AN EGYPTIAN DANCING GIRL.

Little, long-eyed, with large and lustrous eyes
That shine like stones from out her night of hair
That serpentine around her coils—a mere
Thin chain alike the willow and the river
The living sands of desert—she is dancing
And she her head her shapely arms and bare
Her bosom, while her supple limbs and hair
Move slowly to the subtle harmonies.
Dark hands glide swiftly over the fast drawn strings
And now, with lisk and sudden modulation,
Like some wild sweet impassioned eastern blossom
In tropical summer she sways and sways,
Until the sense is as the rainbow and the
That fear great dance is bewildered and
Gone.
—Clinton Scollard in Pinkney Bulletin.

THE NEW BABY.

One day last week Babe was a-sitting in my lap, and I was tellin' her a story. I had just got to the thrillin' part of it, when the good little boy, who always minded his ma, had a half pail of red apples got to him. And Babe was a-lookin' up into my face with her big, blue grey eyes a-shinin' and her golden yellow hair a-fallin' back from her little sweet, happy, upturned face.

When all of a sudden the kitchen door opened and Miss Pinley came in, and before she had been there some time she says to Babe, a-winkin' to me at the same time:

"Your nose is broke now, young lady!"

Babe put her little fingers up to her nose and felt of it, and I winked to Miss Pinley to not say no more, for I knew what she meant; I knew she meant that Thomas Jefferson's little new baby wasn't crowd Babe, nor Uncle Ann's little daughter, out of our hearts.

But Miss Pinley went right on. She is an old maiden, and is just five disappointments, and some six seven, and they have embittered her, and says she to Babe:

"Little Snow, the new baby will take your place now in Grandma's heart."

Babe looked troubled; on her smooth little brow I could see fall the first faint shadow of that great black shape that we call jealousy. Her big, sweet eyes looked as if they was cloudin' up nicely for tears.

And I winck severer and more vigolent winks than I had winck before at Miss Pinley to stop. If ever a wink spoke them did, to stop immegitly!

But she kept right on. Poor creeter, I spose them disappointments was the cause on't. She kep right on, and says she:

"You won't be grandma's baby any more now; she has got somebody else to love now."

And then the cloud did break into a rainfall of tears. Babe jest bust out a-cryin', and snuggled down into my arms, and laid her wet cheeks on my beasm through the force of old custom, and, sure! there much like older human creetys accordin' to her size she drew up her head away so if sayin':

"I can't lay my head there any more, if the love has gone out of the heart it won't put no no comfort no no more to lay there."

And pride woke up in her; she was too proud to make a fuss, or beg for love. How much, how much like big chil'hood to she set up kinder straight in my lap, with her pretty lips a-quivrin', and the tears a-runnin' down her cheeks.

And I sit right up with Babe in my arms and went out of the room pretty quick, but not vigolent.

Josiah was there. I wouldn't mieuw Miss Pinley onto to the six or seven things mentioned by me prior and before this. But I felt that I must make it right with Babe that very minute.

I knew how she felt—wounded love and pride and jealousy, etc., etc., etc.

I knew that a few syllables of about the hardest lessons of life had come to Babe, and I must help her spell 'em; I must help her with her lesson.

So I took her right into the parlor and set down with her in the big chair, and never said a word for a minute or two, only held her close to me and felt kind the shinin' hair that lay up against my cheek.

She a-strugglin' at first; jealousy and pride a-raggin' her; and she at first a-not wish to hear any voice, only just them of jealousy and pride—just like older children exactly.

But after awhile, I held her so warm and steady, with my cheek a-layin' on the pretty head, the stiddy, firm clasp and constant sort of calmed her; and then, anon, she drew one little arm up round my neck, and anon the other one, and I looked down deep into her eyes, right into the little true soul, and that little true soul saw the truth in mine.

Words couldn't have conveyed Babe as well as that look that she had learnt to depend on.

Love has a language that though maybe it can't be exactly parsed and analyzed, yet it can be understood exactly, entirely understood, and Babe saw that I loved her.

And then was the time that that sweet little creeter put up her arms and kissed me, and I says sort o' low like, but very tender:

"Sweetheart, you know jest how much I love you, don't you?"

And then I kissed her several times in various places on her face, every one on 'em was sweet places. And then I went on and talked diretful good to Babe about the new baby. I confided in her, told her all about how the little new soul had come, unknown to itself, here into a great, strange world, how helpless it was, how weak, and how we must all help it, and try to make it feel itself at home amongst us.

And I tried to explain it to her—how that as she had come first she owed a sacrifice to the newcomer, and that she must be ready and willin' to sacrifice with her. I didn't use jest those words, but them was my ideas.

I told her how blind the little creeter was, and Babe, if only out of politeness, must try to see for her. And how straight ever ways she knew wishin' alone and weep her from harmin' herself.

How Baby Snow couldn't talk for herself at all now, and Babe must talk for her—good talk that little Snow could learn of her bleeding; how she couldn't walk, and Babe must go ahead, see and make a good path for her to follow when she got big enough.

I told her jest how hard it was for the little creeter to be put here in the midst of sorrow and troubles and dangers, an how we must all of us be jest as good! an we must be good out of pity for the dear little lonesome creeter.

So I stood up Babe's pity for her, and she was all animated about helpin' on him and then I tell her the baby had come to lig a great lesson and sermon to her if she was only patient and good to him.

And, don't you see, the very fact of Baby havin' to do a tireless lesson, her to be good and do things for her, was the sure way of makin' her love her. For it is a great fact in our human nature that you can't love 'em that you have helped in any way. And at the same time, if you have ever been good to anybody you always feel sorter tender towards you ever after words and never mollesse.

Curious, ain't it?

But it is a fact.

And I spose the reason of it is that you have sort of lessened yourself in your own estimation by doin' a mean, unkind act, and so in order to satisfy your mental criticisms of yourself, to make it right with your own soul, you lay hold and bring up all the kindness you can of that person to justify your own act. And so you keep on that mental wiggin' at 'em that uncomfortable sort of a feelin' towards you makes you restless and uneasy, and you feel glad and relieved every time you cannot justify to your conscienceless by lettin' 'em in a bad act. Haint it so? Now, honestly, haint it?

Why, I know it is, and so I made sure that Babe should begin right.

For if you do a good, helpful thing for a person your hull soul feels comfortable, and you bring up unconscious mental reasonin's why you did it; it was because they were so good, so smart, etc., etc.

And so you keep on a feelin' good and comfortable, and you keep on a pevrin' up to your own self, till you get fairly in love with 'em. Does you if you don't?

A very curious thing. But the ways I do, when I get hold of a strange fact or truth, I don't expect to explain it full to myself before I act on't.

No, I grasp hold of it and use it for my own them, and afterward wonder at it to my heart's content.

So Babe got to thinkin' she was necessary to little Snow's happiness, and that tickled her little self esteem, just as if she was a older child, only accordin' to her weight.

She got to thinkin' she must watch over her or she would get hurt, which called out all the good protector's motherly impulses of her little soul which was in her—still accordin' to her weight, forty pounds more or less.

And day by day Babe's love for the little creeter grew till it was fairly beautiful to see 'em together, and so Josiah said, and Thomas J. said so, and Tirzah Ann and Maggie and Whitfield.

And so for Miss Pinley, I thought to myself, disappointments or not, I have got to give her a talkin' to, and the very next time I see her.

She had gone when Babe and I went out of the parlor—the Babe with happy bright eyes and I with kinder thoughtful, pityin' ones, and all four on 'em kinder wet.

But the next time I see Miss Pinley alone I tackled her, and she as good as promised me she wouldn't ever say to any woman's child what she had said to Babe.

And I don't believe she will either, for she's got good in her.

She haint such a bad creeter after all, and, good land! what can you expect—seven, fight along, one after the other!—Josiah Allen's Wife in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Short Talk on Sheep.

At one of the New York farmers' institutes Mr. J. H. Rutherford, of Angelica, in an address on sheep husbandry said:

Sheep must have the best of care. My advice is to buy sheep and to keep them. This we must do if we would restore to our farms their former prosperity. We can do this the best with sheep, and at the least cost. In the following statement I have charged for pasturage at cost, as if you hired pasture, and have given the manure for the little care, including the pleasure. One hundred sheep will cost $600; you will pay for hay and grain to winter $100, and for pasturing remainder of year, $80; cost of shearing and washing, $8, making $188. You will raise 125 lambs at $1.50 per head, $187; 500 lbs. of wool at 30 cents, $150; total, $337.

You have also saved enough to keep the original number more than good. I have given advantage in the statement to the debit side. Ought not any farmer to be satisfied with the returns? Do not sold your wool ever—there is no money in that—take the market price, stick to the business; do not ever get discouraged and sacrifice your sheep. No animal repays more confidence in man than sheep; none affords greater reward.

Meet Change the Place.

Miss Twitlings—I suppose you remember, Mr. Calloway, that last night, in spite of my fruitless struggles, you had the effrontery, sir, to actually kiss me.

Calloway (meekly)—Yes, I remember the circumstance.

Miss Twitlings—Well, if you think you are going to repeat that operation to the full to-night you are much mistaken. I don't propose to leave this room all the evening.—West Shore.

An Old Question Answered.

"What is the deepest depth of ignorance?" asked the philosopher musingly, and the man of the world made haste to answer, "It is the ignorance displayed by a railway official when there is a wreck on his road."—St. Joseph News.

Goodly.

"I envy your husband's jolly way. He is always laughing," said Mrs. Binks.

"Well, it has its drawbacks," returned the other. "John laughs so much I can't keep buttons on his vests."—Harper's Bazar.

For Twins, $72,000.

It seems to be the impression of many people that the mail when sent from an office is gathered carelessly together and thrown into a mail bag, which is then locked and dispatched. This is wholly wrong, for even in the smallest offices the letters and cards are all gathered face upward and tied into a neat package. The government furnishes the twine to do this, and some idea of the immensity of the postal service can be formed from the fact that in one year the twine used by the government of the twine for this purpose (which though strong is of the cheapest quality) was nearly $72,000.—St. Nicholas.

Who Greeley Was.

Two young men stood gazing upon the statue of Horace Greeley Sunday afternoon. They were well dressed and intelligent looking. The fragment of their conversation overheard by the passer by ran thus:

"But who should he have a statue?"

"What! Oh, he was the inventor of the printing press."—New York Times.

THE SAD FATE OF A FORTY-NINER.

Might Be a Modern King If He Hadn't Married His Wife Into a Cabbage.

A party of prospectors had located their dry camp on the backwaters of the Meadow and were having rather indifferent luck. It is a broken up country, and its redeeming feature is the abundance of game of all kinds. Wild hogs may be termed a hunter's paradise, it is certainly a miner's hell. Flour and bacon had been just run low, and the boys had begun to "view" the country.

They were sitting around the fire one night smoking when a tramp, a stranger, with about as little curiosity as Tim's Bacon, made his way into the camp and pointed, not on a bed of Pizen, but on a heated spadeful. For about two minutes the remarks were about as extended and interesting as were those of the tempest Forty-niner. Finally he was induced to show, and then he gave an amount of himself. He was as near a hobo as a professional can ever become. That is, he was making an attempt to better his condition, making his way about from one prospector's or trapper's camp to another. He was not a bad looking fellow, but crushed. It was evident that the end of the rocky trail of life that he was traveling was not far off.

The boys had begun to feel a little sorry for the old man's condition. The old fellow straightened up, relieved one mosquito bite under his left shoulder blade, and remarked: "Up my way, a little rough to you fellers to see me kicksin' round this way when I ought to be a respectable member of society, holdin' my own with Mackay, Flood, Hearst and Lucky Baldwin. I used to train with them fellows. Yes, I do, I am, and I might now be a millionaire if it wasn't for a piece of hard luck I struck way back in the fifty.

"I struck out one spring morning in California with a team and half with plenty grub, and a good prospecting outfit. I had two dogs, cross between bull and shepherd, along for company. I pushed with me a tin horn that I called on up with when they got too far away.

"I was makin' for the Mokelumne hill district, which hadn't been prospected hardly any yet. I made durned good time, considerin' all things, till on the second week that grub bounced made out sick. The sun of a gun began to swell. He got down and coiled. Well, he kept swellin' and rollin' and groanin', and I thought every minute he'd bust."

The sweat stood out on the old man's brow as he related this. He paused a while, reflected, and continued:

"The way I figured it out was that he had colic. I couldn't think of anything to give him but the soda I used to cook with. I'd heard it was good for the stomach, so I filled up a stench of soda and water, stuck the dinner horn inter his throat, and commenced pouring the stuff inner him. It skeart him. He sneezed and snorted all at once, and spit out the stench. And so he he snorted to blosst that 'ere horn. He seemed surprised to find that he was a mule skinner. His mate was, and he pounced 'round an' tested that durned horn. The dogs heard the tootin', and, true to their training, they came along hoed an' tail up. That durned mule kep' a bustin' that 'ere horn all the time a-tootin' the wind off'n his stomach, and all at once, by gum, he struck on a tootin' that horn, an' the dogs fell inter.

"I was left that 300 miles from nowhere, with to grub, mule, dogs nor nothin'. I wandered back to the nearest camp, and seem then I've been a wandered, with no aim in life but to find my mules an' dogs. For forty years I've been chasin' the cussed varmints. I've seen hired mules, but none wo'th hed or tin dinner horn in his mouth, nor two lettonin dogs follerin' him. Have any of you fellers seen a stray mule around here?"

The old man's story created a profound impression. The boys unanimously elected him grand patriarch and assistant cook for as long as he cared to lay off from his wild and thrilling chase.—Spokane Falls Spokesman.

A Professional Jurors.

Talking about professional jurors reminds me that when I was connected with the Spottsylvania Institution at Washington I knew a man by the name of Sotterey, who perhaps served more times on a jury than any other man of the capital. If anybody approached him with newspapers after a verdict had been rendered he would wave him aside imperiously, saying: "I don't want to know anything about it or discuss the matter. You see I may be called to serve on the jury, and a juror never discusses these things." Nothing could induce him to read the newspapers because it interfered with his professional duties as a juror. I think that this man served about twenty days out of a month on an average. He would always answer the summons to his colleagues on a case satisfactorily to the counsel on both sides and the court. That was the only man I ever knew who made serving on a jury a profession. He was a very intelligent man and probably a fair juror, too.—Interview in New York Herald.

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April May
Are the best months in which to purify your blood. During the dog, cold winter, the blood becomes thick and impure, the body becomes sluggish and cold, the appetite may be lost, and just now the system craves the aid of a reliable medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiarly adapted to meet this purpose. It purports to purify every year, for it is the ideal spring medicine.
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"My health was very poor last spring and among an advertisement of Hood's Sarsaparilla I thought I would try it. It has worked wonders for me as it has built my system up. I have taken four bottles and am on the fifth. I recommend it to my acquaintances."—JOHN MATTHEWS, Cortlandt, N. Y.
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FRAZER'S AXLE GREASE

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OH, MY BACK!
STOP IT NOW,
SOON IT WILL BE TOO LATE.
I have been troubled many years with disease of the kidneys and have tried many different remedies and doctored with many of the best physicians without relief. Have spent much money and suffered a very great deal. Seeing this disease prevailing so much in Utah I was induced to try Kidney Pad. When I saw it was disease responsible for me to get up alone, or to put on the clothes, when Kidney Pad became sent Dr. Hanley, with the CHARTER OAK STOVE, for my good. I immediately commenced using the pad. It had an almost marvelous effect, and in less than one-fourth of all the pieces of the pad, or a few days, I was almost a well man. I feel as strong as a new man. I would recommend the pad to all afflicted as I have been.
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Time Card in Effect OCT. 31, 1890
Passenger Trains Leave and Arrive at Salt Lake City, and Park City, Daily, as Follows:
SALT LAKE CITY.
Train 1 leaves Salt Lake City for Ogden and points East ..... 8.00 a.m.
Train 2 arrives Salt Lake City from Ogden and points East ..... 6.00 p.m.
PARK CITY.
Train 1 leaves Salt Lake City for Park City ..... 10.30 a.m.
Train 2 arrives Salt Lake City from Park City ..... 4.00 p.m.
FREIGHT TRAINS
Leave Salt Lake at ..... 7.00 a.m.
Arrive Salt Lake at ..... 5.00 p.m.
Leave Park City at ..... 11.00 a.m.
Arrive Park City at ..... 3.00 p.m.
No Passengers carried on Freight Trains.
PASSENGER RATES
Between Salt Lake City and Park City.
Single Fare, $2.50. Round Trip, $4
J. H. YOUNG, Gen'l. Supt.
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RIO GRANDE WESTERN RY.
OUR NEW TIME TABLE, JAN. 1, 1891.
East-Bound Trains. No. 3 Atlantic Express. No. 4 Atlantic Express.
Lv. Ogden ..... 6.30 a.m. 8.00 p.m.
Lv. Salt Lake ..... 9.40 a.m. 5.15 p.m.
Ar. Salt Lake ..... 10.00 a.m. 5.45 p.m.
Ar. Provo ..... 11.30 a.m. 7.10 p.m.
Lv. Provo ..... 11.40 a.m. 7.20 p.m.
Lv. Green River ..... 3.40 p.m. 1.30 a.m.
Lv. Grand Junction ..... 6.40 p.m. 4.40 a.m.
Lv. Grand Junction ..... 9.30 p.m. 5.40 a.m.
Lv. Grand Junction ..... 9.40 p.m. 5.50 a.m.
Lv. Gunnison ..... 1.40 a.m. 9.50 a.m.
Ar. Lake City ..... 5.30 a.m. 3.30 p.m.
Ar. Montrose ..... 6.30 a.m. 5.20 p.m.
Ar. Ouray ..... 10.30 a.m. 9.20 p.m.
Ar. Silverton ..... 11.30 a.m. 10.20 p.m.
Ar. Ironton ..... 12.00 m. 10.50 p.m.
Ar. Rico ..... 2.30 p.m. 12.50 a.m.
Ar. Dolores ..... 7.30 p.m. 5.30 a.m.
Ar. Mancos ..... 9.00 p.m. 6.45 a.m.
Ar. Durango ..... 10.30 p.m. 8.15 a.m.
West-Bound Trains. No. 1 Pacific Express. No. 2 Pacific Express.
Lv. Durango ..... 9.00 a.m. 8.15 p.m.
Lv. Cut Bank ..... 10.30 a.m. 11.15 p.m.
Lv. Mancos ..... 11.45 a.m. 12.45 a.m.
Lv. Dolores ..... 1.30 a.m. 3.55 a.m.
Lv. Rico ..... 6.45 a.m. 8.45 a.m.
Lv. Ironton ..... 8.15 a.m. 9.15 a.m.
Lv. Ouray ..... 8.30 a.m. 9.30 a.m.
Lv. Montrose ..... 12.30 p.m. 3.20 a.m.
Lv. Lake City ..... 4.00 p.m. 7.00 a.m.
Lv. Gunnison ..... 9.10 p.m. 12.40 p.m.
LOCAL TRAINS.
SALT LAKE AND OGDEN.
Leave Salt Lake 7.00 a.m. and 11.35 a.m., 4.40 p.m. Returning, arrive Salt Lake 8.40 a.m. 2.45 p.m., 5.50 p.m.
BETWEEN
Leave Salt Lake 8.35 a.m., 12.00 m., 3.00 p.m. Returning, arrive Salt Lake 9.50 a.m., 1.15 p.m., 4.15 p.m.
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Leave Salt Lake 4.00 p.m.; returning, arrive Salt Lake 11.00 a.m.
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About the taste of meals
They crowd into the restaurant
Where chops and roasts are sweet
The Restaurant keeper's purse gets fat,
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