

CANAL COMPANY.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. Estate of David O. Calder, deceased.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, Executor of the Will of David O. Calder, deceased, to all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the date of the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the store of David O. Calder, at 47 First South Street, Salt Lake City, in the County of Salt Lake, Utah.

EVENING NEWS.

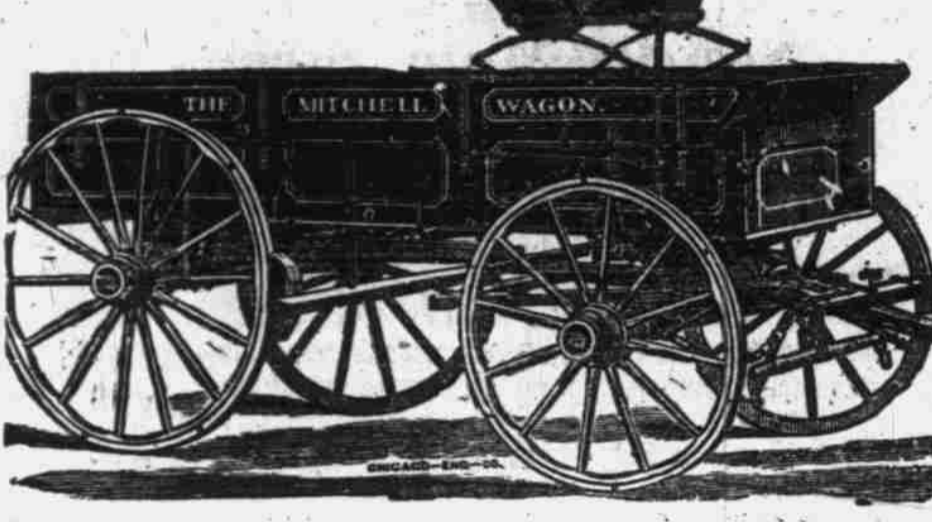
At last I said: "The secret is veiled from human eyes. I will live and hope, and I was calmer after that." My boy was now a comfort to me and I had gone to housekeeping with a young sister for my companion. She was a beautiful creature and very kind and cheerful. My house was for I could not do it for I was alone, and young voices and laughter and the sound of the piano were all around me.

GRANITE IRONWARE.

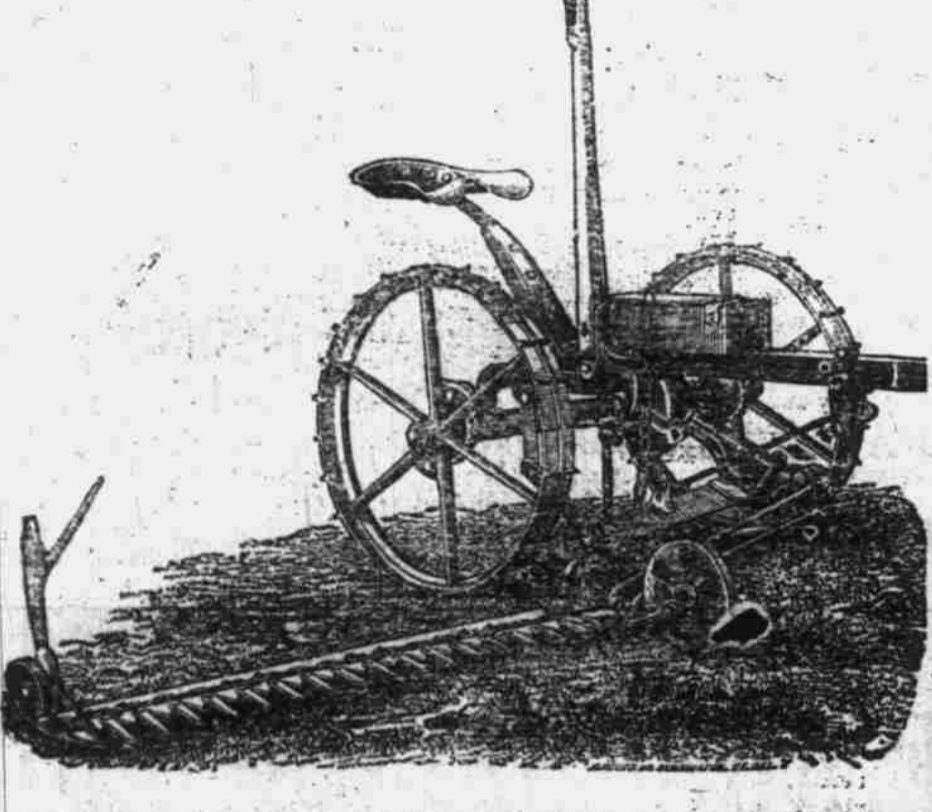
For BROILING, BAKING, BOILING, PRESERVING, LIGHT, HANDSOME, WHOLESOME, DURABLE. The Best Ware Made for the Kitchen.

GEO. T. ODELL. HEBER J. GRANT. J. F. GRANT. GRANT, ODELL & CO.

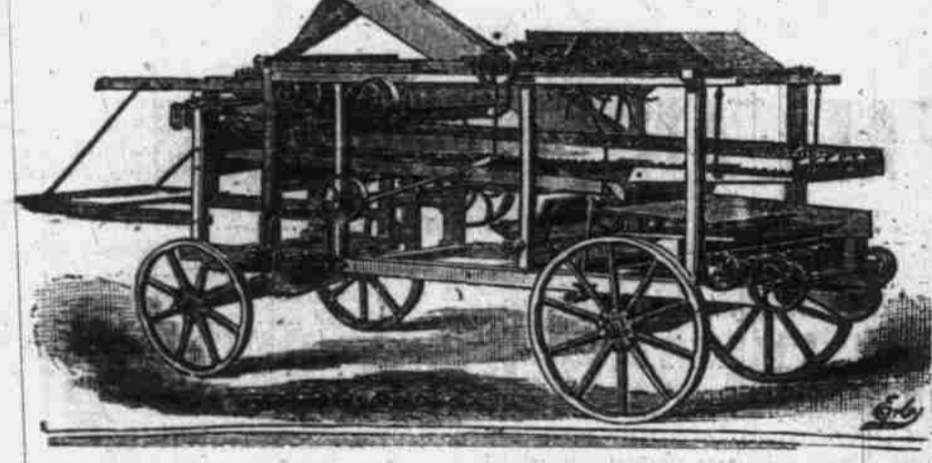
MITCHELL WAGONS.



WOOD HARVESTING MACHINES.



RUSSELL & CO. THRESHERS.



We PERSONALLY GUARANTEE the above goods to be UNEXCELLED by any in the Market and request the public to examine the same before purchasing elsewhere. In addition to the above we carry a Full Stock of GALE HAY RAKES, GILPIN SULKY PLOWS, CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, Etc., Etc.

BOCKHOLT & CUMMINGS.

THE HERALD BLOCK. Opposite (North) Continental Hotel, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Searchers of Titles of Real Estate and Other Records. Loans Negotiated on Reasonable Terms. Legal Papers Carefully Drawn.

COMPANIES INCORPORATED; WILLS DRAWN & PROBATED.

SETTLEMENT OF ESTATES OF DECEASED PERSONS SPECIALLY SOLICITED.

APPLICATIONS FOR DIVORCE AND ALIMONY CONDUCTED.

Houses Rented and Accounts Collected.

WATER RIGHTS AND OTHER STOCKS. Territorial and County Scrip Marketed.

A LUMP OF CLAY.

My husband was a sculptor in New Orleans. He was not a poor artist, but a really good one. He had a studio in the city, and his house was crowded with costly trifles, and our plate the finest in the city.

Often friends spoke of us, half in jest, half in earnest, as being offered by burglars or dishonest servants; but Ludovico laughed at their warnings, and I never knew fear when he was by.

So we lived five years, less careful of bolts and bars than many who had lived in the city, but protected by never suffering save from some petty pilfering.

In the autumn of 18-- we had just returned from a trip inland, and Ludovico was busy on now work; fresh clay had been ordered, and everything prepared for a busy winter.

One night I put my babe to sleep and went out to the kitchen to see the cook preparing for the next day. Our servants were forbidden to remain out later than nine, and it was nearly eleven when I saw the girl, the more so that she had left an outside door swinging in the wind.

I went to close it. As I stood for a moment on the threshold, I could see the garden still full of flowers, and my foot, leaning over the low fence, stood the girl, Jane, talking to a man.

The moon shone brightly, and I saw the features of both plainly. Jane was a light brunette, but it was impossible to tell whether she was of a fair color or a swarthy white. But while she was talking, the expression of his face was so brutal, full of cunning, a face to be seen among fiends.

I gazed one moment, then called out sharply and quickly, and in a moment she was with me, apologizing in a servile way, and taking my rebuke very quietly. I told her that she had left the door open, and then I went upstairs and forgot all about the matter, though it was in my mind all the time.

For once in my room, I found my husband had brought in upon a board a piece of red clay and set it at the foot of the bed.

"To-morrow, the first thing, I am going to begin--can you guess what?" asked Ludovico.

"No," said I.

"No," said my husband; "we will make a sleeping cupid of him. It shall be my first work this winter."

I shall prize it," said I. "It is lovely, is he not?" and I kissed the child so sweetly as he slept. An hour after that I fell asleep, but I dreamed of the dreamlessly. The lamps were out, all was darkness and peace.

How long I lasted I do not know. I awakened with a start, and after lying a few moments I became conscious that some one was moving stealthily about the room--some one with bare feet. Soon I heard a stumble and an oath, suppressed, but which I heard on the board on which the clay rested seemed to be pushed across the floor. My heart throbbed fearfully. I knew that burglars were in the house, and I thought only of our personal safety. They might take all if they did not harm my husband and child. I watched and listened, holding my breath until a ray of light shone in the room, and I knew the thief had a dark lantern. I heard the clink of the different articles as they slipped into a bag. I heard drawers and wardrobes stealthily opened, and I prayed that his cupid might be satisfied, and that he might go, leaving us unharmed.

Alas! the prayer was vain. Some light louder than the rest awoke my child, and I strove to get up to him. He shouted, "Who is there?" and made for the dark shape just visible in the instant the lantern was darkened, and a struggle in the dark began. I shrieked frantically. Sleep and light approached. A pistol was fired, a heavy fall followed. I heard the robber dash from the room, and the next moment the room was full of trembling servants, and I saw, by the light of a candle, the thief lying upon the floor, wetting in his blood.

I called his name. He made no answer. I lifted up his face. Alas! the truth was written there--the bullet had entered his heart. I fell back, and all the servants, I kept but one to assist me in packing, and to travel North with me.

While packing was going on she came to me and said: "There's a lump of clay on a board under your bed, ma'am. Shall I throw it away?"

I burst into tears. "The last thing his hand ever touched," I cried. "Oh, no! I will take it with me."

So the dry lump made part of my luggage. I found dear ones to grieve with me and nurse me at home, but my heart was broken. The only object I had in life was to bring Ludovico's murderer to justice.

But how, when experienced detectives had failed upon the spot, was I, an inexperienced woman, to succeed? They treated the idea with indulgent pity, but I felt sure God would help me. The face at the garden gate was stamped upon my memory. It was the only one I had, but I had another. One day I began to unpack my effects, and arrange them in my present room, and in the least of the work I came to that which was to have been our sleeping chamber, and I found a lump of clay, a lump of clay, I laid it on the table and looked at it. It was a lump of clay, but it was a lump of clay, and I wept, but amazement checked my tears. There in the midst of the dry months was a piece of a foot, the lower part of a coarse, large, malmed man's foot.

The truth burst upon me at once. The robber had trodden in the clay; he remembered that the stairs and floors were spotted with it. I remembered his declaration and the threat of the clay against the bedstead. It was plain. I locked the door, and set down with both hands to my head, and in my possession. I knew not what to do. My hands had dabbled in cast-making often. I found some plaster-of-Paris and took it to the foot, and in a few minutes I had a foot, which I stamped before me, with two toes gone--the great toe and the one next to it. I took it to the foot, and I thought it had been cut away. When I had done this, and though it was a more or less exact likeness, I gave it to anyone I broke down, and lay a long while. The excitement had been very great and brought on a fever, from which I nearly died.

Yet, despite all this, nothing came of my discovery. I walked and hoped in vain. A year went on until winter, and yet, though I had written to industrial firms in New Orleans, I had not heard from any of them.

"I should ask what is he besides a millionaire?" "What do you say to a millionaire?" "I should ask what is he besides a millionaire?" "What do you say to a millionaire?"

"Oh, a Cuban, forty odd, I suppose, and not a bit handsome; but he adores me already. It's no wonder he would marry a rich man."

"I don't without loving him?" "But! It's enough if he loves me. How do love matches end? Either one dies, and the other is wretched; or they usually end in divorce, and in a year or two. Better not love, say I."

"He's a mystery, too," said Grace. "No one knows anything about him, except that he is enormously rich. He has bought the Elms--the finest place here, you know--and they are making a great deal of money out of it. He saw me home, to the envy of every girl in the city, and he called to-morrow and asked how I am. Will you shut me in my room and send him a message to come and see me?"

I tried to smile, and the thought came upon me that it might be better never to know anything about him, and that I must be pleased from the depths of misery.

"I don't know the Cuban anyway if he is a good man that my sister likes," I said; and Grace laughed and went to bed.

The Cuban did call the next day, but I was out and did not see him, however; and he had bought the great Elms, and he was to be a resident of the town. In a word, the picture of a good man, and I was angry with myself. Three days after I had the opportunity to go to church in the evening; my boy was ill and I had to stay away. When it was time for seeing the picture, I went to the garden watching for her. The bedroom was dark, and the moon outside very bright. I could see the garden very plainly.

Soon Grace came up the path on a man's arm, and she was very pale. She had been out for a few hours, and she had been very pale. She had been out for a few hours, and she had been very pale.

I had seen the picture before--when I saw my mind went back to the night before my husband was murdered. I saw Jane, the mulatto cook, and her companion; and I saw the picture of a good man, and I saw the picture of a good man, and I saw the picture of a good man.

When I recovered I swooned upon the floor. I had seen the picture before--when I saw my mind went back to the night before my husband was murdered. I saw Jane, the mulatto cook, and her companion; and I saw the picture of a good man, and I saw the picture of a good man, and I saw the picture of a good man.

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PHIL KIPPLE & CO., BLACKSMITHS.

Manufacturers of CARRIAGES, MINING CARS, SAFETY HOOKS, ETC. CARTRIDGE PAINTING AND TRIMMING. Repairing a Specialty. No. 20 & 22 Second South St. E. & W.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court in and for Salt Lake County, Utah Territory. In the Matter of the Estate of Thomas Winters, Deceased.

IT APPEARING TO THE JUDGE OF the County of Utah, that Thomas Winters, Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Winters, deceased, has filed in said court a petition for an order of sale of the real estate of said deceased, and that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate of the said deceased to pay the claims of the said estate, and that the said court has ordered that all persons interested in the said real estate of the said deceased, do appear before the said court on Tuesday, the 10th day of September, A. D. 1884, at eleven o'clock A. M., at the court room of said court in the County Court House of said County of Salt Lake, Utah, to show why an order of sale of the real estate of the said deceased should not be granted, and that the said court has ordered that a newspaper printed and published in said county, to wit: The Evening News, published on the 10th day of August, 1884.

ELIAS A. SMITH, Probate Judge.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. Estate of S. S. McIlhenny, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of S. S. McIlhenny, deceased, to all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the date of the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his office, Second South Street, Salt Lake City, in the County of Salt Lake, Utah, on or before the 10th day of October, 1884.

ZERUBBABEL SNOW, Administrator of the Estate of S. S. McIlhenny, deceased.

CATARRH HAY FEVER.

It is a very common disease, and is caused by the action of the mucus of the nose and throat, and is attended with much suffering. It is a very common disease, and is caused by the action of the mucus of the nose and throat, and is attended with much suffering.

OLDEST AND BEST.

STRICTLY PURE WHITE LEAD OIL. PURE LINSEED OIL. SOLELY OF LOUISIANA.

For sale at Salt Lake City by E. C. M. L. F. Tinsell, Clark, Hardware & Oil Co., 101 N. Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

NAIHO.

PRESIDENCY AND BISHOPS. Organized Stakes of Zion.

THOMAS B. HICKS, President. WILLIAM F. HIGHT, Counselor. ALABAMA BISHOP, President. DEVER BISHOP, Counselor.

Gentle Women.

Who want glossy, luxuriant and wavy tresses of abundant, beautiful Hair must use LYON'S KATHARON. This elegant, cheap article always makes the Hair grow freely and fast, keeps it from falling out, arrests and cures grayness, removes dandruff and itching, makes the Hair strong, giving it a curling tendency, and keeping it in its natural condition. It is the result of using Katharon.

DR. SANFORD'S INVIGORATOR.

A Purely Vegetable Compound, that acts directly upon the Liver; curing the many diseases incident to that important organ, and preventing the numerous ailments that arise from its deranged or torpid action, such as Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Biliousness, Constipation, Migraine, Sick-Headache, Rheumatism, etc. It is therefore a triumph to have Good Health the result of using this Invigorator.

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ST. GEORGE STAKE.

J. D. T. MALLISTER, President. HENRY TAYLOR, Counselor. DAN D. MOOREHEAD, Secretary.

BISHOPS.

Joseph S. Huntington, Goshute. W. D. Pico, Harpway. Wm. H. Pico, Harpway. Wm. H. Pico, Harpway.

DAVIS STAKE.

WILLIAM B. SMITH, President. AMOS GALL, Counselor. DAVIS COUNTY.

BISHOPS.

Charles Call, East Bonanza. James Brown, East Bonanza. James Brown, East Bonanza.

JUAN STAKE.

WILLIAM PALMAY, President. JOSE GROVER, Counselor. JUAN COUNTY.

BISHOPS.

Wm. H. Wagoner, East Ward. David Deall, East Ward. David Deall, East Ward.

MORGAN STAKE.

WILLIAM G. SMITH, President. RICHARD P. SMITH, Counselor. MORGAN COUNTY.

BISHOPS.

John Hopkins, Crover. Charles Carter, South Morgan. Joseph F. Carter, South Morgan.

ONEIDA STAKE.

W. D. HENDRICKS, President. COLMAN H. HALL, Counselor. GEO. C. PARKINSON, Secretary.

PANHANDLE STAKE.

JESSE W. CROSBY, Jr., President. MARSHALL B. STEWART, Counselor. PANHANDLE COUNTY.

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