

ROBIN AND I.

Once, upon a winter day,
As I sat, alone and sad,
Thinking in a fretful way,
Of the time when I was glad—
Hopping lightly over the snow,
Cause robin that I know.

LITTLE FEET.

Two little feet so small that both may nestle
In one caroling hand,
Two tender feet on the untrod border
Of life's mysterious land.

Almost a Ghost Story.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"I don't believe I ever told you my experience
in the dead-house of the hospital
after Sailor John's death," said a well known
physician to a reporter. "I never
cared about saying anything regarding it,
for I have to confess it, for the first
time in my life I was a little weak."

their cabinets. The grinning faces looked
as if to chide me for working on such
a night, but then I was too anxious about
my case to miss my opportunity.
Applying myself again to my subject,
I was soon lost in the peculiar develop-
ments my eye discovered each moment,
when again I was annoyed by a distinct
sound from the corner.

It was so close that nothing could be
done to keep the engine from colliding.
He reversed his lever and shut off the
throttle, and jumped from his seat to the
ground, expecting that after the engine
struck his waddy he would be would
jump on again. The shock from the col-
lision was heavy, but the Marietta loco-
motive reversed so quickly that he lost
his footing, and the throttle being thrown
wide open by the jar, the locomotive
went tearing down the track toward the
depot at a terrific speed.

"And do you stay open at night for
the accommodation of this class?" was
asked.
"Exactly so, sir. You know there are
many gentlemen who are inclined to get
with friends and drink a little too much
at night, whose business is carried on
demand that they shall be on hand at a
given time the next day. After making
the rounds and enjoying themselves they
come here, and we put them through a
process which enables them to recover
and keep their engagements the next
day. There are other ways of destroying the
immediate effects of drink, but they are
injurious to the system. All medical
authorities agree that the Turkish bath
does no harm, for it merely draws the
whisky out of the system. I have known
men to be brought here who could not
walk and in a few hours we would send
them away able to assume the most try-
ing business responsibilities, and they
would walk as well as you can."

ABOUT THE MORMONS.

The Workings of the Saints Viewed by an
Unbiased Observer.
Denver Tribune.
A broad fertile valley on the shore of
the Great Salt Lake; tier above tier of
snow-capped mountains rising majestically
on every side; thrifty farms all about
with their verdant pastures, and the rich
rewards in the harvest time; herds
of cattle grazing on the distant foot-hills,
or almost hidden from sight in deep
ravines; such is the view that greets us
as we come down from the north through
the land of the Mormons.

gration society has a corps of zealous
workers in Denmark, Norway, Sweden
and other parts of Europe, who go into
the slums of the great cities, and enter-
ing abodes of the most abject, poverty,
tell the people of this far away land
where lives the Lord's elect. A vivid
portrayal of this beautiful valley of
Deseret, together with the temporal and
spiritual blessings its happy inhabitants
possess, cannot fail to attract both mind
and heart. Is it strange that they do
not refuse tickets to this Eden of the
Nineteenth century? When they reach
Mormondom, each man is given a piece
of land, and a house which will at least
serve as a shelter. The Church takes a
mortgage on this, and as the landowner
must pay interest in addition to his regu-
lar tithes in the treasury of the Church,