

The Wake of the Baby Carriage

he dexterously wheeled the carriage about and started down the sidewalk with Miss Manners.

"It was not until a quieter street was reached that Dick Fenton spoke.

"You see, Charlotte, this is the third time I've asked you," he began carefully. "Somehow, I've rather counted on this time—three times and out, you know. You're sure you mean that you 'no back there'?"

"Sure."

"His face fell, but only for a moment. 'Well, anyhow, there's no one else—there's no one else—' he said, in a tone that was an anxious look in his eyes. She laughed, and dimpled into a blush. 'Of course not, you silly boy,' she retorted.

"Then there's a chance yet—for me."

"That doesn't follow—necessarily."

"But, Charlotte—now let's be serious."

"Serious—you? The intention was unmistakable."

"Well, then we won't be serious," returned Fenton, good-naturedly.

"Very sensibly conceded," laughed Miss Manners, with a slight shrug of her shoulders, "as long as you couldn't be serious if you tried."

Fenton was silent so long that his companion shot a furtive glance from her gray eyes.

"No," he said after a time in his old whimsical manner. "H—m, well, it's all right as far as I'm concerned. I'd get what I want in this world by smiling at it just as quickly as I frownsed at it—a little more so, perhaps. You see, I began early. I was 12 months old when I won the prize at the baby show. It seems to me that the rest of my life has been a long and arduous preparation for this moment."

"Behold a direct refutation of your argument," laughed Miss Manners, as she stooped and raised the lace about the blue

Tell me, where is she? We'll go and ex-

"Why, it's down on Green street, No. 44," murmured the other, dazedly. "But I don't see—"

"Never mind; we—we got asked. Come," finished Miss Manners, hurriedly, laying hold of the carriage.

"Charlotte, let me do this," begged the man, gently unclasping her fingers. "It's a long walk and you're tired. Go back to your own car."

"Yes, come with me," urged the woman, taking Miss Manners by the arm. "You are pale as a ghost and your husband says just right."

"Oh, but he isn't my husband," began Miss Manners, blushing a furious red.

"I'll be back right away," called Fenton, cheerily, as he trudged the carriage down the street.

In after years Fenton never forgot that walk. He had not reckoned on the picture he would produce—he clubman, bachelor and well known, wheeling a baby carriage through the streets of his home city. The baby whimpered, then sobbed, then screamed and screamed with all the strength of its lungs. At first Fenton talked to it, waisted to it and jounced it; then he let it scream and accepted the inevitable with a stolidly unmoved face. "I'll be back right away," called Fenton, cheerily, as he trudged the carriage down the street.

At 44 Green street Fenton found a frantic mother who snatched the baby from the carriage almost before the wheels ceased to turn. The deafening screams stopped instantly, and the baby in its mother's arms bent two wet, grieved eyes on its unwilling kidnaper.

"What do you mean by letting my baby



paranoid. "Now this baby gets what he wants by—Dick."

"The cry was so agonized that Dick's heart missed a beat.

"The girl was frenziedly tossing the coverings to the right and to the left. The next moment she had clutched the little baby out into the bright sunlight.

"Dick, this isn't Belle's baby after all!" she gasped. "I never saw it before in my life."

For the space of a breath Dick looked blank; then he smiled reassuringly.

"My dear girl, don't let this worry you one bit. I got the carriage, and, of course, I picked the wrong one. It was so much like yours that you didn't notice, and—there you are! Come, we've only to go back. Doubtless there is even now a fond mother rending her clothes and tearing her hair back there on the sidewalk. You must remember she doesn't want your sister's baby any more than your sister wants hers! Come!"

Their return steps, quickened by anxiety, soon brought them in sight of the big stone building on the corner; but long before they reached it Charlotte's straining eyes had seen that there was no blue-topped baby carriage before the great doors. There were the boy, the girl, two go-carts, and a carriage without any top. The boy was dangling the string of bright-colored beads before another pair of serious eyes—blue, this time—when the breathless man and woman and the crying baby in the blue-topped carriage came to a halt.

"There's been a mistake," panted Miss Manners, "and the baby I left here this afternoon. Where has the other blue-topped carriage gone, sir? Speak quick, please."

"Only yours," asserted the boy.

"But there must have been—"

"No, madam, there wasn't," chimed in the girl, tremblingly. "You see, there was an accident, and—"

"An accident?" cried Miss Manners. "Oh, no, much, only the babies got spilled, and—"

"Spilled?" gasped the lady.

"Just dumped on the sidewalk, and—"

"Dumped?" she said, choked the girl, "and ever so many people helped pick 'em up and probably mixed 'em some, and put 'em in the wrong carriages. But you'll get 'em, madam, course. There wouldn't nobody want a baby that wasn't theirs, and—"

"One of the big doors barked sharply and a middle-aged, hatless woman hurried on to the sidewalk.

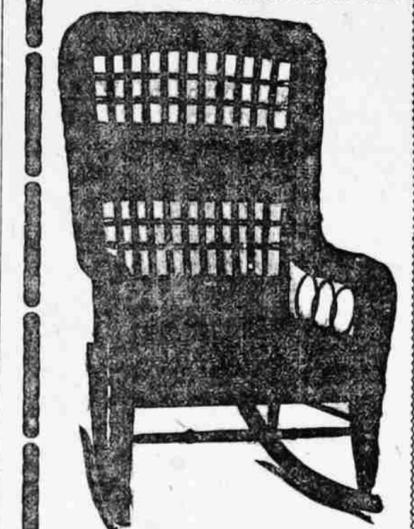
"Mary, what in the world does this mean?" she demanded. "Here's a woman telephoning that she's carried home the wrong baby, and—"

"Oh, it's my sister's," cut in Miss Manners eagerly. "I've got the woman's here."

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SOME MARVELOUS FURNITURE OFFERINGS FOR THIS WEEK'S SELLING.

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This is unquestionably the most important Willow Rocker offer of the year. Design like cut, with frame and willow work of most substantial character. \$3.15 is no indication of its worth.



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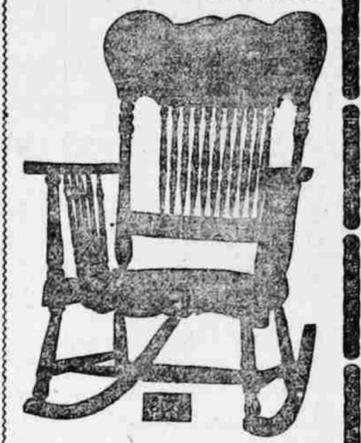
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AGORON STOVE RANGES

Manners, lifting the lace and stooping to look underneath, "not a curler there. She was erect now, her eyes wide open and frightened.

"Unconsciously he braced himself.

"This isn't Belle's baby, either?"

"Well, by Jove!"

"Dick, we must do something—do something! Dear, dear, what can we do?"

"Why go straight back to the fair, of course," declared Dick, promptly, turning the carriage about. "By George! getting to be a regular clearing-house for babies—that fair, isn't it? Sure, now will find the distracted mother in front of the door doing the lost-child act. But, Charlotte, what do you say to taking another street back?" he asked, casting a dubious glance down the sidewalk over which he had already trundled a blue-topped carriage three times that afternoon.

True to Fenton's prognostications, there was a young woman standing in front of the great doors, and she was not unlike the picture he had drawn. Her eyes were wild, her cheeks pale, and her hands clasped together in front of her breast; moreover, she rushed forward before Miss Manners could speak and snatched the baby from the carriage.

"There, there, come to muzzler, so he shall! Did the naughty woman and her husband take him off and run away with him," she crooned. "Muzzler's 'little blessed boy'—"

Miss Manners turned red, then white. Mr. Fenton turned red, then white, then purple. The woman with the baby had wheeled about and was hurrying away before Fenton or his companion found a tongue with which to remonstrate.

"Hut, my dear woman," expostulated Fenton, at last, "would you be so kind as to tell us where you have left the other baby?"

"At the police station, of course," flung the woman over her shoulder.

"The police station?" gasped two indignant voices.

"Certainly. Where else should I take lost babies, if you please?"

"And why, pray, did you come here?" demanded Fenton.

"To get my baby, of course," she retorted.

"We did, too," observed the man, slowly and suggestively.

"The woman stared, then colored a confused red.

"Why, how stupid of me!" she exclaimed.

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ELECTION OF PRESIDENT AGITATES FRENCHMEN

Believed Loubet Might Be Induced to Reconsider Refusal to Run.

PARIS, Dec. 2.—The approaching Presidential election weighs perceptibly on the general trend of French domestic politics. There are legion of candidates. In fact, it is doubtful if there ever have been so many. There is M. Fallieres, President of the Senate, whose chances are said to be good, though it is remarked that his name has been long before the Chambers and the public and too much discussed. Then M. Leon Bourgeois is still spoken of as a likely candidate and in some respects, if not in all, as a suitable one. M. Doumer, the energetic President of the Chamber of Deputies, is another favorite, though not with the advanced Republicans, a circumstance which contributes to make him popular with the center and right of the Chamber.

M. Rouvier Talked Of.

Some people think that M. Ribot would make a good President, though he, too, lacks the support of the advanced element. It is believed that the Prime Minister, though M. Rouvier's name was not actually mentioned, it believed to have been a feeble looking towards the matter of his candidature.

Last but not least, one hears it whispered that M. Loubet himself might at the last moment be prevailed upon to stand for a second term, and that would certainly afford a solution that would be viewed with considerable favor abroad, as well as in France, but M. Loubet and his friends have emphatically declared that he is bent on retirement.

The postwar may be won by a dark force, as it has been on previous occasions, but for the moment the best-dressed members of both Chambers are at sea as to who is likely to be the future President. As a general thing, the election in France is not decided exclusively on purely political considerations. The general personality of the candidate has something to do with it.

Will Be Doubly Cautious.

In the present precarious condition of international affairs, the Congress—that is to say, the two Chambers, assembled for the purpose—will be doubly cautious whom they elect an Chief of State. Now that the question of separation has been practically disposed of, apparently there is no problem of first-rate magnitude in domestic politics calculated to have any great influence in the choice of the next President.

Tintic Man Is Fined.

Joe Thompson, a Tintic miner, was fined \$20 Saturday in Judge Ditch's court on a charge of assault and battery preferred by a Commercial Street woman. Thompson claimed that he hit only struck the woman after she had hit him with a sling-shot.

Women Accused of Burglary.

Dolly Moore and Pauline Johnson, two colored women accused of burglarizing the room of H. E. Egan at 41 East First South street several nights ago, were arraigned Saturday forenoon in Judge Ditch's court. They pleaded not guilty and were held for a preliminary hearing next Monday in bonds of \$250 each.

Usually Needed

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DELINQUENT NOTICE.

Old Evergreen Mining and Tunnel company. Principal place of business, Salt Lake City, Utah. Notice—There is delinquent upon the following described stock on account of assessment No. 8, of two (2) cents per share, levied October 25, 1905, payable immediately and delinquent on the 25th day of November, 1905, the amount set opposite the name of the shareholder as follows:

No.	Name	Shares	Amt. Due
12	Charles W. Bennett	3,000	\$60.00

The order made by the board of directors on the 25th day of October, 1905, so many shares of said parcel of stock as may be necessary will be sold at the office of the secretary of said company, No. 161 South Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, on Monday, the 13th day of December, 1905, at 12 o'clock noon, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expense of sale.

(Seal) **HENRY G. MULLAN,** Secretary.

No. 161 South Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, December 1, 1905.