IN LOVE WITH A FACE

Julius Chestwick had always laughed at the idea of love, but when he saw the face at Mrs. Pulgrave's masquerade ball he forfeited his manhood and sent in his lottery of explanation to the little blind god with the long arrow.

Julius Chestwick, baptized Mathusalem of a Hebrew, fell in love with a masquerade the first time of Louis XIV. He was a little over a year, and then, and a month when sweet sixteen masqueraded with powdered locks and dainty, high heeled boots.

Julius Chestwick happened to be holding with a heart that throbbed only to a sweet quest:

"Tell me, Mrs. Pulgrave, who is the masquerade?"

"My dear Mr. Chestwick! Does one at least half a dozen masquerades here?"

Julius felt the fly. "Is this there was but one.

He haunted the house like an impatient spirit all the evening, until people began to believe that the masquerade was not a masquerade, but the face there was none in it.

"Do you don't marry Miss Pumbleton?" asked his mother, a rheumatic old lady who was particularly fond of two things in this world—pork and his own way.

"No," said Julius sullenly.

"And what the deuce do you propose?"

"Because I love somebody else."

"Whoo!"

Julius looked as hard. He could not every hair on a face. He could nothing at all, and in consequence thereof his uncle went home to a parson and altered his will.

Miss Pumbleton married somebody else, and Julius Chestwick worshiped at the shrine of the real face, contented with its remembered smile as the treasured bit dream.

"I shall see her some day," he told himself, "and until then I will wait.

When Uncle Pumbleton invited Kim down to a Christmas party at Pokenham Court, Chestwick hesitated. In New York his theories of realizing the dream of life lifetime were so full to the one question any other place, and yet he was too good a chess player not to comprehend that the tide of luck needs a change now and then.

Chestwick's ego resed from his to face as he took his seat at the long table in the antique old dining room at Pokenham Court. There were blonds and brunettes, and blue eyes and gray, scraggy throats and dimpled shoulders, but there was no look go fadless in all the gay assemblage which might suggest the French marquise.

Back in Pumbleton hall Chestwick waited and made him talk whether he was willing or no.

"It's all nonsense about your being a Duxess," said that young lady. "Where are your tab and your lackeys?"

"They're coming down by the next train."

"Well, then, until they come I shall make the most of you. Do you dance?"

"No."

"Do you sing?"

"No."

"Do you flirt?"

"No."

"Are you fond of pictures?"

"Yes. Did you bring your albums?"

"No, I was thinking of the old pictures gallery up stairs. Only imagine that the portraits of the Pokenham ancestry for 200 years back!"

The Pokenham picture gallery was well worth seeing. A long, lofty room, lighted by a dome of glass, its paneled sides of some old Norman hall in England.

"I prefer the future to the past," said he kindly.

And then, turning, his eye fell upon a pictured face which thrilled him through and through, a dimpled, smiling face with black eyes which seemed to both and glow, even against the opaqueness of the moonlighted canvas, a mouth full of sweet expression and a dress of the time of Louis Quatorze.

"Field," he said, turning to his host, with features as pale as if they had been carved in ivory, "who is that lady?"

"She was she, you mean," laughed Pakenham. "Why, you know she's been dead these 200 years."

Chestwick felt an odd, icy tremble through his veins. "She is then in love with a ghost?"

"It is Marie de Rochine of Normandy, whom we married to Gerald Pakenham, who died two years after her marriage, my great-great-grandmother—and a very good looking woman, too," added Field, rather irreverently.

Chestwick had taken his seat at dinner in a mechanical sort of way when a young lady glided into the seat opposite.

"Merciful fate!" he ejaculated, half starting from his place. "Marie de Rochine!"

"Hold your tongue," whispered Field, dragging him back into his chair. "It's only my uncle Marquetta Lotte, that stately and let me introduce you like a Christian."

And so Pakenham spoke their names to each other Julius Chestwick found himself looking directly into the finely cut eyes of the radiant marquise of the days of Louis Quatorze.

"I never thought of it before," said Pakenham, "but she does look like the portrait of our French ancestress."

"I denied like it for a masquerade ball in New York last winter," laughed Marquetta herself, "and you would have fainted I feel, just stepped out of the frame."

The riddle was solved at last. Chestwick's mind grew light and he felt a little his tension, and life became a possibility of brightness once more.

When he went away from Pokenham Court, Marquetta Lotte had promised to become his wife.

"It's a very dark acquaintance, though," observed Miss Lotte.

"No, it isn't. It's a very long one," said Julius solemnly, "for I have held her face, when and where he had first fallen in love with her.

"Dear me! I didn't think there was so much romance left in man," was his answer.—New York News.

ROMANCE OF THE SEA.

REUNION OF FATHER AND DAUGHTER SEPARATED BY SHIPWRECK.

Mrs. Emeline Barr, who up to six months ago lived with her father parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Whittaker, in South Portland, Oregon, is the heroine of a romance remarkable. She has been a resident of Portland four years, coming with her hoard relatives from San Francisco, with Silver Lake price to that arrived in the latter city from northern California.

Early this year Miss Whittaker, before she married, with Mrs. Hamilton, visited wealthy English friends in Santa Barbara, Cala., where a few months later the history of her early life was spread to her. Before leaving Portland she was engaged to marry a well-to-do business man of Port Angeles, Mich., named Joseph P. Reed, and the two were married July 4 in Santa Barbara. The romance to Mrs. Reed's early life, perhaps, never would have been disclosed but for the complication.

Mrs. Reed hoped her real history, when she arrange matters to wed, on her wedding day, was a Portland newspaper with the Mrs. Pendleton Cliffe's Among the guests at the wedding was Abner L. Carrington, an old gentleman who made a great fortune in southern California fruit lands.

"This elderly gentleman," she says, "seem to feel exceedingly unconfident for the matter of an hour after becoming a wife. You remember the tales of my earlier life, and the apparition of having lived a single year on the ranch with a party gay of pioneers. This really seem only interested Mr. Carrington. Later in the evening he began a description of the people of Mr. Whittaker and had so mistaken my Mr. Carrington identified me as the daughter."

Mrs. Reed continued that in 1872, when she was three years old, her parents, and the two elder sisters, left Germany to the American west. Drew Lovell, the ship on which they sailed, was lost with half the passengers and crew when off Cape Horn. Mrs. Reed's mother was nearly all on the wreck. Two children subsequent parts of the story, Mrs. Reed's mother, she only learned to be the wife of Mr. Whittaker.

Mrs. Reed continued: "On my wedding night my strangely recovered when told me that he first was attracted to me by my hair, which was the same as my mother's, as my mother's hair was earlier by my sar rides, which were blue marks. But when convinced him that I was his child he good enough to tell me the story of the three other peculiar birth marks on my person. My father stated that my name was Eleanor Bertha Carrington, and that my mother had tattooed my little sisters 'E. B. C.' below twinkling name. Two seemingly unimportant statements removed every possible doubt as to my identity. Mr. Carrington's daughter. Mrs. Whitaker said that the women who had placed me in her keeping also gave her a little checkbook with the name written twice, setting the initials 'E. B. C.' written in varied, and which she still retained."

A passenger aboard the ill-fated bark, whose name is unknown to Mrs. Whitaker, saved the child's life, and both were rescued by a British vessel bound for San Francisco. On the passage the child died and Mrs. Zanoli, a Carrwright, a Californian, who had taken the cream trip for her health, adopted the well, giving her her own name. Mrs. Carrington and Mrs. Zanoli were neighbors at Mrs. Carrwright on Taylor street, between Pacific and Jackson, San Francisco, and when the former died, about fourteen years ago, Mrs. Carrwright begged them to care for the South Pacific ocean well. Among other things, Mrs. Carrwright gave Mrs. Zanoli the jewel belongings, was that checkbook, the last link positively establishing the identity of Eleanor Bertha Carrington.

Making a Book.

The following 20 occupations are engaged to produce a single book. The author, the designer, the typ cutter, the pressmaker, the binder, the rubber maker, the chasemaker, the stamper, the compositor, the pressman, the pattern, the finisher, the collator, the leather artist, the binder, the copyrighter, the engraver, the upper plate printer and the embossler.—Exchange.

The Lawyer's Bold Assertion.

At the trial of a suit for libel in this city recently an attorney for the plaintiffs, in his address to the jury, in behalf of his clients, said to the jury, "Gentlemen, whoever stole my thing a man takes to his grave with him is the reputation he leaves behind." This lawyer lost the case.—Buffalo Courier.

What is a Guarantee?

It is this: If you have a Cough or Cold, a tickling in the Throat, which keeps you constantly coughing, or if you are afflicted with any Chest, Throat or Lung Trouble, whether Cough, etc., and you use *Ballard's Horehound Syrup* as directed, giving it a fair trial, and no benefit is experienced, we authorize our advertising agents to refund your money on return of bottle. It never fails to give satisfaction. It promptly relieves Bronchitis. Sold by Z. C. M. I. drug store.

Ballard's Snow Liniment.

This invaluable remedy is one that ought to be in every household. It will cure your Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Cut Bruises, Frosted Feet and Ears, Sore Throat and Sore Chest. If you have Lame Back it will cure it. It penetrates to the seat of the disease. It will cure Stiff Joints and contracted muscles after all other remedies have failed. Those who have been cripples for years have used *Ballard's Snow Liniment* and thrown away their crutches and been able to walk as well as ever. It will cure you. Price 50 cents. Sold by Z. C. M. I. drug store.

A Sound Liver Makes a Well Man.

Ask you Billious, Constipated or troubled with Jaundice, Sick Headache, Bad Taste in Mouth, Foul Breath, Coated Tongue, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Hot Dry Skin, Pain in Back and between the Shoulders, Chills and Fever, etc. If you have any of these symptoms, your Liver is out of order, and your health is slowly sinking away, because your Liver does not act properly. HERBINE will cure any disorder of the Liver, Stomach or Bowels. It has proved as a Liver Medicine. Price 75 cents. Free trial bottles at Z. C. M. I. drug store.

Seven daily trains to "Niagara." Sunday excursion trains every Sunday. Home trip, $2.

Great Salt Lake & Mid-Continent Ry.

Salida, Ky. L. A. ray today. A new program has been prepared. Special time table.

When Troy sail in, we pass for Canada.

When we cross Cliff, we stop for Canada.

When we hang up Nye, we hang to Canada.

When we land a Mormon we pass for Canada.

PACIFIC COAST EXCURSIONS

Via Rio Grande Western Railway.

Milwaukee and return, $48.00, July 12, 13 and 14.

St. Louis and return, $37.50, July 13, 14 and 15.

Omaha and return, $30.00, August 17 and 18.

Minneapolis and return, $40.00, August 17 and 18.

St. Paul and return, $37.00, August 18 and 19.

Elegant through sleeping cars, and a continuous trip through the mountains (no dusty scenery); comfortable equipment.

Salida, Ky. L. A. ray today. A new program has been prepared. Special time table.

Horses Kick

in self-defense. It is their most effective form of protest against the abuse of their flesh. Galls and sore shoulders can't hold on many minutes. Undersaddle after the work each is removed is the danger time in order to follow.

This is what happens: One sort comes out of the shoe to the shoulder, but other goes into the leather flap. Such cases are prevented by the

Shearing Process

by which the fibres of leather are sheared and one edge is made quiet with the upper-leather. This kind of a tool can be easily distinguished by the rough edge along the skin near the point.

Putnam Nails

are exclusively Hot-Forged and Hammer-Pointed, precisely like the old-fashioned hand nails. The process works no percentage of mechanically together into a compact, tough, that cannot split, Sliver or Break out in

Absolutely Safe.

Practice the nails in your shoes when you buy. If not, ringing and sliver in the shoe, drives, will see the difference. Proved Patented. If shoe dealer cannot or will shoeing, send 10c. for 100 nail, assorted sizes.

Mention this paper, stamped plated, mailed on receipt of ten cents, in stamps or silver.

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SHOEMAKER

Has opened a Shoe Repairing Shop in the Tithing Yard.

Shoes for deformed feet a specialty.

Make Your Wants Known

ONLY 5c A LINE.

Advertising in the NEWS.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO DO IT.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE.

WHEREAS, ON THE FIRST DAY OF October, 1891, Robert F. Ford and Eliza Ford, his wife, made, executed and delivered to G. W. S. Ford their promissory note and mortgage of the premises hereinafter described and mortgaged, to secure the payment of the said promissory note, which said mortgage was duly recorded in the office of the County Recorder of Salt Lake County, Utah, on the 2nd day of November, 1891, in Book 3 of Mortgages, page 1, and

WHEREAS, the said parties are the same parties now owners of the said mortgaged premises, and

WHEREAS, the said mortgage was given to secure a certain promissory note of even date herewith, made and delivered by said parties to said G. W. S. Ford, payable to the order of said G. W. S. Ford, on the 1st day of October, 1896, for the sum of $1,000, with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent per annum, payable semi-annually, and

WHEREAS, the principal and interest of said note is now in default, and the said G. W. S. Ford, the legal owner and holder of said note, has duly elected to declare the whole of said principal and interest thereon immediately due and payable, and has duly notified the said Robert F. Ford, the said maker of said note, of such election, and

WHEREAS, the said G. W. S. Ford, the said mortgagee, has duly elected to foreclose said mortgage, and has duly notified the said Robert F. Ford, the said mortgagor, of such election, and

WHEREAS, the said Robert F. Ford, the said mortgagor, has failed, neglected and refused to pay the said principal and interest on said note and mortgage, and

WHEREAS, the said G. W. S. Ford, the said mortgagee, has duly elected to foreclose said mortgage, and has duly notified the said Robert F. Ford, the said mortgagor, of such election, and

WHEREAS, default has been made in the payment of said principal and interest, which default has been and still is continued for the space of more than three months next preceding the date of this notice