agreable was of a delicious golden color, hot and crisp.

"The coffee was all that coffee should be, and the waiter was alert and attentive. Before the dessert the Baron was far behind, and the train sped through the rapidly-sinking evening swiftly toward England and home.

"The young man leaned back in his chair, interlaced his fingers behind his head and gazed across at Jessie, showing a gleam of deep satisfaction.

"Well, this is jolly," he said.

"Yes," murmured Jessie, "it's very nice. I always did enjoy foreign travel, especially when it happens to be done in luxury but, alas, luxury costs money, doesn't it?"

"Oh, you don't need to mind! You are rich."

"That is true. I had forgotten all about it."

"I have found, that the fact of my being rich seems to have made you forget everything else," said the young man, "I should have told you that I would hand over to you, as my transferee, the money in my private capacity. I am wondering who personally carried the necessary pockets of the British taxpayer. When I travel on British government, I pay no fare but I do take in 'The Strand.' Do it well, and it reflects to their credit."

"Indeed," thought Jessie, "I am in a somewhat similar situation—the newspaper is paying all the expenses of this trip, but I didn't think to remember the money is the Eagle now that I have found it my mistress."

"Just see how much more honest the newspaper business is than diplomacy! The idea of returning any money never occurred to me. No more suppose, I guess my young friend and maker took particular care to travel on cheap fare of the Pacific Express, that money in the service is 'Get all you can and hold all you get.'"

"Ah, then, you see, you have to distinguish from mine. You get your fare to extend, and I filched through my own claim, and I get home a little in pocket."

"Well, Jessie," said the young man, pulling up the dispatch box, which he never allowed to leave his sight, and placing it on the table, "you are only to say the word, and this consolidation letter is your paperskin again. Do you prefer your generosity?"

"Oh, no, no, no, no! I would not have it back on my account. Even looking at the matter in the most matrimonial light, success means far more to you than it does to me. As you say, I am rich, therefore I am going to give up my newspaper career! I suppose that is why women very rarely make great successes of their lives—a woman's success so often is merely of incidental interest to her, a man's career is his whole life."

"What a pity it is," mused the young man, "that one person's success seldom means another person's failure! If I were the generous, whole souled person I sometimes imagine myself to be, I should refuse to accept success at the price of poor Sidney, who have actually succeeded, while I have actually failed. With a generosity that makes me feel ashamed, I offer you hand over your success to me, and I another accept it. But I compound with my conscience in this matter, and I am to be married, then we will be one. That one shall be fate to all the success of each, and share alike the failures of each. Isn't that a good idea?"

"Excellent," replied Jessie. "Nevertheless I cannot help feeling for a moment for poor Mr. Hardwick."

"Who is he—the editor?"

"Yes. He did have such faith in me that it seems almost a pity to disappoint him."

"You mustn't trouble your mind about Hardwick. Don't think of him at all. Think of me instead."

"I am afraid I will have done for some time past. Nevertheless I shall set off at Lodge and telegraph to him that I am not bringing the document to London."

"I will send the telegram for you when we reach there, but I feel somewhat rightly what you told me of his purpose. Do you think he disappointed, or, I understand you to say that you did not intend to publish the document even if he got it."

"That is quite true. He wished to act as the final messenger himself and was to meet me at Charing Cross this time, secure the envelope and take it at once to his destination."

"I see, exactly," said the young man, with a knowledge expression, "and I don't see the object in that. Are you sure he did not see the truth?"

"Oh yes! The object was this: It was time for me to leave the country, and some money and circumstances who be liable to defeat Mr. Hardwick. This official letter for Sir James Cardiff, I think that Mr. Hardwick told me that he was unable to forget the Daily Dispatch when writing it, and that he had to be gone and, and Mr. Hardwick says that he knew that the publication of the letter in the Daily Dispatch would be far to revile anything like fair treatment from Sir James, and that Sir James would be in the movement to him, and that somehow the Daily Star would be secure in scoop of the Daily Dispatch. As I understand his scheme, which didn't seem very clever to me, Mr. Hardwick had no intention of making a bargain, but simply proposed to hand over the document and let Sir James Cardiff to give The Eagle the first chance in what was doing.

"I'm going to say that the official is spurious is the case to where I am to hand this letter?"

"Yes."

"Oh, my prophetic soul, my uncle! Why that is Mr. James Cardiff, the brother of our proprietor! He is a bad old cuss, but I am well understand to outsider thinking him gruff and unfriendly. If the editor knew that he sees, then will be his difficulty and his disappointment. If all this is so and he is willing to pay me, I am to be cool to Hardwick, I can guarantee that, I am the special envoy of my paper. Everything I know I have learned from him. He cannot understand why the Daily Dispatch editor is so opposed to immediately announcing to Prince Jimmy could do it immediately for that the power. I was through this that I heard of this letter, and I believe he informed had a word and to be with and getting the last edition of special messenger. It was the thought that my uncle James would have to be had I failed and the door of interviews in my cup of service when I came to my senses after my success for his to Prince Jimmy. That would have been a stunning blow to my Uncle Cardiff. We are at Charing Cross station about 7:30 to-night, and Sir James will be there to receive the envelope. I am sure he will what do you say to our setting off for under the canopy of Charing Cross? If I overstayed Mr. Hardwick I am sure he would be willing to pay me for my services, I will introduce him to Sir James, and he will never have any more trouble in that quarter."

"I think," said the girl, looking down at the tabletop, "that I'd rather not have Mr. Hardwick paid."

"Of course not," answered the man quickly. "What was I thinking about? It will be a family meeting, and we don't want any outsiders about, do we?"

Jessie laughed, but made no reply.

They had a smooth and speedy passage across from Calais to Dover, and the train drew in at Charing Cross station exactly on time. Jessie found herself his uncle's brougham waiting for him, and on handing the young lady out of the railway carriage he suggested the old man himself closely scrutinizing the passengers for Jessie, on catching sight of her, he made eagerly forward and clasped both his nephew's hands.

"Donal," he cried, "I am very glad indeed to see you! Is everything right?"

"As right as can be, uncle."

"Then I am glad of that, too, for we have some very disquieting news from the east."

"They were quite justified, as I shall tell you later on, but meanwhile, uncle, allow me to introduce to you Miss Dunbar, who has done me the honor of promising to be my wife."

Jessie blushed in the searching rays of the electric light as the old man turned quickly toward her. Her dance left her hand in his for some moments before she spoke, gazing intently at her. Then he said slowly, "Ah, Donal, Donal, you always had a keen eye for the beautiful."

"Oh, I say," cried the young man, blushed at his uncle's flattery, "I don't call that a diplomatic remark at all, you know."

"Indeed, Mr. James," said the girl, laughing merrily, "it is better that diplomatic, it is complimentary, and I assure you I appreciate it. The first time he met me he took me for quite another person."

"Then allow me to assure that person is my dear," replied the old man, "I'll guarantee that she was a little woman, and you couldn't mind what I say, nobody ever does, otherwise my boy Donal here would be a much higher in the service than he is. But I am pleased to tell you that the journey he has now finished will prove greatly to his advantage."

"Indeed, uncle, that is true," said the young man, looking at his betrothed, "for on this journey I met again the Baron, who, to my great grief, I had lost track of for some time. And now, uncle, I want you to do me a great favor. Do you know Mr. Hardwick, editor of the Daily Dispatch?"

"Yes, I know him, but I don't like him or his paper either."

"Well, neither do the Russians, for that matter, by the time, and I never wish to tell you that if it hadn't been for his action and for the promptness of a member of his staff I should have failed in my mission. I was attacked by the Russian police and robbed. Miss Dunbar, who was on the train, was searching of what was going forward and succeeded most ably in demolishing the robbers. I was lying insensible at the time and knew nothing of the recovery of the document and handed it back to me when I was able to take it. Miss Dunbar is the heroine of the battle—the Russians a similar strategy—getting a copy of The Daily Dispatch, but I am sure, if in future you can do anything to oblige Mr. Hardwick, you will help to a man who so nobly discharged his duty. Miss Dunbar had no intention of making a bargain, but simply proposed to hand over the document and let Sir James Cardiff to give The Eagle the first chance in what was doing.

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## EX-SPEAKER REED APPEARS AS A NEW YORKER.

The former speaker of the Federal House of Representatives attracts considerable attention as he walks to his law office in New York.

"What an old darling he is!" murmured Jessie. Meaning to remark that "this old man has actually lied over his to look after the interests of the paper at the foreign office for Jessie would not have enabled me."

"If the foreign office dared to do such a thing, it would lose of something not to its advantage from the diplomatic service. And so, good night, my dear. And, with addresses, the nephew repeated the benediction of the uncle.

Jessie drove directly to the office of The Daily Eagle, and meeting the clerks entered the editorial rooms. He found Mr. Hardwick at his desk, and the evening so quickly on seeing who his visitor was.

"Ah, you have returned!" he cried. "You didn't concerning to me, so I suppose that means failure."

"I don't know, Mr. Hardwick. It all depends on whether or not your object was exactly what you told me it was."

"And what was that? I think I told you that my desire was to get possession of the document which was being transmitted from St. Petersburg to London."

"Yes, you said the object was the monitoring of old Sir James Cardiff of the foreign office."

"Exactly; that was the ultimate object, of course."

"Very well. Until this card, Sir James gave it to me at Charing Cross station less than half an hour ago."

"The editor took the card, turned it over in his hands once or twice and read the cordial message which the old man had scribbled on the back of it.

"Then you have succeeded!" cried Hardwick. "You got the document, and who did you get to do the business? I hope you didn't allow Sir James to be hurt."

"That is a long story. To put it briefly, it was the business manager carrying the documents was Lord Donal Stirling, who he—who he—on old friend of mine. Sir James is his uncle, and Lord Donal promised that he would hand over the document to the Daily Dispatch. I did not know that the Daily Dispatch gave it back to Lord Donal."

"Lord Donal! Lord Donal—Lord Donal Stirling," mused the editor. "Where have I heard that name before?"

"He is a member of the foreign embassy at St. Petersburg, so you may have seen his name in the dispatches."

"No, no, he is not in the dispatches at all that comes to me. Ah, I remember now! I met the detective the other night and asked him if anything had come of that romance in high life to solve which he had asked your assistance. He said the search for the missing lady had been abandoned and mentioned the name of Lord Donal Stirling as the foolish young man who had been engaged in the pursuit of the unknown. I suppose he was the man who had done herself an injustice."

"Perhaps you had anything further against Lord Donal," the other body, "I hog to return you that he was I have to be married."

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" said the editor hilly. "Then, having failed to find the young girl, he spoke—naturally—of himself to—"

"There was no other girl. I was the person. I left Mr. Carter when he went to search off. I willingly gave and valuable assistance in the task of failure to find my friend. Hardwick, I wish you to deal with, I had little difficulty in completing my commission. Mr. Carter, Mr. Hardwick ever suspected of that the missing person was in their own employ."

"Well, I am blessed!" ejaculated Hardwick. "So you killed Cadbury Carter in searching for Donal, and you rather—or in getting hold of the Russian letter. If money is no, Miss Dunbar, allow me to introduce to you Miss Dunbar, who has done me the honor of promising to be my wife."

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## Look Around

and see the women who are using **Pearline**. It's easy to pick them out. They're brighter, fresher, more cheerful than the women who have spent twice as much time in the rub, rub, rub, of the old way. Why shouldn't they be? Washing with **Pearline** is easy.

And look at the clothes that are washed with **Pearline**. They're brighter, and fresher, too. They haven't been rubbed to pieces on the washboard. They may be **old**, but they don't show it. For clothes washed with **Pearline** last longer.

**Beware** Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—*send it back.* 311 JAMES PYLE, New York.


# AUCTION OF UNCLAIMED GOODS—THE PACIFIC EXPRESS CO.

**No. 121 South, East Temple Street.**

Salt Lake City, Utah, Sept. 26, 1899.

To whom it may Concern:

The following goods remaining on hand, unclaimed or otherwise, unknown at hands, will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder, at the office of the undersigned, on the 27th day of Wednesday, October 1899, at 10 o'clock, at 121 South East Temple street, Salt Lake City, Utah. Sale to be continued from day to day if necessary.

J. A. SAUNDERS, Agent.

J. S. LOVELL, Superintendent.

| Name of Consignee | Description of Goods | Name and Address of Consignor |
|---|---|---|
| | BINGHAM, UTAH. | |
| Acton, S. H. | 1 package | Am. Express Co., Louisville, Ky. |
| Peterson, R. | 1 package | Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. |
| | COLLINSTON, UTAH. | |
| Davis, F. | 1 package | Forest Dell Co., Chicago, Ill. |
| Taylor, C. J. | 1 package | H. Wall Co., Chicago, Ill. |
| Taylor, W. H. | 1 package | Sidney Ry. Co., Sidney, Ill. |
| | DRAPER, UTAH. | |
| Lorenzo, J. H. | 1 package | E. Weiler, Logan, Utah. |
| | EUREKA, UTAH. | |
| Burton, D. | 1 package | |
| | FORT, UTAH. | |
| Coleman, J. T. | 1 package | J. Wilson, Chicago, Ill. |
| Coleman, J. T. | 1 package | Barnard Dom. Bell Lake City, Utah. |
| Tuttenson, T. | 1 package | J. A. Sims, Kansas City, Mo. |
| | LOGAN, UTAH. | |
| Fisher, M. L. | 1 sack | Ind. Mfgs. Flood Park, N. Y. |
| | LEHI, UTAH. | |
| Gaff, L. | 1 package | |
| | MANTI, UTAH. | |
| Lever, A. S. | 1 box | |
| | MILFORD, UTAH. | |
| Pratt, S. B. | 1 package | |
| | MORGAN, UTAH. | |
| Anderson, F. | 1 package | H. Graham, Butte, Montana. |
| Jollings, F. | 1 package | |
| Hill, M. | 1 package | A. H. Jones, Salt Lake City, Utah. |
| Hilton, Mrs. | 1 package | S. Jackson, Eureka, Utah. |
| Hilton, Mrs. | 1 package | Ind. Mfg. Co., Salt Lake City, Utah. |
| | MURRAY, UTAH. | |
| Lindberg, C. | 1 package | Nat. Pen Co., Chicago, Ill. |
| | MANTICHE, UTAH. | |
| Kessler, C. | 1 pkg | |
| | NEPHI, UTAH. | |
| Anderson, J. A. | 1 package | |
| Anderson, J. A. | 1 package | Carbo E. Works, Logan, Utah. |
| Imperial, D. C. | 1 package | Ind. Pub. Co., Springfield, Conn. |
| | OAKLEY, UTAH. | |
| Cox, A. | 1 package | Cont. Works, Ann Arbor, Mich. |
| Young, G. W. | 1 package | |
| | OGDEN, UTAH. | |
| Berry, T. G. | 1 package | |
| Dunn, J. A. | 1 pkg | J. Barnes, Palmer, Ill. |
| Dunn, J. A. | 1 pkg | Order. |
| Davis, J. C. | 1 pkg | |
| Davis, J. C. | 1 pkg | H. H. Smith, La Grande, Oregon. |
| Hartley, H. M. | 1 package | Mrs. Ann Jones, Ottumwa, Iowa. |
| Hartley, H. M. | 1 package | H. S. Hamlin, Chicago, Ill. |
| Hoskins, H. | 1 package | |
| Jones, J. Jr. | 1 package | Troy Laundry, Salt Lake City, Utah. |
| Jones, J. Jr. | 1 package | |
| Jones, J. Jr. | 1 pkg | Turner |
| Kelly, J. H. | 1 package | Turner & T., New York, N. Y. |
| Kelly, J. H. | 1 pkg | Order. |
| Lockwood, C. | 1 pkg | |
| Lockwood, C. | 1 pkg | |
| Lockwood, C. | 1 pkg |