THE CITY BOARDER.

"She's going to take a little exercise," said Mrs. Hinkley to her husband as he came up hot and red for a drink of water from the well, and looking down the road he saw a smart, strange figure strolling along by the wayside.

"Oh, she is, is she!" responded the farmer dryly. He lowered the windlass and dropped the bucket down into the cool depths as he answered.

"And she's rigged out to kill in a sprigged muslin, jam covered with lace ruffles," went on his wife, with an aggravated envy which only a woman can feel, "and ribbons—my! no end of 'em—and a big leghorn hat loaded down with flowers, and a white parasol. If she wears them things somehow, what can she have for mornin, Jabez?"

Whatever else opinion Jabez may have entertained it was lost to the world, being uttered inarticulately from the bottom of a large tin dipper.

"White shoes and stockin's, too, and a pink silk petticoat. My land! what are folks comin to? I read a piece in the paper the other day saying they was fashionable, but I never s'posed 'twas anything but newspaper talk. Her father must be pretty well off. She thought mebbe she'd walk up the hill to see the view. She says she's dreadful fond of nature."

"Humph!" Farmer Hinkley mopped his fevered brow. "Wal, it's lucky she's fond of it, for that's about all there is goin on round here. She wants to learn to ride." His great elaborate face shone with amusement, and he winked one blue eye under the shaggy brow that half hid it. "I guess I'll learn her with Spotty."

"Ain't Spotty the one that kicks so?"

Her husband nodded.

"Wal, you shan't do no such thing, Jabez Hinkley. Ain't you ashamed of yourself? She's real pretty spoken, and I shan't have no tricks played on her while she stays here. My! I guess if here ain't nothing wuss about folks than their bein drowsy they'll have to fill up the aisles in heaven with camp chairs to get 'em all in."

"Wasal, I'm goin back. I guess we shall git that hay in this mornin. I want to hurry 'em up so as to take hold of the Beaers lot tomorrow. You to sure and ring the dinner bell good and loud so I shall hear it."

"You come in right off when I ring an clean up a little. You ain't goin to set down to the table in your shirt sleeves, now we've got boarders."

If Jabez Hinkley had been born in Paris he would have shrugged his shoulders as he walked off. But as the only world he had ever looked upon was up among the New Hampshire hills, the only expression he gave to his feelings upon the subject of dressing for dinner was to jam his dilapidated straw hat down firmly on his head and hitch aphis trousers before he made his way out again into the broiling sunshine of the July day.

Mrs. Hinkley forgot all about her pies in the oven. A deeper feminine note then her housekeeping pride had been touched, and she stood under the big elm by the well gazing off persistently upon the stretch of yellow road that wound past the farm gate and up Burnett's hill. A moment had her husband's figure, walking momentarily from sight, but presently the figure appeared again, relieved jauntily against the sky, with this visible pursuit like a minute around its heel. There was a coquettish, worldly air about its slender height, suggesting forcibly the Newport Casino, or the beach at Narragansett Pier, or the fish pond at Rodick's, and a scornful cast in its bisected gait which could only have been acquired on Fifth avenue.

But these were lost on the observer, whose eyes rested luxuriously upon the crisp white gown breezed with the indescribable something of style and distinction recognized and offered homage by every woman wherever her degree.

Poor Mrs. Hinkley had never owned a well fitting dress in her life. She had never seen one of Demorest's masterpieces before.

"I guess," she said to herself in some extremity, "I guess she has her things made out."

Ah, didn't she have her things made out! Miss Mary Grinnell's poor papa could have measured for that as he filed away his bills for her summer wardrobe—an array of marvelous confections intended to do execution at a half dozen watering places. Why, after all those expensive preparations made with glowful anticipations, his charming daughter should have elected suddenly to spend the summer with Aunt Matilda, on a New Hampshire farm, was a mystery that this wise parent did not attempt to solve.

He simply set it down at once as one of those things never to be revealed, like the whereabouts of the north pole and the real author of Shakespeare's plays, asked no questions, raised no objections, checked the trunks and saw the two ladies safely into the train. Aunt Matilda, with a bonnet, a library of French fiction and a small botanical press, and her niece, wearing a conquer half defiant expression, not at all unbecoming. In fact, it gave her a new attraction in the eyes of a young man who watched the parting from the distance smiling to himself, as if secretly amused, and taking his seat in another car as the train rolled out of the station, snorting and puffing mockingly.

The farmhouse was a blow to Miss Mary's feelings. There had been a plain supper of baked beans, and smoked beef, and soggy bread, and pie and cheese, with plenty of milk, to be sure, but milk just warm from the cow. And then the evening had settled down—the long, lonely summer evening. Aunt Matilda sat by the student lamp table absorbed in one of Gyp's novels and oblivious of mosquitoes, while Mary, strolling outside, lingered on the piazza, while a sickly moon peered at her between the pine boughs, and through the air, sweet with the scent of honeysuckle, came the shrill squeak of the cricket and the complaining cry of a whippoorwill. It was too a silence, and yet silier than any silence sounds be. She cried herself to sleep by and by.

But with the morning her elastic young spirits revived. In a freak of mischief she drew out from her boxes the elaborate and very unsuitable toilet which had stirred Mrs. Hinkley's soul to its depths, and she appeared at the breakfast table as a vision of loveliness and freshness, at which the sly old farmer gazed entranced and at which Aunt Matilda cried out in exclamatory pleased. She teased and coaxed and wheedled until every one grew into a good humor, and as she started off for her walk even that grim spinster relinquished her gouffer with a relenting heartiness, realizing how effectively the fair, slender figure would come into the landscape of the kodak.

Mary walked along with the pale dust gathering on the little white shoes and the pink lining of the white parasol deepening the bloom on her dimpled cheek. Mary was trying to settle a weighty question in her mind. She knew its truthful answer well enough, but pride and stubbornness made her willfully blind.

The sun beat down fiercely upon the bonnet but as it neared the summit of the little hill. A large oak tree crowned the height, with a seat beneath its boughs, upon which Miss Grinnell seated herself then. Wattles and gardens, waving up hastily she gave a cry of surprise. Before her, gazing with great, mournful eyes into her own, stood a pretty calf, apparently not at all frightened by the intrusion of a stranger upon his feeding place, and, like Mrs. Hinsley, regarding Dorset's muslin with approval. At first the city lord dismay was startled, but in a second she saw that he was fastened to an iron stake near by and that his action was limited. So she laid down the white parasol and began to pat the intruder on the head, talking to him the sort of nonsense with which women always address ladies and animals.

He seemed quite won by these attentions, and Mary was charmed. She rose and walked about, calling him to her. He followed obediently, and she began to think seriously of buying him from the farmer to take back with her for a pet, when suddenly something sent him into a panic. He started back and ran around and around her, frightened for half out of her senses, and before she realized what was happening Mary found herself wound up tightly with the calf and the rope and the stake. At first her sense of the ridiculous got the better of her terror, and she laughed aloud at the oddity of her position. But in a moment she saw its awkwardness and hopelessness as well, and she struggled to free herself, while the poor calf, in blind bewilderment, ran to and fro, drawing the tangle tighter and making escape less possible.

At this critical moment a cool, well bred voice behind her broke in. "Good evening, Miss Grinnell," it said as politely as if she had been walking down Fifth avenue instead of in such an absurd plight. Ah, me! The pink lined parasol was nowhere in comparison with the blush that her words brought out.

"Oh, Rob!" she cried. "Have not! Where did you come from? Can't you take me away from this dreadful beast?"

"Not until you answer me the question I asked you the other night. Do you think it was right to run away and leave me in the lurch as you did, with no address, and did you suppose I should not hunt you up directly? No, Mary. Come, which is it to be—yes or no? I will drive away the calf whichever it is, but you must answer me one way or the other at once."

The young man had not smiled, although the picture was funny enough to have sent a shoe into fits of laughter—poor Mary, flushed and tearful, fastened up against the stake, with her white ruffles crushed and ruined, and the innocent calf, pinioned at her side, still fastening his big, startled eyes upon her face.

"Oh, Rob," she said again, "you know I meant yes all the time. We women always do what we say—"

Well, they forgot all about the poor calf. Hours later they strolled in to supper, having confided to Aunt Matilda, who bestowed a blessing upon them and announced in majestic tones to the Hinkleys the arrival of her niece's fiance.

"He may be a Frenchy," thought Mrs. Hinkley to herself, nodding sagely, "but if he ain't keeping company with her I miss my guess."

Somehow the supper did not strike Mary as being so dreadful that second night. The farmer thought he had never seen a girl so pretty before, and tried to make conversation.

"Mother," he said, "what do you think? You know that calf of Spotty's that was fastened upon the hill? Wasal, I vow of the critter wasn't contrived to git embitched somehow or other, and there 'twas strollin round down the road. 'Leave Bright' sum fetched it back this afternoon. Curious, ain't it?"

"Why, wasn't you up on the hill, Miss Grinnell?" asked Mr. Hinkley suddenly. "You didn't see nothin of the calf, did you, while you was there?"

"Well, it seems to me I did see one when I first reached the top, but I don't remember nothing it when I came down," said Mary, dimpling and laughing. The young man laughed too.

"I guess 'twas scarce. I guess them Frenchmen and Rummy dilldies scarce it," Mr. Hinkley's great hale shook with amusement. He found himself a real wit. Neither Horace Walpole nor George Selwyn ever felt any greater satisfaction in a bonmot.

"I guess they did," responded Mary, and the whole table laughed again. There is something contagious in reckless happiness.

That night Aunt Matilda finished "Monsieur Fred" by the student lamp, and Mary sat out on the piazza again. The moon peered through the pine boughs, too, but this time it wore a smile, while the cricket and the whippoorwill had tuned their monotony to a major key. Yet still there hung over all the stillness which was not a stillness after all, and Mary cried herself to sleep again. But this time she cried with happiness.—Chicago Post.

How to Dosh Water in a Sink.

Much of the disagreeable labor of removing scraps and grounds from a sink is prevented by the simple expedient of pouring all but clear water into a tin can, whose bottom has been perforated, which stands in the sink. A flavorsyd will answer somewhat the same purpose. They can be cleaned and emptied once a day, when the scraps they have caught are emptied out.

How to Prevent the Creaking of Doors.

Rub soap on the hinges or a mixture composed of equal parts of lard, black lead and soap.

How to Renovate Kid Boots.

Rub them thoroughly with a mixture of cream and ink.

DR. GUNN'S ONION SYRUP FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND CROUP.

THE CHILDREN LIKE IT.

Sold by all druggists. Either pills or syrup sent for 25 cents, and one dose will prove its value. Ask your druggist for it. Don't let him tell you he can't procure it. Don't let him put off an inferior article on you. Insist on having the genuine. Dr. Gunn's Onion Syrup cures all throat and lung troubles. Dr. Gunn's Pills regulate the liver, cure sick headache, dyspepsia, etc. Dr. Gunn's Pills are sugar coated, and do not gripe. Ask your druggist for them. Price of Syrup, 50 cents per bottle. Pills, 25 cents per box.

Z. C. M. I. DRUG DEPT., AGENTS.

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies or Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of

W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa which is absolutely pure and soluble. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and easily digested. Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

BEST OAK TANNED Leather Belting.

A. O. COOK & SON, 418 Market St., SAN FRANCISCO, Cal. AT Z. C. M. I.

CONWAY CABINET CO'S CELEBRATED HARDWOOD MANTELS THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

WATSON BROS., Corner South and West Temple Streets, opposite Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City, SOLE AGENTS FOR UTAH.

COBURN'S PURE OLIVE OIL.

First pressing guaranteed. Perfectly Pure.

COBURN, TEVIS & CO., Agents, San Francisco.

COMMERCIAL SOAP CO'S PRIZE MEDAL BORAX SOAP IS UNEXCELLED FOR The Laundry or Bath.

WASHES EQUALLY AS WELL IN HARD OR ALKALI WATER.

Manufactured by the Commercial Soap Co., San Francisco, Cal. For sale at the Salt Lake Co-operative Institution, S. L. City, and W. W. Jackson, Ogden City, Utah county.

DRUGS. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

A Full Stock of Everything Usually Found in a First-Class Wholesale and Retail Drug Store. Call and See Us.

JOHNSON-PRATT DRUG CO., 62 MAIN STREET.

JAMES-SPENCER-BATEMAN CO. (Successors to David James & Co. and Spencer-Bywater Co.)

PLUMBERS, TINNERS, Steam and Gas Fitters.

We carry a Complete Line of GEM AND PENINSULAR STOVES AND RANGES, Gasoline and Oil Stoves, Tinware, Granite Ironware and House Furnishing Goods.

No. 67 MAIN STREET.

TENTH WARD LUMBER AND BUILDING ASSOCIATION, Contractors and Builders, DEALERS IN Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Sash Doors, MOULDINGS, Etc., BUILDERS' HARDWARE. All Kinds of Mill Work, Doors and Window Frames. Yard and Mills 758 East Fourth South St. Telephone No. 222. L. C. LOVERIDGE, Supt.

SOLOMON BROTHER SHOES

The Most Successful of all of our HOME INDUSTRIES is the manufacture of Boots and Shoes. Unexcelled by any are those of OUR MAKE. WE USE THE BEST OF LEATHER AND MATERIALS. Our work is done by hand and warranted. We carry also Complete Lines of Ladies' Fine Footwear and Men's Gloves.

SOLOMON BROTHER SHOES

Choice Lots, either Large or Small. Will Sell for Cash or on Monthly Payments.

FOREST DALE.

OUR ADDITION!

You have your choice of two lines of cars. The line of the Salt Lake Rapid Transit Company passes directly through our addition; while the Salt Lake City Street Car Company has a line 10 minutes walk from our lots.

We have a variety of Lots suited to all tastes. Lands on which ARTESIAN WELLS throwing the best water in Salt Lake County, can be obtained, and with water rights among the best in Utah from NEVER FAILING SPRINGS. Your choice can be made from Lots on "The Drive" (East Boulevard), Sixth East, Seventh East, Eighth East, Ninth East or Tenth East Streets. Our lands reach a point Two City Blocks South of the City Limits, as extended by late action of the City Council of Salt Lake City, to a point about three quarters of a mile from Calder's Park.

WE DON'T PAY CITY TAXES!

And desire to sell only to those who will make desirable neighbors. Our section of the country is rapidly building up. No other part of the county is so easily reached by Electric Cars with such fine equipment and service; and in no other part are the roads so well cared for and sprinkled to the same extent. We have a Schoolhouse with all modern improvements and designed to accommodate all the children of our district. No other school district outside of Salt Lake City has the same school facilities.

Call for Prices and Terms. The land belonging to me personally, I am at liberty to make terms that an agent could not.

My Private Office is at No. 331 CONSTITUTION BUILDING, SALT LAKE CITY.

My Clerks can always show property and give prices and terms.

GEORGE M. CANNON, Proprietor.