ALL A MISTAKE.

"The most charming girl in the world!" said Mr. Bates emphatically.

"That's what all of 'em says," said the young Nicholas Pinkey, who appeared in the gloaming to the house on and helped put all in disorder. "It's quite surprising what a number of most charming girls there are. Well, Bates, I wish you joy, I'm sure."

Mr. Bates cited the Nicholas consolatorily.

"You see," said he, "she is a girl, in one way, to the full Gloria, to my Myrtilla, good sir."

"She looks all of that," said his friend dubiously.

"Looks, dog!" thought Bates to himself as he turned briskly upon the other.

And this notwithstanding Mr. Bates did for once in his life wear a tie that was not tinted the heart's blood of a pillar box, the house where Miss Myrtilla Hopkinson lived.

The tie, you see, was—you, as Mr. Bates walked triumphantly in with the air of a man who, fully himself thoroughly and entirely at home, and proceeded up the stairs.

"Dear girl, I'm glad to see anything," said Mr. Bates to himself.

Miss Myrtilla met at the parlor door, but he's indeed the door, finally employed in holding a letter, which, unfolded, showed fourteen pages, and pages and pages upwards of ordinary occupation.

"One of my letters," thought the lost another swain. "All, while these thoughts passed through his mind, he was in a trance of a warmth. Miss Hopkinson's hot cheeks with a rose shade.

"My precious precious," cried Myrtilla, jumping up.

"I have caught you," said Mr. Bates, playfully, "making a mash of this paper."

But Miss Hopkinson evaded his inquiring and dared his pale eyes a glare of reproaches.

But as she did so Mr. Bates perceived, to his inexpressible surprise and disgust, that the billet, amongst its so attractive white immaculate hand, was none of his precious.

"Myrtilla!" he exclaimed reproachfully.

"Mr. Bates, sir, how you startled my poor nerves!" cried Myrtilla, tripping forward, with outstretched hands.

Before Mr. Bates could select appropriate words in which to express his displeasure from the excellent (the Nicholas was a most charming young fellow) for the embrace of Myrtilla it started away. But as they parted on the staircase Mr. Bates said:

"Myrtilla, when I came this afternoon—"

"Yes, dear," passed the fair maiden.

"—you were reading a letter—a letter from a girl friend."

Miss Hopkinson colored.

"Myrtilla, you surely don't think I said?"

"Will you let me see the letter?"

"No."

Mr. Bates turned out of the house. Miss Hopkinson blushed into tears.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" she bewailed herself. "What shall I do?"

"Nothing, wise! Take no heed to a scorning person of jealous rage and present a sore wrath, which have done no damage to any tragedy hero in the land."

"Pshaw, sir, I give you 24 hours for an explanation. If at the expiration of that period you still persist in refusing to allow me some explanation or explanations, I shall regard our mutual relations as at an end."

"I rather think that will bring her around if anything will," he said to himself. "And I won't just in either. I'll leave it at the door myself."

The door was very heavily illuminated by lamp and their the yellow glare of an ornamental gas lamp where Mr. Bates stalked up to the portico of Miss Hopkinson's house. Two figures were at the area gate—a woman and a man, whispering in the twilight.

"Good!" thought Mr. Bates. "Mrs. Hodges and her young man. I'll give my note to Hodges."

But as he approached the dread person to ask her if she was sure that it was Mrs. Hodges and her beau, for Myrtilla and—and—who?

Suddenly, at his side, he stood, he startled Myrtilla gave the man money. He took Bates's envelope exchanged. Meanwhile village crisp away, there sounds, through the dark.

"Not was the moment for action.

"Wretch!" he cried, grasping him on the shoulder. Miss Myrtilla. "Give me the packet of letters to Angelina Jane. I ask you."

"I will disclosure!" screamed Miss Myrtilla.

In the confusion the two fellows disappeared, he left squeaking itself and trying away. Something clinked on the area railings. Bates stooped to look it up. It was a diamond ring of large brilliancy.

Myrtilla sank on the area step, falling her face in her hands.

"Is this all?" said Mr. Bates.

"All!" cried Myrtilla. "Oh, Bates, I would have parted sooner than let you know."

"And then—that villain—"

"Was the second young man," sobbed Miss Hopkinson.

"Mr. Myrtilla! And I'm sure!"

"Don't look at me, Bates. It was the dreamer's fall. And now I know you have me!"

"Not at all, dear," said Mr. Bates, into his arm twice instead. "Let me with you to a second-hand jeweler's."

And so Cupid, the little god of love, [illegible] Hopkinson's [illegible] of "square and [illegible]."

PIONEER MONUMENT.

Second Ward of Spanish Fork, Utah State,

SUBSCRIBES A LIST OF NAMES

Every Resident of Utah is Interested in the Erection of the Monument.

CARD FROM THE FIRST PRESIDENCY

Salt Lake City, Jan. 25, 1895.

Notice is hereby given that, conformably to the agreement to be made in Salt Lake City in memory of Brigham Young and the pioneers who hereafter, and until further notice, be acknowledged through the columns of the DESERET NEWS. It is expected that separate lists for collection of funds for this worthy purpose will be established in each ward to all the Stakes, and that said funds, with the list of names of the contributors, will be forwarded as frequently as convenient to Heber M. Wells, secretary of the Brigham Young Memorial Association, Salt Lake City, who will see that receipts properly acknowledged in the manner stated. We earnestly hope that the people will respond generously and promptly to this call, so that it possible the monument may be completed, dedicated and unveiled to the public on the 6th day of next October.

WILFORD WOODRUFF,
GEORGE Q. CANNON,
JOSEPH F. SMITH,
First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The Brigham Young Memorial association acknowledges receipt of the following contributions to aid in the erecting of the Pioneer monument:

From Spanish Fork, Second Ward:

[illegible]

And the following names unknown subscribers (?) [illegible]

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Secretary.

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—OF THE—

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EXTRA POUND NOTICE.

[illegible]

JOHN H. WATTS,
Secretary.

WHAT A MAGNIFICENT CYCLE TRACK

BUCK'S TRACK 187. The track is finished and finished, finished and finished, of the "Denver-building" racing track, here begin back looking on it. A big force of carpenters are at work on the grand stand and bleachers, and they will have everything ship shape by the 25th, when the big opening event will [illegible] the track to the cycling [illegible] of the West. We [illegible] the "Denver Express" racing team to pick the "Orange and Black" with [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] speed, [illegible] trying [illegible] and trying to win. We know what the "Express" will [illegible] [illegible] and easy to pick, and we expect the [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] to [illegible] the riders are [illegible].

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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NOTICE OF SALE UNDER DEED OF TRUST.

[illegible]

SUMMONS.

[illegible]

SUMMONS.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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