DIRGE.

If thou wilt now thine heart
Or love and all its smart,
Then sleep, dear, sleep
And not a sorrow
Hangeth near on your eyelashes
To make you weep.
Rest soul, until the sea wave washes
The rim of the sun tomorrow
In eastern sky.

But oft thou cans thine heart
Or love and all its smart,
Then, dear, dear
'Tis deeper, sweeter
Than on a row back to Dreamingland
With folded eyes
And then alone, amid the beaming
Of love's stars thou'lt meet her
In eastern sky.

—T. L. Beddoes in Death's Jest Book.

THE SPIRITUALIST.

The Cafe Jean was situated at the corner of a quiet street in Paris—remarkably quiet at all times, considering the near proximity of a noisy and much frequented boulevard, but particularly so after 11 o'clock at night.

Late one evening most of the habitues of this bright and comfortable cafe had taken their departure, raising their hats, as the manner is in France, to Madame Jean, the smartly dressed and dignified proprietress, who, still sitting at her post behind the marble counter, smiled and bowed in return as they went out. The blinds were already down and the doors closed in preparation for the night.

Madame sat a little longer, listening to the gaiety of the nightabouts passing and repassing the day by the head waiter to retail for her special amusement when the day's work was over and one could indulge in a little relaxation. The laughing round and seeing that nearly all the self possessed, self centered who every evening played dominoes or cards, and sipped coffee or drank eau sucre or stronger mixtures under her vigilant but friendly eye, had left, she retired for the night, leaving the remainder to the care of her faithful Alphonse. There were only about a dozen people now, and everything was sleepily quiet in the cafe, when suddenly the stillness was rudely broken by a loud voice exclaiming angrily:

"It is a lie! I don't believe a word of it, and I defy you to prove it!"

All looked up, startled, from game or newspaper, as these words burst from one of the occupants of a small table at the farthest end of the room. The speaker seemed very much excited, his companion, on the contrary, remained cool and self possessed under the provocation, but his white face and peculiar attitude spoke, to those who knew the signs of trance, and arrested attention when attained.

The two had been engaged for some time in close and earnest conversation, without raising their voices, interrupted only now and then by subdued exclamations and incredulous remarks from the excited man, which evidently did not succeed in either shaking or moving the pale man, who continued talking to him and answering his objections quietly, until his opponent, losing all self control, sprang to his feet and violently disturbed the inmates of the cafe by the angry words quoted above.

Seeing that he had attracted general attention he looked around and said:

"Gentlemen, I appeal to you all. I am sorry if I have disturbed you with somewhat violent language, but you shall judge whether I am justified in refusing to believe the story I have just heard. We happened to sit at the same table, and naturally entered into conversation. Our talk drifted from one subject to another, until I made some passing remark about the so called scientific research into the mysteries of the spiritual world. I grant it is a fascinating subject even for an unbeliever like myself, and a good one for conversation and playful badinage, but to be told seriously and as an undeniable fact that the spirits of the departed can and do revisit this earth when they have promised to do so, passes the bounds of credulity. My neighbor tells this most extraordinary story! Two years ago tonight he lost his dearest friend. A lifelong friend, who on his deathbed, seeing his despair, solemnly promised that he would appear to him on the anniversary of his death, which took place about midnight, if his friend invoked his spirit. He affirms that he has already seen him once since he died. Now I ask you, as men of sense, living in the Nineteenth century, is it possible to believe such a statement?"

The pale man had flushed angrily during this speech, but it was only a transient betrayal of feeling, for his face resumed its former pallor, although his eyes retained their strange light, and it was with a marked expression more of amusement than anger that he replied calmly:

"It is nothing to me whether you believe or not; I have simply stated a fact, and it is the truth. You pressed me with questions concerning that great trouble of my life until I told you all—my despair when I lost my friend after years of mutual devotion and attachment, and his promise to return. I told you truthfully that he had already kept his promise once, but you did not believe me. I do not wonder. The spiritual world is a closed book to the majority; a glimpse is obtained now and then by some, but chiefly by conjecture and speculation only, whereas actual experimental knowledge is rare and not often communicated. I told you what my privileged experience had been, and I can prove it, incredible as it may appear to you."

While he was speaking a number of new arrivals had invaded the cafe, calling in on their way from a neighboring theater for a drink or a cigar. Their curiosity being aroused by the words they had partially heard, they drew near to listen, and, being informed of what had happened joined the others in discussing the pro and cons of this debatable topic, some laughingly, some seriously, among the view they took of the subject. No one seemed to take it very seriously, however, except a few, who shook their heads doubtfully, while others laughed at them and joked about spirits. Above the babel the noisy exclamations and snatches of conversation could be heard, such as: "Impossible!" "Who knows? Do you?" "What will you bet?" "I am no fool!" "I bet a hundred francs he can't prove it!" "Strange things happen!" etc.

The game broke up, each asserting itself, bets ran high, and it was finally agreed to deposit the stakes in the hands of the incredulous man, and then they called upon the Spiritualist with the weird look in his eyes to make good his words.

He seemed strangely reluctant, and sighed and hesitated, but at last he made up his mind and said:

"If I comply with your request you must all submit to my conditions. You must give me your promise that no one will attempt to intercept speech or disturb me in any way, and that I shall have one witness only."

This was considered quite reasonable, and all consented readily.

"I need not add that of course you will hold yourselves bound in honor to keep the conditions faithfully. Yes, sir," he continued, facing his hostile eye on his opponent, who winced perceptibly, "shall be that witness. You must accompany me into the next room; the doors shall be left open, and you will have a direct view of everything I may say. If the experiment turns out to be a painful one you have only yourself to thank for it."

With these words he rose and walked toward the corridor leading to the inner part of the house, and beckoned to the other man, who, by this time considerably subdued, hesitated for a minute or two, putting on the best face he could, he took up a lighted candle from a table and followed him into the first room to the right, leaving the doors wide open.

As they disappeared a strange hush fell over the noisy and excited company. Silence reigned for some minutes, until the twelve strokes of midnight were heard sounding distantly from a church clock. Then a voice arose in the next room, saying slowly and solemnly:

"Maurice Durand! then who did promise that on the anniversary of our great parting then wouldst give me the consolation of seeing thee again if I called upon thee to appear, remember thy promise! Dear friend, I entreat thee come, Maurice! Appear!"

Then came a pause, amid breathless silence; but soon the voice was heard again, saying:

"Maurice, remember thy vow! I beseech thee, appear!"

Another silence. Then another voice was heard, saying in tremulous accents:

"There is a faint light in the darkest part of the room. * * * It takes a shape! * * * Happenstance! * * * It is * * * Ah! * * * Away!"

An unearthly shriek rent the air, followed by a crash and a heavy fall, and and then all was silent once more.

The startled listeners looked at each other with dismay. Some had turned pale, while others looked ill at ease, and all felt uncertain, irresolute what to do. Some time elapsed before it was suggested that they ought to disregard their promise and go in and see what had happened, if anything was amiss or if assistance, and arrested attention when attained.

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Nansen and the North Pole.

Will anybody ever reach the north pole? The answer to it that man has as yet penetrated to 86 degs. 28 mins. latitude. This was reached by Mr. Lockwood, a member of the Greely expedition, which explored the regions of coal and ice and snow from 1881 to 1884.

If anybody could reach the north pole it would naturally be a person adapted to the cold of Norway. Accordingly the bold Scandinavian explorer, Professor Nansen, will have a fighting chance of succeeding.

He proposes to "build a little ship" of not over 120 tons, and construct her according to his own ideas. She will be of such model that she cannot crush her, but can only lift her up. With this vessel, twelve picked men and provisions for two years, Nansen will make the attempt. He will starting a new route, in the beginning thus pursued by the American which so who pass up through Behring strait.

From Behring strait Nansen will coast westward along the shores of northern Siberia till he comes to the New Siberian islands. There he will carefully examine the currents and start northward through free ice water toward the north pole. In connection with many others, Nansen believes there is an open sea about the pole. He expects to get frozen in the ice and drift with it across the polar region, and at length southward and westward and strike the region of hope and warmth again somewhere between Greenland and Spitzbergen. He hopes to start a year from this June.

Our National Literature.

An essay on the subject of the American literature by Walt Whitman, quaint, rugged and homy as one of his own portraits, appears in The North American Review. The style reminds one somewhat of the peculiar English which Carlyle labored so many years to make unlike that of anybody else who ever wrote. The difference is that Walt Whitman's unusual English is natural and easy. Carlyle's was artificial.

"Have we a national literature?" he asks. He thinks not a literature distinctively, though we have the elements of one, and a noble one. Whether we shall ever rise to our opportunity and weave it into form and enduring substance, however, he gives up as a conundrum too deep for him.

In his travels through all parts of the country Walt has found that good nature, decorum and intelligence are the main characteristics of the young people of the United States. He believes these qualities, "the vertebral stock of superbest and noblest nations," will be the basis of our writings. In developing a literature we must "treat the old hereditaments" too. Yes, Walt, we'll try so.

Further:

What we now depend wanted in the states as basis for their literature are patriotism, nationality, ensemble, or the ideas of them, and the material growing out of the actualities of time. Not the mere bawling and tragic patriotic of them, but the rational emotion facts, the focus and personal throbbing spirit at a fountain head. And at the risk of being misunderstood I should dwell on and repeat that a literature within ten days assimilates, or else never is merely good and moral in the conventional methods. Patriotism and what relates to it, I repeat, must always be assumed or not with respect; then I should say, for this race and varied commonwealth, patriotism and nationality, the personal manhood and democracy, the United States have proved far ward in the aforementioned of advanced civilized lands, as also in the popular dissemination of general intelligence, and a superbly natural, perhaps, but that is no consideration, physique, and let's gone in common education, these seem to me to be the main points. We cannot for bread and butter sake, however, Yet we lack proper tone of Maternal Pallas, there really was, still needs in the air. "It was the Italian Renaissance that Italian Nature had and more books, manuscripts and newspapers than all the rest of the world, that they really have thereby a great advantage."

For perhaps it is not alone the free schools and newspapers, nor railroads and telegraphs, nor all the immense material growth, nor the territory, nor the gold and silver, nor the aggregate of a population of twenty hundred millions, nor the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments, nor the last national column, that can put this unprecedented high or Italian tone to the central scale of history. Something else is indispensable. All that record is lists, but cannot say more.

The great current points are perhaps simple, after all—one, that the highest developments of the New World are democratic, and that only the best society of the civilized world all over, are to be only reached and actually nourished in a democracy, and that democracy, sane and treatment, and sound, that the everlasting principle, which is the dominant law of the universe, and which, if we do not, we have our teacher to answer for and to be our literature.

HENRY G. McMILLAN,
Clerk.
By GEO. D. LOOMIS,
Deputy Clerk.

Napoleon and Talleyrand.

What was strange in Napoleon's behavior towards me was that at the very time that he showed himself most impolite of me he was endeavoring to draw me nearer to him. Thus in the month of December, 1812, he asked me to resume the portfolio of foreign affairs, which I straightway declined, construed as I felt that we could never agree on the only possible way of his escape from the snare into which he had been brought by his folly.

A few weeks later, in the month of January, 1813, before his departure to the army, and when M. de Caulaincourt had already started for the Chatillon congress, the emperor worked himself up every evening with M. de la Bourdaisie, who had the foreign office in M. de Caulaincourt's absence. In the course of those conversations, which were kept up far into the night, he often opened his mind to him in a strange fashion. There be several times repeated to him, after reading the dispatches in which the Duke of Vicenza told him of the progress of the Chatillon negotiations, "Ah! if Talleyrand were there he would pull me through."—Talleyrand's Memoirs in Century.

He Says Gold.

Frank Mangin has one of the strangest fortunes in the world. He comes on the hour and takes a seat and pulls out a roll of greenbacks. Then he sits and reads the session, and what do you suppose he is waiting for? Only to buy gold. Every man who knows has a few pieces of yellow money can get him for it by applying to Mr. Mangin. The boys are extremely fine, and he goes away every day with his pocket loaded down. I once made bold to ask him what he did with the gold. He was angry in a moment, and said he it was none of my business, and told me in a way that I have never ventured to ask any more questions concerning it.—Chicago Letter.

Do You Dine?

If you, your dinner should begin with soup. Soup can be made easily, most economically, and most expeditiously made with

Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Beef

without other meat stock.

This is how a jar of the genuine looks. It bears a blue signature like this on the wrappers.

Ask for Liebig COMPANY'S

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah, on the 6th day of February, 1891, the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Henry Dupont, deceased, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, subject to confirmation by said Court, on the 11th day of March, 1891, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court House, Salt Lake City, Utah, all the right, title and interest of said deceased in and to the following described real estate, to wit:

Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

Terms of sale and place for meeting of bidders to be announced in probate of will.

DATED this 27th day of March, 1891.

ANNIE E. WOODRUFF,
Administrator of the estate of Henry Dupont, deceased.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah, on the 6th day of February, 1891, the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Mary Pate, deceased, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, subject to confirmation by said Court, on the 11th day of March, 1891, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court House, Salt Lake City, Utah, all the right, title and interest of said deceased in and to the following described real estate, to wit:

Commencing at the southeast corner of block 64, Plat "A" Salt Lake City Survey, and running thence west 10 rods; thence north 8 rods; thence east 10 rods; thence south 8 rods to the place of beginning, containing 1 acre of land, more or less, according to the official survey of said city.

Terms of sale and place for meeting of bidders will be announced in probate of will.

DATED this 27th day of March, 1891.

ANNIE E. WOODRUFF,
Administrator of the estate of Mary Pate, deceased.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of Mary Pate, deceased.

Notice of time and place for meeting of bidders to be announced in probate of will.

PURSUANT TO AN ORDER OF ADMINISTRATION of said matter, notice is hereby given that Wednesday, the 22d day of April, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court House, Salt Lake City, Utah, is appointed for the hearing of the petition of Annie E. Woodruff, praying for the administration of said estate, when and where all persons interested may appear and contest said application, when and where all persons interested may appear and contest said application, when and where all persons interested may appear and contest said application