

R. H. DODD.

# DODD & CORAY,

DON. R. CORAY.

## Pioneer Real Estate Firm of Provo

Proprietors of Oak Dell Addition Company. Over 1,000 lots, ranging in price from \$25 to \$50 each. We have large lists of city and country property. We have handled over \$1,000,000 worth of real estate in 1889. Parties visiting Provo are cordially invited to make their headquarters with us. Correspondence Solicited.

Martin & Drake  
Are the Largest  
IMPORTERS  
AND BREEDERS  
In the West of



Suffolk Punch, English Shire and Cleveland Bay Horses.

SHEPHERD PONIES.  
Short Horn and Holstein Cattle. Visitors cordially welcomed. Correspondence invited. Stock for sale at all times at low prices and on easy terms. Call and examine our horses and cattle.

Royal A. Barney,  
Real Estate.

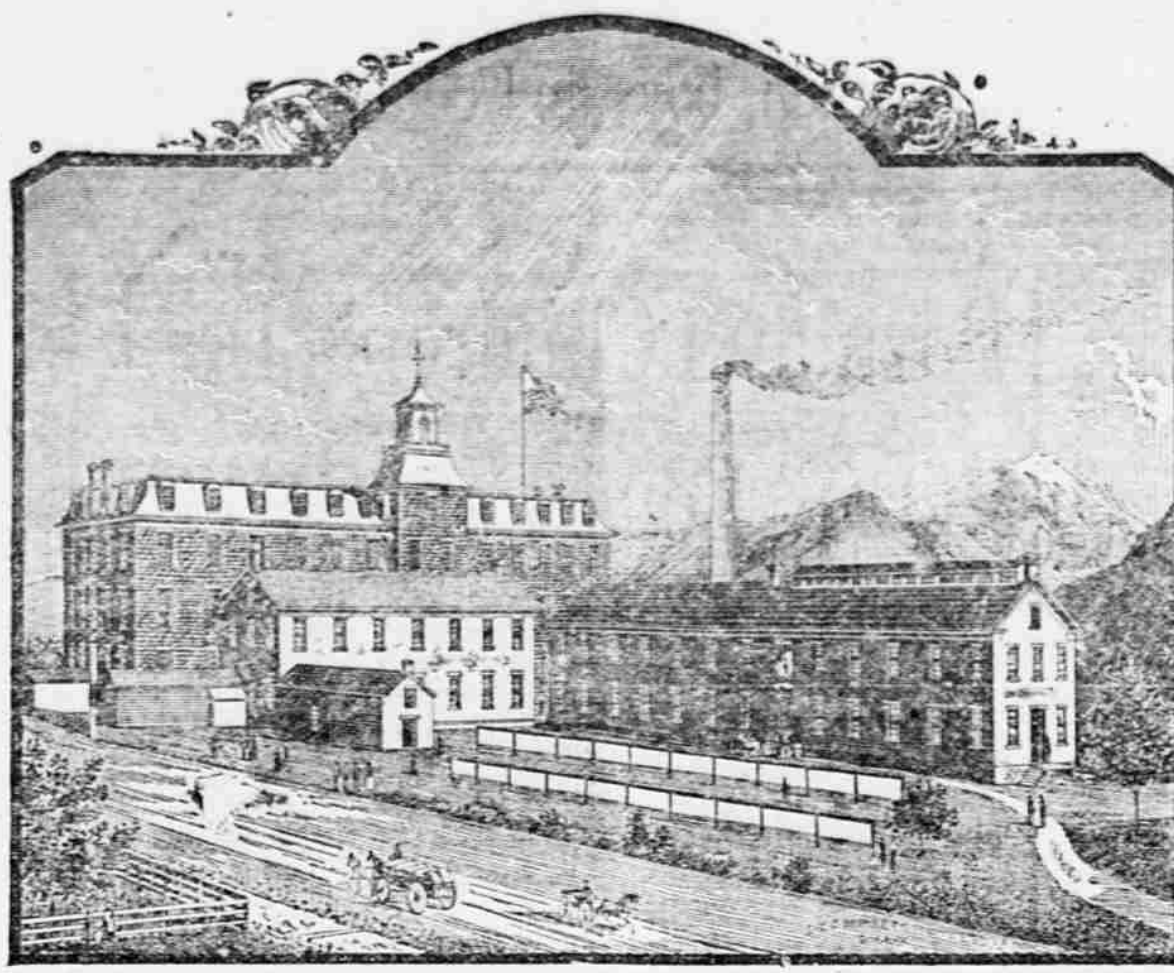
I have one of the choicest pieces of property in the city, which I will sell on easy terms. Call on my address.  
Royal A. Barney, Provo City, Utah.  
Get in before the boom begins. Correspondence solicited.

FIRST  
National Bank  
OF PROVO.

Capital \$50,000  
Surplus 16,000  
DIRECTORS: A. O. Shook, President; T. H. Cutler, Vice-President; H. H. W. H. Dusenberry, Cashier.

### PROVO CITY, UTAH.

Provo is one of the most beautiful little cities in Mormondom, situated 42 miles south-west of Salt Lake City, and in the heart of the fruit growing section of the valley and upon the largest tract of land in Utah. It is the territory of Utah Lake is exceptionally grand and picturesque for its mountainous islands, bright bays and inviting waters, stretching a distance of 12 miles in width from the Wasatch to the Ogkuch range of mountains, and over 20 miles in length up and down Utah valley.  
Provo now has over 2,000 inhabitants; she is the county seat of Utah county, which has about 45,000 population, and will be termed the manufacturing city of Utah. She has the largest woollen factory in the west, representing a capital investment of \$2,000,000. The production of this factory is estimated for the year next to be shipped to the east. She has iron works, foundries, engineering works, public schools, and a complete electric light system, and is a county seat. The territorial interest here is the Bridal Veil Falls, a short distance from the city. The Provo Woolen Mills, also Martin & Drake's blooded stock farm, with some of the finest imported horses ever brought to the country, are of especial interest because of the beautiful location upon the grand slopes of the mountains. The building being large, commodious and attractive. They are the only stock raising center in the county.  
Provo is on the main line of the Denver, Rio Grande & Western, also the Utah Southern and the Utah & Colorado. It has a fine long-lined street, and is the center of a fine network of telegraph lines. It has a fine water supply, and the power of its dams, which is obtained right in the city limits. Of the beauty of its location, its scenery and its climate, it is full of attractions and curiosities. It is situated within easy reach of the most famous resorts of the West, and is a beautiful and healthy spot for a visit to which is calculated to show one more of the wonders of nature than had he dreamed of. The Provo Woolen Mills are isolated corners away from the railroads, are of a picturesque nature, with scenery full of



Provo Woolen Mills, Provo City, Utah.

### MINERALS.

Utah has most of the minerals found in the west except tin. Besides mines already mentioned, we have other promising deposits. Our sulphur is the only material of the kind produced in the United States. Twenty-six miles from Black Rock on the Utah Central railroad is the crater of an extinct volcano filled with a sulphur deposit, ranging from 95 to 98 per cent pure. Other deposits are found at a place near Frisco, where the material occurs in crevices and is very pure. In the Uintas is a fine deposit, ranging 65 per cent pure on an average, while some of it is almost pure. There are large quantities of it. A valuable sulphate bed is found at the southern end of Salt Lake valley. We have also, at our 2,000-foot depth, deposits are in abundance at Nephi is a fine outcrop 120 feet long and of considerable width, sufficient to supply all possible demands for a century. There are many other deposits in southern Utah. At Fillmore is a bed of white of great purity. Bottom stone, sometimes called topsoil, occurs in a number of places and seems to answer well for polishing; the real topsoil has been found in some good quantities in the southern part of Utah. It occurs in many places all over the territory, but not in large enough blocks to be valuable. Antimony is found both north and south of Salt Lake, as well as scattered throughout our mines of the precious metals. It is believed that the one on the northern river is a very valuable deposit. Quicksilver is found at Camp Floyd and on the Sevier; the latter deposits have produced a considerable quantity of refined metal.  
Arsenic and zinc occur in many of our mines, but we have not made any attempt to save

them. Asbestos was found in a number of places. Utah has quite a number of rocks known as being topaz, garnet, chalcedony, amethyst, etc. All sorts of mineral paints occur in Utah. We have extensive deposits of asphaltum in various parts of the territory. It occurs in strata of sandstone, in pockets of varying size, but it is doubtful whether this will ever be utilized, since there are other places where the asphaltum has oozed out from the rocks and saturated the ground, forming lakes varying in purity from 20 per cent upwards. The latter deposits have about one-third of the asphaltum in the form of paraffine, and will pay well to refuse.

### REAL ESTATE.

Provo is blessed with a live, industrious, energetic, pushing class of business men, who have by their united efforts kept the price of real estate down to the poor man, the laborer and the man with limited means, as well as the rich can purchase lots and build their homes in the garden spot of Utah, without having to pay fancy or speculative prices. The proximity of Provo to Salt Lake City will undoubtedly have the effect of increasing Provo's population in pace with that of Salt Lake City, and make her second in point of population and value in less than ten years. Any person desiring information in regard to Provo real estate can obtain it by addressing Dodd & Coray, S. M. Drake, Havercamp & Clark, A. Singleton, H. A. Barney, or the First National Bank, Provo City, Utah. These gentlemen are among the oldest and most reliable residents of the city.

John M. Drake,  
Real Estate  
DEALER.

Half Owner in Avondale  
Consisting of over 200 acres of the most beautifully located residence property in the city of Provo.

Within Three-fourths Mile of the Postoffice.  
I have other choice city and acreage properties. Make investments for non-residents, etc.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

Havercamp & Clark,  
LICENSED  
Abstractors of Title

In and for Utah county. Office: First National Bank.

Provo City, Utah.  
CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

"Home Industry Our Specialty."

PROVO  
CO-OPERATIVE  
CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

Full line of home made suits constantly on hand. Suits made to order from the celebrated Provo Woolen Mills. Goods samples of which sent on application.

Try a pair of our All Wool Cassimere Pants at \$5.00.  
A. SINGLETON, SUPERINTENDENT.

### FACE OF A PHANTOM GIRL

A Strange Phenomenon of the Love Legend Connected Therewith.

### ONE OF THE FOUR HUNDRED.

And Yet This New York Woman Has Dark Mysteries Connected With Her Life—The Governor's Pleasant Wife.

In the western part of North Carolina is what has long been known as the haunted spring. While the singular phenomenon may possibly at some time be explained, it has up to this time baffled the most sceptical, says the London edition of the New York Herald.

The spring comes from underneath a huge rock, and frequently tempts the thirsty traveler to dismount. Nothing peculiar is noticed until a stooping posture is taken over the spring for the purpose of drinking. Then a most frightful face appears in the bottom, and as the person's face approaches the surface of the water, the spectre face, with most horrid grimaces, rises to meet it. No one has ever been known to have the courage to drink the water after the appearance of the apparition, and while it is probable that the peculiar shape of the rocky basin and the reflecting nature of its formation has much to do with this phenomenon, yet to those who have experienced the sensations which accompany a sight of the special face no such explanation could be made. As is usual among the mountain folks when anything strange exists among them, the phantom spring is the subject of an Indian legend.

There was, as the story goes, a beautiful Indian maiden who dwelt among these rocks, and the young braves vied with each other for the honor of her smiles. So beautiful was she that the other maidens all hated her, for their lovers would desert them to obey her slightest wish. There was one Indian girl who had a lover to whom she was soon to be married according to the customs of the tribe, the day fixed for the ceremony arrived and the bride failed to appear. Filled with shame, mortification and hatred, the girl sought through the woods and among the rocks for her lover. At last her search was rewarded. The brave was found kneeling at the feet of the beautiful Indian maiden pouring forth the most fervid language of love.

The deserted girl drew her bow and shot the faithless lover dead. Then she cured her charming rival and called upon the Great Spirit to make her so ugly that her lover would forget everything living that looked upon it. The beautiful girl felt that her face was changed, and running to the spring, she looked into it that the clear waters might reflect back her image. When she saw that in a moment her face had become transformed into a hideous and frightful countenance instead of the beautiful lines which it had shown, in despair she threw herself face forward into the spring, and was drowned. And it is the face of the Indian girl that is seen at the bottom of the phantom spring.

Every afternoon there drives in a superb turnout in Central park a woman

whose life story is as strange as that given in any French novel, says the New York Sun. She is in and of the 19s, and yet no woman who finds the gates of society closed against her ever had such a varied career. Being born on English soil she may be called an English woman, though her mother was a French ballet-dancer and her father an Austrian soldier in the family. A little income was settled upon her and with this a good education was given her. At 18, beautiful as the most material Venus, she stood on the stage, and then, retaining a little, she went to an American ball, which drew to her the eyes of the man who had not yet discovered her wonderful form. Her stage costume may be said to have cost her literally nothing. She was the toast of the club and the delight of the gay men about town. Her witty sayings were quoted, her last costume imitated, and all went merrily as possible until one day a man died rather mysteriously in her house. To escape the talk she came to this country. It was that the gentleman in red tuxedo care of his own or not it is impossible to say, but on the trip over she met an old man—an invalid—who became perfectly infatuated with her. She nursed him tenderly and carefully, and a severe illness man had lasted that out of respect to his friend she should stay there until she was ready to return to England. One day the wife came to the library and found her husband making love to the visitor. The end was a divorce and a marriage, and today Madame drives behind her immaculate hairs and wonders at the pretenses of some people.

Henry Von Schoonhoven has been running a dairy near here, says an Adamsburg (Pa.) letter to the New York Sun, but he has quit that business now, as well as some other. He was widowed with three children, aged fourteen, sixteen and eighteen years. The two latter were girls and the youngest a boy. With him resided his former wife's mother, three months ago Henry came home from Pittsburgh accompanied by a fine-looking boy whom he introduced to his family as the son of a deceased friend. The lad's name, he said, was Joe Lang. The mother-in-law did not take kindly to the city youth, and the children too seemed dissatisfied. Joe, however, soon won the affection of the whole family. In Jeannette, a neighboring village, the young ladies fell in love with him, and his trifling of letters led to a quarrel with their hearts. His presence was demanded at every social gathering, and Joe Lang was sought after by many of the young girls. He was a dear boy to Von Schoonhoven, for whom he did all the odd jobs around the place. Joe and Henry were much of the time together, which displeased the mother-in-law, and

on more than one occasion Henry was reprimanded by her for showing too much partiality towards the boy. She would not let him go into the children's room, and he would always pacify the old lady; but when recently she saw that an underpayment of Lang's was such as is not worth by a boy the old lady was terribly angered.  
Subsequent events justified her suspicions, and when she upbraided Henry for harboring a female he wilted, and confessed that Joe Lang was a woman, and that they were married in Allegheny City on the day on which he brought the boy home. There was a scene and the mother-in-law was raging mad. Henry and his wife remained another day in the Von Schoonhoven domicile, but on the following night they disappeared. The morning after the old lady received a letter from Henry saying that he had taken \$500, and that he and his wife were on their way west.

Von Schoonhoven is about thirty-five years of age and his bride is not much more than eighteen. Her name was Fanny Smith and her parents reside in Pittsburgh.

A very interesting wedding, which cannot aptly be described as a marriage, a la mode, or a love match, or even a mere mesalliance, but partakes of the nature of all three, has lately taken place in an obscure Polish village, the bridegroom being no less a personage than a Swedish graduate of the university of the Philippine Islands and the bride a charming, artless Polish peasant girl, says a St. Petersburg letter. The match was brought about in this way. A year ago the Spanish dignitary obtained leave of absence and paid a visit to Paris for the sole purpose of seeking for a suitable life partner in that international matrimonial mart. The qualifications required of the bride were few, but important: she should profess the Roman Catholic faith, and should have something more valuable than her face for her fortune. His vigilant eyes soon fell upon a beautiful Polish maiden, who, though a peasant, could boast of great worldly wealth and was blessed with two boys, which were over and above the conditions. TheSpaniardcultivated the acquaintance of this Slavonic maiden, talked with her father, proposed and was accepted. Shortly before the marriage a Polish prince—the owner of the village of Sandomir—was induced to confer by adoption upon the young lady the title of princess. After this the governor of the Philippine Islands journeyed to Russian Poland, to the government of Kelet, where, a few days ago, he was united in a wedlock to the lady of his heart. The marriage ceremony was performed by the bishop of Sandomir in the rural church of an obscure village according to the rites of the Roman Catholic church. The little chapel was well attended, and many of the former playmates of the blushing bride.

There is a queer and funny story, also told about a young couple from Gladsville, Preston county, says a Morgantown, W. Va., special to the Pittsburgh Times. Amos, a local loved his cousin, Emma Lemon, but the prospects for making money rapidly or in any quantity being anything but flattering, Amos went to Uniontown to secure work. He got a job, and in the early part of the present year sent for his adored Emma to come to Uniontown, as he had everything arranged for a quiet wedding at that place, marriage license and all. He was too busy to leave his work, he said. He would be happy today had he not been so busy. Emma agreed to go. Amos sent a conveyance for her, with a young and handsome driver. The day following the driver and Emma journeyed to

Uniontown, but it was a sad coming to Amos. Emma's first words were that she could never marry him; that she never loved him with all her heart, that she was sorry, but the young John who had accompanied her from her mountain home possessed the great wealth of her affection. Amos burned the license before the eyes of his erstwhile loved one, and the sorrowful retriever, one left next morning with her new-found lover. Arrangements are now being perfected for a wedding at Gladsville. Miss Lemon is to be one of the contracting parties, but her cousin Amos is not.

Miss Christina Mansfield, a beautiful young woman of this city, promised her hand in marriage some months ago to Albert Bersinger. Before the date set for the wedding, the young man developed symptoms of consumption and went south for his health. Three weeks ago he wrote Miss Mansfield saying his illness had developed into quick consumption and that as his case was considered incurable he would relinquish her from her engagement. He added that he intended committing suicide, but would live long enough to get her answer to his letter, says a Birmingham, Conn., dispatch to the New York World.

Incidentally, Miss Mansfield answered the letter from Henry saying that he had taken \$500, and that he and his wife were on their way west. Miss Christina Mansfield, a beautiful young woman of this city, promised her hand in marriage some months ago to Albert Bersinger. Before the date set for the wedding, the young man developed symptoms of consumption and went south for his health. Three weeks ago he wrote Miss Mansfield saying his illness had developed into quick consumption and that as his case was considered incurable he would relinquish her from her engagement. He added that he intended committing suicide, but would live long enough to get her answer to his letter, says a Birmingham, Conn., dispatch to the New York World.

A romantic story is being told of Mrs. Amelia Rivers Chandler, the sometime authoress, who has adopted the profession of artist. It is said that while she was studying in Paris one of her fellow-students, a young fellow of talent, fell in love with her; that he made professions of his passion, and that the fair young lady replied him, but still counted him in her list of good friends. The fellow was by no means discouraged. He continued his attentions, and when Mr. Chandler went to Paris, and took his wife on a trip to Algeria the lover-artist went along, too. It was in Algeria that the unfortunate young man finally recognized the futility and hopelessness of his pursuit. To end his misery he committed suicide.

In 1867 William Parker, a Liverpool sailor, aged twenty-six, accompanied by his young wife and two children, took passage on the packet ship William and Mary bound for Montreal, says the New York Sun. A short time after the vessel left the Mersey, Parker, who was on the spar deck leaning over the rail, lost his balance and tumbled into the sea. Parker was swept ashore and circled up for lost. The widow continued her voyage, finally settling down in the vicinity of Montreal and soon finding an admirer married again. The second marriage was disturbed the other day by the sudden appearance of Parker, who, it seems had been picked up by a Portuguese merchantman bound for South America, and arriving in that country resolved to seek his fortune before joining his family.

Willie Pigott and Inez Younker had grown up together, says a Denver dispatch to the New York Sun. The boy was fourteen years old and the girl twelve. A few days ago the girl died. When the news was imparted to Willie he swallowed a horse button and died a few days later.

### THOUGHTS IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Bright Waifs from the World of Wit and Humour.

### A BANK ROBBER'S GRAVE MISTAKE.

New York Sun: Police Inspector—I must congratulate you on your sharp eyesight. How did you detect the difference between this man and the president of your bank? When he is made up the imitation is perfect even to the voice.  
Bank Watchman—It was not the looks of him, nor the voice of him. He could have walked out without me ever suspecting anything if he hadn't give me a \$5 note to take and drink his health with when I could find the time.  
She Didn't Like the Job.  
Washington Post: She was a nice-looking, though elderly woman. She had a spider written in her face, but it was a good face for all that, and when she smiled on the congressman who represented her district he brought out all the affability that he could command.  
"So you want employment under the government?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Well, I don't know; I might possibly get you a place in the dead letter office."  
"Where all the misdirected letters go?"  
"Yes."  
"Love letters and everything?"  
"I'm much obliged to you," she replied, with a little sigh, "but unless you can find me some other place I guess I'll go back home."  
Signs of Spring.  
Lawrence American: Miss Urbes—Can you tell me where I can get some crockery?  
Farmer's Boy—Well, mum, if you goe an' spy, you catch some down in the swampy order.  
"Ouch, some? Why, what do you mean?"  
"Bullfrogs."  
"I didn't ask for bullfrogs."  
"You didn't, eh? Well, if bullfrogs ain't crockery—I miss my guess."  
A Great Consolation.  
Leicester Journal: A leading lawyer of the Andover, Mass., bar, who was thought a short time ago to be ill beyond recovery, says that among those who congratulated him on his restoration to health was a good woman of Andover who offered this tribute: "Well, Mr. A., if you had died you'd have had a very stylish funeral."  
The Schoolmistress.  
Paed.  
When the pretty country schoolmarm isn't spring  
To make her little flock on wisdom's way,  
She is very likely to be occupying  
Herself in manufactures of croquet,  
Or darning, or embroidery, or sewing,  
Or some other useful ornamental thing.  
For 'tis rumored 'round the district that she's  
WEE!  
To be married in the early days of spring.  
Properly Rebuked.  
Detroit Free Press: It happened on a crowded horse car. A scoldy-looking

man, very much the worse for having looked too much at the wine when it was red, rose to give his seat to a lady whose robust man slipped into the vacant seat, leaving the lady still standing.  
"Sawny, you—you—feller you," said the booby but chivalrous individual as he swung to and fro, laughing to the strap.  
"I'm drunk, I know, but I—I'll stick over it. I will, but you—you're a hog, an' you—you'll never git over it in—in this world—no, sir, never."  
And the other passengers agreed with him.

Couldn't Believe It.  
Pittsburgh Dispatch: "I understand that young Ward Heah is becoming quite a power in city politics."  
"It is, indeed. I understand that he has more knowledge of municipal politics than any other man in the city."  
"Impossible. He never had the opportunity to acquire such knowledge."  
"No. He was never in a barroom in his life."  
The Polite Thing.  
Judge: Jones is nothing if not gallant.  
Mrs. B.—Is exactly the same age as her husband, but she will not admit it.  
"My husband is forty," she said to some friends the other day; "your wouldn't believe it, but there's actually ten years' difference in our ages."  
"Impossible, dear madam," hastily interposed Jones, anxious to say something agreeable, "I'm sure you look every day as young as you do."

A Little Boy's Prayer.  
Springfield Republican: Once there was a little boy who received daily instruction from his good, pious mother in lessons of morality. Fortunately the boy's father was a worldly man and taught the boy many things that were not strictly orthodox, and had a habit of laughing at what he called the boy's earnestness. Charley had been exceedingly anxious for a drum, and the good mother, thinking to illustrate a lesson, bought him a drum, and then explained to him that he should pray for what he wanted, and insisted that if he would pray with earnestness and faith, the prayer would be answered. She put the drum under the bed and when Charley went to his supplication might be answered. Then Charley prayed: "Now I lay me down to sleep, I want a drum. I pray the Lord my soul to keep, I want a drum. If I should die before I wake, I want a drum; I pray the Lord my soul to take. I want a drum. Amen." At this point the mother moved her foot and the drum rolled out from under the bed. Charley regarded it with a glad surprise, and took it up with eyes like stars; his sisters, inquired of his mother: "Where in the devil did it come from?"  
Caught at His Best Trick.  
Boston Courier: With solitude of tone—it must be very lonesome sitting all by yourself at night, balancing your books.  
Husband (tenderly)—It is, my darling.  
Wife—Have been thinking about it some time, and now I have got a pleasant surprise for you.  
H.—A pleasant surprise?  
W.—Yes, dearest, I sent for mother yesterday, and I expect her this evening. She is very likely to be occupying herself a while. She will take care of the house at night and look to the children, and I can go down and sit in the office with you while you work.  
H.—The devil—that is to say, I couldn't think of you going down town.  
W.—It's my duty, dearest. I ought to have thought of it before, but it never came to my mind till yesterday. Oh!

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TO HATE.  
Written For The Bee.  
For all your tender thoughts of me;  
For every word of sympathy  
And kindly words of cheer;  
I'll keep the Yankee in your heart,  
To bring you up as you wish,  
Through all the coming year.  
All of a woman's love have you—  
A soul that's giving pure and true;  
And while you're in the land,  
Within the circle and the light  
Of your warm presence, is doubt  
And helpfulness and rest.

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Within the circle and the light  
Of your warm presence, is doubt  
And helpfulness and rest.

You are a faithful, loyal friend,  
Not like a reed to sway and bend  
With every changing wind.  
I have a heart that's ready to trust  
And know you tender, kind and just—  
The best in all to find.  
And so I know, in Memory's hall,  
My place will wait, my spirit call.  
And answer to your own.  
And though the miles may stretch between,  
My love will keep your memory green,  
Till time shall be your own.  
KATHARINE ELIZABETH REIMOLD.  
High Falls, N. Y.

George Sparks, a young man from Kitty Township, became engaged to the youngest daughter of Charles Smith of Whitehurst after a brief courtship, says an Ottawa dispatch to the New York Sun. The day was set, the clothes were bought, likewise the ring, when it suddenly occurred to the trusting couple that it might be as well to tell the young lady's old folks. This the lovers did after the most approved fashion, but great was his astonishment and chagrin when the old man declared that the ceremony could not take place at least not in the way it had been arranged. He said that his eldest daughter must be wed first, and second next, and so on ad infinitum, and that if the young man was anxious to join his family circle he could marry his eldest daughter; but under no circumstances would he allow his third daughter to go while two older remained. The young man, after some thought, signified his willingness to change brides, the bride expecting handed over her trousseau to her elder sister and in three days the wedding took place.

John, forgive me for not thinking of your comfort sooner. But I will go and sit with you tonight.  
H.—Tonight? Why, I—I—the fact is I got through with my books last night.  
W.—You did? How delightful! And you may now stay at home every evening. I'm so glad!  
And the delighted wife ran off to make preparations for the reception of her mother, while the husband, with somber brow, sat looking at the picture of a poker party, with one member absent in the glowing glare.

Due Deliberation.  
Judge: (Clergman to a loquacious couple)—You are about to get married. That you have deliberated on getting married; that you have deliberated on this step?  
He—Deliberated! Parson, we were two hours on the road and the gal's father is only ten minutes behind us!  
Clergman—Ten minutes—man, and will you please to get up. No; there's nothing like due deliberation in matters of this kind.

Mystery of Trade.  
New York Weekly: Butcher Boy—Anything else to take out?  
Butcher—Yes. This ten-pound roast is to go to Mr. Wealthy's residence, and his other ten-pound roast is to go to Mrs. Slim-John's boarding house. Now don't get them mixed, or we'll lose two customers.

TO HATE.  
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For all your tender thoughts of me;  
For every word of sympathy  
And kindly words of cheer;  
I'll keep the Yankee in your heart,  
To bring you up as you wish,  
Through all the coming year.  
All of a woman's love have you—  
A soul that's giving pure and true;  
And while you're in the land,  
Within the circle and the light  
Of your warm presence, is doubt  
And helpfulness and rest.

You are a faithful, loyal friend,  
Not like a reed to sway and bend  
With every changing wind.  
I have a heart that's ready to trust  
And know you tender, kind and just—  
The best in all to find.  
And so I know, in Memory's hall,  
My place will wait, my spirit call.  
And answer to your own.  
And though the miles may stretch between,  
My love will keep your memory green,  
Till time shall be your own.  
KATHARINE ELIZABETH REIMOLD.  
High Falls, N. Y.

George Sparks, a young man from Kitty Township, became engaged to the youngest daughter of Charles Smith of Whitehurst after a brief courtship, says an Ottawa dispatch to the New York Sun. The day was set, the clothes were bought, likewise the ring, when it suddenly occurred to the trusting couple that it might be as well to tell the young lady's old folks. This the lovers did after the most approved fashion, but great was his astonishment and chagrin when the old man declared that the ceremony could not take place at least not in the way it had been arranged. He said that his eldest daughter must be wed first, and second next, and so on ad infinitum, and that if the young man was anxious to join his family circle he could marry his eldest daughter; but under no circumstances would he allow his third daughter to go while two older remained. The young man, after some thought, signified his willingness to change brides, the bride expecting handed over her trousseau to her elder sister and in three days the wedding took place.

When Miami Palmer returns to this county to open an office east of the city he will be in the new play called "My Prima Donna."