### FOR REMEMBRANCE.

It would be sweet to dwell awhile upon one
Of all the pleasant days that make to-day
That here we note the season from the year
There shed out the best with peace, and comes
revealing,
And spread the notes into when eights were
sick,
Or gather the Goodness in the unfolding,
And marry the singing of the lovely throat,
While all the vast was broken, burning gold.

And so I find with thoses these memories,
As gently pray memory the year's decline
And find them after-years with sweet surprise;
Or treasure petals minded with perfume,
Leaving them to do their work Anti-grieve
A little summer in the entire room.
—Thomas Campbell (born in Scotland).

## COYOTE-THAT-BITES.

Not every Apache can get his fill of blood before each war-dance, but all of them do before long. Yet Coyote-That-Bites had managed to achieve both these delightful ends, and of all the happy savages on the Colorado desert he was the most happy, unmitigedly happy. With what keen delight he had drawn his sharp blade across the throats of Joe Sanchez and his wife, after he had stolen into their wagon in the gray dawn, and what thrills of joy shot through his breast when he allowed the babes of their two little children to sit with the knife and their father's own rifle. And then, when he had taken what good was in the Mexican's bag, what amusement was in his disposition, and had stripped Joe's rather loose fitting cartridge belt and let his son heave belly, with what keen pleasure he rode away from the scene of his lovely work, and with the Mexican's rifle on his shoulder and wandered for down the dry arroyo, slipping from the dampness the dispelling jaws of the agave from time to time until he felt that he was growing drowsy.

Then he had dragged his uncertain way along until he had come to the railroad track. He stood upright at the bright steel rails and looked up at the towering wires in an awed sort of way. He would like to be there behind the poles, he thought, until some one should come along the track, and he was a little at loss with his newly acquired weapon. The dampness was growing light and the rifle was growing heavy. Well, it was getting toward noon and other women, even for an Apache, and he would be down in the shade of the rocks over there and rest.

The humming of the wires is a soothing sound, and to-morrow has his heart touched the earth the sleep took a quieter hold upon him. Yesterday he had been a man of joy, as deep has a way of doing with everybody that has anything to be joyful for. And so he lay, with the rifle by his side, and his unspeakably happy face turned up toward the blue that arched the desert.

It was quite there and restful—as sound save the moan of the wires. Stay, there were other sounds, but they came from other Apaches Coyote-That-Bites had thrown himself upon the rocks in the shade of the land of Sad. They came faintly at first, and mingled with the monotonings of the wires. Surely they were the voices of children.

But the old Apache's lion awoke he didn't know he laughed that they were the laughing voices of the two Mexican children whose blood he had so recently shed that morning, but he heard them not. They were very far from being ghostly voices anyway, for the two little new-fledged boys, as merrily as Duke and Guy trudged down the line. They were waiting to the sequent along the road bed—not on the track, for that was forbidden.

There were other things that were forbidden, too, and one of them was straying so far away from the station, but Duke was "taking good care" of his three-year-old sister, and in the pride of his six full years he was equal to the care of half a dozen such as Guy.

To give Duke all the credit, he did not know he was half a mile from home, and he really was going to turn back pretty soon. But the children had found some interesting and beautiful things to claim their attention. First there had been a chase after a young owl that could not fly, and that made its way along in the most haphazard manner imaginable. Then a horned toad had been exposed, and Duke had dragged the disgusted prisoner along by a string until he had tired of the sport and had let him go again. Then, always keeping close to the railroad, they had entered a great field of cacti, where Duke had tried very hard to pick "roosies" without getting the insidious, needle-like spines in his fingers. He was fairly successful, but he would not let the fruit of the cactus go into his sister's sunbby hands until it had been stripped of its dangers by his ready jackknife.

"If you had one matches to build a fire, why," sighed Duke, "I'd have all you pickin's jes' like we bojes does."

"Go!" came suddenly from under Guy's sunbonnet. "What's that?"

"Why, it's a jug," and Duke left the "roosies" and started toward the pile of rocks where lay the Coyote's dentjohn, and where lay the Coyote himself.

The two trudged up the little slope, and Duke grasped the handle of the dentjohn, only to let it drop again and spring back quickly with Guy in his arms, for he had caught sight of the Coyote, and he was smitten with a sudden desire to go home.

But he saw the Indian did not move, and so he suddenly became very brave. He was certainly sound asleep, and so he turned from the dentjohn and approached the Coyote's cartridge belt, which had been so lonely stripped, but fallen off and lay by his side. There were a hundred very interesting bits of brass sticking in it, and the children soon had been emptied all about in the sand by the sleeping Coyote. In the scramble for her share of the treasure Guy tore her sunbonnet from her head, and the sun of noon drop on the Coyote's face. Perhaps the beneficiaries were on the wrong, for a big brown hand shaded the sun from the Coyote's face, but the hand fell and the noble red man moved not.

Duke took up the cartridge belt and buckled it on his little waist, and Guy followed his example, and he complained to her of the loss he had given the children handle.

"Guy, you're so nasty, you take walk, she said, dreamily, as she drowsed in the shade of the dentjohn.

looking back. "Now you land over was and I'll get hold me work. You you run along, an I'll jump out and kill you."

Guy demurred.

"Oh, it's only make Wave. You kind of injuns don't kill nobody," and he stuck a contemptuous finger toward the unconscious Coyote. "It's only Pachos'at kill, an' we're not. Pachos' bad, mamsie says. I'm a Pacho, so you better look out."

It was delicious sport for Guy, and when it came to the killing part she screamed lustily.

"You've asked him up an 'pulled it all," said Duke in a tone of scorning. "Now he'll want his knife."

Sure enough the Coyote That-Bites did shake his brown legs and arms quite vigorously, but not before had gone down of mescal had him down. So, after turning over and burying his hatchet-face in the sand, he lay quiet again.

When he had thus turned over, was brought into view the rifle, which had been concealed by his side. Duke eyed the weapon with covetous eyes. He could not withstand the temptation of feeling it all over, stand it up on its butt and sighting behind it, but the last feat he could hardly accomplish. Just what it was that kept his fingers off the hammer and trigger, and prevented a sound that would surely have brought the Coyote to his feet with a yell, I am sure I cannot tell, but Duke played with that fascinating weapon for nearly an hour, while Guy poured sand over the cartridges, hiding nearly all of them from view.

By this time the sun's rays were on the long slope, and the children were very sleepy. By this time, too, the Apache was growing restless, for the mescal had nearly lost its grip upon him. A brown thunderclap hit, or, uncle look, a "swift" breaking applied his black foot, a spider dropping on his face, or even a fly to bounce at his ear—any of these would have set his demon free into play again.

But the children could not wait for such demonstrations as these, though why it did not occur to Duke that the Coyote's ear needed tickling with a grass weed twig, the Lord only knows. The wind was up, and the wires were instrumenting their music. The sun was once had spoken to the black shadows long enough—had shyed with the faces of the dusty serpent until they were tired and their moments were empty. So they set off on a tour of home.

Just as they turned the bend and came in sight of the low roof of the station, a "black dog" sneak to the tracks which lay the Coyote-That-Bites. He jumped to his feet, grasped his empty sheath, gave a half-wild yell and dashed about in feverish rage. There was his knife, half covered by the sand, and there was his rifle, far from his side. There was the cartridge belt, empty, and all about him in the sand were countless little footprints.

A bewildered look then sent his face, but it passed away when his eyes rested on the empty dentjohn. The moonshine that explained it was one of Mexican brandy, and the last dollar was gone for nearly upon him. But the cartridges—where were they? He saw Guy's crowd of sand, and he lifted it, gave a grunt of delight upon the treasure expected that would amount to a dollar left by his foot.

He picked them all up, grouping over each one. Pulling the belt and grasping his rifle, he started off in the direction in which the small footprints led. Like a wounded bear he shambled along. He even scanned the plain at every turn, and his breath was hot and strong. But when he turned the big curve and saw the station, he knew that he was too—too late—and he gave a grunt of disgust, and was off like the wind over a cinder trail that led to—and the sunset.

In the low roofed station house the station agent stood in front little Guy, lying so soft and limp in her arms. She nestled soft and over the desert, now the sun touching the tips of the sahuaro giant cacti with purple dats, saw the prickly pear shrubs holding their gorgeous suns above the great sweep of sand that ran down to the low bottom, and felt the fascination of the scene, as she had often felt it before. For the desert has a beauty that is all its own. We know that other women in the great cities and in the cool, green valleys might pity her in that desolate spot, but she felt that she needed not their pity. Duke came and found his head against her arm, where she sat, and little Guy nestled down with a tired sigh. Yes, there was much, she thought, for which to be thankful.

And in truth there was.—Frank H. Millard in Overland Monthly.

### It Pays to Dress Well.

Paradoxical as it may sound, it is nevertheless true that few men can afford to dress badly; that is, at least, if they want to create a good impression. Men who think it is right or wrong, the world has an ultimate habit of judging by appearances. In fact, there is a commercial value attaching to good clothes beyond that which engages the attention of tailors, the tailor.

Every man who has the means to do so should dress well, not for the gratification of vanity, but because it pays. You will rarely find a sharp business man shabby in his appearance if he can possibly spend it. Clothes must be taken, however, not to go to the other extreme, for the world hates a dandy. It takes a shabby man. Indeed, one cannot do better than follow the well known advice of Polonius to his son Laertes in this respect.

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, but not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy, for the apparel oft proclaims the man."—London Tit-Bits.

A Dresser De Luxe of Anything. Lace curtains are artificial silk fast quite equals that spun by worms. The company is now the invention has already been formed. If successful, this invention will effect in a small way a revolution equal to that wrought by steam. Hundreds of thousands of people now subsisting solitary animals will be thrown out of employment.

Spain is one day in advance of America in the use of coulpoyte for spiritual mind work. In some parts of that country the farmer plows his fields with coulpoyte as a motive power.

Week's wage is alleged rumor at Chicago. Nothing has happened to Clinton Postlethwaite, of Baltimore, if it does the people of his town have confidence in him.

### Musical Telegraphy.

Under the head Mark Twain writes for Harper's Magazine what is by him a unusual kind of article. He declares that in his estimation the Persian society has done wonderful an inestimable service in having spread sensiblog truthful stories of haunted houses, electrocutions, visions and ghosts. Mark Twain's own quest experiences have been in various directions, but in none more remarkable than in the matter of letter "crossing." It has happened to him so often to write after long delay to some person with whom he wished to hear, and so never get his letter written then he would receive one from the individual addressed, that he has become suspicious about it. He says now that when he very much desires to hear from any person he sits down and compels that person to write to him. He merely writes a letter to the individual, but does not send it. He tears it up after it is written and then waits. In the course a letter is sure to come.

Among other startling experiences he mentions instances in which precisely the same idea has occurred to two different authors at the same time, and both have published their ideas. In such cases it is almost impossible to believe that one has not plagiarized from the other, but in the instances named this was plainly impossible.

Much more this fascinating subject investigated. We want to understand how to transfer thoughts directly from one mind to another. We want, in short, a new invention.

[illegible]

### Furnishing a House.

All the decisions in the realm of taste are now directing the people how to furnish their homes inexpensively. We have seen on this subject, too, have long been in vogue, and would like to have our which at the evening times. Here goes, then:

Let us take a window first. Put over this curtain upon it. Next, have basin blinds. After that put across the top one of those rigid rolling, wooden-page shades. Next, get some lace curtains—lace, mind you—not for each side and one for the middle. Let any one get in before the lace curtains be double and quadruple large at the top. Then shut all of these envelopes, in to-gether, leaving only a triangular space as large as your hand open where company comes. Never open the windows anyhow. It will let the dust in and spoil your curtains. Civilized man was not made for light and air. He was made for darkness and deep sleep. Sunlight and air are bad for the fabrics.

In furnishing your rooms do not by any means leave a vacant space more than a foot square. Fill every inch of it with footstools and rugs and wall hangings and easels and disfigured centrepieces that a man will stumble over and break his nose upon when he enters the threshold. Rugs must be in the corner of every person and sticking chairs. The more costly these are concerning rugs are the better—they will show you have so much money that you cannot find anything to do with it. Put them in places where your rooms are packed with knick-knacks rubbish till they look like the freight depot of a long distance railroad just before train time, and by no possibility can any air circulate through or a man turn around in them, be happy. Your home is furnished artistically.

---

A Tory camp would be the last place from which woman's rights ideas could have been expected to start. Yet in the anti-suffragist-leaning Liberals (progressive) left down by the Birmingham Conservative conference even women suffrage received indorsement. A moderate Viscount Fielding, Conservative candidate for Rugby, introduced the resolution. "The conference is of opinion that where the question of representation of the people is required by parliament serious consideration should be given to the claims of women to be admitted to the franchise when otherwise entitled by ownership or occupation." In these Britons make householders and house owners vote, and the same qualifications will entitle women to exercise the franchise, if the recommendation of the Conservative conference is acted on. For the strange part of the thing is that the viscount's resolution was adopted as the sentiment of the conference. This certainly marks a step forward for women suffragists in England, where women do wind to vote. Britons generally feel that no woman will get suffrage before American women do.


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J. S. MORRIS, G. P. & T. A.


### LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the estate of Daniel McAllister, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] E. M. BANCROFT,
Probate Judge.

### LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Sarah [illegible]

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT [illegible]

[illegible] E. M. BANCROFT,
Probate Judge.

### LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of Joseph [illegible]

[illegible]

### NOTICE.

A MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS [illegible]

[illegible]

### NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of John Sudbury, deceased, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, subject to confirmation by the Probate Court of Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah, on the 16th day of January, A. D. 1892, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Probate Court room, in Salt Lake City, Territory of Utah, the following described real estate belonging to said estate, to wit: [illegible]

Dated December 21, 1891.

JOHN SUDBURY,
Administrator of the Estate of John Sudbury, deceased.

EARLE BENNETT, Attorney for Estate.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Richard D. Dallison, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned executor of the estate of Richard D. Dallison, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the date of this notice, to the said executor at the law office of J. H. Rolapp, in Salt Lake City, in the county of Salt Lake, Utah Territory.

Dated December 21, 1891.

WILLIAM S. BEATTIE,
Executor of the estate of Richard D. Dallison, deceased.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Andrew Scott, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, administrator of the estate of Andrew Scott, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the date of this notice, to the said administrator at the law office of J. H. Rolapp, in Salt Lake City, in the county of Salt Lake, Utah Territory.

Dated December 21, 1891.

WILLIAM S. BEATTIE,
Administrator of the estate of Andrew Scott, deceased.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Elizabeth Sprague, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, administrator of the estate of Elizabeth Sprague, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the date of this notice, to the said administrator at the law office of J. H. Rolapp, in Salt Lake City, in the county of Salt Lake, Utah Territory.

Dated December 21, 1891.

J. H. ROLAPP,
Administrator of the estate of Elizabeth Sprague, deceased.

MARGARET A. SPRAGUE, Attorney for estate.

### SHERIFF'S SALE.

PURSUANT TO AN EXECUTION TO ME directed by the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of Frank Cook, etc., vs. The Utah Southern Railway Company, a corporation, etc., I have levied upon the following described property, to wit: [illegible]

[illegible]

Dated at Salt Lake City, this 15th day of December, 1891.

ANDREW S. RYAN, Sheriff.
BURKE S. CROCKETT, Deputy. [illegible]


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Many merchants and salesmen are in the habit of indiscriminately "guaranteeing" their wares with no thought of being called upon to make the "guarantee" good. It is a pernicious and foolish custom much respected in the breach than in the observance.

A guarantee, to have any value, should be made with knowledge of the meaning of the word and a set purpose to carry out the terms of the guarantee. On this rock the makers (mean) so be warned, and we replace any tool found imperfect in use.

We have used our best judgment, supplied by a considerable experience, in selecting the following items for our stock and sell them to our customers with an absolute guarantee that if they do not prove to be all that we represent them, we will refund the purchase money in full.

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