MAM' SEPHNY'S QUEST.

BY FRENCIS LYNDE.

(Copyright, 1898, by S. S. McClure Co.)

"Is you-all de cap'n of Cishyer railroad, suh?"

Russell looked up from his desk. It was not the omnipresent negro vendor of persimmons or muscadines; it was a woman, gray, bent and wrinkled, and with the pleadingest old eyes that ever looked out upon a masterful world. She wore a knotted bandanna on her head, and her dress was of the coarsest; but Russel, whose glance was that of a trained summarist, remarked that everything about her was scrupulously neat and spotless.

"I am the passenger agent," he said. "What can I do for you?"

"Yes, sir; dat's whut del tol' me; an' I des climm up dem sta'rs ter see ef you-all couldn' help de po' ol' niggah 'ooman git back ter ol' Firginnly. I's dis nigh home, mahsteh, but dese ol' laigs dey ain't gwine cyar me dah—no, suh; dey des mek out lak dey coudn'."

"Where are you from, aunty?" Russell was new to the south, and all negroes of a certain age wer yet "aunties" and "uncles" to him.

"I's fum Alabama, suh, dis las' time, yes, suh. Done tromp all de way f'om Montgomery, suh."

Now, a railway passenger agent, being stationed at a principal junction point of human desires and disabilities, must needs harden his heart; but it is a long walk from Montgomery to Chattanooga.

"What will you do when you get to Virginia? Have you relatives there?"

"Kinfolks? No, suh; But dah's wha' I's bo'n an' rais'."

"How long have you been away?"

"Ain' been dah sence de wah time, suh."

"Since the war? Why, you won't find anybody there now that you know."

"No, suh, I don't 'spect too; but I's lak ter lay my ol' bones en de ol' manneh fahm wha' de mahsteh an' de misis is sleepin'; yes, suh, I would."

Russell put business aside, and with it the stereotyped rule in such cases made and provided. An application for half fare "account charity" should have come from the proper official of the county court, but he waived the formality.

"What is your name, aunty?" he asked, dipping his pen.

"Sephny Dickson, suh—yes, suh. T'ank you kin'ly, suh."

"Dickson?" It was a family name in which the passenger agent was deeply interested—for cause.

"Yes, suh; Sephny Dickson."

Russell filled out the order for half rates, but when the money stage of the small transaction was reached, the little heap of nickels and dimes which the old woman took from a knot in the corner of her kerchief was all too small, and the charitable causeway broke down in a new place.

"Is that all you have, aunty?"

"Yes, suh; ev'y las' picaune, suh."

"It isn't half enough, even for the half fare."

The dim, old eyes filled with tears. "Dat's—dat's des what I's skeered of, suh. 'Spect I's des got ter tromp it, after all. How fur is it, mahsteh?"

Russell's hand sought his pocket, but something in the old woman's manner made him withdraw it empty. "It's too far for you to walk, aunty. Can't you stay here till you've earned money enough to pay the half fare?"

"Dat's whut I's layin' off ter do, twel I tried, suh; but I's mighty ol' an' no-'count, an' de white folks dey wants de young ones, nowerdays; yes, suh, dey does."

Russell recalled something which had been said on the occasion of his latest visit to a certain hospitable household on the hither slope of Old Lookout.

"Can you cook, aunty?" he queried.

"I kin dat, sho'ly, suh."

"Would you like to get a place in a good family here—for a while?"

"Deed I would dat!—mo' 'speshully of dar's any chillun'."

Russell smiled under his mustache and wondered if a certain young lady he wotted of, a young woman who had recently attained to the dignity of being her father's housekeeper, would consent to pose as a child for Aunt Sephny's benefit. Then he took his courage in both hands and wrote a note:

"Dear Miss Lois—I heard you say the other evening that you would be glad to get one of the old-time, before-the-war 'mammies' for a house servant. Here is one who stumbled into the office a few minutes ago, and I hope she will impress you as she has me. She will, if you'll give her a chance to work upon your sympathies. Will you pardon the liberty I'm taking, and send her back to town if you don't want her?"

When it was written and inclosed he found his hat and closed his desk.

"Come with me and I'll put you on the street cars," he said. "I think I know of a place for you."

The shadow of Chattanooga's great sentinel mountain was marching out across the valley when Russell boarded the incline car at St. Elmo that evening. He was to be a dinner guest at the Dicksons'; and when he dropped from the ascending car at the end of the white-paved battlefield boulevard the major's daughter was there to meet him. She was a sweet-faced young girl of the type known to our forebears as winsome, and to the young Illinoisan the four-mile pilgrimage from Chattanooga to the mountain was long only in its retracing. None the less, there was a fly in his pot of ointment in the shape of an old-fashioned pearl ring worn on a suggestive finger of Miss Dickson's left hand, the girl, some one had told him, of a cousin gone to fight the Spaniards. The ring was in evidence when he shook hands.

"Thank you for coming to meet me," he said, when they had faced about for the walk to the cottage.

She laughed softly, and Russell thought of gurgling brooks and whispering leaves and such like lyric similes. "Don't thank me; it was I who couldn't wait to thank you. You don't know what you've done for us. How did you ever happen to think of it?"

"If you'll tell me what 'it' is, perhaps I can explain."

"Why, mam' Sephny, how did you ever come to send her up here, of all places in the world?"

"She got next to the sympathetic side of me, and I didn't know what else to do with her. And I happened to remember what you said the other evening about the old-time negro women. What have I done?"

"If you had been our good angel you couldn't have done a lovelier thing. Do you know who Mam' Sephny is? She is papa's own old 'black mammy.' She was a house servant in Grandfather Dickson's old home in Virginia."

"Well, I'll be ——— ———. You don't say! Why, it was the merest chance in the world! As I say, I didn't know what else to do with her."

"It was an—an inspiration, I think," declared Lois, impulsively. "Papa can't make enough of her, and she—well, I just thought she would die with the sheer joy of it. Poor old woman! She has had such a dreadfully hard time of it."

"Has she? I guessed as much—from her eyes, you know."

"Then she didn't tell you her story?"

"No."

"It is fairly heartrending. She had a child, a little boy who was 2 years old when she lost him. It was in the last year of the war, and Wythe county was overrun with negro stealers, making the most of their opportunity while it lasted, papa says. They stole the boy, and Mam' Sephny could never learn anything more definite about him than that he was sold south with a lot of others, old and young. Wasn't it pitiful?"

The young man nodded. He had abolition blood in his veins, and it made him glad to the finger tips to know that a daughter of slave-holders could also sympathize with a black mother bereft.

"Of course, there was nothing for her to do at the time," Lois went on, "but when grandfather and grandmother died, and papa was reported killed at Petersburg she was free, and she started out to hunt for her baby. Did you ever hear of such a hopeless task?"

"Never," said Russell, trying to imagine himself seeking a loved one—say a sweet-faced young woman with star-like eyes—under like hopeless conditions. "Did she find the boy?"

"O, no; it wasn't to be expected. She has spent her whole life going from place to place all through the southern states, looking and asking and always hoping. But she has given it up at last, and she was trying to get back to the old home place in Virginia."

"Yes; to die and be buried beside her old master and mistress. She told me that. It's very pathetic, and—and, Miss Lois, you don't know how glad I am that you can sympathize with her." He said it because it was in him and clamoring for speech, but he was quite unprepared for her half-reproachful protest.

"Glad, but surprised—is that it?" she queried, with a little note of antagonism in her voice.

"I suppose I ought to be polite and say no, but I'm going to be truthful and say yes. I've always been led to believe that your attitude—that is, the attitude of the southern people—toward the—er—the negroes was a"—He stumbled, not knowing just how to put it in the least offensive phrasing, but he needed not to go.

"I know," she laughed, and the little whiff of antagonism was gone. "But after you've been here longer you will understand. They are men and women to you, yet, I suppose, but to us they are simply good-natured, overgrown children. And we are kinder to them than you will be—until you know them as well as we do."

The young man suspected that he was getting upon thin ice, and made haste to go back to Mam' Sephny and safety.

"Will you tell me what the old aunty's name is?" he asked. "It's been puzzling me all day."

"'Persephone,' of course, said Lois. "She cried when papa called her that; said she hadn't heard her 'chu'ch name' since her old mistress died. But you musn't call her 'aunty.' That's only a brevet title, you know. She is a 'mammy.'"

Russell promised to remember, and opened the gate for his companion. A moment later he was trying to explain to Major Dickson that his sending of Mam' Sephny was the purest bit of haphazard, and so quite thankless.

"But our obligation is the same, said the major. "Why, bless my soul, seh, I couldn't feel mo' gratified if somebody had made me a present of the old home place in Virginia—I couldn't, for a fact! Being from the north, you cahn't quite appreciate our feelings toward these old black mammies of ours; you'd have to be southern bawn for that. Will you walk out to youh dinner, seh?"

Under the circumstances, the table talk was inevitably of faithful old servants, and the patriachal system of bygone days; but later, when they had all adjourned to the veranda, the major, with his long-stemmed pipe, and Russell with his camera, the young man made good his promise to induct Miss Dickson into the mysteries of the fad photographic. Lois proved an apt pupil, and when they had taken snapshots of the valley, of each other and of the negro man working on the lawn, the young girl sighed for fresh subjects.

"I wish we could get Mam' Sephny. She's a type, you know, and one that is nearly extinct. Is there light enough? Shall I call her?"

Before Russell could reply, and as if the wish had evoked her, the aged negress came around the corner of the house and stood with arms akimbo, scanning the man at work on the lawn. Her pose was exceptionally good, and Russell made haste to adjust the camera.

"The light is exactly right on her face," he said. "Tell her to stand just as she is for a moment, please. It's a chance in a thousand."

Lois called to the unconscious poseuse: "Stand right still, Mam' Sephny—don't move. Mr. Russell is going to take your picture."

The effect of the warning was altogether unexpected, and not a little disconcerting. The old negress threw up her hands, shrieked and disappeared; and the man on the lawn caught up his scythe and made as if he would charge the group on the veranda. Lois laughed merrily.

"Dear me," she said, "I quite forgot that Mam' Sephny might object." And then, in explanation: "It's foolish superstition among the older ones; somehow connected with the 'evil eye,' I believe."

"She didn't object soon enough," said Russell, laughing. "I got her before she moved."

He said it in an ordinary tone, but the stalwart negro overheard. With a quick thrust of his boot heel he knocked the scythe blade from its socket and it became a sword to slay. Catching up the weapon he made a dash for the veranda.

Russell saw him coming and realized dimly that he might presently have to fight for his life with a superstition-crazed maniac; but at the critical instant the artistic prompting was stronger than the self-defense; the man on the steps, with his weapon swung high, became for the moment a camera subject not to be duplicated in a lifetime. The rays of the setting sun, streaming over the shrugged shoulder of th emountain, fell full on the rage-distorted face, and a livid scar, invisible at other times, gashed one black cheek from temple to jaw angle. If there had been certain death in the biting of the scythe blade, Russell could not have resisted the impulse to photograph the man as he stood.

The click of the camera shutter broke the spell for all of them. Lois shrieked, her father sprang from his chair, and the negro dropped his weapon. It was the major who first found speech.

"Why, David, you black rascal, you! What are you about, eh? Put that scythe back on the snath and go to youh work! Do you heah me?"

The man turned and went back to his grass cutting without a word; and when he was out of earshot, Russell laughed good naturedly.

"You've been telling me all along that I've a good bit to learn about the brother in black, major, and I'm beginning to take it in, slowly. 'Pon my word, I believe that fellow really had it in mind to kill me!"

From that the talk drifted easily to oblsm, and racial characteristics, and things atavistic, and it was late when Russell rose to take his leave. Lois rose, too, and went around to the side veranda to look for the incline signal at the Point hotel. It had disappeared.

"The last car has gone down," she announced, going back to the two men at the steps. Whereupon the hospitable major made instant offer of bed and breakfast, but the young man would not fray his welcome.

"I shan't mind the walk in the least," he protested. "It will do me good; I don't have enough exercise, anyway."

So it was concluded, and Russell shook hands with his host. Lois walked to the gate with him, and, since there was no car haste to be considered, the leave takings were prolonged until the light in the upper windows of the cottage warned Lois that her father had gone to bed.

"Really, I must go in now," she said across the gate, for the tenth time, at least. "Do be careful, and be sure and take the road. It's longer than the path, but it's much safer."

The young man laughed and was glad. What he would fain have said could never dare say itself while she still wore the old fashioned pearl ring, but it was worth something to have her anxious for his safety.

"Don't borrow trouble on that score," he rejoined, slinging the camera over his shoulder. "I doubt if I could find the path in the dark if I should try. When may I come again?"

Her blush made him thrill with pleasure. He could not see it, but he knew it was there.

"When do you want to come?"

"Tomorrow, and the next day, and the day after that, and"——

"Hush!" she commanded; and then, by way of reprieve: "I'm glad you like our mountain. Come whenever you please. Papa is always glad to see you."

A sudden access of daring filled his soul: "And you?" he queried.

"Et moi aussi, toujours," was the laughing concession, as the fluttering draperies disappeared up the path. The tilt of the words sang itself over and over as he went his way down the starlit lane, making shift to forget the dull luster of the pearls on Miss Dickson's finger—temporarily, at least.

Lois stood at the edge of the porch until the shape of him was but a darker blur against the shadowy background of the forest at the lane's foot. Then she turned to go in. In the act she had a glimpse of a shadow darting quickly across the lawn. It disappeared in the blacker shadow of the cedar hedge, and something impelled her to go back to the gate. She was just in time to see the figure of a man glide through an opening in the cedars. It crouched for an instant, as one who gropes for a missile in the dark, and then ran swiftly down the lane. Lois saw and needed no explanation. It was the negro David, and his superstitious rage had again gotten the better of his fear of consequences. In the catching of her breath she understood that Henry Russell's life lay in her hand, and the next moment she, too, was flying down the starlit lane.

She came upon the two men at the first turn in the main road, and at the sight her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth, and her bones became as water. Russell was down, and the negro stood over him with a great stone uplifted.

"David!" Speech and strength came back to her in a tidal wave of conflicting emotions, and she flung herself between them.

The man dropped the stone, as he had the scythe blade, but he was loth to abandon his purpose.

"Doan' you' git en de way, Miss Lois; I ain' gwine ter hu't him none. I's des aimin' ter smash dat debbil's hoodoo box o' his'n."

"You've killed him!" she sobbed, kneeling beside the felled one. Then, with a sudden upblaze of authority: "Run—run to the house and call my father! Tell him what you've done, and bring him quickly! Go!"

When Russell opened his eyes he thought he was on a trains which was roaring through an interminable tunnel. Not otherwise could the din and clamor drumming in his ears be accounted for. Then the imaginary train shot out into darkness and starlight and silence, and he remembered. None the less, there was a gap and things unaccountable in it. Something had struck him fairly between the shoulders and he had fallen face downward. Now he was lying on his back with his head pillowed. He groaned and the hallucination returned. It was a train, after all, and he must be in a berth in the Pullman, with the roof of the car gone and the stars twinkling sleepily overhead. Undoubted stars they were, and in the clear sky, and yet it was raining; he felt a drop splash on his cheek, and was vaguely conscious of a prompting to get up and seek shelter. But when he would have essayed it, two soft arms went about his neck and a pair of tremulous lips touched his forehead. As a half stunned man might, he said the first thing that suggested itself. "I don't care if it rains pitchforks."

"Oh, I'm so glad," said a voice with a sob in it. "I was sure he had killed you! Where are you hurt?"

Russell came to his own in the matter of self-possession with gratifying celerity.

"As long as I lie perfectly still I'm not hurt anywhere; don't move, please. Was it the crazy-headed negro?"

"Yes, it was David. He thought you had 'hoodooed' Mam' Sephny, and he was trying to smash the camera."

"Where is he now?"

"He has gone to the house for help—Oh, I do wish they'd hurry!"

"Don't. I'm quite comfortable." Then, in a spasm of reluctant thoughtfulness: "But you'll take cold sitting on the ground."

He made a shameful pretense of rising, and the two arms held him down, as he had hoped they would. One of them was unsleeved for a little way, and he kissed it.

"Oh, I don't believe you are hurt at all!"

"Yes, I am—dreadfully. How did you come to be here?"

"I saw David following you."

"Then you were not in such a hurry to go in as you said you were?"

"I—I was going in when I saw him."

"Oh! And then you ran after him and tried to save me, like the brave little girl that you are. Lois—my darling—I suppose you've got to be true to the other man, but I love you—love you a thousand times better than he ever could, if he tries till doomsday."

"The other?" There was a whole fusillade of queries in the two little words, and he lifted her hand—the one with the ring on the finger—and kissed it.

"Yes; the man who put this ring on your finger."

She bent above him till her eyes eclipsed the stars. "Do you think you love me better than he does?" she said, softly. "You've known me only a few months, and he—he has known me all my life."

The young man groaned, "Don't tell me you love him, Lois—I couldn't stand that!"

"But I do." There were hurrying steps in the road above them, and the flickering light of a lantern cut yellow swaths in the starlight. She bent lower, and again her lips brushed his forehead. "You wouldn't want me not to love my own father, would you? It was mother's ring, and he gave it to me."

This was how it came about that the major, coming hastily, with an improvised stretcher, borne by an ashen-hued David, found the young man on his feet, with Lois in his arms; and when they had all gone back to the house, it took the better half of a fresh cigar on Russell's part, and two chargings of the long-stemmed pipe on the major's, to work out the explanation on the vine-shadowed veranda. When it was made, the case of one David Jackson came up for trial and sentence. "He's youh man, my son," said the major. "Of course he's a grand rascal, and it's youh privilege to send him to the coal mines, but—"

"But a southern gentleman wouldn't invoke the law because an ignorant negro was terrified enough to knock him down, you would say. Well, neither shall I. Indirectly, he has been the means of making me the happiest man on top of the earth."

This may account for David's reappearance on the lawn three days later when Russell was again a guest at the Dickson cottage. They were waiting for Mam' Sephny to call them to dinner, and Russell was showing the major and Lois the pictures taken on the eventful evening of assaults and happinesses.

"He looks peaceful enough now," said the young man, with a glance at David. "You'd hardly recognize him as the fellow that posed for this."

The photograph was a study in ferocity, and the livid scar stood out on the pictured face like the welt of a broad whip-lash.

"It's simply horrifying," said Lois, shuddering. "But that is a beautiful picture of Mam' Sephny. Come here, Mammy, and see how you look to other people."

The ancient negress had just come out to announce dinner, and she vouchsafed no more than a single contemptuous eye-sweep.

"Huh! Dat ol' niggah wench me? No, mai-aim! I ain' no-wha's nigh as ol' an' ugly as dat." Then she caught sight of the grotesque ferocity. "Faw de Lawd's sake, young mahsted, gimme dat one, please! Wha'—wha' yo' git dat?"

Russell gave her the picture, and once more the old eyes filled with tears.

"Dat's my Geo'ge Washin'ton Alligzandah Dickson, growed up an' come to be a main. Dat's he same scar whut he got ag'inst de ol' hot stove in ol' Missis' kitchen! O, mahsteh wha' yo' all git dat?"

The man on the lawn had dropped his rake and started toward the house. The major rose.

"I mistrust David's youh own boy, sure enough mammy; I recollect that scar myself," he declared; and when the old woman tottered down the steps with her trembling arms spread wide, the soft-hearted veteran seized upon the two young people and marched them to the farther end of the long veranda.

"I reckon the dinner'll have to wait a while," he said. "She's been waiting thirty-odd years, you know." After which, with an inclusive arm sweep, meant to cover a speedy retreat into generalities: "Do you have any mo' delightful prospect than this up yonder in youh country, Mr. Russell?"

And so they discussed the view, and killed time with set purpose, while around on the front steps an old negro mother rocked herself back and forth, crying softly and trying to hold a stalwart giant in her arms, as she had long ago held her lost man-child.

RUSSELL COULD NOT RESIST TH E IMPULSE TO PHOTOGRAPH TH E MAN.

How It Hurts!

Rheumatism, with its sharp twinges, aches and pains. Do you know the cause? Acid in the blood has accumulated in your joints. The cure is found in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which neutralizes this acid. Thousands write that they have been completely cured of rheumatism by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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Diamond coal handled exclusively through their own yard. Telephone 166.

OGDEN NEWS.

Ogden Office, 254 Utah Loan & Trust Building. Telephone, 256.

Ogden, Oct. 17.

PRESBYTERIAN SYNOD.

"Christian Patriotism" the Topic at Last Evening's Service.

Sunday sessions of the Presbyterian synod were confined to the afternoon and evening, and no business sessions were held, as the business of the synod was for the most part concluded Saturday.

At 4 p. m. occurred the synodical prayer meeting, led by Rev. R. P. Boyd, and the observance of the Lord's Supper followed the meeting. In the evening the general subject was "Christian Patriotism," and the speakers were three in number. Rev. John W. Knott of Soda Springs, Ida., spoke on "Christian Patriotism." Rev. S. E. Wishard, D. D., spoke on what Christian patriotism accomplished in the synod of Utah. Rev. J. H. Meteer of Richfield spoke on what Christian patriotism can do, and how to do it. The Rev. J. McLain presided.

Some of the visiting members left the city last night and most of the others will leave this morning. The report of the work of the synod of Utah was made public yesterday and showed a steady advance all along the line for the past 20 years. The work of the mission schools was shown as having been especially successful, and the report dwelt largely in statistics showing the increase in membership and influence in all lines of work.

"THY KINGDOM COME."

Eloquent Address On Home Missions By Rev. Gwynne.

Rev. F. H. Gwynne of Great Falls, Mont., representing, by request, the general board of home missions of the Presbyterian church, spoke on the subject of home missions. The sermon was a part of the synod programme and took the place of the regular morning discourse of Rev. Charles F. Richardson. Mr. Gwynne took as his text the words, "Thy kingdom come," and made a most eloquent and powerful sermon on the subject. He dwelt on the growth, development and needs of the home mission work, together with its influence for the good of civilization.

Rev. Charles F. Richardson introduced the speaker to his congregation as a man of his own nationality—Welsh, and stated that from now on his congregation would doubtless have a higher appreciation of Welshmen.

For the Boys In Manila.

The plan to send a Thanksgiving box of dainties and comforts to our soldier boys in Manila is meeting with general favor. There are many Ogden and Weber county boys with the soldiers in the orient whose friends here are anxious to send them such a remembrance, and there are many people in Weber county who will be glad to contribute something, even though they have no relatives at the front. The rest should be easy. Mr. J. F. Pender will furnish all information desired about the details. Articles should be contributed at once to insure the box reaching Manila by Thanksgiving day.

Ogden Briefs.

Lafayette day will be fittingly celebrated this week in all the public schools.

Frank Clayton has taken the place in the postoffice of T. B. Farr, gone to Honolulu.

Imer Pett, formerly of Ogden, but now employed in the Rio Gande Western office in Salt Lake, was in the city yesterday.

There will be an interesting contest tonight at the shooting gallery, when the challenge match will be shot off between teams composed of three of Ogden's best marksmen on a side.

Roberts, Powers and Harris will address the people of Weber county at the opera house tomorrow night. Today Mr. Roberts comes to Weber county, and will speak at Plain City this afternoon and Hooper tonight.

The news of the Ogdens' victory over the Short Line ball nine in Salt Lake reached this city a few minutes after the close of the game, and was a source of general felicitation among the lovers of the game. Victory was confidently expected, but not one of such an uneven score as 13 to 1.

The Ogden Eisteddfod chorus held a meeting yesterday afternoon and accepted the report of its committee delegated to arrange for a reception and banquet. The spread will be given at the Read hotel a week from tomorrow night. Each member of the chorus will be entitled to attend and to invite one other person. Those not belonging to the chorus will be charged a sum yet to be determined upon, and all such will be required to give notice of their intention to attend by Sunday next.

Millions Given Away.

It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one concern in the land who are not afraid to be generous to the needy and suffering. The proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds have given away over 10,000,000 trial bottles of this great medicine, and have the satisfaction of knowing it has absolutely cured thousands of hopeless cases. Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and all diseases of the Throat, Chest and Lungs are surely cured by it. Call on Z. C. M. I. drug department and get a free trial bottle. Regular size 50 cents and $1.00. Every bottle guaranteed, or price refunded.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

At Mullett's.

See show windows for Friday sale, Oct. 21.

Monday and Tuesday.

Sale of exquisite waist silks; none worth less than $1.50 the yard, and mostly up to $2; two days, Monday and Tuesday, any $1.25.

WALKER'S STORE.

Bamberger Coal Co., 161 Main.

BABY'S AWFUL HUMOR

My baby sister had a rash, causing her intense suffering. We had doctors, and tried everything, without a cure. It would scab over, crack open, a watery matter would ooze out and the scab fall off. We procured a box of CUTICURA (ointment), a cake of CUTICURA SOAP, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, and she was entirely cured without a scar being left.

Miss LILLIE CHASE, Bristol, Vt.

SKIN AND SCALP TREATMENT.—Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle anointings with CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT.

Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Props., Boston. How to Cure Every Humor, Free.

PROBATE AND GUARDIANSHIP NOTICES.

Consult County Clerk or the Respective Signers for Further Information.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT, PROBATE division, in and for Salt Lake county, state of Utah. In the matter of the estate of John Mellen, deceased. Notice.—The petition for approval and settlement of the final account of the executrix of the estate of John Mellen, deceased, has been set for hearing on Wednesday, the 26th day of October, A. D. 1898, at 9:30 o'clock a. m., at the county court house, in the court room of said court, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake county, Utah.

Witness the clerk of said court. (Seal.) with the seal thereof affixed, this 13th day of October, A. D. 1898.

DAVID C. DUNBAR, Clerk.
By E. G. REEDALL, Deputy Clerk.
Ferguson & Cannon, Attorneys.

Notice of Sale of Real Estate at Private Sale.

UNDER AUTHORITY OF AN ORDER of sale by the district court of the Third Judicial district of the county of Salt Lake, state of Utah, dated Oct. 1, 1898, I will sell at private sale the following described real estate to-wit: Commencing six (6) rods north of the southwest corner of lot two (2), block two (2), plat "B," Salt Lake City survey, running thence east seven (7) rods, thence north seven and one-third (7⅓) rods, thence west seven (7) rods, thence south seven and one-third (7⅓) rods to the place of beginning. The sale will be made on or after Nov. 1, 1898, and bids will be received at the office of Stewart & Stewart, 500 and 510 McCornick block, Salt Lake City, state of Utah. Terms of sale, cash.

AMY R. A. THOMAS,
Administratrix of the Estate of Hannar C. Adams Blair, Deceased.
Dated Oct. 15, 1898.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.

EAGLE MINING COMPANY. Principal place of business, Salt Lake City, Utah. Location of works, Cable Cove Mining district, Baker county, Oregon. Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the directors held on September 26, 1898, assessment No. 2 of one and one-half (1½) cents per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable to L. U. Colbath, treasurer, upstairs at No. 164 South West Temple street, Salt Lake City, Utah, on or before October 29, 1898. Any stock upon which this assessment remains unpaid on October 29, 1898, will be delinquent on October 31, 1898, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on November 19, 1898, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

W. SCOTT CRISMON, Secretary.

NOTICE.

THE SOUTH JORDAN CANAL COMPANY, with its principal place of business at Salt Lake City, Utah.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the board of directors of the South Jordan Canal Company, held on the 1st day of October, 1898, at the office of the company, an assessment of seventy-five cents per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable on or before the 1st day of November, 1898, to John L. Nebeker, treasurer of said company, at his office, No. 16 North East Temple street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Any stock upon which this assessment may remain unpaid on said 1st day of November, 1898, shall be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on the 25th day of November, 1898, at the hour of 11 o'clock a.m., to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expense of sale.

JOHN L. NEBEKER,
Secretary.
South Jordan Canal Company Office, No. 16 North East Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.

THE JUMBO GOLD MINING AND Milling company, a corporation. Principal place of business, Salt Lake City, Utah. Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the board of directors of the Jumbo Gold Mining & Milling company, held on Friday, Sept. 23, an assessment of one-quarter (¼) cent per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable on or before the 25th day of October, 1898, to the treasurer of the company, John A. Strong, at his office, No. 213 East Fourth South street, Salt Lake City, Utah. Any stock upon which this assessment may remain unpaid on the 25th day of October, will be delinquent and will be sold as provided by law, on the 25th day of November, 1898, at 12 o'clock noon, at the office of the treasurer, as above given, to pay the delinquent assessment together with the cost of the sale.

By order of the board of directors.

C. W. BUCKHOLZ, Secretary.
Dated Salt Lake City, Utah, Sept. 27, 1898.

Notice of Sale of Real Estate at Private Sale.

UNDER AUTHORITY OF AN ORDER of sale granted by the district court of the Third judicial district, of the county of Salt Lake, state of Utah, dated Oct. 8, 1898, I will sell at private sale the following described real estate, to-wit: 33 53-100 acres lying within the terminus of the northeast corner of the southeast quarter of section 23, township 19 south of range 1, Salt Lake meridian, and 13 25-100 acres lying within the terminus of the northwest corner of the southwest quarter of section 23, township 19 south, range 1, Salt Lake meridian. The sale will be made on or after Oct. 25, 1898, and bids will be received at the office of James P. Smith, 36 Eagle block, Salt Lake City, state of Utah. Terms of sale, cash.

Wm. H. and Alexander Garrick, Administrators of the Estate of Alexander Garrick, Deceased.
Dated Oct. 11, 1898.

Mercur, Utah, Oct. 7, 1898.

NOTICE IS hereby given that pursuant to a resolution of the board of directors, passed on the above date, a meeting of the stockholders of the Mercur Drug company is hereby called to meet at the office of the company, in Mercur, Utah, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of amending the articles of incorporation thereof.

The nature of the proposed change is as follows: To reduce the capital stock of the said corporation from $5,000 to $2,000. To change the principal place of business from Salt Lake City to Mercur, Utah. To provide that the capital stock shall be non-assessable and fully paid up; and to provide that five persons shall constitute the board of directors, and that three of the said board of directors shall constitute a quorum.

GEO. W. LUFT, Secretary.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Third Judicial district, county of Salt Lake, state of Utah. Frank E. McGurrin, as trustee for Charles H. McGurrin, and Charles H. McGurrin, plaintiffs, vs. Agnes Brown, formerly Agnes Young; Charles Brown, Arthur E. Brown, Agnes L. Brown, Earnest E. Brown, Edith J. Brown, and Max E. Smith, as guardian of the estate of Charles Brown; Arthur E. Brown, Agnes L. Brown, Earnest E. Brown and Edith J. Brown, minors, defendants. To be sold at sheriff's sale at the west front door of the county court house, in the city of Salt Lake, county of Salt Lake, state of Utah, on Saturday, Oct. 22, 1898, at 12 o'clock noon, the real estate described as follows, to-wit: Situated in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake county, Utah, bounded as follows: Commencing at the northwest corner of lot six (6), block twelve (12), plat "D," Salt Lake City survey, thence east three (3) rods, thence south ten (10) rods, thence west three (3) rods, thence north ten (10) rods to the beginning; also commencing at a point six (6) rods east of the northwest corner of said lot six (6), thence east four (4) rods, thence south ten (10) rods, thence west four (4) rods, thence north ten (10) rods to the beginning. Purchase price payable in lawful money of the United States.

THOMAS P. LEWIS,
Sheriff of Salt Lake County, Utah.
By JOHN MONTGOMERY, JR.,
Deputy Sheriff.
McGurrin & McGurrin, Attorneys for Plaintiff.
Dated at Salt Lake City, Utah, this 30th day of September, 1898.

PROBATE AND GUARDIANSHIP NOTICES.

Consult County Clerk or the Respective Signers for Further Information.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT, PROBATE division, in and for Salt Lake county, state of Utah. In the matter of the estate of John C. Gray, deceased. Notice.—The petition of Mary N. Gray, praying for the admission to probate of a certain document, purporting to be the last will and testament of John C. Gray, deceased, and for the granting of letters testamentary to Mary N. Gray, has been set for hearing on Wednesday, the 19th day of October, A. D. 1898, at 9:30 o'clock a. m., at the county court house, in the court room of said court, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake county, Utah.

Witness the clerk of said court. (Seal) with the seal thereof affixed, this 8th day of October, A. D. 1898.

DAVID C. DUNBAR, Clerk.
By E. G. REEDALL, Deputy Clerk.
Goodwin & Van Pelt, Attorneys.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE of Samuel M. James, deceased. Creditors will present claims with vouchers to the undersigned at office of Utah Title Insurance & Trust company, on or before the 10th day of February, A. D. 1899.

UTAH TITLE INSURANCE & TRUST COMPANY,
Administrator of Estate of Samuel M. James, Deceased.
Date of first publication, Oct. 8, A. D. 1898.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT, PROBATE division, in and for Salt Lake county, state of Utah. In the matter of the estate of Ernest R. Apelgren, deceased. Notice.—The petition of Anna Apelgren, praying for the issuance to herself of letters of administration in the estate of Ernest R. Apelgren, deceased, has been set for hearing on Saturday, the 22nd day of October, A. D. 1898, at 9:30 o'clock a. m., at the county court house, in the court room of said court, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake county, Utah.

Witness the clerk of said court, with the seal thereof affixed, (Seal.) this 10th day of October, A. D. 1898.

DAVID C. DUNBAR, Clerk.
By E. G. REEDALL, Deputy Clerk.
C. M. Nielsen, Attorney.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT, PROBATE division, in and for Salt Lake county, state of Utah. In the matter of the estate of John M. Easton, deceased. Notice.—The petition of Marguerite E. Easton, praying for the issuance to herself of letters of administration in the estate of John M. Easton, deceased, has been set for hearing on Saturday, the 22nd day of October, A. D. 1898, at 9:30 o'clock a. m., at the county court house, in the court room of said court, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake county, Utah.

Witness the clerk of said court, with the seal thereof affixed, (Seal.) this 10th day of October, A. D. 1898.

DAVID C. DUNBAR, Clerk.
By E. G. REEDALL, Deputy Clerk.
Booth, Lee & Gray, Attorneys.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT, PROBATE division, in and for Salt Lake county, state of Utah. In the matter of the estate of Frederick H. Auerbach, deceased. Notice.—The petition for approval and settlement of the second annual account of the executors of the estate of Frederick H. Auerbach, deceased, has been set for hearing on Saturday, the 29th day of October, A. D. 1898, at 9:30 o'clock a. m., at the county court house, in the court room of said court, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake county, Utah.

Witness the clerk of said court, (Seal) with the seal thereof affixed, this 11th day of October, A. D. 1898.

DAVID C. DUNBAR, Clerk.
By GEO. E. BLAIR, Deputy Clerk.
Marshall, Royle & Hempstead, Attorneys for Executors.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT, PROBATE division, in and for Salt Lake county, state of Utah. In the matter of the estate of Daniel Welch, deceased. Notice.—The petition of Anna A. Welch, praying for the issuance to herself of letters of administration in the estate of Daniel Welch, deceased, has been set for hearing on Wednesday, the 26th day of October, A. D. 1898, at 9:30 o'clock a. m., at the county court house, in the court room of said court, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake county, Utah.

Witness the clerk of said court, (Seal) with the seal thereof affixed, this 11th day of October, A. D. 1898.

DAVID C. DUNBAR, Clerk.
By E. G. REEDALL, Deputy Clerk.
C. W. Morse, Attorney.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT, PROBATE division, in and for Salt Lake county, state of Utah. In the matter of the estate and guardianship of Louise Grace Emery, a minor. Notice.—The petition for approval and settlement of the second annual account of the guardian of the person and the estate of Louise Grace Emery, a minor, has been set for hearing on Wednesday, the 26th day of October, A. D. 1898, at 9:30 o'clock a. m., at the county court house, in the court room of said court, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake county, Utah.

Witness the clerk of said court, (Seal) with the seal thereof affixed, this 15th day of October, A. D. 1898.

DAVID C. DUNBAR, Clerk.
By GEO. E. BLAIR, Deputy Clerk.
Dickson, Ellis & Ellis, Attorneys for Guardian.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT, PROBATE division, in and for Salt Lake county, state of Utah. In the matter of the estate and guardianship of Anna H. Calder and Agnes H. Calder, minors. Notice.—The petition of Ann Hamer Calder, the guardian of the persons and the estates of Anna H. and Agnes H. Calder, minors, praying for an order of sale of real property of said minors, and that all persons interested appear before the said court to show cause why an order should not