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Two Kinds of Tools.

You will observe that bragging is something very nearly universal. Those who do not brag are sure to be forgiving, the derrying creatures. Both habits are unquestionably unmoralized. You are not the greatest genius under the moon; and if you were it would not be so wonderful a treasure as you would be. We forget our biggest men out of hand. If you will go through the schools today you will not find one boy or girl out of ten that can tell you who Napoleon was, or when he lived, and not as many who know anything about Daniel Webster. But just think what an immense number of boys and girls and has been in human life! What millions of braggarts! What swelling and strutting! Oh, we fools!—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Snake Bite Cured by Snakeweed.

A small negro boy, who was playing in the woods with some companions near Pine Forest, was bitten by a rattlesnake. The poison spread rapidly through the system of the boy, his body began to swell, he lost the power of sight and death was evidently approaching. Mr. Levi Dunn, who happened to be near, was attracted by the cries of the negro's companions and ran to the place.

The boy by this time was in the last stage. Mr. Dunn, having heard of the curative powers of a small weed that he observed growing near, gathered a handful, and forcing it into the mouth of the negro, ordered him to chew it. Consciousness had not entirely left him, and he obeyed. The effect was almost instantaneous, the swelling disappeared and in a short time the boy was out of danger. He is now at work and all right.

The name of the weed used is "snakeweed," or "rattlesnake master."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The eyes of the country are on New York and Ohio this fall.

A young lady writes to the women's column of a newspaper that every young man who wears a silk vest ought to be married. This is a truly awful sentiment. Why not notice for men in these days when women are going into divided skirts?

"German Syrup"

Here is something from Mr. Frank A. Hale, proprietor of the De Witt House, Lewiston, and the Teatine Hotel, Brunswick, Me. Hotel men meet the world as it comes and goes, and not slow to note good things and things up to date they are worth. He says that he has held father and several brothers and sisters from Pulmonary Consumption, and is himself frequently troubled with colds, and he often couples cough's to make him sick at his stomach. Whenever he has taken a cold of this kind he uses Boschee's German Syrup, and it cures him every time. Here is a man who knows the full danger of lung troubles, and would therefore be most particular as to the medicine he used. What is his opinion? Listen! "I use nothing but Boschee's German Syrup, and have advised it to many, more than a hundred different persons to take it. They agree with me that it is the best cough syrup in the market."

Hoarseness

Hoarsness

Consumption

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Barnum Harris N. Sarah, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the will aforesaid, of the above named Barnum Harris N. Sarah, deceased, has been duly proved, and that the last Tuesday, the 6th day of October, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Court House of said County, in the Probate Court thereof, at Salt Lake City, has been appointed by the judge of said Court, for the settlement of said estate, when and where all persons having claims against said deceased are notified to exhibit them for allowance, or may be precluded from any benefit in said estate.

Dated September 29th, 1891.

E. M. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By C. E. Stanford, Deputy Clerk. 4-6

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the estate of Alfred H. Cabot, Deceased.

Order to show cause why order of Sale of Real Estate should not be made.

MCKAY & CALLS, THE ADMINISTRATORS of the estate of Alfred H. Cabot, deceased, having filed their petition herein, praying for an order of sale of all of the real estate of said deceased, for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased, and the expenses of said estate, and it appearing from said petition that the personal assets of said estate are insufficient for said purpose, and that said Probate Court on Friday, the 9th day of October, A. D. 1891, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Court House of said County, in said Probate Court, at Salt Lake City, and Territory of Utah, in the County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah, and County of Salt Lake Territory, is the time and place appointed for the hearing of said petition, and for the time and place for the sale of said real estate, and that a copy of this order be published for three successive weeks in the DESERET EVENING NEWS, a newspaper printed and published in said city and County.

Dated September 26, 1891.

W. M. BASTICH,
Probate Judge.

SUMMONS.

In the District Court in and for the Third Judicial District of Salt Lake County, County of Salt Lake.

Ellen Birmingham, Plaintiff,

Thomas Birmingham, Defendant.

The People of the Territory of Utah send Greeting:

To Thomas Birmingham, Defendant:

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED TO APPEAR in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the Territory of Utah, and in and for the County of Salt Lake, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county, or within three days if served out of this county, and in the Territory of Utah, and if served out of the Territory of Utah, or by publication, or by order of court, within twenty days (exclusive of the day of service), and you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the complaint as above required, the plaintiff will take judgment against you for the relief demanded therein.

The said action is brought to have a divorce of the marriage relation now existing between the said plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of adultery, and for the custody of the minor children, and for a decree of the court that the said defendant be ordered to pay the plaintiff a reasonable sum for her support and maintenance, and for a reasonable sum for her attorney in this behalf, and for a decree of the court that the said defendant be ordered to pay the plaintiff a reasonable sum for her attorney in this behalf, and for a decree of the court that the said defendant be ordered to pay the plaintiff a reasonable sum for her support and maintenance