STORM BOUND.

[illegible]

SHORTY LOCHINVAR.

I think it may be stated, without fear of scientific contradiction, that at no period of a man's existence does Cupid's dart strike so deeply and cause so much sleeplessness as at an age of one score, or thereabout. I have known quite a number of young men of about that age to be jilted, passionately, desperately in love, and ultimately to recover and go through similar but less agonizing experiences several times thereafter.

But, as I said, they never in a single instance suffered half so much from subsequent attachments from their first experience. Not that they love less, but their capacity for suffering has diminished—which is something to be thankful for, for a man who could suffer at each recurrence of the complaint as much as he did at the first would die of the second or third relapse.

The victims of this first attack is a pitiable creature, particularly when there are "obstacles," which is usual in the case.

I always feel very sorry for a chap in this sort of a pickle, and I feel particularly sorry for poor Shorty Fleming. I knew I might not to encourage him, but he was such a good little hustler and so much in earnest that I would have defied a far more sour man than his brother Jack to resist. Besides Shorty was not one of the chaps who get over anything easily, and I knew failure would go hard with him. Moreover, Jack was not the only "obstacle." Sam Parker, Shorty's Nettie's papa, was objected. He was not a stern, unreasonable parent by any means, in his objections, even if presented yet naturally, were none the less insuitable.

Parker was a shrewd Maine Yankee, with a total disbelief in the ability of woman kind to use reason, and a hatred of some sixty years of down life in an earnest battle for the fleeting and elusive American dollar. Nettie was the only daughter and the youngest child in a family of seven, and the old man, close fisted as he was, had spared no expense in educating her liberally. It was only natural, therefore, that he objected, especially as Nettie was barely eighteen, and had only been out of school a few months.

He called on Jack one afternoon, ostensibly, as he usually called, on his way to or from town, but with a direct purpose. Jack was under the weather, and lay on the sofa. I was reading to him when Parker walked in.

"Howdy, Flemin; hold up, sir yer Howdy, Faber; party warm, ain't it? Thanks, I will set a spell." And he sat down on the edge of a chair and began tracing figures on the floor with his hat-point. He seemed nervous and I rose to leave the room, but he waved his hand and said: "Set down, Faber. Set still. Guess I ain't got nothin t' say but what yer bout as well hear."

Here the old man stiffened up in his seat and stated the object of his mission in a sawed natural, but then easily decided way, closing with:

"Now, Flemin, I ain't no 'bjection t' th' feel feller—not one mite, he's a tip-top good boy, on all that. But ain't in reason th't I'm goin't spend seven threes thousen dollars educatin a young un, an then let 'er go an marry nother young un, 'thout any ed. An that's what it'll come to, fur thing we know."

Now, Parker's remarks were in the nature of a revelation to us. Of course we knew Shorty had put in a good many evenings at the Parker place, but we had never guessed that his visits there had any significance. A courtship, too, with six big brothers loafing around is a difficult matter.

It is easy enough to fall—just fall—in love with a girl if there is no one to hinder. But with six young men, with whom one is on good terms, sitting around and occupying a large portion of one's attention, it is a matter of getting in love, which accomplished, is rather more serious than a mere fall into the same.

I hunted up and ran his fingers through his hair growly. Then: "I quite agree with you, Mr. Parker. I don't know what to say to Percy, but I will try a little strategy and see if he can be kept at home more. If that won't do I can talk to him."

And here began my connection with Shorty's love affair. That evening I was writing lonily when some one opened the door of my den and walked in. It was Shorty. He sat down quietly and took up a paper, which he looked at for several minutes while I scrutinized away at my work. Then he threw the paper down impatiently, and turned to me with, "Faber, what was old Parker here for today?"

I tried to dissemble, but Shorty is nobody's fool, and interrupted: "Oh, rot! cut her, I reckon you think I'm a sucker. Now, honestly, what was he here for?"

Finally I told him about the conversation between his brother and Parker. He sat silent for several minutes. I could see his face twitch. Then he turned his eyes to my face and said quietly: "Faber, I know I'm young and all that, but—I know my own mind. Jack's a good brother and feels in duty bound to take care of me, but I guess I can look to that myself. I—I've made up my mind to marry that girl if she'll have me, and all the Jacks and Sam Parkers in the world can't stop me." And Mr. Percival Fleming set his mouth hard and walked out. He called at Parker's the next evening, despite Jack's "strategy."

There was another caller at Parker's that evening in the person of Morris Cottrell a month's rocker from up the "Five Mile." Shorty, who, he got home, mentioned the fact to me, with some feeling in his tones. Cottrell was no sad duffer. He was a man of forty, well read and a gentleman, and the prospect of leaving him for a rival would have sent despair to the heart of any penniless young man less determined than Shorty Fleming.

For two or three months Shorty continued his calls at Parker's, growing thin and more glooming and morose as the days went by, for old Sam Parker was something of a martinet, and managed to keep the poor lad from getting a single private interview with Nettie, thereby giving Cottrell a clear field, which was evidently satisfactory to the latter, although he did not seem to make much progress.

One evening Shorty came in my room in a state of mind. He had seen Sam Parker that day, and the interview had left him quite as gloomy as possible, some gilding truths about his age and his penniless condition, concluding with the cheerful information that he "reckoned Nettie'd a decided t' take up with Cottrell, anyhow."

Of course Shorty was downhearted, but he was none the less determined to "stick." I'm going to see her tomorrow afternoon, and—and ask her."

The time and the hour favored Shorty, but I hardly think Nettie knew her own mind. The boy who came riding closely buffle through the shadows on a fine evening was a very much downcast boy indeed.

He told me all about it later; how Nettie had wavered, and finally told him that she could give him no answer. She cared a great deal for him, she said, but she was not sure she cared enough for him. Besides, her father objected to him, and she could never cross her father's wishes, when he had done so much for her.

Sam Parker must have heard of this interview, and made up his mind to something. Although he was usually as good natured, he was as determined as a bull dog, and I think he used some influence in decking matters, for two weeks later he "dropped in" to tell Jack that Nettie and Cottrell would be married on Thanksgiving day, two months later.

Shorty must have seen the woes in my face, for after supper he drew me aside and told me what I knew. He had to tell him, but did as the best way I could. The poor lad stood still as stone for several seconds. Then, with a shuddering sob, he turned away. In the morning he was gone, with his horse and clothes, leaving no word.

Jack and Jim, the other brother, were much worried, but, as Jack now for the first time acknowledged, "the boy could take care of himself."

Jack and I talked it over during the day, and he expressed a good deal of regret, thinking, however, that Nettie had decided for herself, and that Shorty had no one to blame for his failure. "If it had been different," he went on, "and Percy had persevered and won, I would have given in, and I think Parker would too, for next year Percy will come into almost fifteen thousand. You see, I've never told him of it, because I wanted him to grow up on his merits and to self reliant. I think it has been for the best. Joe never knew until he was of age that he had anything, and we didn't tell Percy of it then, because he was only seventeen. Joe put his money into the ranch here and kept quiet about it."

He sat silent for a minute, then continued: "Of course, this is between ourselves. But—do you know, I wish the boy had won. He's a good deal of a man, and now I come to think of it, the affair has hit him hard. They could have waited a couple of years, you know." And Jack walked off slowly, taking long whiffs of his pipe.

Several weeks passed, during which I saw Nettie Parker several times. She seemed different. Her laugh was not the jolly laugh I had been accustomed to hear, and she seemed pensive at times. Was it her approaching wedding or Shorty? I hoped it was Shorty. But somehow when people pass they seem to lose color and get thin, and Nettie Parker did neither. And still no word from Shorty, and the day for the wedding only a week away.

It was Wednesday of Thanksgiving week, and there had been great preparations at Parker's. The people for miles around were invited to the wedding, which, old Sam "bowed," would be "th' biggest'est thing they ever had in th' county." I rode into town to buy on behalf of Jack and myself something to present to the bride elect. In the pavilion some one tapped me on the shoulder. I turned. It was Shorty Fleming—shorty, with a handsome mustache and smiling quite happily.

"How long before you're going out?" he asked.

"Right now."

"Shifty! Faber, go and borrow a horse until tomorrow; tell you yours is lame and you'll have to lend him. Nobody has recognized me back of this overcoat collar and the blarsted silverware, and I don't want you to I'd walk out and head up the road. Hurry up with the horse."

In almost twenty minutes I was following him, riding a horse I had borrowed and leaving my own. I soon caught up with Shorty, and we turned on. Shorty showed me a letter signed "Nettie," and proceeded to unfold a plan he had in mind, which, for the quality of pure "nerve," I had never heard surpassed.

There was nobody at the house but Manuel, the cook, and Shorty soon had him sworn to silence after which he proceeded to camp in the cellar to the stairs close down off my den, where nobody could find him. Jack was not to know of his presence, he said, "because Jack is so thundering honest and peaceably, and would spoil the job."

* * * * * * *

The half hundred guests at Parker's had been enjoying Thanksgiving day to the full. All of Mrs. Parker's good things had been stowed away, and they could do the rest good. The minister from town was getting ready for the ceremony, and the guests were buzzing about, and some outdoors, trying to find the best points for observation. Nettie Parker, pale for once, stood near the front window pulling her fingers nervously, waiting, supposedly, for her father.

Some one looked at the door. Nettie pulled it open quite a little, and, grabbed a man's hat from the hook of a coat and an overcoat from a peg next to, and rushed out, slamming the door. Everybody who saw the performance stared, and then, Then, as we heard hoofs clattering up the road, there was a rush for the outside. Up the road, disappearing fast, were two horses, whose riders were evidently in a hurry. Those who could see made out the other rider had a hat on Sam Parker's, but somehow the chase would not open. They had been nailed up, very securely, by a person who was at that moment making hyperbolical efforts to get one of them open.

When they finally succeeded in mounting two or three men for pursuit the runaways had three or four miles start. At this junction Cottrell, as cool as if he had never thought of attending his own wedding, came up and spoke quietly to old Parker, who was so dazed that he had not opened his mouth so far.

The old man muttered, "By gorry, Morris, mebbe that's best. It was pooin over spilt milk. Come on, boys." And they rode off, but not very rapidly.

"I told the old gentleman," remarked Cottrell to me as we turned toward the house, "that it was no use trying to head them off. They'll be married inside of an hour." Then, in a tone that contained no trace of bitterness, he continued:

"It is far better to have happened now than—then later. And—as it is—I think maybe there will be only one unhappy person, instead of three." That was Morris Cottrell—philosopher and man.

Mr. and Mrs. Percival Fleming were met at the justice's office by old man Parker, who remarked: "We—I—guess! You are a nervy boy! Ain't yer both ashamed on't?"

No, they were not; and after Nettie had had a good cry in her father's arms the runaways were escorted back to the Parker ranch to receive the congratulations of their friends, foremost among whom was Morris Cottrell.—H. L. Ketchum in San Francisco Argonaut.

Cost of Street Cleaning.

The average annual expenditure for street cleaning varies from five cents in Buffalo and eight cents in Chicago, to seventy-one cents in New York and sixty-two cents in Cincinnati; but as the census officials remark, there is probably no definite relation between the cost per head of street cleaning, as shown by the figures and the actual condition of the streets as to cleanliness. Ordinary observation teaches us that in many cities where the cost is greatest the streets are in the filthiest condition.—Carroll D. Wright in Popular Science Monthly.

The Mystery Solved.

Mrs. Yergo is not handsome, and her voice when she sings is dreadful, but Colonel Yergo is very demonstrative.

"Why he is always kissing her!" asked a friend of the family of another gentleman.

"I can't imagine, unless it is to keep her from singing."—Texas Siftings.

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LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of Mary Pace, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

JACOB G. PATE AND THOMAS GREEN, having filed their petition in this court, praying that real estate belonging to said estate be sold, and the same coming on to be heard on the petition of said petitioners, it is ordered that all persons interested in said estate appear before the Probate Court, of said County of Salt Lake, at the court room thereof, in the city and county of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah, on the 30th day of March, 1892, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said petitioners, to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased as petitioners shall request in their petition, and it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published in the DESERET EVENING NEWS, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county, for four successive weeks prior to the hearing of said petition.

Dated February 26, 1892.

C. W. BARTON,
Probate Judge.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Thomas Rowe, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Rachel Rowe, deceased, late of Salt Lake County, Utah, has filed his petition and account for administration of said estate and petitions for distribution of said estate and for a decree of said court ordering the persons entitled thereto, to wit: Rachel Rowe, widow, Thomas Rowe, Jr., Rachel Rowe, Ann Rowe, Sarah Rowe, Mary Rowe, Ann Rowe, Jr., and Thomas Rowe, Jr., all of said Salt Lake City, Utah, and Mary Ann Rowe, of Ogden, Utah, to be the heirs at law of said deceased, and that said petitions and said account will come on for hearing before said court, at the court room thereof, in said Salt Lake City, on Tuesday, the 5th day of April, A. D. 1892, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, when and where all persons interested may appear and show cause, if any they have, why said petitions should not be granted and said account allowed and said administrator discharged from his trust.

Dated March 15th, 1892.

C. E. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By CHARLES BROWNE, Jr., Deputy Clerk.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of Mary Pace, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Mary Pace, deceased, late of Salt Lake County, Utah, has filed his petition and account for administration of said estate and petitions for distribution of said estate and for a decree of said court ordering the persons entitled thereto, to wit: Thomas Green, Jr., Thomas Green, Sr., Mary Ann Pate, Jacob G. Pate, Thomas Pate, Sarah Ann Pate, Mary Ann Pate, Jr., and Jacob Pate, Jr., all of said Salt Lake City, Utah, to be the heirs at law of said deceased, and that said petitions and said account will come on for hearing before said court, at the court room thereof, in said Salt Lake City, on Tuesday, the 5th day of April, A. D. 1892, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, when and where all persons interested may appear and show cause, if any they have, why said petitions should not be granted and said account allowed and said administrator discharged from his trust.

Dated March 15th, 1892.

C. E. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By CHARLES BROWNE, Jr., Deputy Clerk.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of John Ferry, deceased.

Order to Show Cause why order of Sale of Real Estate should not be made.

BARLOW FERRY, the administrator of the estate of John Ferry, deceased, having filed his petition herein, praying for an order of sale of a portion of the real estate of said deceased, for the payment of debts and family, as therein stated, it is therefore ordered by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Probate Court, on Tuesday, the 26th day of April, A.D., 1892, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, in the City and County of Salt Lake, Utah, and show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administrator, to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased as shall be necessary to pay the debts and the family of said deceased, or a portion thereof, and that a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed and published in said Salt Lake County, for four successive weeks prior to said hearing.

Dated March 19th, 1892.

C. W. BARTON, Probate Judge.

NOTICE

Of Intention to Make Application for a Patent.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of the provisions laws of the United States, as represented by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, by his duly authorized agent, the undersigned, has made application to purchase the lands of the United States, situate in Salt Lake County, Utah, Territory, and more particularly described as follows, to wit: Lots 1 and 2 and the south half of the northeast quarter of section 3, township 1 south, range 1 west, containing 159.20 acres, according to the official plat of the survey of the said lands, on file in the office of the Surveyor-General of Utah, Territory, and that said application will be for sale at the office of the Surveyor-General of Utah, Territory, at Salt Lake City, Utah, Territory, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of the 15th day of April, 1892, when and where all persons are hereby notified to appear and show cause why said application should not be allowed and said lands be entered and patented to the said applicant.

JAMES H. HINSON,
Probate Judge.

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