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Salt Lake City, Utah, May 31, 1892.

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These mines are in Marysvale, Piute County, 50 miles from railroad and 250 miles from ore market; but for this difficulty they would now pay dividends. The treatment of the ore at the mines will, by saving transportation, put the property on a good paying basis. Mr. R. C. Chambers and associates are now working profitably a mine but a few rods distant with the same quality and kind of ore.

It is so light to work up to 60 tons a day, and it is confidently believed that this improvement will make the stock worth $1 within a year. The first block of 20,000 shares is offered at 25 cents per share.

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SONG.

O God the giver that sustained
And bore the lion's mouth
And to the desert wilderness
Sent the fed manna down

Raise and exalt the person,
Up, all the ends can see,
Cast a smile little more pleasant
To know we are free indeed

Make prove true forever,
Can that increase thy Glory
Yes! Say, God will never
Be Slave to man

And if we turn sinners,
Why should the wrong heart grieve
Why will it then grieve her,
And we are free indeed.

—Hymn Sung in New York Jail.

A WHOLE MAN.

A sensitive man has no business on the desert. He will not panel anywhere. If he takes offence at rough language, Lord help him when he gets into a mining camp. If he wear his heart upon his sleeve, let him steer clear of the Mexican towns and their pretty senoritas. If he would know any peace, let him keep away from the cattle range, for the cowboys' jests are spoken and taken as the spurs are in their heels.

Frank Robbins was beginning to feel sensitive of these things. But if you give him a whole domain he would get his thorn all out.

"What the hey wants is tenderfeet," said Mart Selby.

Mart was big and tough, and he saw no good reason why anybody but a child or a woman should be tender.

"He is a young cuss that writes a Norman for Jesus," Selby mused, and then to an extent enough the matter."

At Lovin's ranch the boys joked and teased Robbins, but it did not seem to irritate him. They could notice that already that delicate scratch in it was healed, and when he put water in his cup could him a perfect lady and looked lonelily.

"Good fellows, Jimbo," said Mart to Robbins, "and you'll get along better. They'll always make it hot for a man that don't jerk back."

"Oh, I don't mind it," said Robbins, lolly overcoming his effort to look unconcerned.

It had been the same everywhere he had been in the west. He was one of those men who are never anything but tenderfeet. He simply would not blow men as he found them, though they were perfectly willing to take him up. And the absurd jokes that had lodged in his head! Cited among them were that he must have a friend—a chum—who should be a man after his own heart. He had been looking for such a man for two years. He picked him out occasionally, but he never found him to stick. The one was not truthful, the one was not temperate and the other was not sane in his speech. There was something lacking in each case.

"What I want is a whole man," he sighed. "I never could take up with those half made fellows. But it is so easy. Even when I find a man that is temperate and intelligent, he turns out to be selfish. What would I not give for a whole man for a friend and companion—a whole man!"

He would not take up with Mart Selby, though Mart saw "the young fellow" needed a friend and helper, particularly one who would toughen him. He kept on looking for his made-to-order man, but he never seemed to let upon him. Few such men are to be looking for are to be found within a thousand miles of Lovin's. In fact, at Lovin's you could be at a loss to discover a single man who did not like to take observations at Old Ashby's clock and paper rolling through the bottom of a whisky glass, and if you heard a voice I will give you my word of honor it was no charmer.

One day the boys outdid all their little nonsense to Robbins by getting him hoppled on alcohol. Of course it was no killing matter, but he had never been drunk before, and he took it very seriously and resolved to leave camp next day.

Mart did not like this. His heart had warmed toward "the young fellow," and he hated to see him leave the place. Finally he resolved to go with him.

They agreed between them that they would not go on the range again. They would go prospecting for gold.

And this it was that they came to make the journey over the desert to Dead Horse gulch. Now, as everybody in that country knows, the wealth of Dead Horse gulch is great, but it is very hard to reach. Miners, who have lived on the awful heat of the alkali plain that lies all around the latter wherein the gulch makes its path, have come back with full belts, but none of them has ever gone a second time.

In suggesting this journey Mart Selby had a double object. First, he wanted to toughen "the young fellow," and next, he wished to reach Dead Horse. Mart knew that Robbins had come out west to make enough money to marry a nice girl who lived in Delaware, and he knew, too, that "the young fellow" had found money holding very slow work.

From Lovin's to the great alkali plain that lay before the trailers in quest of gold was hidden was a long and tedious journey. But the real work only began with the crossing of the alkali desert.

Robbins and Selby had gone that land before their asking eyes. The eye of heaven came down with most unrelenting fierceness. No breath of air stirred and the whole world was to them as dumb as death.

Mart had counted on the journey being a hard one, but not as hard as this. He had not dreamed that the water would give out so soon, nor that the horses would sink down and die as they did.

Still they staggered on, their forms, half under their heavy burdens, stumbling and creeping the white alkali earth, on which their clearly defined shadows fell with inky blackness.

In the direction, mechanically, whenever turned up at sought, for they to avoid or, and between the burros, and yet they seemed to grow no nearer.

It was towards evening that they reached a rocky ridge in the west of alkali, and there, after a very hot wind of hot dust, they came upon a spacious cavern of clear, cold water, down from marble fountains in crystal pillars. The young man was the first to awake. The sun was beginning to shine his low motion over the mountains. Robbins lifted his head to rub his eyes.

"Brace up!"

Then a tongue of flame darted toward him and struck him on the palm of the hand.

"My God," he groaned, "it's a rattlesnake, and he's bitten me!"

He came where I found him a hardened reform and to these requests I was dead earlier.

Robbins was in his blanket and dazed at first mentally. As he was shaken out he saw a rattlesnake coiling one in the hand and another in the left. Would gave the snake fled to get the two blind snakes, and he was in a state.

The cattle quivered on every side. The rattlesnake darted to a stone and seized upon it, and there it stood gazing at the cattle.

"Hold still," dropped Mart. "Let me have at your dog."

He pointed to his hound.

"Thank God, it's not in the hole!"

He called his hound and quickly had hound and a rattlesnake dangling.

"There, boy, you've earned your bit of food for free, and I'm sick and sorrow your sins."

He pulled the dog and held it out into the sun.

"Now, for whisky," he groaned.

"No," said Robbins, "let me see the poison on your wound."

Mart held still a minute with the boys.

"Now, the whisky—quick!" cried Robbins.

But Selby did not look for the bringing forth of the flask with any light of hope in his eyes.

"It is yours," he said quietly. "There is only enough for one, and hardly that."

"Then it is yours, Mart."

"No—yours."

"But you are the worse bitten. Your face is already beginning to swell. Drink it."

"There was anguish in the tone, as there was humour in the words, but it was perfection of the weakly sort. He held out the bottle at arm's length, while he turned his face away.

"No, by Gad! He yours, too!" came in fierce and more commanding tone from Mart Selby. "You have a mother and a sweetheart back in the states. And I—I have nobody. There was some one, too, but there isn't nobody now—nobody at all."

In the face of this fearful temptation Robbins felt himself weakening. He grew less strong of resolution with each tick of the watch in his pocket, heard no plainly in the desert stillness. What a coward he felt himself! Ah—how sweet was life!

Was there not help to be had from some other source? He could not take the drinking of this liquid was the drinking of Selby's life, and that life meant more to him now. Here was the whole man!

He eye swept the hopeless plain. He looked for the "chief" of a traveller, but he saw none. The heat of the day was growing. He thought he felt the poison poising through his veins.

"No-no," he said, sinking down upon the sand. And there was a pitiable weakness in his tone.

Selby took the bottle from his hand. As he did so a shade of fear came to Robbins' face. Selby saw it and smiled. The swollen face made the smile grotesque. Robbins felt as he was the smile of a god. He came forward and knelt beside the crouching form of Robbins, with lying on his face, with his eyes shut, begged him not to think of him, but of himself. But the face was growing weaker.

The other said no word, but lifting his friend's head he unscrewed the bottle and held it to his lips. A look of remorse came to Robbins' face, and he raised his hand to push away the bottle. But then he glanced upward. A buzzard was circling about in the clear, blue air. He shivered, and as the neck of the bottle was forced between his teeth and Selby was holding back his head, how could he help swallowing? The look of remorse faded slowly away as the liquor gurgled from the bottle. Soon it was all drained. The boy's head sank to the ground and a heavy sleep fell full upon him.

When he awoke there by his side the body of a man with a pistol bullet in his head.—Frank R. Millard in Argonaut.

A Lucky Fellow.

Mrs. Jinks—What do you think? A third share at Mrs. Bingle's while she was away for her trips, and the lucky fellow is a lad of years which she was wanting.

Mr. Jinks—Well, well! Bingle is a lucky fellow, isn't he?

Mrs. Jinks—I should say he was.

Mr. Jinks—Yes, indeed. He has a wife who darns stockings.

Rules for English Judges.

Some of the rules proposed by an English judge for adoption by the council of judges are: "That judges shall commence business at the time specified for the sitting of the court, or at least not more than fifteen minutes after such time; that a judge of the court of appeals shall not interrupt counsel more than six times in the space of five minutes, that judges not more than three times in the same space of time; that judges when they adjourn in the middle of the day for a quarter of an hour shall return to court at the end of a quarter of an hour, or at least not more than half an hour after that time. The judges shall not sleep when on the bench for more than half an hour in the course of the day, and when two judges are sitting together they shall not both sleep at the same time."—Green Bag.

Better Endowed.

A counsel sitting behind a young lady at her first dinner party. Naturally she was somewhat nervous at first, but the attentiveness of the young man soon put her at her ease, and she was quite at ease. She doubtless was better served, and the entrees enhanced with, were passing pretty little pink pounded cutlets, to be eaten with the fish course. A plate of these was held before the young lady, the latter shaking her head and said, "I don't care for any." The waiter was nervously anxious, when the man, as she thought, in order to the fastidiously of the place. He was fond of chaste lady. "Yes, I will, too," she said, speaking now for the waiter, "there is only enough for one." "Yes, I'm a gentleman," said the waiter, as she took the plate, "but I'm not enough."—Philadelphia Dispatch.

How a Bit of Rose Started.

A Scarborough telegraph in opening his newspaper the other day found therein an utterly unforeseen statement to the effect that his concert had presented him with triplets. He immediately caused inquiry to be made as to the source of this astonishing story, and he found it was not following. His married daughter and her children had arrived at his house on a visit, the event had been described by one neighbor to another as an addition of three to the minister's family, by the natural law of evolution that was transformed into a case of triplets, and a local correspondent getting hold of the story sent it in that form to the newspapers.—London News.

A Cool Hand, He.

Remarkable for his self possession, even in the most trying moments of battle, was the late and now aged Marshal McMahon. One day he was dictating a letter to his secretary in the midst of an action when a shell from the enemy's camp fell directly upon his tent and exploded within a few feet. Pale with fright the secretary sprang up, leaving his letter.

"What's the matter," asked the marshal.

"The shell," gasped the frightened subordinate.

"And what has the shell to do with the letter you are writing? Go on with your work, sir."—Exchange.

Where Cripples Abound.

In a little town of Connecticut nearly every person one meets is a cripple. Men without arms or legs, or with half, women without legs, meet you at every turn, until a visitor begins to feel as if visiting the grounds of some great hospital after a recent battle. The secret of this strange condition of the population is that attached more by one great powder mills in the world, and all the cripples have been maimed or crippled.—Exchange.

"August Flower"

Mr. Lorenzo F. Sleeper is very well known to the citizens of Appleton, Me., and neighborhood. He says: "Eight years ago I was taken sick, and suffered as no one but a dyspeptic can. I then began taking August Flower. At that time I was a great sufferer. Everything I ate distressed me so that I had to throw it up. Then in a few moments that horrid distress would come on and I would have to sit and suffer again. I took a little of your medicine, and it struck better, and after taking a little more August Flower my dyspepsia disappeared, and since that time I have never had the first sign of it. I can eat anything without the least fear of distress. I wish all that are afflicted with that terrible disease or the troubles caused by it would try August Flower, as I am satisfied little is no medicine equal to it."

For that	"to eat and suffer
Horrid	"again. I took a
Stomach	"little of your med-
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