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SALT LAKE'S OPPORTUNITY.

IN A LITTLE OVER TWO WEEKS Salt Lake City will have as its guests by far the largest crowd it ever entertained. They will represent almost every city of importance in the country, and upon their reception will depend Salt Lake's reputation as a convention city for at least a generation to come.

The local lodge of Elks is doing an immense amount of work in preparation for this gathering, at a sacrifice of time and money to the individual members that can hardly be estimated. With all their energy and money, they must have the co-operation of every public-spirited citizen to entertain the city's guests properly. The Herald has already bespoken liberal contributions to the Elks' exchequer, and it takes this occasion to repeat the call.

Every cent given by the citizens goes for a public cause; not one cent is for the benefit of the Elks' organization. All the money given to promote the success of the occasion is a practical, business investment that will bring direct cash returns.

Salt Lake has never had such an opportunity to make itself known to the country at large as a city of rare attractions and unlimited hospitality. It will never have another such opportunity if it fails to rise to the demands of this one.

The Herald believes that the business men and the public generally are awake to the importance of this event and will give handsomely when the situation comes home to them. Committees are now in the field for funds, and when the Elks call on you, don't try to figure how little you can afford, but how much; then, in the vernacular, "dig," and dig in a hurry!

CHAIRMAN WARRUM.

THE DEMOCRATIC county committee is entitled to congratulations for selecting Noble Warrum, jr., as chairman. No better choice could possibly have been made. Mr. Warrum is not only a capable, intelligent and highly esteemed citizen, but he is an earnest Democrat. He hails from Indiana, where the game of politics is strenuous and where only the fittest survive the conflict. All his life Mr. Warrum has been fighting the battles of his party.

He is known throughout the state, but he is particularly well known in Cache and Salt Lake counties. No man who could have been selected is in better position to command the confidence of both leaders and rank and file. Mr. Warrum has recently held no political position, other than that of secretary of the state senate, a place he filled with distinguished ability.

The Herald believes he will accomplish much toward placing the party in shape to win the battle in Salt Lake county next fall.

HOW TO FALL SLOWLY.

PEOPLE WHO DESIRE to fall down elevator shafts will find it an exhilarating experience, but there are certain precautions which it would be well to observe unless suicide is the object. A man fell six stories down a shaft in New York a few weeks ago and alighted on top of the cage. His fellows ran to pick up his mangled form, but the unfortunate indignantly refused assistance of any kind. He said he couldn't afford to lose any time from his work.

A writer in the American Machinist explains how it was possible for this man to fall six stories without being injured. He was standing at an opening on the tenth floor, and the suction of the elevator in passing drew him after it. He overtook the cage at the fourth floor, an actual distance of seventy-two feet.

"For a time the elevator went faster than he did and the distance between them increased. His velocity, however, kept on increasing, while that of the elevator did not. Presently he was going as fast as the elevator, and then faster, and, with his velocity constantly increasing, he soon overtook the elevator, which, in the meantime, had fallen six stories from the point where it passed him. The force with which he struck the elevator was obviously that due to the velocity destroyed by the elevator—that is, to the difference in the velocities at the moment he reached it—and it is easy to show roughly what this was, and, calculating back from this, to show the height of his virtual fall—that is, the height from which, had he fallen upon a stationary surface, the results as regards injury to himself would have been the same as in the actual case, and the result is rather surprising. For this purpose nothing more than a knowledge of the laws of falling bodies is necessary."

It is assumed that the distance between joints was twelve feet and that the falling man traveled seventy-two feet. The writer calculates that his velocity when he struck the elevator was 68.1 feet per second and that he took 2.11 seconds to fall this distance. The car had descended the same distance in the same time, but its rate of descent was uniform, while the man was going faster as he fell farther.

The velocity of the car was 34.1 feet per second and of the man 68.1 feet per second. The effective velocity of the man when he struck the car was, therefore, the difference, between 68.1 and 34.1, or thirty-four feet per second. A calculation shows that the height which would give this velocity in falling to a stationary surface is 17.9 feet. The Machinist concludes:

"That is to say, the fall, measured by its violence, was not from a height of seventy-two feet, but from 17.9 feet. It would probably be hard to convince the man that he really fell less than eighteen feet, and if told so he would probably say that he knows better and with a knowledge that is superior to mere 'figgers'; but appearances are sometimes deceptive, and this is a case of that kind."

The moral of all this is that when you start to fall down an elevator shaft, be sure a cage is just ahead of you.

THE POOR INDIAN AGAIN.

THE HERALD has received some more literature from that highly patriotic organization, the Indian Rights Association of Philadelphia. Of course, people who live in Philadelphia know all about the manner in which the down-trodden Indian is being treated. They know that he is being robbed in the most conscienceless style and that he is the incarnation of injured innocence.

The Philadelphia association is particularly strenuous just now in objecting to the policy of dividing up the lands of the Indians, giving them all they need for themselves and in turning over the balance to white settlers for a fair compensation. "We are not ready to believe," says the society, "that the American people will sanction a policy of confiscation and injustice toward the Indian race. Yet there is need of arousing the public conscience to the danger that threatens."

In spite of the gloomy view taken by the Philadelphians, The Herald cannot see that the Indians are in any very grave danger of losing their property without sufficient recompense. As a matter of fact, the majority of the Indian tribes are far better off financially than the average American householder. If the government has been at fault at all in its treatment of "the wards of the nation," the fault has been on the side of liberality.

Under the system of free rations, money for grazing leases, mineral leases and the sale of lands, large funds have been created for the special use and benefit of the Indians. In no instance have they been improperly deprived of their property. Today much of the finest agricultural land in the entire west is held by the Indians. And in nearly every instance such land is almost absolutely unproductive.

The Indian is not a farmer, he is a pensioner. The latter is his trade and he works overtime at it. With rare exceptions, Indians are lazy, shiftless and unclean. They are hardly to be blamed for it, either, for the government has rather encouraged their indisposition to any kind of labor. If the red man were compelled to shift more for himself he would be better off mentally, physically and morally. Senator Platt of Connecticut states the case well when he says:

"In regard to that subject, there is a sentiment in the country which holds amongst philanthropists and humanitarians, that we ought to pay the Indians what their land is worth at the present time, upon the idea that it belongs to them. I do not share in that idea. I think that when we make an Indian tribe rich we delay its civilization."

On behalf of all the citizens of Salt Lake, The Herald extends a hearty greeting and the right hand of fellowship to the Missouri editors who are "in our midst" today. People from Missouri always want to be "showed," and we are willing to do the showing. We have so many things here to interest and entertain you that we won't try to catalogue them now. The Herald will say, though, that every member of the Missouri party is welcome to a bath in our lake, to a look at our tabernacle and our temple, and to every other good thing he can get to.

At least one Seattle man will never impersonate an outlaw again. He is William Nixon. Nixon, to win the affections of a woman, told her he was Tracy. She promptly informed the police, and before Nixon knew what was happening he didn't know anything. The officers beat him into insensibility without asking any questions.

"As a courtesy to the United States" the life of Dr. Russell Wilson, the Ohio man who joined in a filibustering expedition to Nicaragua, has been spared. In common courtesy the United States will now be compelled to dig that canal through Nicaragua.

King Edward has been moved from his couch to a wheeled chair. As only one doctor remains with him, the chances are that he will survive long enough to be crowned in spite of many doleful predictions.

The clever comic opera, "The Sea Serpent," which appeared on the editorial page of The Herald yesterday, was reprinted from the Chicago Daily News. The credit was omitted by mistake.

President Roosevelt has two government tugs now to use as private yachts. It is rumored that he will attempt to ride both of them bareback at the same time while he is resting.

The escape of that panther in New York City affords the president the chance of his life to show some skeptical easterners that he really is a mighty hunter.

The Snail.

(New York Tribune.)

The popularity of the snail as an article of food is not confined to Paris, but extends throughout southern Europe and some parts of Africa. Dr. Edrard, a French writer, in a pamphlet says that 90,000 pounds of snails are sent daily to Paris from the gardens at Poitou, Burgundy, Champagne and Provence. Those reared in gardens are fed on aromatic herbs to improve their flavor. Their market price is from 2 francs 50 centimes to 3 francs 50 centimes a hundred, while those from the hedges, woods and forests bring only 2 francs to 2 francs 50 centimes. The proprietor of one snailery in the vicinity of Dijon nets over 7,000 francs annually. The snail is reared and fattened with great care in some cantons of Switzerland as an article of luxury, and is exported in a pickled state. It is also eaten as a relish and nutritious article of food in Austria, Spain, Italy and in some sections of the United States. The Ashantees and other African tribes smoke them and eat them as daily food all the year around. In Algeria in the markets, large heaps of snails are sold by the bushel and the hundred as an article of food. Vendors hawk them in the streets of Cairo. In modern Rome fresh gathered snails are hawked by women from door to door.

Society

One of the most delightful of the social and musical events of the present season was the reception given by Mrs. J. A. and Miss Blanche Kimball last evening in honor of Mr. Leon Woodmansee. The guests were received in the large hall and the programme was rendered in the parlors on the north. Assisting in entertaining the guests were Mrs. Ledyard Bailey and Mrs. J. R. Walker.

The programme was one well calculated to delight the audience, each number being a gem in itself. The vocal solos were charmingly rendered, the clear tones of Mrs. King's voice flowing with rare sweetness in her number, "Thou Art So Like Unto a Flower"; and Mrs. Mont Ferry's voice showing her best work in A. Goring Thomas' "A Summer Night." Every number would claim its mead of praise if one should discriminate, but the beauty of the selections for the piano, the delicacy of tone and the marvelous power of expression shown by Mr. Woodmansee may not be overlooked. Especially beautiful to his listeners was the number of his own composing, which was his closing one.

After the programme a delightful social hour was spent, and delicious refreshments were served in the dining room to the large number of friends who were present. The dining room was in charge of Mrs. W. A. Nelden, and assisting her were Dr. Luella Miles and Miss Edna Bailey. The table was decorated with sweet pets, and two heavy silver candelabra with pink candles graced either end. Among the guests present were: Mr. and Mrs. Boggs, Colonel and Mrs. Munroe, Dr. and Mrs. Bickford, Mrs. Elliott, Dr. and Mrs. Bascom, Mr. and Mrs. Witcher Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Knight, Major and Mrs. Downey, Judge and Mrs. Goodwin, Dr. and Mrs. Rykert, Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Ferry, Mr. and Mrs. Akers, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Judge and Mrs. Royle, Colonel and Mrs. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, Dr. and Mrs. Niles, Mr. and Mrs. Terry, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Bidwell, Mr. and Mrs. Pearsell, Mr. and Mrs. Weir, Mr. and Mrs. Fabian, Mr. and Mrs. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Rice, Mrs. T. C. Bailey, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Martha R. King, Mr. and Mrs. Folsom, Mrs. Gue, Mrs. Woodward, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. J. W. Bowers of Los Angeles; the Misses Edna Bailey, Cohn, Chamberlain, Woodward, Woodmansee, Monroe, Shearman, Longmaid; Messrs. Woodmansee, Eastman, Shelton, Lawrence, Thompson, Paden, Lindsay, Shearman, L. W. Critchlow, Dr. Critchlow, Plummer, Copley, Richardson.

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Mr. and Mrs. Charles Worthen Lawrence will arrive this morning from San Francisco and will be at home after the 10th of the month at 30 First street.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Folsom left Saturday for their home in San Francisco, after a visit of a month with Miss Shearman.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mr. Eugene Heffley, who made many warm friends in Salt Lake during his stay, has accepted an appointment in Carnegie Music hall, New York, where he will have charge of the pupils of McDowell during the coming season.

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Dr. and Mrs. T. B. Beatty will leave shortly for the northwest. Mrs. Beatty will return in about ten days, but Dr. Beatty will remain in Astoria for an extended visit.

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Miss Annie Jones, who has been the guest of Mrs. Forman in Bingham for some time, returned last night to her home.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mr. John Pike spent the past few days in Provo canyon on a fishing trip, returning yesterday.

◆ ◆ ◆

Miss Edith Bracken, who has been the guest for some months of her brother, Dr. J. K. W. Bracken, left last evening for her home in Mount Pleasant, Ia.

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The Salt Lake friends of Captain and Mrs. T. B. Rhodes will rejoice to learn of the advent in New York on July 2 of Thomas Brown Rhodes, jr.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mrs. J. H. Young will leave during the week for a month or six weeks in Soda Springs.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Payne of South Bend, Ind., are spending the summer with Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Stroup.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mr. Leon Woodmansee will leave the latter part of the week for a brief rest at Brighton.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mrs. and Miss Longmaid of Helena, Mont., are the guests of Miss Shearman.

◆ ◆ ◆

Dr. A. E. Rykert has gone to British Columbia for a two weeks' outing.

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Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Filer are expected home from the coast shortly.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mrs. J. E. Bamberger entertains at dinner this evening.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mrs. William Wigginton Betts of St. Louis is in the city and will be the guest for the remainder of the summer of Mr. and Mrs. John Reed.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mrs. Joseph Siegel of Butte, who has been visiting Salt Lake friends for the past six weeks, leaves tomorrow for her home.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mrs. Martha Royle King will open a studio in the city very shortly.

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There are probably over 200 former Salt Lakers now living in Seattle, and although they like their adopted home, they still have a warm place in their hearts for Utah. At least, these sentiments were often expressed at a gathering of former residents, to the number of over fifty, at one of Seattle's beautiful parks last Thursday. Mrs. Frank B. Cooper, wife of the former superintendent of the Salt Lake schools, and Mrs. L. H. Dale were responsible for giving what proved a most delightful social affair.

The guests were assembled around large tables, placed under a large tree in beautiful Woodland park, and did ample justice to the elaborate menu prepared by the ladies. Mr. Ernest G. Rognon was elected toastmaster, and Professor Frank B. Cooper, Charles Jacobs, C. H. Martin, L. H. Dale and others responded to toasts. The witty sayings and the praise of Salt Lake and her people by Professor Cooper brought forth vigorous applause. It was regretted that J. M. Goodwin, formerly of the Salt Lake Tribune, and wife had to leave before partaking of the good things. Among those present, all former residents of Salt Lake, were: Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Goodwin, Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Cooper, Ernest G. Rognon, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Dale, Mrs. V. C. Fox, Misses Ida and Mary Dysart, Mrs. M. A. Harrison, Miss Louise Harrison, C. H. Jacobs and Miss Edna Jacobs, Mrs. and Miss Paris, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Hathaway, William Cooper, Miss Etta Powers, Miss Rose Vimont, Miss Etta Hazeltine, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Seater, and Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Martin.

LITT GETS M'VICKER'S THEATRE

Chicago, July 28.—By a transaction closed today, Jacob Litt, who operates theatres in New York, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Milwaukee and Chicago, becomes the owner of McVicker's theatre, which he had hitherto under lease. The price paid is not stated.

ALICE of OLD VINCENNES

BY MAURICE THOMPSON

CHAPTER XII.

Manon Lescaut, and a Rapier-thrust.

Beverley's absence was not noticed by Hamilton until late on the following day, and even then he scouted Helm's suggestion that the young man was possibly carrying out his threat to disregard his parole.

"He would be quite justified in doing it: you know that very well," said Helm, with a laugh, "and he's just the man to undertake what is impossible. Of course, however, he'll get scalped for his trouble, and that will cost you something, I'm happy to say."

"It's a matter of small importance," Hamilton replied, "but I'll wager you the next toddy that he's not at the present moment a half-mile from this spot. He may be a fool, I readily grant that he is, but even a fool is not going to set out alone in this kind of weather to go where your rebel friends are probably toasting their shins by a fire of green logs and half starving over yonder on the Mississippi."

"Joking aside, you are doubtless right. Beverley is hot-headed, and if he could he'd get even with you devilish quick; but he hasn't left Vincennes, I think. Miss Roussillon would keep him here if the place were on fire!"

Hamilton laughed dryly. He had thought just what Helm was saying. Beverley's attentions to Alice had not escaped his notice.

"Speaking of that girl," he remarked, after a moment's silence, "what am I to do with her? There's no place to keep her, and Farnsworth insists that she wasn't to blame." He chuckled again, and added:

"It's true as gospel. He's in love with her, too. Seems to be glad she shot him. Says he's ashamed of himself for ever suspecting her of being anything but a genuine angel. Why, he's got as flabby as a rabbit, and mumbles like a fool!"

"Same as you or I at his age," said Helm, taking a chew of tobacco. "She is a pretty thing. Beverley don't know his foot from his shoulder-blade when she's anywhere near him. Boys are boys. I'm sort of a boy myself."

"If she'd give up that flag I'd let her go," said Hamilton. "I hate like the devil to confine her; it looks brutal, and makes me feel like a tyrant."

"Have you ever happened to notice the obvious fact, Governor Hamilton, that Alice Roussillon and Father Beret are not all the French in Vincennes?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I don't for a moment believe that either the girl or the priest knows a thing about where that flag is. They are both as truthful and honorable as people ever get to be. I know them. Somebody else got that flag from under the priest's floor. You may depend upon that. If Miss Roussillon knew where it is she'd say so, and then dare you to make her tell where it's hidden."

"Oh, the whole devilish town is rotten with treason; that's very clear. There's not a loyal soul in it outside of my forces."

"Thank you for not including me among the loyalists."

"Humph, I spoke of these French people; they pretend to be, but I believe they are all traitors."

"You can manage them if you try. A little jolly kindness goes a long way with 'em. I had no trouble while I held the town."

Hamilton bit his lip and was silent. Helm was exasperatingly good tempered, and his jocularity was irresistible. While he was yet speaking a guard came up, followed by Jean, the hunchback, and, saluting, said to Hamilton:

"The lad wants to see the young lady, sir."

Hamilton gazed quizzically at Jean, who planted himself in his habitual attitude before him and stared up into his face with the grotesque expression which seems to be characteristic of hunchbacks and unfledged birds—the look of an embodied and hideous joke.

"Well, sir, what will you have?" the governor demanded.

"I want to see Alice, if you please."

"What for?"

"I want to give her a book to read."

"Ah, indeed. Where is it? Let me see it."

Jean took from the breast of his loose jerkin a small volume, dog-eared and mildewed, and handed it to Hamilton. Meantime he stood first on one foot, then the other, gnawing his thumbnail and blinking rapidly.

"Well, Helm, just look here!"

"What?"

"Manon Lescaut."

"And what's that?"

"Haven't you ever read it?"

"Read what?"

"This novel—'Manon Lescaut'?"

"Never read a novel in my life. Never expect to."

Hamilton laughed freely at Helm's expense, then turned to Jean and gave him back the book.

It would have been quite military had he taken the precaution to examine between the pages for something hidden there, but he did not.

"Go, give it to her," he said, "and tell her I send my compliments, with great admiration for her taste in literature." He motioned the soldier to show Jean to Alice. "It's a beastly French story," he added, addressing Helm; "immoral enough to make a pirate blush. That's the sort of girl Mademoiselle Roussillon is!"

"I don't care what kind of a book she reads," blurted Helm, "she's a fine, pure, good girl. Everybody likes her. She's the good angel of this miserable frog-hole of a town. You'd like her yourself if you'd straighten up and quit burning tow in your brain all the time. You're always so furious about something that you never have a chance to be just to yourself, or pleasant to anybody else."

Hamilton turned fiercely on Helm, but a glimpse of the captain's broad, good-humored face, heartily smiling, dispelled his anger. There was no ground upon which to maintain a quarrel with a person so persistently genial and so absurdly frank. And in fact Hamilton was not half so bad as his choleric manifestations seemed to make him out. Besides, Helm knew just how far to go, just when to stop.

"If I had got furious at you every time there was overwhelming provocation for it," Hamilton said, "you'd have been long since hanged or shot. I fancy that I have shown angelic forbearance. I've given you somewhat more than a prisoner's freedom."

"So you have, so you have," assented Helm. "I've often been surprised at your generous partiality in my case. Let's have some hot water with something else in it, what do you say? I won't give you any more advice for five minutes by your watch."

"But I want some advice at once."

"What about?"

"That girl."

"Turn her loose. That's easy and reputable."

"I'll have to, I presume; but she ought to be punished."

"If you'll think less about punishment, revenge and getting even with everybody and everything, you'll soon begin to prosper."

Hamilton winced, but smiled as one quite sure of himself.

Jean followed the soldier to a rickety log pen on the farther side of the stockade, where he found the prisoner restlessly moving about like a bird in a rustic cage. It had no comforts, that gloomy little room. There was no fireplace, the roof leaked, and the only furniture consisted of a bench to sit on and a pile of skins for bed. Alice looked charmingly forlorn peeping out of the wraps in which she was bundled against the cold, her hair fluffed and rimpled in shining disorder around her face.

The guard let Jean in and closed the door, himself staying outside.

Alice was as glad to see the poor lad as if they had been parted for a year. She hugged him and kissed his drawn little face.

"You dear, good Jean!" she murmured, "you did not forget me."

"I brought you something," he whispered, producing the book.

Alice snatched it, looked at it, and then at Jean.

"Why, what did you bring this for? you silly Jean! I didn't want this. I don't like this book at all. It's hateful. I despise it. Take it back."

"There's something in it for you, a paper with writing on it; Lieutenant Beverley wrote it on there. It's shut up between the leaves about the middle."

"Sh-s-sh! not so loud, the guard'll hear you." Alice breathlessly whispered, her whole manner changing instantly. She was trembling, and the color had been whisked from her face, as the flame from a candle in a sudden draught.

She found the note and read it a dozen times without a pause, her eyes leaping along the lines back and forth with pathetic eagerness and concentration. Presently she sat down on the bench and covered her face with her hands. A tremor first, then a convulsive sobbing, shook her collapsed form. Jean regarded her with a drolly sympathetic grimace, elevating his long chin and letting his head settle back between his shoulders.

"Oh, Jean, Jean!" she cried at last, looking up and reaching out her arms. "Oh, Jean, he is gone, gone, gone!"

Jean stepped closer to her while she sobbed again like a little child.

She pulled him to her and held him tightly against her breast while she once more read the note through blinding tears. The words were few, but to her they bore the message of desolation and despair. A great, haunting, hollow voice in her heart repeated them until they echoed from vague distance to distance.

It was written with a bit of lead on the leaf of a mildewed fly-leaf torn from the book:

"Dear Alice: I am going away. When you read this, think of me as hurrying through the wilderness to reach our army and bring it here. Be brave, as you always have been; be good, as you cannot help being; wait and watch for me; love me, as I love you. I will come. Do not doubt it, I will come, and I will crush Hamilton and his command. Courage, Alice dear; courage, and wait for me. Faithfully ever,

"BEVERLEY."

She kissed the paper with passionate fervor, pouring her tears upon it in April showers between which the light of her eyes played almost fiercely, so poignant was her sense of a despair which bordered upon desperation. "Gone, gone."

Jean took the offending novel back home with him, hidden under his jerkin; but Beverley's note lay upon Alice's heart, a sweet comfort and a crushing weight, when an hour later Hamilton sent for her and she was taken before him. Her face was stained with tears and she looked pitifully distressed and disheveled; yet despite all this her beauty asserted itself with subtle force.

Hamilton felt ashamed looking at her, but put on sternness and spoke without apparent sympathy:

"Miss Roussillon, you came near committing a great crime. As it is, you have done badly enough; but I wish not to be unreasonably severe. I hope you are sorry for your act, and feel like doing better hereafter."

She was trembling, but her eyes looked steadily straight into his. They were eyes of baby innocence, yet they irradiated a strong womanly spirit just touched with the old perverse, mischievous light which she could neither banish nor control. When she did not make reply, Hamilton continued:

"You may go home now, and I shall expect to have no more trouble on your account." He made a gesture indicative of dismissal, then, as she turned from him, he added, somewhat raising his voice:

"And further, Miss Roussillon, that flag you took from here must positively be returned. See that it is done."

She lifted her head high and walked away, not deigning to give him a word.

"Humph! what do you think now of your fine young lady?" he demanded, turning to Helm with a sneering curl of his mouth. "She gives thanks copiously for a kindness, don't you think?"

"Poor girl, she was scared nearly out of her life," said Helm. "She got away from you, like a wounded bird from a snare. I never saw a face more pitiful than hers."

"Much pity she needs, and greatly like a wounded bird she acts, I must say; out good riddance if she'll keep her place hereafter. I despise myself when I have to be hard with a woman, especially a pretty one. That girl's a saucy and fascinating minx, and as dangerous as twenty men. I'll keep a watch on her movements from this on, and if she gets into mischief again I'll transport her to Detroit, or give her away to the Indians. She must stop her high-handed foolishness."

Helm saw that Hamilton was talking mere wind, vox et praeterea nihil, and he furthermore felt that his babbling signified no harm to Alice; but Hamilton surprised him presently by saying:

"I have just learned that Lieutenant Beverley is actually gone. Did you know of his departure?"

"What are you saying, sir?"

Helm jumped to his feet, not angry, but excited.

"Keep cool, you need not answer if you prefer silence or evasion. You may want to go yourself soon."

Helm burst out laughing, but, quickly growing serious, said:

"Has Beverley been such a driveling fool as that? Are you in earnest?"

"He killed two of my scouts, wounded another, and crossed the Wabash in their canoe. He is going straight towards Kaskasia."

"The idiot! Hurrah for him! If you catch your hare you may roast him, but eaten him first, governor!"

"You'll joke out of the other corner of your mouth, Captain Helm, if I find out that you gave him aid or countenance in breaking his parole."

"Aid or countenance! I never saw him after he walked out of this room. You gave him a devil of a sight more aid and countenance than I did. What are you talking about! Broke his parole! He did no such thing. He returned it to you fairly, as you well know. He told you he was going."

"Well, I've sent twenty of my swiftest Indians after him to bring him back. I'll let you see him shot. That ought to please you."

"They'll never get him, governor. I'll bet high on him against your twenty scalp-lifters any day. Fitzhugh Beverley is the best Indian fighter, Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton excepted, in the American colonies."

On her way home Alice met Father Beret, who turned and walked beside her. He was so overjoyed at her release that he could scarcely speak; but held her hand and stroked it gently while she told him her story. It was beginning to rain, a steady, cold shower, when they reached the house, and for many days and nights thereafter the downfall continued almost incessantly.

"Dear child," said Father Beret, stopping at the gate and looking beseechingly into Alice's face, "you must stay at home now—stay in the house—it will be horribly dangerous for you to pass about the village after your—after what has happened."

(To be continued tomorrow.)

THE IDAN-HA HOTEL

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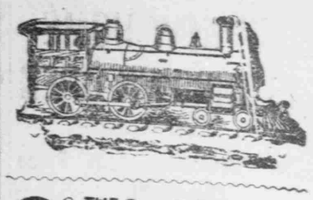

THE DENVER & RIO GRANDE AND THE RIO GRANDE WESTERN

Current Time Table.
In Effect April 3, 1902.

LEAVE SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 6—For Grand Junction, Denver and points east	8:30 a.m.
No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points east	3:15 p.m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points east	8:29 p.m.
No. 10—For Bingham, Lehi, Provo, Heber, Mt. Pleasant, Manti, Marysvale and intermediate points	8:00 a.m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and intermediate points	5:00 p.m.
No. 11—For Ogden and all intermediate points	6:10 p.m.
No. 5—For Ogden and the west	9:30 a.m.
No. 3—For Ogden and the west	11:00 p.m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the west	12:40 p.m.
No. 42—For Park City	8:15 a.m.

ARRIVE SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 12—From Ogden and all intermediate points	9:10 a.m.
No. 5—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east	9:35 a.m.
No. 1—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east	12:35 p.m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east	10:50 p.m.
No. 9—From Provo, Bingham, Eureka, Marysvale, Manti and intermediate points	6:00 p.m.
No. 6—From Ogden and the west	8:20 a.m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the west	3:05 p.m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the west	8:10 p.m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and intermediate points	10:00 a.m.
No. 41—From Park City	5:15 p.m.

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Time Table
In Effect
April 1, 1902

ARRIVE.

From Ogden, Portland, Butte, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha Denver and San Francisco	8:35 a.m.
From Ogden and intermediate points	9:10 a.m.
From Callentes, Milford, Nephi, Provo and intermediate points	8:35 a.m.
From Ogden, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, Denver and San Francisco	3:00 p.m.
From Garfield Beach, Tooele and Terminus	5:00 p.m.
From Tintic, Mercur, Nephi, Provo and Manti	6:00 p.m.
From Preston, Logan, Brigham, Ogden and intermediate points	6:50 p.m.
From Ogden, Butte, Portland, San Francisco	8:10 p.m.

DEPART.

For Ogden, Cache Valley, Omaha, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City and St. Louis	7:00 a.m.
For Garfield Beach, Tooele and Terminus	7:45 a.m.
For Tintic, Mercur, Provo, Nephi and Manti	7:55 a.m.
For Ogden, Butte, Helena, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points	9:45 a.m.
For Ogden, Omaha, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis and San Francisco	12:50 p.m.
For Ogden, Denver, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Louis and Chicago	6:00 p.m.
For Provo, Nephi, Milford, Callentes and intermediate points	7:05 p.m.
For Ogden, Butte, Helena, Portland, San Francisco and intermediate points	10:50 p.m.

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