WHAT IS LOVE?

Love is joy and love is sorrow,
Love is calmness and turbulence,
Love is cold as old crevasses,
Yet is love forever new.

Love is deep and love is shallow,
Love is tender, love is false,
Love will weep for and praise your sorrow,
Yet in pleasure love will laugh.

Love will die upbraiding for you,
Love will kill as quick as hate,
Love will leave the wreath of the drunkard,
Yet will weep if harmed by fate.

Yes that love, we have my girl,
Yes that love not loved at all,
I love but one of womankind,
Love will pass give you a call.

—Lillie C. Bass in Alliance Traveler.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

In a suburban district of Chicago there is a building known as the "Nest of Disappointment." It is an old looking structure, of grayish brick, and was once the pretentious home of a rich man, but several years ago it was cut up into offices. Real estate men, a number of young doctors and a lawyer took rooms there, and it was not long before the shrewd observers of the neighborhood discovered that all of them were failures in their several lines. After a time it was believed that none but a disappointed man would take up his business abode in the gray brick house, and out of that belief arose the name of "Nest of Disappointment."

It is with the lawyer that this story has to deal. He was a man of about forty-five years of age. He had a thick head of hair and a short beard that grew in guards. His eyes were at that peculiar reflective kind which seemed ever to be looking after off. None knew anything about him, and doubtless none of the neighbors would ever have paid the slightest attention to him, or at least have made him the subject of their conversation, had he not arisen in court and called a prominent old justice of the peace an addled liar.

A sign above this man's door imparted to those who might be in search of information that James Dumbles was an attorney at law. The furnishings of Mr. Dumbles' office were meager, to say the least, and, as he himself once remarked, "strikingly scarce." There were a number of books on improvised shelves, but not many of them held decisions of judicatory tribunals or comments on the "rules of civil action," but were related to philosophy and these sharp, merciless probings into the breast of man.

One afternoon Mr. Dumbles sat at his desk meditating. The wind blew his chair open, but he heeded it not. The day was beautiful with the mellowness of fall. The grass in the park hard by was turning gray with age, and the German carp that had surprised and delighted the children all summer had been taken out of the fountain.

"If I could only put my thoughts on paper," the lawyer mused. "But why can't I? Other men do. The world is full of their written thoughts. Poor, miserable wretch am I. And why? Because I'm not bad enough to be happy. The creation of man was an experiment. Its perpetuation is the carrying out of a scheme of vengeance. I may be wrong in saying this, but I am not wrong in refusing to be a fool. November! There is something in the air today that makes me think. Late autumn is the patron of thought. Spring is childhood, with nursery rhymes and playful fancies, summer is manhood, warm with the argument of life. Winter is cold decay, but autumn is maturity, the reckoning of the mind, the sad house of life, the mellowly serious of life. There is a truth in a bud, there is a sermon in a fallen leaf. In the late autumn we stop and look back. What do we see? The hapless ships of error and the false sentiments of enthusiasm. And yet we taste a strange sweetness standing in the autumn lasting luck. There is a dreamy delight in the memory of a lost hope. A joy that dies in its youth is looked back upon with loving tenderness, a joy that lives its full time and then, palsied, sinks into decay of old age, is recalled with a shudder. What is philosophy? Who is a philosopher? The peasant who sees no light flashing through the darkness of a gloom-bedeviled world, or the optimist who stands in the June day sun, listening to the sweet chant of lilithe nature?"

He took up a pen and wrote his musings, and after a time appeared to be writing verse, for he began to count on the fingers of his left hand. He finished his task and read aloud his prose meditations. Then he hesitated, as though afraid to give voice to his verse. He counted on his fingers again and then read the following:

THE LAST AUTUMN.

A sighing chicken flew upon the city,
As one perhaps in horror stunned for a
The frost, disheartened, stood with branches
bare;
The faded year in death will soon be free.

The hope that came with early spring are
dead,
The promises of summer unfulfilled,
The sights of self and mankind all have fled,
Filled are the days we exactly they dreamed.

And now, when frost life shall rear its cross,
How sadly sweet we contemplate the past.
We struggled hard and fought to seize the
prize,
And as death claims catch the there what.

Just as the lawyer finished reading he heard a slight noise, and wheeling about with a start saw a young woman standing in the door. Mr. Dumbles, blushing as well as his scarred beard would permit, sprang to his feet and stammered an inquiry as to how long the young woman had been standing there.

"Ever since you began to read," she answered.

"Ah, but do you think it was quite proper, or I might say ladylike, to steal in upon me and snatch my private correspondence?"

"I confess my guilt," she said, bowing graciously and then advancing. "But the room is, I came on business, and hearing the first word of your meditations I couldn't interrupt you. I lost so one who, hearing a note of strange and yet familiar music, wishes to hear the entire tune. I beg your pardon."

"Sit down," said the lawyer, thumbing a number of books out of a chair. She sat down and Mr. Dumbles, resuming his chair, remarked:

"You don't mean to say that you agree with my pessimistic sentiments?"

"But I do mean to say it, and why shouldn't I? The world is a fraud and life is its accomplice. I haven't lived a great while, but I have lived long enough and studied profoundly enough to know that happiness, or rather that fluctuating and thoughtless condition known as happiness, is but the result of ignorance. But wretchedness we know to be real. It is not aided by sophistry; it is not bolstered by argument—it stands alone as a great truth that needs no prop."

The lawyer looked at her in astonishment. She was not handsome, but her form was graceful and her face was pleasant. She was evidently a student—indeed a certain something about her, an expression of meditative weariness proclaimed it.

"I am glad that I have met you," said the lawyer. "As a general thing I pay no attention to women. They have a habit of smiling the very stage carpentry of hypocrisy, and they pretend to be in exceeding good humor when a moment's thought should convince them that they are mistaken. Where were you educated?"

"I am not educated yet," she answered. "I was graduated at an eastern school, but I came away knowing that the system of training was wrong. My mother and I," she added, after a short silence, "have just moved into this neighborhood, and immediately upon our arrival we were confronted by the necessity of hiring a lawyer. I didn't know where to go, and while passing along here happened to see your sign."

"I am very glad you called, not on account of the business you may bring me, but because I am really glad to meet you. Shall I go to your mother's house or can the business be transacted here?"

"I should like for you to go with me if it will not be too much trouble."

"No trouble at all, I assure you."

"Really, Mr. Dumbles," she said, "I shall I believe that you are playing the gallant to perfection."

"Miss—is it miss or madam?"

"Miss."

"Well, miss, I should be just as miserable here as at your mother's house; therefore I should gain nothing by accompanying you. Are you ready to go?"

The business, trifling in its nature, was soon transacted. The lawyer and the young woman, Miss Bidemore, sat in the library.

"You think I am beautiful," she said.

"Yes," he replied, "it is a powerful search light thrown on the earth to reveal its misery. If there be a time when we should yield to the temptation to be happy, it should be when we know that our minute of death has come. Men look with dread upon death, but why should they? Suppose a man is suffering from an acute pain, should he not welcome the physician who brings relief?"

"He should," the young lady assented, "and he will if he be a sensible man. The experiment of life has been so thoroughly tried and the utter hollowness of human existence has been recorded by so many of the world's greatest thinkers that I don't see why there should remain any doubt."

"Were you ever happy?" he asked.

"During my short term of giddiness—the few years of early life were passed in a sort of happiness, but study and reflection soon convinced me of my error."

"Even my boyhood was miserable," the lawyer said. "I was born a skeptic, and therefore soon began to think for myself. I don't violently denounce the faith of the Christian, yet I do think that he accepts a wonderful story on very little evidence. If I knew, as he professes to know, I should be the happiest human being in the world, but there are no means of investigation, no possible system of proof. It is a case that would be thrown out of any court."

"I have long since ceased to trouble my mind about it," she replied. "If there be a future life—and I cannot feel that there isn't—I know that it can't possibly be worse than this; therefore, being safe, I am unconcerned. Won't you sit nearer?"

The lawyer had been to go.

"No, thank you, I must get back to the Nest of Disappointment." She looked at him inquiringly. "It's the name of the building where I go, through the pretense of doing business. The name was given to it by some fellow who had the knack of applying an apt phrase to an easy discovery."

"I hope to see you again, sir."

"You shall. In truth I can't permit one so closely allied to me to escape."

The lawyer went back to his miserable office and sat meditating wretchedly.

* * * * * *

Several days passed and one evening when he was unusually miserable he called on Miss Bidemore. She met him without a smile—surely an unconventional greeting—and conducted him to the library.

"How do you feel this evening?" she asked, when she had given him a chair.

"I have spent the day in thought and therefore arrived into the very ecstasy of wretchedness," he answered. "How do you feel?"

"Miserable."

He looked in approval and said, "You are a wonderful woman."

"No, I am simply a woman who has her eyes open."

"But," he quickly replied, "a woman who has her eyes open is the most wonderful of all women. Do you know that I could not stay away from you much longer? Yet, I am supposing, I find that I am more miserable when I am with you, and am therefore more natural. I don't think that a man could be foolenough to be happy while he is with you."

"I don't object to a reasonable compliment, Mr. Dumbles, but I do hope that you will not attempt to flatter me."

"I will not do that, Miss Bidemore. What are you reading now?"

"The Conventional Lies of Civilization," she answered.

"A charming book, because it is true," he said. "No wonder the conventionals have attempted to suppress it."

They talked until a late hour, and when he went away he felt that a possession of hope to have her his own—was necessary to his complete misery of life. He brooded over her wretchedly as he sat in the Nest of Disappointment, smoking his obnoxious pipe.

"Suppose I should ask her to marry me and she should refuse," he mused. "Ah, but suppose that make my misery complete than if she were to agree? I believe it might, and I am almost tempted to hope that she will refuse. How obviously devoid of foolish sentiment she is! I could not believe that such a woman existed. She is my other self. Ah, and if she is, why shouldn't I marry her to perfect the glass of my life? I might fail to provide for her properly, and that would be an additional misery, and consequently an advancement in true thought. Oh, the mockery, the shallowness of life!"

The next day he received a note from Miss Bidemore. "Mother and I are going to the country for a few days," she said, "and we should be greatly pleased to have you go with us."

He went. The old lady was a querulous creature, fussy with her headgear and of general disagreeableness to that at times she attempted to be cheerful. "The old woman is in her dotage," the lawyer mused, were Mrs. Bidemore's words spoken within hearing, as she sat looking through the train window, and he admitted that it was a romance. "I am afraid that she will be in our way."

They stopped at a farmhouse and were of course miserable. The old woman cackled over the charms of nature and was therefore annoying; but one afternoon, when the mother was asleep, the lawyer and the daughter went down to a lake and stood under a great tree. Miss Bidemore stood for a moment at the lake side then at the graceful shore, winding in and out. "Oh," she said, "looking at this lake a foolish woman might be tempted to exclaim that it is a beautiful dimple in the cheek of a charming landscape."

"Yes," he replied, "but you are not a foolish woman, and therefore should not—not—I was going to say, should not even make a foolish suggestion."

A strange expression came over his face. She stood looking for across the lake.

"I don't quite understand myself today, Miss Bidemore."

"Why?"

"That is what I don't know, but I feel that I have lost my long cherished wisdom."

He took her hand. She did not resist him.

"Your name is Grace, isn't it?"

"Yes. Does it make you more miserable to hold my hand?"

"I don't know—I—Grace, I am a fool. I love you."

"I have lost my sense too," she said, with an emotional whimper.

"I love you, Grace, and want you to be my wife. Let wise men go. Let us be fools. Let us blend our miseries and make one happiness. Something within me teaches me that the path of simple folly is right, and if I were the judge his case would not be thrown out of court. Kiss me, Grace."—Opie Read in Detroit News.

AN UNDUE SENSE.

In a parlor was seen recently a curious looking dark green jar covered with arabesque figures in gilt outline and holding some tall, feathery grasses. Inquiry developed that the vessel was an ordinary grocer's demijohn, usually seen encased in wicker. The cover had been removed and the decoration applied with great unique and pleasing effect.—New York Times.

Helena was first called cantaloupe from being cultivated at Cantaloupe, a village near Rome, where they had been introduced from Armenia by missionaries.

The public libraries of all Europe put together contain about 21,000,000 volumes; those of America 50,000,000.

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LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the estate of Mary A. Kelly, deceased.

Notice of hearing for the fixing of a public administrator to produce a will.

PURSUANT TO AN ORDER OF SAID court to me, undersigned, public administrator, given this Friday, the 15th day of January, 1892, in an estate of said Mary A. Kelly, deceased, the heirs and all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to be and appear before the undersigned, public administrator, in the probate court of said county, on the 15th day of February, 1892, at 10 o'clock a. m., of said day, at the probate court room, when and where all persons interested may attend and appear and object to the probate of the will of said deceased, and to the appointment of P. S. Harris as executor in said instrument, and to the granting of Letters Testamentary to said P. S. Harris, or some other person or persons qualified, when and where all persons interested may attend and appear and object to the granting of Letters of Administration to the estate of said deceased, to P. S. Harris, or some other person or persons qualified.

Witness my hand and seal of said court this 15th day of January, A. D. 1892.

C. F. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By C. E. STANSON, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of Salt Lake County, Utah Territory, made on the 21st day of February, 1891, authorizing the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Andrew Harvey, deceased, to sell the real estate of said deceased, at public sale, to the highest bidder for cash, and by virtue of said order, I will, on Saturday, the 23rd day of January, 1892, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court room in the City and County of Salt Lake, Utah Territory, sell the following described real estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said order, and the expenses of said sale, to wit:

Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40,