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TO READ THIS.

A Committee of Farmers and Mechanics were appointed by the D. A. & M. Society, at the late Territorial Fair, to examine all Imported Wagons on exhibition at the Fair, and they recommended

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Which you have only to try and then appreciate. For any of the First-Class Goods in large or small quantities, write or call on us for prices and terms. In addition to the above we carry a Stock of Wagon Hardwood and Plank, and do General Repairing of All Kinds of Vehicles in a workman-like manner and at

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NAYLOR & PIKE,

155, 157 and 159 South, First East Street, SALT LAKE CITY.

EVENING NEWS.

Saturday July 17, 1886

THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

O for an hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy
Than reign a graybeard king.

Off with the spoils of wrinkled age!
Away with learning's crown!
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,
And dash its trophies down.

One moment let my life blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame;
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life, all love and fame.

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And calmly smiling said,
"If I but touch thy silvered hair
Thy hasty wish has sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?"

"Ah, truest soul of womanhood!
Without thee what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind:
I'll take—my—precious—wife."

The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew:
The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too.

"And is there nothing yet unsaid
Before the change appears?
Remember all their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years."

"Why, yes," for memory would recall
My fond parental joys;
"I could not bear to leave them all—
I'll take my girl and boys."

The smiling angel dropped his pen.
"Why, this will never do;
The man would be a boy again
And be a father, too."

And so I laughed, my laughter woke
The household with its noise,
And wrote my dream when morning broke
To please the gray-haired boys.

—[*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

A BIGAMIST'S EXPIATION.

If you feel interested in queer stories read this.

Cameron Sandford lived in Edinburgh, Scotland, where he died the first day of this month. A very wealthy man, of stainless reputation in his old age, but very wild, reckless, headstrong and impulsive when young. In his father's family a pretty seamstress attracted his attention and he hers. They loved and were secretly married. Sandford senior was a tough old nut, Calvinistic in his religion, cast iron in his domestic life, where he ruled with the arbitrariness of a Russian Czar, so much so that young Cameron, then but 22, was in mortal dread of his father's displeasure, and, not daring to face the wrath to come, hired in a neighboring hamlet board and lodging for his wife, towards whose confinement he looked at an early day.

The father's haughty pride sought wealth and "high life" matrimonial alliance for his son.

With a cowardice which must seem strange to an American, Cameron allowed the negotiations between his father and a wealthy neighbor to proceed, and, to make a long story short, with great pomp and circumstances and social ceremony he was married to a charming girl who cared no more for him than he for hear, but whose estate, when joined to that Mr. Sandford settled on his son, made one of the most royal domains of the kingdom.

It would be difficult to imagine the mental horrors of Cameron Sandford.

He was loyally attached to his little suffering wife, but not being virile in mind he allowed matters to drift along, contenting himself by providing for her physical necessities in the amplest way until the baby, Kate, was born. The little wife, pale and sad, broken-hearted and discouraged, had hoped against hope that Cameron would be able to devise some mode of getting her away from home and seek with her and her baby a retreat this side the Atlantic.

Death settled the problem.

Before the child was two days old, but not before she had been christened and dedicated at the shrine of her mother's heart to a holier and happier existence than had been the lot of the woman who bore her, the golden bowl was broken, the silver thread was snapped and the gentle spirit of Mary Sandford sought the repose of everlasting—what?

Now this was a nice state of things. A young man lived with a woman who to all outward appearances was his wife, but in reality was no more to him than any person walking the street, for obviously the ceremony that united them was invalid, his wife being alive, with a baby on his hands and no one to take care of it, and with the never-fading picture of the baby's mother following him with her sad eyes wherever he went, in whatsoever scenes he sought relief.

He confided his troubles to an old nurse, Jane Kelly, and after long pondering they concluded it would be wise for her to take the baby across the water and, with ample support, wait for that "something" which is always expected but rarely comes. She came to New York and took board in North Moore street. Her remittances came regularly. Being a woman of great reticence her fellow-boarders knew her simply as Mrs. Kelly with her baby.

Years rolled on.

She occasionally changed her boarding place and finally took lodgings in Irving place near the old Academy of Music, where, with a hired servant, she lived, dying suddenly, one hot August day, leaving little Kate, then nine years of age, with the hired servant, who knew nothing of her mistress, nothing of the child, and nothing, of course, of the child's antecedents, of which also Kate herself was ignorant. The servant was addicted to periodical sprees, and in less than six months after the old nurse died the child was a waif upon the streets, while the woman who was supposed to be in charge of her slept off her booze on Blackwell's Island.

It would be interesting to follow the life of this child with her sharpened wits, her brier-like intellect, the dare-devil spirit born in her of new associations, the temptations that beset her path, the struggles she made, the horrors she endured, but that isn't my purpose.

Not hearing from the nurse, Cameron Sandford became alarmed.

He waited and waited, and finally wrote over to the then Mayor of the city, who, through a detective, prosecuted inquiries about the child, but learned nothing beyond the fact that the woman, who had regularly received remittances, no longer called for them, and was presumably dead, and that all trace of the child was lost.

Well, Scotland 's a good ways off.

Sandford was, as you see, a man of no special resoluteness of purpose, and, after all, his regard for the child was sentimental rather than actual, and so the matter stopped. The lady with whom he lived as husband bore him no children, and died after they they had been married sixteen years. He was then between thirty-eight and thirty-nine, a nervous, querulous, dyspeptic fellow, very rich—his father having left him sole heir—and with nothing to do, when it occurred to him that a trip to this country was the proper course for a man, not to say the duty of a father, and at once he went to his solicitor, drew up a will leaving everything to this child if ever she were found, and making proper distribution of his property in case she should not be found. In his solicitor's office was a bright young man named John Dyott, and at the suggestion of his solicitor Mr. Sandford arranged that Mr. Dyott should precede him to America for a fortnight's time and make arrangement's in lodgings and generally prepare the way for the search he had concluded to make in earnest at whatever cost. The young attorney was glad enough of the opportunity, and came over in the *Europa*, with the surgeon of which he established a strong personal friendship, which on arrival in New York was of use to him in clubable circles, and particularly as it introduced him to a rising young physician whose interest in mental maladies bade fair to give him high professional rank later in life.

* * * *

The calm serenity that characterizes the interior of all great banking-houses marked the physical atmosphere of Brown Brothers' counting-room one hot, sultry day in August, 187-, when a tall, slender, keen-eyed man, with side whiskers, scrupulously dressed, looking like a well-to-do Englishman of refined manners, entered, and, after looking about him, walked to what appeared to be the chief personage there, and said: "Good morning, sir. I have letters of credit from your house on the other side to a considerable amount, which will be followed by others, and, as I intend making some extensive purchases here and in the West, I would like to establish personal as well as financial relations with the responsible parties of your house. My name is Stanford, of Edinburgh, and here is my letter of credit."

The cashier, Mr. Wilson, looked at the man and for some reason was impressed unpleasantly.

What a curious faculty that is, by the way—that subtle "something" that attaches to women, especially—to shun this, to warm to that. Happy, thrice fortunate, is the man gifted with that peculiarly feminine trait, intuition. It thrice arms him against fraud; it opens to him a million avenues never seen or dreamed of by mere masculinity. And yet everything was regular. The man was evidently a gentleman. The letter of credit was in due form. There could be no question about it. It chimed with their advices from their London correspondents, and the amount of twenty-five thousand pounds indicated that the party was one to be treated with consideration.

After a moments hesitation, which to an honest man would have appeared almost an insult, Mr. Wilson said: "I am pleased to see you, sir. Will you walk in and take a seat? None of the firm are in at present, but I can transact any matter you wish. Your letter is for twenty-five thousand pounds. How do you wish to use it?"

Taking a memorandum book from his from his pocket with great deliberation, Mr. Sandford replied: "I have been in the city a week and should have called earlier had I not been detained by pressing business engagements which called me to Yonkers and to Tarrytown, where I met parties with whom I had been in correspondence before leaving home in reference to a tract of land in the West, for which I shall need an immediate cash payment of $15,000. Having attended to that I am going to Chicago, where I have some interests already, and intend getting more, for I have great faith in the growth of that city, and I shall very likely draw heavily upon you within the ensuing week. I would suggest that you transfer my letter of credit to your bank, opening an account with me, a course the more desirable as I shall remain here certainly two years, and when subsequent remittances come they can be placed to my credit as in an ordinary bank."

Well, that all seemed reasonable enough—and yet Wilson hesitated.

His manner was so unusual as to attract the attention of the junior clerks, and one of them wrote on a piece of paper and handed it to him, "What's the matter? Anything wrong?" To this the cashier paid no attention, but turning to Mr. Sandford said: "All right, sir; we will do as you please. Kindly put your name in the signature book, and, Mr. Crane, give Mr. Sandford a pocket check-book and show him the signature book."

This was done.

Mr. Sandford wrote his name,

CAMERON SANFORD

with a big flourish underneath it.

The clerk slammed the book, put it back in its place, and the cashier asked: "Now, in reference to this $15,000; you will draw for it, I suppose?"

"Well, no;" replied his customer, "I will take it with me and in large notes of five hundred and thousands, if possible, and I would l ke also $500 additional in hundred-dollar bills."

Still that "something." Still that silent monitor.

Wilson was disturbed.

But Sandford was as cool as a cucumber on ice.

There could be nothing wrong. The letter of credit was there in his physical possession. The teller handed Mr. Sandford the money, neatly done up. Mr. Sandford put it in his inside pocket, quietly pulled on his lisle-thread gloves, begged Mr. Wilson to present his compliments to the Messrs. Brown and, laughingly saying that he should call soon and often, raised his hat and bade him good morning.

Thrusting his hands deep in his pockets, Wilson walked up and down, up and down, greatly disturbed.

"Hello!" said Crane. "By Jove, don't you know? See here, Mr. Wilson, this letter of credit is for Cameron Sandford, and that fellow's signature is Cameron Sandford."

Well, there may be sheets as white as Mr. Wilson's face at that time, but no ordinary laundress furnishes them.

* * * *

About this time there was a police-station on Beekman street. Within a few blocks of that, in the middle of a sultry day on the steps of a tenement house a man apparently drunk. His Derby hat had fallen from his head, which was partially bald. He was dressed in a flannel suit—well dressed—and over his low-cut shoes were blue-flannel gaiters. A boy with a tin pale ran from the house, on his way to the beer-shop, picked up the Derby hat, put it on and disappeared. The hot rays of a fierce sun beat on the face of the sleeping man. Spots mantled his brow, where the blood had pumped and settled. A little group of gamins surrounded him and removed his shoes and gaiters and socks. Unper pretense of putting him in a more comfortable position, they fumbled about his person, and took off his coat and waistcoat and removed the button from his collar and the studs from his shirt, and left him breathing heavily, stupefied, apparently, with drink. He had evidently fallen, for his clothing was dirty, covered with dust and muddy in places.

An honest "toiler," returning from his work at night, pushed him with his heavy foot and, rolling down the three steps, the unfortunate fellow lay with his face on the sidewalk. The little group became a throng, the throng became a crowd, which attracted the attention of Policeman Wheeler. Policeman Wheeler called a hand-cart. Aided by the honest "toiler" aforesaid he raised the prostrate figure, deposited him in the hand-cart, put him in the Beekman street station, pushed him into a cell and, the next morning, dazed, bewildered, frightened, with mind astray, the unfortunate was sent to Blackwell's Island.

* * * *

A jolly party it was that sailed up the river on the boat of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction two days thereafter. Wits and wine, cigars and whisky, and all that that implies, was there. The "young physician, interested in mental maladies," of whom I spoke above, with a party of his confreres, had invited the young attorney, Mr. Dyott, to look at the public institutions. He accepted the invitations and together they enjoyed the sail. They were shown through it all. They admired the location; they looked with satisfaction at the massive buildings, they glanced pityingly at the poor devils there, and then under the enthusiastic guidance of the young physician aforesaid, went through the hospital wards and ultimately into the building devoted to the insane.

In the hospital ward of the insane department were a number of pitiable objects of no special interest to anybody—except the God who made them, with possibly a family or so depending on them—and the company didn't seem to find it so cheerful and interesting and entertaining as their guide had hoped.

Something about the look of a dejected person who moped in a corner attracted the attention of the doctor just as they were leaving the ward.

He spoke to him kindly.

No response.

He took him sympathetically by the hand and received a gentle pressure in return. Becoming interested the doctor called an attendant and asked about the patient. The man had been brought in a few days before, dirty, dazed. A mild melancholy dominated him, and, not knowing where else to put him, he was consigned to the ward which convalescents occupied, doing no harm to anybody, but contenting himself with a quiet mope.

Returning to ascertain the reason of his tarrying behind, the party, with Dyott among them, approached the group.

What!!

With an exclamation of horror Dyott sprang forward. His companions looked on amazed. "My God! can this be possible? Why, doctor, this is Mr. Sandford. This is the gentleman for whom we have been looking. This is my employer. This is the man who sent me here." And all the time the invalid bewildered, looked and looked until, as with a spasm, intelligence, resuming her sway and flashing from his eyes, inspired him to an embrace, and, weeping as it his heart would break, he threw himself upon the neck of the young man and cried and bessed and pleaded to be saved.

* * *

You see it all, of course.

A fellow-passenger had warmed himself into Mr. Sandford's confidence on the steamer and arranged to share his New York lodgings with him. He was an expert swindler of many aliases and to morphine Sandford, unsuspecting, was a very simple matter, the details of which it isn't necessary to go into, and the rest you know.

The omission of the "d" from the name of Sandford was the rascal's first mistake. He managed to elude the detectives for months, but was finally caught in the West.

Many weeks passed before Mr. Sandford was anything like himself, but then, stimulated with a desire to do what he could for the honor of his name and in honor of the memory of his wife, aided and abetted by the young attorney, Dyott, and his friends, systematic searching was initiated, kept up and finally rewarded.

How I would like to tell you who Kate is!

Oh, no!

"High Life" would stand on its head.

HOWARD.

—*New York World.*

SAD TRAGEDY IN THE BIJOU.

The Remains of Shakespeare Mangled to Make a Gotham Holiday.

De Wolf Hopper, Roland Reed, Robert Frazer and Other Eminent Tragedians in the Great Forum Scene from Julius Cæsar—Grave Senators, the Usual Roman Populace and a New York Audience.

A tragic scene, at which the on-lookers laughed as loudly as their lungs or breeding would permit, was witnessed in the Bijou Opera House yesterday afternoon. The occasion was a benefit to Stage Manager James C. Scanlan, and a long bill was offered to a large audience. Most of the prominent professionals now in the city had their names on the programme for something or other. The entertainment proceeded smoothly through two long parts down to the final act of the afternoon, when the trouble began. The scene upon which the curtain rose was such a garden set as you look upon while waiting for the appearance of a pair of fancy clog-dancers or a couple of serio-comics, but more than the garden was there. At the back a small rude platform was raised, and ranged on either side from the drop down to the tormentor wings were two dozen queer-looking citizens, with white sheets thrown toga-like over their shoulders, revealing dark suits of modern cut beneath, and in some instances trousers with the legs rolled up. White bandages crossed their foreheads, and all held supers' spears. The scene was intended to represent the old Roman forum in "Julius Cæsar," and the gentlemen in linen regalia were meant to personate Roman citizens. De Wolf Hopper, in high white hat and with a Bowery tilt, led the "gang" as he termed it. They were quite noisy when the scene opened, but Hopper commanded silence and the uproar ceased.

"Say, you fellows," the leader of the mob remarked, "shut up. Dere comes Brutie up de lane, an' he looks like he's loaded wid a big speech. Let's give him a recep."

The mob accorded Brutus the reception as he waltzed in and the house joined them, for Brutus was at once identified as Roland Reed, the comedian, disguised in a tight fitting bathing suit, with roller skates on and knobs on his ankles and knees as large as watermelons. He ascended the rostrum with firm tread and haughty mien. Then with an airy and graceful wave of his right hand and a smile that a nun could have borrowed $4 on, he said to the mob in chipper tones:

"Ah, there!"

"Stay there!" shouted the mob with all the vigor of their lungs.

Brutus bowed and smiled again, and then began his speech. He told the Roman gathering that he had slain Cæsar, not because Cæsar was ambitious, but because Cæsar had stolen his gags, whereat the Roman citizens shrieked "Rats!" He proceeded, notwithstanding various interruptions such as "Cheese it," "That don't go," etc., until he reached the interrogatory part of his address, when he said:

"Is there one among you so base as to eat oysters during a month that has no 'r' in it? If so, let him answer, for him have I offended. Is there any so rude as to call his great-grandmother a slouch? If there is, let him step forward. Is there one here who dares deny that 'Humbug' is the greatest comedy of the age?"

Striking a proud and defiant attitude, Brutus looked straight across the scene at DeWolf Hopper. Then relaxing his severity of pose he put his hand in over the top of his shirt and drew from his bosom a cigar. Taking a match from his belt he scratched it into a flame against the sole of his sandal, and calmly lighted his cigar. Folding his arms again, puffing away with evident relish of the weed for a minute or so, folding his arms once more and settling back on his left leg, he assumed an attitude of expectancy which he explained by remarking in the language of the text: "I pause for a reply."

While he was pausing Marc Antony, in the person of Francis Wilson, comedian, swaggered in with a yellow shirt on, dusty-looking hosiery and a pair of Arctic overshoes. He wanted to know when he was to came on. The Roman mob rushed him off the scene, and his untimely appearance was apologized for by Brutus, who said "Mark wasn't accustomed to the legitimate." Subsequently Brutus, after looking at his watch and saying that he was sorry he hadn't more time, pointed into the wings and said: "Here comes the bier." The mob immediately made a concerted rush in the direction indicated, but Brutus told them it wasn't real bier—only Cæsar's bier, and they fell back disgusted with the false alarm. The bier was borne by four pall-bearers wearing grotesque heads. Marc Antony accompanied the corpse and began his speech, with Brutus standing in the wings disguised as a citizen. When Marc said: "Friends, Romans, countrymen," Brutus hissed "Chestnuts!" through his teeth and had to be removed. When Marc said he had come "to bury Cæsar, not to praise him," Robert Frazer, the clown, who was likewise the corpse, attired in motley, rose from the bier and made a kick, but the mob prevailed on him to return to his couch and be a good corpse. When Marc said in irony that Brutus was an honorable man the mob protested with "Nixey." Then Mr. Antony was rash enough to venture upon the cause of Cæsar's death, and said that if Cæsar had stolen Brutus' gags he had been sufficiently punished, and there was no necessity for slaying him. Brutus, who overheard this aside, stepped forward and characterized it as "sarcasm, with the accent on the asm." Marc came down from the rostrum to fling the insinuation back in Brutus's teeth. Friends in the mob restrained them from eating each other, and while they were making desperate efforts to get at each other Cæsar's corpse, which had been lying coolly on its right side on the bier winking comically at the leader of the orchestra, bounded to its feet and said that as no harm had been done it forgave both, and wound up by giving them the usual dramatic benediction—"Bless you, my children, bless you."

Can-can music ensued, and as the curtain fell Brutus and Marc Antony were doing some tall kicking and the Roman mob were joining in a "shindig."—*N. Y. World.*

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$700 A splendid Building Lot, 3¾ east front by 10 rods; 15th Ward.

$550 A Building Lot in 17th Ward, 3 rods front by 6 rods deep, only 1¼ blocks from Temple Block.

HOUSES AND LOTS.

$500 New brick house, 2 rooms, kitchen and cellar; lot 2½x10, on J Street, between 7th and 8th, north.

$1500 A new adobe house of 4 rooms, hard finish, pantry and closets well finished and painted, lot 2½x10 rods, in 7th Ward.

$4000 Two new brick houses, 5 rooms in one and 6 rooms in the other; lot 2½x10 rods, good cellars, closets, etc., city water, located in 15th Ward.

$3000 Frame house, adobe lined, 8 rooms, closets, etc., lot 2½x10 rods, 2nd South, 15th Ward.

$1050 A house of 4 rooms, porch front and back, lot 5x20, a good stable, etc., on Fourth West and Fourth North sts.

$1350 New brick house of 4 rooms, good pantry and closets, good fencing well, stable, etc., lot 3x20 on Third West.

$1600 Adobe house of 5 rooms, well finished, with closets, etc., lot 8x10, Second South, close to D. & R. G. depot.

$600 Frame house of 4 rooms, adobe lined, lot 3x10, South Temple street. $300 down, balance on the instalment plan.

$950 Adobe house of 2 rooms and kitchen, lot 5-20 rods, full of good fruit trees, one-and-half blocks west of gas works on South Temple street.

$4000 A 2 story brick house, 7 large rooms, 2 pantries, well finished, 2¼ blocks west of Main st.; lot 5x15 rods.

$2000 A No. 1 business corner, near the D. and G. depot, 5x6½ rods. This is very cheap and must be sold.

$2000 House of six rooms and store, lot 5x10, near the depot.

$3500 Brick house, 7 rooms, buttries, cupboards, etc. Two story barn, etc. Second South, close to Main Street.

$700 Adobe house of 4 rooms, lot 4x10 rods, fenced, stable etc., 5th ward.

$850 A new adobe house of 2 rooms and summer kitchen, lot 5x10 rods.

$1200 A new adobe house of 5 rooms lot 8x8, nice orchard, close to Temple Block, 17th Ward.

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$400 Ten acres of good level land, 3 miles from Temple Block, west; $150 in water right.

$350 Forty acres of farm land, North Point, good land and cheap. Must be sold soon.

$1000 160 acres patented land, 6 miles from Temple Block; also 160 acres school land adjoining.

$850 40 acres of bench land under canal with or without 13 shares water right, at $10 per share. A good stand of lucern on 10 acres; Hunter Precinct, 10 miles from city.

$600 Forty acres of No. 1 land, in North Point, fenced on two sides. This a bargain; call early.

$800 Forty acres of good farming land loamy, sandy soil, on bench a Pleasant Green, 11½ miles southwest from city, all fenced. Also 40 acres adjoining can be purchased for $800, same kind of land.

$2700 One hundred and twenty acres of farming and meadow land, 8 miles from Temple Block. Adobe house, two rooms, stable and outhouses, etc. Forty acres under cultivation, all fenced. Fifteen acres in lucern. Water right. A very cheap farm.

$600 Thirteen Acres of Good Lucern Land, half mile west of the city.

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$18.00 house of 5 rooms and good stable, city water, 7th Ward.

$12.00, brick house, 5 rooms, 15th Ward, city water.

$12 00, brick house, 6 rooms, 15th Ward, city water.

$4.00, adobe house, 2 rooms and kitchen, South Temple Street.

$4.00, Two rooms on Center street.

$5.00, Two rooms, Third Ward.

$5.00, house of four rooms, South Temple Street.