LOCATING THE TRAITOR.

The bitterly cold winter's evening five men were seated together in a small parlor of a house situated in the Jewish quarter of a large and largely populated German city. The appearance of the room was so wretched as the external aspect of the house itself. The military cloak was totally concealed by a heavy fallen curtain depending from the window and as the wind moaned dismally through the broken panes of glass its tattered folds crawled to and fro. The leader of the miserable den were seated around the table smoking their pipes and talking, as if furtively, in whispers. As the feeble rays of the candle fell full upon the company they revealed the pinched faces of four students. The fifth gentleman, however, was a much older personage, apparently about fifty, with thin sere, sparsely set beard, shaggy brows and long, penetrating eyes of the darkest hue. The others deferentially addressed him as "professor," and he, in fact, indeed, he was at that time, as a political refugee and a student of medicine in Russia. He had come to Berlin on business, however, in the present occasion, however, he was evening, not of science, but of the more doubtful of conspiracy.

Behind Yvan was a stiffled, a repulsive Cabinet of cash in the illustrations of revolutionary doctrines, and on the particular evening in question he was engaged in alternating with fiery eloquence the denunciation of a certain friend who had lately been promoted to the rank of chief commissioner of the secret police. As the night wore on the animated conversation was suddenly interrupted by a low knocking at the outer door. In a moment the conspirators sprang noiselessly to their feet and listened with bated breath. The knock was repeated—a peculiar whistle was heard from without, and the listeners exchanged significant glances and glanced furtive looks. Presently quiet footsteps were heard in an outer room, the door was opened and a young man hastily entered. His face was pale, in manner agitated, and as he returned the conspirators' salutations he regarded them with a tired and angry stare.

"You have kept us waiting, comrade," exclaimed the professor, puffing calmly at his pipe—"right we are almost frozen. In the name of this wretched apartment is quite tolerable. But now to business. We will warm ourselves with talk, and try our minds with the prospect of success."

There was a murmur of approval. It was noticed, however, that the young man who had just appeared upon the scene took his seat in silence, and resting his elbows upon the table slowly surveyed the faces of his comrades.

"My dear professor," he said at length, "we cannot profitably proceed at present with the business."

"Why not?" was unanimously asked.

"Because," replied the latest comer as he quietly snuffed the candle, "because one of us is a traitor."

"A traitor!" exclaimed the men, startled to their feet.

"Yes, comrades, we are betrayed; and as we are the only members of this plot of ours except ourselves, it is plain, I think, that one of us has turned informant."

"You are mad to say so!" hoarsely exclaimed the professor. "Not in heaven's name what has happened? Come, tell quickly. This is no joking matter."

"Listen, then. On my way hither, comrades, I entered a Cafe de Paris to drink a cup of tea and smoke a cigarette. I happened to sit down beside two officers of the secret police, and, as one of them was somewhat tipsy, I could distinctly hear his conversation. I found it rather interesting. He told his companion that he was under orders to surround the old deserted house at midnight to-night—that is now—and to arrest all persons found within. He mentioned, moreover, all our names, and added with a sardonic laugh that a certain person, to whom the administration is eternally indebted, would be found in our midst playing the part of conspirator. Now, comrades, I have done. What shall we do?"

The men looked at each other in dismay. A dead silence filled the room, for the mere suspicion of treachery among the men who had solemnly dedicated their lives to the sacred cause of liberty seemed to hold some dark, black villainy lurking in their very midst—among men bonded together in sacred brotherhood—was a greater crime than the merciless acts of a despotic and his minions.

"If this is true," said the professor, in a voice of suppressed rage, "then I will no longer believe in human fidelity or the future of our cause. But—death! if the story is true. Which of us is the informer?" added the speaker, starting firmly at the pale faces of his companions.

"Nay! it is useless to ask that, my dear professor," exclaimed Yvan—such was the name of the youth who had brought the strange intelligence—as he advanced to the door of the room, locked it and placed the key in his pocket. "Every one will assert his innocence, of course, but, comrades, suppose we endeavor to find out for ourselves by a search each other. The traitor, whoever he may be, must doubtless have in his possession some proof of his guilt. At least, the experiment is worth trying. What say you?"

"Agreed! agreed!" exclaimed the exciteable, as with one accord they sprang unanimously to their feet. One of the students, a tall lazy youth, with a sullen, what fugitive expression, objected, however, to the proposal.

"But why?" hotly demanded the professor, who seemed all eagerness to begin the investigation.

"Because," was the hesitating rejoinder, "because it is unnecessary. Our word of honor ought to be enough. Besides there is something degrading in the idea of searching one another, as if forsooth, we were a lot of pickpockets. As for us break up the meeting. This excitement is absurd, and renders the discussion of our plot impossible. As for the story told by the drunken soldier, I do not—I don't believe a word of it."

These words produced an angry murmur among the excited conspirators. The proposal seemed so ridiculous, and as the clamor increased from turbid to the furious and warmly sentimental: "Very well, we shall abstain from searching you, since you wish it, but remember this, that if we fail to find a clue to the informant among those who willingly submit to the examination we shall then turn upon whom to fix our suspicions. Now, comrades, search me first; I am ready."

In a moment the speaker's pockets were emptied of their contents, and even the linings of his clothes were carefully searched; but beyond a few old love letters, some political pamphlets and an English newspaper with a paragraph obliterated with lampblack, nothing of an incriminating character was found. A second student readily submitted to the test—it had of similar results. Then a third stepped forward and placed himself in the hands of his companions. But at that moment a curious incident occurred. An invisible hand suddenly extinguished the light of the candle, and in a second the room was plunged in utter darkness.

What did it mean? Who had quenched the light? For a moment the nihilists remained motionless, as if rooted to the spot. As they listened in alarm, they heard a strange crawling noted in the direction of the curtained window.

Suddenly the voice of Ivan exclaimed in the darkness: "Comrades, this is a trick! Listen! Some one is endeavoring to escape by the window! It is the traitor at last. His attempt to escape betrays his guilt. Stand back! I know how to deal with him!"

In an instant the report of three revolver shots rang through the room, and was followed by an agonizing yell as some one fell heavily upon the floor.

A profound silence then ensued.

It was an awful situation.

At length Ivan spoke to his terrified companions.

"Strike a light now," he said in a trembling voice, "and let us look upon the face of a traitor. Will no one make a light? Are you all afraid to gaze upon the dead body of a miscreant who has betrayed us to our enemies? Come, professor, where are the matches? You had them last. The match! What sound is that? Listen! By heaven, comrades, the police are upon us already. The house is surrounded! Quick! Here is a trap door, known only to myself. It leads to the main sewers, and is our only hope of escape. Follow me!"

Grasping hard in hand in the dark, the affrighted men followed the speaker's direction, and after some momentary confusion, disappeared into a hidden abyss. None too soon. In another instant the door of the room was battered to pieces and a company of gendarmes entered. Lights were now flashed in every direction, but it was obvious to all that the conspirators had escaped. The officer in charge swore long and deep, and ordered the men to search the house from top to bottom. Then, advancing toward the window, he stumbled over a human body.

"What's this?" he exclaimed, examining the dead man's features with a lantern. "Ha! so they have caught you at last, my friend, have they? Well, you paired the spy long and well, but it always comes to this in the end."

And tearing down the window curtain the officer threw it over the rigid body of—the professor.—A. McDougall in Pell Mell Budget.

Photographic Developing Frame.

A new developing frame has been designed to aid photographers in the field. It consists of two parts, the frame and changing bag. The frame is constructed of wood, lined with vulcanite or other substance, having two colored glasses, one red and the other orange, and fastened by four springs. There is a slot through the top of the frame through which to pass the plates; this is made light and waterproof by a spring lid of metal, vulcanite, etc. Partly in and projecting from the slot is a metal case to place the mouth of the changing bag over and pass the plate.

The chemicals are passed in through an aperture, which is made lightproof by a shield. The changing bag is made of nainsook or lightproof material, funnel shaped, with an open top through which to insert the slide containing the exposed plate; it has an elastic band hole, and the mouth is partly protected by a metal case, and fits over the slot in the frame. It is claimed that this apparatus will be of special service when it is desired to develop a picture on the spot, instead of waiting the operator's return to his home or studio.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

All Explained.

It is proplogmy that explains why handsome men are so apt to marry ugly women and vice versa. Beauty is only the bait, its use being merely to draw the prey within reach. Contingently once established, by accidental or other means, the rest naturally follows. I know it all, you see—because I am a bachelor.—Cor. Washington Star.

It Was a Bear.

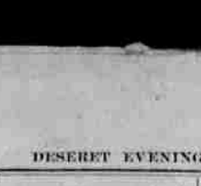
George Hillyer, a Pennsylvania farmer, had a hog in his pen weighing 250 pounds. A black bear climbed into the pen, killed the hog and had carried the body eighty rods and over two rail fences when stopped. It was a lucky thing for Mr. Hillyer, as he was about to let that no bear could lift half its own weight.—Detroit Free Press.

Drilling Eleven Months.

The United States surveying ship Washington sent a bottle adrift in 37 degs. north latitude, 69 degs. west longitude, on July 31, 1846. The paper that is contained here the following words, "Any person finding this will please notify the date and position through the papers as a means of ascertaining the course of the current." It was picked up eleven months later between Pacific islands and Ceu Skillgo.—Chambers' Journal.

Chemists all over the world are now working on aluminum, endeavoring to extract it cheaply from clay. The one who first succeeds will win a fortune and lasting fame. The last discovery is announced from Wolverhampton, England. Here a cheap way of getting the metal from clay has not indeed been found, but a method of reducing it down till it contains very little clay has been devised. While the pure aluminum of commerce is not alloyed at a fine has been made that will fuse readily and give off aluminum vapor. This unites rapidly with iron and steel, forming what is claimed to be an entirely new compound, not an alloy. From the new substance great things are promised.

United States pension payments last year amounted to $106,037,564. That is about $16,000,000 more than the annual cost of the German standing army. Well, what is the difference? We pay it in pensions for past military service; the Germans pay it to this non waiting to do possible military service.



KISSED ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS Purge, Vitalize, Invigorate, or Cathartic, according to size of dose. By druggists. 25 cents a vial.

JOHN M. CANNON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 12 MAIN STREET, Hooper & Eldredge block.

NOTICE.

FOR SALE IN PROVO CITY, A GOOD brick dwelling house 4 door to Kiesel Hotel, 2 lots, Provo City. 2 weeks.

RANCH FOR SALE.

THE PROPERTY KNOWN AS THE HILL ranch, Rush, consisting of 160 acres in Tooele County. Apply to W. Peterson, 70 East South, city. 30

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty five cents a bottle.

Utah Central Railway

Time Card in Effect OCT. 21, 1890

Passenger Trains Leave and Arrive at Salt Lake City, and Park City, Daily, as Follows:

SALT LAKE CITY.

Train 1 leaves 6th South & Main St. 8.00 a.m.
" 2 arrives " " 8.30 p.m.

PARK CITY.

Train 1 arrives Park City 10.30 a.m.
" 2 leaves " " 4.00 p.m.

FREIGHT TRAINS

Leave Salt Lake for Ontario 7.00 a.m.
Arrive " " " 7.40 p.m.
Leave Park City for Ontario 11.00 a.m.
Arrive " " " 12.30 p.m.
No Passengers carried on Freight Trains.

PASSENGER RATES

Between Salt Lake City and Park City.
Single Fare, $2.00. Round Trip, $3

J. M. TOUSE, Gen'l Supt. T. J. MACKINTOSH, Gen. Ptc. & Pas

RIO GRANDE WESTERN RY.

ON AND THE TABLE, JAN. 4, 1891.

East Bound Trains.	No. 1. Atlantic Express.	No. 3. Atlantic Express.
Lv. Ogden	6.30 a.m.	8.45 p.m.
Ar. Salt Lake	9.45 a.m.	5.30 p.m.
Lv. Salt Lake	9.50 a.m.	5.35 p.m.
Ar. Ft. Douglas	10.00 a.m.	5.45 p.m.
Lv. Provo	11.40 a.m.	11.15 p.m.
Lv. Spanish Fork	11.55 a.m.	11.30 p.m.
Lv. Thistle	12.40 p.m.	12.15 a.m.
Lv. Green River	5.30 p.m.	5.30 a.m.
Lv. Grand Junction	8.15 p.m.	8.15 a.m.
Lv. Glenwood Springs	10.45 p.m.	10.45 a.m.
Lv. Leadville	7.30 a.m.	3.15 p.m.
Lv. Gunnison	6.00 a.m.	7.15 a.m.
Lv. Grand Junction	4.00 a.m.	2.15 p.m.
Lv. Green River	4.45 a.m.	2.15 p.m.
Lv. Green River	8.05 a.m.	3.30 p.m.
Lv. Green River	8.05 a.m.	3.30 p.m.
Lv. Thistle	2.50 p.m.	10.05 a.m.
Lv. Provo	3.50 p.m.	11.05 a.m.
Lv. Spanish Fork	4.05 p.m.	11.30 a.m.
Lv. Salt Lake	5.20 p.m.	1.00 a.m.
Ar. Salt Lake	5.30 p.m.	1.10 a.m.
Ar. Ogden	8.10 p.m.	5.00 a.m.

West Bound Trains.	No. 2. Mail. Express.	No. 4. Atlantic Express.
Lv. Denver	7.00 a.m.	7.00 p.m.
Lv. Ft. Lyon	11.35 p.m.	11.35 p.m.
Lv. Pueblo	12.45 a.m.	12.45 a.m.
Lv. Leadville	7.30 a.m.	3.15 p.m.
Lv. Gunnison	6.00 a.m.	7.15 a.m.
Lv. Grand Junction	4.00 a.m.	2.15 p.m.
Lv. Grand Junction	4.15 a.m.	2.15 p.m.
Lv. Green River	8.05 a.m.	3.30 p.m.
Lv. Green River	8.05 a.m.	3.30 p.m.
Lv. Thistle	2.50 p.m.	10.05 a.m.
Lv. Provo	3.50 p.m.	11.05 a.m.
Lv. Spanish Fork	4.05 p.m.	11.30 a.m.
Lv. Salt Lake	5.20 p.m.	1.00 a.m.
Ar. Salt Lake	5.30 p.m.	1.10 a.m.
Ar. Ogden	8.10 p.m.	5.00 a.m.

LOCAL TRAINS.

SALT LAKE AND OGDEN.

Leave Salt Lake 7.00 a.m. and 11.15 a.m.; 4.45 p.m. Returning, leave Salt Lake 8.40 a.m. 1.45 p.m., 5.55 p.m.

OTHERS.

Leave Salt Lake 8.30 a.m., morning, seven Salt Lake 5.30 p.m.

AMERICAN FORK, PROVO, SPANISH FORK, THISTLE, ST. CLEARANT AND MANTI.

Leave Salt Lake 4.30 p.m.; returning, arrive Salt Lake 11.45 a.m.

D. C. DODGE, General Manager. J. H. BENNETT, Gen. Pass. Agt.

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