PROVO.

PROVO, UTAH, - - JAN. 31, 1898.

A SERIOUS OFFENSE.

Two Young Boys Caught Stealing Letters from the Post Office.

Postmaster Graham has suspected for some time that the lock boxes in the postoffice were being interfered with, and steps were taken to verify the correctness of his suspicions. On Saturday evening, after the mail had been distributed, one of the clerks, M. H. Graham, was left behind to watch for any possible infractions of the postal laws, and about 10 o'clock heard persons open five boxes and abstract letters from them. He quietly left the building through the rear and hurried around to the front and entered the public part of the office, where he found Henry Michael and James Baker with a number of letters in their possession. Mr. Graham entered the room postoffice inspectors and took them over to the sheriff's office, where they were locked up by Deputy Sheriff Henry.

The culprits are boys about 15 years of age. Baker is the son of a widow with several children, living in Provo, and Michael's parents live in Heber. Very was here visiting relatives. The prisoners apparently considered the arrest a good joke Saturday night, as the other prisoners complain that they kept them awake singing and "cutting up," but yesterday morning they felt more serious, and a brother of the Baker boy visited them and advised them to make a full confession. They then told Jailer Williams that they opened only one box, and, upon being asked what they intended to do with the letters, said they did not know. As they had letters addressed to four or five different persons in their possession when caught, the story of opening only one box is of course, incorrect. They had a bunch of keys, which is supposed to have been lost by someone who was a box-rentor, and they were used for opening the boxes.

U. S. Attorney Judd came down today, and the boys were given a hearing before Justice Nixon. They pleaded guilty to robbing the postoffice, and were held to the federal court. They were required to furnish $1,500 bail which has not been given yet.

Legal Diabolus.

Joseph Chamberlain has commenced suit against George T. Peary and Annie M. Peary to collect $425, with interest at one per cent per month from January 20th, 1896, on a promissory note secured by mortgage on Utah county real estate. James H. Bacon, trustee, D. G. Tuanscliff and George G. Tuanscliff, to claim an interest in the mortgaged premises, are made party defendants. King & John are attorneys for plaintiff.

George Williams (colored) and John Harvey were called up to plead to the charge of burglarizing Samuel Dudley's store in Goshen, in the Fourth district court Saturday. Their attorney, John C. Booth, demurred to the information on the ground that it did not charge that a crime had been committed; that it did not show that it had been broken by the proper officer—the county attorney—and that a copy had not been served on the defendants Williams.

The county attorney was unable to be in court on account of illness and at the request of Grant C. Bagley, who represented Mr. King, arguments on the demurrer went over till today.

Kate M. Bean obtained a divorce from Norman H. Bean on the grounds of desertion and failure to provide. The parties intermarried in this city September 12, 1895, and in May, 1896, defendant left her without any cause or provocation on her part, since which time he has only sent her $1.50. He is now living in Colorado Springs, Colo., and did not contest the case. Mrs. Bean was permitted to resume her maiden name of Kate M. Smith and was awarded $50 attorney fees, costs and $8 a month alimony.

Notes and Personals.

David Jones has been appointed nightwatchman at the Provo Woolen Mills.

Rev. Chas. W. Lusk of Ogden held services in the Congregational church yesterday forenoon and evening.

William Davis, aged 25, and Lila Hales, aged 20, both of Spanish Fork, have received a marriage license.

Judge Johnson of the Seventh judicial district stopped off in Provo yesterday on his way to Price, where he will hold court.

George C. Whitmore of Nephi was in Provo yesterday on his return from Denver, where he went to see Buffalo steak with the rest of the cattle kings.

Mrs. Isabel Wing Lake, the superintendent of the rescue work in the purity department of the W. C. T. U., with her companion cooker, Dr. Carolyn Geisel, both of Chicago, are visiting Provo, the guests of Mrs. Rina Y. Gates. The ladies will go to Salt Lake in a few days. It was the intention to have had Mrs. Lake speak in the tabernacle yesterday, but the frozen water pipes made it impossible to have a fire in the building and for that reason no meeting was held.

The Fireless Stove.

The old Dutch church at Kinderhook, N. Y., where Martin Van Buren attended service when a boy, was once the scene of a fierce conflict. The walls, ceilings and floors of the office were bare. Foot stoves kept the congregation in winter from freezing, but not from shivering. At last those who saw no connection between true religion and a cold church proposed to buy a stove to warm the meeting house. Immediately the parish was divided into two hostile factions—the stove party and the anti-stove party. A writer in the Christian at Work tells the result:

The ladies, chief of the foot-stoves, led the stove party. Their lazy male servants were accustomed to carry into their pews every Sunday morning, raised their voices with the anti-stove cabal.

But the stove party carried the day. And the stove was purchased, borne triumphantly to the church by the victorious banner, and set up on a platform in the center aisle.

In the midst of the service on the following Sunday morning a great commotion was caused by the fainting of two spinsters, overcome by the heat and the closeness of the air. The ladies were at once carried out, lying very limp in the arms of two stalwart deacons, and smelling-salts were applied.

"Shut off the heat or we'll faint," said a female voice.

"Oh, dear, I'm suffocating," echoed Lucy Holland.

"Oh, ah! we'll roast!" sighed Samantha Hoit.

A gallant young beau sprang up with a firm step on the platform, and, screening his face from the heat with his hand, made a movement to close the draught. But was it a switch or a horrid joke?

There was no fire in the stove!

Foiled

It lacked full two hours of midnight, when he had expected satanic good was ushered into my presence.

"But—you are not due until midnight," I remonstrated.

Easily," asserted Diabolus, producing a legal looking parchment. "By the terms of the bond I am your very humble servant until 12 o'clock, after that—but we will not anticipate. Of course, if I intrude——" He looked at me with polite inquiry.

"Oh, no, certainly not," I assured him, recovering my composure.

"Thank you," Diabolus said, bowing his acknowledgments. "According to the terms of this instrument, duly executed, I was to do everything you ordered me for the space of thirteen years from the date hereof, provided that in case I did so without failure, you——

"I remember the consideration perfectly," I interrupted; "and also that at 12 o'clock the fatal date.

Diabolus gracefully bowed assent.

"I thought it would drop in and see if you were satisfied with the manner in which I have performed my part of the contract. I'm happy to state that more I can do for you before our pleasant relations cease."

"Why, I regret," I replied. As a matter of fact I confidently relied upon his ingenuity to answer me to vitiate the bond. "There is not a trifle I wish you would tell me. Where did my wife sharpen the carving-knife last?"

The fiend exposed his cloven hoofs, a look of consternation on his face. "Be fair!"

"Tell me," I commanded.

"Well—well," hesitated Diabolus. "Well, give me three chances, at least."

I nodded assent as I leaned back in my chair and idly jingled the coins in my pocket.

"Tinnitus. The stove pipe," ventured Diabolus.

I shook my head, smilingly.

"The-the edge of the range."

Again I shook my head, and my smile was a grin as I watch Diabolus's growing confusion.

"On the—on the back stop."

I roared with laughter as he cried, "Sir," said Diabolus, bowing low and handing me the parchment, "I congratulate you. You have discovered the only thing that even the devil cannot guess. But will you kindly satisfy a not unnatural curiosity and tell me?"

Certainly, I replied. The steel happened to be handiest today, so she used that."

With a howl of baffled rage, Diabolus disappeared; and from that day to this we have been unable to keep our carving-knife sharp.—Truth.

On the Wrong Track.

"Yes, we need a good lad," said the lawyer to a young applicant, "and I think you will suit. Whom do you live with?"

"With my dear ma."

"What does she do?"

"Prays and takes in washing."

"What do you do with your wages?"

"Give it all to dear ma for the missionary cause."

"What do you do evenings?"

"Read hymns and verses to dear ma."

"And on Sundays?"

"Attend Sunday school."

"If you should find a nickel on the office floor, what would you spend it for?"

"I would not spend it for that would be sinful. I would restore it to the owner."

"When sent on an errand, would you stop to play marbles or roll hoop another boy?"

"No, sir, for ma says that playing marbles leads to gambling and that our little dirty wore never made to punch each other's eyes out."

"Little boy, you are too fearfully and agonizingly good for the legal profession. You should say right back into the middle of the Sunday school library book, where you evidently came from. We will endeavor to wrestle with the sternly read before us without your pious help. You may retire."

"You don't want me?"

"No."

"Sure I wouldn't suit you?"

"Very."

"Well, I'll go home and give the old woman fits! She stuck to it like bricks that I made some learn at this grind. I knew you didn't want a measly little muff around the office, but she would have her own way. Sorry, boss; good-by."

"Hold on. So you're a real live boy, after all?"

"I reckon."

"Well chance you. Come tomorrow at $. Four dollars a week. Now go. I'm busy." That boy made a good lawyer.—Cream.

"You will be bound over to keep the peace toward all her majesty's subjects for six months," said the magistrate.

"Well," replied Bill Sykes, "'ere's yer the fust furriner I cumes across!"

Your Baby

If we told you that your baby was suffering from starvation, you would be shocked and indignant enough to act, you might not act quite right, but you would. There are thousands of babies who never get enough to eat, you might be one of them and not know it. Or you might be one of those who are able to digest the food they get, but who are prevented by poor blood. Nobody can live on poor blood. Nobody can live on food they can't digest. Little ones can't. Scott's Emulsion is all food and all digestion. It makes more than enough for them. They thrive and grow on it.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the District Court, Probate Division, in and for Salt Lake County, State of Utah.

In the matter of the estate of Elias Smith, deceased.

THE PETITION FOR APPROVAL AND settlement of the account of the administrator of the estate of Elias Smith, deceased, has been set for hearing at 10 o'clock, the 11th day of February A. D. 1898, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the County Court House, in the County Seat of said County, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah.

Witness the Clerk of said Court with the seal thereof affixed this 25th day of January, A. D. 1898.

(SEAL.) DAVID C. DUNBAR, Clerk.

By GEO. E. BLAIR, Deputy Clerk.

RICHARD W. TOOLE, Attorney for Administrator.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.

Hercules Mining Company, a corporation Principal place of business, Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE PRESIDENT HAS ORDERED THAT AT a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Hercules Mining Company, a corporation organized under the laws of Utah, held on the 24th day of December, 1897, an assessment of one and one half (1½) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the said corporation, payable on or before the 1st day of February, 1898, to the Treasurer of said company at his office in the Auerbach Block, No. 102 South Main street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Any stock upon which this assessment may remain unpaid on the 15th day of February, 1898, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and such sale will be made before will be sold on the 22d day of March, 1898, to satisfy the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and sale.

Dated this 25th day of January, 1898.

By FRANCIS I. HUSKEY, Assistant secretary.

Rio Grande Hotel, corner second South and fifth West, Salt Lake City, Utah.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN accordance with and under the power and authority contained in that certain trust deed, made the 14th day of July, 1891, to the undersigned, Trustee, to secure Hiram Hall and Nancy Hall, husband and wife, and recorded July 16, 1891, in Book 4 of mortgages, pg. 37, of the records of Salt Lake County, Utah, the undersigned trustee will offer for sale and sell at the front door of the Court House in Salt Lake City, Utah, on the 19th day of February, 1898, at the hour of one o'clock p. m. of said day, the following described real estate, situate in said Salt Lake County, State of Utah, to wit:

Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40,