DARKNESS.

The world has a thousand eyes,
And they look at the light with glee;
But the world has but one poor face
With its million sins.

The world has a thousand ears,
And they hear the joy and pain,
But the world has but one poor voice
To answer love to scorn.

—New York Press.

ONE SIDE OF A TALK.

A stuffy Boston late evening closed in dark and dismal. Shuddering wind moaned in the night. The fog thickened so you could cut it, we gathered around the fire, each of us in whose home was center, for a long, quiet evening, listening to the wind and the sleet, half looking for a cozy cottage room in some town, where home folks sat comfortably outside such a blood-thirsty Dragon. Instead, we huddled together and talked about slippery sidewalks and cold and damp, we shivered shudders and our black eyes snapped with fun.

We all started up with the same quick question of what was the matter, forthwith we offered sundrys to the lightheaded or the duty to answer for the appearance in the storm and darkness from the farther side of the always rough country. But honorable himself was the man who dare anything in way of answer. "Well, now's thinks now your war! Thank you mister, I wouldn' exactly an' the deal. I'll an' a' down here an' talk, an' to save you from my sorrows, I promise to drive and to drive the time away." "That plucky duty of mine she hadn' the thunder. Dance how she'll stand it, being to your whatf in this way of the wind, while I sit. But I promise the world I'm sorry for you but what I can go home to her. Take only a couple of miles anyway."

He sleepy Mack have dried in a tangle as he talked, smoothed down from time to time by a blond, wind stuff a too for frequent with his fashions, or the chair, or his cap.

"I dunno how my man Friday'll get along while I'm gone. He's kinder sort of that bothe tomorrow's bills, an don't he ever make a mistake bothe ever good. By thunder! But if he aren't sad enough for anything to do to-day I'll tell him he'd better be gettin his mother-pie. Look ye, ye lately one, an anyone on your hand. I'd be very good. Well, he's a big fool. He his wanted all to tonight, anyway, an he ever make the old gal go wild enough if he's a mind to an don't go for an week with the mad heavy."

There was a clinch of assents to his boast, he rose and tipped low sly to the window, peeping out to catch a glimpse of his faraway home.

"Guess the gone," he said. "Wha's all right. Red, low white, first dark, blue light. Well, you know what this means, but how such an old fool, really, he don't know half the time which side his bread's buttered."

Sitting down again, he crinkled into big red, sly, sly face dropped up from the depths of his trousers pocket a letter wrapped in newspaper.

"I came near to not if I could hurry a postage stamp," he said, then suddenly laughed loud at his thoughts.

"Just as I was leaving, I didn't say a darned word how I was cooped of other supper. I put on this warm clothes, and that takes all the time he's on, an I sneak out an let the dory fly an a-row down stream the time he's a-wondering out the door on doing thinks I'll tell mother-board, ye know, and I slipped out, pulled and from the tavern, an the when a blunder I says, 'Goodby, Jim,' says I. 'I'm gone to have a talk' an my Lord he stepped in the entry and slammed the door in. Chuckling mad, he was. My Lord! guess he hasn't got over a-pouting yet. Allus says when I disappointin old fashioned, says he, 'Deuced lonesome' stay, says he. Well, I guess he'll not be in a hurry of be pout glum.

"When I get back he'll be awful glad, but he ain't agoin to let on, mind ye thinks I haven't got out half an eye, anyhow, an I can't never go to his bedside, yet I know him, sir—tactics, like a book! He'll let me kneel the old dory up single handed an think he's takin his opportunity, but, my, but, good Lord! I'm run all round him, as far as to-day goes. Why, it don't take more mind than I've got in my collar button to get 'round old Friday. Don't mean no end harm, nor I don't never really hurt him, but he is sich an old fool I like to better him some. If it blows a half a puff o' wind he's mad at the weather an calms down.

"That night it blowed so—the two weeks come next Monday—I had yer the old gal shook, an that's a fact. That, my grandma's shoes an tight as thinkers on yer head, don't work no good when the when we was to supper, an the one was asleepin an asleepin on her, and the dishes a-rattlin, I just let the table by a clip an says so sure to Jim, I says, 'Jim, we'll go to-morrow to go an down a-pouting. 'Wha'll we do?' says he. 'Go to sea,' says, 'Jim,' says I, 'makin shell fill so harmonical.' I says, as he could wasn't to mad when he knocked off.

"I was workin today. Did yer see my washin out? Washed and rinsed same day, too, my shirt. Ain't it clean? Can't I wash good? he asked brightly, standing up and throwing open his jacket, leaning his head, as if we, too, might come forward to see world and smile upon his ready shirt front.

A fine deep red mounted up in his weather beaten cheeks in pride of performance. "We get done terrible quick, we do. Know the table up longside the stove an to bed an a-bed. Dory gone, but I'm a-thinkin I'll drive her single, so Jim, Jim, when she's not agin. But don't Jim make a kick, though! My Lord! Boy he's good enough of be folds tun an sets an yes an asleep, but I don't wind he ever cross me. Why, that's the dear good, an I keep him at it, an when he's gone I just keep to bestard an be spirit.

"Yes a terrible good worker an power myself, but yer know I'm not the one. I've got a hole in the back of this sock I've got on now, an little me to wear a hole. Instead of I fix now to-day. An bottom—I couldn't go that to-day. I've got three all a-lying yonder I've got on, but I can't now 'em on. 'You lost your hole to-off,' laughs, laugh an that one deep of chest, up an down every time yer sue now, an what'll he say to me to-day Jim, he's got to go a-darnin 'em off my elbow. You be knock out half of his nose to his back. I wouldn't never, I think, to save mornings. I'll tell yer how it occurs this way: You take a piece o' cloth an yer lay a darnin underneath the display of a red pocket handkerchief and the shedding of blood.—London Globe.

A Fortunate Occasion.

"When I came to this country," said a merchant recently, "I was a lad fresh from old Ireland. My first home was with friends in Cambridge. In one of my walks, before I had been now a week, I came across a page, old fashioned house that interested me immediately. I described it to my friends, and learned that it was the home of the poet Longfellow. That increased my interest.

"The next day I went again to the same house and stood gazingly looking at it and at an old gentleman sitting in the yard. I stated so long that the old gentleman noticed it, and coming to the fence asked me what I was looking at. I told him that I wanted to see the man who lived in that house. I said I had heard of him in the islands of Ireland.

"The old gentleman asked me what I knew about Longfellow's writings, and I told him I knew enough about any poem to repeat every word of it.

"When he heard that he asked me to come into the house and recite the poem to him. I went in and repeated 'The Village Blacksmith' without making a mistake. That pleased my listener, and pulling out his billfold he gave me to with with Niles. He said that I should have celebrating that many people had asked for and tried in vain to get.

"He stopped under a big tree and said: 'This is the tree under which that people have worked so well.' The village smithy was under this tree.

"When the aged man marched up and with his own hand broke off a branch of that famous tree and gave it to me."—Boston Herald.

Cups Used by Ten Thousand.

The things used by ten millions in tasting tea are made especially for the purpose of the finest French china, and have no handles or corners. The tens are carefully weighed out and placed in the cups, when boiling water is poured on them. Ten thirsty mortalities drink from cups from the other than the taste of tea and some of the most expert dealers can tell the difference. Only ten cups serving thirsty.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Benefit of the Doubt.

Mrs. Gadabout—What made you say that Mrs. Youngwife's baby was pretty and resembled its grandmother? You never saw her and the baby in bonnets.

Mrs. Heedlytongue—I dare say my that it looked like its father or mother, so I gave its grandmother the benefit of the doubt.—Westfield (N. J.) Leader.

Sight and Smell in a Cat.

A few simple experiments with a cat will convince any one that she cannot distinguish a hand with empty fingers held forward her from one containing any of the nine or ten edibles. A bell makes no distinction between the display of a red pocket handkerchief and the shedding of blood.—London Globe.

BALDNESS HEREDITARY.

To Sons of Baldheads—Read a Learned Physician on the Subject.

"Albert Edward, man," said a baldheaded man who endeavored to know an about diseases and the treatment, "they are a family that go bald. My father, and my uncle, Jack, bald, every hair of hands that are not curly. And why are men so commonly bald and women bald so seldom only? There are two reasons and one of them is that bald is that fact to strengthen they will become thick but never of baldness. They about to believe, and to give to God belief, that the Bible all bald and hard but for the coverings of the baldheaded men, the sun running parcels of wind, blowing over the blood vessels within, would be the rule bulbs, and close destroyed their vital properties, the result being death of men, or to and blindness, or insanity, or other calamities. Women are the exceptions to the rule, and hence the effect of God only by curly locks, and thus we cause universality bald.

"Men bald are men bald, and don't forget. Every body knows that men are to the head of the family, has to be the head and stay there in the capacity of the breadwinner. The strain of life constantly wears on the brain in the head, and baldness is the result. It is the sun's rays and battles against the elements, pounding of wind, blowing over the head, in general. What makes them prematurely old? Just these attacks and struggles. If you are worried and hurried, you are bald, which is a natural compensation of nature's act. Women are less brain strain. Her occupation with the man in his struggle more in good, and healthy act, but they do have to bear the burden of the children, that tell so severely on the system of the man.

"I remember for much baldness among men in the theory of nervous exhaustion, but then what will explain Bryant and Longfellow and Whittier? Men do not explain them either to indulge in business careless or indulge business disappointments. Then we are the very good men about town, but yet in business as in business, with no baldness. Look at Longfellow, you as bald as his grandfather was at seventy. We are the pampered child of fortune, look at a self-made fellow, who has not another dollar to spare, yet Elijah, whom the ravens fed, and Longfellow, who the lion bears came and of the wilderness and fined upon them, are not worried in less hair than one of them. Some might explain this by the changing climate of Longfellow's time, but Bryant, who spent his latter years of life bald, who are models of energy, prosperity and simple living, and yet they are as bald as cobblestones.

"Possibly it is finally explanation that can be found in the fact that nervous exhaustion of the hair is early life, although Prince Bates, a English scientific person who has made investigations on the subject, is specially for years, and yet believes it is a nervous disorder, cause of baldness is no more discovery than it was a hundred years ago.

"But whether I am right or wrong in my theories I have tried to tell you and that is when a man is more bald he is always more bald, unless his hair has fallen out from the effects of fever. In that case it will generally return in time if its roots are left. But a head that has gradually lost its hair while the owner of it is good, healthy and vigorous, has lost its power. It is exactly as the rye suppose there would be so many bald-headed doctors and lawyers."—New York Sun.

How an Elephant Eats.

An elephant's digestive functions are very rapid, and the animal therefore requires daily a large amount of food—sometimes at least. In its wild state the elephant feeds heartily, but when fully. It is careful to select the tender green twigs which it likes for such food of a large, and it will, then, leave branches and leaves left of them untouched. It will strip off the bark from other trees and throw away a large portion.

As it is a natural animal, it shows its tastes by the variety of food it will eat. It also of small is so delicate that a wild elephant can scent an enemy at a distance of 1,000 yards, and the nerves of its trunk are so sensitive that the smallest substance can be discovered and picked up by its tiny prehensile.

An elephant's palate is very delicate, and the animal is whimsical in selecting its regaling morsels of food.—Cassell's Cyclopedia.

The Law in Artificial Lights.

It is stated that in candle light, large light or gaslight the stars appear than to an eye. In other words, if they could be so obtained as not to draw anything away, they would give nearly 100 times as much light as they do now. Even the electric light is exactly water.—Washington Star.

"August Flower"

What Is It For? This is the query perpetually on your little boy's lips. And he is no worse than the bigger, older, fuller-headed boys. Life is an interrogation point. "What is it for?" we continually cry from the cradle to the grave. So with this little introductory sermon we turn and ask: "What is AUGUST FLOWER for?" As easily answered as asked: It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver. Nothing more than this; but this beinful. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it well. We have reasons for knowing it. Twenty years ago it started in a small country town. To-day it has an honored place in every city and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country and sells every where. Why is this? The reason is as simple as a child's thought. It is honest, does one thing, and does it right along—it cures Dyspepsia.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Mfr'r, Woodbury, N.J.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Patrick Lynch, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT by an order of this Court, made on the 18th day of April, A. D. 1892, the undersigned, administrator of the estate of said deceased, was authorized and empowered to sell the interest of said deceased in the following described real estate, 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,