DESERET EVENING NEWS.

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THE DESERET WEEKLY.

A 32 to 48 page Publication devoted first to the advocacy, from all reliable to a series of current history. Price, per volume of 24 numbers, $2.00 per year, postpaid.

WHICH TOOK HIM?

Mrs. Vincent, widowed and wealthy, looked haughty and fierce.

It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun took the liberty to intrude through the window into the library, furnished in purple leather and walled with books, which had had a pretty complete rest for the ten years that the late Vincent had been in his grave.

Mrs. Vincent sat and glared.

Her dark, prominent and wrathfully astonished eyes had for their target a young man, in whose bearing appeared a singular mixture of deference and defiance.

He, on his part, saw before him a lady under fifty, but not far. The lips were yet full and red, and her figure, though ample, still retained agreeable lines. If her hair was white, the black eyebrows held their color and emphasized the air of command to which the Roman contour of the nose most contributed.

"Well, I never!" she cried, slapping down a pack of cards on the table.

The man smiled slightly.

A young man, with curly brown hair, cheerful blue eyes, sprinkled mustache and a firm chin—a fresh, alert, compact, healthy young man, whose loose, elegant costume proved that he understood how to achieve that careless grace which so charms women. An intelligent young man, with cynical confidence in his smile.

He stood unfrightened, just the sort of young man who should not be what he was—secretary to a mature California street widow of spotless reputation and large means.

"Well, I never!" the lady exclaimed.

The young man spoke tentatively:

"No, Mrs. Vincent; I shall play piquet with you no more. Piquet is a good enough game, and I am not averse to it, in reason; but I object to piquet in the forenoon, in the afternoon and in the evening, six days in the week. I confess I'm tired of piquet."

"In that case, and because of your insolence," said Mrs. Vincent, with cold deliberation, "you may consider yourself discharged, Mr. Middles."

"Very well, ma'am." And he turned toward the door.

"Mr. Middles!"

He halted, his hand on the portiere, and faced about.

She placed her glasses on her modified Roman nose, viewed him steadily and, toying with the cards, inquired:

"Would an increase of salary be any inducement, sir?"

"No."

"Then go!"

He bowed and disappeared.

Her hand sought the bell. James, in livery, both imported from London, responded.

"Higgins, Mr. Middles is in the hall. Say to him that I wish to see him."

The secretary returned, overcoat on arm, hat in hand.

Mrs. Vincent threw herself back in her chair and, clasping her plump, white hands above her head, said in the conciliatory tone of the negotiator:

"Mr. Middles, let us not act hastily. I acknowledge that I cannot well spare you. Next to myself you are the best piquet player this side of New York."

"I know it, Mrs. Vincent. Indeed I play better than you."

"You do not!"

"I do."

His frozen calmness convinced.

There was feeling in her words that followed.

"You loved my husband, did you not?"

"I did. He was a father to me. I owe my education to him, and—and"——

"All that you are."

"Which is not much, Mrs. Vincent."

"He was your benefactor and you loved him, yet you refuse so little a thing as to play piquet with your benefactor's widow."

"I do. Gratitude has its limits."

"Evidently. You will not insure an old woman's weakness and lighten the burden of her loneliness?"

"I will not. Besides it is not a weakness, but a disease, this insanity for piquet. Moreover, you are not old. On the contrary, Mrs. Vincent, you are still a charming woman, and by withdrawing yourself from the world and giving yourself over to cards you wrong yourself. Worse than that, you fail in your duty to your daughter, who has the life of a nun."

"That is nothing to you, sir?"

"True."

Again he moved toward the door.

"Will nothing," asked the lady in alarm, "induce you to sit down to a game with me—just one?"

"Nothing that you would give, Mrs. Vincent."

"Pooh! You know very well that I'll give anything you ask. I can't do without you. What is it you want?"

"Yourself."

"Did you mean"——

"That neither as secretary, protege, nor friend shall I play piquet with you again. As your husband I will."

"Good bless my soul!"

To no woman unbroiled can an offer be either long surprising or disagreeable. It was with warmed cheeks and softened eyes that the widow said:

"Do I understand that—that you love me, Ernest?"

Mr. Middles bowed, but averted his glance.

She sighed and murmured:

"Ah, I am rich."

"Precisely, Mrs. Vincent. You are rich, you love to play piquet, and I am the best player on the Pacific coast. If you will marry me, I will play; if not, not."

"Will?"

"Under the circumstances, I do not see that there can rationally be aught."

"Cut the cards."

* * * *

Eighteen, golden haired, slim, supple, adorable Adele Vincent flashed her scornful eyes on the visage of Mr. Middles, who, undisturbed, sat at ease in the conservatory.

Mrs. Vincent paced solitaire in the adjoining library, awaiting her affianced and piquet.

"Why, mamma is old enough to be your mother, Ernest Middles."

"I know it."

"Your motives in making this monstrous engagement must be purely mercenary."

"Strictly."

"And you feel no shame in making the sacrifice?"

"None."

"Faugh!"

"Thanks."

"For what?"

"For so well expressing my feelings."

She sank upon a lounge, her pretty feet crossed, covered her face with her little hands, and her lovely young body was shaken with sobs.

"Don't cry," said Mr. Middles.

"I can't help it. Oh, it is infamous!"

"Yes. Still I congratulate myself."

"Congratulate yourself!"

"Enthusiastically. I have neither the brains nor energy to conquer a fortune, therefore I marry one."

"You can descend to that!"

"I require to find that I can. I am not the fool that I might be. Many men marred with their luck. I discover that I am too wise for such folly. Compose yourself, my dear Adele. I'll be a father to you."

"A father! You are but eight years older than I. Oh, Ernest, consider. You have been a son to mamma and a brother to me. We have grown from childhood together. Papa loved you. Don't, I beg of you, don't make us all ridiculous!"

"My word is given, Adele. As a gentleman, I must keep it."

"A gentleman, indeed! I thought you a man, with a man's courage, a man's honor. Oh!"

"Calm yourself."

"Calm yourself! You put me to humiliation and sell yourself and your talents for——"

"The prizes that talent gives years of conflict to win. I get the prizes without the conflict."

"The brave young man who was to face the world and achieve!"

"I have outgrown the illusions of youth, Adele."

"And you will marry a woman to whom crassed sight your chief merit is your skill at piquet!"

"You have said it."

"At least you have the decency not to pretend that you love mamma."

"Love is a luxury, and luxury is not for the poor. No; I do not love your mother. I love you."

"Me!"

"I have for years."

"You—you—never"——

"Never told you. Why should I? Would you share poverty with me, Adele? Would I, loving you, permit you? You speak of my talents. I have tried to use them. They do not exist."

"And you"——

"Yes, with my whole heart and soul. Love you! God! It is not in me to express how much!"

"I'm very glad to hear it," said Mrs. Vincent, wholly opening the library door.

"Mamma!"

"One word, Ernest Middles. Would you as Adele's husband, and provided for, play piquet with me?"

"With pleasure."

"You'd better marry him, Adele, my child."

"Oh, mamma! after what has happened!"

"Come, Mr. Middles, the cards are waiting."

"But I'm neither your husband nor your son-in-law, Mrs. Vincent."

"So Adele make up your mind; you or us. Evidently it must be one or the other of us. Now, Mr. Middles, piquet, if you please."

"Not until after the ceremony, madam."—Arthur McEwen in Argonaut.

Charity Appreciated.

A benevolent old lady who lives in a fashionable London suburb started a soup kitchen on a small scale, with the object of alleviating the distress of which she had read so much. Only eight persons applied for relief. One, a crippled woman, continued as a constant visitor. Four of the applicants did not like soup. Two others did not return with the jugs lent to them. The eighth was a small boy who was punctual in his attendance, and evidently, as she believed, appreciated the soup. There was something in his manner that aroused the sympathy of the old lady, so she interrogated him.

He was a crossing street sweeper in a grand square close by. He confessed that his earnings amounted to sixteen shillings (four dollars) a week, while his mother could earn two shillings and sixpence a day by charring. The old lady, who was taken aback, asked, "And do you think you ought to come here for soup?" With that frankness which is so charming in the young child, he replied: "Well, no, I don't, and that's a fact, ma'am, but if you'll only give me a penny every time you walk over my crossing you can eat your soup yourself."—Toronto Globe.

Palmyra leaf is supposed to last five centuries, and Hinda, a specimen of this palm, greatly grown on the Ceylon coast, can be preserved for upward of seven centuries. But a document on copper, according to the immense number which modern research has brought to light, and which have been lithographed in the "Indian Antiquary," can last even for twenty centuries without the least injury being made by time.

Illustrious Women of Italy.

Italy has a great examination of illustrious women, of which Queen Margherita is the honorary president. It is one of the most remarkable associations of the day, composed of the most eminent women in Rome, and before it twice each week the most celebrated orators of the day lecture on subjects of the education and advancement of women. Among its members are the Countess Gaglinori, for whom Rossini wrote his "Stabat Mater;" the Countess Lovatelli, the most distinguished literary woman in Rome and the only woman member of the German Institute of Archæology (at the celebration of the society this fall, slight and refined lady sat down among her gray haired colleagues, a radiant vision in white silk embroidered with sparkling beads); Signora Mantegazza, who has translated "The Cricket on the Hearth" into Italian and written many romances, and Louisa Saracco, who is devoted to historical researches.—London Letter.

Seeing a Life.

It is the practice of some writers of serial stories to begin the publication of their romances before the end is written. In the early stages of the story they do not know any better than the public who read it how they are "coming out." This is especially the case in France, where nearly every newspaper has a feuilleton or department in which a continued story is published.

It is related by M. Aurelien Scholl that when Paul Deplessis was publishing a serial romance in The Patrie newspaper he was visited one evening by Millet, the artist.

"By the way," said Millet, after a little conversation, "I am seeking a lot of information. You know that in The Patrie this morning you left the countess in the most alarming situation. She had fallen into an ambush, and was surrounded by those who have every motive to cause her to disappear."

"Yes."

"Well, does she die?"

"Yes; she meets her death at the point of the Corsican's poignard."

Millet struck the table with his fist. "No luck for me!" he exclaimed.

"Why, what is it to you?"

"Oh, nothing but ten louis—that's all! I made a foolish wager with a devoted reader of your stories that the countess was necessary to the 'mise out' of the romance, and that she would get out of the scrape."

"Dear me!" Deplessis exclaimed. He drew out his watch. "Only 9 o'clock," he said. "There's time enough yet."

"Time for what?"

"Time to get into a cab and go to The Patrie office and save the countess' life!"

"Truly! Would you do that?"

Deplessis shook the artist's hand solemnly.

"It's very little to do for a friend," said he.

He rushed away to the newspaper office, overhauled his proofs and made the grumbling printers turn the countess' distressing death into a marvelous rescue.

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FOR SALE.

35 ACRES OF FIRST CLASS LAND, ALL OF which is under cultivation, well watered and a good stand of lucern on the same, in Grantsville. Apply at this office. 308

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

HOUSE AND LOTS IN HAZEL COURT on Fifth South, between Fifth and Sixth East streets, on easy terms. Apply to Carl E. Nelson. 4108

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

THE FIRM HEREFORE EXISTING under the name and style of Cannon & Cannon, consisting of George Q. Cannon and John M. Cannon, of Salt Lake Territory, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Mr. John M. Cannon succeeds to the business and assumes the outstanding liabilities of the late firm, and will continue the business at the old stand, No. 12 Main street.

Dated April 4th, 1891.

GEO. Q. CANNON, JOHN M. CANNON.

RED BRICK.

THE UNDERSIGNED WISHES TO CALL the attention to the public that he is prepared to furnish first class hand-made red brick at short notice.

CHARLES HAYES, Proprietor.

Practical Brick and Tile Manufacturer, East Bountiful, Davis County, Utah. 4[illegible]

NOTICE.

PLANS ARE INVITED FOR THE REBUILDING of a suitable Opera House Building to be erected in the center of the Eighth Ward Square, Salt Lake City, by the undersigned. The proposed building is to have four floors, three stories with basement, and measurement on the plan of what is known as skeleton construction. Plans of building completed not to exceed $20,000. All plans to be submitted on or before May 20th, 1891. Council reserves the right to reject any and all plans. For further particulars apply to

HON. G. M. SCOTT, Mayor.
HON. C. W. BARTON, Probate Judge.
Salt Lake City, Utah, April 4, 1891.

NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING of the Utah Commercial and Savings Bank will be held at their Office, Tuesday, May 12th, 1891, at the hour of 11 a. m. for the election of Directors for the ensuing year.

E. R. ROBERTS, Cashier.

NOTICE.

FOR SALE IN PROVO CITY, A GOOD Boarding House. Apply to Robert Sisk, 3 Street, Provo City. 4 weeks.

SALE OF MANTI CITY WATER-WORKS BONDS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT ON the 20th day of June, A. D. 1891, at the office of the Treasurer of Manti City, Sanpete County, Utah Territory, twenty bonds of said city, of the series of date Feb. 20, 1891, will be sold to the highest bidder or bidders, for cash. Said bonds are of the denomination of five hundred ($500) dollars each, payable at the office of the Treasurer of Manti City twenty years after date, and are subject to redemption at any time after five years from date, at the option of said city. Said bonds will bear interest at the rate of seven p. c. per annum from May 1st, A. D. 1891, payable semi-annually, for which purpose there are attached to said bonds coupons for the payment of said interest. On the 20th day of May, A. D. 1891, and at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of the 20th day of June, A. D. 1891.

By order of the City Council of said city.

ALEXANDER TEMPLE, City Treasurer.

Manti City, April 20th, 1891. 4[illegible]

WHY DO YOU COUGH?

Do you know that a little cough is a dangerous thing? Are you aware that it often lodges on the lungs and far too often runs into Consumption and ends in Death? People suffering from Asthma, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Consumption will all tell you that

"IT STARTED WITH A COLD."

Can you afford to fooling it? Can you trifle with so serious a matter? Are you aware that

DR. ACKER'S ENGLISH REMEDY

for Coughs, Colds and Consumption is beyond question the greatest of all Modern Remedies? It will stop a Cough in one night. It will check a Cold in a day. It will prevent Croup, relieve Asthma and cure Consumption if taken in time. "You can't afford to be without it." A 25c. bottle may save you 100 in doctor's bills—may save your life! Ask your druggist for it, or write to W. H. SMALLS & CO., 46 West Broadway, New York, for book.

For sale by Z. C. M. I. Drug Department.

BROWNING.·.BROS.,

155 S. Main St. Salt Lake City, Utah. 2461 Washington Avenue, Ogden.

GUNS. RIFLES.

PISTOLS, AMMUNITION and SPORTING GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

We have a Carload of SAFETY BICYCLES, all sizes. We offer a Boy's Safety 24 inch for $25.00. Large Boys' 27 inch for $35.00; Ladies' and Men's 28 inch, $45.00. Call in and examine our stock.

ILLUSTRATED SPORTING GOODS CATALOGUE FREE TO ALL.

WE ARE COMING FATHER ABRAHAM WITH THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE OF THOSE CHARTER OAKS SO FAMOUS WITH THE MATCHLESS WIRE GAUZE DOOR!

FOR SALE BY

Z. C. M. I., Sole Agents in Salt Lake City

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS!!!

COHN BROS.

Owing to the unprecedented success of our Sale last week we have decided to deal out our

ENORMOUS BARGAINS

One week longer. We feel confident that out of the thousands that visited our Bazaar last week not one was any disappointed; all are fully convinced that we do not misrepresent but live up to our advertisements.

DRESS GOODS.

Great slaughter of dress dress patterns at 50½ per cent less than manufacturer's cost. All of our $12.50 and $15.00 Suits now go at $7.50; all $18.00 and $20.00 Dresses thrown out at $10.00; all $22.50 and $25.00 go at $12.50; all $28.00 and $30.00 Dresses given away at $15.00.

36-inch Fancy Panorama Serge, regular price 20c, sale price 14c.

24-inch Tan and Gray Mohair Delbiges at 10c per yard.

Double Width Colored Alpaca at 19c, worth 25c.

Printed Challies at 5c.

200 pieces Beautiful Printed Challies, new and handsome designs, in light, dark and medium grounds at 5c.

100 pieces very handsome Sateens, regular price 12½c, sale price 7½c.

We place on sale 100 pieces Standard Prints, best dress styles, at 5c per yard.

A lot of very fine 32 inch French Sateens at 15c, regular price 25c.

WHITE GOODS.

A lot of Cream Turk Towels, regular price 15c, sale price 8½c.

A lot of Imported Plain and Fancy Colored Turk Towels, made by Christy, worth 75c, 85c and $1.00, sale price 50c.

Full size extra heavy Crochet Red Spreads, choicest patterns, regular price $1.25, sale price $1.00.

Splendid quality Irish Linens, our regular 12½ and the numbers at 7½ & 10c.

HOSIERY DEPARTMENT.

Sale of manufacturers' samples of Ladies' stockings in high grade Lisle Goods; all are Saxon made; all perfect; the blacks are warranted fast; present season's weight, large variety of different effects. Regular 75c and $1 goods.

100 doz. Ladies' fancy colored striped Hose; regular price 25c; sale price, 10c.

Ladies' fast black and striped Hose; regular price, 12½c; sale price, 6½c.

A large collection of odds and ends of Misses' Hose, consisting of English, French and German makes, in fancy Lisle and solid colors; former price 50c to $1.25. Will be cleared out at 25c a pair.

Children's gray and brown mixed ribbed cotton Hose, all sizes, 6½c a pair.

Children's black ribbed Hose at 7½c a pair.

GIRLS' GINGHAM DRESSES AND APRONS.

Gingham Dresses, including white tucked gingham, from 4 to 10 years, price $1.25 to $2.

Checked Nainsook, embroidery trimmed Aprons for Girls, sizes 2 to 10, at 35 to 65c each. Children's Aprons at 10c each.

Ladies' Aprons, 40 to 50c qualities, at 25c.

LADIES' UNDERWEAR.

Ladies' Corset Covers, 40, 70 and $1 qualities, at 25, 50 and 75c.

Ladies' Muslin Drawers, 35, 65, $1 and $1.25 grades offered during this sale at 25, 50, 75 and $1.

Ladies' Balbriggan Vests, at 12½c.

Ladies' Cream Silk Vests, $1.25 quality, sale prices, 79 and 85c.

Children's Muslin Caps at 10 and 25c; former prices, 20 and 35c.

CLOAK DEPARTMENT.

Ladies' striped summer blazers, our well known stylish fitting garments; regular price, $5, sale price, $1.50.

Ladies' striped sateen Blouse Waists; regular price, $2; will clear out at 75c.

Ladies' silk striped Outing Flannel Blouse Waists; regular price, $3; sale price, $1.25.

Misses' Flannel Blouse Waists at 75c.

Ladies' black sateen and outing flannel Skirt Waists at $1.50.

Prices quoted above are for below cost, and will be maintained during this week only. COHN BROS.

FRASER & CHALMERS,

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MINING MACHINERY,

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WHAT IS A GUARANTEE?

Many merchants and salesmen are in the habit of indiscriminately "guaranteeing" their wares with no thought of being called upon to make the "guarantee" good. It is a pernicious and foolish custom more respected in the breach than in the observance.

A guarantee, to have any value, should be made with knowledge of the meaning of the word and a set purpose to carry out the terms of the guarantee. On fine tools the makers instruct us to warrant, and we replace any tool found imperfect in use.

We have used our best judgment, acquired by a considerable experience, in selecting the following items for our stock and sell them to our customers with an absolute guarantee that if they do not prove to be all that we represent them, we will refund the purchase money in full.

"Jewel" Steel Ranges. A finished article, perfectly proportioned, made of the best material. Don't fail to see it. It will pay you.

"Quick Meal" No Generator, Evaporating. Light it as you do your gas burner. No smell. No danger. No complication. Every objection to the use of a Gasoline Stove done away with. Think of the comfort mixed in Summer by avoiding the heat of a big Kitchen Range.

"Superior" Cooks and Ranges. Superior as bakers. Superior in economy of fuel. Superior in design. Superior in construction. Superior in everything that goes to make a perfect cooking apparatus.

The "Foote Refrigerator." An ice saver. A Health promoter. Cellular stone lined. What is that? Investigate it. It will more than repay you.

Our stock of Builders' Hardware, House Furnishings, Garden Hose, Lawn Sprinklers, Lawn Mowers, etc., is complete in every detail.

E. C. COFFIN HARDWARE CO.,
Progress Building.

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GOOD GOODS AND LOW PRICES!!

Call in and see how it works, at

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They are

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NEVER UNDERSOLD!

Quality Considered.

MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

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1,000 BABY CARRIAGES!

We must Sell Cheap to Reduce our Immense Stock. Our prices are positively

THE LOWEST!

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The rush in this Department is unprecedented. New Designs ARRIVING DAILY, and all who see them are delighted with their beauty and

LOW PRICES!

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