

their daughters, Miss Luella Nebeker and Miss Phoebe Nebeker, and Mr. Nebeker's sister, Miss Mary Nebeker, who returned from a trip to Seattle where they were to attend the fair.

Charles Flemming will leave tomorrow for New York where he will enter the university. Orville Adams will accompany him as far as Chicago, after spending two weeks there. Mr. Adams will return by way of Denver.

Mr. Luther M. Howell, Miss Nan Howell and Miss Harlow Howell went to Salt Lake Tuesday, while in the city they will be the guests of Mrs. Joseph Howell.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Jardine, Mrs. Mary Jardine and Mrs. George Torgerson returned from a week's outing in their lake.

Mr. Owen Smith spent Sunday in Logan.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Flemming returned last week from Alaska on their return home they visited the Seattle exposition.

Miss Edith Bowen and Miss Mary Bowen have returned home from Chicago where they spent the summer.

Mr. F. H. Hamilton of Ogden is visiting in town the guest of Mrs. Geo. Hamilton.

The Nebeker families met in a farewell party for their brother, Mr. Frank Nebeker, Wednesday night. Mr. Nebeker, with his family left Thursday for Salt Lake where they will make their home. Mr. Nebeker is one of the bright men of the state and his business has taken him to Salt Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Mitchell of Idaho Falls are visiting relatives in Logan.

Miss Salome Carpenter returned to Salt Lake Monday after a month's stay in Logan. Miss Salome Smith accompanied Miss Carpenter. Miss Smith will attend the Salt Lake business college this year.

Miss Josephine Thatcher, Miss Gretchen Carson and Mr. Niels Hansen spent the week in Salt Lake.

Mr. Joseph Thatcher returned to his home in San Francisco during the week. Mrs. Thatcher's niece, Miss Florence Hanks, accompanied her.

Mr. and Mrs. George Torgerson, Miss Gulliana and Mrs. H. T. Watkins returned Saturday and Sunday in Logan Canyon.

Mr. Jane Carpenter, with her daughter, Mrs. Lulu Carpenter, will return to Salt Lake Monday. While in Logan Miss Carpenter spent a week in Logan Canyon, guest at the Langdon camp.

Mr. Dane Ferrell spent the week in Logan.

Mr. John T. Caine III will arrive home the 15th of this month. For three months Mr. Caine has been touring Europe.

LEHI.

Wednesday, Miss Edith Smith and Sylvester Evans, prominent young people of Lehi, were married in the Salt Lake Temple and a reception, which was largely attended, was given in their honor Thursday evening.

Hon. Ira D. Wines is visiting the Seattle fair, also will make a trip to Alaska before returning.

James Kirkham, Jr. and Mr. and Mrs. Francis Kirkham returned Sunday after spending four months visiting different points of interest in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Gardner are visiting relatives in St. George.

Mr. A. C. Pearson of Nampa is visiting relatives here.

Mr. P. Wing, a G. A. R. veteran, returned to his home in Illinois Wednesday.

MULLETT'S CLOTHING STORE

Four big specials next week.

Commencing Tuesday Morning, September 7th.

We will place on sale 500 pairs of children's shoes, sizes 7½ to 13½—

at \$1.25 a pair.

Regular price, \$2.00 to \$3.50.

500 pairs of youth's shoes, sizes from 1 to 5½—

at \$1.25 a pair.

Regular price \$2.00 and \$3.50.

500 youth's suits, odd lots, ages 13 to 20—

at \$3.75 a suit.

Regular price from \$5.00 to \$12.00.

1,000 pairs of men's shoes—

at \$1.90 a pair.

Regular price from \$3.50 to \$6.00.

SEE SHOW WINDOWS.

Our new fall and winter goods are on display in every department.

GEORGE MULLETT AND COMPANY.

Fred A. Slade, President, Half block W. from Main on Second South.



The little daughter of Manager Hugh

COMPLETE SHORT STORY

HE pictured the new, the free, life. There would be no more nagging, no more black looks, no more heavy domestic tasks. In the crisp, strong air of the world that lay beyond the Atlantic, he would begin afresh, would renew his youth. After all, he was still a young man. He would not be forty for another three years or so. He had every chance to make a new beginning. Why not?

So he sat and pondered, whilst the hours slipped away. At eleven o'clock Mrs. Huxtable entered the room, and said irritably:

"Well, if you ain't a-goin' to bed, I ain't."

She slammed the door of the bedroom. The noise sounded to him like a farewell. He rose and went to a cupboard, from which he took a small cashbox. He unlocked it, and counted the money.

"Thirty-two pounds seven and sixpence," he muttered. "I could manage with twenty. I expect, and I'd leave the rest for Carrie."

He sat down by the dying fire. Sleep was out of the question this night. He decided to remain there till dawn, and then to go down to Euston and take a ticket for Liverpool. He felt slightly nervous as he contemplated his departure. This was the key-note of his nature, and he hated any decisive action. Still there are times when the merest of men are stung into energy.

The cheap clock on the mantelpiece ticked out the minutes. He sat, oblivious of the passing of time. He was dreaming dreams of the future. He was very happy. His heart beat with swift joy.

So the hours slipped by. When he had sat for some time, he rose and put on his hat and coat. He was to be surprised to find a bag for his wife would at once be rendered suspicious. He must go as he was, and buy a few things at Liverpool. Yes, that was the best plan, decidedly.

With silent feet he went toward the door and opened it. The chill morning air seemed to rob him of courage. Seated by the fire in the pleasant warmth, flight had seemed an easy matter. The future had appeared so simple. But the inhospitable air of the dawn seemed to bid him go back rather than forward.

He mastered the impulse, and went down the stone stairs that led to the street. Then he walked rapidly along Gray's Inn road towards King's Cross. At a coffee stall he bought some food. It revived him, and he felt inclined to smile as he pictured his wife's wonderment and rage when he failed to come home.

At Euston he was told that there would not be a train for at least an hour. He sat down in the great booking-hall. How strange it seemed to be there. At that hour he was usually on his way to work. Already a sea of freedom was beginning to hold his being. He felt elated and surprised at the same time.

A bookstall boy entered the booking-hall on his way to the platform. Something in the youngster's face recalled the face of Archie. A slight smile took hold of Huxtable's heart. He wondered why he had not thought about the children before. At least he might have contrived to take a last look at the little ones in his leaving the house. He felt very annoyed at his neglect.

It would be hard on them, losing their father, he reflected very hard. Their mother meant little to them, but for him they had always love and tenderness. He remembered how he had promised to take both of them to Battersea Park that afternoon, it being the Saturday half-holiday. And now—how now?

Well, he knew just what he was doing. He was running away from them and from his responsibilities, like a thief in the night, fleeing from justice. Gradually his memory would slip from their childish brains. The day would come when the word "father" would convey nothing to them save a shadowy recollection.

What was his own future, now that he was gone? Surely the streets would claim them, and the foul influences of the slum would bear them down. He felt a pang of remorse as he thought of his wife and the children. He felt very lonely.

He rose and paced the gloomy hall, a fever of regret. Already his life of freedom was beginning to seem a thing of mixed good. It certainly had its evil side. His wife could manage well enough without him, but the children—

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Boarding and Day School for young ladies. Complete Classical and Commercial Courses. Music, Drawing and Painting.

School Opens Sept. 7.

Apply to Sister Superior.

Ford and his wife, formerly Miss Jessie Izett, both well remembered in Salt Lake in Grand theater stock company days, have developed a wonderful taste for writing. Little Miss Jean Izett, now a boy two years ago—she returns a fine young man, and with an excellent record at the naval school in Annapolis. Mr. McQuarrie will have a few weeks' vacation here, not long enough to warrant a visit to his home in Utah, returning to Annapolis the end of the month. He will probably be assigned to some cruises during the Fulton-Hudson celebration in September and October. For three months he has been with the crew on the Chicago, stationed at Bar Harbor, Maine, and at Newport, but the cruiser is laid up for a few weeks, and he with others is enjoying a short vacation. Friends in numbers are welcoming the Utah cadet to New York.

The little daughter of Manager Hugh

COMPLETE SHORT STORY

children—ah, they were different. He helped to bring them into the world, and was it not his duty to help them through it as well?

He was a coward now, and he was afraid of the future. The future seemed dark. X might be a deadly trap there lay the destiny of those two little ones whom he loved. Conscious of his own weakness, and the fear that lingered in his blood, a man in uniform touched him on the shoulder.

"The booking office is open now, mate," he said kindly. "The train goes in fifteen minutes."

Huxtable looked up with a start.

"Thanks, old man," he said absently, but he did not go towards the window where one booked for the North. He sought the street instead, and climbed on a bus going eastwards. It deposited him at the gates of the factory where he worked, and he was just in time to slip through the door and save himself being shut out till dinner-time.

In the afternoon he went home with his wages, and with a boat which he had bought for the children to sail on the pond in the park. Mrs. Huxtable greeted him in her usual acid manner.

"You never came to bed last night," she said. "I don't say, I think you must be going off your head. What was you doing?"

"I was just thinkin' that's all," he replied, nervously.

"Thinkin'! Much good that did you, I expect. Thinkin' of how you could upset me, I daresay."

Huxtable shook his head and smiled. The two boys were standing close by, eagerly discussing the question of navigation as they handled the little boat.

"If we was in the boat, and fell out, dad would save us, wouldn't you, dad?" murmured Jackie, aged six, "for you're a real brave, I know."

Huxtable laughed gently.

"Your father 'ad be too much of a coward for that," snarled the mother. But he only laughed again.

"It's good to be a coward sometimes," he said huskily. "It's better for them as we love."—Philip Beaumont.

MRS. MARTHA ROYLE KING

Will reopen her vocal studio, 437 Constitution Block, Monday, September 6, Voices tested free. Bell phones, House 693. Studio 436-X.

Gray Hair Restored.

"WALNUT HAIR STAIN"

Restores Gray, Striped or Thinning Hair to Natural Color. Cleanses Scalp, Promotes Growth of Hair. Does not wash or rub off. Keeps hair cool and moist. Sold by druggists.

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I want to send you a complete ten day's treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send for your name and address, tell me how you suffer, and I will send you my treatment free of charge. I will also send you free of cost, my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectively cures Leucorrhoea, Green Discharges and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Promptness and health always results from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell you sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases, and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten day's treatment is yours, also the book. Write today, as you may not see the offer again. Address:

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We Play, Sing and Sell Music

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Gray Hair Restored.

"WALNUT HAIR STAIN"

Restores Gray, Striped or Thinning Hair to Natural Color. Cleanses Scalp, Promotes Growth of Hair. Does not wash or rub off. Keeps hair cool and moist. Sold by druggists.

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