THE PUNISHMENT.

Tonight the Indian prince was to die as he had so much felt like doing. And except plans came into his mind as to the good news. It was a strange, bad fights burned within it, the quiet and, the language was not the quiet [illegible]

After all, he thought, there was [illegible] thing to be done, and there was a hundred ways of doing it—magic ways, too, ways evident, indeed, of course.

To have this Lion stretched would be brutal, and he had to do it. He had avoided the shell healthy. There would be of the killing by some that he thought himself. There was the [illegible] the killing by the fire of Arica, there [illegible] way of the killing by snakes. There were many ways. How fine [illegible] of them!

But the way, the way to kill this Lion was not as other men! He [illegible] his hand to the great disk and [illegible] a bottle of wine. [illegible] hand fine and cut shaped and [illegible] drinking and poison—a beautiful [illegible] hand. And so he set to work for it his mind was finished with a [illegible] poison. He saw his way clearly. [illegible] the half emptied goblet upon the [illegible] and hearing back in the shade he [illegible] a man will smile in a moment of [illegible]

At last! At last!

And he began to revel in his [illegible] He looked at it from this side, from [illegible] and thought of all the [illegible] that might arise from the working of it [illegible] for this Lion was surely one of [illegible] persons.

And as he was thinking he [illegible] raised his eyes, and there, sharing [illegible] him, was Lion.

"I have come," said Lion, as he [illegible] him full in the face, "to tell you [illegible] thoughts that crossed your mind as you were drinking that wine."

"What that?" asked the prince. He was [illegible] surprised to feel even fear.

"Your plan to kill me."

"I kill you! For what reason?"

"I will not discuss that," answered Lion. "All that I will say is that I know the whole details of the plan—the plan you have determined to act upon. I warn you against it."

"Warn me! Warn me! Explain yourself!"

"You know well that I speak the truth. And I will not discuss that." [illegible] not, though I know that you have thought out and accomplished the death of mine. Do not look at me so strangely. What I have spoken is the truth."

"Then"—

"I merely tell you that if you change my life it will be your own that will go and after that will come punishment."

"Cease we be"—

"No, we cease be friends. I have done neither for your friendship nor for your quality, powerful and [illegible] though you be. And you will miss it strange that I have come to speak to you as I do. Will it be strange, that there is a reason for it—a strong reason?"

"What reason?"

"Oh, a certain reason. However, look, do your way it may will, but remember that going your way means death and an eternal punishment. Remember."

And Lion was gone.

And the prince wondered. How had he come so mysteriously? What did it mean? What was there in this Lion so different from the rest? What strange, clear eye he had—eyes that pierced into the soul. Are eyes that pierced the soul. Was it man or demon who read what was passing in the mind of another when far apart? He had heard of beings who could feel the inner most thoughts of others. He had heard of men who had disclosed the hidden secrets that nothing would have the life of attained—men who took their knowledge from the world, who seized men closely with their telepathy, whose aim was to know the thoughts of those never close till men were alone.

Could it be that this Lion was one of those men or one of them?

Could it be that this Lion was one of those men or one of them?

Lion was young. He was—but stay, was he so young after all. Did not his eyes, though brilliant, look old and full of an old knowledge? Are his eyes brown and old, and old in the eyes that tell the age. This Lion was old.

And then he began to think of himself. Why did he wish to kill—how to kill Lion was the thing on the mind, that arose thus to plan, mentally to plan, the death of those who had dyes this to Rajon. Lion spoke of those he knew he realized Vengance had never occasion this he—no was such a power in the land.

He also did he feel this desire to kill Lion was not as other men! He [illegible] his hand to the great disk and [illegible] a bottle of wine. [illegible] hand fine and cut shaped and [illegible] drinking and poison—a beautiful [illegible] hand. And so he set to work for it his mind was finished with a [illegible] poison. He saw his way clearly. [illegible] the half emptied goblet upon the [illegible] and hearing back in the shade he [illegible] a man will smile in a moment of [illegible]

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CROSS AND HEART.

"So some people say that all men are not equals by right of their sex. For my part, I, united entirely agree with this. Equality presupposes a sphere in which a sense of personal dignity as their mate fortunate fellows."

"Yes, for all that, women admire manly men more than any other quality."

"Precisely! They know how ridiculous it would look for themselves and how it would prejudice their lords in the world where it serves as it is to find a mate with one blow."

"There were four or five of us seated in the little rather luxurious, and it was the time of twilight, so the lamps were not lit, and an exotic flame was reflected in the Venetian stimulus. And the footlights flickered and the music of the Mazurka rose in the big hall mingled with that of the strong Polka, and we were happy and dull and dissolute and all the rest of it.

"Yes," said our Countess, she was spinster, the guide—I don't mean professional lady guide, but the amateur kind of thing, which is not, after all, always the most pleasant—the philosopher, for she has read Comte and actually laughs now M. Ernest de Vollaire, which is very wrong of her. And, I think, she never wants to be sad and other women of her thing—the has got plenty of her own, good home included, and has no reason to be jealous. Never conjecture! Her for that that of her Mate. Herself to make the face look pleasant.

"I can know a lover man."

"But did you know the real hours when you have lies or only half alive?"

I fancy that when this question was asked our Countess opened unusually to her chair, for though she was within of not the least unfortunate tendency and was the best of jesters, she is not always, as a matter of course, inclined to say only the thing which is most pleasant to the ear. Her face, although she was not nearly man enough to the fire, so fed the lion course fiercely.

"Yes, I did know a man who was brave once. It was a long time ago. How well I remember it all. He was one of those very fond girls that are such favorites with the Royal Dudgeon Hilphin."

Here some one must needs break in with

On the roof to Mandalay,
Where the old Burma Sal.

Countess kept quiet for a few seconds.

"No, he was not bound for Mandalay, though it was at Sherbrook's at Cote, where I met him last. We were sitting the grand round the Cross of Lorraine, the One Hundred and Fifteen up on the hills.

I think I was bien sous. He was rather fashionable as well as fashionable, and he had a knack of wearing gloves of which the buttons were torn off. They sat to pound very well to the temperament, and he was a good skill and all that sort of thing. But, as I said before, he was chiefly fond, he was the last, and the last you would come off his gloves. What put of is made entirely subject to that?"

There was a chorus. "Of course not! Women are chiefly attracted by strength."

"Yes, I suppose the idea was an adopted. Mr. so-and-so, for a girl, I mean, prefers to be thrashed decidedly, and that of fond was inclined to create a revulsion of feeling. I think I see this one as I set under one of those Sidonian shade umbrellas, and the servants moved to and fro, and the gingerbeer bill down hot and hung in the lemonade ice.

"I say, darling, Constance," he said, "May I call you Constance, as it is the last time I may speak?"

"You have done so without asking," I answered. "'Tis really too familiar, but as you are going on a fighting expedition perhaps I may overlook it." Of course he moved something about being one hero than one hundred and fifty of the thing from the very front rank.

"Perhaps this may be the last time I may see you. I may be shot."

"Oh, really, don't be too sentimental! It will make such a difference to your relatives. Think of your parents of uncles or aunts. They won't have to make you an allowance any longer."

"He sighed and walked away. A year after I took up The Times one day and read a telegram from Afghan. He had been severely wounded, cutting out and saving a wave of Gharapus—had been recommended for the Victoria cross."

"And so he came home a varnished hero?"

"No, he lies in that very deep cemetery by Kirdie."

"But I suppose some of the people were pleased at his getting the V. C.?"

"He had no people to be pleased."

"I wonder what honors of that Victoria cross."

"Oh, don't be so illogically sentimental. Here's a little little piece of ribbon, and Blanche Fraser, and she set herself down in the dark in the green hanging and stuck up the "Sheridan Sunshine."

"Good girl!" said my fair chief and to the Baroness cut half on the carpet.

"I wish you wouldn't do that."

"Why, what is so good succeed if stupid, Mr. Cyril?"

About a month after I was looking through Cassandra's pewt case, and to my surprise found I came across a Victoria cross, rather big of bronze, with and a faded cornelle ribbon of the shades Field silk was faded half faded with half faded.

"I wonder that my aim, plotting after Omar. Put down down, my dear."

After all, I think he had the woman's sense, that should fall at "La Mort d'un Hyene."

He sleeps at Gaza.

She answer always stay without the keep of cool.

When she fire cracks flames are cool think of kind.

You see, after all, he was a hero, though he did leave the fashions off his gloves.—Knickerbocker.

Sherlock.

"What's that some young person says 'best set up job in detective business' said Sam Jackson.

"He's at your or pretty I does learn to do high school."

"Why, a slight good advice. Don't you be merely tell you from, unlearn some."

"I dunno, I rarely know what some here rules talks look."

"Do tell us 'bout, please, how as Sherlock Holmes do. If you'll stick up you [illegible] you'll down hot and hung in lemonade ice."

"Sherlock Holmes! Sherlock Holmes! Sherlock Holmes! Sherlock Holmes!"—Washington Star.

Russia Still in Force.

Many soldiers will tell you, says a fashion writer, that the bonnet is a thing of the past, the hat having battled it entirely out of fashion. This is a great mistake. Some of the smartest women of the day are wearing flower bonnets. The foundation need not necessarily be Russia, green straw being popular as a thing to build upon in millinery. Many of these floral bonnets have a large crop bunch of orchids placed immediately in front, while another favorite blows is the pink clover. Bows so placed as to stand directly on the other side of the face are frequently worn.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

STORY OF A STORK.

It Carried a Letter to Africa and Brought One Back.

A story that comes from Germany is as quaint as it is true. Some children living in one of the northern provinces discovered that a work had made its nest upon their roof. Being orthodox little Teutons, they hailed the newcomer with favor, as works are supposed to bring luck to a house. All the summer they shared their dishes with their long legged friend, which became very tame and companionable.

As the first signs of approaching cold weather set work preparing to fly southward, the children were sad at the thought of losing their pet, but their parents consoled them with the assurance that the stork would surely return the next spring. The children, still uneasy at the idea of the stork not being able to find its way back, wrote a letter together and contrived a brilliant idea, which they immediately proceeded to put into execution. They wrote a little note in their best German script stating that the stork was very dear to them and begging the good people to whom country it might speak the whole to be kind to their pet and send it back to them in the spring.

They sealed the note, fastened it to a ribbon, tied it round the bird's neck and [illegible] to wing. The next day they sadly watched the stork wing its way toward milder climes. The summer he came. Christmas time brought the children gifts and fresh enthusiasm. Nothing occurred yet was not forgotten. When the springtime roused nature, their little feet began to climb to the roof day by day, listing and longing for the stork's return, and behold! One fine morning there it was, tame and gentle as ever.

Great was the children's delight, but what was their surprise to discover round its neck and under its wing another bright band with a note attached, addressed to "the children who wrote the letter the stork brought." The children was quickly untied and the missive opened. It was from a missionary in Africa, stating that he had read the children's note and had cared for the stork and thought that children whose good hearts had prompted them to provide for the comfort of a bird through the winter would be willing to help clothe and feed the little destitute children of his mission. A full name and address followed.

The children were full of sympathy, and the missionary's note was a golden answer from the family. Other letters came and went by post between them until by and by the children learned to know the missionary and his little black waifs almost as well as they knew the white stork that proved to be Nancy's messenger.—Our Animal Friend.

Children's Floral Parade.

The annual children's floral parade and fete in the gardens of the Royal Botanic society at Regent's park is always a very charming spectacle, but it is becoming proportionately unlucky in its weather, and after its fine day of last year focused on only wet day of many entire weeks on June 16. Owing to the continuous downpour of rain the play was held in the exhibition hall and under a canvas covered way, but even those conditions could not destroy its charm. The honors awarded as prizes were given away by the Duke of York as the children marched round the tent

led by the brass band of the Boys' home. The exhibits included some very tasteful designs in floral decoration, floral mottoes, covered with flowers and grasses by children daintily costumed, were very prettily planned, and the usual bicycles, tricycles and sedan chairs were remarkable for the ingenious variety of their garlands.

A very effective group represented a bridal party of the year 1815, in which bridegroom, bride and four bridesmaids were most daintily attired in old world garb eminently suited to their gay floral surroundings. The red house awakened to the best of all the exhibits was won by Miss Cardwell's graceful design entitled "A Bower of Beauty," of which we give an illustration.—London News.

MME. RENGIFO.

Charming American Wife of the Charge d'Affaires From Colombia.

Mme. Rengifo, wife of the charge d'affaires from Colombia, is one of the prettiest and most charming women in the diplomatic corps. Senor Rengifo was married a few months since to the

daughter of the late James Barbour of Washington, one of the oldest and most respected merchants of the capital. Mme. Rengifo is very young, a blonde with sunny, golden hair, a beautiful complexion and handsome, large brown eyes. Senor Rengifo is a prominent man in his country and a general in the army. He also stands in the place of his minister, who is accredited to the government.—Chicago Herald.

Riding Habits.

While riding habits are a novelty in Vienna, and very nice they would look according to the inexplicable fashion by Vienna's correspondent. These dresses were with white collar but were made of soft but thick plush, the skirt extremely short and the jacket and waistcoat strapped at the waist. The collar of the waistcoat was high and quite military in shape and the dress hardly fitted at the shoulder. Wide gloves and white jabots hardly relieved gave the whole costume a character of [illegible]. "Tiny rosettes of small fresh [illegible] seems," the sister authority adds, "are now placed in the bridle of the riding horses, very much as they used to be [illegible] imparting with that of the rider's friend. Another pretty innovation is the fashion of having a few plaits in watch inserted in the pommel of the saddle' exhibits. This dark group with its sumptuous of simplicity is extremely and hard with pocket or in the case of the horrible leather, gold or silver trinkets which are so pretty heavy and so [illegible] to wear."

Summer Diarrhea at Childhood.

Dr. Sorelle, in commenting on the various methods of treatment, comes to the following conclusions: Astringents are of little or no value, as previously stated; here very properly been stopped as useless.

Summer diarrhea is caused largely by improper and unclean feeding and a largely preventable.

Bacteria play a very important part in its development.

Hot weather has to do only in regard to summer, as it promotes the growth and development of bacteria in the food supply.

Treatment consists first, in checking all decomposing food from the bowels by cathartics, brings and colonic irrigation.

Drugs, preliminary otherwise, are of great value, but are secondary to dietetic measures and management.—New York Ledger.

The Yale Young Women.

Of the eight young women who received degrees at the Yale commencement a few weeks ago, only four by the average to take part in the exercises of graduation. The other four not yielded to their fear of a little acting on the part of their sisters when the diplomas. They stood and bow behind. The four have been very much treated with distinguished consideration, and a long the time they were so steadily appointed.

In lieu of the Yaleian and traditional bow Yale has this fall enabled under President Dwight, the young women to receive a courtesy without coming their mortarboards, a concession prompted by the faculty on account of the difficulty of removing a mortarboard without from a [illegible] [illegible]—New York Times.

CONFERENCE SALE!!

Commences October 1st to 15th.

BIGGEST BARGAIN SALE EVER KNOWN. DON'T MISS IT. EQUITABLE CO-OP STORE'S CORNER FIRST SOUTH AND RICHARDS STREETS, SALT LAKE CITY.

OUR BUYER has just returned from the East and has bought from the late firm of Apple & Co., who have busted, a large line of Clothing and Shoes. This stock we will have for sale during Conference at less than 50 cents on the dollar.

Bargains in Our

Dry Goods Dept.

Doctor Warner's Corsets ... 49c per pair
Nice Dressing Combs ... 5c
Fine Combs ... 5c
Fine Laces ... 5c to 8½c per yard
Fine Lace, see it ... 10c to 12½c per yard
3½ yards long nice White and Cream Lace Curtains ... $1.00 per pair
Large Size Double Blankets, 3½ yards long, white or gray ... 59c per pair

Dry Goods Department.

Home-made Woolen Yarns, all colors, 59c per pound
Nice Quality Black Sateens ... 8½c, 10c, 12½c, 15c, 20c, 25c
Our Own Brand Carpet Warp ... 99c per bunch
Nice Quality Cotton Batting ... 4 bunches for 25c
Quilting Cloth ... 25 yards for 99c
Best Quality Table Oil Cloth ... 19c per yard
L L Sheeting ... 22 yards for 99c
Fine Quality Checked Ginghams ... 4½c per yard
Fine Quality all Colors Calicoes ... 5c per yard
Fine Quality Dress Cambrics ... 4½c per yard
Patent Spring Roller Window Blinds, all complete for ... 19c
See our Heavy Canton Flannel, very heavy ... 10c yard
Nice Furniture Cretonne, see it ... 7½c yard

100 dozen Turkish Towels just arrived, will go at half value.
350 Pieces Assorted Size Ribbon, all silk ... 5c
Fine Quality Black Cashmere, double fold, just see it ... 19c and 24c per yard
Black Germantown Yarn ... 59c per pound
Nice Bed Comforts, our own make, very large ... 99c and $1.39
Home-made 2 yard wide Linsey, regular price 50c, now ... 59c
Pink Gingerhead Napped Flannel ... 8½c per yard
Indianhead Sheeting ... 15 yards for $1.00
Ladies' all Wool Black Hose ... 15c and 20c
Best Quality Spool Cotton ... 3 for 10c
Adamantine Pins ... 2c per package
Metallic Hair Brushes ... 10c, 15c and 20c
Ladies' Corset Clasps, fire hook ... 8½c
Shaker Flannel ... 20 yards for $1.00
We have a nice line of Dress Goods, all newest styles. Just see the prices.

Clothing Department.

Men's Suits clothes, good, per suit ... $ 6.90
Men's Suits Clothes, finest clay worsteds, per suit ... 10.90
Young Men's Suits Clothes, 15, 16, 17, 18 and 19 years old, per suit ... 3.25
Boys' Suits Clothes, 4 to 14 years ... .75
Men's fine Black Cloth Overcoat Mackintosh ... 5.00
Boys' Overcoats with cape, all wool ... 1.75
Men's fine Pants, see them ... 90c and $1.10 pair
Boys' Knee Pants, assorted, see them ... .19
Men's Overcoats, $3.50, $5.50, $7.00
Men's Overalls, 2 in. riveted ... .45
Boys' Overalls with bib ... .25
Men's Underwear, per suit ... .35
Men's all Wool Underwear, per suit ... .75
Satchels, Valises and Trunks from ... 49c up
Blankets, home-made, all wool, per pair ... 2.50
Men's Silk Embroidered Suspenders ... .19
Men's Silk Suspenders, very best made ... .39
Men's 4 ply Linen Collars ... .10
Men's Celluloid Collars ... .10
Men's Celluloid Cuffs ... .15
Men's Cotton Socks, good, per pair ... .05
Men's Cotton Socks, extra good, per pair ... 7½c
Men's Heavy Wool Mixed Lace Overshirts ... 39c and 49c
Men's Mixed Cotton Overshirts ... .19

Men's Best Quality Swiss Combe Underwear, per suit ... 1.75
Men's White Laundried Shirts ... 49c, 59c and 69c
Boys' Heavy Duck Waists never wear out ... 39c
Boys' Indigo Blue Waists, assorted sizes ... 19c

Bargains in Our

Shoe Dept.

Men's fine Congress Shoes ... $1.29 and $1.39
Men's fine Lace Shoes ... $1.29 and 1.39
Men's heavy Oil Grain Shoes ... 1.49
Men's heavy Split Grain Shoes, double sole ... 1.39
Boys' fine Congress Shoes ... 1.24
Boys' fine Lace Shoes ... 1.24
Boys' fine Button Shoes ... 1.24
Ladies' fine Kid Shoes ... 1.19
Ladies' fine Pebble Goat Shoes ... 1.19
Child's Shoes (assorted sizes) from ... 19c up
Men's Hip Gum Boots, fine quality ... 3.45
Men's Knee Gum Boots ... 2.49
Men's Carpet Slippers ... 35
Ladies' Carpet Slippers ... 29

See Bargains in Our

Grocery Dept.

Highest Grade Patent Flour ... 72½c sack
A No. 1 Baker Flour ... 62½c sack
Other groceries equally low.

Nothing But Silver and Greenbacks Taken at This Sale.

SALT LAKE EQUITABLE CO-OP. Cor. First South and Richards Sts.