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THE OLD STAGECOACH.

Beneath the shed of a wayside inn it
Stands, a relic of bygone days,
Ghosts of a buried past live in the
Deadheads all, and a one that pays.
Ghosts of the fares that once it carried
Are there of the best rank;
Spectral forms of the knights who tarried
Around its ruby-colored tanks.

Broken now is the leather that girded
On the wheels a boon to the way-worn stage
Gone are the steeds so closely matched,
Nightmares now in the land of sleep.
Long since gone is the whip of thongs,
Silent now is the guard's clear horn,
Hands it there as a mute survivor,
Worked, dismantled and all forlorn.

Years ago grown decayed and stately
Proved its creaking by winter's blast,
Chance once bright, now with cob-age cloaked
Look today to the days long past.
Glittering once, now starved by attrition,
Gems in the gloom it one time wore,
While a tinge of a broken heart is in
All that remains now of a coat.

Many a long forgotten story
Told of scenes that it sorrel saw,
Many a plot of Whig and Tory,
Formed when the old stagecoach was young.

It bides away in almost jealous,
Spite of the roof which is prone to leak,
Much of the past it might well tell us,
If but its tongue could only speak.

—Fred H. Curtiss in New York World.

HOW HE WON HER.

We were gathered around a blazing grate fire one winter's night in the cozy apartments of a bachelor friend on Church street. Outside it was bitter cold, and the blustering wind was playing a doleful dirge on the eaves of the adjoining buildings. Inside all was bright and cheerful. We had all been boys together, and had gathered in one of our occasional reunions to smoke our pipes and talk of old school days, of the gray haired old schoolmaster who had long ago been laid to rest in the old city cemetery. We talked of the sweethearts of boyhood days—of those who had married, and of those who, like us, had preferred to fight life's battles alone.

Now and then the name of some old schoolmate who, in the busy cares of life, had almost been forgotten, would be mentioned. As his name was spoken it would recall, perhaps, some prank he had played on the stern faced but kindly old schoolmaster. He was absent now, but we could, in memory, still see his happy, boyish face and mischievous, laughing eyes and hear his joyous laughter. Where was the light hearted boy we knew and loved so well? None could tell. Perhaps he was dead; or, maybe, he was a wanderer on the face of the earth this cold and cheerless night, far away from home and friends.

We had—that is, with one exception—long since passed that age when we should be classed as young men in the strictest meaning of the word young; yet at the same time we could hardly have been reckoned old. The fact is, we were nothing more nor less than bachelors—old or young, as you please. The exception that I have mentioned—not that he was any older or younger than the rest of us, for we were all near the same age—but the man I have in mind was the exception in that he was a married man. He had several years before forsaken us and led to the altar a charming girl whose gifts of mind were as rare as her beauty was perfect.

They have a pleasant home out in the West and and two lovely children to make complete their happiness. I said he had forsaken us. To a certain extent he had, but not entirely, for he would occasionally drop in to have a chat with his old companions. He is the happiest man I ever saw, and would never leave us without delivering a lecture on the satisfaction and contentment of married life, and advising us to forsake the paths of single blessedness, marry some girl and settle down. We knew his advice was sound and good, but somehow we preferred to drift along in the old, easy way. We had never dreamed that there was a romance connected with our friend's marriage, and we would doubtless have forever remained in ignorance had he not chosen to tell the story himself. On the night of which I write our married friend, who had been a silent listener, suddenly spoke up:

"Boys, did I ever tell you the story of how I won my wife?"

None of us had ever heard it.

"If you will have the patience to hear me out," he continued, "I will tell you of a little romance, the equal of which one rarely meets with even in novels. To begin with, I won my wife by means of a game of cards. Now, do not look surprised—I did not literally win her in cards. I—but wait until you have heard the story. I was about twenty-six years old at the time my story begins, and, as you are all aware, was passionately fond of gaming at that time. It was in the spring and the races were in full blast, which of course brought great crowds of sporting men to the city. I was invited to join a number of gentlemen in a game of draw poker. The boys all had plenty of money, and the game was a stiff one from the start.

"Luck favored me and I began to win from the moment I took a seat at the table, and continued to win until I quit the game, when I found myself nearly $600 richer than when I commenced.

"To my left sat a young man who, although intensely pale, was one of the handsomest men I had ever seen. He was tall and fair, and rather slender, with short, light, clustering hair covering a splendidly shaped head. His eyes were large, of a deep blue and very prominent. His hands were small and delicately shaped almost as those of a woman. He was neatly dressed, and it required but one glance to see that he was a thorough gentleman. He was very young, his face was smooth, and I judged that he had scarcely passed his twenty-first year.

"Misfortune seemed to have selected the boy as its victim. He had been as unlucky as I had been fortunate. Every hand he played some one would have cards just a little larger. He had lost over a thousand dollars, and though he did not complain and curse, as men usually do when they have a run of hard luck, I could see that he was greatly troubled and becoming more desperate each moment. Finally, about midnight, some one opened a jackpot. Two or three of us staid, and when it got round to the young fellow he my left he carefully examined his cards and then raised the pot. All dropped out but myself. Having a pair of kings I concluded to stand the raise. I called for three cards and the young fellow stood pat. It was his first bet and he showed out quite a stack of blues.

"After looking at my hand to see what I had caught in the draw, I saw his bet and 'topped' him. He did not hesitate a moment, but called. I spread out on the table a full hand—three kings and a pair of deuces—while he showed down three jacks and a pair of fours. He gazed at my hand in a bewildered, dazed manner fully two minutes, then quick as a flash he drew from his breast a revolver and placed it to his head. I saw the movement, quick as it was, and wrenched the pistol from his grasp before he could commit the desperate act.

"I arose from the table, half my chips cashed and was preparing to leave the room when my eye rested on the boy. His head was resting on the table and he was muttering to himself, 'Ruined! Ruined! My God, I am ruined!' I saw that it would never do to leave the poor boy in that condition, so stepping to his side I gently laid my hand on his bowed head and asked him to follow me. I shall never forget the look of misery and despair I saw in his face as he looked up. 'Come, go with me,' I said, and he followed me as a child would have done, without a word. When we reached the street I asked him to take a walk with me, telling him I wished to have a talk with him.

"We walked around through the square and out on the old bridge. All was quiet there, and but for ourselves the place was deserted. 'Have you any money?' I asked the boy. 'Not a cent on earth, sir. I am ruined!' he answered. 'Take this, then,' I said, drawing from my pocket $200. 'But before I let you have it you must promise me on your honor as a gentleman—for I see that you are one—that you will never again enter a gambling house or play a game of cards for money, and that you will leave the city this morning. You can repay the money some day if you become able; if not, it will be all right. Is it agreed?'

"He grasped my hand and with the tears flowing down his cheeks said: 'God bless you, sir. You have saved me, and I shall remember you as long as life lasts.'

"There on the quiet, deserted bridge in that early morning hour the boy told me his story. He had left a happy, comfortable home up in the blue grass region of Kentucky to follow the checkered life of a gambler. He had imbibed the love of gambling while at school, and it had grown on him until it became a ruling passion. It had taken each complete possession of him that in a moment, blinded with passion and oblivious to the teachings of his childhood, he had forged his father's name for several thousand dollars. His father, too proud to proclaim to the world that his son was so debased, paid the check and let the matter drop. The boy had followed the races all over the country, sometimes winning, but more often losing, and now he had lost his last cent. He would now go home, ask his father's forgiveness and be a man once more.

"All this he told me that night, and when he had concluded the gray streaks in the east proclaimed that another day was dawning. Now and then a route boy with his arms full of newspapers would hurry past us, the collar of his jacket turned up and his cap pulled down over his ears to protect him from the crisp morning air. Heavily loaded market wagons rumbled across the bridge, and in the distance the shrill notes of a wakeful chanticleer could be heard heralding the news to man that it was time to prepare for work.

"We left the bridge and went together to a restaurant. After we had eaten breakfast I accompanied the young fellow to the depot, saw him on the train with a ticket in his pocket for home and with a warm handshake we parted—he back to his home to ask his father's forgiveness, and I back to my old haunts. No. That scene in the gambling house of the pale faced boy with a pistol at his head had cured me of my passion. I swore then that I would never touch another card for money, and I have kept my word.

"It was more than a year after I had parted with my young friend at the depot, and I had almost forgotten him, that on going to my office one morning the postman handed me a letter with the postmark of a little town in Kentucky on the envelope. I opened it and read the following:

"'MY DEAR FRIEND—Indeed you will find a check for the $200 you so generously let me have. Do what I may I could never repay the kindness you showed me when I was sorely in need of a friend. I am a changed man now and shall never be tempted again. Father has forgiven me and I again his fullest confidence. He knows of my trouble. Thank God, my mother and my sister have never learned of my disgrace.

"'My friend, I want you to come up and spend the hunting season with me. I can assure the best of sport and will take no excuse.'

"Having a little spare time on my hands just at that time I determined to pay my friend a visit. I arrived at the little station on a cool bracing evening in the latter part of October. I was met as I alighted from the cars by my young friend and I could not have been more cordially received had I been a long absent brother. When we reached his home I was ushered into a cosy sitting room, which was made more cheerful by the crackling flames of a huge blazing fire in an old fashioned fireplace. The father was a perfect type of the old time Kentucky gentleman, met us at the door and bade me welcome. To the left of the fireplace, in an easy armchair, sit a gray haired, sweet faced old lady quietly knitting. She remained sitting as I entered and I saw at a glance that she was an invalid. She rose, however, with a motherly smile, and treated my visit would be a pleasant one. I heard some one enter the room just then, and looking around, my eye rested on a slender, stylish figure.

"It was my young friend's sister, and there standing in the middle of the floor I saw my wife for the first time. I thought she was the loveliest girl my eyes had ever beheld, with her graceful figure and rich brown hair and big blue innocent eyes, and I there and then fell head over heels in love with her. Her mother being an invalid, the girl had assumed the duties of house keeper, and had entered the room announce that supper was ready. The family did all in their power to make me feel at home, and after the evening meal was over I felt as if I had known them all my life.

"Next morning the sun took me over the plantation. It was a typical old southern home. The house was in the center of a large lawn carpeted with fine grass and made bright with brilliant colored late fall flowers, and magnificent forest trees dotted the place here and there. The house itself was large and roomy, with numerous broad and inviting gallories. I could always the well kept paddocks and green a look at the rare specimens of thoroughbred horses, descendants of the equine wonders that have made Kentucky's name famous the world over. Then we went out into the pastures and inspected the herd of fat, sleek Jersey steers. It was a magnificent old place, and I wondered as I gazed at its beauties how even the passion for gambling could have induced the boy to leave such a home.

"I remained with my friends almost another week and was always treated as one of the family. In fact, the father could not have treated me kinder had I been his own son. His boy had doubtless told him of what I had done for him, and the old gentleman could not do too much to show his gratitude.

"The daughter of the family and myself were thrown much together, and before I was ready to leave I had told her of my love and she had promised to be my wife. I led her blushing to her father and mother, and they with smiles of approval gave us their blessing. We were married the next fall. Now you can understand how a game of cards led to my winning a wife.

"My wife and I—and, of course, the children—always spend October and November at the old home. The old people are dead, but my brother-in-law never fails to give us a royal welcome. He, too, has married, and there is not a happier man in the commonwealth; and why shouldn't he be happy, for he has a charming, loving wife, three bright, beautiful children and one of the finest stock farms in Kentucky. What more need a man want?"—Nashville Times.

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No. 11—For Ogden and the West ... 10:30 p.m.

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No. 2—From Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo ... 10:30 a.m.
No. 4—From Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo ... 10:30 p.m.
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No. 8—From Ogden ... 5:00 p.m.
No. 10—From Ogden, Portland and Puget Sound ... 8:00 a.m.
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For all points East ... 7:00 a.m.
For Ogden, Portland, San Francisco ... 10:00 a.m.
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For Ogden ... 4:00 p.m.
For Ogden and intermediate points ... 5:00 p.m.
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