A QUICK RUN.

When I was a youth of 15 and lived with my parents in a Pennsylvania town, I had a mate for railroading and a boyish ambition to become an engineer, although I had been almost to Chicago before parents.

During my college vacation I learned about the station almost constantly, making friends with the telegraph and especially with an engineer named Silas Markley. I became much attached to this man, notwithstanding he was 60 years old and by no means a sociable fellow.

When Markley's fireman left him, I dared him to let me take his place during the remainder of my vacation. He I became an amateur fireman and filled it creditably, for the enthusiasm more than compensated for the rough work. I was entirely at home.

Mr. Markley was a man of a few words and had no assistant.

Mrs. Markley was my friend, a lady who seemed to give her a good deal of happiness. It was her only birthday, and she wanted to go down to Philadelphia to its train without letting the know anything about it and then purchase a present for him. She took me into her confidence and had me to assist her.

It was a midsummer day, and the weather was delightful. The train was neither an express nor an accommodation, but stopped at the principal stations on the route. On this occasion, as there was no special on the line, it was run by telegraph.

We started without mishap and easily reached the first station in the time allotted to us. As we stopped there she ran into altogether with the telegram, which had handed to the driver. The next moment I heard a smothered exclamation from Markley.

"Go back," he said to the boy, "and tell Williams to have the message repeated. There's a mistake."

The boy dashed off. In ten minutes he came flying back. "Not to repeated," he panted. "Williams is throwing at you. Says there is no mistake, because you'd best get up." He threw the second message up as he spoke.

Markley read it and about bustering for half a minute. Then he turned slowly and deliberately to the expression of his face as he looked at the telegram and then at the long train behind him. I was watching him with considerable curiosity. I was tired to ask him what was the matter and what he was going to do.

"I am going to stay," he replied curtly.

The engine gave a long shriek of horror that made me start, as if it were Markley's own voice. The next instant we moved out of the station and dashed through how lying forward at a speed which seemed dangerous to me.

"Put in more coal," said Markley.

I shovelled in it, and took time.

"More coal," he said. I threw it in.

The fields and houses began to go by pretty fast now. We were nearing Dufresne, the next station. Markley's eye was from the gauge in the face of the fireman and back.

"More!" he said without turning his eye. I took up the shovel—fearfully.

"Markley, do you know we are going at the rate of 60 miles an hour?"

"Coal!"

I was alarmed at the storm, cold rigidity of the man. At least we must stop at Dufresne. He told me that was his next halt. The little town approached. As the first houses came into view the engine was his shrieks of warning, it grew louder, louder.

We dashed up to the station, where a group of passengers waited, and passed it without the lost of an instant, catching a glimpse of the appalled faces of the waiting crowd. Then we were in the train again.

I leaped to the coal at intervals, as he bade me. I did it because I was oppressed by an odd sense of duty, which I never had in my ordinary train work.

He did not leave hand or foot, except in the mechanical control of his engine, his eye going from the gauge to the timepiece with a steadiness that was more terrible and threatening than any gloom of temperamental would have been.

"Twenty miles," he muttered. "Throw on more coal, Jack. The fire is getting out."

I did it. Yes, I did it. There was something in the face of that man that I could not resist. Then I climbed forward and stood him by the shoulder.

"Markley!" I shouted. "You are running this train into the jaws of death!"

"I know it," he replied quietly.

"Your mother is aboard the train."

He staggered to his feet. But even then he did not remove his eyes from the gauge.

"Make up the fire!" he commanded and pushed in the throttle valve.

"I will not."

"I could throw you off this engine and make short work of you," he said. "But we don't look here. Do you see the storm yonder? I was told to switch that station by the clock. The express train is coming up in that. I ought to have laid by for it at Dufresne. I was told to come on. The track is a single one."

I said nothing. I threw on coal. If I had had provisions I should have thrown it on. But I never was calmer in my life. Markley pushed the throttle still further. The engine began to give a strange grating sound. Far off to the south I could see the ominous black smoke of a train.

I leaped at Markley beginningly. He smiled. It was the expression.

I looked across the clear summer sky at the gray smoke of the approaching train. I looked beyond that a black line, nothing closer, slower, across Kearsy.

In one minute more—well, I confess I sat down and buried my face in my hands. I don't think I tried to pray.

There was a terrific crash from the engine, against which I leaned, and screwed to my face. A hot, blinding vapor swept just me.

I looked up. We were on the siding, and the express had gone by. It groaned, sir and carriage in passing.

"Yes, gentlemen, I have been in many a railway accident, but I have always considered that the closest call I ever had.

What was the blunder?

I don't know. Markley made light of it and kept it a secret, but he was in the line stood so high in the confidence of the company after that as to fly his resignation and serve he had saved 100 lives.—London Tidbits.

Foolish Economy.

Lonely Five, the Dublin tobacconist, laid the foundation of his large fortune by saving in each thrifty, frugal little way, he handed her the pennyworth of snuff she had asked for. "Thank you, my dear; please come again." The largest retail grocery business in Boston was built up by the founder's rule to his salesmen, "Treat every servant girl as you would her mistress if she were buying." The Saturday Evening Gazette tells of an any salesman in a Boston dry goods store who lost a fall by failure of courtesy to a purchaser.

A young lady was in search of some ethereal to set for a scarf with a very knotted stick and she advanced to the counter where the genteel young clerk was presiding. She was poorly dressed, she did not scintillate with scanty and gilt belts, and her sleeves and skirt did not exhibit the full width of space between the seasons, consequently the clerk decided that she did not come from the magic precincts of the Back Bay.

Attempt by a certain class of people, who asked the price and waste. The man answered coolly: "Three dollars a yard, 47 inches wide." She looked at various other things on the counter, and then returning to the first thing as the most pleasing she said politely:

"Will you please give me a sample of this?"

The man did not move. "I told you that was $3 a yard," he said.

The girl looked at him. "Yes?" she said. "The silk with which I intend to line it cost $2.75 a yard, but I think I can make this stuff of yours do, as it is only for home wear."

A smile stole over the faces of two or three shoppers, and the salesman cut the sample with a contempt that would have done credit to Mons. But that girl sure she'll go without a dress rather than buy a yard of that man.

His Preference.

She blushed prettily as she told the sister of her best young man that she thought she would buy a birthday present for him.

"You know him better than I do," she said, "so I have come to you for advice."

"Yes?" said the sister inquiringly.

"Oh, you, indeed. What would you advise me to get?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the sister carelessly. "I could only advise you in general terms. From what I know of him, however, he will appreciate something that can be easily pawned better than something that cannot."—Chicago Post.

Scott's Emulsion is Cod-liver Oil prepared *as a food*. At the same time, it is a blood maker, a nerve tonic and an up-builder. But principally it is a food for tired and weak digestions; for those who are not getting the fat they should from their ordinary food; for children whom nothing seems to nourish; for all who are fat-starved and thin.

It is pleasant to take; at least, it is not unpleasant. Children like it and ask for more.

Some druggists have a "just as good" kind. Don't let them hand it to you; good enough for you is bad for you?

SEALS STEEL STAMPS DIES BADGES STEEL STAMP WORKS RUBBER STAMPS. 133 & 215 So. St. - SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH

Is quickly absorbed. Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals and Protects the Membranes from Cold, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Large Size, 50 cents; or by mail, 50 cents. A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Sent by mail or at druggists. Circulars free. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

CREAM BALM CURES CATARRH COLD IN HEAD

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Office of Pioneer Mining Company, Situation of principal place of business, Salt Lake County, Utah.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Pioneer Mining Company, held on the 14th day of September, 1896, the assessment of one cent per share was duly levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable at once to the undersigned, at the office of the company, in the Dunbar building, No. 74 East Second South Street, Salt Lake City, Utah. Any stock on which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 23rd day of November, 1896, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on the 12th day of December, 1896, at the place of sale, at 10 o'clock a. m. Payment may be made to Mark W. Cowles, Salt Lake City, Utah, or to the undersigned.

FRANK T. TAYLOR, Secretary.

Salt Lake City, Utah, October 15, 1896.

NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING of the Salt Lake Capitol Company will be held at the Knight Publishing Co. office, Salt Lake City, Utah, on Monday, November 2nd, 1896, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the election of a board of directors for the ensuing year and such other business as may come before the meeting.

W. A. HUTTON, President.

F. G. BIGELOW, Secretary.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Oct. 14, 1896.

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

The Eldorado Gold Mining Company. Principal place of business, Salt Lake City, Utah.

NOTICE, THERE ARE DELINQUENT on the following described stock on account of assessment No. 1, ordered on the 6th day of September, 1896, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective stockholders, as follows:

Name.	No. Certificate.	No. Shares.	Amount Due.
A. B. Stockholm	19	10,000	$100.00
A. B. Stockholm	20	10,000	100.00
John Scheinkopf	21	20,000	200.00
Andrew Peterson	22	1,000	10.00
Andrew Wilson	23	1,000	10.00
Daniel S. Wall	24	1,000	10.00
James Rogers	25	1,000	10.00
James Rogers	26	1,000	10.00
James Rogers	27	1,000	10.00
James Rogers	28	1,000	10.00
James Rogers	29	1,000	10.00
James Rogers	30	1,000	10.00
James Rogers	31	1,000	10.00

And in accordance with the law and the order of the board of directors made on the 6th day of September, 1896, so much of said stock as may be necessary will be sold at the office of the company, Room 7, Dunbar building, Salt Lake City, Utah, on the 14th day of November, 1896, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, to pay the assessments thereon, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

GEORGE H. DUNCAN, Secretary.

Office: Room 7, Dunbar Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Date of first publication, October 14, 1896.

TRUSTEES' SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN accordance with and under the power and authority granted to the undersigned by a certain deed of trust, executed by Mark W. Cowles and Sarah Cowles, his wife, to Mark W. Cowles, Jr., in trust, to secure the payment of one promissory note therein described, bearing date the 1st day of November, 1892, and duly recorded in Book 21 of Mortgages, at page 42, records of Salt Lake County, Utah, we will offer for sale and sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, in the west front entrance of the Salt Lake County Court House, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah, on Saturday, the 14th day of November, 1896, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m. of said day, the following described property, to wit:

Beginning at a point 10 rods north of the southwest corner of lot 1, block 10, Plat "A" Salt Lake City survey, and running thence north 10 rods; thence east 8 rods; thence south 10 rods; thence west 8 rods, to the place of beginning.

Also, beginning at the southeast corner of lot 1, block 10, Plat "A" Salt Lake City survey, and running thence north 10 rods; thence west 8 rods; thence south 10 rods; thence east 8 rods, to the place of beginning.

Also, beginning at the southwest corner of lot 1, block 10, Plat "A" Salt Lake City survey, and running thence north 10 rods; thence east 8 rods; thence south 10 rods; thence west 8 rods, to the place of beginning.

Also, beginning at the southeast corner of lot 1, block 10, Plat "A" Salt Lake City survey, and running thence north 10 rods; thence west 8 rods; thence south 10 rods; thence east 8 rods, to the place of beginning.

G. J. SALISBURY,
SIMON DANKBERGER,
Trustees.

Date of first publication, October 15, 1896.

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

The New Anaconda Gold and Fuel Company, Salt Lake City, Utah.

NOTICE, THERE ARE DELINQUENT on the following shares of stock on account of assessment levied on the 4th day of September, 1896, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective stockholders, as follows:

Name.	No. of Certificate.	No. of Shares.	Amount Delinquent.
G. E. Stanton	11	100	$ 10.00
H. G. Leigh	15	100	10.00
William C. Perry	16	100	10.00
William C. Perry	17	100	10.00
William C. Perry	18	100	10.00
William C. Perry	19	100	10.00
William C. Perry	20	100	10.00
Joseph Bissinger	21	100	10.00
Joseph Bissinger	22	100	10.00
C. W. Dwyer	23	100	10.00
C. W. Dwyer	24	100	10.00
E. A. Neely	25	100	10.00
E. A. Neely	26	100	10.00
E. P. Ewing	27	100	10.00
E. P. Ewing	28	100	10.00
Thomas Spencer	29	100	10.00
Thomas Spencer	30	100	10.00
Thomas Spencer	31	100	10.00
J. Sprague	32	100	10.00
J. Sprague	33	100	10.00
J. Sprague	34	100	10.00
John Parkinson	35	1,000	100.00
John Parkinson	36	1,000	100.00
J. Fitzgerald	37	100	10.00
J. Fitzgerald	38	100	10.00
J. Fitzgerald	39	100	10.00
J. Fitzgerald	40	100	10.00
E. Wilson	41	1,000	100.00
Thomas Partridge	42	100	10.00
Thomas Partridge	43	100	10.00
Thomas Partridge	44	100	10.00
Thomas Partridge	45	100	10.00
Thomas Partridge