LOVE'S QUEST.

Fairest Love is such high ear far and wide—
All every dear mind long with conversing
Praying for Love's sweet alone yet my do-
Answer
Where man with very love and sought beside.

Alone, Summer and sunny, I crossed Lessa,
"In God there is the gentle, true filled eyes
Great, love, long sought for—and so now I
Gone.

—Mary Rose Darby.

MAID SYBIL'S LOVER.

It was a quiet manner's afternoon, toward the middle of the Fifteenth century, and the inhabitants of the little village of Friars Holt were all assembled upon the green, watching the antics of some of the younger men to send their arrows straight to the center of the butts which stood at one end of the chosen place of recreation.

"Another shaft missed the mark," laughed an old man, as the arrow stuck quivering in the turf, falling three inches short of the butt. "The king will never employ that lots of Walmwood make have among his deer if he leaves of such shooting as this."

"Hold your prate, Gaffer Jenkyn," said the young man who had discharged the last shot, pettishly unstringing his bow. "It was a cross wind which marred my shooting, unless, indeed, it was the witch's work," he added, scowling blackly enough to be not a glance of scorn and abhorrence at a young maiden standing some little distance apart from the group of rustics—a fair haired girl of middle height, with a pair of laughing gray eyes.

Her age could scarcely have exceeded eighteen years, and the merry expression of her face as she smiled at the wonderment look of the discomfited young man had as more wizard's glamour about it than is always to be found in the rippling laughter of a pretty girl.

"Yes, there she be, sure enough," muttered Gaffer Jenkyn, with a shower of malevolent hatred at the young girl. "What business has she down here among us? Even if she can't cast spells herself she can tell all about us to that old warlock who lives in the ruined tower in Cairnstone Chase."

By this time general attention was drawn to the beautiful intruder, and friends and acquaintances were leveled at her head.

At first the girl appeared unconscious of her danger, but all at once a stone thrown by a lad grazed her arm, and as she perceived the threatening attitude of the crowd a look of intense horror passed across her face and she turned to fly.

"Do not let the witch escape," cried an old crone. "I lost two sweet grandchildren last autumn. They said it was the falling sickness, but I know better. It was through the diabolmacia of that old wizard and his ward."

A menacing circle soon formed around the poor girl, whose entreaties for mercy were received with shouts of derision, and she would have been seriously maltreated had not a figure burst through the ranks of her assailants and loudly asked the meaning of their cowardly conduct.

The man who interposed in the girl's behalf was attired in the picturesque dress of a forester, though he wore no bugle or engineers to show that he was the retainer of any noble house, and the cloth of which his Lincoln green doublet was composed was of a finer character than that in which serviteurs were attired.

"Hulla, my masters," cried he, stepping between the maiden and her assailants, "what wit is this? By the bones of Jonathan the Archer, call ye yourselves Englishmen to behave in such a manner?"

A confused chorus of explanation rose from the little crowd, but the smith, who had first suggested violent measures, strode to the front.

"This is no business of thine, Hob of the Butts," growled he. "Get ye to your own business of stealing the king's deer and leave honest men to look after their own affairs.

"We will have no witches or warlocks among us, and this wench, who lives up at Cairnstone Chase with old Michael Beatherge, shall not come down here casting her spell over us and ours."

As he spoke he laid a rough, heavy hand upon the shoulder of the shrinking girl, but in a moment staggered back under the effects of a heavy blow dealt him by the man called Hob of the Butts, who, placing the girl's arm in his, drew her through the crowd, not one of which ventured to manifest any opposition.

Neither spoke a word until they had left Friars Holt some little distance behind them, and then the girl said timidly:

"I thank you, fair sir, for your kindness in rescuing me from that dreadful man. I thought I should have died with terror when he laid his hand on me."

The forester laughed merrily. "Matt Cluck and I understand each other, pretty one," said he. "But tell me, who are you? Why did they call you a witch and want to throw you into the pond?"

Tears started in the girl's eyes. "I am called Sybil Troesdee," answered she, "and I am no witch, though I live up in Cairnstone Chase with that fearful man, Michael Beatherge.

"My father, Reginald Troesdee, who believed that he could find the philosopher's stone, was his co-worker in the laboratory in the Chase and Michael Beatherge was his trusted familiar and acolyte, but my poor father died and the treacherous man Michael has taken everything. He says I am his ward, and though I am not absolutely a prisoner, yet he has forbidden me to go beyond certain limits."

Hob of the Butts stroked his chin thoughtfully. "A sad tale," said he. "But what doth he up in the lonely tower, from whence as I have passed that way at night I have seen strangely colored vapors issue and shouts of bright spirits fleet away like will-o-the-wisps in their ground of ill."

"He searches for two things—the secret of eternal youth and the waters of oblivion," replied Sybil Troesdee.

Hob of Butts looked puzzled. "I know not what you mean by the last," said he.

"It is the draft which brings superfluous," answered the maiden.

"Thou Matt Cluck owes a flask that when he quaffs the nut brown ale," returned the forester, with his merry laugh.

"I cannot see thee to," replied Sybil. "Yet, from the bottom of my heart I thank thee. I have not met a friend since I can remember."

She turned from him with a sigh and made her way slowly toward the tower, which stood like some giant sentinel watching over the bleak waste.

* * *

In a very few days Hob of the Butts again found himself in the vicinity of the tower, and with a witness which those who were acquainted with his frank and open nature would never have given him credit for, he carried on his shoulders a fat doe, which he humbly offered to Michael Beatherge as a tribute from one who, though peasant, was a devoted admirer of venison.

The cunning old man followed the handsome forester's entire in a moment, but he was not one to cast away gifts, even though by rift in his heart that Hob of the Butts had a sweet in Sybil Troesdee. He received him graciously and accepted the present.

Sybil and the forester had now many opportunities of meeting, and a strong feeling of affection sprang up between them—not unnoticed by the keen eyes of Michael.

There were times when he felt inclined to send his ward while head with disappointment.

And now began a new life for Hob of the Butts. His former active bounds and gay companions knew him not, for he became Michael Beatherge's design, a mere lower of wood and drawer of water, and yet he felt that this metamorphosis had not made equal by the opportunity of breathing his love to Sybil's ear and hearing her sly answers in response.

One day Michael's countenance was full of triumph. "I have found them!" cried he. "I have found them. I am not quite certain of eternal youth, for that will be a gradual process; but of the waters of oblivion I have no doubt. I have, however, tri upon a sure means of healing the latter and will do so on that gaffer hooked archer and see if it will make him forget Robin."

He hastened away to the keeping room of the tower with the silver goblets, each containing a small quantity of some liquid, pure and colorless as crystal.

"I will quaff yonds," said he, "while the archer shall obtain the cup of oblivion to the dregs."

Meanwhile the lovers were engaged in earnest conversation beneath a great May tree, which grew on the south side of the tower.

"Have you not made up your mind yet, dearest Sybil?" murmured the wooer in impassioned tones; "will you not exchange this dull tower and the harsh words of your guardian for the sweet retreats of the merry greenwood?

"The price of St. Willikin's chapel is ready to join our hand and my trusty comrades will give you a hearty welcome. Fly with me, then, and do not waste your young life here."

For awhile the maiden hesitated, and then with a deep blush consented to follow her lover.

"Where best thou best, gaffer?" said he, with an angry frown, "and where is that out of a lowmand fend him hither and I will hedge like up by quitaling of a cup of strong waters with Ale before he goes forth on his quest."

Michael placed the goblets at separate ends of the table and then shambled out of the room. As he did so the girl caught a malicious twinkle in his eye, which raised her suspicions, and with lightning rapidity she reversed the positions of the cups, then hastening to her lover she whispered a few words in his ear.

He nodded, and in a few seconds quaffed the cup, where the seeker after the mysteries of the occult was in waiting.

"You want some venison, I hear, Master Beatherge," said the forester. "I can lay my hands upon a fair white doe in half an hour."

"To well," answered Beatherge, rubbing his hands; "not before thou good drain this, 'twill hearten thee up."

The forester quaffed the contents of the goblet and was about to leave the room when the old man said, "Whither goest thou, Hob?"

"To the broken cross," answered the forester.

"Good. He hath forgotten all about the doe," said Michael gleefully. "The potion works already. Now for my change."

He drained off the contents of the chalice and fell stricken to death, while the forester and the maiden journeyed on to where light and happiness awaited them, for love has been ever the spring of eternal youth, while it is only death's hand that can brew the liquor which fills the cup of oblivion.—Sir Gilbert Campbell, Bart., in Boston Globe.

Trouble with the Eye.

To say nothing of the thousands of the hopelessly blind, let any one go to the many eye infirmaries of our land and witness the streams of patients constantly pouring through them, and to the offices of our numerous oculists, and see them, forenoon and afternoon, filled with sufferers patiently waiting their turn, and he will certainly come to feel the urgent need on the part of the community in general of a more intelligent and conservative use of the eyes.—Youth's Companion.

An Odd Animal.

No horned tortoise now exists, but a fossil specimen was found awhile ago on Santa Rosa island, in the southern Pacific, which had four horns on its crest and resembled a cross between a horned toad and a snapping turtle.—New York Press.

Going to California in 1849.

The ship Oxford arrived in San Francisco from Boston with sixty-four skilled mechanics, who during the voyage of 146 days had manufactured all their tools, sole and hammocks, had built a boat, had made daggers of old files and inlaid the handles with gold, and having landed on some Indian island found some pearl oyster shells had covered the handles of their knives with pearl in place of buckhorn. They had constructed a blacksmith's shop on board, and if a man broke his pocketknife there was another man who could mend it. The captain complained that they used up every kind of material they could by hook or crook, and that it was with difficulty he kept them from cutting up his ship.

Even the boys were noted for their wits. A Salem lad eighteen years of age printed on canvas in sun Francisco the words "Auctioneer House" and "Brooklyn House," and sold them as signs for twenty two dollars. Another day he carved seventeen dollars and another fifteen for doing similar trifles. He and a companion picked up the boxes that had been cast aside as useless in the city after the goods had been sold from them and got four or five dollars apiece.—George W. Sheldon in Harper's.

The Dog Went Wrong.

M. F. Minnaugh, the popular Fulton avenue merchant, wears a very smart dog.

When Mr. Minnaugh is short of apples or other items he orders the dog, Frank, a fine setter, to go to a neighbor's store and bring him what he wants, and he does.

He was bragging upon the intelligence of Frank a few days ago to a lady friend who is a very strong Prohibitionist, and said he could give Frank a note to Bill a Shoen's meat market and the dog would go and get his dinner.

The good lady doubted this, and Mr. Minnaugh wrote the note and told him where to go and for what.

The dog took the note, listening attentively to instructions, and to the disgust of Mr. Minnaugh trotted directly to Frank O'Donnell's barroom.

The good lady thinks even the dogs are being corrupted.—Asheville Democrat.

Queer Tricks of Defective Sight.

Almost any meaningless man could write an interesting chapter on the queer tricks which his eyes have played upon him. Such a chapter would include experiences like this: The other day a gentleman who is not so very short-sighted was asleep ahead to some man going along Washington street accompanied by a red coat, which was gambolling by his side. It would be impossible to describe the comical appearance to the beholder of this prancing calf on the sidewalk of Washington street. The gentleman looked on in wonder as the man and the calf drew nearer, and then he saw that the animal was merely a setter dog. Only an instant before he would have sworn that he saw the beast as plainly as he did now; but then it was a calf, and now it had undergone a sudden transformation into an Irish setter.—Boston Transcript.

The Crystal Palace.

At one period during the building of the Crystal Palace some 7,000 workmen were engaged in its erection, and some idea of its vastness may be obtained from the fact that 3,625 tons of iron were used in the framework, besides 175 tons of bolts and rivets and 135 tons of nails. Were it possible to place the panes of glass employed end to end, they would be found to extend 242 miles. For heating purposes alone there are fifty miles of piping under the floor and ten miles more of pipes carrying the water supply to the fountains. When the complete fountain system is in full go, as many as 11,768 jets are playing and throwing 120,000 gallons into the air every minute. One great display consumes 6,000,000 gallons of water.—London Tit-Bits.

Copper Came from Cyprus.

The word copper is generally admitted to be derived from Cyprus, as it was from that island that the ancient Romans first procured their supplies. In those remote days Cyprus and Rhodes were the great copper districts, and even in our own day some discoveries of copper are especially the beautiful blue and green ores—from which the metal is so much more easily obtained than from the copper pyrites and other sulphureted ores of Cornwall—are being made nearly every year in the islands of the Mediterranean.—Chambers' Journal.

Shortsightedness.

It is a disgrace to our educational institutions that half of our students being away from them myopic—shortsighted—eyes, and that, even in our grammar schools, children who have hardly reached their teens become life long slaves to spectacles, formerly regarded as the almost exclusive badge and burden of old age. And it must be remembered that short sightedness is not a mere inconvenience, but a disorder that tends toward ultimate visual disorganization.—Youth's Companion.

A Brave Effort.

Aunty—Why did you laugh when you told me your dear little dog was dead?

Little Dick (sobbingly)—So's to keep from cryin.—Good News.

According to railroad statistics Americans make an average of twenty-nine trips a year, or ten more than the average Englishman takes.

If rabbits are bad in your vicinity protect your cabbages by tying paper around the stem up to eighteen inches from the ground.

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Nursery one mile south of city limits, on State road.
MARTIN CHRISTOPFERSEN.

"German Syrup"
Martinsville, N.J., Methodist Parsonage. "My acquaintance with your remedy, Boschee's German Syrup, was made about fourteen years ago, when I contracted a Cold which resulted in a Hoarseness and a Cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a Physician, without obtaining relief—I cannot say now what medicine he prescribed—I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received such quick and permanent help from it that whenever we have had Throat or Bronchial troubles since in our family, Boschee's German Syrup has been our favorite remedy and always with favorable results. I have never hesitated to report my experience of its use to others when I have found them troubled in the manner." Rev. W. H. Haggarty, of the Newark, New Jersey, M.E. Conference, April 25, '90.
A Safe Remedy.
G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

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BACK VOLUMES
OF THE
DESERET WEEKLY.
The sixth volume of the DESERET WEEKLY in the present form is now bound. A limited number of copies of these six volumes can be obtained at the DESERET NEWS Office, Salt Lake City, in bound form at $5.00 per volume. It is the best history of current events to be obtained, and by far the cheapest, and the time is not far distant when they will be eagerly sought after by students of history, anxious to be informed of the stirring events which have transpired within the past three years—the most interesting period of the history of the Latter-day Saints. Every person who can afford it should secure these volumes while they are to be had for future reference, and especially should they be obtained for every family School, Improvement Association and Ward library. Apply early to make sure of getting them.

LEGAL NOTICE.
In the Probate Court in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.
In the matter of the estate of Mary Ann Crockett, deceased.
Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.
JAMES G. PATE AND THOMAS GREEN, administrators of the estate of Mary Ann Crockett, deceased, having filed their petition herein, praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said deceased, for the purpose of paying the debts of said estate, thus to persuade by the laws of the Territory of Utah, and the order of the court, and Probate Court in Wednesday, the 9th day of March, 1892, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at said date, at the Court House, in said Salt Lake City, at the County Court House, in the city and county of Salt Lake, Utah Territory, be and hereby is appointed for the hearing of said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and show cause why the prayer of said petitioners should not be granted, and it is ordered that notice of the pendency of said petition and the time and place of hearing thereof be given by publication in the DESERET NEWS, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.
Dated February 18, 1892.
R. W. ZANDER, Probate Judge.

LEGAL NOTICE.
In the Probate Court of the County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah.
In the matter of the Estate of Caroline E. Hodgson, deceased.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT Thomas W. Chase, one of the Executors of the estate of Caroline E. Hodgson, deceased, has rendered and presented his accounts, and filed a request, that the final account of their administration of said estate, and petition for distribution of said estate, and distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled thereto, and that Thursday, the 7th day of April, A. D. 1892, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Court room, in the Court House, Salt Lake City, Utah, be appointed for the hearing of said accounts, petition for distribution, at which time any person interested may appear and show cause, if any there be, why said accounts should not be settled and the prayer and that distribution made as prayed for.
Dated March 4th, 1892.
C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.
By CARTER BROWN, 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 Edward Sloan, Deceased.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT Annie F. Sloan, Administratrix of the estate of Edward Sloan, deceased, has rendered and presented her accounts, and filed a request, that the final account of her administration of said estate, and petition for the appointment of heirs and distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled thereto, and that Thursday, the 7th day of April, A. D. 1892, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Court room, in the Court House, Salt Lake City, Utah, be appointed for the hearing of said accounts, petition for distribution, at which time any person interested may appear and show cause, if any there be, why said accounts should not be settled and the prayer and that distribution made as prayed for.
Dated March 4th, 1892.
C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.
By CARTER BROWN, Jr., Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE OF FORFEITURE.
TO JOHN EDWARDS: YOU ARE HEREBY notified that I have expended four hundred dollars in labor and improvements upon the Dough Fork Lode, Eva Fork Lode, No. 2, Jasper Fork Lode, No. 3, Emma Fork Lode, No. 4, and Mine Hill Fork Lode, situated in Rocky Mountain Mining District, Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah, in order to hold said mines under the provisions of Section 2324 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, and notice of forfeiture thereto, approved Feb. 12, 1886, and by laws of Rocky Mountain Mining District (Article 4, Section 4), concerning the annual labor upon said claims, and your interest required to hold said claims for the year 1891. And if within ninety days after this notice by publication you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of said expenditures as co-owner, with the undersigned, your interest will become the property of the subscriber, as per the terms of the said section.
Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah, First insertion Jan. 21, last insertion March 19, 1892.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.
OFFICE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN COAL COMPANY, Dooney Mineral Rock Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT a meeting of the directors, held on March 5th, 1892, an assessment of three dollars ($3.00) per share was levied on the capital stock of the company, payable in U. S. gold coin, to the undersigned, at the office of the company, Dooney Mineral Rock Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, on or before the 25th day of April, 1892, when and where all stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the day thereof will be advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, the 10th day of May, 1892, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expense of sale.
By order of the Board of Directors.
HERMAN G. WENZEL, Secretary.
Dooney Mineral Rock Building.

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