AU REVOIR.

My me lov friend! I sit and watch the tide
Past, with ever-restless, ever-changing sway,
Bears you away, reluctant, from my side
While I, to alien scenes, sit and weep.

And yet, why should I weep? Now joys for you
May spring from out the ending of old ties
And when am I, that I should stifle, save,
To bind the welcome fetters of your joys?

You go! And may wherever you plish, your
Hills rest and years, and leaves for your life
Be theirs, health, happiness and sweet content.
Into their fulness, live from age and strife.

If, in one weary voyage our life's sea,
We meet perchance, and hail a friendly hark
With cheery call, and in their company
Drift for a space, we dread, alone the dark

And lonely track which stretches far ahead,
Old sailing waves and souls stirring
Which, drifting, cast their way with tender
Farewell.

And yet we'll not part. Each as one war
Of life, we sail, and, if we meet, we may
Yet hope shall dwell in bright and cheery eye
Although the phase, like all may yet be not.

In time, perhaps, our lives once more and
Ahead.

In space yet earth, as in the past,
With richer fulness, then and spark, we
Shall.

My choicest blessings crown you to the last.
—Sarah Forbes in Housekeeper' Weekly.

A Lesson in Law.

A young lawyer who has been pumping at the bar for maybe three or four years received present which he did not appreciate. It was a nice enough present, himself, the whole story and better to tell.

One morning a messenger boy brought to the young attorney a neat package done up in brown paper and tied with a very unobtrusive looking string. He opened the package into the dining room, where his wife sat at breakfast, and all course started up full of excitement and curiosity. In fact it was she who took the hand knife and cut the string. Hot bonds removed the brown paper and disclosed the inner skin of white paper sealed with red wax. A card—a plain visiting card—lay there. The young lawyer saw it and, leaving presents for breakfast. The card bore the name of a client of his whose case he had conducted laboriously and successively to defeat.

"What does he mean by sending me a present?" he asked. "The last time he was in my office I had business to pitch him out of the window."

"Perhaps he wants to make up, dear," his gentler half suggested, as she proceeded to rip up the white paper with a silver knife. In a few moments a couple of curious coloured in law deep were revealed. The attorney took one of the books up and read the title, "Blackstone's Commentaries, vol. I," the other book was volume II.

"What in thunder does he mean by sending me this?" he asked firmly.

"I am sure I don't know, dear," said she meekly.

There was an uncomfortable silence for several minutes. Then the attorney said, with considerably more emphasis than can be reproduced in words: "Now I know what that fool meant by saying when he left me that he would teach me the evil ways of law if he had to spend the good money to do it. I thought he was going to sue me."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Treasures Made by Beginners.

"I know hundreds of young men in London who if they were told that their treasures were made by beginners would go mad." Such were the particulars words of the master of the Mint, when the Chancellor Hanson and Lord Justice Fry, was accepted to decision whether a Sovereign entitled to a new trial in respect of an alleged libel reflecting on his professional capacity as a coiner of honest pockets. Palmer, who was the accused, had been described in a trade journal as a "drummer," which term the indignant Sovereign-maker declared meant a sorter capable only of serving "Jewks." Hence the judicial comment.

In the United States "drummer" is the equivalent of bagman. Here, from an artistic, it may be a cringer point of view, it is synonymous with "sagacity." It is to be hoped Lord Rosebery's young men may be saved from premature disappointment for honesty by the abridged knowledge that their lower business rival only is garnered yet by the strictly scientific professions.—London News.

Initiated the Quoin.

Juliet and Romeo, "What's in a name?" apparently dawning one midnighter as good as another in a very strong sense, but there are Juliets to dear old England who have their own opinion on the subject. At a provincial exhibition a complimentary bound visitors' book was placed in the lobby, and the great show was opened by her majesty, who was accompanied by the Princess Henry of Battenberg. The local mayor, a highly respected tradesman (grocer and provisioner, I believe), accompanied by his wife, was of the royal party. As usual, the queen placed her name in the visitors' book as "Victoria," the princess following with "Beatrice;" then came the mayor's wife, who, seeing what had gone before, wrote after a bold, bold "Jane." The official who had charge of the book has not been seen since. He is believed to have exploded in an auto-cracker.—Lloyd's Herald.

A Useful Trunk.

A clever little Scotchman told me the other day that she has a large trunk in the garret marked "Things I do not want." When she comes across anything she thinks good for nothing, instead of throwing it away she consigns it to this trunk. And what then, do you think? She says, further, that when she wants anything she knows it is sure she goes to this trunk and is sure to find it.—Boston Traveller.

They are still telling stories in San Francisco of the late lamented Kalakaua, and one reminiscence of him will bring an incomplete laugher. He had more than a fair knowledge of Greek and Latin, and also had a speaking acquaintance with Old and modern languages, and was fond of showing how to read the original text of the Old Testament, and was always interested in Biblical studies.

The most favorable time for studying Mars is at or near its opposition. It is then in line with the earth and sun, the earth being in the middle. This brings the air at its least distance from the earth. It is, however, much nearer at some of its oppositions than at others, on account of the great eccentricity of its orbit.

A Terrible Conjunction.

A "fad" soon comes to mostly a poetic picture. It is a terrible word, this innocent little conjunction! Think how terrible it is! "Dairy is certainly better than one who yesterday told me, "Sir, my hair is not going gray, that I can see, but it is thinning very fast." "I do love you very much, and always have loved you, but I love none else but thee." "And so, I wonder we mortals have not succumbed to just a fad upon the wretched little conjunction. Perhaps it is owed by our imagination. We know that it is a malcontent and a terror to us, but yet there may be a background of some light to the cloud which is suddenly brings for the objects the of our present happiness.

Books One Never Heard Of.

There is no doubt that there are hundreds of books in circulation today of which the general literary public has never heard, books which have sold into the hundreds of thousands and brought their authors and publishers piles of money. These books are sold by subscription and never penetrate into the cities. They are sold in country towns, sometimes a hundred in a single small village. Not long ago I came across the list of a subscription publishing house which printed the number of copies sold of the books on their catalogue. The figures were amazing. Of twenty-eight books not one had sold less than 50,000 copies, and several had exceeded 100,000. Yet I had never heard of one of the titles to the books.

I recall the manuscript of a technical book on machinery being handed in once into a large publishing house. The firm declined it, and it was the same fate at four other houses. Finally the author sent it to a large subscription house, and they snapped at it. The publishers who had rejected the manuscript laughed, but they lived to have the tough turned on them. I saw the author's royalty statements on that book about a year ago, which showed a total sale of 70,000 copies of that technical work.—Edwin W. Bok's Letter.

Baldness.

Baldness comes to some people early in life, and the universal dislike to this appearance makes every one dread the time when the head will be bald. Up to a certain time the hairs are supposed to rapidly as they fall out, and then comes a time when the latter predominates and the first stages of baldness begins. It is to be in the ordinary course of nature nothing can be done to prevent it, and you must accept the inevitable, but baldness is due to so many other causes that one is never actually sure that he is not a victim to some scalp disease. Fever, childhood, diseases of the skin and general debility of the system will sometimes cause premature baldness.

For probably dandruff is the most general cause. This is simply one feature of scalp disease, and it can be removed generally by careful treatment. Sometimes local stimulants to the scalp which will aid reproduction may prove beneficial. Among the best washes for this purpose are those containing resorcinol, sulphur, menthol and capsicum, but even these should be used cautiously. Everything depends upon the individual and the length the disease has been allowed to go.—Yankee Blade.

The Chiltern Hundreds.

The Chiltern Hundreds were Crown Lands comprising a wooded region in the south of England, between the counties of Bedford and Hertford. They were formerly much infested by robbers, and some commissioners were appointed, apparently at the advice and with the concurrence of parliament, to suppress robbery. This official was called the steward of the Chiltern Hundreds, and as he seems to have been selected from among the members of parliament his connection with them ceased when his appointment was accepted and that distribution of the office ceased.

Dated February 11, 1891.

C. E. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.

SUMMONS.

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

LAWRENCEBURG DAVIDSON, PLAINTIFF,
vs.
LOUISA PRATT, WIDOW, FRANCIS S. HYDE, ELIZA H. HYDE, ELIZA H. HYDE and ANN L. PRATT, HEIRS of the Estate of Francis Pratt, Deceased, Defendants.

The People of the Territory of Utah send Greeting:

To Louisa Pratt, widow, Francis S. Hyde, Eliza H. Hyde, Eliza H. Hyde and Ann L. Pratt, heirs of the Estate of Francis Pratt, deceased, defendants:

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED TO APPEAR in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the Territory of Utah, and in the County of Salt Lake, within ten days (inclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county, and if served out of this county, but in the district, within twenty days, and if served out of the district, or if served by publication, within forty days, or judgment will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to have a decree of sale court adjudicating each of the defendants named herein, the same and all persons claiming under them, since the commencement of this action, and prior thereto, and including the defendants herein, and all persons claiming by, through or under them, or any of