THE HIGHLAND SHEPHERD BOY.

Tolling a valley of purple hued hills,
Where a shepherd lad's fine voice,
A joy to the Highland hearts,
Came pealing a flock of sheep.

Not one but had reached its fodder,
Still hidden in hollow dells,
Where, if anywhere, sheep used to roam—
Sheep of the Highlands.

At this they were used to roam—
The fleet, in their nimble steps,
Toward eagles in their lofty,
Rocky eyries in the hills.
Higher yet the hidden tracks,

A shepherd lad with his crook,
In his day had not strayed,
And the sheep of the hills had pastured
Jubilee yet one had not heard.

"Hard now of my call?" the shepherd
Traveled lonely from the sheep—
"Hard not of my call?" and he
And the sheep and the sheep.

From the eagles a hooded pride
Escaped hastily to its nest—
"Is a lad who is not afraid
To go near of eagles to rebel.

"Why, you to the lofty eyries,
Who are to the sheep to know
Who hatch the eagle's young?"
"Ah, yes, I am a shepherd lad."

"I do not. Why, lad, you lady
In the shepherd and a poor weak
Boy boy, is fledged and lady,
And you in the Highlands young?"

"Hard, how could I be lady?" he pleaded
The boy with a surprised tones;
"My shepherd lad I am, but I know
Are young and the young."

—Chicago Times.

THE BEEP CUT.

It was a beautiful May morning. I remember my age I had, still in a habit of getting myself up when I were perhaps a good novel, turned my back aside, stretched myself sourly and bolted down the road toward Mr. Woodburn. Although I had done nothing but read all morning, I was hungry. Youth and high health always combine to strengthen the demand for breakfasts. It was time my dinner had come, I said to myself, glancing at the clock in my sanctum room. Just then a feeling sound caused me to rise and open the door.

There, on the path beside the railway, stood Tim Ferris. He golden curls were blowing across his blue eyes dancing up and down in the May wind, holding his three heads before the sunshine. He patriarchs shoes hopped on the rail path made by the workmen who made the deep cut for the bridge. The basket on his arm seemed a little heavy. He was panting energetically when I called to him.

"What's your hurry, Tim?"

He turned. I can still hear and at the bottom of the steps he stopped to my sudden, looked up at me with quick lady gaze and exclaimed:

"I couldn't help it. I'm to go to Woodburn, to see the circus, and dances and live elephant, and a menagerie, and lions and whales and a zoo-ze!"

Here Tim, relieved of his breath and basket, drew a long breath, hoisted at his feet, at his ragged shoes, then up at me wistfully, and added: "I don't know how many things there is for Jim Stacy were there never was nothin' like it. And mamma said I can go—but I'm to be good, you one Stacy's goin' to take me in his wagon, and he's sure to cut lots things to get ready."

"In that case, Tim," said I, "you'd best not wait for the things. I'll take them home myself. You just hasten home, young man, and—hurry."

Tim's eyes grew as big as two saucers as he looked at the coin in the palm, then up into my face. His bright blue eyes were moist, the little fellow was crying with joy already. He opened his mouth to thank me, but I cut him short.

"There's no right, Tim. You run right home, and tell your mother I will make the change good if anything happens your top and. It won't do to go shabby, Tim. You must. Hurrah your shoes and put a button on your hat."

"Mam won't have no time."

"You leave to me. Yes, can go home through the deep cut?—

"Through the tunnel, Mr. Monroe?"

"And through the tunnel. It will save more than half a mile, and you'll be really before Stacy calls for you."

"I'm glad you told me."

And Tim was off like a bird.

What a happy little fellow he was, so brave and manly, and the soul of truth. It shone in his bright blue eyes, illuminated his whole face. Nobody could look at Tim Ferris, ragged, dirty, sunburned as he was, without seeing that appreciative all this was used to be admired and loved in a child of eight. That was the sum total of Tim's life.

As he yellow curls glinted in the sunshine, I gave him a parting glance, then put my foot on the steps to mount to my sanctum, when the twittering of a house's hoofs on the road fell on my ear.

It was Bob Somers going home from Woodburn with the morning mail for his father's mill. I knew Bob and Bob's horse well. Hereford up, dancing and hearty, as was his wont, and set down on my steps to talk about the last frolic over at Stanley's barn raising. Meantime, I was absorbed. Mrs. Ferris' warm meat, biscuit, pies and milk as fine as a hungry man could, telling between bites. The office was as quiet as a churchyard. Bob was chatting, in short confidence the young lady who was to be Mrs. Bob Somers some day, when Bob Lord called me.

I passed in the act of slipping a good half of one of Mrs. Ferris' pies, and finished as one. Bob Lord was twelve miles west of my station. Usually I called Bob Lord, and then only to communicate matters of no import and no less the end. Other. Not I was not in trouble with Bob Lord. The call from Bob Lord sounded sharper even than usual. It was so imperative that even Bob Somers remarked it.

"Sounds like as if they were in an all fired hurry, wherever it is."

I bounded up the steps and answered the call. Short, clear and sharp came the message:

Bridge-tender at Silver Bow, Connecting from the Westbound at 2:32. Advise Woodburn.

Such a shock I never experienced before, and I hope I never may again. A cold chill ran over me. I suppose it was imagination, but I thought my heart ceased to beat for half a minute, and then it gave a mighty throb as I signaled Woodburn, sharply, again and again. Woodburn responded crustily. I repeated the message, then stood just long enough to receive the O. K. In the meantime I had decided upon my course.

I leaped. I did not run—down the short flight of stairs in front of my station, across upon Bob Somers' horse, spurred him into my back Virginia and galloped along the railway as fast as the horse would carry me. I did not pause to explain, I did not speak; all my energies centered on one object. A human life—a precious human life—was at stake, and that life was the light of a household.

I had unwittingly sent little Tim Ferris to his death.

To explain. The Woodburn connection was new. Months must elapse before there had made of every adjustable volume would be directed over the new branch. In the meantime passenger and one freight train each day would speed past Stacy for every morning and evening. The road between Rockford and Woodburn was so about the greater part of the time that the birds made nests near the rail, and squirrels frolicked along the rails in the sunshine undisturbed.

I remember, as I galloped madly along the railway, now on one track, now between the tracks, now on the other, I could hear the roar of the eastbound train thundering around the curves near the river. Once—twice I checked the horse, and listened with throbbing heart. The deep cut called the sound of the approaching train. I knew I heard the short sharp cries of the locomotive. Yet I was not sure. All the while I was in the agony of uncertainty. The deep cut was a dangerous place for an adult. There were places where the excavation had left a ledge, easily reached, sloped down to the track. Children and women had the presence of mind to lie down on the bank, a train passing would graze them to pieces. There were other places where the jutting rocks even so close to the track that no one can in it. Children could have been taken in there, and delight—now can appreciate vertigo.

As the cars or train came dropped from view and I urged forward to a place of safety. Be pulled to an object before me, when I beheld a quivering form—all that remained of the gallant Tim.

I remember, as I dashed down the cut, I saw little Tim, looking up at me with a face whose pallor contrasted strangely with the flame of anger and grief. It was the face he had worn from the moment I picked him up.

"Yes, Tim, by God's mercy."

"But we caught what the horse got it we hadn't jibaped." Here he stopped a little pause, "I'm almost afraid to go to see the mamma and the son."

"Oh, but you will. Don't and you want tell me how many boats and monkeys you see at the circus. I'll go home with you and see that your mother gets you ready in time for dinner."

And I did, and Tim saw enough at the circus that afternoon to furnish him with speculations that lasted as long as I was on duty at Stanley station.

The company paid Bob Somers a handsome sum for his horse, but if you'd know all the hard times either of us of the Woodburn branch, and the branch itself into one lump, I'd go through one minute of that day's experience for it.—David Lowry in Salt Lake Tribune.

Gateway—What did Miss Pallmall leave on last night?

Stalker—I don't know; I only saw her at dinner.—Cloak Review.

"German Syrup"

Here is an incident from the South—Mississippi, written in April, 1890, just after the Grippe had visited that country. "I am a farmer, one of those who have to rise early and work late. At the beginning of last Winter I was on a trip to the City of Vicksburg, Miss., where I got well drenched in a shower of rain. I went home and was soon after seized with a dry, hacking cough. This grew worse every day, until I had to seek relief. I consulted Dr. Bixon who lived close by, and he told me to get a bottle of Boschee's German Syrup. Meantime my cough grew worse and worse and then the Grippe came along and I caught that also very severely. My condition then compelled me to do something. I got two bottles of German Syrup. I began using them, and before taking much of the second bottle I was entirely clear of the Cough that had hung to me so long, the Grippe, and all the bad effects. I did this up and have felt that way ever since." Peter J. Batate, Jr., Cayuga, Hinds Co., Miss.

SUMMONS.

In the Justice Court in and for the Third Precinct, County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah.

Charles Lewis, Plaintiff,
vs.
John F. Lee, Defendant.

The People of the Territory of Utah send Greeting to Charles F. Lee, defendant:

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED TO APPEAR and answer the complaint of the plaintiff in the above entitled action, in the Justice Court of the Third Precinct, in and for said County of Salt Lake, and to answer the complaint upon the cause of action set forth in the complaint, a copy of which is now on file in said Court, and to do and perform such other and further matters as the said Court may order, according to the practice and procedure of said Court.

The said action is brought to recover a certain sum of money, to wit, the sum of [illegible] dollars, and for the recovery of possession of certain personal property, and for the enforcement of a certain lien upon said property, and for the foreclosure of said lien, and for the sale of said property, and for the application of the proceeds of said sale to the payment of said sum of money, to wit, the said sum of [illegible] dollars, and for the costs of suit herein expended or to be expended, and for the enforcement of said lien, according to the practice and procedure of said Court.

The said action is brought to recover a certain sum of money, to wit, the sum of [illegible] dollars, and for the recovery of possession of certain personal property, and for the enforcement of a certain lien upon said property, and for the foreclosure of said lien, and for the sale of said property, and for the application of the proceeds of said sale to the payment of said sum of money, to wit, the said sum of [illegible] dollars, and for the costs of suit herein expended or to be expended, and for the enforcement of said lien, according to the practice and procedure of said Court.

[illegible]

HENRY G. MORRIS, Clerk.
By [illegible], Deputy Clerk.

SUMMONS.

In the Justice Court in and for the Third Precinct, County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah.

Charles Lewis, Plaintiff,
vs.
John F. Lee, Defendant.

The People of the Territory of Utah send Greeting to Charles F. Lee, defendant:

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED TO APPEAR and answer the complaint of the plaintiff in the above entitled action, in the Justice Court of the Third Precinct, in and for said County of Salt Lake, and to answer the complaint upon the cause of action set forth in the complaint, a copy of which is now on file in said Court, and to do and perform such other and further matters as the said Court may order, according to the practice and procedure of said Court.

[illegible]

HENRY G. MORRIS, Clerk.
By [illegible], Deputy Clerk.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Andrew [illegible], Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT the undersigned administrator of the estate of Andrew [illegible], deceased, has rendered and presented his final account and report as such administrator, and that the Probate Court of Salt Lake County, Utah, has appointed Tuesday, the [illegible] day of April, A. D. 1892, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Court House in said County, as the time and place for hearing said account and report, and all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to appear at said time and place and contest said account and report.

Dated April 6, 1892.

C. E. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By Calvin Reese, Jr., Deputy Clerk.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the estate of Mary Yates, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT J. P. Morris, administrator of the estate of Mary Yates, deceased, has presented his account and report as such administrator, and has filed the same with the clerk of said court, and that Tuesday, the [illegible] day of April, A. D. 1892, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Court House in said County, in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, is appointed for hearing said account and report, and all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to appear at said time and place and contest said account and report.

Dated March 31, 1892.

C. E. ALLEN,
Clerk of Probate Court.
By Calvin Reese, Jr., Deputy Clerk.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

PURSUANT TO AN ORDER OF SALE TO me directed by the Probate Court of the Third Judicial District in and for the Territory of Utah, I shall offer for sale, at the front door of the Court House, in the City and County of Salt Lake, Utah Territory, on the first day of May, A. D. 1892, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, the following described property, to wit:

[illegible]

Dated March 8, 1892.

[illegible]

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the estate of Mary Yates, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT J. P. Morris, administrator of the estate of Mary Yates, deceased, has presented his account and report as such administrator, and has filed the same with the clerk of said court, and that Tuesday, the [illegible] day of April, A. D. 1892, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Court House in said County, in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, is appointed for hearing said account and report, and all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to appear at said time and place and contest said account and report.

Dated March 31, 1892.

C. E. ALLEN,
Clerk of Probate Court.
By Calvin Reese, Jr., Deputy Clerk.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the estate of Mary Yates, deceased.

[illegible]

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Probate Court, made on the 1st day of March, 1892, in the matter of the estate of Mary Yates, deceased, the undersigned, administrator of said estate, will sell at public sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described real estate, belonging to said estate, to wit:

[illegible]

Terms of sale: Cash.

J. P. MORRIS,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary Yates, Deceased.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

[illegible]

HENRY G. MORRIS, Clerk.
By Calvin H. Lewis, Deputy.

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Guitars, Mandolins & Zithers
[illegible]
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WHEN JOHNNIE COMES MARCHING HOME AGAIN,
O WHEN JOHNNIE COMES MARCHING HOME
A PIE HE SHALL HAVE AS BIG AS A PAN
THE SUN WILL NOT SHINE ON A HAPPIER MAN
SUCH DAINTIES NE'ER WERE COOKED BEFORE
THEY'D THE CHARTER OAK WITH ITS WIRE GAUZE DOOR!"
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[illegible]

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Call and See Them, also inspect our line of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, Etc. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
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