ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND.

Day like summer winds that softly blow
Above the lea,
I love a song, and this world here has know
Sweet thoughts of me.

So let me further pass with strong desire
For my behest,
Their wing your way and light a loving fire
Within her breast.

So, wanderer through the pine trees, soft and fine
Be musical tone,
Until she sighs—then whisper, "Thou is one
He wooks alone."

So, flock her lattice with the one's soft tears,
That ever cost
Until she weeps—then whisper, "So do I have
Loved his sweet."

So, strew the heather blooms and make them fine
Her
Bower, her bed
Until she blushes—then whisper, "They but
Wait
He knew thee well."

So, wait the sound, if marriage church bell
Rings
A joyful peal,
Then—if she speaks—oh, hear in your wings
To me speak!

—Fathers Bell in Chambers' Journal.

HIS WIFE'S LETTERS.

As the train steamed slowly out of Buckton station Mr. Greene flung himself into the corner of his compartment with a groan.

"What between this infernal lawsuit and one thing and another," he muttered to himself, "I believe I'm half out of my wits. For the last three days I have been in such a muddled state of mind that I should not be surprised to find that I had written half the necessary papers. Let me just see now." And he opened his bending and began to examine the documents in it.

While he is thus occupied the causes of his perplexity and of spleen may be stated. In the first place, as he is himself said, he had a lawsuit on hand—some enough in itself to make a man uncomfortable. This trouble had been brought upon him, by his relinquishment of a mine. That ungracious Joe Mews, his wife's brother, had, by inducing him to back some bills, put him into the clutches of a money lender, out of which he was not helped by his pet without considerable loss. This had not unnaturally led to a complete breach between Mr. Greene and Joe, and a certain coolness between Mr. Greene and his wife. But even this did not cause the chief worry of Mr. Greene's troubles, though for the rest he himself was largely to blame. He had long been very jealous of Mrs. Greene. At one time, perhaps, the lady gave him some cause for it, but of late it was brought up at Rottenborough—the next station to Buckton on the line between Buckton and London—which was a garrison town, and there she had seen a good deal of the officers, and like most young women, had an inordinate admiration for them. After her marriage the admiration continued, and the frequency of her visits to Rottenborough were a constant source of discomfort to Mr. Greene. Knowing as she did her husband's suspicious nature, Mrs. Greene was, to say the least of it, not wise in visiting Rottenborough so often. Yet for months would never have led to any actual quarrel but for the interfeddling of an old maiden half sister of Mr. Greene's.

Miss Rose Brier was one of those ancient scandal mongers who, being disappointed in life themselves, are never so happy as when they are making other people miserable. It was her breath that blew Mr. Greene's smoulder into jealousy into a flame. It was she who retailed to him fearfully exaggerated reports of his wife's doings in Rottenborough and who put a criminal aspect on what was, at worst, mere thoughtless folly. However, as much were Mr. Greene's feelings worked upon by Miss Brier, that he at last peremptorily forbade his wife to go to Rottenborough again without his consent. Hitherto Mrs. Greene had received this order with a strong show of rebellion but, after a time, seeing her husband was in earnest, she settled down in silky obedience to it.

Such was the condition of things when Mr. Greene was informed one day by his solicitor that his lawsuit would come on for trial within the next three days. In view of the position of affairs, Mr. Greene naturally felt uneasy at the prospect of having home for several days, with no one to look after his wife. He resolved, therefore, to meet the difficulty by taking her to London with him. To his amazement, however, when he proposed this to her, she point blank refused to go. After trying in vain to persuade her, he accordingly had to leave her at home. But now let as return to him and his search over the papers in his holdings.

"Ay, ay," he muttered to himself, when he had finished that operation, "it's just as I suspected. I have forgotten all Svendsen's letters to Jos." Svendsen was the money lender, and the plaintiff in Mr. Greene's action. "Perhaps I put them in my pocket."

Mr. Greene brought a number of letters out of his pocket and looked at them.

"No, no," he said to himself. "They're not here, but where's this? Why, some letters Maggie gave me to post yesterday, and I have never thought of them since. They are not to be of much importance, but perhaps I'd better pop them at the next station and telegraph to Maggie at the same time to forward Svendsen's letters. Let me see—yes, Rose would still be in my writing table at home."

At the next station Mr. Greene handed a porter the letters and telegram and a shilling, and with a mind somewhat relieved he leaned back in his seat and tried to divert his attention from his troubles and fears by a careful perusal of that day's paper. When he reached London he left his baggage at the Euston depot and drove straight off to his solicitor's office. There he was pleased to learn that though his case was in the next day's list, still, as it was last, it would probably not come on until the day following. "I'm glad of that," said Mr. Greene to himself, "it will give Maggie time to send on the letters."

The next morning, to Mr. Greene's disappointment, Svendsen's letters did not arrive. "Most vexing. I wonder how it is?" grumbled Mr. Greene. "It's a fortunate thing, though, that the case is not likely to come on today."

Not only did the case not come on on that day, but a preceding day called on so long that it became astonishingly unlikely that it would come on even the next day. It was still third on the list.

The next morning Mr. Greene was naturally anxious to find Svendsen's letters awaiting him. To his surprise and annoyance however, they had not arrived, nor was there even a note from Mrs. Greene accounting for their absence.

"This is ridiculous," said Mr. Greene to himself. "She might either forward them or tell me that she can't find them. I'm astonished at her taking so little interest in the matter, remembering that all this bother is for her own brother's doing."

As Mr. Greene ate his breakfast, he reflected angrily on the absence of any communication from his wife. Suddenly it occurred to him that she might not be to home after all. He knew the ways of railway porters, and it struck him as being within the bounds of possibility that the one to whom he gave the telegram might never have sent it. So the moment he had finished his breakfast he walked off to the nearest telegraph office and wired his wife, asking her if she had received his first telegram, and if so why she had not forwarded Svendsen's letters. He directed her to send reply to him at queen's bench court, No. VI. Then he motored off to the law courts.

Mr. Greene sat in court all day, waiting for his case to come on and waiting for a reply to his telegram. Neither event happened. At 4 o'clock the case immediately preceding his was just disposed of, so his should be for the next morning. At the same time the teler informed him that no telegram had that day arrived for Mr. Greene, or for any person bearing a name in the slightest degree resembling his.

Perplexed in mind Mr. Greene hurried to his solicitor's office in hope that Mrs. Greene might have sent the reply there. But there he found neither a telegram nor the Swendsen letters. Mr. Mercraft, indeed, informed him that the absence of the latter was not of the slightest importance to his case—in fact, counsel had expressed his opinion that it would be very doubtful policy to put them in. This announce had, however, very little effect in consoling Mr. Greene, for put then he cared very little where the letters were or what became of his action. The only thought which occupied his mind was why Mrs. Greene did not reply to his telegram. Was it possible that she was away from home? If she was away from home for what purpose was she? Why should she take advantage of his absence to leave her home? Visions of military sons came into his mind, and all his previous worries and annoyances were as nothing to the horrors these visions brought with them. To make assurance doubly sure Mr. Greene went straight to a telegraph station and sent off another message to his wife. In it he entreated her to let him have an answer's some kind without delay. Then he went home to his hotel and waited there, full of misery and foreboding, for an answer. He did not rate at the whole evening, not an answer came.

The next morning Mr. Greene rose haggard and weary. When he opened his bedroom door to take in his boots he found a letter awaiting him. With feverish haste he snatched it up and looked at the superscription. It was in a feminine hand, but it was not his wife's. It was from his half sister, Rose Brier. Full of terrible and unutterable forebodings Mr. Greene opened the letter. His worst fears were realized. The letter ran as follows:

"Paddington, Tuesday.

"My Dear Dick—Somehow or other I am come to my knowledge which I think that in justice you should know. Yesterday morning I received a letter which put me off my engagement I had to take too with for the afternoon. As she gave no reason for doing so, I thought I would call at the town first and put one shaft over the matter, if she was at home, I could easily see that I hadn't received her letter. When I got to the house the servant who opened the door assured my suspicions by the way she answered me, so I took a few minutes, and found that your wife has been seen by a good deal of your acquaintance in Rottenborough the day you left home. Worse still, when I got back I just looked again at her letter to see, and think I noticed that there is a fellow to be written at Buckton, the postmark as it is Rottenborough. You can draw your own conclusions.

"I write this so being your half sister, and interested in keeping up the respectability of the family. Yours affectionately, Rose Brier."

Mr. Greene took no breakfast that morning. He remained in his bedroom till after 10 o'clock. Then he went out and drove straight to Mr. Mercraft's office.

"In very nice time, Mr. Greene," said that gentleman cheerfully, as he arranged his papers to go over to court.

"I'm going home by the 11.30," was Mr. Greene's reply.

The lawyer stared at him in amazement.

"Well, if you do," he said, "it's all up with your case."

"Confound my case," answered Mr. Greene with a weak vehemence; "it has been the plague and ruin of my life. Settle it, pay the rascal his money, do anything you like. I'm going home."

The solicitor looked at Mr. Greene thoughtfully. He saw his client was in earnest. After a moment's reflection, he said: "Well, I'm not sure but nothing would be better than fighting. You see, Svendsen is pretty sure to win, but he doesn't want to be thrown up, as I think, in order to keep his dirty work private, he would concede a good deal. Just come over to court for five minutes, and we'll see if we can't arrange matters."

Reluctantly Mr. Greene went over. A harried consultation took place between solicitor and counsel, and then between the counsel on each side. His lordship was a little late in taking his seat, but even then terms had not been settled, and counsel asked for a few minutes to see whether it would be possible to save the trial. Both his lordship and Mr. Greene were getting impatient, when counsel announced that terms had been arranged. Mr. Greene was to pay half Svendsen's claim, and each party to bear his own costs.

"Very favorable terms," whispered Mr. Mercraft to Mr. Greene, as the latter rose to hurry out of the court. "I'm not fighting it you saved a cool thousand."

Mr. Greene at that moment did not care a farthing whether he had gained or lost. All he wanted was to catch the 11.30 to Buckton, and all he hoped for was that Miss Rose Brier would turn out to be mistaken.

On arriving at Buckton Mr. Greene flew home to his half sister's dwelling. Miss Brier was in, she received him with a face in which an assumption of sorrow and pity only accentuated the joyful look of joy. She showed him the letter. The postmark was unpromisingly Rottenborough.

"Come with me," said Mr. Greene. "If she denies it I'll confront her with you."

"With pleasure," cried Miss Brier and there was no doubt she spoke the truth.

When they reached Mr. Greene's home the couple walked into the drawing room. In a chair near the center of the room Mrs. Greene was seated, looking very pale and worn. She rose when her husband entered and gazed at him and Miss Brier in a startled, half frightened way.

"So you're back," said Mr. Greene in a harsh voice.

Mrs. Greene cast her eyes down and made no reply.

"Where have you been these last three days?" demanded her husband, sternly.

"I'll—I'll explain, Harry," said Mrs. Greene, in a weak and imploring way.

"Answer me before she," said Mr. Greene, in a weak and imploring way.

"Mrs. Greene was a woman of spirit, and this taunt roused her blood.

"I'm ashamed to confess it, but I was before nobody," she answered hotly, "and least of all before you, whom I despise. But you know too much about our private affairs already, and I'm resolved that you shall not have another opportunity of gossiping about them, so far as I can help it."

"But in this case you can't help it, answered Miss Brier. "I happen to know where you were. It was I who told your husband. Yes, you have me to thank for that."

Mrs. Green gazed steadily at Miss Brier for a moment. Then, turning to her husband, she said, "Harry, will you protect me against this woman?"

"Where have you been these last three days?" demanded Mr. Green again, without attending to his wife's request.

"I refuse to answer you while she is present," replied Mrs. Greene.

"You couldn't be so particular, my dear," cried Miss Brier. "I know already where you were. You were at Rottenborough."

"It's false!" exclaimed Mrs. Greene, "absolutely false. Is this her last slander, Harry?"

"Where were you then?" asked Mr. Greene.

"If I must speak—I must," Mrs. Greene answered. "I was at Beasby, attending to poor Joe. He wrote to me last week that he was ill, and when you went to town I was afraid to see him, lest he ill I stayed to nurse him, but he grew worse and worse until—until last night the poor boy died." And here Mrs. Greene flung herself in her chair and sobbing her face hown into a flood of tears.

The husband stood silent, but in his willemeanor and shame. But Miss Brier resumed as soon her coolness and her voice.

"Ah, ah—a very nice tale!" she said, with a smile. "But how did it happen, Mrs. Greene, if you were at Beasby, that your letters came from Rottenborough?"

"They did not!" cried Mrs. Greene, flying up again at the sound of Miss Brier's voice.

"Just look at that!" and Miss Brier handed Mrs. Greene the letter with the Rottenborough postmark on it.

"That—that!" cried Mrs. Greene, looking startled and confused.

"Yes, you explain that!" said Miss Brier, smiling in triumph.

"Why, that," exclaimed Mrs. Greene, while a flash of intelligence passed over her face. "Why, that is one of the letters I gave you to post, Harry!"

Mr. Greene was in turn startled. He took the letter from his wife and looked at the postmark again. True enough, it was posted on the 1d inst.—the day he left for London. It must be one of the letters which he gave the porter to post at Rottenborough station.

"How it got posted at Rottenborough I don't know," said Mrs. Greene. "All I know is that I gave it to you to post about a week ago."

"I—I forgot to post those letters," faltered Mr. Greene, "until I found them in my pocketwhen I was going to town. I gave them to a porter at Rottenborough station to post for me." As he said this, Mr. Greene felt very like a fool, and was very mad at himself for being one.

"Ah," ejaculated Miss Brier contemptuously, "you are always trying to screen your wife. You should be ashamed of yourself."

"Look here, Rose Brier!" cried Mr. Greene, delighted to find some one to vent his vexation on, "you have been the curse of my life since I married, and I intend to have no more of you. But for your malicious interference and insidious meddling all this folly would not have happened. Leave me—leave us—and never let us see your face again."

Turning to his wife, Mr. Greene said in a broken voice, "Can you forgive me, Maggie?"

"I can forgive anything," was the reply, "now she is gone."—Tom Flag.

"German Syrup"

A Throat and Lung Specialty.

Those who have not used Boschee's German Syrup for some severe and chronic throat and lung trouble, cannot hardly appreciate what a truly wonderful medicine it is. The delicious sensations of healing, easing, clearing, strength-gathering and recovering are unknown joys. For German Syrup we do not ask easy cases, but we do claim that any smooth throat or stop a tickling—for a while. This is as far as the ordinary cough medicine goes. Boschee's German Syrup is a discovery, a great Throat and Lung Specialty. Where for years there have been sensitiveness, pain, coughing, spitting, hemorrhage, voice failure, weakness, slipping down hill, where doctors and medicine and advice have been swallowed and followed to the gulf of despair, where there is the sickening conviction that all is over and the end is inevitable, there we place German Syrup. It cures. You are a live man yet if you take it.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

DR. LESLIE'S SPECIAL PRESCRIPTION

IS THE ONLY KNOWN REMEDY IN THE WORLD THAT WILL ABSOLUTELY CURE

SICK HEADACHE!

TESTIMONIALS.

TUD & CRAWFORD,
Commission Merchants and Dealers in Building Material.
Salt Lake City, Ut., Jan. 8th, 1891.
Briggs Medicine Co., Salt Lake City, Ut.
Gents—Years of the 19th received. I shall be glad to send you 25, you mention the date of Leslie's Special Prescription. Inclosed, most of which I have sended to you in the past. Your rates are higher than I paid for them when commencing, owing about a dozen of the same. Yours respectfully, Tud & Crawford.
Gents—Please find inclosed order for 1 doz. for which you will please send me. Yours truly, Wm. Tudd.

Price 25 Cents.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Briggs Medicine Co. - San Francisco, Cal.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of Rosa Rosina, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT A Hearing in Admiralty, administrator of the estate of Rosa Rosina, deceased, has rendered his settlement, and that in said court he will on the 1st day of September, A. D. 1891, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day, at the court room of said court, in the County Court House, Salt Lake City, Utah, hear and settle said account, and that Thursday, the 5th day of September, A. D. 1891, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day, at the court room of said court, in the County Court House, Salt Lake City, Utah, is the time appointed for the proving of the will of said deceased, and for the settlement of said estate, and for the distribution of the residue of said estate to the persons entitled thereto, and that Thursday, the 5th day of September, A. D. 1891, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day, at the said court, in the County Court House, Salt Lake City, Utah, is the time appointed for the hearing of the petition of Ann Rosina, praying for the distribution of the residue of said estate to the persons entitled thereto, at which time and place any person interested may appear and contest said petition, if he shall see fit so to do, and show cause, if any there be, why said account should not be settled, and the distribution made as prayed for.

Dated August 21, 1891.

C. E. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By C. E. Crawford, Deputy. 414

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of James Mathes, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned, administrator of the estate of James Mathes, deceased, has rendered his settlement, and that in said court he will on the 1st day of September, A. D. 1891, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day, at the court room of said court, in the County Court House, Salt Lake City, Utah, hear and settle said account, and that Thursday, the 5th day of September, A. D. 1891, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day, at the court room of said court, in the County Court House, Salt Lake City, Utah, is the time appointed for the proving of the will of said deceased, and for the settlement of said estate, and for the distribution of the residue of said estate to the persons entitled thereto, and that Thursday, the 5th day of September, A. D. 1891, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day, at the said court, in the County Court House, Salt Lake City, Utah, is the time appointed for the hearing of the petition of Ann Mathes, praying for the distribution of the residue of said estate to the persons entitled thereto, at which time and place any person interested may appear and contest said petition, if he shall see fit so to do, and show cause, if any there be, why said account should not be settled, and the distribution made as prayed for.

Dated August 21, 1891.

C. E. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By C. E. Crawford, Deputy. 414

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Lucky Bill Mining Company. Location of principal place of business Park City, Utah.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT a meeting of the Trustees held on the 15th day of August, 1891, in Salt Lake City, Utah, an assessment of five cents per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable to the secretary, within twenty days from the date of this notice, at the office of the secretary, in Salt Lake City, Utah. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the day of September, 1891, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday, the 16th day of October, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

Lucky Bill Mining Company.
Residence 108 S. 2nd West Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

NOTICE OF SALE UNDER DEED OF TRUST.

WHEREAS GEORGE O. NOBLE AND Alice E. Noble, his wife, on September 14th, 1888, executed their trust deed to Lucius Allen their certain promissory note of even date therewith, payable to the order of said Lucius Allen, for the sum of $1,000 and interest at the rate of ten per cent per annum from date hereof, payable quarterly at maturity, and to secure said note attached, which said company, more specifically described in said trust deed, to the use of Allen and due proportionate to holders of said note, and the said Lucius Allen, by a certain instrument in writing, bearing date the 1st day of March, 1891, duly assigned said trust deed to the undersigned, Lewis Rolle, who, on the 1st day of September, 1891, elected and said to the said Geo. W. Noble, as a certain deed recently, they received to the said Alice E. Noble, the following described property situated in Salt Lake City and county, Utah Territory: 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,