"HER ADVENTURER."

Perhaps it was because Edward Slocomb was in love with Carrie Tracy that he disliked Jack Mourdant so much.

On the morning after Mrs. Aspinwall Jones' dance Slocomb was leisurely dressing in his room at the hotel. There was a knock at the door, and a telegram was handed in.

"Come at once," he read. He glanced at the signature—simply "Grace."

Slocomb read the telegram again, and ran his fingers through his hair in perplexity.

"Who the devil is Grace?" he muttered.

Then he looked at the telegram again. There was a mistake. Slocomb rushed out into the hall. The messenger boy was just going down stairs. He shouted to the boy, but he continued on his way. Slocomb threw a slipper he held in his hand and struck the boy between the shoulder blades.

"Can't you hear?" he said angrily. "Come back. This telegram is not for me; it is for Mr. Mourdant. His room is 13, mine is 18."

The boy took the telegram off and Slocomb went on dressing. When he found himself trying to shave himself with a sharp knife instead of a razor, he looked intently into the glass and cried:

"What's up? What's the man going to do? By Jove, he shan't marry Carrie if I can help it."

After this very emphatic speech Slocomb went down to breakfast.

His perplexity and anger were not out of place, however. If you ever happened into a conservatory and found a man kissing the girl you love you know how Slocomb felt.

This is exactly what took place at the dance the night before. Slocomb was very much surprised at Carrie. He thought she knew better than that.

She danced with Mourdant all-together too much, and she ran off with him into the conservatory altogether too many times. It looked odd indeed. People noticed it, and commented on it without mercy.

"If they were engaged, all right," said they. "Otherwise"—and shoulders were shrugged and eyebrows elevated.

Jack Mourdant was a social success at Lenox; and that for a man means a good deal. No one cared to know where he came from; no one cared to know about his family. He was handsome, in his dark, Spanish way, a good dancer—dancing men are so very scarce—and he always said the right thing in the right place.

But Slocomb was not at all satisfied with him. He could not take him as the rest of the people did. A man who danced with his cousin, Carrie Tracy, must be something more than a four weeks' wonder.

Carrie was Slocomb's cousin in a distant sort of way, and a half engagement existed between them. Slocomb had not spoken, however. He was Carrie's constant companion, and, with Mrs. Tracy as chaperone, they were out a great deal together.

It was the mother's place to put a stop to this Mourdant business, but she was quite as much fascinated with the man as her charming daughter. Therefore it fell on Slocomb's shoulders to see that nothing came of the rapidly growing intimacy. He had done his best, but he came into the conservatory just too late.

Carrie Tracy was annoyed at his appearance. Mourdant caused himself terribly. Slocomb took occasion to lecture Carrie in a cousinly way. She was very sulky, however, and snubbed him without mercy.

Why Slocomb distrusted Mourdant was on account of a very odd episode that had occurred a week before. There had been a tennis party at one of the cottages, and going home Slocomb had stumbled on Mourdant in a bypath, talking earnestly with a strange woman. It was very unfortunate. Slocomb begged pardon, was awfully sorry, and withdrew as quickly as possible. He said nothing to the man about it, however, until the dance. Mourdant's attention to Carrie was so noticeable that something could not be done.

"This thing must be stopped," said Slocomb savagely to Mourdant later in the evening.

"What thing?" asked the young fellow, with a fresh smile.

"This kissing my cousin for one thing, and secret meetings with a woman for another," said Slocomb in his blunt way.

Mourdant grew angry. Slocomb had no right to talk that way.

"I'll not explain about that affair after the tennis party," he said hotly. "I'll not betray a woman's secret. She came to the hotel to see me; it was necessary she should see me at once. They sent her to the cottage. Our meeting was accidental."

Mourdant stalked off and deigned no further explanation.

Some time later Slocomb found himself in Albany, and he saw Mourdant and "Grace" again. Mourdant was just coming in on the train from Lenox. "Grace" met him at the station. It was the day after Slocomb got the telegram by mistake. The thing did not look well at all. Slocomb hurried back to Lenox. He resolved to tell Carrie Tracy the whole miserable story.

"And what are you going to do about it?" she asked coolly, when Slocomb finished the narration.

"What am I going to do about it?" he echoed in amazement. He did not know what to make of Carrie's utter nonchalance. "That's not the question. What are you going to do about it?"

Carrie Tracy only leaned back in her chair and looked at her cousin with question marks in both of her pretty blue eyes.

"Really it seems to me that you are awfully cut up about this."

"But I am," declared Slocomb earnestly; "awfully. Good heavens, Carrie, can you see a man carry on a double game before your eyes and not say a word or lift a finger?"

"What can I do?" She said this wearily, and then Slocomb saw what was beneath her mask of cold raillery. She had put on a bold front and tried to pass it over lightly. It was no use, however. Slocomb prided himself on his knowledge of human nature. It felt that he was not at fault in one fact—Carrie Tracy loved Mourdant.

They went to a dance that evening, and every one noticed that Carrie Tracy was more beautiful than ever. Yet there was a pinched flavor to her wit, a sharp edge on her talk. Some ill not-used fellow e'e were becoming pensive and that she was becoming spoiled at last. Yellow patties were placed in the seventh season by her unwanted swain to them, but every clerk of the music, every waltz she heard, brought back the memory of a pair of dark eyes, a low, tender voice and a dream that would come no more.

And so matters went on, and the wave of the season came. The story of Jack Mourdant came out, of course, with various embellishments. Society shrugged its shoulders again and pitied poor Carrie Tracy.

"Too bad!" everybody said. "She should know better than to fall in love with a handsome adventurer. He was an awfully nice fellow, though, but frightfully wild."

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IF A BODY MEET A BODY

The result is a collision, whether "coming thro' the rye" or elsewhere, if the body happens to be suffering from a cold or other disease. We are continually meeting with people who have taken Scott's Emulsion, and they are delighted to talk about it. Some say it cures their coughs in the morning, others say it stops the night sweats, others say it gives them a healthy appetite, others say it stops the loss of flesh, others say it cures their children of wasting diseases, and so on. The fact is, it does all these things and more, for the purpose therefore, and truth, it is known everywhere that it does it, and the world, and all persons interested in the matter of such diseases, appear before the Probate Court on Friday, the first day of July, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock, in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of said Probate Court, at the County Court House, in the City and County of Salt Lake, Utah Territory, to show cause why your claims should not be presented to the said guardian, to wit: to show if the best interest of said minors, or either one, or more of them so requires, why there should not be a sale of the real estate of said minors, or either one, or more of them, for the payment of said claims, and why a portion of said minors' estate should not be invested in other lands for the benefit of said minors, for the purpose therein set forth, it is hereby ordered that a copy of this order be published in the DESERET EVENING NEWS, a newspaper printed and published in said Salt Lake City, for ten days in succession.

Dated this day of June, 1891.

M. W. RANDLE, Probate Judge.

TERRITORY OF UTAH, } ss.
County of Salt Lake, }

I, C. C. Allen, Clerk of the Probate Court in and for said County of Salt Lake, in the Territory of Utah, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a full, true and correct copy of an order made in the matter of the estate of Alice Fox, deceased, and to show publication for ordering the sale of said minors' estate.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said Court, this 9th day of June, A. D. 1891.

(SEAL.) C. C. ALLEN,
Clerk of Probate Court.
By C. E. STANTON, Deputy Clerk. 4 7w

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of Davis County, in the matter of the estate of Alice Fox, deceased, the undersigned, administrator of said estate will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on Saturday, the 11th day of July, A. D. 1891, at the office of said administrator, in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, the following real estate, and all the right, title, interest and estate of said deceased in and to said premises, to wit: All of Lots 3 and 4, in Block 3, in Plat "A" of Salt Lake City Survey.

Bids or offers in writing may be made at any time after the publication of this notice, and before the sale. Said lots may be described as the undivided ½ in fee simple in Beautiful Davis District, or at the office of Charles C. Parsons, attorney, 15 S. Main street, Salt Lake City.

Terms and conditions of sale: Ten per cent of price offered to accompany bid, balance on confirmation of sale by Probate Court. Deed at expense of purchaser.

Bids will be received for each lot separately.

ARTHUR A. LINDSAY,
Administrator of the estate of Alice Fox, deceased.

Dated April 6th, 1891. 6w

Dr. Pierce's Pellets

regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels. They are the smallest, easiest to take, perfectly natural. One a Dose. Just as delicate, it costs a cent.

$3000 A YEAR!

NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of Catherine Allen Pugsley, deceased.

Order appointing time and place for settlement of final account and to take petition for distribution.

OF READING AND FILING THE PETition of Andrew Allen Pugsley, deceased, praying that the final account of said petitioner, as executor of said estate, be settled, and that said petitioner be discharged from his office, and that the residue of said estate be distributed to the persons entitled thereto, and for other and general relief in the premises, and the said petition being set down for hearing at this time, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that said petitioner has published a notice of the time and place of hearing of said petition, and of the time and place of the settlement of said estate, and of the time and place of the