DESERET EVENING NEWS.

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DESERET SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS

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THE DESERET WEEKLY

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BY THE RIVER OF LOST SOULS.

Upon the crags we sit, my fear and I;
We hear the River of Lost Souls below,
While evening comes, and season's turning glow
Dismisses the West. Now to the city
A pageant-fleet procession passes by;
And as the stately pennants go
Majestically in from twilled clustered skies,
And we behold the Souls riding high,
And watch the fast dissolving meteor trail
Depart for that strange realm where they be hail,
We feel the cold night-riding of the land.
Then comes the wind of some departing soul,
And as we leave the crag steps hand in hand
We hear the Lost Souls forever wrong.
—Martin Dayton in Pan-German Times-Democrat.

"NUMBER TWENTY-NINE"

The vast mind-colored building loomed out of the fog as the doctor's brougham drew up, with a jerk, under the porch. Against the dark lining of the carriage the set face of a man inside was visible by the light of a portable lamp. It was the face of a man whose mind is not at ease. There were reliable folds at the corners of the mouth, a restless look in the keen eyes, even as they traveled over the page he was reading. Sir Kenneth Brandon, only that his book as he stepped out and entered the Winterbaud hospital. The doctor always read as he drove about London from one consultation to another. It was his habit to allow himself no leisure for idle thoughts.

Sir Kenneth Brandon was one of the few London doctors whose name was familiar abroad. He had made one big discovery, he had done a great deal of useful work, and at fifty he was already making a large income. His recent knighthood was popular—not only among his patients, but among his professional brethren—and his dinners were among the finest in town. And yet many people—and, who knows? perhaps Sir Kenneth himself—missed a honest smile, a woman's winning presence, at his brilliant dinner table in Wimpole street. Sometimes—if ever he had had time to think—perhaps the great physician might have regretted the pretty, bad tempered, foolish wife, whom he had snubbed and neglected in the old days, the child—for she was little more—who had finally left their dingy suburban villa for good, the girl he might have saved before it was too late—for at first she had left his house after one of their miserable, useless quarrels, and had gone back to her father, and it was only after a humiliating scene with her husband that she had finally disappeared.

She had disappeared, and she had never come back. The police had been unable to find a trace of her, beyond that she had at first gone to Spain with some man who was unknown to him. After that all was a blank. To all intents and purposes his wife was as one who is dead. Yet the embittering memories of those early years, the severity when he should have been lenient, his carelessness when he ought to have exercised over the foolish young life that he had sworn to cherish and protect—even facts which, though he seldom allowed himself to think of them, had left their traces written on the proud, powerful face.

Inside the large hall, where a marble statue of the queen loomed chillily out of the vague half light, a lady was already waiting for him—a fair, high bred face, with something of the look of a student, softened by a slightly bored air, such as is often seen in a cultivated woman of the world. Lady Hildthorpe was a widow of leisure, and was intermittently interested in a variety of questions. She occasionally wrote a short article for one of the monthly reviews, preferring such topics as do not usually concerned themselves to the more tender hearted sex, for she by no means posed as a philanthropist, and was understood to have risen a little in advance of those of the British matron. Just now, for instance, she was interested in the hospital question, and at a dinner party the night before Sir Kenneth had volunteered to explain the internal working of the "Winterbaud." The doctor never missed an opportunity of being one. Yet to Lady Hildthorpe, the woman just the woman he would have wished to be his wife, if only——

They not as people meet who are more than interested in each other. For some time past Lady Hildthorpe had known that he liked her, and for some time past she had almost made up her mind that she might accept him. But there was no hurry; they were both of a mature age; they both had their occupations, their affairs. And now they turned up the same staircase together on their way to the women's wards. Lady Hildthorpe paused for an instant as they passed the operating theater. The doors were closed. Through two pattens were visible with a sickening distinctness the dose was pushed aside, and then there was a vision of anxious, interested faces, in up by a strong slave of one, of a nurse's black hood, leaning forward to a surgeon's face bowing spray on to something that was invisible. Over all an intense silence, broken only by the hoarse whispers of the patient with the anesthetic, wondering how long they would have to wait.

Lady Hildthorpe was sick sentiment, but she shivered a little as she passed on.

In the "Catherine ward" the City Hide revealed beds ofloat themselves in the gloom of the lamp room. Here and there the footlight illuminated the bright, unmoving face of a nurse under her smooth hair and white cap—the whole features of a woman who has learned by witness suffering without a sign.

On seeing Sir Kenneth Brandon Sister Catherine, a long nosed woman with bright eyes, darted forward as superintendent of the ward.

The doctor introduced the two women to each other, and for a while Lady Hildthorpe notebook in hand, was absorbed with statistics.

"Now take me round to your patients, Sir Kenneth," she said when she had done.

Sister Catherine moved forward, a pleasant look on her bright face. They stopped at every bed. Lady Hildthorpe asked questions in a business like way, and Sir Kenneth, whose "hospital manner" was proverbial, addressed the patients in the same tone he would have employed to children. His way with women was one of the things for which he was partly in favor. They had come to the end of one line of beds, and were now turning up the other side of the room.

"We have a new patient there, Sir Kenneth," said the sister. "Number twenty-nine. A hopeless case—the last stage of pneumonia, aggravated by wind and dirt. They brought her in from one of the common lodging houses. Poor creature, she was in a terrible state when we discovered it."

"Indeed!" speculated the great physician in sympathetic tones.

All three approached the bed. The patient's back was turned to them, but as they approached she turned over and lay on her back, her weakly thirteen face, with its flesh of mere on each cheek bone, looking strangely emaciated against the white pillow of the pillow. There were streaks of gray in the dark hair, and the wrinkled, glassy eyes, which had once been some—were bloodshot and red rolled.

Sir Kenneth moved forward, and the eyes met for a long time. The years seemed to roll away. The doctor's heart stood still. Great God! Could this horrible wreck of womanhood be his wife? And was she going to speak? It was an odious moment.

But No. It only laughed—an unmirthful, coarse and empty laugh. "Oh, Lord! Are you sent?" she muttered, and turned away.

The doctor drew a long breath; he had proved a little before he spoke. "Poor creature, the nurses are for some time after. They often do at the last," he whispered, and then, taking down the usual card, hung it over the bed, on which the patient's age, disease and diet, as well as the doctor's name in charge of the case, were written, he added without a pause, "Quite right—perfectly right. Dr. Brown has written everything that could possibly be of use. Stay, look after this case especially."

Lady Hildthorpe saw something gesticulate and passed on. Not a feature of the stream moves had escaped her. It was evident that something extraordinary had happened. That these two—the fashionable physician and the pitiable outcast on the hospital mattress—knew each other she had now not the smallest doubt. But the three moved on in the next bed, smiling and chatting as they went. Presently Sir Kenneth Brandon signed a remembrance at the other end of London as 5 o'clock, and offered to drive Lady Hildthorpe back, as she had sent away her carriage. They were both rather silent as they were bowled along westward.

A few nights afterward they met by accident at dinner. It was a brilliant party. The talk, like the food, was peculiarly suited to the wine, like the beauty of the women, was rare. It was to gracefully artistic moments like those that Sir Kenneth, pessimist though he was, felt tendency drawn toward all the world. Sir Kenneth, in fact, was delighted, for he was depend to take Lady Hildthorpe down to dinner. She was a woman who looked specially well by candle light and at dinner time. Her teeth, her shoulders and her diamonds were provincial—these things which, so did to her native air, made the widow a quick receptive dinner companion. Sir Kenneth, indeed, had never realized how desirable she was to her before. And yet there was an expression in Lady Hildthorpe's eyes tonight which he had never seen there, and which he was not quite unmoved.

"I see from the papers that you have been in Paris the last few days," she said as they sat their soup. "I sure you have saved thousands of lives—you look tonight."

"To any one but you I am professionally unique tonight," whispered the doctor gallantly. "Her majesty is now out of danger. I was in fact able to leave Paris the day she it turn—just in time to dine here tonight. But I haven't opened a single letter or telegram."

He kept the talk on the gossip of the day until he saw the corners of her mouth give way with a little tired gesture.

"And now you want to be amused," said the doctor, bending his head and smiling at the charming woman at his side. "I hope you're going to let us down easily."

"Ah! my sophistic will be an quite another question," said Lady Hildthorpe. "I have been curiously interested in a case which is upon my mind. I have been down to the 'Winterbaud' since that day"——

"I wish to heaven you would not run any such risk! We doctors are hardened, you know, but there is always the fear of infection for delicate women."

"But that poor creature—Number Twenty-nine"——

"Ah!" sighed Sir Kenneth, frowning slightly, as he reached out his hand toward his champagne glass. "Dear Lady Hildthorpe, those are terrible cases. The unfortunate wife, eating away the very life of our social system."

"My dear doctor," urged the lady, in her most delightful drawl, "you forget what Mr. Lecky says. Number Twenty-nine, on the contrary, is the martyr of civilization!"

"Possibly," replied the physician drily, "but unmeasurable"——

"Meanwhile the woman has succumbed. She died last night."

There was a burst of laughter from each side of the table. A well known Q. C. was telling the latest joke in the law courts. Sir Kenneth, Lady Hildthorpe stolen from the noise and Sir Kenneth fingered some grapes on his plate. How much did she know? It seemed to him an eternity before she spoke again.

"I have taken Number Twenty-nine as a typical case. The woman seemed to be what we are accustomed to call a specially defective person. Yet properly trained and protected, Number Twenty-nine might now be alive, still and a materially useful member of society. Think of it! That pitiable woman was barely forty."

"My dear lady," said Sir Kenneth slowly, "you are probably only heard half her story. Do you really know anything about her?"

"Yes," said Lady Hildthorpe abruptly. And as she looked into straight between the eyes the doctor knew that she was aware of the whole story. "I'm not sentimental," she added, with a smile, "but I'm taken a fancy to that poor woman, and we recently buried—in some little country churchyard. She shall rest now—for good. Shall I send you the necessary prescriptions? Or would you, perhaps, prefer"——

The ladies were rising to go. Brandon bowed his head.

"I—I think I would rather see to this thing myself."

Nothing more was said. He sat down again when they were gone, staring blankly at the fruit stones, plates and half drained glasses. He crumpled napkin fell across his knee, and as it fell he saw with a sudden a vision of a well, silent figure in the hospital mortuary. He could hear the ladies' silken trains and high heel rooms as they trailed up stairs. And the doctor knew that when they were alone, he, but unresisting woman had passed out of the door the ladies passed finally out of his life.—True Flag.

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Throat, Chest and Lungs

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without other meat stock.

This is how a jar of the genuine looks. It has a blue signature like this on the wrappers.

Ask for Liebig COMPANY'S

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We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. A. C. Smith & Co., Druggists. 1

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GARFIELD BEACH.

New Time Card.

On and after June 28th trains will run as follows:

Leave Salt Lake.	Arrive Garfield.	Leave Garfield.	Arrive Salt Lake.
8:15 a.m.	9:15 a.m.	11:00 a.m.	12:00 p.m.
10:30 a.m.	11:30 a.m.	12:30 p.m.	1:30 p.m.
12:30 p.m.	1:45 p.m.	2:15 p.m.	3:45 p.m.
3:00 p.m.	4:15 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	6:15 p.m.
4:30 p.m.	5:45 p.m.	6:30 p.m.	7:45 p.m.
5:30 p.m.	6:45 p.m.	7:30 p.m.	8:45 p.m.
6:30 p.m.	7:45 p.m.	8:30 p.m.	9:45 p.m.
7:30 p.m.	8:45 p.m.	9:30 p.m.	10:45 p.m.
8:30 p.m.	9:45 p.m.	10:30 p.m.	11:45 p.m.
9:30 p.m.	10:45 p.m.	11:30 p.m.	12:45 a.m.
10:30 p.m.	11:45 p.m.	12:30 a.m.	1:45 a.m.

* Daily except Sunday.
† Daily except Monday and Tuesday.

Orchestra Band in attendance every day.

Fare for round trip, 50c.

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RIO GRANDE WESTERN RY.

CURRENT TIME TABLE, IN EFFECT WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 1891.

East Bound Trains.	No. 5. Atlantic Exp. Mail.	No. 3. Pacific Exp.
Lv. Ogden	6.30 a.m.	4.45 p.m.
Ar. Salt Lake	9.35 a.m.	8.05 p.m.
Lv. Salt Lake	9.45 a.m.	8.15 p.m.
Ar. Grand Junction	8.35 p.m.	4.05 a.m.
Lv. Grand Junction	8.45 p.m.	4.15 a.m.
Ar. Denver	7.30 a.m.	1.45 p.m.
Lv. Denver	7.35 a.m.	1.50 p.m.
Ar. Pueblo	11.40 a.m.	5.55 p.m.
Lv. Pueblo	11.45 a.m.	6.00 p.m.
Ar. Colorado Springs	12.45 p.m.	7.00 p.m.
Ar. Pueblo	1.35 p.m.	8.05 p.m.
Ar. Kansas City	7.30 a.m.	7.00 a.m.
Ar. Chicago	4.15 p.m.	7.50 a.m.

West Bound Trains.	No. 6. Pacific Express.	No. 4. Atlantic Exp.
Lv. Denver	7.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
Lv. Pueblo	12.15 p.m.	11.15 p.m.
Lv. Pueblo	12.25 p.m.	11.25 p.m.
Lv. Grand Junction	11.05 p.m.	7.05 a.m.
Lv. Leadville	8.30 a.m.	3.00 p.m.
Lv. Glenwood Springs	11.15 a.m.	5.45 p.m.
Lv. Grand Junction	2.35 p.m.	8.05 a.m.
Lv. Green River	6.15 p.m.	1.05 a.m.
Lv. Thompson	7.15 p.m.	2.05 a.m.
Lv. Green River	7.35 p.m.	2.25 a.m.
Lv. Rock Springs	8.45 p.m.	3.35 a.m.
Lv. Evanston	9.45 p.m.	4.45 a.m.
Lv. Ogden	12.01 a.m.	6.45 a.m.
Lv. Salt Lake	2.10 a.m.	8.45 a.m.
Ar. Ogden	4.15 a.m.	9.55 a.m.

LOCAL TRAINS.

SALT LAKE AND OGDEN.

Leave Salt Lake 8.30 a.m., 5.15 p. m. and 4.45 p.m. Returning, arrive Salt Lake 8.30 a.m., 5.15 p.m., 5.00 p.m.

BINGHAM AND WASATCH.

Leave Salt Lake 8.30 a.m., returning, arrive Salt Lake 5 00 p.m.

AMERICAN FORK, PROVO, SPRINGVILLE, VERNON, MT. PLEASANT, MANTI AND SALINA.

Leave Salt Lake 8.30 a.m.; returning, arrive Salt Lake 5.30 p.m.

D. S. DODGE, General Manager. J. H. BENNETT, Gen. Pass. & T. A.

Utah Central Railway

TIME TABLE.

In Effect April 1st, 1891.

Passenger Trains will Run Daily, between Salt Lake and Park City, as Follows:

SALT LAKE CITY.

Train 1 leaves this Depot at Mon. 8.00 a.m.
" 3 " " " 2.00 p.m.
" 5 " " " 6.00 p.m.
" 7 " " " 9.30 p.m.

PARK CITY.

Train 2 arrives at Park City 10.30 a.m.
" 4 " " " 5.00 p.m.
" 6 " " " 8.00 p.m.
" 8 " " " 11.00 p.m.

SUBURBAN PASSENGER TRAINS

Run daily between Salt Lake City and Mill Creek, as follows:

Leave Salt Lake at 6.45 and 9.00 a.m. and 3.30 and 5.30 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Mill Creek at 7.30 and 9.30 a.m. and 4.15 and 6.45 p.m.

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MARTIN CHRISTOPHERSEN.

15th ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE

—AT—

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MAMMOTH CLOTHING HOUSE.

OWING TO THE BACKWARD SEASON WE HAVE more Clothing left on our tables than usual at this time of the year, and we do not intend to carry a garment over till next season. We are working hard to get into good shape for the fall trade by reducing our enormous stock, and have used the knife REGARDLESS of COST.

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We boldly and emphatically declare that there is not a Merchant Tailor in Salt Lake City who is capable of producing a suit of clothes more elegantly made and finished than those we SHOW IN THIS SALE. The fabrics are the richest and daintiest of foreign weaves, delicate shades, tasteful patterns, French Gray, Oxford Checks, English Cheviots, Serges, Cashmeres and Worsteds, ATHLONE IRISH TWEEDS, such fabrics and patterns as you find only in high class custom tailor establishments. The styles are absolutely correct. The fit we guarantee perfect; the workmanship superlatively elegant; the linings and trimmings the finest, and an easy, graceful appearance that provincial tailors never attain. The styles are of the very latest.

Look at our Windows and see the reduced prices. Come in and try them on.

CHILDREN'S AND BOYS' SUITS AT HALF PRICE!

Special Reductions in Outing Shirts. White and Fancy Vests, all of the very latest styles and patterns.

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Come One! Come All! Come Early!

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