

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Published every day except Sunday at 50¢.
Subscription price, 12 months, \$1.00 per year.
Subscriptions to agents, \$1.00 per year, \$1.00
per month. Extra copies, 10 cents per copy, postage paid or delivered by mail.

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AN AWFUL CHARGE.

The little combination freight and passenger train that runs from the entrance of the Great Horseshoe tunnel way up through the mountains along the bank of the Deseret river was particularly on its narrow gauge side track until its longer locomotive from Boston comes up and empties out whatever of its freight and whatever of its passengers are destined for the little villages further up the mountains. As soon as the Pithole train had pulled out of the station and into the tunnel of the end they found that it was not all right. The engine was there, but every available seat had been taken. The engine was late and Miss Greenville was in despair.

"You might just let your mind ease in the morning," suggested Mrs. March.

The maid was interviewed on this subject, but was baffled and desolate.

Then the young man made another suggestion: "The road might take the amateur place and he would drive Miss Greenville over. He was safe because he had a horse. He would have to stop a moment of his long journey to get his horse, but that was all right."

"We can't," rebuked the young woman.

"Well, well no anyway."

"I won't do any good, Frank, but I'll try if you like."

"You really must."

"I know you'll bring us home and say we are safe. You always did that."

"Frank, I am afraid you know."

"Walk on, it was about this Miss Greenville," said the young man.

"I know it must be very stupid, but I don't quite remember all about it. You had better tell me. Where did you hear?"

"It's the point, and it is really to your credit that you don't remember. I think you did not just with pride, but with a sense of humor. I told her who I was, and you did the same, and you did the same, and had beautiful eyes."

"I think I remember now. She was the girl who had such a funny squat nose."

"I don't think I ever noticed that, Frank."

"Why, she did. And she didn't know who I was. That was why she was so nice, and so kind, and so sweet—because I told her who I was."

"Did you really tell her all this time?"

"Half an hour later Miss Greenville had a large but rest stained face from March's chandler and looked doubtfully up at him."

"Frank, how dare you?" said Miss Greenville indignantly.

Marches went on quietly.

"And while I was standing out there in the baggage car?"

"I thought you were going to fall out of the door," continued Miss Greenville.

"Marches looked at her and said nothing.

"You did not know me," said Miss Greenville.

"When I was standing in the baggage car I made up my mind that you would have to talk to me. I am more sure of it now. I have been trying to see you for two months, and you have been able to keep me from it. I know I am a brute, and that if you wanted to thrash me, you would do it. But I have been unable to take a bath in the mud since I came to Boston, and you will not forgive me if I don't, and I'm through trying."

Miss Greenville laughed merrily. A bright sun one of the trees that shone on the small living area within reach and she snatched a couple of leaves at the passing point.

"I wonder what kind of a tree that is," said Miss Greenville.

"It was a pine," said Marches.

"Marches took the green leaves from his hand and threw them into the road.

"Gone," he said, "why did you throw me away?"

He turned from the window with a weary sigh and looked at him a moment. Then the light of recognition drove the words slowly from her eyes and she held out her hand firmly.

"What, how do you do, Mr. Marches?" she said.

"He took her hand slowly; he almost groped for it. He had been trying all the way from Boston to get up enough to speak to her, and now her cool, exacting smile was all he'd been able to find. This was not a welcome return, however. There certainly was nothing of pleasure. However, he pulled himself together and took the seat which she made for him beside her.

"Frank," he said, "I wish to be known to her as 'Mr. Marches.'

She laughed easily. "Oh, but that was even so long ago."

"I am sorry," said the young man.

Miss Greenville made no reply. She sat there hushed and self-composed and presently looked out of the window again. Her young man made no other noise.

"What on earth brings you to this forsaken region?" he asked.

"I am here to study," he replied.

"It is forsaken," she asked.

"Well, you, perhaps, but not—well—anyway."

"I do not like confinement," added Miss Greenville easily.

"Do not, but on the other hand—"

"Do not, I think, I must have changed."

"Probably you are changeable," said the young man very lightly.

The young man made no reply.

Miss Greenville looked intently at the boy for a while, then made a third attempt.

"Will you please tell me where you are going, Frank?" he said.

Miss Greenville turned slowly from the window.

"I know you just never eat me Miss Greenville," she said.

"Very well, Miss Greenville, will you please tell me where you are going?"

"I am going to visit my old home in Boston." And poor—

"I am going to Washington, however."

"Are you?" Then you must know about the south from Miss Greenville."

"Well—on the last lead I don't— I didn't go very suddenly—but I wouldn't find out about the things."

"I have no idea it will be all right," observed Marches, for word of his coming, however brief, had reached Boston.

"I am going to Boston, and Boston is the little combination freight and passenger train that runs from the entrance of the Great Horseshoe tunnel way up through the mountains along the bank of the Deseret river was particularly on its narrow gauge side track until its longer locomotive from Boston comes up and empties out whatever of its freight and whatever of its passengers are destined for the little villages further up the mountains. As soon as the Pithole train had pulled out of the station and into the tunnel of the end they found that it was not all right. The engine was there, but every available seat had been taken. The engine was late and Miss Greenville was in despair.

"You might just let your mind ease in the morning," suggested Mrs. Marches.

"I do, do, do," said Miss Greenville, perhaps for the same reason.

But when they arrived at the head of the end they found that it was not all right. The engine was there, but every available seat had been taken. The engine was late and Miss Greenville was in despair.

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