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The Burlington route is the only line running dining cars on the "A la carte" plan, between Denver and Omaha, Kansas City and Chicago. Passengers have to pay only for what they eat. Be sure that your tickets read via the Burlington route.

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Cure that cough with Goffin Pills old time Cough Balsam—never fails.

Keep your desks and other articles, including jewelry, in a safety deposit box at Cook's Savings Bank & Trust Co. Rates, 50 cts per box per month. Ladies specially invited to call and see them.

The World's Fair Tests showed no baking powder so pure or so great in leavening power as the Royal.

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

SUICIDE AT SALTAIR.

Mrs. Ada Andrews Casts Herself Into the Briny Waters.

She Outlived Divorced Her and Saw Because Force of Affection—Her Lover Arrested in Tehachapi.

Mrs. Ada Andrews, a pretty woman of about 25 years, who has for over a year past resided with Mr. and Mrs. T. B. McCluskey, in the Fairfield, committed suicide yesterday afternoon by drowning herself in the waters of the Great Salt Lake.

At about eleven yesterday afternoon she boarded a street car in company with Mrs. McCluskey and some other ladies. The latter left the car at the corner of East Temple and First South streets, but Mrs. Andrews remained on, stating that she was going to visit a lady friend. Instead of going to Sowiesby, she went to the Bio Grande depot and took the 2:15 train for Saltair resort. Arriving there she applied for a bathing suit. She was told that the water was too rough for bathing, but she insisted, stating that she was a strong swimmer, and started from the bath house. She was finally given a suit and told to go out on the wharf and dive where the water was deepest.

She took the last time that she was ever seen, but from subsequent developments it appears that she jumped into the water a short distance from the bath house dive and struggled to shore.

It is said by witnesses that she was picked up by Constable W. G. Whitney, who arrived just in time to save her life. A story which sounds like the history of her whole life. A man and woman were quite close to her in the pavilion. Constable Whitney hastily divested a bathing suit and swam out to the lady, which was placed in the boat and followed him and brought back to the pavilion. The woman from there passed to a car and brought to this city.

The identity of the woman was soon discovered and Mr. and Mrs. McCluskey were notified. The latter made a thorough search of Mrs. Andrews's room and in the top of her trunk found the following letter, which showed that the act was premeditated.

My Dearest Friend and Uncle, Salt Air.—I am here now all alone, friend thoroughly tired and sick. You know that I am a fallen woman, but I did love you, I was true to you, but I could not live and see you be unhappy. Dear old Ann, I want you to have everything. I have written to Mr. Andrews and told him that I have everything. Now, dear Ann, I want you to do me one more favor, and that is to see that my body is taken home to my dear mother. Tell her I died true to her. Tell her I loved her. Tell her I died a pure woman. Tell her I died with her name on my lips. Tell her I died with her picture in my hand. Tell her I died with her letter in my pocket. Tell her I died with her picture around my neck. Tell her I died with her picture in my heart. Tell her I died with her picture in my soul. Tell her I died with her picture in my mind. Tell her I died with her picture in my memory. Tell her I died with her picture in my thoughts. Tell her I died with her picture in my dreams. Tell her I died with her picture in my eyes. Tell her I died with her picture in my ears. Tell her I died with her picture in my nose. Tell her I died with her picture in my mouth. Tell her I died with her picture in my hands. Tell her I died with her picture in my feet. Tell her I died with her picture in my body. Tell her I died with her picture in my soul. Tell her I died with her picture in my spirit. Tell her I died with her picture in my heart