A MODERN ROMANCE.

Cyril St. Aubin was that rare sole, a successful bachelor host. Society beauties might be seen falling in the little pond at the end of the grounds. Poets and prize-winners gathered at his bachelor breakfasts. The cream of society met as its equal at his dinners. And so markedly as the ladies gathered together in the drawing room after dinner somebody would always say: "What a charming house! It only needs a mistress." And one of the ladies would as invariably reply: "You know he has been untrue to us on account of Mrs. Temorgie."

The world freely knew a little romance, and the hopeless devotion was the business of Cyril St. Aubin's century. He had always attended his aunts Vespers, but had been too poor to dream of proposing to Mrs. Temorgie was a case of long forbearance, and Vera's mother permitted her to linger her cousin and hoarded the little in store. The day after Vera's marriage Cyril St. Aubin became a confirmed invalid. The unexpected stroke of fortune turned him from an active into a contented, from a prude of prudes into a wanderer.

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Cyril had just sat down to breakfast. A cheerful fire burned in the old fashioned grate. There were flowers on the breakfast table, and the meal was excellently served. The place opposite him was occupied by the guest, Oliver, who was to be for a few days yet the sufferer.

"Do you mind my smoking on this hot hot?" Cyril asked.

"Is it from a woman?" asked Oliver.

"If so, I know you do also smoking."

"Then not! I wish I had it," said St. Aubin, sighing, for he saw that it was from Mrs. Temorgie.

"There something doubtful about you," the letter continued, and the blushes that mantling was somewhat like a beautiful face in pain. "John is dead. I won't believe it, though I write it. He was perfectly well yesterday. When he was well to walk his life morning, he was dead."

Looking across the table a moment afterward, Oliver saw that St. Aubin's face was flushed with a woman emotion.

"You had better take left it till after breakfast," said manager gently.

"Oh, don't, John, Oliver! John Temorgie is dead!"

"Not really? How dreadful!" exclaimed Oliver. "Look here, St. Aubin, old fellow, I shan't let you put me up any longer. You will be better by yourself for a time."

St. Aubin faintly protested, but he was glad to be alone. "I shall pack up and go to Egypt," he said. "It will be some distance for me to be out of the way."

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Twelve months afterward Cyril St. Aubin came home. He had decided to call on Mrs. Temorgie that day. All further delay was impossible. Things must be put on a proper footing at once. He could not pass any longer on the unhappy subject. Fate had given him his desire, and he had to accept it with apparent willingness.

His cousin was out in the morning room when he got to Palace square, but he sent the footman to her immediately to announce his arrival.

The heavy portiere was drawn aside, and Vera came into the room. She noticed his flower in coat, bending toward them with the eagerness look of recognition he remembered to be.

"What a sweet rose!" she said. "Where did you get it?"

"Take it," he answered, adding gently, "I may give you some—some."

She looked at him critically for a moment and said: "No, keep it where it is. I am not wearing colored flowers now."

At this the young secretary, who had entered the room, went softly away, and St. Aubin looked after him as he went.

"What a good head!" he said. "It is like a Burne-Jones. Where have I seen him before?"

"He is my husband's old secretary," she said quietly.

"His young secretary," corrected St. Aubin.

"Yes. He has been so kind and useful to us since that dreadful time. I don't know what I should have done without him. There was so much to arrange, and I was all alone at the time." She looked at St. Aubin, and he knew that she would never forgive him for having gone away.

"Vera, you blame me!" he said, holding gently disloyal, at her disapproval.

"You know it was much better I should go. It troubled all us."

She looked straight before her. "I was alone and not in the least prepared. It seems ages since I heard. He had no thought of anything ailing for me."

"Know it!"

"No, he knew that he would die suddenly. The doctor told him long ago. And how grateful he was, and so amused—and always in the shadow of death!"

Here she seemed as if the mind weight had checked herself by an effort, and Cyril heavily opposed it for for having unveiled such an unknown emotion.

"But he not good!" she said. "And we, who thought ourselves so superior—it is we who have been contemptible. He was little short of heroic."

"Yet you did not love him while he lived," said St. Aubin, jealous of hearing the dead man praised.

"I did not love him—no. That was impossible, but when it was too now to him I did not not appreciate his goodness."

"We always had like that where we have lost people," said Cyril gently. "Try to turn over your thoughts. You do not never dwell on anything gloomy. Life was meant for joy and happiness—here do not you be sure we shall meet again—and we must try to enjoy it while we can. Turn down the fire coal, please, and be gin a new life, remembered to life, and to love."

"Do what?" he said simply.

"To love," he repeated softly, half ashamed that she was making it so easy for him to speak.

"Love, Cyril! Do you mean it, or are you only trying to be kind? I would bring the same! Yet I don't think you could keep it, Cyril," with a surprising laugh.

"We were all sorry you met anything and you never would! Don't blame myself. I know you would be happy yet."

"Take no one unless I do, Cyril." "I know you will, Cyril. I have not studied you all these years for nothing. As a husband you would be finely tame."

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Later on she entered the young secretary with the Burne-Jones face.—London World.

This New Forage Plant.

There is already a great deal of talk about sorghum, or the new forage plant, as it is commonly named. In point of fact, it is not a new plant, but its valuable forage properties have for recently come to light. It is a hardy perennial plant and a valuable addition to the fodder plants during severe droughts or in the portions of the country. It is much like the old Amsweed and is a near relative of broomcorn. It grows to a height of five or more feet during a season, having leaves like sorghum, which the young shoots very closely. In fact, some call the young shoots and call them the same as they would sorghum. It is a perennial grower.

Potatoes as Food For Stock.

At the Indiana experiment station in Germany potatoes have been fed to cows, sheep and swine to test their value. The results justify the statement in advising the use of potatoes when they are very cheap and plentiful. They should be cooked for swine, and for fattening cattle they can be fed either raw or cooked when given with hay, meal and other substances. Cows in milk should be fed daily 35 pounds of washed raw potatoes. The larger potatoes should be cut. As a food they are good for young lambs and for cattle under a years of age.

The Green Cut Bone Fad.

Green cut bone is enjoying an honorably earned boom. It is being positively employed as a poultry food, being a recap as well as effective source of muscle makers for the birds. It is also fed to hogs with profit. Some farmers use it as a fertilizer, but as its feeding value is greater than its plant food value this latter is not advised. Progressive poultry men testify to the excellent results upon laying hens.

Bees and Swine.

Gardening by electricity is practiced by an extensive market gardener near Boston.

A new early tomato, originated in Vermont, is introduced under the name "New Imperial."

Wood ashes are particularly valuable for use on lawns or in the fruit garden—for strawberry and bush fruits, also for fruit trees of all kinds.

If you want good jelly, make it yourself, using framed oil and whiting.

Look out for weed seeds in your clover seed. There is no surer way to enter your fields with noxious weeds.

To kill moles soak some grains of corn, sweet corn preferred, until soft. Then split the grain and with a penknife and insert a small quantity of strychnine. Then close the split and drop two or six grains in the freshly made runs of the moles. Spring is the best season for this work, wrote an American Agriculturist correspondent.

The more progressive agricultural colleges are laying what is termed the "short course." A single term during the winter months is specially arranged for farmer boys who cannot attend a large course.

OBITUARY NOTES.

W. H. HOBBS, JR.

PARAWAN, Feb. 25, 1895.—Wm. H. Hobbs Jun., son of Mary A. and Wm. H. Hobbs, was born October 25, 1869, at Hawkhurst, Sussex, England. He emigrated to this place with his father, mother and sister in 1884, and settled in Parowan, Iron county, where he resided ever since, and where he has relatives and friends, who have his deepest regard for his honesty and the kindness he was predominant in his nature. A few years since he moved to Wilford, Fremont county, Idaho, where he before have been absolutely honest. Six more months he has been a great sufferer from a cancer upon his lower lip, which was entirely cured of and finally terminated his sojourn on earth February 15, 1895. He leaves a wife and seven children, besides numerous other relatives, to regret persons are still living and the things of this earth dwelt was a lonely blow to them, yet they comfort themselves with the assurance they have that their boy is now enjoying the reward of the faithful and enjoying the company of his father, who he has labored in vineyard in the Temple of the living God.—DORRIS-LAND.

PIONEER MONUMENT.

The Second Ward of Pleasant Grove, Utah County,

SENDS IN A LENGTHY LIST.

The Home of Three of the Pioneer Band of 1847.

CARD FROM THE FIRST PRESIDENCY

Salt Lake City, Jan. 25, 1895.

Notice is hereby given that contributions to the monument to be erected in Salt Lake City in memory of Brigham Young and the pioneers will cheerfully, and until further notice, be acknowledged through the columns of the DESERET NEWS. It is supposed that agencies for the collection of funds for this worthy purpose will be established in each ward in all the States, and that said funds, with the list of names of the contributors, will be forwarded as frequently as convenient to Heber M. Wells, secretary of the Brigham Young Memorial Association, Salt Lake City, who will see that same are properly acknowledged in the manner stated. We earnestly hope that the people will respond promptly and generously to this call so that it possible the monument may be completed, dedicated and unveiled in the public by the 6th day of next October.

WILFORD WOODRUFF,
GEORGE Q. CANNON,
JOSEPH F. SMITH,
First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The Brigham Young Memorial association acknowledges receipt of the following contributions to assist in the building of the Pioneer monument:

From Pleasant Grove, second ward, Utah Stake, per Bishop James Colledge:

James Johnson	1 00
Alfonso Fronce	25
Alfonso Francis	25
John Francis	25
John L. Walker	25
Amasiah Walker	25
Amasiah Walker	25
Ann J. Walker	25
Ann J. Walker	25
Ann J.