A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL REFER EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R. R.

IS THE GREAT CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN THE EAST AND THE WEST!

Its main line runs from Chicago to Council Bluffs and Omaha, passing through Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Geneseo, Moline, Rock Island, Davenport, West Liberty, Iowa City, Marengo, Brooklyn, Grinnell, and Des Moines, the capital of Iowa; with branches from Bureau Junction to Peoria; Wilton Junction to Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Eldon, Bolivar, Centreville, Prince ton, Trenton, Gallatin, Cameron, Leavenworth and Atchison; Washington to Sigourney, Oskaloosa and Knoxville; Keokuk to Farmington, Bonaparte, Bentonsport, Independence, Eldon, Ottumwa, Eddyville, Oskaloosa, Pella, Monroe, and Des Moines; Des Moines to Indianola and Winterset; Atlantic to Audubon and Avoca to Harlan. This is positively the only Railroad which owns, controls and operates a through line between Chicago and Kansas.

This Company own and control their Sleeping Cars, which are inferior to none, and give you a double berth between Chicago and Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, or Atchison for Two Dollars and Fifty Cents; and a section for Five Dollars, while all other lines charge between the same points, Three Dollars for a double berth, and Six Dollars for a section.

What will please you most will be the pleasure of enjoying your meals, while passing over the magnificent prairies of Illinois and Iowa, in one of our magnificent Dining and Restaurant Cars that accompany all through Express Trains. You get no extra charge. A good as is served in any first-class hotel, for twenty-five cents; or you can order what you like, and pay for what you get.

Appreciating the fact that a majority of the people prefer separate apartments for different purposes, (and the enormous passenger business of this line warranting it,) we are pleased to announce that the Company runs its PALACE SLEEPING CARS for Sleeping purposes, and its PALACE DINING CARS for Eating purposes. One other great feature of our Palace Cars is a SMOKING SALOON where you can enjoy your "Havana" at all hours of the day.

Magnificent Iron Bridges span the Mississippi and Missouri rivers at all points crossed by this line, and transfers are avoided at Council Bluffs, Leavenworth and Atchison, connections being made in Union depots.

THE PRINCIPAL R. R. CONNECTIONS OF THIS GREAT THROUGH LINE ACROSS IOWA FOLLOWS:

At Chicago with the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern and Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne & Chicago R. Rds.

At Washington Heights, with Pittsburg, Cincinnati & St. Louis R. R.

At La Salle, with Illinois Central R. R.

At Peoria, with P., P. & J., P. & D.; I. B. & W.; Ill. Midland; and T., P. & W. Railroads.

At Rock Island, with Western Union R. R. and Rock Island & Peoria Railroads.

At Davenport, with the Davenport & North-Western R. R.

At West Liberty, with the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern R. R.

At Grinnell, with Central R. R. of Iowa.

At Des Moines, with D. M. & Ft. Dodge R. R.

At Council Bluffs, with Union Pacific R. R.

At Omaha, with B., C. Rs. & Mo. R. R. (in Neb.)

At Columbus Junction, with Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern R. R.

At Ottumwa, with Central R. R. of Iowa; St. Louis, Kan. City & Northern and C., R. & Q. R. Rds.

At Keokuk, with Toledo, Peoria and Warsaw; Wabash, and St. Louis, Keokuk & N.-W. R. Rds.

At Beverly, with Kan. City & K. R. R.

At Atchison, with Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe; Atchison & Neb. and Cent. Br. Union Pacific R. Rds.

At Leavenworth, with K. P. and K. Cen. R. Rds.

OUR PALACE CARS ARE RUN through to PEORIA, DES MOINES, COUNCIL BLUFFS, ATCHISON and LEAVENWORTH.

Tickets via this Line, known as the "Great Rock Island Route," are sold by all Ticket Agents in the United States and Canada.

For information about the business of this line address,

A. KIMBALL, Gen'l Superintendent. E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Ticket and Pass'r Agt. Chicago, Ill.

UTAH SOUTHERN RAILROAD

To take effect June 13th, 1879.

Going South.

Name of Station.	No. 1 Passenger.	No. 3 Freight.	Fare.
Trains leave	A. M.	A. M.	
Salt Lake	7 00	7 30	
Morgan	7 18	8 00	50
Germania	7 22	8 10	50
Lovendahl	7 24	8 20	60
Junction	7 37	8 35	75
Arrive at			
Sandy	7 40	8 45	85
Leaves			
Sandy	7 45	9 50	
Draper	8 07	10 10	1 00
Lehi	8 44	11 20	1 65
American Fork	8 56	11 35	1 80
Pleasant Grove	9 08	11 50	1 95
	P. M.	P. M.	
Provo	9 37	12 45	2 50
Springville	9 53	1 10	2 75
Spanish Fork	10 08	1 35	3 00
Payson	10 22	2 15	3 50
Santaquin	10 50	2 40	3 75
Mona	11 20	3 40	4 35
Nephi	11 50	4 20	4 75
Arrive at			
Chicken Creek	12 30	5 20	5 55

Going North.

Name of Station.	No. 2 Passenger.	No. 4 Freight.	Fare.
Trains leave	P. M.	A. M.	
Chicken Creek	1 00	7 50	
Nephi	1 40	9 00	75
Mona	2 04	9 40	1 15
Santaquin	2 40	10 50	1 75
Payson	2 55	1 15	2 00
Spanish Fork	3 19	11 55	2 50
	P. M.		
Springville	3 34	12 20	2 75
Provo	3 49	12 45	3 00
Pleasant Grove	4 22	1 40	3 55
American Fork	4 32	1 55	3 70
Lehi	4 46	2 10	3 85
Draper	5 28	3 20	4 50
Arrive at			
Sandy	5 40	3 40	4 65
Leaves			
Sandy		4 45	
Junction	5 45	4 55	4 75
Lovendahl	5 53	5 10	4 90
Germania	5 57	5 20	5 00
Morgan	6 07	5 30	5 90
Arrive at			
Salt Lake	6 25	6 00	5 50

Nos. 1 and 2 will be run daily.
Nos. 3 and 4 will be run daily Sundays excepted.

JAMES SHARP, General Freight and Ticket Agent.
JOHN SHARP, General Superintendent.

DAVID JAMES,

LICENSED

PLUMBER, TINNER,

Steam and Gas Fitter.

Respectfully announces that, buying his material by the car load, he is prepared to

Lay Water Pipes

On Short Notice, at

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES

A Large Stock of

Pumps Plumbing Goods,

IRON PIPE, HOSE,

AND SHEET LEAD KEPT IN STOCK!

OFFICE AND WORKSHOP,

WEST TEMPLE ST.,

Opposite City Meat Market.

A. D. WHEELER,

Lately of U. S. Land Office,

LAND AGENT & ATTORNEY

First door south of U. S. Land Office.

ATTENDS promptly to Preparing Land and Mining Papers, Contests, etc., furnishes Plats of surveys, Information, etc., to interested parties. Furnishes Documents for paying Pre-emption Claims with Scrip. Will answer correspondence free. Refers by permission to

Williams & Young, Attorneys,
Bennett & Harkness, "
Rosborough & Merritt, "
Hilford & Hagan, "
McBride & Sutherland "
London Bank of Utah,
L. S. Hills, Cashier Deseret National Bank,
W. S. McCornick & Co., Bankers,
T. R. Jones, Banker,
Wells, Fargo & Co., Bankers.

dkw

NOTICE.

To Depositors of Zion's Savings' Bank and Trust Company.

ON and after January 1st, 1880, monies left on interest in this Bank, will draw interest at the rate of Six per cent. per annum.

By order of the Board of Directors,
H. S. SCHEITLER, Asst. Cashier.

Salt Lake City, Nov. 24, 1879. 6tt & wlt

THE OLD RELIABLE

FORT WAYNE AND PENNSYLVANIA R.R. LINE

Continuous all-rail Route! No Change of Cars! One Road, one Management!

FROM CHICAGO TO

Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, and New York.

GREAT SHORT LINE

TO BOSTON

Via New York City.

Reaches all Points in Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

PULLMAN PALACE CARS

ON ALL EXPRESS TRAINS.

MAGNIFICENT CARS

Equipped with the celebrated Westinghouse air brakes and Janney's New Patent Safety Platform and Coupler.

ELEGANT EATING HOUSES

With Ample Time for Meals.

3 Express Trains

Leave Chicago as Follows.

8.30 a. m. Special Fast Express Except Sunday.

With the popular vestibule sleeping car.

Reaches Pittsburgh 2.30 a m; Harrisburg 11.45 a m; Philadelphia 4.00 p m; New York 6.45 p m; Boston 6.15 a m; Baltimore 6.30 p m; Washington 9.00 p m next day.

5:15 p. m. Atlantic express, DAILY,

With Drawing Room and Hotel Car.

Reaches Pittsburgh 12.15 p m; Harrisburg 10.55 p m; Philadelphia 3.35 a m; New York 6.45 a m; special Philadelphia sleeping car on this train, which remains in depot until 7.30 a m, affording Philadelphia passengers a full night's rest.

9:10 p. m. Night Express EXCEPT SATURDAY,

With Drawing Room Sleeping Car, Reaches Pittsburg 7.20 a m; Harrisburg 3.50 a m; Baltimore 1.45 a m; Washington 2.05 a m; Philadelphia 5.00 a m; New York 10.35 a m; Boston 8.40 p m. Through Baltimore and Washington sleeping car on this train.

FARE ALWAYS AS LOW AS ANY OTHER LINE.

Through Tickets for sale at all Principal points in the west. Ask for them via the FORT WAYNE and PENNSYLVANIA LINE.

F. E. SYMES, Genl Pass. and Ticket Agent. CHICAGO.

DESERET Carriage & Wagon COMPANY.

SECOND SOUTH STREET

One and a half Blocks East of Main Street,

BUILD ALL SIZES OF FARM AND SPRING WAGONS,

Fully Warranted for One Year

Repairing in Woodwork, Blacksmithing, Painting and Trimming

Satisfaction Guaranteed. Prices Reasonable

J. WALKER, Manager.

FOR TEN DOLLARS CASH

We will insert a seven-line advertisement one week in a list of 250 weekly newspapers, or four lines in a different list of 337 papers, or ten lines two weeks in a choice of either of four separate and distinct lists containing from 70 to 150 papers each, or four lines one week in all four of the small lists, or one line one week in all six lists combined, being more than 1,000 papers. We also have lists of papers by States throughout the United States and Canada. Send for our 100 page pamphlet. Address Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce St., N. Y.

U. P. R. R.

UNTIL further notice trains will leave and arrive at Ogden daily as follows:

LEAVE.

Daily Express ..... 10:30 a.m.
Mixed ..... 6:00 p.m.
Freight ..... 8:30 a.m.

ARRIVE.

Daily Express ..... 2:15 p.m.
Mixed ..... 8:40 p.m.
Freight ..... 2:15 p.m.

Daily connections made at Ogden with Central Pacific R. R., with the Utah & Northern Railway for points in Northern Utah, Idaho and Montana, and with Utah Central road for Salt Lake City and all points in Southern Utah.

At Green River with stages for Sweetwater mines.

At Cheyenne with the Colorado Division of the Union Pacific for Denver, Leadville, Central, Black Hawk, and all cities, mining camps and Pleasure resorts in Colorado.

At Sidney with a daily line of superb Concord Coaches for Deadwood and other points in the Black Hills.

At Omaha with Chicago and Northwestern, Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific, Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, Burlington and Mo. River in Neb., Kansas City, St. Joe and Council Bluffs railroads, and steamboat lines connections for all points East and South.

Tickets for sale to all points east at Banking House of McCornick & Co., Salt Lake City; also at Union Pacific Railroad Ticket Office in Ogden, at which office berths on sleeping cars can be secured.

THOS. L. KIMBALL, Gen'l Ticket Agent, Omaha.
H. H. CLARK, Gen'l Supt. 490

UTAH CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Pioneer Line of Utah.

On and After November 6th, 1879.

Name of Station.	No. 1 Passenger.	No. 3 Passenger.	Fares.
Trains leave			
Salt Lake	7 00	3 00	
*Wood's Cross	7 25	4 08	50
Centerville	7 33	4 18	75
Farmington	7 50	4 33	1 00
Layville	8 12	4 52	1 25
Arrive at			
Ogden	9 00	5 40	1 50

Name of Station.	No. 2 Passenger.	No. 4 Passenger.	Fares.
Trains leave			
Ogden	9 40	6 20	
Layville	10 27	7 10	1 00
Farmington	10 52	7 31	1 25
Centerville	11 04	7 44	1 50
*Wood's Cross	11 13	7 53	1 75
Arrive at			
Salt Lake	11 40	8 20	2 00

*Passing Places.

MIXED TRAINS

WILL RUN DAILY,

(Sundays Excepted,)

Leaving Salt Lake City at 8.40 a.m., arriving in Ogden at 11.50 a.m.; Leaving Salt Lake at 5.05 p.m., arriving in Ogden at 8.20 p.m.; leaving Ogden at 6.15 a.m., arriving in Salt Lake City at 9.40 a.m.; leaving Ogden at 3.30 p.m., arriving in Salt Lake City at 6.45 p.m.

For all information concerning Freight or Passage, apply to

JAMES SHARP, General Freight and Ticket Agent.
JOHN SHARP, Superintendent.

T. LATIMER, G. H. TAYLOR, G. HONNEY, F. ARMSTRONG.

LUMBER YARD AND PLANING MILL.

REDUCTION IN PRICES.

Utah Red and White Pine of all kinds, Eastern Finishing Lumber, California Red Wood.

Utah, Bear River, White Cedar and Red Wood Shingles.

Red White Rustic, Ceiling, Siding, Lath, Pickets, Flooring.

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS AND MOULDINGS IN GREAT VARITY

Frames of all kinds Made to Order Very Cheap.

WINDOW GLASS.

Using large quantities ourselves, and dealing directly with the Manufactories in Car Load lots, we intend keeping a Large Stock on hand, of the various sizes, for the Public to select from at Very Low Rates.

Wood Turning of all Kinds.

LATIMER, TAYLOR & CO.,

One Block East of Depot

EVENING NEWS.

Friday, December 3, 1879.

Story of a Ticket Agent.

"Western train's gone, ma'am," said farmer Brown, coming into waiting room of the little depot.

"The train I was to take?" I said gasping.

"Yes, ma'am. Too bad, but can't be helped. Harness will give out sometimes, you know," sympathizingly.

"When is the western bound train due?"

"Not till six o'clock. You've five hours to wait. Be dreadful tiresome, ma'am. There's a nice family that live in t'other part of the house—s'poss I tote you in there. I know Mrs. Holly'll give you a bite to eat, and she'll be proud to let you rest on her spare bed. Fine woman, Mrs. Holly is; I know her. Won't you go in and see her, ma'am?"

"No, I thank you, sir. I dare say that I will be quite comfortable here."

"Well, jess as you please. But now I must be going. Hope you will git to your journey's end safe, ma'am. Good-bye."

And farmer Brown left the room, mounted his wagon, and soon disappeared down the dusty road.

I had been visiting a friend who lived in a country settlement, some five or six miles from the solitary building dignified by the name of depot, and when the time came for me to return home, she placed me in care of a neighboring farmer, who was going to a distant village, and would pass the station.

During our ride we met with an accident. Part of the harness gave away, and we were detained such a length of time that, as the reader knows, I was too late for the train.

After farmer Brown left me, I amused myself by reading a newspaper which some one had left lying in the seat.

Finishing this, I studied the design of the wall paper, counted the panes of glass in the little window and wondered at the tidiness of the whole apartment.

"Country depots are generally such vile, dirty places! Wonder why this is an exception!" I said to myself. Then a thought struck me. "Oh, probably the place is kept clean by Mrs. Holly, over whose virtues farmer Brown was so enthusiastic. Wonder if this same worthy female would give me a glass of water?"

And I tapped on the door communicating with the other apartment.

"Come in," said a cheery voice, and entering, I found myself in one of the prettiest, coziest rooms I had ever seen.

The most delicate tint of buff was on the walls, cool matting covered the floor, muslin curtains, festooned with ivy, hung at the windows, and here and there were pictures, brackets, books and flowers, and all the dainty belongings that make a room look so "honey" and pleasant.

And, most charming of all, there lay in a white draped cradle a rosy baby, fast asleep, with rings of curly hair over his white brow, and a great, red, velvety rose clasped in his dimpled hand.

Over him bent a woman of twenty-two or three—a little mite of a woman, with a bright, dark face vividly colored, big black eyes, and wondrous dark hair wound in heavy braids about her stately head.

She rose with a bright smile when I entered.

"Excuse me; but may I trouble you for a glass of water?"

"No trouble at all, ma'am. Pray be seated. Excuse me," and she left the room.

Presently she returned, bearing a salver covered with a snowy white napkin, and containing a glass of water, a glass of creamy milk, a saucer of luscious strawberries, and a plate of yellow sponge cake light as yellow foam.

"Pardon me," she said, smiling, "if I take to great a liberty; but you see, farmer Brown told me of your being obliged to wait so long, and I thought you might be hungry."

"Why, how very kind you are," I exclaimed, in pleased surprise.

"Not at all, it is a pleasure to me. If you are hot and dusty, perhaps you'd like to bathe your face. If so, just step in here."

And she led the way into a little white bed-room—the very heart of cleanliness and purity.

In a little while I was a different being from the cross, dusty, hungry mortal, who had sat in the hot waiting room.

I found Mrs. Holly a perfect little gem of a woman, and, after the manner of our sex, we soon became as well acquainted as if we had known each other for years. And while I was lying languidly on her comfortable sofa, and she seated in her low rocking chair, stitching away at her baby's dress, she told me the romance of her life.

"I have lived in this depot all my days," she began. "My father was agent here, and he served the company so long and so well that when he died, they kindly allowed me to remain in his place, with the same wages, too. For, you see, I was seventeen, and father had long before taught me telegraphy and all the other work. About a year after father's death, I became acequainted with Jack—Jack Holly—my husband," and Mrs. Holly looked up and smiled.

"Jack was one of the best engineers on the road (and is now, too,) and everyone considered him an honest, likely young fellow. He thought the world of me, and we became engaged. But you know how girls are; the weakest of them can make a strong man tremble."

"A weak, white girl held all his heart strings in her small, white hand," I said.

"Yes, and I daresay I often pulled Jack's heart strings rather hard; but he was gentle and kind when I flirted with the country lads, and when I was wild and wayward he didn't remonstrate. But one day there came along a city chap, who engaged board for the summer at a farmhouse in the neighborhood.

"This Clarence Devarges, as he was called, was handsome, well-dressed, and had that polished, indescribable air that is so fascinating to most silly girls. Jack was kind and well mannered, but he didn't have a bit of style about him, and style was what I doted on in those days; so I snubbed Jack, and smiled on Mr. Devarges when he offered me his attentions. I flirted most dreadfully with him, till even generous Jack was displeased.

"One morning, looking somewhat grave and sad, he came into the ticket office. The last passenger had gone and the train was moving out. Jack's train had stopped to take on freight.

"'Well, how long is this thing going to last?' said Jack.

"'What thing?' I snapped out.

"'Why, this affair with Devarges. I see it is going begond a mere flirtation.'

"'Pray, what of it?'

"'Only that I do not want my future wife's name joined with that lof a—' Jack paused, then added emphatically: 'well I warn you against this fellow. Who knows what he is?'

"'Mr. Devarges is a perfect gentleman, and that is more than I can say of some others,' I said hotly; and then some demon prompted me to add: 'And Mr. Holly, in regard to your future wife, I believe I do not agree to that honor—and—and here is your ring.' I drew off the little golden band and handed it to him.

"'Nell, do you mean this?' inquried Jack, with his white lips.

"'Yes I do. I'm tired of your carping and criticising. This affair may as well be ended now and forever,' pettishly.

"'So be it then. Good-bye,' said Jack, and without another word he left the room.

"To tell the truth I hadn't meant half I said, and every minute expected that Jack would kiss me, and we'd make up. But now he was gone forever. A mist came over my eyes as I watched the fast disappearing train, and I would have indulged in a good cry, but just then the 'special' came puffing up, and the president of the road came in. He was a kind old gentleman whom I had known since I was a wee girl.

"'Good day, Miss Nellie. Everything prosperous, I hope. Will you do a favor for me?'

"'Certainly, sir, if I can.'

"'Well, you see, when we were coming down I met a man who owed me some money. Paid me six hundred dollars, and I don't know what to do with it, as we are going up in the woods to see about laying out a new road. We shall be gone two days. Don't want to take the money with me—will you take charge of it while I'm gone?'

"'If you'll trust me.'

"'Bless my soul! yes, of course. Here's the money. Must hurry away. Good morning.'

"Scarcely had portly Mr. Sayre trotted away before Mr. Devarges came sauntering in.

"'Got quite a little sum there, haven't you, Miss Nellie,' eyeing the bills in my hand.

"'Yes,' I replied, laughing. 'Mr. Sayre has made me his banker. Look! Six hundred dollars! How rich I should feel if it were mine.'

"'You deserve to have much more, and doubtless that pretty face will win it.'

"Somehow his bold compliment failed to please, and so it was with coldness that I said, 'Take a chair, Mr. Devarges.'

"'No, I thank you, Miss Nellie. I have an appointment. But will you allow me to call on you this evening?'

"'Well, I scarcely think I shall be at home. You know mother and sister Lulu are away, and a little while ago I got word from grandma saying that perhaps I had better come and stay all night with her.'

"'It was true that I had received such word from grandma, but I had no thought of accepting it. I had hoped that Jack would come and make up, and of course I didn't care to have Mr. Devarges at the same time.

"'What will you do with your money, Miss Nell?' carelessly inquired Mr. Devarges.

"'Oh, I shall put it right here in this drawer. No one knows about it, and it will be perfectly safe.'

"'Dare say! Good morning,' and with a courtly bow Mr. Devarges then left.

"All that day I busied myself at my duties, and when night came I put on the dress that Jack liked best and very anxiously waited for his coming.

"Seven o'clock! eight o'clock! the last train had come and gone, and my duties for the day were over. I put out the light in the ticket office, went into the sitting-room and sat and waited. Ten o'clock! half past ten! No use waiting any longer, he would not come.

"I shivered with a nameless dread and closed the door, went to bed and cried myself to sleep.

"I had slept an hour, perhaps, and then awoke with a sudden start, feeling a great difficulty in breathing. A part of the quilt lay across my mouth, I thought; but on reaching my hand to remove it, was a handkerchief saturated with—what? a chloroform!

"A thrill of terror passed over me. Who had done this? Was there some one in the house?

"I silently arose and just then almost screamed as a sudden sound smote upon my ear. It was only the clock striking the hour of midnight. I placed my hand upon my heart to soothe its fierce throbs.

"Stepping along, carefully avoiding all obstacles, I reached the door, opened it, and advanced into the sitting-room. No one was there, but some one was in the ticket office, for I saw a light and heard a voice! What did they want? The money.—oh, the money left in my charge! Somebody was stealing it, and what should I say to Mr. Sayre? My God! I might be accused of taking it myself, and thus lose honor and position!

"'Rather lose life!' I said to myself. 'I'll defend the money until death!' and I looked around for some weapon.

"Under the stove was a large iron poker. Seizing it carefully, I started toward the office door.

"'God aid me!' I said with white lips, and then, opening the door of the office, I stole softly in. A man with his back towards me was at the other end of the room. He had forced open the drawer, taken out the money, and was looking gloatingly at the crisp green bills, when I stole behind him. I had just raised the poker to strike him when he glanced around.

"'My God! it was Clarence Devarges.

"'Hang it! now I suppose I will have to kill this pretty—' he seized me by the throat, and stifled a faint cry, I sank down. Just then Jack, my own dear Jack, rushed in. I heard oaths, blows, fierce struggling—then all was dark.

"'For the first time in my life I fainted away.

* * * *

"When I recovered Jack's face was bending tenderly over me, and Jack's voice uttering loving words. I put my arm about his neck and cried like a weak baby.

"'Aren't you hurt, Jack?'

"'Not a bit, dearest. Devarges is disabled, though, with a pistol wound in his leg. 'Tisn't very severe, but will prevent his escape.'

"'Why, you see, when we parted this morning, Nell, I thought I'd never see you again, but to-night after I came home, I made up my mind to come and try and "make up."'

"'I rather thought he was a scamp, because when I was in the city yesterday, the chief of police told me that they had reason to think that a noted gambler and "blackleg" had come up in these parts. He gave a description, 'and it suited Devarges perfectly, all excepting a moustache, you so admired which was false and fell off in our scuffle.

"'Well, as I said, I saw Devarges prowling about, and I thought I would see what he was up to. He looked in the window at you and I heard him mutter: "The deuce take it! She isn't home after all! What the deuce made her say she was going to her grandmother's? Now I suppose I'll have to wait till my pretty bird's asleep."

"'So he sat down under one tree and I sat down under another. We both saw you open the door and look out. After you had been in bed about an hour, Devarges forced open the sitting-room window and crawled in. While he was in the office lighting the lamp, I also got in at the window and concealed myself in the closet, and—well, you know the rest.'

"'Jack,' said I tearfully, 'you'll forgive me for being naughty and wayward, and you'll believe me when I say that I loved you all the time, won't you?'

"'Well, ma'am, Jack said he would, and we've been happy ever since. And this is my story ma'am—my only romance.

"'There, the baby has woke up! See him stretch out his arms! I do believe he wants to go to you. Would you like to take him? He isn't a bit afraid of strangers.'"

Swallowing

POISON

Spurts of disgusting mucous from the nostrils or upon the tonsils, Watery Eyes, Sneezing, Buzzing in the Ears Deafness, Crackling sensations in the head, Intermittent Pains over the Eyes, Fœtid Breath, Nasal Twang, Scabs in the Nostrils and Tickling in the throat are SIGNS of CATARRH.

No other such loathsome, treacherous and undermining malady curses mankind. One-fifth of our Children die of diseases generated by its Infectious Poison, and one-fourth of living men and Women drag out miserable existences from the same cause. While asleep, the impurities in the nostrils are necessarily swallowed into the stomach and inhaled into the lungs to poison every part of the system.

Dr. Wei De Meyer's Catarrh Cure absorbs the purulent virus and kills the seeds of poison in the farthest parts of the system. It will not only relieve, but certainly cure Catarrh at any stage, it is the only remedy which in our judgment, has ever yet really cured a case of Chronic Catarrh.

Cured! Cured! Cured! Cured!

G. G. Pressnell, Prop. West End Hotel, Long Branch, cured of 20 years Chronic Catarrh.

S. Berkdict, Jr., Jeweler, 607 Broadway, N. Y., (member of family) cured of Chronic Catarrh.

E. H. Brown, 129 Canal St., N. Y., cured of 11 years Chronic Catarrh.

J. D. McDonald, 710 Broadway, N. Y., (Sister-in-law) cured of 40 years Chronic Catarrh.

Mr. John Doughty, Fishill, N. Y., cured of 3 years Chronic Catarrh.

Mrs. Jacob Swartz, 300 Warren St., Jersey City, cured of 18 years Chronic Catarrh.

A. B. Thorn, 184 Montague St., Brooklyn, (left ear deaf) cured of Catarrh.

Geo. W. Robinson, Fordham, N. Y., cured of 20 years Chronic Catarrh.

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