GENUINE LOVE SONG.

A mere infinite city
By gardens bowing balm,
Is swept about towards white
Arms, with closed palm,
As 'mong the silver seas of night
That spume the waves of sun.

The pearly corals promise fruit
Was plain upon the wall
I passed with beating heart beyond,
And all beyond was pearl
While music wave wh[illegible]
Sweet
Is not so sad as this!

And for alike eyes, as from a spell,
Were heard tears her sand
Olive-eyes (as sad) with eyes close fell
For on the heavenly field,
She stood beside the fragrant well,
The needle hard, I see hand.

Me sighed. One flower, dead, fathers
Showed than little rain,
And laid it in the heart of some
And would not let it die.
Of me it [illegible] for me was here
And made into the city

Then found the, smoothing light,
The tears we I and I—
I will not speak to time or night,
For hark that crumbled sun—
The Master throughs which bear their flight
And here we where they go.

—Frederic Herbert Trench in Harper's Magazine.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

"Are you married yet?" asked an old gentleman who had passed the three-score-and-ten milestone on the journey of life of his young friend, Willis Henderson, whom he had not met for three years.

"No, sir, not yet," was the reply; "I am not able to take care of myself properly, let alone support a wife."

"But you might get one who would help you, my young friend," continued the old man.

"Ah, there is the trouble! Of course if I could find some woman who was able to care for herself and me, too, I would talk with her on the subject; but as it is I don't care to exchange single blessedness for double cussedness. You have doubtless heard of those lines of Josephine Pollard, which breaks forth in strains like this:

"Don't think for a moment, Fred, 'tis better
To bind the heart with a golden fetter;
Much easier to fly, if company vex us,
And love is a vagrant whose ways to 'vex'
There isn't a chance for pleasant weather
When two are uncomfortably yoked together;
So turn your back when money beckons—
Marry for love and work for riches!"

"Well, I reverse the doctrine in the last line so as to read, 'Marry for riches and work for love.'"

The old man shook his head and turned to speak with another friend while waiting in the crowded little room for the mail to be distributed.

Among the bystanders were two ladies richly clad. One was pretty, vivacious and young, just creeping out of her teens, and the other, less handsome, was about six years her senior, and they stood very near while Willis quoted poetry as a kind of justification for his celibacy.

Both were Miss Olie Monray, her rich aunt, and the conditions under which their attention was first directed to Willis Herdyson by the interesting question of the old man and the unique answer he received.

As the crowd dispersed and the two ladies walked down the street the aunt said:

"I would like to see that young fellow back up his assertion. I don't think he has any more idea of marrying for money and working for love than I have of receiving a pair of angel's wings with which to sail across the ocean next summer."

"I don't know anything about it, aunty, I am sure. I should judge that he was a poor fellow, with honest intentions and pure motives, but he might have meant what he said."

"I want to see him taken at his word."

"That would be romantic. Suppose you try it!"

* * * * * * *

Late in the afternoon Olie and her aunt took a stroll through town, and by some means wandered into a store. They recognized Willis, and on making their way to his counter bought a few trifling articles.

During the following weeks hardly a day passed that the ladies did not come to the store, but there was no emphasis attached to this, as people usually go where they receive courteous treatment from clerks, and Willis tried to excel all of his fellow clerks in politeness, and thus build up a nice trade for his employer through little courtesies to customers; but toward the last a kind of spontaneous friendship seemed to spring up between Willis and his two patrons, and as they became better acquainted Willis began to call upon the ladies frequently.

A romantic marriage had taken place at the hotel one afternoon which furnished a lot of social gossip, and as late willed, Willis had an engagement with the ladies for a stroll that evening.

The fact seemed to open the way for Olie's aunt to play her little venture and pave the way for future events. The subject of marriage and its attendant responsibilities was thoroughly discussed, and finally Willis was asked for an opinion, and, as was his custom, he spoke freely in a kind of earnest manner, saying:

"Well, I have peculiar ideas on that subject. In the first place, it is a great responsibility on the part of either man or woman to stumble into matrimony. And, in the second place, there are certain very necessary adjuncts to render sailing over the matrimonial sea a fine ful voyage."

"What are those 'very necessary adjuncts?'"

"Money is the principal one, of course."

"But what about love?"

"Love is a cottage may lack very nice in towels, but it will not work so pleasantly in soul life."

"You don't seem to place much stress on love, then?"

"Oh, love may be well enough in its place, but could it last long?"

"You don't believe there is such a thing as love?"

"Yes, I do. I believe there is a love of money, a love of fame and a soul consuming love of power."

"But I mean the affection of the heart."

"Well, there may be, but I think real love matches are very scarce in this age of the world. In fact, most of the marriages which take place nowadays are for love of money, position or power, and are contracted through that motive rather than because of the disease of the heart called love."

"Why don't you practice your doctrine and marry some rich woman?" asked Olie, who had been a more listener to the conversation.

"Ah, my dear girl," said Willis, "that is a different thing altogether. To be plain, I have never met a woman blessed with an abundance of wealth who did not have more admirers than she could count on her fingers, all of whom were suing for her hand."

"There are plenty of such women, however, who would be glad to bestow their wealth into your keeping," said Olie, blushing very prettily, while her aunt maintained a perfect indifference to the turn the conversation had taken.

"Just trot out a few of them, Miss Olie; those who are able to support themselves, and willing to take charge of a worthless fellow like myself," said Willis laughingly.

"I can do so, never fear. When shall I send one around?"

"Any time it may suit your pleasure or convenience."

* * * * * * *

"What does this mean?" Willis mused, as he broke the seal, "and who can be the writer? I have no friends in New England that I am aware of—but perhaps the mystery will be solved by the contents," and he carefully took from the envelope a delicately perfumed sheet of gilt edged paper, and this is what he read:

Mr. Willis Herdyson:

KIND SIR—A lady friend, Miss Olie Monray, who is in your city at present, and with whom you are slightly acquainted, in harmony with a promise she made you, has importuned me to write you and present my case.

It is not exactly in harmony with custom for women to go marking and proposing to contract matrimonial alliances verbally, but I believe there is nothing in modern etiquette positively forbidding a lady from making her desires known by aid of the mighty pen, and I hope you will give the subject calm, serious thought, if you are anxious to marry a woman amply equipped with the one thing needful to render happy wedded life, according to your own expressed views, and in addition thereto has a large, generous heart, fully capable of loving a husband to idolatry.

I am not an "old maid" of the back number style of the ancient edition, crow grained and ill tempered, whom only love is for her Sir Thomas cat, but am in the prime of life, not having yet passed my twenty-sixth birthday. I am pining for the true devotion of a good husband, and believe I am qualified to render a worthy man, such as you are represented to be, supremely happy in wedded bliss. I am a blonde, have deep blue eyes, and, so some say, handsome.

If you will take the trouble to examine the documents I send herewith you can ascertain as to my financial affairs, all of which will be turned over without reserve to my husband, and as to my character, I refer you to any one here, or to my friend Olie, with whom you are acquainted.

She described you fully to me, and I am very much in love with you already. Will exchange photos, if you so desire, or if you think proper will visit your place while my friend is there and meet you, when we can decide as to future relationship.

Hoping that you will not dispise me for thus approaching you on this delicate subject, and that I may soon receive a reply, I remain, with great respect, MISS JEMIMA ZACHARY.

"My gracious!" Willis exclaimed, "I presume that I am in a trap now—taken at my word—and will either have to marry for riches and work for love or look down and still pursue the even tenor of my uneventful life, and I hardly know which is the best course—but in my heart of hearts I have vowed never to wed except for pure and unadulterated love. It is well enough to talk of money, yet I could not bear the idea of being chained in matrimonial fetters to a woman I did not love, if she had all the gold of Ophir."

His former resolution had recovered itself, and he wrote a letter to his unknown admirer in the following strain:

Miss Jemima Zachary:

MY DEAR MADEMOISELLE—Your letter was duly received, and after mature deliberation I indite the following facts and confessions:

My surprise knew no bounds when I read the presentment of your case, which honesty compels me to confess I greatly admire. I am not one of those fogy moralists who object to women "popping the question." In fact they have as much, and often more, at stake than men in the matrimonial venture, and I think they have an equal right with men to go courting by word of mouth or otherwise, and for the sterling qualities of character which you possess I earnestly hope you will soon have a true, good husband, whose love for your own precious personality outweighs all the golden dowers to your credit in the banks of your city.

My conversation with your friend here has evidently been misconstrued. I acknowledge making the request and assertion to which you allude, and can only plead in extenuation of my crime, that they were only frivolous and unbounding in every respect.

No one believes in real, genuine, and mastering love more firmly than I, and without the pinch and rust proof love I will never contract a conjugal alliance. Money is very highly necessary, but real heart sympathy is more needful to a peaceful voyage over the blissful river to the tranquil harbor of wedded bliss.

There is, however, one insurmountable obstacle over which fate causes us and a gulf is fixed that cannot be crossed, which is most necessary to a successful consummation of the joyous union for which your letter was intended as an initiatory step. I am not a beggar, yet have nothing but my hands and a reasonable allowance of health and natural ability to ply the avocations I am pre to master, and as you are rich it would be unfair to contract an alliance of such momentous importance to your self, for there are men your equal in the commercial world who are ready and anxious to take you to their embrace, although I have serious doubts if my sum outside his monetary value can be the same inasmuch as compare to your genuine worth.

Had fate thrown our lives in closer proximity, so that you had learned my faults and foibles to the fullest degree, and if after such personal knowledge, a love, pure and captivating, had sprung up between us, the circumstances would be different, and my answer in all probability could be such as you wish. I have no fear concerning you and your standing, but your friend possibly has had no means of obtaining all the facts concerning myself, and has, perhaps, unwittingly paid too great a compliment to me.

At present I could not think of entering upon the grave duties of married life, and until I meet with one I love sincerely, occupying a common plane, I must be content with single life.

It would afford me pleasure to know you personally, and could I render your life more happy by any sacrifice, I would do so joyfully, but cannot presume to ask you here with such a sentimental solicitation in view. I am sorry I made such a request of your friend, but I did so in jest, and thought her promise a jest also.

I return your letter and documents in kindness, and hope some true spoon of of Cupid's selfish creation may be lured to your side, gather your pure affections closely to his manly breast, nestle round about your life his tender love, and that joys untold, bliss unbounded and pleasures of endless duration may crown your future days. I remain, very respectfully,

WILLIS HERDYSON.

"Well, Mr. Herdyson," said Olie, when they had returned from a stroll one Sunday evening, "how are you and Miss Zachary getting along with your courtship? You remember that you promised me to 'Nat out a woman of wealth,' and I have done so."

"Quite well, I presume. I am well pleased with present prospects."

"Present prospects!" exclaimed the aunt. "What a deceiver you are, I declare! You flatly refused the offer, pleading poverty and other flimsy excuses, and even tried to lead me on vain fishery. Does that indicate present prospects?" and she threw the letter into Olie's lap as she ceased speaking.

"What! You the lady in question?" ejaculated Willis in amazement. "Well, I will own up, then; but I only wish that I had not made such a full and frank confession, but having made it I do not care to retract a single utterance."

"I wish you all the pleasure which fate can have in store for you. I was confident you believed exactly as you do, and I set out to make you confess it. Be careful hereafter what reckless assertions you make in public. Having a number of business interests in the west which need constant attention, I want to place their management in worthy hands, and I am assured that none more competent than you can be found, and if you will call to-morrow afternoon we will arrange the affairs in proper shape," said the aunt, with a smile of perfect satisfaction.

"Madame," said Willis, "it will afford me pleasure to accommodate you, but you know my financial——"

"That will do. I know all about it, sir, and if I am willing who else need care?"

* * * * * * *

A correspondence ensued between Olie and Willis, which ripened into love in the truest sense. Miss Zachary's interests prospered in his hands, and after a year both again visited the western village.

Day after day the two lovers were basking in the sunshine of affection's tendrest smiles, and one evening as the gentle twilight was stealing down the valley, the shadows were creeping toward the east and the evening zephyrs kissed the fragrant flowers which girdled the beautiful lawn through which they strolled, the lovers gazed on the strokes of gold which shot across the clear blue sky, and their hands were clasped in warm embrace, while a man's impassioned voice broke forth in tender accents, saying:

"Olie, will you be mine?"

"Yes," came back in sweeter notes than an angel's voice, but it been mingled from the lips of some strains of a rightious clime.—J. W. Hyder in Boston Globe.

Hospitality in Early California Days.

In the old days there was not a hotel in California, and it was considered a grievous offense even for a stranger, much more for a friend, to pass by a ranch without stopping. Fresh horses were always furnished, and in many cases an owner would beg strangers appointed to need financial help a pile of unmounted silver was left in the sleeping apartment, and they were given to understand that they were to take all they needed. This money was covered with a cloth, and it was a point of honor not to count it beforehand nor afterward. It was "great silver," and the custom continued until its abuse by travelers compelled the native Californians to abandon it.

Among themselves no one was ever allowed to suffer or struggle for lack of help. The late Dr. Nicholas Den, of Santa Barbara, who emerked into the Oringa family, once needed money to carry through a speculation, and thought of going to Los Angeles to borrow it. Old Father Narciso, hearing of the matter, sent his Indian boy to him with a "cena," or four gallon tile basket, full of gold, and the message that he ought to come to his priest whenever he needed help.—Charles Howard Shinn in Century.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT AILS YOU? You feel tired—tho you know what it means? You are nervous—WHY? You cough in the morning—Do you realize the cause? Your appetite is poor—What makes it so? You seem like a changed person to your friends—Do you know what is the matter, or has the change been so gradual it has escaped your notice?

You have Consumption! We do not say this to frighten you, but it is true. There are the sure symptoms of this terrible disease. There is one thing which will check it and that is

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SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN A judgment of an order of the Probate Court of the County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah, made on the 15th day of November, 1890, in the matter of the estate of Andrew S. Mackintosh, deceased, the undersigned executors of the last Will and Testament of said deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for Cash, and subject to the United States, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on Tuesday, the 24th day of February, 1891, at 12 o'clock M., at the residence of said deceased, No. 61 E. First South St., in the City and County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Andrew S. Mackintosh at the time of his death, and all the right, title, and interest that said estate has, or upon the day of the sale aforesaid, or any other time or in addition to that of said Andrew S. Mackintosh at the time of his death, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, being and being in the Salt Lake City and County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:

Commencing at the Northeast corner of Lot Four (4), Block Fifty (50), Plat "A," Salt Lake City Survey, and running thence South Rods (1) Rod, thence West one (1) rod, thence North Rods (1) Rod, thence East one (1) rod to the place of beginning.

Terms and Conditions of Sale:—Cash, one year out of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, balance on confirmation of sale to said Probate Court.

Deed at expense of purchaser.

ELIZABETH J. MACKINTOSH, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of Andrew S. Mackintosh, deceased.

Salt Lake City, Utah, January 31st, 1891.

A Warning To Horse-Owners. The Split Nail in this Shoe actually lamed the horse from which it was early taken in Worcester, Mass. One foot of the nail came out in the process of clinching, and so deceived the person who shod the horse. The other point went in the direction shown in the illustration, piercing the tender part of the foot called the "quick." From this the horse was made lame for one entire two weeks.

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