THE WRONG ROOM.

Mr. and Mrs. De Trenton were in Paris with Mr. Trenton's brother, and De Trenton explained that his wife tell the story of how she came to marry.

"Two months ago I was still a stupid country girl who had never seen a large town. My elder brother had sent for me to keep his house, and I worried something at an early hour one morning. I said:

"Herbert, my brother, last evening that it would be impossible for him to meet us at the station, and that I would take a cab and drive to Kings Court Building. He could not get away from his work before 8 o'clock.

"When I arrived at Kings court, I walked briskly up the stairs with my traveling bag, the caretaker following with my trunk. The length of the stairs took my breath away and after depositing some of all power of exhortation, and to my surprise I was unaware that the entrance door not remain.

"Therefore, when I arrived at the landing where a door was standing open and an old man servant just replying on an inquiry that the doctor would not be in until 8 o'clock, I concluded that I had reached my journey's end, for my brother also spoke to the title of doctor, though his degree is in music.

"To old Colonel James' astonishment I walked in, saying: 'The doctor expects me. Please have my baggage taken to my room. I am his sister.'

"With that he admitted me, muttering 'Never heard of a sister; two the county, diary arrangements I assumed to be my brother's bachelor quarters.

"Yes, indeed, Jack—don't look offended at my description—I was still thinking that first glance into your study. Sir, as you have doubtless guessed, Mr. Harwood, I had acted my expected pilgrimage in flight too low and had never dreamed that it was possible for two doctors to dwell under one roof. I took off my hat and mantle and set to work to dust the furniture and books and make the entire place tidy.

"At last I turned to ornamental details. I had brought a large bunch of roses and honeysuckles, and these I divided and arranged. On the freshly laid table I placed an appetizing ham, fresh butter and homemade bread, all of which Herbert said in love, and which I brought with me.

"To distract my thoughts I picked up a magazine, opening it where a letter had been placed to serve as a mark. My eyes fell on the first words, and my attention was riveted in a moment.

"Now comes the disgraceful part of my confession. I could not refrain from reading the letter. It was signed, 'Your old friend, Ned Harwood.'

DEAR OLD MAN—Do you have decided to let and that beautiful little thing in your house, though we agreed last night that it was the comfort and comfort of your life will be gone. Be advised and give up the idea of such folly. At any rate, don't be accepted if I and your acquaintance for the present and force you to military engagement so long as Delly Keens and of your establishment. Laughing! am off tomorrow, and by the time I come back you will have found can your relation and your Miss Delly back where she came from. 'Your old friend, Miss Harwood.

"My dear lady," cried Harwood, "you don't mean to say that any misunderstanding arose out of that!"

"I do mean to say so," she replied, laughing. "It was quite possible I should assume those words referred to me, and you cannot be surprised that at first I was highly indignant and then began to weep.

"My resolution was soon formed. I would go at once. I would not wait for the heartless brother who had discussed me with his friends in such a manner. I quickly packed my traveling bag. While doing so I came upon a photograph of myself, which had been taken as a memento for the friends I was leaving.

"A sudden thought made me write a few words upon it and by the table where the flowers and luncheon still remained. Then I put on my hat and mantle and was just going to open the door when I heard a latchkey inserted in the outer side. It was Herbert, I thought. He should not find me there, and, seeing the door of a small room upon I slipped in and closed it behind me."

"Now let me tell the rest," interrupted De Trenton, "for I was the principal actor. I fancied I was dreaming as I became aware of the lightly spread table. Then I saw two covers laid as if for a delightful tete-a-tete, and upon my dinner napkin a photo of the selection face I had ever seen. Look—that's the picture I have not given in my sinus. And Intim what was on it.

"'Dear Jack—I am sorry that I destroy your peace and drive away your friend, I have you, and shall find a home elsewhere.'

"I puzzled over it in vain, for your letter never entered my thoughts. I could reach only one conclusion—that the original of this captivating picture had been there and that I had missed her.

"James thought I was mad. At last I extracted the facts from him, at least so far as he knew, for he did not know where my 'sister' had disappeared to. I caught up my hat in the hope of discovering some trace of her. We were both on the threshold when I heard a faint cry. I opened the strangers door, and Dorothy, to leave, fell into my arms."

"It I had not been frightened to death in that dark room," said Dolly, "I should that horrible monkey jumped on my back. I would have said there for hours rather than call for help."

"Just think, Mr. Harwood, your special service, Miss Dolly, had already distributed Jack's pence to such a degree as to be hunted to the dark's observers. Sooner had I entered it than the mischievous pet jumped on my back and would not move till dark came to the rescue."

"Yes, I confessed to Herbert, my household fairy to Herbert, who had been waiting anxiously for her since 8 o'clock. However, I did not let him argue for more years long, for soon she had to discover to the third floor flat again and provide over my breakfast, luncheon and dinner."

"Ned Harwood was obliged to admit that, all commentary, to had proved a very useful matchmaker.—Cincinnati Times.

AT MR. SNIFFING'S.

I know that a certain Mr. Prettyman was about to propose to Matilda, and I resolved to forestall him. I was admitted when Sniffing for the last time, and entered to make into the little drawing room by the old lady, who bid me then which she was to inform her widower of my arrival. I was thunderstruck that Matilda was not in the room to meet me unbending, so for a minute gave her a little time to cool down and collect her mind, which were getting rather wild.

Sniffing Prettyman was blundering back at the street door, which seemed to shake the house to its very foundations. Was could it be the old gentleman? I rushed to the window and looked. Oh, horror, it was!

As I heard Sniffing's feet come and old Sniffing was coming up the stairs I resolved to be a hero. Sniffing, as I guessed, from some of his slightly vicious, had only some back of fresh life in his veins, and I knew where he would fall desperate again as force words to deal.

I rushed under the sofa and waited with anxious hearts the coming of Sniffing and his rival. I was suddenly into the apartment where I was, but went my sister Ann, whose I could hear him dragging along the stairs, and Matilda fainting away in a terrible manner.

Presently we came fairly alive and hoping that from home I was followed by Matilda, who to judge from the anxious expression of her face was anxious to ascertain how informed of my arrival and was expecting a scene.

The female old gentleman was just about to be relieved to find the coast clear to see if he phone was underneath when I was saved from discovery by Matilda crying out, "Why, Sniffing, what ails the poor creature all the wide right in the middle of the echo." "Some thing more—the cough, and old Sniffing, having slipped his lovely daughter, started off out one side.

I was just on the point of emerging from my hiding place when I heard a cry of alarm, the sound of my relations when they were under blows—not so boisterous as the first, but more sharp and decided. My hand, which I had therefore forced from underneath the sofa, went back quicker than it came. In another minute she should commenced but Mr. Henry Prettyman.

Here was the crisis of affairs. Sniffing he, too, had not come to make a declaration. He had, I thought, said he so about it in that end, unconfirmed manner peculiar to himself. I had with, and thought of running from my hide and exhibiting my hiding place on the spot. Then I remembered he was a total failure. Then I was and might possibly not get the worst of an encounter, and so I pictured myself removing my hands to the floor in presence of Matilda I determined to defer for the present. I must keep still and wait for the luckier moment.

I had to crouch under that wretched sofa, rubbing my injured shin, while that wretch was proposing to my sister. He was accepted, and was just formerly mentioning his arm round the slender waist of Matilda when there came a knock the very duplicate of the first. There was no jolting it. It was Sniffins. As the reverberation of the mighty knock passed away a cringe pr thrilled my heart. My rival was caught.

Sniffins' hand was on the handle of the door. I held my breath and waited for the onslaught. Would Sniffins kick Prettyman out of the room, or throw him bodily through the window were the questions that occupied my mind at this moment. Sniffins did neither. To my disgust, amazement and despair Sniffins rushed forward and grasped his hand with effusive expressions of delight.

"Well, my boy," he said, "is it all right? of course. Tilda has called ●. You haven't lost another then you young dread you, after getting my consent." Tilda looked delighted (heartless minx), but somewhat puzzled, upon which Prettyman explained how he had intercepted her letter prevent in case of his walks and got his consent to marry his daughter.

All my thoughts were now concentrated on effecting an escape from my dreadful position. After some conversation the previous trio repaired to the garden to inspect the horticultural arrangements of old Sniffins.

Now was my opportunity. I emerged from under the sofa, stole softly down the stairs, and was just going to make a rush past the dining room, through the hall and so out into the street when I nearly fell over old Sniffins, who was arranging some plants on the hall table. Fortunately he was so engrossed in his not hard or seen me, but what a dilemma! I could neither go back nor forward.

After a moment's reflection I stole quietly into the dining room (the door of which was open), resolving that Sniffins would pass on. He did pass on, but he came back again. There was no sofa to crawl under, no cupboard to hide in. The window was half open.

There was but one resource left, and as Sniffins came in at the door I popped my head out of the window and called out to looking out for the supper to be brought in, and then Matilda and Prettyman strolled in, and they all sat down at the table.

Presently old Sniffins complained of feeling cold. Then I heard him rush across the room toward the fireplace.

There was a short pause, and then a sharp click. He had set light to the fire. I had jumped my head against the brick work of the chimney. I was nearly choked with soot, and both—I was to be roasted alive. This was more than flesh and blood could stand. I put my foot upon the flame and extinguished it, and then wriggled through the aperture on to the hearthing.

Matilda screamed and fainted. Prettyman went out of the room to purchase the fetch a policeman meaning, with sniffing he left and stories. "Fire!" and "Murder!" I rushed out of the room, opened the street door, sped through the streets, and finally reached home a sooty and a blacker man than I turned from it a few hours previous.

I read in the next day's papers that the authorities were on the lookout for a dangerous lunatic who on the previous morning had made a clean sweep of Mr. Sniffins's cooking room down the chimney.—London Star.

Your throat is weak. Any unusual exposure or quick change in temperature causes roughness and uneasiness. Sometimes you have a feeling of tightness as if some foreign body were there. You can treat it with troches and washes, but you don't reach the seat of the trouble. Throat weakness is a symptom of more general disturbance. Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil does cure weak throats by healing the inflammation and nourishing and strengthening the system.

For sale by all druggists at 50 cents and $1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

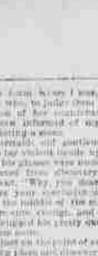
CHURCH BLANKS.

Printed and For Sale at
THE DESERET NEWS OFFICE
SALT LAKE CITY.

Stake Reports,	50c per doz
Ward Reports,	25c "
Relief Society Reports,	25c "
Primary Association Reports,	25c "
Y. L. M. I. A. Reports,	25c "
Y. M. M. I. A. Reports,	25c "
Elders' Certificates,	25c "
Bishops' Recommends, books of 50,	50c
of 100,	$1.00
Primary Association Roll and Record Books,	$1.00
Y. L. M. I. A. Roll and Record Books,	$1.00
Ward Records, 1 qr., $3.00; 2 qr., $5.00; 4 qr., $12.00.	

High Priests' Records made to order.
Seventies' Records made to order.

A Shattered Nervous System.
FINALLY HEART TROUBLE.
Restored to Health by Dr. Miles' Nervine.



MR. EDWARD HARDY, the jolly manager of Sheppard's Park, great store at Louisville, Ky., writes: "I had never been sick a day in my life until in 1895. I got so bad I was compelled to quit work. I had to lie down on and commence to do so. I took one great shrieking and one in Joint, and I felt as if my life was at an end. I thought I was going to die. I became discouraged and suffered terribly. I could not eat, sleep nor rest, and in second half I could not walk. My heart was so weak that I was afraid to take a chance of myself, and at last my heart became affected and I was truly miserable. I took six or eight bottles of Dr. Miles' Nervine. It gave me relief from the start, and at last a cure, the greatest blessing of my life.

Dr. Miles' Nervine Restores Health

Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold by all druggists under a guaranty, first bottle benefits or money back. Book on diseases of the heart and nerves free. Address,

DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

GRAEFENBERG PILLS For LIVER & SYSTEM
THEY'RE GOOD FOR YOU IF YOU NEED A PILL.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Thomas Venard, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, Jane Venard, administratrix of the estate of Thomas Venard, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within one month after the first publication of this notice, to the said administratrix at her residence, in Ward 11, Salt Lake City, in the county of Salt Lake, Utah.

Dated September 2nd, 1897.

JANE VENARD, Jr.
Administratrix of the estate of Thomas Venard, deceased.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the State of Utah, County of Salt Lake, Probate Jurisdiction.

In the matter of the estate of Sarah C. Hardy, deceased.

Notice of Sale of Real Estate at Private Sale.

UNDER AUTHORITY OF ORDER OF sale granted by the probate division of the Third Judicial District Court of the State of Utah, County of Salt Lake, dated October 2nd, 1897, I, the undersigned, administrator of the estate of said deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, for cash, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, State of Utah, all the right, title and interest of the deceased at the time of his death, and the estate of the said deceased at the time of the sale, in and to the following described real estate, to wit:

The sale will be made on or after the 27th day of October, 1897, at twelve o'clock noon, at the office of the undersigned, in the Dooly Block, Salt Lake City, Utah, and the terms of sale are cash, one-third of the purchase money on the day of sale, and the balance upon confirmation of said sale, payable in two equal installments, one and two years after date of sale, with interest at the rate of 6 per cent per annum from date of sale, payable annually, secured by a mortgage on the premises sold, with the usual clause in case of default in payment of any installment of principal or interest, and the right to pay the whole purchase money at any time after the date of sale, and to receive a ratable deduction for the same, and the right to reject any and all proposals.

C. W. HARDY,
Administrator of the estate of Sarah C. Hardy, deceased.

SUMMONS.

In the District Court of the Third Judicial District, at the State of Utah, County of Salt Lake.

Alfred Costello, Plaintiff, vs. Samuel Hill and Catharine E. Hill, his wife, Jesse H. Bacon, Trustee, Bacon Rubber Manufacturing Company, a Corporation, Roland S. Conklin, Jesse H. Jones, Jr., Wm. Conklin, North American Trust Company, a Corporation, Jesse H. Jones, Jr., Wm. Conklin, and Jesse H. Jones, as trustee for Joseph S. Rains, Defendants.

The State of Utah sends Greeting to: Samuel Hill and Catharine E. Hill, his wife, Jesse H. Bacon, Trustee, Bacon Rubber Manufacturing Company, a Corporation, Roland S. Conklin, Jesse H. Jones, Jr., Wm. Conklin, North American Trust Company, a Corporation, Jesse H. Jones, Jr., Wm. Conklin, and Jesse H. Jones, as trustee for Joseph S. Rains, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED TO appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the third judicial district court in and for the county of Salt Lake, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days exclusive of the day of service after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county, or within forty days if served out of this county, and in this county, and in the state of Utah, or within forty days if served out of this county, and in this county, and in the state of Utah, or within forty days if served out of this county, and in this county, and in the state of Utah, according to the proper publication hereof.

The said action is brought to foreclose a certain mortgage made by the said defendants, Samuel Hill and Catharine E. Hill, his wife, to Jesse H. Jones, Jr., Trustee, to secure the payment of one certain promissory note, bearing even date herewith, and for the further sum of $1,000 and interest thereon from July 1st, 1897, at the rate of 6 per cent per annum, payable annually, and for the further sum of $100