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A DAYBREAK SONG.

Darkness! darkness! Bright grows the east of night;
Bells ringing, birds singing, sun in the dew drop gleaming!
Leaves rustling, like waking, soft sounds from field and woods!
Look up, my weary heart! morn's here, and God is good!

New skies and blue skies—cheer heart! another day
Lights in the changing world, not strive! while stars the night
What though the past went wrong? What though the night were long?
Wake, wake, my weary heart! saw be the hope and song.

Darkness! darkness! Thank God for resting night.
Sleep's sweet forgetfulness, setting the sad world right.
Thank God for birds and bells: "Cheer! cheer!" they carry to me!
"All that is past, is past; life is now born each day."

Sparkle of beauty dew, deep skies so clear and blue,
God calling on the world, Rise! rise to labor true!
Help me to strive with you—strive, though my star go down—
Have that white envelope rise, some day my task shall crown.

—Jessie Benham in Youth's Companion.

A GIRL'S MISTAKE.

"Well, Rollin, what do you say?"

Aunet Brunsch's liquid brown eyes searched her lover's face wistfully.

Rollin Dracut frowned slightly.

"Where is the use of my saying any thing? You've made up your own mind."

"I don't know why I should always stay just here," pouted the girl, "but of course I shall stay if you wish it."

"Would you really?" the young man questioned, pitting an arm around her and drawing her to him. "I believe you would, and I won't ask you by saying a word against your going. You mustn't forget me, though."

"Indeed I shan't you know, Rollin, I couldn't if I tried."

"I hope so but I don't know it," Rollin said, with an incredulary sigh. "The first city beau you have you'll be ashamed of me."

Aunet colored. She was pretty, and in spite of her love for Rollin she could not help a thrill of pleasure in the thought of being admired by city eyes.

The next week she went to the city with her Aunt Bella Prescott—to stay a month or two. But the "month or two" swelled to six, and there seemed no more prospect of Aunet's quitting the city than during the first week after her arrival.

The truth was that, aside from the fact that Mrs. Bella Prescott—a gay and somewhat attractive widow, and young still—had taken a decided fancy for her lovely little niece, she found that she added so much to the charm of her elegantly appointed drawing room that she did not know how to spare her from it.

One morning as Aunet finished reading a letter from Rollin, Aunt Bella said to her with a laugh:

"Rollin won't be coming here to see you, I hope."

Aunet blushed without replying. Indeed, in this very letter Rollin had announced that he was coming, and Aunet did not know for the life of her whether she was glad or sorry.

Mrs. Prescott looked seriously annoyed when she understood the state of the case. Aunet saw her displeasure, and her own uneasiness was increased.

Both night, however, have spared any anxiety concerning Rollin Dracut.

He had brown hairs and a bronzed face, but he was a large, splendidly made man and carried himself easily.

Neither Mrs. Prescott nor Aunet, I am sorry to say, met him with quite the cordiality they ought. He had anticipated something of the sort from the tone of Aunet's letters, and he had come to the city to see for himself just what the mischief amounted to and whether anything could be done.

If he could have remained his cool self, content to rest the matter patiently on his own merits, Aunet might have seen in time how infinitely superior he was to most of those who surrounded her and returned voluntarily to that allegiance which was really considerably shaken by the flatteries that had of late turned her pretty, silly head completely.

But he lacked her too well. He was too impulsive and impatient to be able to stand calmly by and behold his pure little blossom toss and spoil the bloom of such a strain as this which bore her now.

Aunet, too, in her foolish vanity, could not feel or "showing off" for his benefit some of the new and fashionable airs she had acquired. She laughed and chatted with their various admirers and threw arch, smiling, enticing glances this way and that, just as she had seen the city belles do. In short, Rollin Dracut's love, his emblem of dashing and pure simplicity, flirted just as any beautiful coquettish worldling might have done in her third season.

He was terribly shocked and very angry. He remonstrated quietly. But Aunet had been petted too long to take rebuke quietly, above all from one whom she had expected such unbelieving admiration and indulgence as from him. He went home without seeing her again, and never so much as wrote to her afterward. He considered her completely lost to him, and Aunet, though scared at first, felt rather relieved to have everything got along with so easily.

About this time appeared upon the scene the "conquering hero" in the person of one Raymond St. Ives, a handsome young Englishman of superior intellect and fascinating address. Aunet had been flattered and admired to the extent of her desires, but, strangely enough, she had not once imagined herself in love with any of those gentlemen who shared her so graciously and dressed so unexceptionally.

It was quite a different thing when this young Englishman came. He contrived to impress her with a vague idea that he was some great personage or other in disguise, and he certainly assumed haughty enough airs for a great lord at the very least.

Much to Aunet's surprise, Mrs. Prescott did not seem to like her new admirer, and there was just enough willfulness in Aunet to make her like him all the more for that very reason. Mrs. Prescott fostered her dislike to St. Ives; she quarrelled constantly with Aunet about him, and finally forbade Aunet to see him.

The result might have been foreseen. St. Ives contrived to meet Aunet out somewhere, aware that he loved her too well to live without her and made her believe him. Late the following night a carriage was waiting not far from Mrs. Prescott's residence. Aunet crept softly down from her own room and stole out toward it, and they were driven swiftly away. Aunet sobbing in a hysterical fright at the step she had taken.

It had been understood that they should proceed immediately to the house of a clergyman and be married, but St. Ives proposed that they should leave the city for that purpose, and, as it was too late to render it probable that they would easily find a clergyman, postponed the ceremony till morning dawned.

It was far into the next day before they stopped at a little country hotel miles from the city, and Aunet, haggard from sleeplessness and real grief, fitfully weeping, was conducted within.

St. Ives entered breakfast and went out afterward, as he said, to look for a minister. Aunet waited, still very much depressed and not feeling at all as she had supposed people did who were about to be married. Dame one knocked.

Blushing guiltily, she opened the door but instead of St. Ives and his expected companion, a woman glided into the room, and throwing back her hood showed a face of surpassing beauty, and fixed upon the trembling girl a pair of dark, burning Italian eyes.

"Who are you? What do you want?" stammered Aunet at last, rallying herself.

The woman's glance softened.

"You are such a child," she said—"so young. I am very sorry for you."

"Sorry for me! I—don't—understand you," Aunet said, wishing that St. Ives would come, and thinking that this strange woman must be crazy, and then with a low cry sprang to meet St. Ives who had just entered the room, and stood glaring at the stranger with an angry eye.

Banging the door to behind him, and pushing Aunet from him almost savagely, he spoke to the woman with the dark Italian eyes.

"Have you told her? he asked.

The woman shook her head.

He laughed bitterly.

"You thought it was too pleasant a task for me to be deprived of, eh?"

St. Ives turned sharply toward her.

"There's no use in dilly-dallying now, Aunet," he said abruptly. "I couldn't deceive you any longer if I wanted to. I think you and I won't be married this morning."

Aunet dropped trembling and unconsciously into a chair.

"Is this your singular reason," he went on, "that I have already one wife, and she's too much for me?"

The strange woman glided to the side of the bewildered girl.

"I am his wife, dear," she said almost tenderly. "Don't mind, it might have been worse, you know."

St. Ives seemed touched by the face of white despair Aunet lifted at the woman's words.

"You're only ten miles from Jaynesville, Aunet," he said almost remorsefully, "and there's a stage, I believe. You can go righteous and nobody be the wiser. Here is money to pay your way."

Aunet rose mechanically, and as she did so the bills in her hand upon her knee fell to the floor.

He picked them up and offered them to her again, as she was trying on her bonnet, but she left the room without looking at them or him, and went slowly out of the hotel, with her veil down, her head dizzy, and her heart so heavy it could hardly throb.

The stage drove up at that moment, and while it waited she eagerly entered it, and took her seat, without glancing toward the single passenger who was already there. An exclamation caused her to lift her eyes.

It was too much, too much, that that face of incredulous surprise should belong to Rollin Dracut. But it did. He caught her as she fell fainting.

She waked from that swoon to burning fever and the unconsciousness of delirium; and Rollin, supporting her all the way till they reached home, gathered from her crazed lips the whole sad story, or enough of it to wring his heart and make his own brain whirl.

He lay ill under that roof for weeks, and Aunet was almost every day to see how low she was. Then, when she was pronounced out of danger, he left Jaynesville without seeing her at all.

Two years after he came back. He went to see her as any old friend might, and he found her so sweetly like the little Aunet who had been his promised wife once, so gently penitent for the past, so resigned to any fate that might be—all her punishment, that he fell more deeply in love than ever, and asked her to be his wife as though nothing had happened. Aunet had long since waked to a consciousness of his worth, and she did not say no.—C. C. in New York News.

A Safe Sign.

Little Dick—Papa, how does thunder sour milk?

Papa—It is not the thunder, but the electricity.

"How does electricity sour milk?"

"It works certain chemical changes in the constituents of the fluid, which result in the formation of an acid."

"Of course." But how?

"I don't know."

"I thought you didn't, or you wouldn't talk such big words."—Good News.

A Stone's Odd Formation.

Chemical action formed a stone in the stomach of Le Moulade, the famous bonds jumping horse of Paris. Headed, and the stone, a ball nearly eight inches in diameter, is in the museum of a Parisian veterinary.—St. Louis Republic.

In a beautiful stained glass window at French design the principal figure is that of a seaboard woman, symbolizing the republic, bearing in her right arm a wound Mercury. In the foreground is a farmer, a sailor's woman of South America holding in her hand a cocoanut. In the background are the ruins of the republic, bearing their banner, on which is emblazoned the motto of liberty.—Decorator and Furnisher.

Case of Pet Dogs.

The pet dog is passing through a trying time. What with his long coat of hair, the dog catcher and the fleas, life is indeed a burden. It is an odd bit of information, which may be news to some, that the reason dogs suffer so from the heat and pant so is because they never perspire. In fact, no other animal than man does perspire save the horse, and the cow does a tiny bit just above her nose.

The long haired canine pet is a thing of much attention. The watchful and wary can avoid the dog catcher, but no one can guard against the flea. The best way to abate the nuisance is to each morning rub thoroughly into the hair of the dog a goodly quantity of Persian insect powder. The dog should first be laid on a large white cloth easily strewn with the powder, then comb industriously, and the fleas will every one drop off, being stupefied by the powder.

This course is advised in preference to too much washing with dog soap, as the soap only partially does away with the fleas and makes the coat too dry and harsh. To cut the hair makes it grow out coarser and heavier—in fact, ruins the texture, as the scoundrels the chow and smoothness.—New York Herald.

Something to Soap Bubbles.

If you could cut sections out of the side of soap bubbles, and then had some delicate contrivance with which you could handle the pieces, you would find that it would take 50,000,000 films laid one upon the other to make a pile one inch in height.

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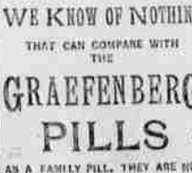

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From Ogden, Portland and San Francisco ..... 6:05 a. m.
From Park City and Cache Valley ..... 10:30 a. m.
From all Eastern points ..... 12:40 p. m.
From Cache Valley and Ogden ..... 7:10 p. m.
From Milford and intermediate points ..... 10:00 a. m.
From Park City and Eureka ..... 6:15 p. m.
From Portland and Tooele ..... 4:30 p. m.

DEPART.

For all Eastern points ..... 8:25 a. m.
For Ogden and intermediate points ..... 8:00 a. m.
For Boise, Portland, San Francisco and Cache Valley ..... 10:00 a. m.
For Cache Valley and Park City ..... 3:30 p. m.
For all Eastern points and San Francisco ..... 8:30 p. m.
For Eureka, Nephi and Milford ..... 7:00 a. m.
For Park City and intermediate points ..... 4:30 p. m.
For Tooele and Stockton ..... 7:00 a. m.

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CURRENT TIME TABLE

In Effect on August 28, 1892.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT SALT LAKE.

No. 2—For Provo, local stations and Denver ..... 8:00 a. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and Denver ..... 5:20 p. m.
No. 6—For Provo, Pueblo, Kansas City and points East ..... 4:00 p. m.
No. 8—For Provo, Pueblo, Denver and points East ..... 7:20 a. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and points West ..... 4:00 p. m.
No. 3—For Ogden and points West ..... 10:30 a. m.
No. 5—For Ogden and the West ..... 11:45 a. m.

TRAINS DEPART FROM SALT LAKE.

No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and points East ..... 11:00 a. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and points East ..... 11:00 p. m.
No. 6—For Provo, Pueblo, Kansas City and points East ..... 10:15 a. m.
No. 8—For Provo, Pueblo, Denver and points East ..... 4:45 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and points West ..... 7:00 a. m.
No. 3—For Ogden and points West ..... 3:15 p. m.
No. 5—For Ogden and the West ..... 12:00 m.

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