News of the Intermountain Region

WATER USERS DECIDE TO TAKE OVER CANAL

Meeting at Aberdeen Is Largely Attended by Settlers Interested in Project.

Special to The Tribune.

BLACKFOOT, Ida., Oct. 16.—The water users of the Aberdeen-Springfield Canal company held a very important meeting at Aberdeen Saturday. More than 30,000 shares of stock were represented, and there was a large attendance of settlers. The meeting was held for the purpose of considering a report of its examining committee, consisting of David H. Blossom, A. J. Snyder, P. A. Fugate and T. A. Sweet, to determine whether or not the water users should accept the canal system from the American Falls Canal and Power company. The committee, in company with State Engineer Martin, made a careful examination and jointly recommended certain modifications and repairs which, when completed, would bring the canal up to the standard required by its contract with the state of Idaho.

The water users voted to accept the canal upon the condition that the specified work should be done.

It seems that the state board of land commissioners has been exceedingly indifferent to the matter of securing patents for the settlers. Important correspondence from Washington has been pigeon-holed and no effort has been made to obtain the data asked for. The settlers concluded to send David H. Blossom, their supervising engineer, to Washington to represent them in this matter.

A new board of directors was elected, consisting of R. G. Rathwell, A. J. Snyder, P. W. Powers, W. G. Wylie, J. G. Latimer, D. H. Blossom, A. G. Spaulding, H. G. Wedel and S. J. Davison.

Several prominent politicians availed themselves of the opportunity of meeting voters. Chauncy St. Clair of Idaho Falls, Republican candidate for the state senate; Mr. Warwick of Idaho Falls and P. G. Johnston of Blackfoot, Republican candidates for the state legislature, and T. R. Jones, candidate for commissioner, were actively at work furthering the interests of their campaigns.

COURT AT SALMON CITY: DEATH OF OLD-TIMER

Special to The Tribune.

SALMON CITY, Ida., Oct. 16.—District court, under Judge Stevens, has been in session here since the 5th instant. The cases of alleged violations of the local option law have been laid over until the November term.

Decrees of divorce were granted to Jesse Witchen, Etta Bonner, John H. Holbrook, Lena J. Allen, Anna K. Hyman and Annie L. Shanafelt.

The murder charge against Elmer Arthur was dismissed, as was also the charge of felonious assault against Lon Smith. Mrs. Freeman, held on the charge of obtaining money under false pretenses, was dismissed.

In the matter of Sims vs. Langsdorf, an action growing out of the sale of the White Horse mine, the jury gave the plaintiff a judgment for $678.65.

The jury also gave F. T. Sanders judgment for $259, commission as agent, in his suit against J. E. Mullen, for the sale of the Moose Creek dredge.

Dennis McInerney, who shot Peeler Foster, near Gilmore, some weeks ago, was found to be insane by a commission of insanity, held before Judge McCracken last Tuesday. McInerney was to have been tried at the present session of the district court on a charge of murder. Witnesses testified at the insanity hearing that McInerney was injured on the top of his head some years ago and that he was not mentally accountable for what he did when he became excited or overheated. Drs. Whitwell, Hanmer and Murphey agreed in the verdict. McInerney was sent to the asylum at Blackfoot for a term of twenty-five years.

Sam Young, an old-timer of this district since 1866, died yesterday. He was one of the most prominent men in the early days of Lemhi county, and held several public offices.

HEBER J. DISAPPOINTS; NO PROHIBITION TALK

Special to The Tribune.

LOGAN, Oct. 16.—Heber J. Grant disappointed a large audience here this afternoon when he delivered an address at the tabernacle and failed to mention the prohibition question, when it had been previously announced that he would likely handle that subject. However, he promised to liven things up tomorrow evening, when he will appear at the tabernacle again.

This afternoon he delivered a very earnest doctrinal sermon and then sat down. After a moment or two he arose again and made this statement: "I had intended saying something here this afternoon that might have been termed political, but I have decided that it would hardly be proper to use a Sunday service for that purpose, and much as I desire to get back to Salt Lake quickly, I have determined to remain here until tomorrow evening and then have my say. Some time ago the Logan Republican printed a statement concerning me that was libelous; that it was libelous I have been assured by some of the best lawyers in this state who were quite willing to bring the suit for me, but I am a busy man and have better uses for my time than suing such people. Tomorrow evening I shall pay my compliments to the Logan Republican and they will be plain enough for all to comprehend."

Joseph Howell, chief owner of the Republican, was in the audience. Isaac Smith, president of the Oneida stake, who has recently turned his coat in the prohibition matter, was absent from the services, a fact that was generally commented upon, the popular impression being that believing that Grant would tackle the prohibition question today, Smith stayed away to avoid the lambasting he was likely to get.

RIVERTON IS DISTRICT OF LARGE HAY BARNS

Special to The Tribune.

RIVERTON, Oct. 16.—This is the district of large hay barns, many having been erected during the present year, which makes a great change in the landscape. The yield of lucern here under the Jordan canals is about two tons higher than the farms watered from the mountain streams, the reasons being that the water is warm, and that with the system of pumps as much irrigating water can be had in the fall as in the spring. The present year the yield has been below normal, as the weevil affected the first crop.

Nearly every one here has water for culinary purposes in his house. The water is piped from Bear canyon on the east mountains above Draper, crosses the Jordan river and is distributed to nearly every farm in Riverton and Bluff Dale.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

OGDEN DEPARTMENT

Permanent Office, 277 24th St. Bell Phone 511-Y. Office hours—8 a. m. to 10:30 a. m.; 6 p. m. to 8 p. m.

DEE HOSPITAL TO BE MODEL INSTITUTION

It Will Be Opened the Latter Part of November, According to Present Plans.

Special to The Tribune.

OGDEN, Oct. 16.—A model of twentieth century ideas in the treatment of the sick and sanitary arrangement will be the handsome Dee Memorial hospital which will be opened the latter part of November. The hospital is being erected as a memorial to the late Thomas D. Dee, one of the early builders of Ogden, by the members of his family.

When completed it will be turned over to the city to be conducted by a board of trustees who have already been named for the first year. Mrs. A. T. Dee has spared no money or efforts in making the hospital one of the most modern and comfortable in the United States.

It had been expected that the hospital would be ready to receive patients by October 1, but unlooked-for delays have prevented this. Mrs. Dee now believes that the building will be ready by November 20.

Plans are being made by the hospital association for the formal opening of the building, at which the public will be invited to inspect the wards, operating rooms and others parts of the building.

Early this week fires will be started in the heating plant, so that the paint and varnish in the building will be thoroughly dry and all such odors be completely eliminated before patients are taken.

GLENWOOD PARK COMPANY MUST PAY FOR ITS LIGHTS

Special to The Tribune.

OGDEN, Oct. 16.—The Glenwood Park company, owner of a once popular resort in the northeastern part of the city, will have to pay the Utah Light & Railway company $200 for the lighting of the resort grounds during the year 1907, according to an order of District Judge J. A. Howell, which will be filed tomorrow morning. The resort company denied its liability for the debt, claiming that as R. A. Grant, a one-time light promoter, had leased the grounds for the season the company would have to look to him for the payment of the claim. The court today has held otherwise and awarded the light company judgment.

ANDERSON AND WIFE ARE ACCUSED OF VAGRANCY

Special to The Tribune.

OGDEN, Oct. 16.—When Albert Anderson and Amanda Anderson were arrested on the charge of vagrancy early this morning, Anderson surprised the police by showing them a marriage license which indicated that the couple had been married in Bountiful, October 15, 1908. Prior to seeing the license the police believed they were not married. They were arrested at the Central hotel and when police court convenes tomorrow will be required to explain their method of making a living.

Miss Anderson Dead.

Special to The Tribune.

OGDEN, Oct. 16.—Doralin Anderson, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Anderson of St. Anthony, Ida., died at the Ogden general hospital early this morning from appendicitis. The young woman had recently come to Ogden and was preparing to enter the Sacred Heart academy.

Ogden Stake Meeting.

Special to The Tribune.

OGDEN, Oct. 16.—The regular monthly union meeting of the several organizations in the Ogden stake of the Mormon church was well attended at the Weber academy this afternoon. The meeting was called to order by President Thomas B. Evans. The work to be undertaken by each organization in the stake was discussed.

POLITICS AT OPHIR; TICKETS IN THE FIELD

Special to The Tribune.

OPHIR, Oct. 16.—At a special meeting of the town Republicans, "Jack" Osborne, one of Ophir's oldest residents, was nominated for justice of the peace to fill the vacancy in the ticket caused by the resignation of Guy Platt, who has moved to Salt Lake. Mr. Osborne was also recommended to the county attorney for appointment as justice for the remainder of Mr. Platt's present term of office. Mr. E. F. D. Davis is the nominee for constable.

The Democrats have a ticket in the field this year and have nominated William Kelly for justice of the peace and Lester Thompson for constable. Heretofore, there has been no opposition to the Republican administration of affairs here, but the results of the coming election will be doubtful, for the Democrats are determined to win.

John A. Ahlstrom, Ed St. Clair and Joseph Bithell have received their appointments as judges of election.

Ophir people were reminded that the deer law was out yesterday when Archie and Clifford Shields and Newell St. Joer each brought down a large animal from the hills. As a result several more hunting parties left early this morning, all confident of bringing home some big game.

General Manager Grant Snyder of the Cliff Mining company left for Salt Lake yesterday after inspecting the mine for the past three days.

The Ophir Hill Consolidated Mining & Milling company is making preparations to run its mill all winter. A pipe line is being put in between the mine and mill and the water which is pumped from the former will be used in running the mill.

CONDITIONS IN MONROE: PECULIAR TWISTINGS

Special to The Tribune.

MONROE, Oct. 16.—A great celebration is being prepared for Tuesday in Monroe when the event of locating the sugar factory at the Elsinore-Monroe site will be ratified by the people of those two towns, who are inviting the rest of the valley to come and have a good time with them. An excellent programme has been prepared, to be rendered in the Monroe auditorium, a good ball game between Monroe and Elsinore, a banquet in the Social hall, winding up with a grand ball in the auditorium in the evening. The programme is as follows: Music, by United band of Sevier county; invocation, S. W. Goold; addresses of welcome, Heber Swindle, Monroe, and Christo Hyldahl, Elsinore; quartette, F. B. Goold & Co.; response, H. N. Hayes, Richfield. George Austin of the Utah-Idaho Sugar company; music by band; address, Governor William Spry, vocal solo, Mrs. G. N. Campbell; address, Hon. John C. Cutler; male quartette, Thomas Ranson, Dan Baker, Olof Michelsen, Karl Webb; remarks, Carl B. Greenwood, Central; remarks, R. D. Young, Richfield; quartette, F. B. Goold & Co.; benediction, Constant Thueson. It is sure to be a memorable event.

A peculiar condition exists in Monroe politically. Last year the Republican candidates for the town council were interviewed by a committee from the Relief society as to their position on the saloon question. The Democrats were also visited, but as they told the ladies that as long as the rest of the state licensed it, they would continue to do so if they were elected. The Republicans, however, promised if they were elected that they would remove this evil from our midst, so our boys and girls would not be tempted to go astray. The Relief society then got busy and as a result, elected the full Republican ticket, having a hard scratch for one of them, he having been a frequent visitor at the booze parlor to play sluff. Instead of refusing to grant the saloon people a license when they took office, they kept the license at the same figure it is now, and it is sold every day in the week. It is procured Sundays at the residence of the proprietor which, by the way, is just across the street from that of the town clerk, who incidentally is president of the Relief society. Now a couple of weeks ago Harvey Bates got a license to run a pool ball in Monroe. He is also a barber. He secured a room and ran a screen through it, having his barber chair in the front and the pool room in the rear. Last week, the council passed an ordinance that any one keeping a pool ball should do so in a front room on one of the business streets of town, and that no screens should be allowed, nor any other business conducted therein, unless the fellow was licensed to sell liquor. That is consistency for you! And the joke is that the Relief society instigated the ordinance discriminating against the pool ball.

Tribune Want Ads.
Bell Main 5200. Independent 360.

NEW CONGREGATIONAL MINISTER AT OGDEN

Special to The Tribune.

OGDEN, Oct. 16.—The Rev. Frank G. Brainerd, who came here recently from Kansas City, Kas., to fill the place in the First Congregational church made vacant by the resignation of Rev. Noble Strong Elderkin, preached his initial sermon this morning on the subject of "Boys."

The Rev. Mr. Brainerd said that he did not intend to devote all of his time to the building up of the Congregational church. "The saving of the greatest problems of the day," he said, "is one of the greatest problems of today." He spoke in high terms of the "boys' scout" movement. He said that this had done much good in the east and was proving a success wherever it was being tried in the west. He said that all the churches should unite in this movement.

In addition to his other work, the Rev. Mr. Brainerd has had considerable experience in prison work, having worked in several large prisons and done good work.

This sermon was the first of a series of three which will deal with the boy problem.

WEBER POLITICAL PARTIES ARE BUSY

Special to The Tribune.

OGDEN, Oct. 16.—Monday morning bright and early the political campaign which will be waged in Weber county this fall will begin in earnest when both Republican and Democratic parties will open their headquarters from which campaign literature and other things will be distributed.

Samuel G. Dye, county clerk, has been selected as chairman of the executive committee of the Weber county church Republican party and will handle the campaign with the assistance of Harold Packer, the secretary. The county committee with the power delegated to it at the county convention three weeks ago, has accepted the resignation of Alonzo Rogers, as the nominee for city constable, and supplied the vacancy by placing the name of Henry Steele, a member of the G. A. R., on the ticket.

The Democrats have selected W. W. Browning to pilot the party to victory in Weber county this fall. The secretary has not yet been chosen.

LAST SAD RITES FOR ALEXANDER W. RANKIN

Special to The Tribune.

OGDEN, Oct. 16.—Impressive funeral services for Alexander W. Rankin, an employe of the Amalgamated Sugar company, were held at the Second ward meeting house this afternoon at 2 o'clock. Bishop's Counselor George Shorten had charge of the services. The Modern Woodmen of America attended in a body and held a ritualistic service at the grave in the City cemetery. A quartette composed of C. W. Hinchcliffe, Hagbert Anderson, Etta Browning and Irma Browning sang several numbers. Solos were also rendered by Hagbert Anderson and the Misses Browning, assisted by the choir. The speakers were G. S. Browning, John G. Ellis, George Shorten and William Moyes.

Ethel Peterson Buried.

Special to The Tribune.

OGDEN, Oct. 16.—The funeral of eight-year-old Ethel Peterson was held at the Taylor meeting house this afternoon at 1 o'clock, Bishop J. Jardine presiding. Solos were sung by Albert Hunter, assisted by the choir. The speakers were Thomas Gibson, Nathan Hawks, John Larson, William Hunter, Bishop Robert McFarland and James R. Hunter. Burial was in the City cemetery.

Mrs. M. Marquis's Funeral.

Special to The Tribune.

OGDEN, Oct. 16.—Funeral services were held over the remains of Mrs. M. Marquis, wife of William Marquis, proprietor of the St. Anthony saloon, at the Larkin funeral chapel, at noon today. The services were conducted by the Rev. V. F. Fisher, pastor of the First Methodist church. Interment was in the City cemetery.

Funeral of Infant.

Special to The Tribune.

OGDEN, Oct. 16.—Following funeral services at the family home, 2240 Monroe avenue, this afternoon, the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Franz Behling was buried in the City cemetery.

Enjoyable

There is lots of pleasure in a cup of Good Tea. It soothes the tired nerves and is a mild, pleasant stimulant—but use GOOD Tea.

Hewlett's Teas

Are always good and will please you.

EUREKA WATER SYSTEM: THE CITY WILL OWN IT

Special to The Tribune.

EUREKA, Oct. 16.—The members of the city council have determined that this city shall own its own water system and work is being pushed on the large well owned by the city located just northeast of the city and which with proper development can supply the residents of this camp with all the pure water they may require for years to come. The workmen are now drifting from the 100 level of the well, and a splendid flow of water is being encountered, which alone will supply the needs of the city. City Councilman Dave Mills took a sample of the water to Salt Lake to be examined by State Chemist Harms, who reported to the Eureka City council as follows:

"That the water is of excellent purity and contains nothing in the way of mineral which would make it undesirable for drinking or culinary purposes."

The water resembles very much the fluid taken from the Big Cottonwood, which supplies Salt Lake with its pure water, and is not contaminated by sewage, drainage or other sources of pollution. In closing his report Mr. Harms states: "I am forced to the conclusion that the water submitted is perfectly safe and fit for all culinary and domestic purposes, in fact, the water is a very desirable one for all drinking and house purposes." Eureka already owns its own sewer system and by owning its water plant places it in the fore ranks of the mining camps of the west as a city of progress and stability.

BURIAL OF THE CHILD; MOTHER STILL MANIAC

Special to The Tribune.

SPANISH FORK, Oct. 15.—Funeral services were held over the remains of little Wendell Lewis this afternoon at the home of his parents. August Swensen had charge of the services, and John Moore and Mr. Swensen were the only speakers. The funeral was held in the open air in a driving rainstorm. The little boy died of scarlet fever on the 13th inst. He was born August 23, 1907. The floral tributes were fine. The child's mother swooned at the time of the child's death, and when she came to she was a raving maniac. Her reason has not yet returned. It is heartrending to hear her shrieks and moans. She does not eat or sleep, but calls the child's name and talks incoherently about him. She swooned two or three times at the cemetery while her father held her in his arms. It is doubtful if she ever returns to her right mind.

LITTLE SMELTER TOWN GETS GLASS FACTORY

Special to The Tribune.

MURRAY, Oct. 16.—Manufacturers and capitalists are still looking to Murray to establish their enterprises. During the past week a number of prominent people from Salt Lake with two eastern capitalists were in the city looking over the ground with President McHenry of the Commercial club with a view to erecting a glass factory. A site has been decided upon on Sixteenth South and West Temple. The factory, which is assured, will cost $15,000, and will furnish work for many.

Parties interested in the establishment of a shoe factory have already looked over the ground, and are satisfied that the industry would flourish here if anywhere in the state.

Sanpete Honey Crop.

Special to The Tribune.

EPHRAIM, Oct. 16.—J. E. Hoggan, county bee inspector, has just finished his inspection of the bees of the county, and reports having found the county comparatively free from foul brood, a number of colonies in Moroni being the only ones destroyed. He reports approximately sixty-five tons of honey produced in Sanpete county this year that will be shipped out. This is the output of about 25,000 colonies. He places a value on them of close to $1 per colony. The price received for honey shipped has been 6 cents and enriches our county $7000.

The bulk of this honey has been raised by twenty-four men. The heaviest individual shipper is Walter Cox of Fairview, who has shipped a carload; Mount Pleasant parties have shipped a carload, and one will go out from the country surrounding Centerfield.

Forgotten and Alone.

Special to The Tribune.

MURRAY, Oct. 16.—Amid silent surroundings the local Republican party has established headquarters in the Murray opera house. Charlie Nichols, one of the "stanchest" here, is the man on deck, and is apparently enjoying his lonely vigil mightily.

Tribune Want Ads.
Bell Main 5200. Independent 360.

Pressmen's Strike Continues.

DENVER, Colo., Oct. 16.—The strike called last night by union pressmen on three Denver newspapers continued tonight. The two week-day morning papers involved are issuing by the assistance of their foremen, who did not go out.

Tribune Want Ads.
Bell Main 5200. Independent 360.

In Honor of Fleet's Visit.

AMOY, Oct. 16.—An inscription commemorating the visit here of the United States Atlantic fleet on its voyage around the world in 1908 has been engraved on the rocks at Nan Pu Tou Miao temple.

Tribune Want Ads.
Bell Main 5200. Independent 360.

John Scowcroft & Sons Co.
OGDEN, UTAH
CAPITAL, ... $1,000,000.00
WHOLESALE DRY GOODS,
MEN'S and WOMEN'S FURNISHINGS,
HATS, CAPS, SHOES and RUBBER GOODS
We carry by far the largest exclusive wholesale stock of the above lines between Omaha and San Francisco. If you want prompt shipments, send us your mail order.

Through a Wall of Fire

Copyright, 1909, by Harper Brothers. All rights reserved.

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

"It is really inconceivable," said her mother, "that so clever a person as Zoe can be so stupid!"

"This is certainly her masterpiece," said her sister Sylvia.

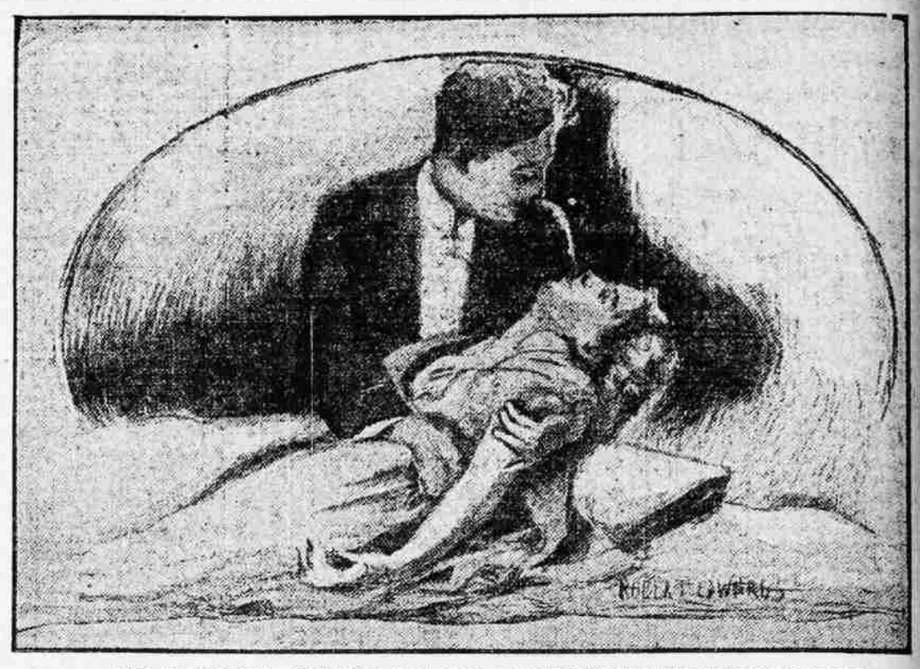
"And I suppose interference would ruin everything. It is not a particularly good match. I wish we were not so fond of Antrobus," with half a sigh.

"But we are," said Sylvia, as she watched Zoe dancing on the lawn with a stray child.

It had never occurred to Zoe, just from school, that she was a personage of importance. She knew little about the wealth she had inherited from her uncle Lewis because she had been named for mate to sketch Antrobus, and she thought how beautiful some great Shannon portraits of the two would be. When she came into her money she would have that done—if it were enough. If it was enough! The little being had no idea that by this time Uncle Lewis's bequest was counted in millions.

This condition of unconscious satisfaction endured for a long while. Her mother and Sylvia used to look at her in wonder! Was such stupidity possible? Such innocence?

And then, of a sudden, the music ceased about the house; there were no more snatches of song lilting from everywhere, no sound of dancing feet, nothing that intimated gayety of heart. Only



SHE HEARD HIM, BUT SHE LAY STILL, JUST FOR THE BLISS OF HEARING.

his wife. She had been told that wealth was a responsibility, and so she had said she should divide hers with Sylvia when she was married; of course she would be married sometime; every one was. But not now! Just now she was nothing but a bird let loose.

A joyous little thing, sometimes she seemed almost irresponsible, at other times she had the wisdom of the ages. But she was very young, her health was perfect, she was beautiful, the world was wonderful, it was good to sleep, it was good to wake, morning was always a glad surprise, night a sweet solemnity, it was a joy to be alive.

She fluttered through the house and gardens as if she had kings everywhere she went she danced rather than walked. You might have fancied her in a perpetual astonishment at finding any world that had school in it really so well worth while. As for study—had she not had enough of that already, she a little dunce? As for thinking—why should anyone think who could feel? Life could not be long enough for problems; its span was just to show its loveliness; it was all one delightful present. "Oh, how good it is just to breathe in this world of worlds!" she would say to Sylvia, when perhaps the sky was boding and the rain falling.

"Today?" said Sylvia, lifting her fine eyebrows. "How absurd you are, Zoe! One would think there was no trouble on earth!"

"I haven't come across it, if there is," said Zoe, "except, of course, in geometry or French verbs."

"You are not at school now, dear."

"That makes the world twice delightful!" And then, without knowing it, she thought no world could be anything but delightful in which Mark Antrobus lived. The mere fact that he was in it made sunshine of all sirts of weather.

And so you may see that, although her temperament made her buoyant, Mark Antrobus was part of the inner reason of this radiant happiness.

Antrobus, however, she observed, did not show that Zoe signified especially to him. He had much more to say to Sylvia. He was a student, with a dream of great poems. It would be natural were he in love with Sylvia, who was a beauty.

"Do you suppose he is?" said Zoe to her old nurse.

"Is what?" said Mrs. Martha.

"In love with Sylvia?"

"Who?"

"Mr. Antrobus."

"Well, she has the making of a duchess to her."

"What are the makings of a duchess? Her splendid figure?"

"And more than enough of it!"

"But it's like the beautiful old statues."

"And some might call her hair red," said Mrs. Martha.

"I never saw red that color! And when it's down she stands on the tips of it."

"With solid feet!" said the nurse, loyal to her own darling.

"And her eyes are like stars at twilight; and her nose—I wish mine—" slipping her finger along her own, "tiptilted like the petal of a flower."

"I think he can't help being in love with Sylvia. I suppose she is—I don't see how she can help that!" said Zoe.

"Silly!" said Mrs. Martha.

"I wonder what it feels like to be in love. Were you ever in love, Martha?"

"Lor' bless the child! There's your ma a-callin' ye."

"Yes, of course," she reasoned later. Antrobus was under Sylvia's spell. Who wasn't? That was plain common sense. If he married Sylvia, he would be her brother—a downright blessing. Perhaps they would live here, and she would not lose Sylvia, and would have him for all of every day. Who could ask more? As for any spell of her own—the possibility had not occurred to her; she was simply content to look at Antrobus as a cat might look at a king, as Mrs. Martha said. She thought of his antique perfection of face and form only as the expression of a soul so fine. She felt it a rare race that evolved such a being. She was irretrievably in love with him, without knowing it.

Sometimes he came and walked beside her in the garden; but she knew it was only because Sylvia was not there—she was not the rose, but she had lived near the rose. Sometimes he took from her hand the book she was reading and spoke of it a little; but then he was waiting for Sylvia to come down. Yet such brief moments were moments of ecstacy that made time speed without thought of past or future.

That Antrobus should have hesitated to speak to her of love lest it rub off the innocent bloom, could not cross her mind; she did not know anything about her bloom. That he hesitated on account of her money could not occur to her, either. And that his conversations with Sylvia might be chiefly about herself would have seemed ridiculous. Of course Antrobus must be in love with perfection, if in love at all. And the name of perfection again was the Sylvia whom she adored!

Antrobus often came over from his own small holding, her stepfather having books he consulted, too ponderous to borrow, too costly to buy. Then, after a morning at which, once in a while, Zoe assisted in making alphabetical lists, escaping presently like a bird that had been held a moment on the finger, he would perhaps walk with Sylvia in the long pergola, his tall head a little bent, all the greenery of the vines opening and closing about them, and seeming to Zoe, as she saw them from an upper window, beings of romance quite apart from herself, hardly of everyday people. She made a sketch of them once—sketching Sylvia made it legitimate to sketch Antrobus, and she thought how beautiful some great Shannon portraits of the two would be. When she came into her money she would have that done—if it were enough. If it was enough! The little being had no idea that by this time Uncle Lewis's bequest was counted in millions.

This condition of unconscious satisfaction endured for a long while. Her mother and Sylvia used to look at her in wonder! Was such stupidity possible? Such innocence?

And then, of a sudden, the music ceased about the house; there were no more snatches of song lilting from everywhere, no sound of dancing feet, nothing that intimated gayety of heart. Only a pale, listless little person dragged herself about, and seemed not to care whether she lived or died. She did not signify. Why should she go down to dinner, she asked herself, in reply to her mother's urgency. To see Antrobus walking down the hall with Sylvia, she in her dark blue gauzes and cut crystals, like a goddess in a cloud? To see Antrobus bend and, lifting her hand, kiss the gardenia she held? And then Sylvia tossed her the gardenia as if it were no other than any common flower. She kept the great sweet blossom till it was tarnished, and then pressed it in her prayer book. Once she lifted it to her lips and took off that kiss herself. But no, no, it was not for her! And she took the poor faded flower from between the leaves of the service for the dead where she had put it, and laid it on the burning coals and cried to see it shrivel.

"Faint heart never won fair lady," she overheard Sylvia saying to their mother. "By the time Antrobus dares speak, another hero will have taken his place."

"Had Sylvia any heart at all?" thought Zoe. "Another hero! If there were any one who could take the place of Antrobus in Sylvia's heart she did not deserve him!"

Her mother insisted presently that Zoe should interest herself in the ball for Sylvia's birthday. She did; she directed the envelopes in her dashing hand. "A ridiculous hand!" she said. "For such a tiny person. Do you think I am a dwarf, mamma?"

"My little dear! How absurd!"

"I am so undersized."

"Beside Sylvia, you mean? No, you are different types. Sylvia is the great lady on the wall of the long drawing room; but you are the dainty marquise in the morning room—the one with the Cape jessamine in her hand. They call them gardenias now."

"Yes. He gave one to Sylvia."

"Who did?"

"Antrobus."

"The one I saw her give to you? What became of it? They are nice among laces for a while."

"It faded, I suppose. I threw it in the fire."

"You are a strange girl," said her mother.

The first great storm of the season came on the night of the ball. The wind roared around the gables; one heard the roaring of boughs and their crashing fall, the lashing of sleet, the whistle of gust and eddy, and now and then the strange silence of the snow that enveloped all outside sounds. The disturbance of the storm caused the music to seem sweeter, the flowers richer, the laughter gayer. But the storm in the heart of Zoe was no less wild. Her love of Sylvia, her love of Antrobus, her hopes, her fears, her self-condemnation for both fears and hopes, made her soul tempestuous.

Her mother had ordered her dress perfect in a simplicity of tulle and pearls. But it was late before she could bring herself to put it on. And then the sight of those flashing people in their jewels, their colors, their movement, their smiles, struck her like the phantasmagoria of some strange and foreign parallel. She felt in a dream, while she danced, danced listlessly, lifelessly. Her stepfather came and took her out, laughing and making pleasant jests. Once she danced with Antrobus, a dance another claimed and took. And then she saw Antrobus dancing with Sylvia—Sylvia in scarlet crepes caught with bunches of lemon-flowers—and she slipped away then, threading groups of dancers, stealing from shadow to shadow until she found the staircase of the west wing, escaping so to her own room, tearing off her tulle and her pearls, locking her door, and hiding herself even from dear old Mrs. Martha.

If only Sylvia had been named for Uncle Lewis's dead wife—and heaven had given her Sylvia's beauty—how different the world would be!

She heard the guests departing by and by. If she could go, too! She knew not where—out of life itself, it may be—for what a bitter thing had life become! Where was that gay young girl of last summer, to whom life was so sweet and the world so beautiful? Lost, lost in outer darkness! This poor wraith was but her shadow.

The storm had blown itself out in the night; the morning made a dazzle of blue sky and sunshine across the wastes of snow that in their cold whiteness, for all the glitter and sparkle, seemed typical of death itself. It curdled her blood; she might not love life, but death was abhorrent. Well, she must make herself live. There were other people in the world—her mother, her kind stepfather—Sylvia would miss her caressing and admiring. Antrobus—would Antrobus even remember there had been such a person as Zoe? There was no help for it; she must change the poles. This state of mind was worse than foolish. She would find some absorbing occupation and engage herself in what needed all her thought. There was a shelf of Italian books in the library; she knew a little of the language now; she would bury herself in the excitements of old Italian history. She had heard Antrobus talking of it—he was writing a play out of some story belonging to it. She had wished then that she were not such a dunce. Sylvia had known what it was all about. Well, she would know now.

She took a big cloak over her arm, for she would have a run on the terrace, where the men were shoveling off the snow, and went down to the breakfast room. Every one had gone, she found; for a few of the guests, Antrobus among them, had stayed over, these by invitation, those through the violence of the storm. The butler and the second man had just left the room when Antrobus came in.

"I suppose if one sleeps like the sleepers he must be content to [illegible] his coffee cold," he said to Zoe.

"I will ring for Colburn. Or, indeed," she exclaimed. "I will light the lamp and in a moment it will be [illegible] again. I would like some hot [illegible] myself."

"You look as if you needed a cup of it, laced with something more fiery. You have a headache? You disappeared so soon last night." And then Zoe, risen to find a match, had scratched as she stood leaning over to light the alcohol lamp under the urn, had waved it about in the air to extinguish it.

She heard him, but she lay still, for the bliss of hearing. And then she felt his heart beating in great shocks.

"I—I didn't know," she whispered.

"And I let that miserable money come between us! Why did you never tell me? Little love, why did you hide your heart—why were you so cold——"

"I was warm enough just now," she answered with a gleam of returning mischief. And then she moved and put her arms about his shoulders, and held to him a moment, hiding her face. "Oh, fire! the fire!" she shuddered. "Antrobus saved me!"

He grew cold with the remembrance. Although but a moment or two had already seemed part of another life, the old life left behind them. "I shall never know such terror again!" he exclaimed. "That awful pillar of flame——"

"I am glad; I am glad it came!" she said.

"It burned away all trouble! I won you as Siegfried von Brunhilde through a wall of fire!"

She slipped from his arms, wrapped about her the cloak, and fled from the room, leaving Antrobus to ring for the butler, account for the affair, and apply some soothing application for his hand. But as she ran upstairs she could hardly believe her senses; she was not sure she had not been dreaming. "He is mine! he is mine!" her heart sang, while she took another bath and a change of raiment made her feel as if she emerged from a chrysalis to a gorgeous dragon-fly. Yet even these fleeting moments of ecstacy were not altogether certain that Antrobus was quite so great and perfect as he had seemed, as though the concession undid some portion of his perfection, as though it ought to be not himself, but Sylvia, here. And it had been she herself, Zoe, he had loved all the time—how stupid of her not to have seen! She always was a little stupid. But if he were not altogether the pattern of perfection, how infinitely dearer all in a moment he had become! And it was like a shout of joy that the words sang themselves over and over in her inner consciousness—even after she was not quite sure she should see him waiting for her: "He is mine! I am his!"

Making Assassasination Easy.

In an editorial suggesting a national law restricting the sale of deadly weapons capable of being concealed on the person, and compelling a record to be made of every such sale, Hampton's Magazine for October says:

"The pistol is distinctly an American institution, and pistol-carrying an American vice which calls for immediate eradication. We can never consider ourselves highly civilized so long as we carry deadly weapons about them, prepared to commit murder in a fit of passion or sudden insanity.

"In forty-five years nine men have been elected presidents of the United States. Three of these have been assassinated, every one shot to his death with a pistol. No half-civilized country has a record to match that.

"Within a much shorter period the most casual recollection recalls the assassinations of Mayor Harrison in Chicago, Governor Goebel in Kentucky, Senator Carmack in Tennessee, and attempted assassinations of Frank Henley in San Francisco and Mayor Gaynor of New York.

"The statistics of homicide in our country, the data concerning bowie-knifes, car barn killings, crimes of jealousy and barroom murders, constitute such an indictment against our lax laws and their laxer enforcement that the merest suggestion inspires a shudder of horror.

"This national scandal is largely due to imperfect and usually unenforced regulations of the sale and bearing of firearms. Most states have innocuous laws on the subject. Some cities make efforts to suppress the vice. But these regulations are generally ineffective, merely touching upon such matters as recording the names of buyers and sellers of weapons in a locality. To the man who sold or originally bought a weapon that is sorry comfort for the bereaved family."