WITH ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

[illegible]

Thou'lt never know!

[illegible]

—[illegible]

CLAIRVOYANCE.

The light of the lamp had grown dim, the noise of them had ceased it. Arthur was gazing fixedly at a vivid point [illegible] in the fireplace. Helen [illegible] a vacillating flame near by [illegible] that escaped like a [illegible] from a [illegible].

At length Arthur broke the silence.

"Did you have many visitors today?" he asked.

"Quite a number—there were Mrs. [illegible], Henry Farrington, and Mr. Cherry, Bessie Murray"—

"And who else?"

"No one particularly—the usual assortment of every Tuesday, but Bessie"—

"Well, what about Bessie?"

"She was peculiar—pale, seemingly ill and agitated, but in spite of all [illegible] the same [illegible]. While speaking on indifferent topics, she [illegible] all the [illegible] of a sudden, she drew closer to me and took my hands in hers.

"'Do you believe,' she asked, 'that a woman who has been deeply loved can live without love?'"

"What did you answer?"

"Nothing — astonishment kept me [illegible] and even now I am still striving to find out just what Bessie meant."

"Her meaning is evident enough. Your friend is neglected by her husband and greatly courted in society. She is yet innocent, but has reached that point where a woman needs a confidant to hold her back from the edge of the abyss or to [illegible] her if she slips [illegible]."

"Poor Bessie—poor Bessie," and Helen returned to her contemplation of the red and blue flames on the hearth. Then, [illegible] on her husband a look of [illegible] tenderness, she went on, "How happy I am, my Arthur, for your love for me is still unchanged."

"Yes, my darling."

"[illegible] though, that happiness is a myth, yet it seems to me that God would have given it to all, only we do not know how to keep it—and generally in a family it is the husband who is its guardian. Arthur, you have nothing to say?"

"Because I agree with you, my dear Helen. You talk like a good book."

"Then I have reason to [illegible] the worse, I shall continue. If Bessie's husband had remained faithful to her, they would both still be happy. Why have his feelings changed for one so lovely and so good? Explain to me what it is that makes a husband cease to love his wife."

"What a child you are!"

"Truly! All I see and hear around me in society astonishes me more and more each day, and often I regret having left my country home. There Bessie would not have been neglected."

"Still harping on Bessie. Did you receive no other visitors as interesting? It is one of the pleasures of people of the world to view, as in a magic lantern, the eccentric types of humanity."

"I saw Marie, who told me something extraordinary, almost incredible, and yet it seems it is true."

"Tell me what it was."

"It is a clairvoyant story. I laughed over it at first, as you are doing now, but I ended by trembling."

"We shall see if I am as impressionable."

"The clairvoyant of whom I speak—a woman—lives in an obscure quarter of the city, and it appears can read your thoughts accurately, and even those of persons not present if she is given a lock of their hair."

"Bosh!"

"She told Marie how to find some love that had been stolen from her"—

"Mere chance!"

"And spoke to her of a secret known only to herself."

"A woman never possesses a secret known only to herself."

"She revealed to her those of her husband"—

"Often there are mysteries that are such for those who are those most directly interested."

"In spite of what you say I quite long to go and consult that woman. Suppose I take her a lock of your hair?"

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Please let me, dear Arthur. It would be such fun. I'll tell you everything she says."

"No, I don't desire any fun of that sort."

"Why not?"

"Because."

"'Because' is not an answer. It is what we reply to children whose curiosity we do not wish to satisfy."

"What you ask is improper."

"Improper! For what reason? I do not understand you."

"You understand nothing! It seems to me, though, that three years of city life ought to have somewhat sharpened your wits."

"Oh, Arthur! Your words wound me deeply. No, I do not understand how two persons who love each other can have anything to fear from a clairvoyant. You believe in them, then?"

"I believe in the credulity of women."

"Arthur, I beseech you, let me cut a lock of your hair."

"I forbid you."

Silence reigns in the drawing room. Helen is deeply distressed. Mechanically she looks toward the fire, but its flames are gone, it is almost out, and from the midst of its ashes she imagines and visions that remind her of the past. As one in a dream she gazes and [illegible].

First it is the old home that appears to her, and all her childhood is seen again. Then, grown older, her mother speaks to her of Arthur, their neighbor in the country, of Arthur, who had already found favor in her sight and to whom she is soon married. She sees him then her devoted lover, with his thoughtful care for her, adoring her youthful ignorance and her belief in goodness.

"It is you," he says, "who are right, and my past life seems to me now as will dream, but you will make me better, and together we shall find happiness, a happiness that will last forever."

The months pass by. She is in their city home, in the midst of the fashionable world. Several of its seductions [illegible] her. Now her [illegible] Helen passes the face of Bessie, and the words she spoke [illegible] strangely in her timid heart:

"Do you believe that a woman who has been deeply loved can live without love?"

It seems to Helen many long days since yesterday, and even that her surroundings have undergone a change. To escape from her illusion and return to reality, she whispers:

"Arthur—Arthur"—

"Well?"

But that voice that used to reassure her only augments her uneasiness, for she no longer recognizes it. Again she takes refuge in her thoughts. Why does he not wish her to consult the clairvoyant? Why? Why?

Her heart beats violently and a sharp pang assails it; doubt is entering therein. If Arthur were false! If he were like Bessie's husband! If all that seemed impossible were possible, the whole world infamous! How she suffers! It must be jealousy that she feels. It is a terrible malady, and she knows it will torment her unto her very heart.

Who can have stolen Arthur from her? She is trying to think. Can it be [illegible], or is it that little Mrs. Warrington? She is suffocating, her throat tightens, her lips are dry and burning. The light of the lamp [illegible]. The red tapestries stand a sudden, [illegible] shown, then fall again into shadow. The chairs, [illegible] and there [illegible] that fall on the gilding of their frames, seem to [illegible] around Helen, whose brain is reeling. She is frightened at herself, for while thinking of a rival she feels herself no longer a responsible being, capable even of a crime.

It is then that she becomes criminal through excessive suffering. But is she crazy? What proves that Arthur is false? She cannot live with such a doubt. She must know and will know. Why not consult the clairvoyant?

She rises, supports herself by the furniture to keep from falling and looks earnestly at Arthur, who, plunged in a brown study, does not see her. Of whom is he thinking? Of that other woman. She walks softly over the thick carpet and looks for her scissors in her workbox. Now she draws nearer to the easy chair, her eyes riveted on a lock of his hair. She could so quickly cut that lock were it not for the loud beating of her heart. It makes more noise than the clock. Arthur will hear it and turn quickly around. Yet he remains motionless—still thinking.

Suddenly he starts and utters a cry. Helen was off the lock of hair between her fingers. Her eyes were radiant, but she tries to laugh. He does not laugh; his face has grown pale; fear and anger bend him.

"I order you immediately to return me that hair," says he.

"No; I will not obey."

"Then I will use force."

He strives to grasp Helen; she escapes him, running around chairs and tables. Then she takes a jewel casket, locks the hair within, and flinging the key far away tries to fly to her bedroom.

But an iron hand falls upon her and a frightful face approaches her. The wrists of the young wife are pressed as in a vise, the pain is intolerable. Over her the place where Arthur had always put his lips.

Then the casket slips to the floor; the husband seizes it, breaks it open, with a lock of his hair, takes out the [illegible] of hair and throws it into the fire.

Helen, half senseless, sees it burn.

"What does it matter, now," she sadly murmurs. "The clairvoyant has spoken."—Adapted for Argonaut from the French of H. de Bitiers.

He Voted on the Ground.

Mrs. Seymour [illegible] tells a story of a woman who had a husband in deadly fear of her. He was a member of the legislature, and his wife had insisted upon his voting for a woman suffrage bill. He had promised to do so, but his heart had [illegible] to [illegible] him, and so on the day the bill was to come up she hied herself to the gallery in the legislative hall. The roll was being called, and when the husband's name was reached he got up and said:

"Mr. Speaker, I regret to cast my vote against this bill, but"——

At this instant a tall woman, with a penetrating voice, leaned over the gallery rail and said:

"Wilbert!"

And then Wilbert's knees began to shake. He said in a trembling voice:

"Mr. Speaker, I vote aye."—Kansas City Times.

Important Information.

A Texas lawyer undertook to cross examine a colored witness, Jim Webster:

"What's your name?"

"Jim Webster."

"What's your occupation?"

"I drives a dray."

"Have you a brother who looks like you and drives a dray?"

"He am dead."

"What was he before he died?"

"Alive."—Texas Siftings.

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How does he feel?—He feels cranky, and is constantly experimenting, dieting himself, adopting strange notions, and changing the cooking, the dishes, the hours, and manner of his eating.—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels at times a gnawing, voracious, insatiable appetite, wholly unaccountable, unnatural and unhealthy.—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels no desire to go to the table and a grumbling, fault-finding, over-anxiety about what is set before him when he is there.—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels after a spell of this abnormal appetite an utter abhorrence, loathing, and detestation of food; as if a mouthful would kill him.—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He has irregular bowels and peculiar stools—August Flower the Remedy. 2

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We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold or any Lung, Throat or Chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at A. C. Smith & Co's Drug Store. Large size 50c and $1.00. 2*

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Mr. Henry Perkins, 29 Union Park, Boston, writes: From the use of the "Leverette" Obesity Pills my weight has been reduced ten pounds in three weeks and my general health is very much improved. The principles of your treatment are fully indorsed by my family physician. In proof of my gratitude I herewith give you permission to use my name if you desire to do so."

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NOTICE.

The [illegible] annual meeting of the stockholders of Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution will be held in the [illegible] Salt Lake City, on [illegible], for the purpose of hearing the President's Report, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. THOS. G. WEBBER, Secretary.

Salt Lake City, March 25, 1892.

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[illegible]

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the estate of [illegible], deceased.

Notice is hereby given that [illegible]

Dated March [illegible], 1892.

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.
By Carlyle Browne, Jr., Deputy Clerk.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of David H. [illegible], deceased.

Notice is hereby given that [illegible]

Dated March [illegible], 1892.

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.
By Carlyle Browne, Jr., Deputy Clerk.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of Caroline E. [illegible], deceased.

Notice is hereby given that [illegible]

Dated March 15th, 1892.

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.
By Carlyle Browne, Jr., Deputy Clerk.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

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

Notice is hereby given, that [illegible]

Dated March 15th, 1892.

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.
By Carlyle Browne, Jr., Deputy Clerk.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the estate of Henry Perkes, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Wm. H. [illegible] and Joseph L. Perkes, administrators of the estate of Henry Perkes, deceased, have [illegible]

Dated March 21, 1892.

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.
By Carlyle Browne, 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 John Scott, deceased.

Order to Show Cause why Order of Sale of Real Estate should not be made.

Barlow Ferguson, the administrator of the estate of John Scott, deceased, [illegible]

Dated March [illegible], 1892.

G. W. BARTCH, Probate Judge.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Charles [illegible], Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of Charles [illegible], deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his office, [illegible] Street, in the City of Salt Lake, in the County of Salt Lake and Territory of Utah.

Dated March [illegible], 1892.

ANTHONY [illegible], Administrator of the estate of Charles [illegible], Deceased.

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