WHAT WILL TIME GIVE?

What will Time give for what we lose,
Youth's exuberant hope,
The far current from which to choose
The wide, giddy course?

What will Time give? A little praise,
A little blame,
An added gift of thoughtful days,
Perhaps a name.

What will Time give? A narrow place,
A lonely spot,
Remembrance for a little space,
And then—forgot.

—Ada Melman Gale in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

THE STORY OF EVA RAY.

I had always loved Frank Barron, and I do not think that I could help it if I had tried. It began when we went to school together. Society it is better to love than to hate. Gladys Martin was younger than I. Gladys was my cousin, and when Frank was twenty-two he suddenly discovered that she was the girl he wanted for a wife, offered himself and was accepted.

Now, when I heard that from her own lips, I went away to my room for a while, and knelt down beside the bed and prayed for my soul. For I felt the most unreasonable anger and jealousy thrill me from head to foot.

And why should I feel so? Only satan knew, I was assured—only satan. And when I arose from my knees I had conquered him within me. I was Frank's friend, who loved him as a sister, and nothing more, and I went to the wedding, and was first bridesmaid to Gladys, and said to myself that there were some women to whom love and joy were given and some who had their duties to perform, and that I was of the latter sort and Cousin Gladys of the former.

Frank Barron was only a poor doctor, and Cousin Gladys had nothing. But I was rich, and when they went to the country town where he was to practice, I went with them. I had but my relatives for my life I had left in the city, and I had made up my mind to be a spinster, and felt that I could do a great deal for Frank and Gladys. She was one who never thought of the future and could not manage a small income well, I know. And so it proved. She never guessed—nor did he—how much trouble they would have had but for me.

As it was, every one was saying what a pretty home they had, and how well the young wife cared for it, and how neat she dressed.

As for me, they knew me as Mrs. Barron's cousin, Evangeline Ray, and I think many thought me a poor one.

What did I care so that Gladys and Frank were happy and fond of me? After awhile there was some one else to love—a little girl baby, who soon grew to know that Gladys was my cousin and like Aunt Evangeline, and later came a boy. When he was but two years old there was sent to Gladys a nobleman from England, whose her grandfather on his side, and he was her father's nephew, and he was her father's heir by dying. He wished Gladys to come to him—to remain with him for the few months he had to live, and promised that if she would he would leave her his fortune.

Duty and interest both called upon her to go, but still she cried out, How could she! Ah! how could she—how could she leave the babies and leave the sea alone! Where were the needful things for a voyage to be got at a moment's notice? What should she do? But I had crossed the ocean twice and knew what to do. I had never married, and felt in time that she could want while she was still wondering what to do. And I took her to the steamer and left her with people whom I knew who happened to be going on the same boat—as if she were a child. She seemed so young and full of gratitude that no one could believe that she had been married so many years, and I could see that she would enjoy herself for all her pretty terrors, and her last words were "Take care of Frank and the babies. I wouldn't leave them with any one but you. You are our guardian angel."

I was glad. It is so much to be to be loved, and always was and always will be.

I went back to Frank and the children. The old servant, half cook, half housekeeper, whom I had engaged, and all to know how I managed to make Frank and Gladys believe that they lived on what would never have sufficed for half their needs, made it a proper thing for me to stay. Indeed, the idea that it was not proper never had crossed either of our minds.

We were very quiet after Gladys was gone. Sometimes I fancied that Frank looked more content than he usually did. Gladys, though so pretty and gay in company, had a way of fretting him in private. Our time was half taken up in nursing her. Now and then she quarreled with him because, working as he did at his profession, he had little time for company. She wanted him to change his nature, it seemed to me. But no one bothered him. I kept the children in their little nursery, and in the evening when he sat down with us, if he were not called away, I let him lead the talk, as men like to do.

I knew, too, what callers he would like to see, and which to entertain myself, and, of course, being only his wife's cousin, I did not expect him to spend any time entertaining me.

However, as when doves are cooing with the children, of course—and we enjoyed the ride. And the poorer patients fell to asking to see me and telling me their troubles, and when I could help them I did.

"I wish there is a far better doctor's wife than the real one does," an old woman said to me once. "She turns up her nose at my poor folks, and seems to think my ailments always something enticing. Just send you a doctor of your own, mind!"

I laughed, but I was glad Frank Barron did not hear her.

We got a letter from Gladys as soon as she reached London. Her grandfather was dying of cancer, she said, and might live a long while, and indeed he did, his years, but not very often, and the doctors went by and a year was gone.

Then the poor old gentleman died, and still there were things to be done about the will. Five months more went, and then indeed she wrote that she was coming. We heard the steamer, and we heard of its sailing.

Then nothing more. What happened no one knows but one who will ever know. A piece of her bulk was all that was ever found, and there was none in England and none in America. Husbands and fathers, sons and daughters, and many a woman's true new and gone down in unknown with no power to send a farewell word to our one.

And Gladys Barron was among them—our Gladys—Frank's wife.

He lay upon the floor in his study, where he had cast himself down for hours, and I dared not speak to him. It was days and weeks before the ghastly frightened look left his face, months before I ceased to fear that he would die of sorrow, and I stayed with the children. And so another year went by. Then it was spring time, I remember, and all the orchards were full of blossoms, pink and white. Frank came to me as I sat at work in the shadow of the two or three trees in our little village garden and sat down at my feet.

"Faithful little woman," he said. "I wonder if you know how dear you are to me?"

I trembled, and my heart throbbed so I could scarcely breathe.

"You are rich and I am not," he said, "but I know you will not think that I am a fortune hunter. I am a sort of wreck of what I was. I think something went out of me when my poor Evangeline was lost—that is, youth's essence. I feel it—and look how gray I am growing! But I long for a dear friend—for a woman's tenderness—for a wife who will be what you use to be to me. Will you have me, such as I am, with my children and my sadness spirit, and all my imperfections on my head?"

Would I? I dared not speak, but I put my hand in his. I knew he did not give me the love he had given poor Gladys; but I should have a right to live near him—to receive his caresses—to be all to him that I felt I could be.

"He shall love me yet as passionately as man ever loved woman," I said to myself, "when, no more repressed, he more afraid of loving him too well, I am his wife."

I was happy as the angels are for a little space.

We were to be married very soon, but as yet had told no one. I had my wedding dress sent down from the city, village gossips knew nothing of it, and one evening I went to my room to try it on.

It became me well. It was a pale pearl silk with a pretty white bonnet, and in that I was to walk up the church aisle on the next morning. We were to have a little journey and return.

"I am pretty again," I thought to myself. "The looks I lost long ago have come back to me in my joy" and I went up the glass and kissed my own reflection.

As my lips touched the mirror I heard a sound home—a wild cry, a scream of fear, a shriek of joy. What had happened?

I rushed to the head of the stairs. They were dark. The hall below was fully lighted. Under the blaze of the swinging lamp I saw Frank Barron holding his wife Gladys in his arms. She wore a traveling dress. His sudden cheer had caused her cap to fall to the ground and all her golden hair to escape from its coils. Loving and lovely she stood there embraced by him.

I rushed back to my room, tore off my dress, hid it, locked it safe from sight, donned the green that came first to hand, cried "God help me!" and went down the stairs. By this time he had her in the parlor, and was looking at her through his tear wet eyes.

"As beautiful as ever," he cried—"as beautiful as ever!"

"Thank God, Gladys!" I cried. And surely I thanked God that she had come when she did. She kissed me, but not warmly.

"Why are we all this time on a desert island," said she. "I had to go back to London for clothes and money, and I thought it best not to cable."

Her tones were disgust, her looks defiant.

"Tired of taking care of the babies?" she asked. "How do they look? They won't know me."

Later she came to my room.

"I heard you were going to marry Noah," she said. "Hadn't you better confess? On the whole, I suppose you'd like to leave me?"

"I have packed my trunk," I said. "Gladys, you need have suffered; tell me about your life on the island. How could you keep as well, as fresh, so blooming?"

"I can't bear to talk of it," said she. "It was horrid, of course. How old and ugly Frank has grown."

"With grief for you," said I.

She laughed and left me.

I was gone next morning without adieu.

A little later I met an English friend. She took my hands.

"I thought you would give Mrs. Barron up," she said. "Her husband has taken her back after all."

"It is no crime to be cast on a desert island," said I.

"Desert island!" she laughed. "Did she tell him that story? She lost the steamer and went back to her own house. She found it hard to leave some one she had come to know, and when the boat was lost she made capital of it in America. We knew she spent a g money months and a good deal of mo to the Isle of Wight, and her tour was too much even for Lord —, she came from a desert island—and he believes it. How funny!"

I never saw either of them again.—Mary Kyle Dallas in Friends' Companion.

In one part of the Mongol country passed over by Mr. Hocklull in his journey to Thibet he found that boots were the only things the people would receive in exchange for horses, food, etc., and he congratulated himself that he had carried along two dozen pairs, with cloth tops and queer upturned toes.

An ex-policeman, who has done ten years' duty in one of the large cities of the east, says that he has never seen a hallucinated tramp. Here is an interesting subject for discussion. Are hallucinated men too honorable to take up the life of a tramp, or do they stop tramping when the hate begins to fall out?

The gloomy-red pains of Egypt leave seals with mealy backs which taste very much like gingerbread. In certain localities the tree forms extensive forests and its roots spread over the ruins of Thebes, one of the largest and most splendid cities of the ancient world.

China is willing to contribute to our World's Fair but there is cold difficulty. The United States law will not allow Chinamen to land in this country.

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LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of Rizer C. Atwood, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT William D. Atwood, executor in of the estate of Rizer C. Atwood, deceased, has rendered his settlement, and that in accordance with the first ordered in the administration of said estate, and petition for final distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled thereto, and the same will come on for hearing before the Court on Tuesday, the 8th day of September, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the court room of said court, in the County Court House, Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, has been set by the order of said court, and all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to appear at said time and place and show cause, if any there be, why said account should not be allowed and said petition, and that distribution made as prayed.

Dated August 15, 1891.

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

By C. E. STEVENS, Deputy Clerk. 4t

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of James Madsen, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT Mary Madsen has filed in said court her petition for the appointment of herself and Joseph Madsen as administrators of the estate of said James Madsen, deceased, and that said court has fixed monday of the ninth day of September, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Court Room of said court, in the County Court House, Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, has been duly appointed by the judge of said court, for the settlement of said account and hearing said petition, at which time and place any person interested in said estate may appear and show cause, if any there be, why said account should not be settled and approved and that distribution made as prayed.

Dated August 15, 1891.

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

By C. E. STEVENS, Deputy Clerk. 4t

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Lucky Boy Mining Company. Location of principal office of business Salt Lake City, Utah.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT at a meeting of the Board of Trustees held on the 6th day of August, 1891, at Salt Lake City, Utah, an assessment No. 8, of ten cents per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation payable to the secretary, at the office of the company, Room 10, Knight Block, Salt Lake City, Utah, for the purpose of paying the expenses of the company, which this assessment remained unpaid on the day of September, 1891, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on the 21st day of September, 1891, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., at the company's office, Room 10, Knight Block, Salt Lake City, Utah, to pay delinquent assessments, together with costs of advertising and expense of sale.

LUCKY BOY MINING COMPANY,
W. J. BURTON, Secretary.
Residence 10 N. 2nd West Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

NOTICE OF SALE UNDER DEED OF TRUST.

WHEREAS GEORGE G. NORTH AND Ann E. North, his wife, on September 1st, 1888, executed and delivered a Trust Deed to secure promissory note of even date herewith, payable three years from date with interest at the rate of ten per cent per annum from date upon monthly installments of principal and interest as specified in said note, to said note selected, which said coupons were numbered 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,