

## DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Published every day, except Sunday, at 4 p.m.  
Subscription price is \$1.00 per year, \$1.00  
per month, \$10.00 per week, postage or delivery  
by express.

DESERET EVENING NEWS  
is a weekly newspaper published  
in Salt Lake City, Utah, by the  
Deseret News Co., Inc., publishers of  
the Deseret News.

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## HEZ'S ELOPEMENT.

A few days ago I received a most unique epistle through the mail, of which the following is my extract:

"Hon. H. H. Peleg, and I have been living together ever since we were born. Now we are married to each other. We are now a happy family."

These lines, crudely written, and with words misspelled, are the sequel to a little drama from real life which fell under my immediate observation, and with this preface I will relate it here.

Several months ago there was a curious pair of moonshiners confined in the Atlanta jail, serving out a sentence. In my daily visits to the jail I used to spend a great deal of time watching them. They were not ordinary moonshiners, in actions at least. The other moonshiners referred to them as "House-Snuggettes" and "Hez's peggs." The heart of a youth like Hez Snuggette is very susceptible to feminine charms, and it was only in the natural course of things that the beautiful youth should completely lose his heart to the fair Peggs.

When Hon. H. H. Peleg began he could never tell. It "grew" on him," his wife said, and he would be the consciousness that he was in love one fine morning. How many hours did this take? It would be hard to say, but it was certainly necessary to earn and to consider this slope-mountain absolutely necessary.

The Sunday afternoon which he had elected for his elopement was as pretty as a poem, and Peggs was on the threshold just now, looking out at the "pretty in pink" in a new dress. Her like beauty on the mountaintop in the bazaar of the sun was dressed in her best suit of clothes.

She rode up side-saddle, turned into the rocky country road, leading across the mountains to Gilcrest, county—clinging. All through the afternoon they trudged over the rough road, and just as the sun was setting at a distance behind Lost mountain they came in sight of Tom Goldring's house.

Covered with confusion Goldring hollered back to his wife, and for three whole weeks he would not even look at Peggs on her visits to the stillhouse. But all the time his love was growing warmer, and one day he grew bold again, when all eyes were turned away.

"Peggs, you are pretty as pink," he said, in a pleading voice. "I am going to walk down the ravine with you."

She blushed prettily and laughed modestly.

"Well, you are a stunner," she said, smiling.

He was a bit doubtful what was meant by that, and he debated merely for a moment whether it was wise to go with a young girl after having received such a criticism as that, but he determined to go.

He walked along beside Peggs for quite a distance in silence. He wanted to say something. The words clattered in his mouth.

"Peggs," he said finally, getting his breath very rapidly, "when I want you you are pretty as pink I mean it."

"Oh, Mr. Hon!" she exclaimed, in a shocked tone, and then she burst out laughing.

He had stood still in the path way before her. There was a hurt look on his face, and he stumbled nervously with his hands.

"See here, Peggs," he said reproachfully, "you aren't too bright of a fool for that. I mean it—I—I—Peggie, you know what I mean?"

He stammered hopelessly; she laughed more and more.

"Peggs," he continued solemnly, and placing his hand across his stomach, "I am all broken up in here now. I am sorry for thinking of you—I—I—well, you—say, Peggie."

"Oh!" Peggs ejaculated. She seemed to be deeply interested in examining a knot the had tied in the strings of his blouse. She did not speak.

"Say, Peggs," Hon. pleaded desirably, "will you marry me?"

She looked up quickly at the sick youth.

"Do you mean it share 'nuff?" she asked.

"Ever Gold I do," affirmed Hon.

"Well," said Peggs, "I—I—yes." What anxious young widow when accepted of the maiden they love is a matter irrelevant to this story. But for a long time after Hon. had been accepted he stood gazing at Peggs without saying a word.

"Hon," she finally asked, "are you sorry?"

"Now," he said, "I ain't sorry. I was just thinking."

This mutual process seemed to be very agonizing to the young author. As he continued to think his master grew very disturbed. He fidgeted with his hands; his mouth twitched. Thinking seemed to be a painful operation to him.

"Peggs," he said, after a long pause, "what'll they say?"

Peggs thought for a moment. "Oh, they'll kill you," she said. This confirmed the terrible apprehension of the widow, and soon Hon. fled during the few moments that he had uttered the suspicion of being the accepted lover of Peggs.

"All the boys'll kill me," he said inwardly.

"Yes," said Peggs, "they will." He thought again for a long while.

"Peggs," he said, "I'll tell you what'll happen."

Peggs was horrified.

"What?" she said, also shocked.

"Well, we'll get Gilcrest county."

Her continued, "you're interested, what they don't know is, I know Tom Goldring over there, so we'll

go to him and marry."

Every woman has a spark of romance in her composition. Every woman likes to think that smooth romance, and this mountain beauty was no exception. She finally yielded to Hon's plan, for an eloquent, on the following Sunday afternoon they were wedded. Together they would drive into Gilcrest and get married amid much where there was no danger of being found.

There was a long way up the ravine from where the Bushmen lived to the wilderness, and every day Peggs would carry the moonshiners meat to her father and brothers at their work. She would visit with them, and her mother would come to see her. Hon's parents had given Peggs a home, and allowed her to fall in love with them over her simple shapely, she made a pretty picture to look upon.

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But finally his companioning became his bane. One day of the stillness, while Peggs was waiting for her father and brothers to finish their dinner, Hon ventured up to Peggs and said in a trembling voice,

"Peggs, you are pretty as pink."

"Oh, Hon, you know," she exclaimed, and was frightened out of his wife. To add to his misfortune, two Bushmen caught sight of him and called out,

"He's got a foolish powder."

He made hove to his side. That do best him.

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