LITTLE FEET.

Patter, patter, little feet,
Making melody so sweet;
Music we all love to hear,
Charming to the listening ear
Never weary to the light,
Pleasure the reader of which
Hearing little feet at play,
Patter, patter all the day.

Patter, patter, little feet,
Chasing butterflies so fleet,
Over fragrant lawn and lea,
Near or the rolling sea,
Hearing where the sunbeams fall,
Hushing voices at nature's call,
Happy, happy as your play,
Patter, patter all the day.

Patter, patter, little feet,
Along the roses blooming sweet,
Where the robin sings his lay
And the prattling children play
Rainbow skies above the glow
Bright as baby's eyes below,
Wonders little feet that creep,
Patter, patter all the day.

Patter, patter, little feet,
Wearing down the heedless sleet,
Plotting over the mischief done,
Seeking measures every where,
Fondly wing your heavenly wings—O,
Promising joys of life's spring,
Precious little feet at play,
Patter, patter all the day.

—Theodore D. C. Miller in New York Weekly.

TWICE TEN YEARS.

I remember it as well as if it were yesterday. The carriage stood at the door that was to take me back to school for the spring term. My mother gave me innumerable instructions, smoothed my collar and adjusted my cap on my head properly, then gave me a kiss and stood looking wistfully at me as I went down the walk and got into the carriage.

A month or two later—it was in June, I think—after a hard struggle one afternoon with some figures, all about a ship and a cargo and the profit and all that, I went out to join the boys. When I reached the play ground they were gone, and there was nothing for me to do but amuse myself as best I could. I strolled around the house with my hands in my pockets (which my mother had told me distinctly I must not do), and suddenly remembering her instructions took them out again; then, for want of better amusement, I began to whistle.

Next to the wood there was a pretty cottage separated from the school house by a board fence. The two houses were not 100 feet apart, and I could look right through under the trees, and there on the croquet round stood a girl, a little younger than myself, looking straight at me.

Now, when a boy suddenly finds himself observed by a girl he feels very queer. I remember that very well. My hands were right into my pockets, but somehow I felt that was not the correct thing to do in the presence of a girl I took them directly out again. Then I concluded that it would be a good way to show how little I was embarrassed by turning twice around on my heel, a movement on which I greatly prided myself. After that I don't remember now—it was so long ago—what new capers I cut. But one thing is very certain. I was soon hunting for something I pretended to have lost in the grass beside the house.

"If it's your knife you've lost," I heard a little voice say, "it isn't there. I picked up a knife there a week ago, but it was all rusty and no good."

"Oh, never mind," I said, looking up into two eyes away back in a sunbonnet, "it wasn't much of a knife anyway, and I've got another."

"Are you one of the boys at the school?"

"Yes."

"What reader are you in?"

"The Fourth."

"Do you study geography?"

"Yes."

"Where the capital of the United States?"

I scratched my head.

"I suppose I remember that," I admitted reluctantly. "Washington is the capital, but I can't recollect just now."

"Why didn't you go off with the boys?"

"I was behind with my sums. I expect they've gone to the river. I like the woods pretty well, they're full of squirrels."

"And snakes," she added.

"I'm not afraid of snakes."

"And lizards."

"Nor lizards. I suppose you're afraid to go there."

"No, I'm not."

"If you want to go there now, and are afraid, I don't mind going along, just to keep off snakes and things."

She looked wistfully out at the wood. I saw she her now leaning on her mallet, deliberating—if such a process can be called deliberation where the conclusion is predetermined—the straight, little figure poised between the mallet and one foot, one little leg crossed on the other—peering out at the forest. Suddenly, without any warning, she dropped the mallet and started for the wood.

We were not long in crossing the field and were walking in the dense shade when she stopped, and looking at me with her expressive eyes said:

"How still it is in here! It seems to me I can almost hear it be still."

"Yes, it is pretty solemn," I replied. "Let's go on; the river winds around down there and we can see the water go over the dam."

I heard a faint voice calling "Julia." It was very faint; she did not hear it; I stood a moment hesitating.

"Come, let's go," I said, starting forward.

"Julia," I heard again, more faintly than before.

I hurried her on, fearing she would hear the voice and turn back.

Presently we emerged from the wood and stood by the river. I was familiar with the ground, and led my little friend directly to the dam.

"Most of the boys are afraid to walk out on that dam," I said.

"I'd be afraid."

"But you're only a girl; a boy ought n't to be afraid." With that I started boldly out, occasionally standing on one foot and performing sundry antics to show what a brave boy I was. Then I came part way back and called to her to come.

"Oh, no," she said; "I'm afraid."

"Afraid! You little goose! with me to hold on to?"

Instead her fear and a disposition pliable to a boy older and stronger than herself, it was not long before I was leading her out on the dam.

"Don't you see it's nothing?" I said.

She shrank back as I led her along. I determined that she should go to a point where the water poured over a portion of the dam lower than the rest. I turned her back to step up on the post. It was but a moment. I heard a cry, and saw Julia in the flood. The expression that was in her eyes is to this day stamped clearly on my memory—an expression of mingled reproach and helplessness.

I could scarcely swim a dozen strokes, but not a second had elapsed before I was in the flood.

I swam and struggled and buffeted to reach her, all in vain. An oily whirlpool no as a different division. My strength was soon exhausted. I was being drawn the river, sinking and rising, till I came to a place where I caught a glimpse as I came to the surface of a man running along some planks projecting into the river and raised above the water on posts. My feet became entangled in weeds. I sank. I heard a great roaring in my ears, then oblivion.

When I came to I was lying on my back. I remember the first thing I saw was a light cloud sailing over the clear blue. There was an air of quiet and peace in it that contrasted with my own exhaustion. Then I saw a man by his house beside something he was relaying. I turned my head again and saw it was a little figure—a girl, Julia. She was cold and stark.

My agony was far greater than when I had plunged after her into the stream. Then I hoped and believed that if she were drowned I would be alive. Now I saw her beside me lifeless, and I lived.

Then some men came, and the man who was rubbing Julia said to them, "Take care of the boy, the girl is too far gone." They took us up and carried me away and left me for awhile on a bed in a strange house. Then I was driven to the school.

The next day my father came and took me home. I was ill after that, too ill to ask about Julia, but when I recovered what a load was taken from my mind to know that by dint of rubbing and rolling and a stimulant the lost had been brought to and had recovered. I also learned that the man who saved her was had seen Julia fall and had searched for. When I saw him running along the planks it was to his boat chained to the oak.

That summer my father removed with his family to the Pacific coast. He was obliged to wait some time for my recovery, but at last I was able to travel, and left without again seeing the little girl whose life had led into danger. I only heard that I had been blessed by every

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Ten years passed, during which I was constantly haunted by one idea; that was to go back to New England, find Julia and implore her forgiveness. Ten years that I must be a boy and dependent seemed interminable. At last I came of age and received a small fortune that had fallen to me, and as soon as the papers in the case were duly signed and sealed I started east.

It was just about the same time of the year and the same hour of the afternoon as when I first saw Julia that I walked into the old school grounds. I had fully intended to go to the next door and call for her, but my courage failed me. I had heard nothing of her for years. Was she dead? Was she living? Was she in her old home, or far away? These thoughts crossed each other through my mind and I decided to know.

I was standing at the school entrance with my hand on the bell when I heard a door in the next house open and close shut. From that moment I could feel that Julia was near me. She came out of the house a slender, graceful girl of eighteen, and picking up a croquet mallet commenced to knock the balls about. I wanted to make myself known, but dreaded the horror with which she would regard me when she should know who I was.

"I beg pardon," I said, raising my hat, "can you tell me if the school is still there?" pointing to the house.

"It was moved some years ago," she replied, regarding me with the old honest gaze.

"I was one of the scholars."

"Indeed!" She spoke without any further encouragement for me to go on.

"I see the wood has not been cut away," I added, glancing toward it.

"No, it does not seem to be."

"Were you ever there?"

"Oh, yes, often."

"And is that old dam still across the river?"

"I believe it is."

"Were you ever on the dam?"

She looked at me curiously. I went on without waiting for a reply.

"Would you mind showing me the way to it? It is a long while since I was there."

She drew herself up with a slight hauteur. Then thinking that perhaps I was unacquainted to the conventional ways of civilized life, she said pleasantly:

"You have only to walk through the wood straight back of the house and you will come to it."

"Thank you," I replied, "but I hoped you would show me the way."

She looked puzzled.

"Miss Julia," I said, altering my tone, "I once took you when I was a boy before at school."

"I know a number of the scholars," she said, more interested; "who may you be?"

I dreaded to tell her. "If you will plot me to the dam," I said, "I will inform you."

She thought a moment, then turned and looked out at the wood. With the quick motion with which she had made the same move as a child she started forward.

We walked side by side to the wood, through it and set on the river bank. There was the water and the dam; everything as it had been.

"Did you ever try to walk out there?" I asked.

"Once, when I was a child, I came here with a boy, and we walked to where the water pours over. I met with an accident. I fell in."

"The boy overpersuaded you, I suppose?"

It was difficult for me to conceal a certain trepidation at the mention of my fault.

"No, I went of my own accord."

"He certainly must have been a blind. He was older and stronger than you."

"On the contrary," she said, with a slight rising intonation, "he jumped after me like the noble little fellow that he was."

I turned away on pretense of examining a boat down the river.

"At any rate, he must have begged your forgiveness on his bended knees for dragging you to go into such a danger."

"I never saw him again. He went away."

I faltered—or have I hoped—I could detect a tinge of sadness in her voice.

"I have often wondered," she said, "that he would come back, as the other schoolmates do, as you are now, and let me tell him how much I thank him for his noble deed."

"Julia," I said suddenly rousing and facing her, "this is too much. I can bear it no longer. I am the man. I had you from the wood. I forced you to go out on the dam with me. I persuaded you to fall in."

And some time later, if for all by risking your life to save me!

Ah, that look of surprised delight which accompanied her words! It was worth all my past years of suffering, of blighted hopes, of heartsick longing. I can tell the memory of the hour when I had first shunned the danger for which he was responsible.

I do not remember it she grasped my hand or I grasped hers. At any rate we stood hand in hand looking into each other's faces.

I blessed the Providence that ended my punishment. I blessed the good fortune that had led me to a knowledge of the kindly heart beside me. Of all the moments of my life I still count it far the happiest.

Then we walked back through the woods, over the intervening field, and stood together leaning against the fence between the old school and her home.

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We did not part after that for another ten years. Then she left me to go where I can never recall her. Yet there is a trysting place in the woods, through which we once passed as children, and often allowed as lovers. Then I watch the flecked sunlight and flark the silence, and it seems to me that I can "hear it be still." More than that, I know the pure soul looks at me through the loving eyes.—F. A. Rockel.

A Positive Bliss.

A man can behave politely insulted in Paris than in any city in the world. A gentleman who undertook to speak in public there expressed himself in such a low tone of voice that the audience were unable to hear him. He was hooting upon a geographical subject, and replied of a map about three feet square had been generally distributed.

Presently one of the audience rolled up his map in the form of a very long attenuated cornucopia, inserted the small end in his ear and turned the other end toward the speaker. It was a rather inflexible performance, but as a laugh was heard among the polite members, in two minutes, however, every map in the audience was turned into an ear trumpet, and the speaker now found himself confronted with a sea of numerous paragons, whose mouths spoke almost inaudibly. He at once spoke louder.—Exchange.

The Figure "4" in Every's Life.

The figure "4" has apparently much to do with the life of the late Franklin president. M. Every died after four days' illness, four years after his removal from the presidency, at the age of eighty-four. He had served four years in the earlier part of his life. Then came the revolution of 1848, and four governments then succeeded each other before he was elected president. Lastly, he died under the fourth president of the second republic. M. Every, when in practice at the bar, received the largest fee ever paid annual during his century. He held the lucky fee for his friend, M. Dupin, in the great cause célèbre, and was paid accordingly, 4,000. Not less the aggregate fee paid Sir John Duke Coleridge (now Lord Coleridge) in the Tichborne trial, approached his splendid fee.—London Tit-Bits.

Enterprising Advertising.

A firm on Fourteenth street, in the busiest shopping neighborhood, has introduced a novel advertisement. A passed theatrical scene is constructed on the roof of one house, while the roof of the adjoining building, being a little higher, serves as the floor. On this stage a man attired as the long Tailor man sits and industriously goes through the pantomime of sewing. Now and then he works the lever of a stitching mallet, causing the latter to shake the house. All of this attracts the attention of thousands of people on the opposite walk. For four, however, that some might go by without seeing it, a lone confederate of the long Tailor man remains standing on the walk and appears wait. It is human nature to stop and look at anything anybody else is looking at. Result, crowds of curious gazers.—New York Herald.

A Conscientious Oysterman.

Tourist—I have always understood that oysters are not good in months without an r.

Oysterman—Well, most generally they ain't.

Tourist—When do you begin gathering them?

Oysterman—In August.—Good News.

The greatest stretch well in the world has been struck in South Dakota. It is 360 feet deep. The water pressure is 225 pounds per square inch, and its flow is from 8,000 to 10,000 gallons per minute.

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LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of Henry Moore, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT on Friday, the 27th day of November, A. D. 1891, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., at the Court House, in said County, Salt Lake City, Territory of Utah, the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Henry Moore, deceased, will sell at public auction, to the highest and best bidder, for cash, the following described real estate belonging to said estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the claims against said estate, and the costs of administration, 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,