AT A GRAVE.

Look not upon the dark at sunrise,
For that makes mourners of the heart of man;
Look rather here into my heart and learn
Each day thou always do.

Thousands are weeping afternoon over a woman, and not one is "that woman's friend."

"I would!" the grave made answer.

The mourner turned to see her, but young
Or old, I could not know; the face was veiled.
"Why weepest thou? Is not the grave
Thine friend?"

Then said the woman, "Take at least my
Tears."

"I would!" the grave made answer.

But as she sobbing turned away and said,
Silent, the grave made spoke itself,
And the tears of her heart
Nothing, I know not how, but woman
Who weepest ever for man.

Look not upon the dark at sunrise,
For that makes mourners of the heart of man;
Look rather here into my heart and learn
Each day thou always do.

—Exchange.

THAT RECEIPT.

Little Paul was better, but he was not yet old enough to be out of bed.

There was a silence in Town that day too, as he was feeling lonely and blue.

"Hello, little one. How do you like the look of those?"

It was Paul's Uncle Jack who spoke, and as he came into the room he held up a little pink platter three luscious looking currant jelly tarts.

"Oh, I could eat one right now, Uncle Jack!"

"Guess I'd rather then and I'll wait and see you do it."

"Can't you tell a story too? You do make up such lovely ones."

"Sorry. What shall it be about?"

"Hmm—heat—heat—let me think. Oh, that current tarts, Uncle Jack."

"Current tarts! Well, now! Let me think a little."

And this is the story Uncle Jack told. Do you know that the Heywards descended from an ancient Irish family of that name?

Very dull. The family crest was an obscure emblem above a currant tart, and holding fast in one claw something which looks like a cigar lighter, or perhaps a little stalk of macaroni.

Now, the current jelly in these tarts was made from a receipt which has been handed down from the Hey-wards.

How they first came into possession of the receipt, and why they should adopt such a funny crest or coat of arms is not of the same story. Three hundred years or more ago, Paul ruled in China the great emperor, Yahwan Kian.

It was the day before one of the emperor's birthdays, and he called his chief counselor to him, saying:

"Chief counselor, listen to me. Tomorrow is my birthday, so be it that I celebrated by a great festival and feast. And, mark you, have something new that is new and very entertaining."

"But, exalted ruler, it is too short a time in which to arrange for a feast of twenty horses until the morrow."

"That is not my concern. You will arrange for the feast. Now, begone!"

And the chief counselor hurried away, tearing his silken robe into shreds and vowing that never did any chief counselor before him have such an impossible position, for the great emperor was in the habit of ordering a birthday feast whenever he liked, whether it was ready or not, it never mattered, and the chief counselor just had to handle to keep Yahwan Kian pleased or he himself might be sure to lose his head and pigtail.

The Yahwan Kian called the head cook of the cooking college to him and said:

"Hiyan—that was the head cook's name, being short for Mipsomatic—Hiyan, tomorrow is my birthday."

"Oh, exalted ruler!"

Hiyan stuttered.

"Yes it is, and no joking, either. Unless the cooking college prepares a new entrement for that festival feast, you, sir, will be roasted head." Begone!"

And the head cook of the cooking college went away screaming, for the emperor had had twenty-nine birthdays in the previous two years, and by this time his ingenuity was about played out.

Now, Nestle, the chief counselor and the head cook of the cooking college are racking their brains to discover, the one a new attraction, the other a novelty in pastry to set before the emperor, we find you in a little village in Tartary.

Before a small thatched hut is a hot expressly just starting out on a long journey. A very old woman is talking his farewell.

"Nestri, take then with thee thy silken red flute?"

"Yes, great-grandmother."

"It is well. Now, before thou start, I have two gifts for thee. They are small presents, but I am poor. This bag contains cookies which in England is nothing more nor less than our fast jelly. Take good care of it, for never has it been tasted by other than members of your family, and of such great rarity and exquisite flavor is it that should strangers, even kings and emperors, once taste it there would be warring and strife among them for its possession.

So Nestri took the precious bag.

"Also, Nestri, here is the receipt by which the cookies were compounded."

And the old woman gave him a thin sheet like a sheet of tissue printed with queer Chinese letters, which he carefully rolled and twined up until it looked about like a cigar lighter, and then for safety placed it inside of his red flute.

Then he set out on his journey, over to the city city where the chief counselor and the head cook of the cooking college were pacing their brains to please the emperor. Back was Nestri's skill in playing upon his reed flute that wherever he stopped and played the people flocked to hear him and filled his valise with coppers and plugged ten cent pieces.

It was while he was thus playing that the chief counselor chanced to hear him.

And the chief counselor looked into the air, waving his arms and knocking his heels together for joy, shouting:

"Eureka! Whoop! My kind and gracious ancestors, I am saved! I am saved! I am saved!"

And he had fourteen of the most good souls Nestri and had him into pick.

Little sleep could he take for the fear that was in his heart, and so about the midnight hour he began to play on his secret reed flute so softly and sweetly, so clearly sweet and so softly and plaintively, that, as was afterward found out, it was stolen the heart of a stone and wooed was deep in a temple near.

While he was thus playing he was startled to hear some the listening and waiting outside the cell window, so he climbed up on the stone ledge. Looking out he saw the queerest figure, dressed all in white, save the head covered by an immense hat, yanked hat, lying flat on the ground and sobbing bitterly.

"Who may you be, oh, old one, and why do you weep?" asked Nestri.

The figure did not move, but screamed:

"I-I am the head cook of the cooking college, and tomorrow I-I must become my head and be-be-beautiful black-black eye, forever-forever long, be-be-have no I-I cannot think of a new entrée dish for the emperor's great feast. B-b-b-be-be-cause!"

And Nestri piled him so much that he said:

"Here, head cook of the cooking college, lift your nut."

And the head cook of the cooking college lifted up and held his hat.

Then Nestri emptied his bag of currant jelly tarts, saying:

"With this 50 twenty fifty tarts, and by the great Pagodian god, if you give them to the emperor for his feast, there is your precious head safe."

And sure enough, at the feast the following day, the emperor was so delighted with the current tarts that he conferred the order of the Lion Chopsticks and the Yellow Button on the head cook of the cooking college.

Then Yahwan Kian summoned the chief counselor to him saying

"Now, chief counselor, can you produce a novelty for our entertainment?"

And the chief counselor ordered Nestri, who had been brought from the prison, to play.

And the emperor was entranced with the music. But it seemed so easy to play on the reed flute that the emperor was sure he could perform artistically upon it, so he made Nestri let him take his reed flute.

Now Nestri was no simpleton, and he did not wish the emperor to know how easy it was to play on the reed flute, so just before he gave it to him he stuffed the relish up spout of this routine back into the flute out of sight.

The emperor pulled out his fat cheeks, pursed up his lips and blew once, but not a sound came. He blew a second time, and no sound was forthcoming. A third time—a tremendous blast—and this time the wind forced the receipt for the current jelly out of the flute and it fell on the floor at the feet of the emperor's throne.

Then the emperor was furiously angry and he hurled the reed flute at Nestri, heavily hurling:

"Get thee gone, then leaden!"

And Nestri ran for his life, but the the receipt on the thin sheet of rice paper was left behind.

It was as the great grandmother had said, the trade of the current jell caused wasting and strife.

Yahwan Kian was obliged to go into a ship on on the sea and carry the receipt with him to keep it away from the other kings and emperors who were so anxious to possess it.

One afternoon, as the fat old fellow was sitting on the deck of his junk and carefully holding the rolled up sheet of paper, an albatross flying above mistook it for a piece of meat.

The big albatross knew that mauvaise was very nutritious, and being hungry he swooped down and stole the receipt roll.

And now there arose a fierce storm, and the great emperor's junk was sunk and he drowned. But the wind blew the albatross right inland.

It blew so hard and so long that the great bird was finally driven northwest entirely over Europe and Asia, until he dropped at last on the coast of Ireland, where he was found by two Irish gentlemen more dead than alive. Clutched spasmodically in his claw was the receipt on the inches roll.

"What is this?" said one.

"And it's not I that know, Murry."

"Don't you, Mr. Heyward? Take another look at it. Being a professor, you might know what those funny letters are."

So the professor looked again, and being very wise he was able to guess at what the queer letters were.

"Sure, Murry, we have found a wonderful receipt for making the filling for sub—tart—pie, filling for tarts. And, furthermore, I'm thinking that this same receipt was written by a Tartar."

* * * * * *

"Uncle Jack, don't you think you could draw some pictures of the steel and the emperor and Nestri, and"——

"Wait just a moment. You must have mistaken me for a full fledged amusement bureau."

"No, not lastly, Uncle Jack. Please lean down here."

Uncle Jack leaned down close to Paul's pillow, and the little fellow whispered.

"No, not lastly, but you are really just an entertainer of the divorcés at the circus, and I thank you.—A. S. H. in Boston Globe.

Cotton Mills of the South.

The cotton mills in the southern states in 1890 consumed 900,000 bales, or one-fourth of the cotton quantity worked up in this country that year. This is a gain over 1880 of more than 600,000 bales. The production of iron ore in the southern part of the country in 1890 was one-fourth of the output of Great Britain.—New York Times.

White Ash and Snakes.

White ash is used in carriage works. It is poisonous to snakes. It is said a snake is never found in its shade.—Home and Farm.

NEVER SATISFIED.

DISCONTENT THE POWER THAT PUSHES US UPWARD AND ONWARD.

One Step in Advance Encourages Mankind to Try for Greater Advance—The Problem of Progress Into Which the Thoughtful Man Sees Deeply.

Eager, enthusiastic and sanguine people always expect to feel unbounded satisfaction in the actual possession of that which they strive for. The longing is to a man, the youth curses independence, one looks forward to marriage as the goal of bliss, another yearns for wealth; one seeks position, another power; one hungers for knowledge, another for skill; one sighs for opportunity, another for ability. Whatever be the goal of their ambition, they believe that to be the one thing without a flaw, that is being sought to be desired that has power and to the possession of which their enthusiasm is never to grow cold and their happiness never to fade.

When that goal is reached, and it is wise to look into those sensations experienced, is the man or woman satisfied? Is the poet satisfied to the pleasure manifest in the glowing color creations in poetry or whose? Does their journey recover to stay? They have gained their point, they have earned that they desired and have they realized what they anticipated? Has the reward been as very as they after all?

Possibly some of those who have had these experiences will have to confess that while in the first flush of pleasure all was joyful satisfaction, yet in a short time that feeling gave way to a calmer and more dispassionate view of the case. Perhaps some of the objects that would have been utterly worthless became apparent, it grew to be a commonplace and ordinary possession, and scarcely an effort, they might be inclined to think, of, yet if you an longer time that, but upon other things still out of reach that were interest and enthusiasm were centered.

Mr. Philip Bonsoran, speaking of the general attitude of the French people toward a republican form of government, gives an apt illustration of the truth. He says: "The republican sentiment, though resident as to the preference of republican forms, has certainly been no transitory fancy. The desire of the young men is especially remarkable and significant. They are totally republicans, it is true, and have no belief in the possibility of a monarchical restoration, but the more intelligent of them see the difficulties and the defects of a republican government very plainly, and they have a tendency to dwell upon those difficulties and defects in a manner that would commit the sullenness of the young men in the past. This sullenness and natural temper is the state of mind that comes upon all of us after the satisfied possession of an object, and it is a sign of possession." Most of us can cite instances to match this both in public and private affairs nearer home.

The chief point to be considered, however, is whether this result is or is not to be deplored. Some regard it among the bitter experiences of life, showing sorrow in the transition of whether satisfied of all happiness and the futility of all hopes. "Of what use is it," they say, "to strive and labor for that which, when attained, loses its power of charming and exciting us? Why encourage an enthusiasm that must end in satisfied and sullenness? Why set before us an ideal that is presently to be trodden under foot? So they and true pessimism and come to believe that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. But the thoughtful and intelligent man, the deeper into the problem than this, as has discovered that "a little very truth, still, to be so mournful, has the account of all pessimism.

All the more enthusiasm hope that we indulge, all the alluring future spread out in each fair proportions in our imagination, into us so to energy and effort. What does it matter, that we are satisfied or disappointed, that we experience the sensations of satisfaction or disappointment? What does it matter, that all our efforts and disappointments are entirely hidden from our sight. Were it not so, how much of our striving would come to an end! And when we attain those objects, what more satisfactory than the contentment of present hour over and the tension of mind relaxed, a calmness of spirit should follow and an ability to judge of its excellences and its disadvantages more dispassionately and more correctly.

Suppose the enjoyment is too less and the satisfaction less complete than we had anticipated. Should the mere phenomenon fill us success be the mere vision of our fancy? Should we not rather be grateful for the opportunity, and the wishes are crowned with success. Let the delight at first very keen, gradually subside into a calm content.

He comes by degrees to understand the meaning of his opportunity, its difficulties, its sacrifices, its labor and the new field of hope and aspiration which it opens up. He is hopeful and satisfied with the opportunity for which he longed; his enthusiasm now takes another form, his hopes are raised to a higher level, his energies are engaged in taking advantage of the fortunate occasion, and he now looks with cheerful courage to the time when he shall have finished his course and begun the life which he has so long desired.

And when that time comes he will go through the same experience. His glad enthusiasm will be transferred to a still higher attitude, and his hopes will draw him still onward and upward. In these anything and or labor in such an experience? Is deep joy free of real happiness in this fading away of temporary pleasure? It is indeed the only road to happiness that is worthy of a rational being. Without this there would be no progress. Without this happiness which follows the vigorous use of the faculties and the constant pressing onward to higher and higher attainments.—Philadelphia Press.

A Woman and Three Wives.

Miss E. E. Moore, a teacher in Elk mountain school District, Carbon county, Wy., was interrupted on her way to school the other day by three wives. She plunged down the banks of a stream and escaped the wives, but broke through the ice and caught cold in consequence.—San Francisco Call.

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HAVING BROUGHT OUR PROPRIETORS of the old Salt Lake Nursery, I am now prepared to furnish Fruit, Shade and Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, of best quality and at lower prices.

Order at Nursery, 1 mile south of City limits, on State road.

MARTIN CHRISTOPHERSEN.

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels a headache, generally dull and stupid, but sometimes excitable—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a violent hiccoughing or jumping of the stomach after a meal, taking bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, melancholy, hopeless, and longs for death and peace—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels as full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—August Flower the Remedy.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the estate of Hiram Ashcroft, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT [illegible] Administrator of the estate of said Hiram Ashcroft, deceased, have appointed Monday, the 14th day of March, A.D. 1892, at 10 o'clock a.m. of said day, at the Probate Court room, in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, as the time and place for hearing the accounts of said Administrator of said estate, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same.

Dated February 24, 1892.

E. S. ALLEN, Clerk of Said Court.
By CALVIN BROWN, Jr., Deputy Clerk.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the estate of Mary Park, deceased.

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

JACOB H. PATE AND THOMAS GREEN, [illegible] administrators of the estate of said Mary Park, deceased, having filed their petition herein, praying that a certain parcel of real estate belonging to said estate be sold to pay the debts of said estate, and the said petition having been duly verified and filed, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the court that it is for the interest of said estate that said petition be granted, and that said real estate be sold to pay the debts of said estate, that notice be given to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and of the time and place appointed for the hearing thereof, and that all persons interested in said estate may then and there appear and show cause why said petition should not be granted, and why said real estate should not be sold to pay the debts of said estate, that notice be given to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and of the time and place appointed for the hearing thereof, and that all persons interested in said estate may then and there appear and show cause why said petition should not be granted, and why said real estate should not be sold to pay the debts of said estate.

Dated March 1, 1892.

E. S. ALLEN, Clerk of Said Court.
By CALVIN BROWN, Jr., Deputy Clerk.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Office of the North Point Consolidated Irrigation Company, Salt Lake City, Utah.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT A meeting of the Board of Directors of the North Point Consolidated Irrigation Company, held on the 5th day of March, 1892, an assessment of [illegible] per share was duly made upon the capital stock of said corporation, payable immediately to the undersigned, at the office of the company, in Salt Lake City, Utah. Any stock upon which shall be delinquent on the 5th day of April, 1892, will be advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, April 23, 1892, at the delinquent sale, to pay the delinquent assessment, with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

Salt Lake City, February 9, 1892.

SECURITY NORTH POINT CONSOLIDATED IRRIGATION COMPANY.

Salt Lake City, February 9, 1892.

NOTICE.

To the Stockholders of the Salina Rock and Chemical Mining Company, a corporation:

YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED THAT the regular annual meeting of the stockholders of said company will be held at the office of the company, Commercial Building, East Third South Street, Salt Lake City, Territory of Utah, on Saturday, the 5th day of March, 1892, at 2 o'clock p.m., for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

By order of the Board.

[illegible] SMITH, Secretary.

Salt Lake City, February 15, 1892.

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FAMILIES, HOTELS, MINING CAMPS, ETC.

—THE GREATEST RANGE MADE OF—

MALLEABLE IRON AND STEEL.

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UTAH SEED STORE.

We now have the largest stock of all kinds of

GARDEN, FLOWER AND FIELD

SEEDS

In the City, at

THE LOWEST PRICES!

Fresh seed [illegible]. Give us a call. Also on GRO[illegible]. Mill [illegible].

GALE & WOOD,
11 E. Third South St., Salt Lake City.
[illegible]

MONEY FOR LAND.

MANY PERSONS WISH TO SELL THEIR land, but some time and a willing purchaser, who is able to make it, not purchased owing to the great [illegible] have offered. Thus the parties are [illegible] to a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]