

### Her Career.

The girl in black hesitated. The sign was a very inviting one, and then, she wanted to know—oh, several things.

For she was a girl who wrote—and wrote—and wrote. Mostly she got little printed slips, "The editors regret," etc. This time she was almost sure, and here was the sign, "Madame Blank, Scientific Palmist. Futures Foretold."

Besides, there was Harry, and he, well, he had sworn that proposal No. 5 was to be the limit. In her own mind she had quite decided that if this last, this bright pet story, failed, she would give up all hope of the literary career that she had planned for herself, though, to tell the truth, it was a case of "I like candy, but candy doesn't like me." Fame absolutely refused to respond to her wooing, and, then, there was Harry.

He was so very nice, and some way he always sold his stuff. Then, too, proposal No. 5 was due tonight, and, be the story enthusiastically received or cruelly returned, she could not know until tomorrow.

"I'll do it," she said; "I'll go in and listen to the woman and abide by what she says." So she rang the bell and waited. The door was opened by a sweet-faced woman. "Your palm read? Certainly; step right in."

"Ah! you have a very fortunate hand, indeed. You will marry very shortly. Excuse the question, but have you your wedding day set?"

"Oh, no, indeed," said the girl; "I may never marry at all."

"It's very funny," murmured the palmist, who by some strange fortune appeared to really know her business; "I could have sworn that you were to be married this very day. When the line of—"

"Dear me!" remonstrated the girl, "can't you see something else in my hand? Do you see anything about, eh—about writing, you know?"

"Oh, yes," said Madame Blank, looking at the hand contemplatively. "Yes, I should say that you wrote a very fair hand, indeed."

"Gracious, I don't mean that! I mean writing stories!"

"The man you marry will write for a living, if that's what you mean. You will be very happy and your husband famous. Now, look at the—"

"Excuse me," haughtily said the girl, as she swept her hand away. "I've an appointment that I entirely forgot. How much? Fifty cents? Thank you; good day."

"Horrid old thing!" she murmured when she reached the street; then in surprise she exclaimed, "Why, Harry, where did you come from? You look particularly happy."

"I am," he returned. "I have been offered the editorship of one of the best magazines in New York. Congratulate me, won't you, dear? And say, No. 5 is not due until tonight, but I must catch the 9 o'clock express. Say yes and come with me, won't you, little girl? Ah, do, dear!"

"But, Harry, the answer to my story hasn't come, and, besides, who could get ready to go by that train?"

She was weakening. You see, he really was going, and oh, well, what was the use of denying it—she did love him, and New York was a lovely place.

"Yes, I'll do it, Harry. Only give me time to do my hair and put my hat on straight."

"And the story—"

"Never mind; they'll probably reject it."

And they did.—New York Times.

The Appletons have in preparation a volume of personal reminiscences of Bismarck written by Sidney Whitman, whose long friendship with the German statesman gave him many opportunities for observing and noting his personal characteristics. In the last seven years of Bismarck's life Mr. Whitman visited him ten times, and frequently enjoyed his confidence. Mr. Whitman's "Imperial Germany" has been translated into German, and some chapters have been used in German school text books.

Two more volumes are ready in the Athenian Drama series which Longmans, Green & Co. are publishing. The "Oedipus Tyrannus" and the "Coloneus" of Sophocles have been translated in verse by Professor J. S. Phillimore.

The author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress" and "Tribulations of a Princess" has written an account of the conditions in Cairo, Egypt, following the rebellion of Arabi Pasha. The book, which the Harpers will issue this month, is called "A Doffed Coronet." The coronet is the heroine's, and the doffing occurs when she and her husband are compelled to abdicate and join the foreign colony in free America.

In imitation of the English practice of the English Christmas annual, but of course, with the American intention to go one better, Doubleday, Page & Co. are preparing a special issue of their

periodical "Country Life in America." Rudyard Kipling contributes a poem called "Pan in Vermont."

### He Mistook.

One of the features at the woman's exhibition at the Madison Square Garden was the so-called "Street of All Nations," which is arranged around the hall in a series of little compartments labeled Italy, England, etc. In each of these compartments, backed by appropriate scenery and furnishings, sit women of the nationality represented, engaged in the typical occupations of their mothers in the motherland. For instance, the English women, in gowns very much décolleté, play bridge, while the Americans make pumpkin pie. The Italians languish over mandolins, and the French girls look at the passing throng. A young man stopped at France and engaged the chief looker in conversation.

"Parlez vous—" he began.

"Cut it out," said she, "and talk United States."

"What are you doing in France, then?" asked the astonished youth.

"I ain't going to be here much longer," she answered. "Tomorrow I'm to be transferred to Italy."

"It is hardly necessary for me to say," replied the distinguished looking woman, "that the rejection of that Frances Willard memorial window because it was wine colored has my cordial approval. We must abstain even from the appearance of compromising with the enemy."

Then the good woman lighted her little alcohol stove and made a cup of tea for her caller.—Chicago Tribune.

Here's a late story anent Christian Science: A Boston mother said to her little daughter:

"If you had faith, darling, you would have no toothache."

The child replied:

"Well, mother, if you had my toothache, you wouldn't have any faith."—Boston Herald.

One of Many.—Jack—Congratulate me. Mabel has accepted me.

Edith—Really? I hope you're not superstitious.

Jack—No. Why?

Edith—Because you're the thirteenth she has accepted this season, I believe.—Philadelphia Press.

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