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GOD BLESS YOU!

The phrase is trite; the listeners
And heartless grief, too, it,
And often repartee answers
To all their prattle whence it.
But when 'tis spoken from the heart,
While griefs and cares oppress you,
The sad departed, the minds depart—
That someone phrase, God bless you!

Life often is a dreary road,
Where thorns and briers beset you,
And while you shapest your loads and load
Small troubles cling and fret you.
It lights the eye and drips the tear
When all cues fail to relieve you,
If from a friendly voice you hear
The common phrase, God bless you!

And often when the heart would speak
Its mighty errors and doubts,
And other words are all too weak
Its meanings does to resolve,
Or gratitude a message seeks
In which it would address you,
Then in the phrase a fellow speaks—
The common phrase, God bless you!

—Cape Cod Item.

THE SKENE-DHU.

"Better let the girl go, Arthur. I would not worry myself about her if I were you. If she prefers the other fellow you can never make her transfer her affection by running after her. Besides, such conduct on your part would be unmanly and utterly unmanly in a Macgregor."

"Who's going to run after her? I simply state that I intend to be present at the ball tomorrow night, and you intimate that I shall be running after Helen Jamison! I cannot help it if she chooses to go. As these public charity balls are rarely of average respectability, with the ability to pay five dollars for admission, is welcome, I suppose, and I have no doubt that that valuable institution, the Asylum for Office Seekers' Widows, or whatever it is, will be benefited to the extent of five dollars from the pocketbook of Jamison pere for his daughter's ticket."

"Well, Arthur, I am glad you are not going to make a fool of yourself. From what you say, I imagine Miss Jamison does not look upon you with such favor as we thought. Is Sam Bangs going to take her to the ball?"

"How the deuce should I know?" responded Arthur, with sudden ferocity, and I did not say any more.

Arthur Macgregor was my chum, and I knew his disposition so well that I could forgive his little ebullitions of temper, especially when I knew that I had given him ample provocation. My regard for him was fully returned, I know, but he often used to say, when speaking of me, that Ned Pierce could say aggravating things in a cold blooded way that would dangerously strain the strongest ties of friendship. Perhaps Arthur was right, but I am sure it was unintentional on my part.

"I shall go in costume," Arthur announced after a pause, during which we had both smoked so vigorously that my little den looked more like the private room of a German student than the business office of a respectable rising young lawyer.

"As a Highlander, I suppose, Arthur," said I, waving my hand to dispel the smoke, so that I could look at his face.

"Of course. I have the dress, and I feel more at home in a plaidie and kilt than in anything else, except an ordinary coat and vest."

The ball, which was to bring to a close the fair held for the benefit of a deserving charity, was to be the social event of the season. While not absolutely a fancy dress gathering, it was left to the option of those attending whether they appeared in costume or in evening dress. Many of the gentlemen had signified their intention of going in fancy costumes, while it was understood that most of the ladies would appear only in the gorgeous productions of the modern modiste.

Arthur Macgregor, though an American, prided himself on his blue blooded Scottish descent. The Macgregors of the olden time had been terrible fellows, who took a prominent part in the border war, with the Douglases and others of that ilk, and when, with claymore and targe, led their neighbors a sad life of it when they took it into their heads to organize a sheep stealing expedition, or to avenge some real or fancied affront offered to their clan.

"What do you think of my costume?" asked Arthur, as he showed himself to me before we started for the ball on the following evening. "Do you think I should have passed muster if I had lived in the Sixteenth century, when the Macgregors were a power in the bonny land of Calend?"

I was obliged to admit that he did look well. A tall, handsome fellow, with a massive, sinewy frame, of which his legs, bare at the knee, were somehow the most conspicuous portion, the picturesque dress of a Highlander suited him exactly. From the tip of the long, neven black feather in his bonnet to the insteps of his buckled shoes he looked every inch a Scotch warrior.

"What is that in your stocking, Arthur?" I asked.

He stopped and drew forth a razor hafted dagger, fitted into a black hilt, with a white hilt. The steel, though spotted here and there, as if the rust of blood from a foeman's heart had not been thoroughly removed, was still bright and gleaming. As Arthur flourished it in the gaslight it looked a murderous weapon, which would do terrible execution in the hand of a desperate man.

"Ah! this is one of the most precious heirlooms of my family. This knife is hundreds of years old. It was given to a Macgregor by Doug-las himself, and there is a tradition that when one of our names is betrayed to love he can repair the affections of the maiden of his heart if he can manage to draw blood from her bosom with this knife."

"What a ridiculous idea! I am afraid that in this prosaic age such a proceeding would result in a very unromantic charge of felonious assault and battery instead of a fond reunion of two loving hearts," I remarked. "Was that heathenish dirge launched into existence with that mission and no other?"

"No. A project of this kind is part of every Highland warrior's equipment. It is called the skene-dhu—black knife. When the owner was hard pressed in combat, and could no longer use his sword, he drew his skene-dhu from his stocking and tried to turn the tide of battle by plunging the blade into his adversary."

"Very convenient."

"The skene-dhu was also used sometimes to give the fallen foe his coup de grace, and in the hunt it was employed to cut the throat of a stag which had been brought down by a ball from a crossbow."

As hour later Arthur and I entered the ball where the ball was in progress. I saw him look swiftly around, and then he marched to the upper end of the large room, where the stage, a mass of flags and evergreens, was occupied by the orchestra. Around the hall were the stalls which later articles had been stuffed for sale during the past two weeks. The refreshments had all been removed, and the stalls themselves converted into arbors, where, amid cool looking palms and artistically disposed flowers, the most delightful tete-a-tetes could be enjoyed by the tired dancers. Into one of these Arthur made his way, and there he sat, in solitary grandeur, glowering around the room and looking, I knew, for Miss Helen Jamison.

I had fallen in with a group of acquaintances and was talking the usual conventionalities about the tasty decoration of the hall, the prospects of a large attendance, the merits of the charity, the financial results of the fair and so on. Then a certain young lady asked through the doorway with her brother, and as I had the best of feeling toward this same brother I took his mother off his hands and joined in the grand march just then forming. As we paraded slowly around the great hall to the strains of a selection from "Lohengrin," I looked at every couple as they passed us in the mazes of the march to see if Helen Jamison were there.

At last! Yes, there she is, undoubtedly on the arm of Sam Bangs. But where was Arthur? Not in the arbor near the stage, where I had last seen him! Notwithstanding the prominent Scotchman in that group of young men near the door—some of them in evening dress—watching the kaleidoscopic effect of the motion, wherein the quaint costumes of the gentlemen and the rich party dresses of the ladies seemed in every instance so well matched! Not in the gallery, where many who did not care to dance had betaken themselves to enjoy a full view of the proceedings below! Where was he?

"Do you see her?" muttered a hoarse voice in my ear, as I was leading my head to speak to the lady on my arm through the music.

I turned with a start.

There at my elbow, his sinewy frame trembling with passion as he kept step in the march, his face flushed, and his strong, white teeth savagely biting at his blond mustache, was Arthur Macgregor.

"Do you see her?" he repeated. "And him?"

As he spoke the black feather in his bonnet vibrated in sympathy with the tremor of hate that went through him like an electric current, and I saw the nervous fingers steal down toward the black hilt of the skene-dhu which, to my imagination, seemed to actually wink lawless encouragement with its white eye.

"Don't be a fool, Arthur," was my response, but he was gone.

As Helen Jamison passed and repassed me in the march I was obliged to admit that there was some reason for Arthur Macgregor's mad love for her. A decided brunette, with the soft brown eyes that will play the deuce with an impressionable young man's heart—especially when the young man has Celtic blood in its veins—cheeks in which the crimson comes and goes with every passing emotion, a tall, stately figure, carried with the easy grace born of perfect health and the lithing drill of good breeding, and to crown all a wealth of blue black hair lustrous above white shoulders to the exact evening perfection in keeping with her statuesque beauty.

What if she believes eyes could flash fire sometimes, when the calm governess in the fair mother Jam was she was smiling at some remark her companion, still there appeared to be not a shadow upon her mind. To be sure I thought I could see signs of preoccupation in her manner, as if Mr. Bangs' conversation were not the only thing she cared in this life. But then I had read in fol. experience of Mr. Bangs' book editions of a book, and I did not wonder at Helen Jamison's attention occasionally wandering from his stream of small talk.

Wonder if this quarrel between Arthur and Miss Jamison is as serious as he seems to think," I soliloquized as after delivering my part me into the care of her brother, I strolled up into the gallery and sat by myself to gather strength for a waltz for which I had booked myself with a notoriously vivacious dancer. "I am sure she does not care anything for Sam Bangs. I guess it is only a lover quarrel, and that she and Arthur will be all right in the course of a few days."

As I made this philosophical reflection I glanced carelessly in the direction of the stage. The musicians were sitting quietly in their corner of foliage, turning over the leaves of their music and occasionally startling the company with discordant tools of a few bars where they did not feel quite sure of a passage, or giving a violinist an "A" in a leisurely degree that his instrument should be in perfect tune.

But what is this? Yes, surely—Helen Jamison sitting in the little arbor near the stage, where Arthur Macgregor took up his position on our first entrance! Half hidden by the drooping fronds of the palms, she is looking around the hall, apparently for somebody. Perhaps for Sam Bangs, who, in his dress as a Revolutionary soldier, is wandering freely over the floor, evidently wishing that he had not come in a costume wherein the trousers are cut off at the knees.

No! This is the person she wanted to see. I can tell that by her unconcerned manner, as Arthur Macgregor stalks up to the arbor, and after standing at the entrance for a few seconds, drifts his blue bonnet and enters.

Then where I am sitting I can see into the arbor, though the two occupants are concealed from nearly everybody in the hall by the palms and flowers. She is seated in a chair facing me. He draws another in front of her, with his back to me. As he sits down I see the white on the hilt of the skene-dhu glimmer in a ray of light that strayed through the foliage, and I think involuntarily of the tradition associated with the knife in the Macgregor family.

"I wish I could hear what they are saying," I say to myself. "I should not like to be an eavesdropper, but I am afraid of Arthur when he gets into one of those terrible moods of his. In his jealous frenzy he might even kill that girl."

I can see the large fan of Miss Jamison languidly waving to and fro as she apparently listens to what Arthur is saying. There is no doubt that he is desperately in earnest. His gesticulations show that. Now that gentle movement of the fan most chafe him! If I could only see their faces! I do not know whether they are quarreling or not. Now he leans toward and takes her hand. She snatches it away. The fan stops waving. I see him bring his fist down on his knee, and then—

The skene-dhu!

Like a flash his fingers fly to the hilt of the "black knife." I see the white eye glistening in his murderous hand as he raises the weapon over the head of the helpless girl, and then I suddenly regain control of my paralyzed limbs.

I rush wildly down the stairs, half a dozen at a time, and fly along the hall toward the little arbor where a fearful tragedy is being enacted in the very midst of a festive gathering. I get a hasty glimpse of people staring at me in open mouthed surprise, of young men bestowing on me a supercilious grin, of premature dancing couples moving hastily out of my path. I hear the young men and the couples asking each other what is the matter with me! But I take no heed!

All I can see is the skene-dhu.

The terrible blade is still in his uplifted hand, while the girl sits quite still, evidently too frightened to move. I hear her voice saying something in low, hurried accents. Then he flourishes the knife to make the death stab deep and sure.

I reach the arbor. Another second and my hand will clutch his arm.

Too late!

The glittering steel comes down like a fleck of lightning and—turns into a fan.

Yi, so is a burst of silvery laughter from Miss Jamison as she takes the fan from his hand and says: "Thank you, Arthur. It is a very pretty present. You know my weakness for curiosities in fans. I will use the to kill off all the bores of my acquaintance."

"Beginning with Sam Bangs, I hope," puts in Arthur.

"Do you's silly boy. Sam Bangs indeed! What will you be judging next? Show me some more how the spring is managed and do not talk nonsense."

As I turn away to look for my sympathetic partner in the waltz just commencing I have only breath enough for the exclamation:

"Well, I'll be—!"—George C. Jenks in Pittsburg Bulletin.

The Eye of a Thief.

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From Park City and Cache Valley	10:00 a. m.
From all points south	10:00 p. m.
From Cache Valley and Ogden	7:00 p. m.
From Park City and Echo (mixed)	6:00 p. m.
From Park and Parvan	9:15 p. m.
From Tooele and Ophir	9:00 a. m.

DEPART.

For all points east	8:00 a. m.
For Ogden and intermediate points	4:00 p. m.
For Tooele and Tintic	5:00 p. m.
For Park City and Echo (mixed)	10:00 a. m.
For Cache Valley	10:00 a. m.
For all points west	4:30 p. m.
For Ogden, Park City and Milford	7:00 a. m.
For Tooele, Park City and intermediate points	4:30 p. m.
For Tintic and Tooele	9:00 p. m.
For Park and Parvan (Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday)	8:00 a. m.

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SUNDAY TIME TABLE

In Effect May 22, 1892.

DEPARTURE FROM SALT LAKE.

No. 1—For Provo, Grand Junction and intermediate points ..... 8:00 a.m.
No. 3—For Provo, Grand Junction and intermediate points ..... 3:00 p.m.
No. 5—For Provo, Grand Junction and intermediate points ..... 11:00 p.m.
No. 2—For Ogden, Cheyenne and points East ..... 8:00 a.m.
No. 4—For Ogden and points East ..... 11:00 a.m.
No. 6—For Ogden and points East ..... 11:00 p.m.
No. 1—For Ogden and points West ..... 11:00 a.m.
No. 3—For Ogden and points West ..... 3:00 p.m.
No. 5—For Ogden and points West ..... 11:00 p.m.

ARRIVAL AT SALT LAKE.

No. 1—From Provo, Grand Junction and intermediate points ..... 11:00 a.m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and intermediate points ..... 11:00 p.m.
No. 5—From Provo, Grand Junction and intermediate points ..... 8:00 a.m.
No. 2—From Ogden, Cheyenne and points East ..... 3:00 p.m.
No. 4—From Ogden and points East ..... 8:00 p.m.
No. 6—From Ogden and points East ..... 3:00 a.m.
No. 1—From Ogden and points West ..... 3:00 p.m.
No. 3—From Ogden and points West ..... 11:00 a.m.
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