MARIGOLD SEEDS.

Oh, so white was a dust was the meadow with frost,
And the black trees were bare on the hill,
While the marigolds—orange and yellow and brown—
In the garden were blossoming still.
But now sullen and colder and colder it grows,
And the ground's frozen hard as a rock,
And the winds whimp and cry, and the clouds hurry by,
Like the ghosts of a wolf driven flock,
And the leaves in a which dance are whirling around,
And the summer lie dead with the weeds,
And there's nothing there left of my marigold flowers,
But a handful of marigold seeds.
But the little dead seeds in the ground so still go lay,
And the dreary black clouds rolling off depart,
And the power will call to the dead, saith the Lord,
And the grass by the hoof-side will start,
And the summer will feel the warm touch of the sun,
And will hear the soft voice of the showers,
For all things away to the resurrection come
Are the seeds of new marigold flowers.

—Marian Douglas in Harper's Bazar.

AFTER LOVE, DUTY.

Fanny Garland was the most heartless little flirt in the world. I have it on good authority—a dozen authorities, for all issues away to the contrary, each one of which had sought for the missing organ of Miss Garland's anatomy, but all in vain. Either they were right, and no such member had entered into her composition, or, not relishing their method of vivisection, Miss Garland had carefully placed the said member beyond the reach of the instruments that threatened it.

Whichever the case, it was certain that the young lady had herself performed this same operation of vivisection many times, and she might have been the embodiment of that fabled and horrible monster who feasted on the hearts of his victims, so nightly did she thrive on these dainty morsels.

But one fine two eleven-and-nine put an end to Miss Garland's innocent pastime. The first was the sudden death of her mother, followed soon after by that of her father, leaving the girl all alone in the world—for there was no blood branches of either family—and absolutely unprovided for. Her father died insolvent, having got his affairs in such a tangle, not to say more, that there had been only one way to cut the Gordian knot, which he did by breathing out his life in his daughter's arms, commending his soul to the clemency of heaven, his debts to his creditors and Fanny Garland to the guardianship of his executor and heaviest loser by his death, Donald Howard Marshall.

Mr. Marshall knew far more about the necessities of the female dependents on his bounty than the requirements of a woman's heart, yet his own nature was so pure, so deep, so tender as almost to touch upon the womanly; so strong and noble that the very helplessness of the small, hand eyed child appealed to it irresistibly, as weakness must always appeal to its opposite.

He had had his romance. Outside the city limits yonder, under a green mound, his heart lay in the coffin of his woman he had once thought to make his wife. For ten years it had been there "in silence and darkness," sealed forever, as he believed, with the inviolable seal of death; but Winfield Garland's daughter must be provided for, protected and cared for, and it was for Donald Marshall to do it; there was no one else. If she had been rich and surrounded by friends there would have been no trouble; a thousand solutions to a perplexing problem would have presented themselves where now there was but one. That one he accepted.

He went to her, offered her his hand, his name, and she, from the moment she looked up into his grave, quiet eyes, knew that she had found her master; and the various authorities, unlike the common run, were correct; her heart had long ago been given, all unconsciously, into the keeping of Donald Marshall. She never questioned his love, although she knew of the green mound where Mary Bains slept her long, sweet sleep.

Petted and spoiled, with the wealth of many a noble heart poured out at her feet, she could not have understood, perhaps, that the treasures of this one were withheld from her, and he did not tell her. The grief that brooded over his life had grown to seem like something real—tangible; he could not tear away the silence of ten serious years and reveal it even to this woman. Yet he knew that he could be loyal, true to her, that nothing but Mary Bains' green grave could ever come between them. His wealth, home, social position, his protection and name, all were hers but his love. He was making a dangerous experiment, but she did not realize it.

And they were married. One bleak, cold day they turned from the altar and passed out of the church man and wife. The stray handful of snow that had been falling at intervals since dawn suddenly ceased; the gray clouds rent themselves from the zenith to horizon, a gory of crystal sunshine poured down upon the head of an unloved wife, and it snowed no more that day; the rift never closed, but widened and broadened until it took in the whole blue shining dome of heaven; the sun went down in a pure, mellow sky. She called him to see it, and he, leaning from his great height, gently kissed her brow.

"Thus shall your life be as bright and cloudless in its setting, heaven willing."

She smiled, well content, without fear for the future she had given him to keep, while the twilight fell and shut them in.

You, they were married, he with a woman's heart in his possession, she—ah! pity is a sad exchange for the rich, living love a woman craves! For a time the strength of her affection mentioned into artificial vitality the dead body of his, and she was happy. But it could not be always; the truth came crushing down upon her at last.

It does not matter how she found it out; it does not matter how the heart comes into its bitterness, how the soul shakes its fetters of woe. The great question is to learn how to accept it, endure it, and—live.

Live! that had to be. She could have died of mortification, grief and pain, but pain, grief and mortification rarely kill. She must live and bear her trouble. That was hardest of all.

What was to be done? He was on every day, proved sort of man, with little romance about him. He saw but one remedy.

"We must expect it and live it down together," he said softly.

"But you will go away, and let me learn to bear it alone?"

"My dear, that is impossible. I cannot give up my business, drop everything and set out in vain wanderings after happiness, which could never be obtained in any such fashion," said this curious young man, opening his eyes.

He stood half that the obligations of life imposed a higher duty than to follow the erratic guidance of an imperfect, emotional nature.

"Then let me go; this is killing me!"

"You wish to get a—divorce?"

He had a fierce internal struggle before he could bring himself to utter that word. He had failed signally, then, in the effort to make her happy, since she could submit to the disgrace—yes, he was old fashioned enough to call it a disgrace—of a divorce suit, and the uncertain position she must occupy in society afterward, in preference to an honorable place at the head of his throneless.

"A divorce! Yes, anything—anything!"

"Poor child! Poor, miserable child!" he said compassionately. "Forgive me—I cannot grant your request. You do not understand what it involves. No, dear, we can never rectify one mistake by plunging into another. No court in the land can break, in the sight of heaven, the tie which bind us until death to each other. Space itself cannot absolve us from the marriage vows which we took upon ourselves in the sight of heaven. There is but one, as I have said; we must live it down together, not apart. A woman's rightful place is by her husband's side, under his protection; nowhere else can she live out her full life. Anything so unnatural as a separation cannot be settled with impunity."

"But I may at least find peace," said the girl wearily.

"Peace comes from the honest discharge of duty. Fanny, if we deliberately shirk the one, how can we hope to obtain the other? Neither peace nor even contentment can be founded on willfully broken laws. It is only here—here, where our life have been cast, our lives molded, that we can ever hope to obtain either."

His words were tenderly spoken, but their hard philosophy fired her. It was duty, duty with him. What cared he that all her happiness was changed by the tide of bitterness that flowed through her little world!

But she must save the shattered remnants of her life; away from him somewhere she might put them together and piece out an existence that might not be wholly despised. She would go away; it would be better for them both. But he had always been kind to her; yes, very kind; she could not think of the tender, compassionate way in which he had sought to help her after she had made her cruel discovery, without tears. Perhaps after all they could learn to bear it, to live it down, better together, as he had said. He was strong, and so very, very patient and tender; close to his side, for a moment lifeless in his strength, she might grow contented. But, no, his heart was dead, and she loved him; there was no contentment in the thought; she must go.

She waited fervently until night, then stole into the empty library and laid her little good by note on his desk. There was the book he had been reading yonder, not far off her own desk, her sewing chair and her work basket. She did not touch anything; she had forbidden the sight; she would go now, the room was too much for her. He had preached duty, not love, and her heart rebelled against it. Yet, and yet he was kind—she would always remember his kindness.

So she stole away out of the house. On the terrace she paused one moment to take her courage more firmly in hand, and then, to her dismay, it suddenly evaporated, wholly and without warning. She could not go—she dared not! She was—afraid. It was a humiliating confession to make, but it was true. The sight of the big, silent world, although it shimmered like an opal in the moonlight, struck terror to her soul. What night not lurk yonder in those gray, sinister looking shadows? No, no, no! She could not go alone, not alone!

She crept into the house, a miserable little coward, for whom there could be no apology; it was cool and sweet there, and safe. Long feathers of silver light were thrown over the carpet; the fragrance of honeysuckles, her favorite flower, came creeping in at the window on the fresh night air.

There was the faint, far off odor of a cigar somewhere, too.

He was coming, her husband! She could hear him whistling softly as he came up the pave. He was not wholly miserable, then. She hurriedly found the note and destroyed it, and was ready to face Donald when he entered, though trembling in every fibre.

"Fanny, is it you, dear, sad in the dark?"

He always called her dear; he was very tender with his little wife; his one desire was to repair the wrong he had unwittingly done her.

"Where are the matches? I will light the gas," said he.

"No, not yet, Donald, please; I like not with any light; it hurts my eyes, I think."

"Are you ill? Does your head ache?"

"I am well, but I have something to tell you. I would rather say it in the dark, Donald"—with a perceptible effort—"I tried to leave your home and love—dearest, you, they said it, don't see—"

"But you did not go," he said aloud—very slowly. "Why, dear?"

"I—I was afraid. The world was big—so solitary!"

"Poor little creature!—poor little unhappy pussy! I want you to promise never to try to desert me again."

He had not spoken immediately. When he did his voice had been steady, but there was something under its very quiet that made her shiver.

No, never, thought, only that great gentleness without which he never addressed her, and yet it seemed that trifling with pity and regret that was almost pathetic in his cool intensity.

"I will promise, if you wish it, Donald, but it is the hardest thing I ever undertook. I cannot endure my life, you will let me go away somewhere."

"I will let you, some and tell me all about it, dear, and we will devise a better remedy," he answered, drawing her into his arms. As her head dropped against his shoulder he felt an odd sensation of pain. It seemed to him that his heart had awakened, for that was lying dead in Mary Bains' grave. "We must bear our trouble bravely, Fanny; the world is full of grief, you know."

Then he kissed her and said her away; but he sat up late that night, thinking.

After that Fanny spoke of her sorrow no more, but fell into the way of entertaining much company, as she had done when a girl. Donald looked on quietly, glad that she was happy, he told himself, yet he missed the quiet hours they had spent together, and winced at the sound of her gay laughter when other men paid her homage.

He had never observed how pretty she was until she blushed and dimpled at the compliments showered upon her. And how well she talked—with what wit and vivacity! Mary Bains had been sweet and gentle, but Fanny was more—a charming and amiable woman of the world.

Donald Marshall for years had been true to an ideal. Now he awoke to the real, and discovered that he loved his wife as he had never loved that other woman. And she, he bitterly told himself, had learned to do without him.

For Fanny was unfeignedly happy in these brightly and gayly days, and seemed well content to take up her giddiness's pastime just where she had dropped it. To Donald she was sweet and gracious, and nothing more; her eyes were no longer raised to his in mute beseeching for the love he with held; indeed, they sparkled with happiness and health, and looked at all the world except him.

It was one soft, June day. Fanny had been walking, and came home through the dewy meadows. The twilight fell fallen, and Donald went out to meet her.

"I thought you might be afraid," he said, as a sort of apology for the intrusion.

"Oh, no!" she returned, smiling. "People whose lives are full have no room for cowardice, I think."

"Then your life is full?"

"Yes."

"And you have no room for my love? You have discovered it to be quite useless, perhaps, and cast it from you?"

She looked at him, and the sweet face brightened as she put her hands in his.

"No, Donald, it has not come too late. Dear, did you think me blind? I knew you loved me before you knew it yourself. That is why my love is full—why I am so happy. Not value your love! Did you think I could live without it?"

And Donald was satisfied.—Pittsburg Post.

The Spirit of Criticism.

There are people who would find plenty to criticise in heaven itself, supposing they were to be allowed to enter into the hereafter by its pearly gates. They are much to be pitied. It may be a mark of superiority to be always dissatisfied. Philosophers even go so far as to tell us that the feeling of discontent with terrestrial things is an indispensable accompaniment of genius, and that the contented man is of little more account as an intelligent being than a pig in its sty munching acorns. This is all very well in its way, but it must not be accepted as dogma. It is an unfortunate one a pair with that of the colored man who held up his hands in horror at sight of a European, and declared that white folk were shfully ugly.—All the Year Round.

Cause for Alarm.

They were playing a friendly little game, and there was a slight pause in the game.

"Well, Jones," said his friend, "I see your wife's back!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Jones. "Where?"—American Grocer.

As Bayard Taylor Did.

The Schlemann method of acquiring a language is well worth mentioning. It consisted simply in reading a great deal aloud without making a translation, taking a lesson every day under the constant supervision of a teacher, learning this by heart and repeating it the next lesson what was corrected on the previous day. It was his habit to learn at least two hundred a year. The Russian he studied without a teacher, because none were to be had, while he lived in Amsterdam, and he paid a Jew four francs a week to hear his compositions in Russian, although the fellow did not understand one word.

The doctor was bound on the third floor, but as the ceilings were made of wood his solitations were plainly to be heard on the first floor, and his fellow lodgers were so annoyed by the racket that they caused him to be turned out of the house. As is well known, he was obliged to give up his genius's apprenticeship on account of having imposed a fabled task in filling a hundred. The period miscellaneous acquaintance and fine health with which he was afterward favored he attributed to the exercise of his lungs by constantly reading aloud.—Indianapolis News.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of Daniel Gaff, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT Lucius N. Scott and Emma Gaff, executors, administrators of the estate of Daniel Gaff, deceased, have filed in said Court their final account of administration of said estate, and petition for a final settlement of said estate, and for a decree of distribution of the residue of said estate, and that Wednesday, the 1st day of March, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock, a. m., in the Court House in said County, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah Territory, has been appointed by said Court for the hearing of said account and said petition, when and where all persons interested in said estate may appear and contest said account and said petition, and have distribution made of said estate.

Dated February 26, 1891.

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

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of Frederick Ashworth, deceased.

Notice of time and place for the hearing of petition for administration (Probate of Will).

PURSUANT TO AN ORDER OF SAID Court, made on matter and date of entry given this Notice, the 2nd day of March, A. D. 1891, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m., at the Court House in said Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, is the time and place appointed for the hearing of the petition for probate of a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, and for the time when and where all persons interested may appear and contest said petition, and said will, or the granting of letters testamentary to Elizabeth Ashworth, as executrix in said petition.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said Court, this 5th day of March, A. D. 1891.

(SEAL.) E. M. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By C. E. STANDER, Deputy Clerk.

SUMMONS.

In the District Court in and for the Third Judicial District of Utah Territory, County of Salt Lake.

LAWRENCEUS DORIGNEY, PLAINTIFF,

vs.

LOUISA PRATT, WILLIAM PRATT, JOHN ELLEN B. PRATT, LOIS B. HYDE and ANNIE PRATT, heirs of the estate of Amos Pratt, deceased, Defendants.

The People of the Territory of Utah send Greeting:

To Louisa Pratt, William Pratt, Joseph Pratt, Ellen B. Pratt, Lois B. Hyde and Annie Pratt, heirs of the estate of Amos Pratt, deceased, Defendants:

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED TO APPEAR in an action brought against you in the above named Court in the County of Salt Lake, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days from the day of service of this summons, if served within this county, or within twenty days if served out of this county, and in the event you fail to appear or answer, judgment will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to quiet title to lots 3 and 4 in block 7 in plat "A" Salt Lake City, and to have the plaintiff adjudged the owner in fee of said lots, and to have the defendants and each of them adjudged to have no estate, title or interest in the said lots, and for an injunction to restrain the defendants and each of them from asserting any claim to said lots, and for costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the said complaint.

Witness the Hon. Charles S. Zane, Judge of the District Court of the Third Judicial District, in and for the Territory of Utah, this 7th day of February, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one.

(SEAL.) HENRY G. McMILLAN, Clerk.
By GEO. D. LOOMIS, Deputy Clerk.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the county of Salt Lake, Utah Territory, made on the 3rd day of March, A. D. 1891, in the matter of the estate of Benjamin F. Howells, deceased, the undersigned, administrator of said estate, will sell at public sale, to the highest bidder for cash, gold coin of the United States of America, at the house of said Probate Court, on the 6th day of March, 1891, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day, the following described real estate belonging to said estate, to wit:

Lots 3 and 4 in block 7, Plat "A" Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah Territory, and all the right, title and interest of said deceased at the time of his death, or at any time since, in and to said premises, or any part thereof, with all the appurtenances and all the right, title and interest of said deceased at the time of his death, or at any time since, in and to the water rights appurtenant to said premises, or any part thereof.

Terms of sale—Cash, gold coin of the United States of America.

Dated this 7th day of March, 1891.

THOMAS F. HOWELLS,
Administrator.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT UNDER and by virtue of an order of the Probate Court of Salt Lake County, Utah Territory, made on the 1st day of February, 1891, the undersigned, guardian of the person and guardian of the estate of Ellen Woodruff, will sell at public sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States of America, at the house of said Probate Court, on the 6th day of March, 1891, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day, the following described real estate belonging to said estate, to wit:

Lots 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,