

palace this evening; I am not asked there, but I will go to the Golden, about the time they will return and catch, unseen, a look at her as she descends from the carriage.

The Palazzo Goldona is one of the smallest of its rank, and has not even a courtyard. It is situated on a side street that runs at right angles with the Corso. Up and down this narrow street I paced between 10 and 11 o'clock that night. Once or twice I fancied that another cloaked figure was engaged on the same errand; as once or twice before when watching for a light in Miss Vonberg's window I had also fancied I was not alone. At last the rumble of approaching wheels was heard, and I had just time to conceal myself behind one of the huge columns that flanked the portal when the coach came rattling up. In another moment Mrs. Townsend, followed by Miss Vonberg, had descended; the great entrance swung wide open, and the elderly lady disappeared under the glowing archway. But her companion paused for a moment and looked up and down the street as if expecting some one. Had the prince promised to follow them home? Or had he been prevented from attending the concert; and did she hope that, even at this late hour, he would pay her a visit? As she stood there, her rounded white shoulders gleamed like Parian marble in the doorway, never had she looked more dazlingly beautiful.

A jealous pang shot through me. It was only for a moment however, that she waited. After a hasty glance up and down the street, and an instant of eager listening, she turned and entered the portal, the carriage meantime driving rapidly away. As she went in I stepped noislessly forward, my eyes hungry to follow her till she disappeared entirely. I was so absorbed that I did not observe another cloaked figure which had been concealed on the opposite side of the portal, and which sprang lightly after me. All I noticed was that Miss Vonberg suddenly turned, as if detecting footsteps behind her. To escape recognition, I darted to one side, throwing the cloak over my face. That sudden movement saved my life. A dagger, that would have penetrated my heart if it had gone where it was intended, struck me on the shoulder-blade and glanced off; but it was driven with such force that, coming unexpected as it did, it prostrated me prone on my face.

A piercing shriek cut the still night air, there was a rush of woman's garments, and Miss Vonberg was kneeling beside me, endeavoring to lift me up.

"He is murdered!" she cried; and never shall I forget the agony of that voice. "The Prince has done it." The Prince has done it. Then in a whisper, as her arms clasped me frantically, "Oh! my love—"

Could I believe my ears? Was it me she called by that endearing epithet? For a moment I remained passive in the dear arms that encircled me, till, hearing the footsteps of the porter and Mrs. Townsend, I was compelled to rise.

"I am not hurt, darling," I said, "I was only stunned for a moment—"

"Thank God!" she cried, with a long, eager look. Then she started back, the color deluging her face, her hands went up to hide it, and she burst into tears.

My arms were around her immediately, in spite of the spectators. "You knew me—," I cried; "you return my love—oh! merciful father! what happiness!"

She looked up at me timidly.

"Yes, I knew you," she replied softly. "I have seen you watching my window some nights. I wanted to warn you against the Prince, but I never had a chance. I knew your life was in danger—," and she broke down again.

The next morning found me an early visitor at the Palazzo Goldona, for, as the reader may suppose, I did not leave Rome by the midnight train. My mistress met me, all smiles and blushes.

"In love with Prince Borgia," she cried indignantly, when I confessed my jealousy. "I am too thoroughly an American ever to have married any foreigner, least of all Prince Borgia. For weeks I have done everything short of rudeness to get rid of him. His mother, before he came to Rome, was very kind to me, and I could not, for her sake, treat him as I otherwise should. Ever since that day on the Campagna, or rather the day after, when I saw his manner toward you, I have dreaded some such attempt as this, for I knew his jealous, vindictive nature."

"It was just that anxiety I misinterpreted," I cried. "It made me sure that you loved him. I thought it was for him you were anxious."

She laughed lightly. "You ought to have a better opinion of yourself. I de-

clare!" she added suddenly, starting from my side, "I do believe it was I that proposed after all. Fie on you! 'Faint heart never won fair lady,' sir."

But I drew her again to me, and kissed her, and she nestled on my bosom, blushing and happy, and forgiving me. At last she glanced up, shyly.

"But I have a confession to make," she said. "You won't be angry?"

"Certainly not. How could I?"

"Promise."

"I promise."

"It is something you ought to know before I become your wife. Perhaps—perhaps—perhaps it may make you change your mind."

She hid her face on my bosom again. "Nothing can make me change my mind."

"Not if I tell you," and she spoke in a voice so low I could hardly hear her, "that I was—in love—before?"

I started. Her hesitation, her whole manner sent a sudden chill through me. Was it but the ashes of a heart, then, that I had won?

"You promised," she said hurriedly, "not to be angry. And it may make a difference if I tell you it was a long time ago."

"Ah!" I cried, forcing a smile, but no words can describe my torture.

"But—but—" she resumed, "I kept on loving him. Nay! don't start—forgive me. It was a sort of youthful dream, you see. He was my ideal of everything great and noble—my Bayard, my Sydney, my Sir Lancelot."

I winced more and more. What was the rack to this?

"But, darling," (she had never stopped, but went on, hurriedly), "it is you I love now—remember that! Only I must tell you all. I worshipped my youthful fancy till—till the day on the Campagna. And now I have something to return to him—not exactly a love token, but what I have kept as a memento—"

"And you wish me to write to him, and send this—this memento?" I interrupted curtly, and quite withdrawing from her. I came very near saying, "Never."

"If you please," she answered demurely, rising and courtesying. As she spoke, she drew from her pocket a small, faded bit of paper, that had apparently been torn from a memorandum book, and a thin, worn, gold pencil-case.

For an instant I was dumb with amazement. I looked at the pencil-case and then at her merry face, which was now rippling all over with fun. Like a flash everything came back to me; the wild, wooded hills; the stone farmhouse; the lush grasses; the water-cresses; I saw the shy, bashful child, with her milk-pitcher. I recognized the face, too, at last, in the one before me. "How could I fail to recognize it before?" I said to myself, half angrily. All my jealousy was gone in an instant. For it was I who had been her ideal through all these years; it was I who had been her Bayard, her Sydney, her Sir Lancelot!

I gazed like one transfixed, stammering:

"And you are—"

"Bashful Boots," with another courtesy, and so roguish a look, "or Bathful Booth, as I believe I said in those days."

Then she told me how it all came about. She had given my memorandum to her uncle, who began immediately to look for ore, and was happily rewarded by finding a vein. He was soon a rich man.

"We all shared in the good fortune," said my mistress. "My cousin and I were sent to the Moravian school at Bethlehem, and my uncle's two sons went to college. We often thought and spoke of you as our benefactor," she said, nestling close to me, "and even inquired after you in the city, but found you had gone abroad."

"Three years ago," she continued, "a terrible calamity befel us. My uncle's health failed, and he was ordered to New Orleans for the winter. The family all went, except myself, for I remained at Bethlehem in order to perfect myself in my studies. There was an explosion," she shuddered all over, "you may have heard of it—and were all lost, father, mother, sons, and daughter."

"It was in that way," she resumed, after a while, "that I came by the name of Vonberg. It was my uncle's (he was my mother's brother), and I was to take it, with the property, till I married; for my uncle, strange to say, as if by a presentiment, had made a will for this very contingency."

"That is why I never recognized

you," said I. "The name threw me off the track completely."

"That won't do, sir," she said, "for I recognized you at once. I knew you the first day when I saw you at St. Peter's. But a woman is always the most faithful."

Prince Borgia left Rome that morning for an indefinite period, as was given out. His sudden flight confirmed our belief that he had hired a bravo to assassinate me.

Someone is looking over my shoulder as I write. "It is a shame to tell all that nonsense about your wife," she says. "People will say I made love to you."

But I answered with a kiss, which brings blushes to her cheek, for, though she has been married for six years, she is still my "Bashful Boots."

STRAYED OR STOLEN.

FROM my place, one brown Horse, ten years old, saddle and collar marks. One dark iron gray mare, 4 years old, brand H on left hip, white spot on left hind foot. Also one red heifer with young calf, brand M on right shoulder. Any person giving information of the above animals will be suitably rewarded. THOMAS HOWARD, w143 Mill Creek Ward or Paper Mill.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

THE undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court of Salt Lake County to administer on the estate of Daniel Gurn disease, notice is hereby given for all persons having claims against or knowing themselves indebted to said estate, to come forward and settle. SAMUEL GARN, L. A. EX-IGN. Salt Lake City, April 26, 1872. w141m

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AUDITOR'S WARRANTS

SEC. 3 Of an Act approved February 15, 1872, reads as follows: "The Auditor of Public Accounts is hereby authorized and required to call in all outstanding Auditor's Warrants, on or before the first day of August, A. D., eighteen hundred and seventy-two, and to issue therefor warrants under his official seal. He shall publish a notice in one or more newspapers having general circulation in this Territory, stating that such warrants are required to be exchanged." All persons holding Auditor's Warrants not having thereon the impress of the Auditor's official seal, will please forward them to this office immediately to be exchanged in pursuance of the above section. New warrants with official seal attached, will be issued promptly to replace those so forwarded, and returned to the owners by mail or otherwise at their risk. Tax collectors of the several counties are authorized to receive Auditor's warrants on taxes due the Territory until the 1st of August next, although said warrants may not have the official seal attached, but it is expected they will forward them to the Territorial Treasurer with as little delay as possible. Persons holding Auditor's Warrants, not having the Auditor's official seal attached, after the 1st of August, 1872, will do so at their own risk. WM. CLAYTON, Auditor of Public Accounts, Salt Lake City, May 10, 1872. w15:29 1me

A. T. GREEN, Commission Merchant and Purchasing Agent, No. 3 Front Street, San Francisco Cal. w151f 2nd p

NOTICE.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. That cash entry for the Townsite of Minersville, Beaver Co. Utah Territory, made April 6, 1872, embracing the following described lands, to wit: E 1/2 of N W 1/4 and N E 1/4 of S W 1/4 of Section No. 12, Township No. 31 South Range No. 30 West, containing 120 acres, has been made in trust for the inhabitants thereof, and is now ready to be disposed of in lots to any person or persons entitled thereto. All persons claiming to be owners or possessors of any portion of said entry, will take due notice and make the application as provided in the statutes of Utah. J. R. MURDOCK, w13m Probate Judge.

NOTICE.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. That cash entry for the Townsite of Adamsville, Beaver Co. Utah Territory, made February 24, 1872, embracing the following described lands, to wit: N 1/2 of S E 1/4 and S 1/2 of N E 1/4 of Section 30, Township 29, Range 8 West, containing 16 acres, has been made in trust for the inhabitants thereof, and is now ready to be disposed of in lots to any person or persons entitled thereto. All persons claiming to be owners or possessors of any portion of said entry, will take due notice and make the application as provided in the statutes of Utah. J. R. MURDOCK, w53m Probate Judge.

J. M. JOELSON, Dealer in FURNITURE, And Manufacturer of Upholstery, Mattresses, &c., GROESBECK CORNER, Opposite the WHITE HOUSE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH. w491f

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