NEAR TO NATURE'S HEART.

I'm going to night to the asylum west
That marvelous site the chaplain says,
For the wandering waits, in a fitful mood,
Are playing a march on the training room,
And the inmates five are urging each
To the gentle touch of the emulating broom.

I have plucked my cot on a sunny nook,
And studied a fire before the door,
Where the flames leap up with many a freak,
From the pitchy knots that fume and roar,
While I note my mind on a wonder trip,
And the grateful ashes upward pour.

Now come to the time in the simplest fire
When the wood sympathy your care forsaken
To bound up high in vain and wild
In a transport half as rich to share
As repaid the pains of the wee child
Of the sparrow-arrows and the kite air.

But now the evening meal is past,
And the wings of flame have flown away
From their nest of coals, now fading fast,
And drowsing deep in the ashen gray,
And to me, who alone, down Memory road,
And take in a seven, familiar way.

The whispers rose from every house,
And laughs in the beautiful soft and low,
And, down through the arched aisle of trees,
She looks on me from the stars that glow
As a mother's eye, in the dim twilight
Ere the first born babe begin to flow.

And I, as a child in the mother's arms,
Of anyone with a song and with love surrounded,
Fall by moments from the world's alarms,
Lie down in the soft embrace of rest,
While Heaven shapes her lullaby song
And mothers me to sleep on her gentle breast.

—Forest and Stream.

AN UNCLE'S SURPRISE.

An elderly man, shabbily attired, was seen walking through one of the fashionable streets of a large city one cold December day. His coat was of a coarse gray and had evidently seen hard service. The traveler walked slowly along examining carefully, as he passed, the names on the different doorplates. He finally paused before a dwelling of showy exterior, which, if we may credit the testimony of the plate upon the door, was occupied by Mr. Alexander Beaumont.

"Alexander Beaumont! Yes, that's the name," murmured the traveler to himself, as he ascended the steps and rang the doorbell.

His summons was answered by a footman, who, after a moment's scrutiny, said roughly, "Well, what do you want?"

"Is Mr. Beaumont at home?" asked the old man, without heeding the insolent rudeness.

"No; he is not."

"Then perhaps I can see his wife?"

"I think it very doubtful; but I will go and see."

The servant withdrew without asking the old man to enter, although the day was very cold, and his clothing seemed to be hardly sufficient to protect him from its inclemency.

Mrs. Beaumont was reclining on a sofa in a room handsomely furnished. The last new magazine was in her hand, and her eyes were listlessly glancing over its pages. She was interrupted in her reading by the entrance of the servant.

"Well, what now?" she inquired.

"There is a man down stairs who wants to see you, ma'am."

"Man! A gentleman, you mean?"

"No, ma'am," said Charles stoutly; "it isn't a gentleman at all, for he has got on an old gray coat, and he has not got any gloves on."

"You didn't show him into the parlor, did you?"

The man shook his head.

"You did right, and you had better tell him I'm not at home."

"Mrs. Beaumont is not at home," said Charles, reappearing at the door.

"I suppose that means she is engaged," said the old man. "I think she will see me when she learns who I am. Tell her I am her husband's uncle and my name is Henry Beaumont."

The man servant returned and delivered the message.

"Good heavens!" said the mistress, "it isn't that old fellow who strolled off years ago, nobody knows where. I did hope he never would come back again. And now I suppose he is as poor as a rat and wants help. Well, he won't get it if I can help it, but I suppose I must see him."

She descended the stairs and received the old man at the door.

"Are you Mrs. Beaumont?" he inquired.

"Yes. I am the wife of Mr. Beaumont, and I suppose from your language you are"——

"His uncle Henry! Ah me! I have been gone so many years, and it does me good to return to my kindred."

The old man's features worked convulsively as thoughts of the past rose over his mind. Mrs. Beaumont stood holding the door, as if waiting for him to depart. She did not give him any invitation to enter.

"Is your husband well?" inquired the visitor, looking in as if he expected an invitation to enter and refresh himself.

"He is. If you have any message for him you may leave it with me, and I will deliver it," said Mrs. Beaumont.

"You may tell him I have called," said the visitor in a disappointed tone, "and that I would have liked to have seen him."

"I will tell him," said the lady, as she was about to close the door.

"Hold! There is one question more. What has become of Alexander's sister Anna?"

"I don't know much about her," was the rather disdainful reply. "But I think she married a clerk or some such person. His name is Lowe, and he lives in Norton street. Is that all?"

"That is all."

The old man turned his steps toward the street indicated with many misgivings lest his second visit might be as unwelcome as the first.

"Charles," said Mrs. Beaumont as she closed the door, "if that old man comes again be sure and not forget to tell him I am not at home."

Norton street was not a fashionable street nor was the two story dwelling occupied by William Lowe either handsome or neatly. It was marked, however, by an air of neatness which indicated that its tenants were not regardless of outward appearance.

We will take the liberty of introducing the reader to a little sitting room, where Mrs. Lowe and her three children were seated. The furniture, though of a kind that would hardly be selected for a drawing room, had a comfortable, homelike appearance, which simply satisfied the desires of those who derived their happiness from a higher and less notable force than outside show. Mrs. Lowe was engaged in an employment which is dreaded in all fashionable society—that is, darning stockings.

Emma, a girl of 10, was brushing the hearth, which the ashes from the grate, in which a blazing fire was now burning, had somewhat disordered, while Mary, who was two years younger, was reading. Charley, a little cripple of 5, who had a smiling face which could not help looking roguish, was stacking the cat the wrong way, much to the disturbance of poor tabby, who had quietly settled herself down to pleasant dreams on the hearthrug.

All at once a loud knock was heard at the door.

"Emma," said the mother, "you may go to the door and see who it is, and invite the person in, for it is a cold day."

Emma immediately obeyed the mother's directions.

"Is Mrs. Lowe at home?" inquired Henry Beaumont, for it was he.

"Yes, sir," said Emma; "please walk in and you may see her."

She ushered the old man into the comfortable sitting room, where Mrs. Lowe rose to receive him.

"I believe," he said, "I'm not mistaken in thinking that your name before marriage was Anna Beaumont?"

"You are right, sir; that was my name."

"And have you no recollection of an uncle that wandered away from home and friends, and from whom no tidings have come for many a long year?"

"Yes, sir. I remember him well—my uncle Henry—and I have many times wished I could hear something from him. Can you give me any information?"

"I can—for I am he."

"You my uncle?" said Mrs. Lowe, in surprise; "then you are indeed welcome. Emma, bring your uncle the armchair, and place it close to the fire; and, Mary, bring your father's slippers, for I am sure your dear uncle must long to get off those heavy boots. And now, uncle, when you are quite rested, I must demand a recital of your adventures."

"But your brother Alexander!" interrupted Mr. Beaumont; "let me first inquire about him. He lives in town now, does he not?"

A light cloud came over Mrs. Lowe's face.

"Yes," she said, "he does live in town; yet, strange as it may appear, I seldom or never see him. He has succeeded well, and is wealthy. But ever since he married a wife with a small property and greater pride he has kept aloof from us. I do not blame him so much as his wife, who is said to have great influence over him. I have called once, but she treated me so coldly that I have not felt a disposition to renew my visit."

"I can easily believe it; for I, too, have been repulsed."

"You repulsed! Did you give your name, and inform her of your relation to her husband?"

"I did; but she did not invite me to enter, and she was evidently impatient for me to be gone. I took the hint, and here I am."

"At least, uncle," said Mrs. Lowe smilingly, "you need not be afraid of any repulse here."

"Of that I am quite sure," said the old man, looking affectionately into the face of his niece. "But you have not told me of your husband. Let me know you have made a good match," he added playfully.

"That depends on what is meant by the term. If it implies a rich husband then I failed most certainly, for William's salary is only $1,000, and that is what we have to depend upon. But for all that I care not, for a kind, affectionate husband is worth far more than a magnificent house and the most costly furniture."

"You are right," said her uncle. "There must be something which your Exalted means will not permit you to obtain, but which would be desirable, is there not?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Lowe; "I am anxious to give Emma and Mary a musical education, but William's means will not allow of such extravagance as the purchase of a piano, so that is one of the things we must be content to deny ourselves."

Mr. Lowe then entered, and being informed of the character of his visitor he extended him a hearty welcome. A comfortable repast was soon spread, of which Mr. Beaumont readily partook. His spirits rose, and he seemed to grow younger as he saw the cheerful faces around him, and felt himself at home. Soon after the evening meal he rose to depart.

"Surely you are not going," said his niece; "you must henceforth take up your abode with us."

"We will see about that, and if you don't think you will get tired of me perhaps I will come. But I have hired a lodging and must undoubtedly remain in it for a few days."

"But you will call in every day and make yourself perfectly at home, even before you come here to stay," persisted his niece.

"Be sure of that."

In accordance with his promise Mr. Beaumont made his appearance next day at 11 o'clock, and was received as cordially as before. He had hardly been in the house a few minutes when a rap was heard at the door. Mrs. Lowe beheld two men, who had just driven up in a wagon.

"Where is the piano to be put, ma'am?" they inquired.

"Piano! You have made a mistake. We have purchased no piano."

"It's all right," said a loud voice behind her.

She turned round in amazement.

"You know," continued the uncle, "that I am come to live with you, and I thought I would pay my board in advance, that is all. As you expressed a wish yesterday for a piano I thought it would be as acceptable a way as any."

"You, uncle! Why, excuse me, but I thought from—from"——

"You mean," said he, smiling, "that you thought from my appearance that I could not afford it. And I confess," said he, casting a glance at himself in the glass, "that my dress is not in the extreme of fashion; and, in fact, I was chilled to look some time when I called at the second hand clothing shop the other day before I could find these. However, as I have got all the service I wished out of them, I shall throw them aside to-morrow and appear more respectably clad."

"What! are you wealthy, uncle?"

"Depend upon it. Anna, I didn't spend ten years in the East Indies for nothing," was the reply. "I lost the mind, however, to put on the appearance of a poor man, and so test the affection and disinterestedness of my relations. One of them, however, I found not at home. I am happy to find myself at home with the other."

Let us return to the aristocratic Mrs. Beaumont, who, a few days succeeding the events here recorded, was in her drawing room receiving calls.

"By the way," said a fashionable visitor, "I am to have your relatives, the Lowes, for my next door neighbors."

"Next door neighbors!" exclaimed Mrs. Beaumont, in amazement. "What do you mean?"

"Is it possible that you have not heard of their good fortune? Mrs. Lowe's uncle has just returned from the East Indies with an immense fortune. He has taken a house in the same street with ours, and when they have moved into it he will take up his residence with them. Meanwhile he is stopping at the Clarendon hotel."

"What! Henry Beaumont?"

"The very same. But I thought you knew it."

When the visitor withdrew Mrs. Beaumont ordered her carriage and immediately drove to the hotel where her husband's uncle was stopping. She sent up her card and requested an audience.

The servant soon returned with another card, on which were traced the significant words, "Not at home."—New York World.

A Plea for Roof Gardens.

Hygiene in architecture means to have, if possible, an exposure for the morning sun, dry cellars, no dark rooms, or even dark closets, perfect ventilation and easy staircases. Rather the styles should not be cased at all. But I do not believe the story, which is often told, that in cloudy epidemics those fall easy victims who live on the sunless sides of streets, while those who inhabit the sunny side are comparatively exempt. For what is true in cholera must be comparatively true in other epidemics, which is unproven. But when we are advised to build roof gardens, no better counsel would be listened to. Almost every city house should have a roof garden. The object of such gardens is not only to grow flowers and grapes and other fruits, but to furnish summer arbors of beauty for rest and sleep.

I could show you gardens of this sort where families raise a large proportion of their vegetable luxuries, such as lettuce, tomatoes, pie plant, radishes and grapes, figs and strawberries. An abundance of flowers can also always be had. I believe we shall come around after a while to an architecture that makes as much of roofs as of the other floors. There we shall have such opportunities for pure air as nowhere else. But at present, quite unlike those who live in eastern lands, we make no use at all of the roof. It is simply our water shed.—Exchange.

One of Chicago's Relicsic Treasures.

It is asserted that Socrates was said to observe St. Valentine's day more rightly than any other feast day, excepting only Thanksgiving, upon which occasion the gift of a fine, fat, corn fed hen turkey from his pupils made that particular day a time for special joyousness.

Whenever the feast of St. Valentine came around it was the custom of the Athenian philosopher to embalm in some written gift of a fine, fat, corn fed hen turkey from his pupils made that particular day a time for special joyousness.

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DO YOU KNOW WHAT AILS YOU? You feel tired—tired you know that it means? You are nervous—Why? You cough in the morning—Do you realize the cause? Your appetite is poor—What makes it so? You seem like a changed person to your friends—Do you know what is the matter, or has the change been so gradual it has escaped your notice?

You have Consumption! We do not say this to frighten you, but it is true. These are the sure symptoms of this terrible disease. There is one thing which will check it and that is

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Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept. Wholesale Agt.

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, made on the 20th day of January, 1891, in the matter of the estate of Andrew N. Marbrier, deceased, the undersigned, executrix of the last Will and Testament of said deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for Cash, Gold Coin of the United States, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on Tuesday, the 10th day of February, 1891, at 11 o'clock M., at the residence of said executrix, No. 61 I Street, in the City and County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Andrew N. Marbrier at the time of his death and all the right, title, and interest that said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than or in addition to that of the said Andrew N. Marbrier at the time of his death, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Salt Lake City and County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:

Commencing at the Northeast corner of Lot Four (4), Block 19, Plat "D", Salt Lake City Survey, and running thence South Eight Rods (8) feet, thence West five (5) rods, thence North Eight Rods (8) feet, thence East five (5) rods to the place of beginning.

Terms and Conditions of Sale:—Cash, one per cent of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, balance on confirmation of sale by said Probate Court.

Deed at expense of purchaser.

ELIZABETH J. MARBRIER, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of Andrew N. Marbrier, Deceased.

Salt Lake City, Utah, January 20th, 1891.

A Warning To Horse-Owners.

The Split Nail in this Shoe accidentally lamed his horse from which it was removed by taken to Worcester, Mass., the owner of the nail came out to the proper place for clinching, and so detected the blacksmith who shod the horse. The horse went in the direction shown in the illustration, piercing the tender part of the horse was made lame for one week two weeks.

This is not an unusual case. The same thing happens almost every day in some one of the United States or Canada. The cause is one of the most DANGEROUS

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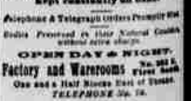

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