WAITING.

When I am at hands and well,
Let me be with good cheer to dwell,
Let me be with good cheer to dwell,
For so we are shall come to me.

Love me then, I make delicate,
Be your gentle right hand
Shall give to me the right hand
And what is right shall know my face.

Long years, by love or fear,
The middle I seek and seek my way,
The middle I seek and seek my way,
Yet always come my face astray,
For change the use of distance.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy for coming years,
My heart shall yet be light again,
And I may see the Pole of more.

For waters from rock cool, and flame
The rock that springs in yonder
Shall
Be then for good with equal love
Care the end of your delights.

For flowers cold blooming in the wind
Bloom beneath the snow
Are sweet, why that be so valuable
For the sweet sake of flowers?

The days come slightly to the sky,
The night is near to the end,
Come, oh come, and dance, and sign,
Can but my soul with you be free.
—Ada Benedict in Boston Globe.

ROBINSON'S GHOST.

"But I don't take any stock in yarns in club and fire politically abused for not one or two are" — a party of three men a doctor and a journalist — "who are suffers on our common sense, to low ish stuff seriously. Malicious ness for the chosen so strong a light on the fashion that they ought to be recommended everywhere for just what they are—nothing more than the result of mere disorder. What do you say, Jenny, to this? Believe in ghosts, do you? Well, the doctor, come in!" The newspaperman only threw away the end of his cigar as if it were the office he was heating instead of the fire, who had just been spinning a yarn of a supernatural kind. "I believe in ghosts! Well, really, I don't know. But your speaking of the women reminds me I once saw a remarkable experience with a lady." Robinson resumed, for the lady had his pipe slowly and held it up to light with an air of reminiscence attention. Affects short pause he went on, answer to our inquiring looks:

"I was in the city, and I had left my office here and taken young man into partnership. One hot day I received a telegram calling me at once to B——, a little town on Long Island, to drive up a will among men had been dying of one foot. Johnson was out of town, so I at a loss to the matter myself.

"I glance at the time table discovered that I should have to stay in B—— all night, and, as I had been hoping control to use that it might be worth while to take my camera along—Johnson and I were both clerks ready to do days—to my business night and morning long, and I should probably an hour or two to spare. I had only time to catch my train, so I hurried out the camera from my desk and rolled off. But as I expected, I was kept at the will and started home in at some views of the steep old house. Mr B—— is a rather commonplace village, and I saw nothing I thought worth capping my camera at till I had reached the outskirts of the town, where I found a picturesque old mansion that caught my fancy.

"It was a quaint, rambling old house, gabled and overgrown with vines, it seemed to be deserted—in fact, almost 12. It stood in some distance back from the road, and as there appeared to be no one living there I went into its yard, which was an unmeasured tangle of weeds and tall grass, to get a better view of the building. I was just about to take a picture of the place when an old man appeared in the doorway. He was very feeble, but a rather fine looking old boy. I at once began to apologize for trespassing on his premises, but he stopped me and told me to take as many pictures as I wished. He turned to go in the man in charge of the place.

"I took advantage of the opportunity to get a good view of the house. Back of it was a large wooding stairway at the back with a landing place half way up, upon which there opened a beautiful oval window, a perfect piece of Gothic work, I was good and I snapped my camera at the old stairway and window. I took another view of the house and grounds, and had barely time left to catch my train. As I left, I said:

"'Pretty fine time after my return I was my boy, as Johnson was away and all to work fell on me, so it was at least a month before I got the negatives of my pictures of the house. But I remembered all the incidents well, and was very pleased to find my views as good as they were, but you may imagine my astonishment when I looked at the negatives of the first pictures and saw in it the figure of a beautiful young girl standing in the landing place of the stairway.

"The whole negative was excellent, the girl's picture was especially clear and well marked. How on earth did we get there? I had certainly never seen her before, and I was absolutely certain that there had been no girl on the stairway when I took the picture.

"But there the stranger was standing, as if she had paused a moment in her way down stairs, with one arm slightly raised and leaning forward a trifle, as if looking at some one in the hall below. It was utterly inexplicable to me. I had never seen that face, and the gardener had told me that the house was not inhabited. I do not believe that there could have been such a girl in B—— but there she was. As far as one could judge from so small a photograph, it was a face of rare beauty. I was completely mystified.

"The lady would have it I was obliged to go to B—— again the next day, and I took my negatives with me, promising to look for the mysterious beauty if I found her. I had a strange fascination for me, and I determined to find the girl whose picture I had taken, if it was possible, unless if I could, really do so.

"I hurried through my business and rushed off to seek my friend the gardener. I found him and at once showed him my precious negatives. The moment he saw it he dropped into a seat on the bench beside him as if he had been shot, trembling like a frightened animal and with a look of terror in his eyes. In a hoarse whisper—so he found his breath and gasped:

"'Good God, it's Miss Annie!'

"You may imagine my surprise. The old man looked at me and at the picture with a wild stare, as if I had raised up of some comely relation with the dead.

"'But after awhile he calmed down a little, and a good old man from a distance I happened to have in my pocket seemed to have a good effect and he told me that I was not so long in disgrace, and after awhile I succeeded in getting the following explanation from him, which I will condense for you not trying to reproduce his words and his broken accent.

"'During the war of the rebellion, Mr. B—— lived in this house with his wife and an only daughter, Miss Annie, a beautiful girl, who was about twenty years old at the time of which I am speaking. She was the idol of the family and beloved by all who knew her. She was to have been married to John B—— a fine young fellow who lived near by, but when he came to call for volunteers was ready for least work off to the war. He was almost overcome with anxiety for him, for her heart had gone with him. One day soon after one of the early battles I forget which one—my friend the gardener came up to the house with a telegram. He found Miss Annie coming down the stairway and gave her the message. She stopped on the landing, opened the envelope and read the telegram.

"'She stood perfectly still for an instant as if she could not realize it and then—the gardener was just in time to save her from falling, as she fainted. The telegram announced the death of Lieutenant John B—— killed on the battlefield. Miss Annie never recovered from the shock, and she died insane in a few months. Her mother was followed her, and Mr. B—— left the house, a lonely, broken-hearted man, and never has returned. The place has never been rented because it is said that the permanent girl's open hands the house, and especially the stairway, where she heard the news of her lover's death. I had pretty good for ghost.

"'Now that I know the story of the girl that picture took a stronger hold on me than before and the mystery was only intensified. I could not get rid of that face. It haunted me to see only look the poor girl's ghost was around the stairway, and I could not shake off the fascination. In short, I had fallen in love with a ghost, and I carried that face home with me.

"'Well, I had a terrible nervous feeling, but calling myself an ass did not help me to forget the face. And then the people of it all, the problem it suggested. Could it be that the camera was able to open a world we did not see? Was its searching vision other enough to pierce the veil of a spirit land and assure us of the reality of a future? And if so, how was it to be explained? Had the number before the Society for Psychical Research, but they only talked a long time about it without suggesting much, and for all I know they're at it yet. But I never could shake off the spell of that phantom face.'

Robinson paused a moment, lost in a far away dream. Then, the dispute at length arouse him with a short "Well?" Robinson lit a fresh cigar and continued:

"'For a week after my return that picture, the mystery and the beautiful face had such an effect on me that it almost unfitted me for work, and I was heartily glad when Johnson came back. I told the whole thing to him and then showed him my strange picture. He was much interested in the story, but when he saw the picture I caught a wicked twinkle in his eye. After a moment he directed off immediately.

"'Well, Robinson, I'm off. The old man seemed to see a resemblance. But, Robinson, you might as well return to my camera—you certainly took some instead of your own that day. Your photo is a most beautiful beauty in my sister Kate. You took your picture in the plain I had already took. Kate's photo seems to be so remarkably with. The joke is on you, old man.'

"Johnson introduced me to his sister the same day. She's Mrs. Robinson now."—H. L. Pangborn in Journalist.

The Poet and the Fishmongers.

I was in Grimsby not long ago, and went into one of the few fishmongers' shops in that capital of fishmongers and grow. The worthy shopkeeper was in a talkative mood, and among other things told me that he was under orders to send a small hamper of fish daily to Lord Tennyson. In support of this statement he produced a letter from the poet laureate's residence, and in handing it to me he said: "It's not from the lord himself. It's from his son, Master Allfred, who writes behind the poetry note. An, I'm asked confidentially, 'they do say as you won't a patch on the old man's.' I thought the worthy fishmonger's idea that as a matter of course Lord Tennyson, on his father's accession to other duties, would take over the poetry business, just as in due time his own son would succeed him in the fishmongering line, sufficiently amusing to be chronicled.—Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.

Five Living Grandfathers.

A little Cerdon girl a short time ago had five grandfathers living on her mother's side of the family. Mamo only four. Strange that good illustrations of remarkable families.—Bangor Commercial.

A Frightful Panic.

During a late circus and menagerie exhibition in Kentucky there suddenly came a violent storm of wind and rain which threatened to interfere with the performances. At first there was but little excitement among the spectators, but finally the stakes of the outer canvas gave way, then the immense center pole of the large one commenced to sway and groan and the others to flap and give way, the floor commenced to groan and roar, the elephant to bring his large proboscis and the horses to snort and scream, the lions shrieked, the monkeys were indescribable and the excitement terrific. Everybody rushed pell-mell for the entrance, gentlemen and ladies in a confused mass calling alternately for their wraps and friends.

Of course in the top seats some jumped to the bottom, some fell through, some were caught and suspended while falling and a great many cut their way through the canvas. At this juncture the elephant broke out among the people and created a perfect panic of terror. The lions was falling in terrible, the lightning flashed and the thunder crashed. Men in their frightful terror jumped into wagons, over fences, whilst to and fro. Many of the fellow fainted and fell, but fortunately none were killed or scared to death. After the storm had abated the good people were congratulated, but none was found to be seriously injured.—New York Ledger.

Danger on Every Hand.

An electric light wire caused a fire in a Pittsburg—one the other day. It was very simple. The insulation coming was worn off, and the wire rubbed hard into a flame among the stuff in a show window. The incident is one of a year ago, but we do not have to go far to find instances of the whole building being set afire in place in Chicago, where no one was injured, instead of in the dime. As it was, the fire department responded promptly, and the store was saved, with comparatively slight damage. But the danger to life and property from the general use of electricity for illuminating purposes is growing from year to year.

In so many homes the gas-pipe or white incandescent light has taken the place of the yellow, flaring gas, that the poor folks have taken to growing circumstances from year to year. The natural gas fires they are liable to spring up in the night and set fire to the house is one source of danger and the electric light wire is another. Then there are the gas, crude electric and other perils to life and altogether the Pittsburg fire-fighter is in the midst of dangers that require all his ingenuity to meet.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

The Books of 1891.

The last number of The Publishers' Circular gives the usual analytic table of books published in England during 1891. The grand total is 5,506, made up of 4,670 new books and 1,217 new editions. These figures show a slight decrease on those of the previous year, a larger decrease on those of 1889, and a very considerable decrease when compared with the great total of 1888, which was 6,308. There has been no material variation of recent years in the proportion of the several classes, except that novels are still growing steadily. Since 1884 the total number of novels and children's stories is a year has increased from 1,000 to 1,418, or more than two-fold, and translations (including pamphlets) has increased from 256 to 731, again more than two-fold.

On the other hand, arts, science and illustrated works have decreased from 479 to only 316, or less than one-fourth, and theology has decreased from 475 to 347. The annual output of poetry seems to remain stationary, at about 500. The volumes, while the new edition of old poetry, which comes into competition with contemporary verse, also remains pretty constant between 40 and 50 volumes.—London Academy.

A Railway to the Source of the Amazon.

The government of Bolivia has granted to Fernando Cordova, an Argentine engineer, an imperial concession for the construction of a railway from Oruro, Bolivia, to the head of navigation on the Amazon river, in the heart of the rubber region of Bolivia. The construction of this road will connect the mineral regions of Bolivia with the Atlantic, and thus give cheap transportation to Europe.

The concession of Bolivia has guaranteed Senor Cordova 5 per cent interest annually for twenty years on the capital invested, he gives him 5,000 miles on each side of the proposed line from which to take materials for construction purposes, and in addition he is granted his six square leagues of land to be selected at intervals from the territory adjacent to the road.—London Engineer.

No Place to Live.

There has been some growing business in Oregon we have had twenty-six robberies during the past month. People who feel inclined to present this should go east to Japan and "settle" at Gifu, where during thirty days lately there have had 1,737 earthquake shocks. The last one was half hour and a few seconds long. Most people will agree that Gifu's very shocking place of abode, and must have a very distasteful effect on the thriving industry, as under such circumstances it would be impossible for capital to come.

It is impossible to settle cellar there with either toddies or egg shells, and the grounds have to be held down by hydraulic pressure. When one cask of lemonade and is gripe on one hand and repeated earthquakes on the other, he can thank his stars that he lives in Oregon, where the early and the later rains fall copiously and the clouds drop their garnered treasures down immediately, and where crops never fail.—Portland Oregonian.

Queer Place for a Marriage Ceremony.

Mary Stewart and W. B. Whitney called at the residence of Magistrate Rosenfield Friday night. They were very anxious to be married, and that, too, in a hurry. It was nearly midnight, and the magistrate was in bed. They said they wanted to catch a train that left in an hour, but it would take some time to dress, and the magistrate lit upon a novel plan. The couple were invited to his bedroom, the necessary parties were drawn up, and while lying on his couch the marriage ceremony was performed.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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SALT LAKE NURSERY.

HAVING RECEIVED GOOD PROPERTIES of the Salt Lake Nursery, I am now prepared to furnish Fruit, Shade and Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, of best quality and at lower prices.

Nursery one mile south of city limits, on State Road.

MARTIN CHRISTOPHERSEN.

"August Flower"

For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said stomach was about worn out, and that I would have to cease taking solid food for a time at least. I was so weak that I could not work. Finally on the recommendation of a friend who had tried it with beneficial results, I procured a bottle of August Flower, and commenced using it. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained in strength and flesh rapidly; my appetite became good, and I enjoyed the best meal from what I ate. I feel now like a new man, and consider that August Flower has entirely cured me of Dyspepsia in its worst form. JAMES R. DRIDERICK, Hampstead, New York.

A worn-out Stomach.

W. B. Utsey, St. George's, S.C., writes: I have used your August Flower for Dyspepsia and find it an excellent remedy.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court of the Third Judicial District, in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the estate of Milton Abbott, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT by Order of Probate Court of Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah, made on the 3rd day of March, 1892, the undersigned, Executor of said estate, offers for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described real estate belonging to said 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,