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### GRANDMOTHER'S ROSARY.

A silver crucifix worn thin and bright,
The first all smooth with kisses from dead lips
Forever praying, as the busy hands
Forever spun I saw the shining strands,
Hallowed with sorrow, between my fingers ran,
White roses not all crimsoned slow our night
Nor need I blush for them, nor cast an white
Repeated in chapter days and twice twice.
She went to heaven where years passed
Her children prayed her, following the feet
That led them only virtue's way to sweet;
And this is left, a relic, cushed and sweet,
Blessed reminder of a saint to me.
Of all I long but days not hope to be.

—Mary E. Blanche in Rosary.

## THE BLACK DOG.

There was a ceaseless rumble in the air as the heavy rain drops battered upon the laurel thickets and the matted moss and haggard rocks beneath. Four water soaked men made their difficult ways through the drenched forest. The little man stepped and shook an angry finger at where night was stealthily following them. "Cursed be fate and her children and her children's children! We are everlastingly lost!" he cried. The panting procession halted under some dripping, drooping hemlocks and swore in wrathful astonishment.

"It will rain for forty days and forty nights," said the pudgy man meningitly, "and I feel like a wet loaf of bread now. We shall never find our way out of this wilderness until I am made into a porridge."

In desperation they started again to drag their listless bodies through the watery bushes. After a time, the clouds withdrew from above them and great winds came from eternal space and came sweeping and swirling among the trees. Night also came very near and menaced the wanderers with darkness. The little man had determination in his legs. He scrambled among the thickets and made desperate attempts to find a path or road. As he climbed a hillock he espied a small clearing upon which sat desolation and a venerable house, wept over by wind waved pines.

"Ho," he cried, "there's a house."

His companions straggled painfully after him as he fought the thickets between him and the cabin. At their approach the wind frenziedly opposed them and shrieked madly in the trees. The little man boldly confronted the weird glances from the crannies of the cabin and rapped on the door. A score of timbers answered with groans, and within something fell to the floor with a clang.

"Ho," said the little man. He stepped back a few paces.

Somebody in a distant part started and walked across the floor toward the door with an ominous step. A slate colored man appeared. He was dressed in a ragged shirt and trousers, the latter stuffed into his boots. Large tears were falling from his eyes.

"How d' do, my friend?" said the little man affably.

"My ol' uncle, Jim Crocker, he's sick ter death," replied the slate colored person.

"Ho!" said the little man. "Is that so?"

The latter's clothing clung desperately to him and water sagged in his boots. He stood patiently on one foot for a time.

"Can you possess up here until tomorrow?" he asked finally.

"Yes," said the slate colored man.

The party passed into a little unwashed room, inhabited by a stove, a stairway, a few precarious chairs and a misshapen table.

"I'll try yer some po'k and make yer some coffee," said the slate colored man to his guests.

"Go ahead, old boy," cried the little man cheerfully from where he sat on the table smoking his pipe and dangling his legs.

"My ol' uncle, Jim Crocker, he's sick ter death," said the slate colored man.

"Think he'll die?" asked the pudgy man gently.

"No!"

"Sho!"

"He won't die! He's an ol' man, but he won't die yit! The black dorg hain't been around yit!"

"The black dog!" said the little man feebly. He struggled with himself for a moment.

"What's the black dog?" he asked at last.

"He's a sperit," said the slate colored man in a voice of somber hue.

"Oh, he is!"

"He ha'nts these parts, he does, an when people are goin to die he comes and sets and howls."

"Ho!" said the little man. He looked out of the window and saw night making a million shadows.

The little man moved his legs nervously.

"I don't believe in these things," said he, addressing the slate colored man, who was snuffing with a side of pork.

"Wot things?" came incoherently from the comfortable.

"Oh, these 'er phantoms and ghosts and what not. All rot, I say."

"That's because you have merely a stomach and no soul," grunted the pudgy man.

"Ho, old pudgkins!" replied the little man. His back curved with passion. A tempest of wrath was in the pudgy man's eye. The final epithet used by the little man was a carefully studied insult, always brought forth at a crisis. They quarreled.

"All right, pudgkins; bring on your phantoms," cried the little man in conclusion.

His stout companion's wrath was too huge for words. The little man smiled triumphantly. He had stacked his opponent's reputation.

The visitors sat silent. The slate colored man moved about in a small personal atmosphere of gloom.

Suddenly a strange cry came to their ears from somewhere. It was a low, trembling call which made the little man quake privately in his shoes. The slate colored man bounded at the stairway and disappeared with a flash of legs through a hole in the ceiling. The party below heard two voices in conversation, one belonging to the slate colored man and the other to the quivering tones of age. Presently the slate colored man reappeared from above and said, "The ol man is took bad for his supper."

He hurriedly prepared a mixture with hot water, salt and beef. Beef tea it might be called. He disappeared again. Once more the party below stood, vagrantly, talking over their heads. The voice of age arose to a shriek.

"Open the window, fool! Do you think I can live in the smell of your soup?"

Mutterings by the slate colored man and the creaking of a window were heard.

The slate colored man stumbled down the stairs, and said with intense gloom, "The black dog! I'm sure along soon."

The little man started and the pudgy man sneered at him. They ate a supper and then sat waiting. The pudgy man believed so palpably that the little man wished to kill him. The wind five became excited and spattered frantically. Without, thousand spirits of the winds had become entangled in the pine branches and were lowly pleading to be released. The slate colored man listened across the room and sat a timid candle. The man sat waiting.

The phantom dog had oozed to a round terrified sleep down the roadway against the whitewashed side of an old shanty. The operator's master had moved to Pike county, but the dog lingered as a friend might linger at the tomb of a friend. His fur was like a suit of old clothes. His jowls hung and flopped, exposing his teeth. Yellow fumes were in his eyes. The wind rocked sleepily around and muttered, but the dog slept. Suddenly, however, he got up and shambled to the roadway. He cast a long glance from his hungry, despairing eyes in the direction of the vacant house. The hairs came full to his nostrils. He threw back his head and gave a long, low howl and started intently up the road. Maybe he smelled a dead man.

The group around the fire in the venerable house were listening and waiting. The atmosphere of the room was tense. The slate colored man's face was twitching and his abbed hands were gripped together. The little man was curled, mally looking behind his chair. Upon the countenance of the pudgy man appeared consent for an approaching triumph over the little man, mingled with apprehension for his own safety. Five pipes showed a desire to find a tomb in the. Profound silence drooped heavily over them. Finally the slate colored man spoke:

"My uncle, Jim Crocker, he's sick ter death."

The four men started and then shrank back in their chairs.

"Damn it!" replied the little man vaguely.

Again there was a long silence. Suddenly it was broken by a wild cry from the room above. It was a shriek that struck upon them with appalling swiftness, like a flash of lightning. The walls shrieked and the floor rumbled. It brought the men together with a rush. They huddled in a lump and stared at the white terror in each other's faces. The slate colored man grasped the candle and flared it above his head. "The black dorg," he howled, and plunged at the stairway. The muddled four men followed frantically, for it is better to be in the presence of the awful than only within hearing.

Their ears still quivering with the shriek, they bounded through the hole in the ceiling and into the sickroom.

With quilts drawn closely to his shrunken breast for a shield, his bony hand gripping the cover, an old man lay, with glazing eyes fixed on the open window. His lips were gurgled and a froth appeared at his mouth.

From the outer darkness came a strange, unnatural wail, burdened with weight of death, and each note filled with foreboding. It was the song of the spirit dog.

"God!" screamed the little man. He ran to the open window. He could see nothing at first save the pine trees, engaged in a furious combat tossing back and forth and struggling. The moon was peeping cautiously over the rim of some black clouds. But the chant of the phantom guided the little man's eyes, and he at length perceived its shadowy form on the ground under the window. He fled away gasping at the sight. The pudgy man crouched in a corner, chattering insanely. The slate colored man, in his fear, crooked his legs and looked like a hideous Chinese idol. The man upon the bed was turned to stone, save the truth, which pulsated.

In the final struggle terror will fight the inevitable. The little man roared maniacal curses, and rushing again to the window began to throw various articles at the specter.

A mug, a plate, a knife, a fork, all crashed or clanged on the ground, but the song of the specter continued. The bowl of beef tea followed. As it struck the ground the phantom ceased its cry.

The men in the chamber sank limply against the walls, with the unearthly wail still ringing in their ears and the four unfaded from their eyes. They waited again.

The little man felt his nerves vibrate. Destruction was better than another wait. He grasped a candle and, going to the window, held it over his head and looked out.

"Ho!" he said.

His companions crowded to the window and peered out with him.

"He's eatin the beef tea," said the slate colored man faintly.

"The damn dog was hungry," said the pudgy man.

"There's your phantom," said the little man to the pudgy man.

On the bed, the old man lay dead. Without, the spirit was wagging its tail.—New York Tribune.

### A Natural Result.

Mamma—What makes you so bad today?

Little Dot—I guess it's cause I was so good yesterday.—Good News.

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| | |
|---|---|
| From all Eastern points | 2:35 a. m. |
| From Ogden, Portland and San Francisco | 6:00 a. m. |
| From Park City and Cache Valley | 10:40 a. m. |
| From all Eastern points | 11:40 p. m. |
| From Cache Valley and Ogden | 7:00 p. m. |
| From Portland, Montana and intermediate points | 10:00 a. m. |
| From Park City and Echo | 4:00 p. m. |
| From Terminus and Tooele | 4:00 p. m. |

DEPART.

| | |
|---|---|
| For all eastern points | 2:35 a. m. |
| For Ogden and intermediate points | 6:45 a. m. |
| For Echo, Portland, San Francisco and Cache Valley | 10:05 a. m. |
| For Cache Valley and Park City | 3:30 p. m. |
| For all Eastern points and San Francisco | 8:00 p. m. |
| For Tooele, Park and Midland | 7:45 a. m. |
| For Tooele, Park and Intermediate points | 4:25 p. m. |
| For Tooele and Terminus | 7:45 a. m. |
| For Park City, Midland and Tooele | 4:25 p. m. |

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RIO GRANDE WESTERN. Standard Gauge. CURRENT TIME TABLE In Effect August 28, 1892.

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No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East ... 8:00 a. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East ... 8:25 p. m.
No. 6—For Provo, Payson, Nephi and way points ... 4:30 p. m.
No. 8—For Bingham, Provo, Nephi, Marysvale and way points ... 7:30 a. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and points West ... 4:00 p. m.
No. 3—For Ogden and points West ... 11:00 p. m.
No. 5—For Ogden and the West ... 11:30 a. m.

ARRIVE IN SALT LAKE.

No. 1—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East ... 11:15 a. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East ... 11:40 p. m.
No. 5—From Provo, Payson, Nephi and way points ... 10:00 a. m.
No. 7—From Bingham, Provo, Nephi and way points ... 4:45 p. m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the West ... 1:40 a. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West ... 12:15 a. m.

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