# COLONEL JOSLYN, U. S. A.

## By C. B. LEWIS

IT was an exclusive party of eight. Sir George Minturn and wife were at the head of it. The others were Mrs. Woeburn, widow of the civil engineer; the Hon. James Blackman, wife and daughter; D'Artgen, a French Marquis, and Brittman of the German Embassy in London. They were all ultra-fashionables in their way, and their little party had not been made up entirely by accident. Sir George and the Honorable James had planned a voyage to the Mediterranean and had invited Mrs. Woeburn as a guest. The marquis, who had met Miss Blackman a few times in London society, decided that he was in love with her, and determined to take the trip on his own account, to further his interests. Brittman did not know whether he was in love with the widow or not. As he had secured leave of absence for four months it seemed to him that he might as well make a voyage as remain ashore.

But when the steamer reached Gibraltar the "ring" suddenly found the sand being cut from under its feet by the undertow. The "undertow" came aboard at that point. He was a tall, solid man, with a merry eye and an open face, and his manner was friendly. It was safe to say that he was not the scion of aristocrats, and that he had neither a college diploma nor a knowledge of the rules of social etiquette. He had scarcely stowed away his things in a stateroom when he made a bold-faced attempt to break down the "ring." Sir George was pacing the deck with his cigar when the new arrival walked up to him and said: "I'll keep you company if you don't mind, captain. I've been waiting here for a week and I'm dog-tired of old Gib. Plenty of guns and redcoats and all that, but do you know I couldn't find a cocktail in the whole place? Positive fact, sir. Never even heard of one. Think of a town without a cocktail!"

Sir George halted. Then he slowly raised his monocle and adjusted it. He stared at the stranger for a long half minute before he exclaimed

"Sir, are you addressing me?"

"By George, but you're a cool old boy!" mused the other in tones of admiration. "Standing on etiquette, eh? Well, maybe I was too previous. My name's Joslyn—Colonel Joslyn of Dakota, U. S. A. I've got a sworn affidavit in my trunk from our county sheriff that I've never been arrested for murder. You've got a name, I suppose?"

"Sir!" gasped the Englishman, as he continued to stare.

"And I'm making a little pleasure trip all by my lonesome," continued the colonel. "Always said I would if I ever got money enough. How are you on poker? I haven't played a game in three months and am beginning to feel homesick."

Sir George's hand went up to his glass. The glass was removed from his eye. Hand and glass fell together. Then he faced about and walked off as erect as a West Pointer. Colonel Joslyn had been snubbed. There were five or six people looking on and enjoying the affair, and they expected to hear some outburst on the colonel's part. There was none, however. He merely rubbed his hands together and smiled and said to himself:

"The old cock is either a jolly or else he's standing on his dig because we don't rent pews in the same church. I'll see him later."

Only half an hour had passed when Colonel Joslyn ran across the marquis. The Frenchman had just finished a promenade with Miss Blackman, and had received what he felt sure was encouragement.

"Going to stop at Malt?" asked the colonel in his easy going way, as he extended a cigar in his fingers.

The marquis smiled faintly and shrugged his shoulders. He had seen Sir George snub the American, and he felt it a duty to follow his example.

"Don't understand, eh? Well, it don't matter much. I was just going to ask if there was anything worth seeing. If you could talk English I'd also ask you who that girl is you were walking about with. I'll be hanged if she isn't the perfect picture of the Widow Taylor's daughter Hetty. I've been a little sweet on Hetty for a year or two past, and when I first saw you with that girl my heart jumped into my mouth."

The marquis bit his lip and smiled and shook his head and walked off, but if he thought he had snubbed Colonel Joslyn he was mistaken. As he could not speak English, and as the Colonel could not speak French, how could there have been a snub?

It was two or three days before another attempt was made to break up the "ring." Then the colonel met Brittman in the smoking room. The situation was plainer now, and there was a fatherly twang in the colonel's tone as he said:

"Look here, mister, I want to say a word or two for your own good. It's seldom I mix up in anybody's rows, but I hate to see a man fighting without a fair show."

"Who you vhas?" asked the attache with considerable dignity, but not half as much as he might have assumed had not the Widow Woeburn refused him an hour before.

"Name's Joslyn of the U. S. A., and I'm doing a little trotting about alone. I see you belong to that little 'ring,' but you are simply throwing your time away."

The attache could not make out the colonel's meaning until the case had been gone over again and again. Then he was furious. It was bad enough for a stranger to approach him in that blunt fashion, but for the same man to mix up in his love affair and give him fatherly advice was beyond endurance. He wanted to swear and pound on the table and tell the colonel what he thought of him, but his good breeding restrained him. He simply sat bolt upright and glared. The colonel tried to go on, but even he was nonplussed. By and by the attache got up and walked away. As he moved off his looks and bearing indicated that he had never heard of Colonel Joslyn of Dakota, or of the United States of America. They were as nothing to him.

"Was that a snub or wasn't it?" questioned the man from Dakota as he relighted his cigar stub. "No, it couldn't be. As he can't talk English, and I can't talk German, there is no snubbing about it. He has just taken my words to heart and gone off to ponder over them."

A day or so passed and then Colonel Joslyn started in again to break up the "ring." The widow Woeburn chanced to be on deck alone. She happened to drop her handkerchief, and the colonel happened to catch it before it blew overboard. As he returned it he lifted his hat and said:

"Came mighty near losing my hat in the same puff. Going as far as Alexandria?"

The widow looked at him in astonishment, and he hastened to introduce himself and add:

"You must be lonesome in such a queer crowd. I've tackled three of the men, and I'll be hanged if I can turn to 'em. I should think they'd want to have a good time."

Having thus delivered himself he coolly sat down beside the lady and asked her if she had ever been in the United States, and if so what she thought of the people. Before she could reply or administer a snub the rest of the "ring" arrived in a body. They were astonished at the situation. Some smiled and some giared, but it was the Hon. James Blackman who retreated a few paces and beckoned for the colonel to approach. The two had not met before.

"Sir," began the honorable as the Dakota man drew near, "is there any particular reason why you desire to make the acquaintance of any one of our party?"

"Well, no desperate reason," replied the colonel. "I thought some of you might be glad of a poker game, or would like to swap yarns to pass away the time, and I believe I'd enjoy a talk with the widow over there, but I ain't desperate about it."

"Then, sir, will you be kind enough to leave us to ourselves?" continued the honorable.

"You mean I'm to fight shy of your crowd?"

"I mean, sir—I mean that when we desire your company we'll give you due notice! Is that plain?"

"Colonel, that's as plain as the horns on a steer. I take it that you mean to snub me?"

"You are a man of perception, sir!"

That closed the interview. Colonel Joslyn had tried to break up the "ring" and had failed. He went off and sat down by himself for a while and felt somewhat hurt and humiliated, but this feeling did not last long. They were a churlish lot, while he, on the contrary, was a good fellow. They could not help being churlish any more than he could help being good-natured, and he soon decided to forgive them.

By and by the Monarch reached Alexandria. The "ring" drew a long breath and hoped it had seen the last of Colonel Joslyn. He had been talked over on several occasions, and though it was agreed that he was harmless, he could not be forgiven for his familiarity. When an American who has risen from the dust of cattle trails attempts to cross the gulf separating him from British autocracy his audacity must be resented. The "ring" had planned to go up the Nile by steamer. Berths were secured and the steamer was ringing her bell for "all aboard" when Colonel Joslyn walked up the gangplank. He had also decided to go up the Nile.

"For Gawd's sake!" gasped Sir George as he recognized the man.

"Parbleu! but ze Americain!" growled the marquis.

"Donner and blitzen! but he vas here!" muttered the attache as he tugged at his mustache and gave it a fiercer appearance.

"Hello, you folk!" shouted the colonel as he reached the deck. "I heard that the Nile beat the Missouri river all holler as a stream, and I'm going up to settle the matter. How've you all been since I saw you last?"

Eight people stared into space. Eight heads were held stiffly. If there was a man named Colonel Joslyn of Dakota, U. S. A., it was naught to them. He might be living—he might never have lived. It was a cold, cold snub, but it did not worry the colonel for five minutes. He had never snubbed man or woman in his life. He had even been careful not to humiliate his dog or his bronco. However, other people were different, and if snubbing was their way he would not quarrel about it. It was a small steamer, with but few passangers, and for the next four days the colonel was snubbed almost hourly. Whenever a landing was made the exclusives walked about by themselves, and the colonel never tried to force himself in. On the steamer he was a leveler of caste; on land he had a limit. Nothing of much consequence happened until they had been afloat several days. Then a breaking down happened to the machinery, and the boat was tied to the bank at a mud-walled village.

There was but little to see near at hand, but a mile away was a pile of old ruins. The "ring" started out first, the Colonel Joslyn was the only one who followed. The remainder of the passengers did not think it would pay to tramp over the sands under the hot sun. The man from Dakota did not think much of the ruins after he reached them. He gathered a few souvenirs, and was about to return to the steamer when he heard a cry for help. The people of the "ring" were half a mile away when he last saw them. The cry was in a woman's voice, and the colonel lost no time in answering it. He suddenly made his appearance behind a great mass of debris to find the party of eight lined up in good order. An ugly-looking native with a pistol was holding the victims steady, while his "pal" was passing the hat for contributions. In this case they were expected to give liberally if not cheerfully. Money, watches and rings were being dropped into the hat as it passed.

"Hello! A hold-up, eh!" exclaimed the colonel as he came to a halt. "Well, that's next to poker, and I'll take a hand!"

The man with the pistol fired and missed. The next moment he pitched forward unconscious. The other fellow attempted to run away, but the colonel was on his back in three jumps. He was twisted around, a blow was dealt under his ear, and he, too, became unconscious.

"Bravo! Bravo!" cried the four men in chorus; and "Oh, you dear man!" exclaimed the four women together; but Colonel Joslyn held up his hand in warning and said:

"Pocket that plunder and make for the steamer. It looks to me as if there was a lot here."

As the "ring" moved off he drew a navy revolver and acted as rear guard. They were not yet clear of the ruins when half a dozen desperate-looking natives were giving chase. None of the four men were armed, but just before reaching the village they came upon a pile of stakes. Each seized one, and the dozen men who swarmed out of the hovels to bar their way did not dare to come to close quarters. The rear was well guarded. There were twenty men slowly crawling up on the American as he reached the bank, and though most of them had muskets or pistols they feared to open the battle. As the party reached the steamer the natives drew off. The captain, mate, engineer, fireman and all the crew were Egyptians.

"They are robbers—river pirates—they will capture the steamer and murder us all!" wailed the captain as he caught the shouts of the retreating natives.

"Let's figure a little on that," replied the colonel as he joined the excited group on deck. "Did you ever have a row with pirates before?"

"Never! They are making ready to open fire on us from the first hut!"

"Well, if you've had no experience, let me run things for awhile. Fighting pirates can't be much worse than rioting Indians. The first move is to get the boat clear of the bank.

"But we've no steam!"

"Then let her drift. Get out those poles and heave her off."

The steamer was carried a hundred feet into the stream before she lost her headway, and then the anchor was dropped. She was within musket range of the huts but was safe from a sudden rush. As soon as the anchor was down everything movable was carried to the starboard side to protect the cabin from bullets, but the place had not been made reasonably safe when fire was opened. The flying bullets drove the crew to their quarters and the officers and passengers into the cabin, and for the first time the people of the "ring" had an opportunity to thank the colonel for coming to their rescue. Smiling as he remembered the last snub, he hurriedly replied:

"Yes, yes—all right—all right. We've got a jackrabbit for a captain, and it's ten to one the crew are in with the robber gang. I want to pay the engineer a visit."

Ten minutes later he was back with the chief engineer. He had the native by the neck, and the fellow was white with fear. As he was whirled into a corner and warned not to stir on peril of his life the man from Dakota explained:

"He disabled his own engines to lay us up here. His assistant is making repairs and the firemen are chucking in coal. Nice little plot, but I think we'll beat it. Now, then, who has got pistols?"

The four men of the "ring" had revolvers in their trunks, and the same was the case with five other male passengers. When the weapons were brought out and loaded two men were sent down into the engine room to act as a tonic on the assistant and his firemen. About this time the mate began to act queerly and he was hurried into the corner with the other prisoner, and Sir George detailed to guard them. The Honorable Blackman took his place before the quarters of the deck hands, and then, by Colonel Joslyn's directions, the rest of the armed men got such cover as they could and opened fire on the robbers who were skulking along the bank. It was not prize target shooting, but it drove the fellows back and lessened the fire. It did not take fifteen minutes to fix the engines, and when they were pronounced all right there was enough steam in the boiler to go ahead with.

But they were not to get out of it so easily. The thieves ashore saw how things were progressing, and they suddenly ceased their attack and ran to a flatboat lying against the bank above the village. A full score of them jumped in and cast off. If they reached the steamer they were strong enough to carry her by boarding. There were calls for the crew to get up anchor, and calls for the captain to take the pilot house, but neither was responded to. The crew sulked in their quarters and the captain trembled in his cabin. Colonel Joslyn again came to the rescue. With a hammer he knocked the shackle pin out of the chain and let the anchor go, and then going to the pilot house he took the wheel. Bullets fairly rained about him, driving all others to cover, but he was not hit.

While the flatboat was still fifty feet away the steamer began to move. The robbers had planned to grasp her anchor chain and swing alongside, and as she headed away from them they rent the air with their fierce screams and concentrated their fire on the man in the pilot house. Colonel Joslyn hid from view, but it was only for a moment. As soon as the flatboat had drifted past he not only got up, but he called to Sir George, the honorable, the marquis and all others who could come. In fifty words he told them his plan. Two minutes later the steamer was describing a circle. When she had half-completed it she was headed for the robbers' craft. They fired and shouted and used their oars, but she came driving along and struck the flatboat on her port quarter and tore her stern away. As she struck there was a fusillade from the cabin windows. Looking back in the steamer's wake the passengers could not discover even a single swimmer. It was a complete annihilation. When he realized this the captain regained his courage, the mate stopped sulking and the engineer begged to be sent about his duties. If there had been a conspiracy it was no longer to be feared.

After Colonel Joslyn had turned over the command and things were running smoothly, the "ring" sent for him. The circle opened to let him in as he arrived. He was perspiring and he was grimy. He was coatless and hatless and his hair was in a tangle. Sir George cleared his throat and looked half ashamed as he began:

"Colonel Joslyn, it may have occurred to you that—that—that this family party, as it were, has not made any great effort to—to—"

"Sir!" interrupted the colonel, as he drew himself up, "are you addressing me?"

"Now, then, my dear fellow, you know—you see—this party desires—"

"When I desire your company I will give you due notice!" continued the colonel, and looking over the heads of the entire party he marched off to his stateroom to remove the stains of battle.

"For Gawd's sake!" whispered Sir George, as he looked after him, and then his companions looked at each other in blank astonishment and swallowed hard at the bitter pill.

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## AN OLD-FASHIONED WINTER DINNER.

By CORNELIA C. BEDFORD.

OUTSIDE of large cities it is often both difficult and expensive to obtain any perishable foods which are out of season, and the heavy storms of the past few months have greatly heightened the prices of all kinds of foods. The menu presented today for the consideration of our readers is, or should be, possible in any part of the country.

Barley Soup.
Beef Pot Roast. Brown Gravy.
Browned Potatoes. Creamed Parsnips.
Cold Slaw.
Cheese Fingers or Wafers.
Pineapple Tapioca.
Coffee.

The bone from a leg or a couple of pounds of shoulder or neck of mutton will be ample for this soup, which depends upon time and slow cooking for its excellence. Wipe the meat, cutting it in pieces and crack the bones. Put in a kettle with three quarts of cold water, cover, heat slowly and simmer for four hours, adding after three hours' cooking one-quarter of a small turnip, one-half of an onion, a small carrot and salt and pepper to taste. Strain and put aside until next day. From the solid material which remains pick out the vegetables and meat, being very careful to discard all bits of bone. Put through the food chopper, season highly, add a spoonful or two of the soup to moisten, and set away. Mixed with an equal quantity of coarsely chopped boiled potato it will give a savory dish for breakfast or supper. Barley can now be had in two sizes—the pot or large grains, the pearl or fine; the latter cooks more quickly and so is often preferred; but either variety will do. As even the fine requires three hours to cook tender, it is best to boil it in an abundance of slightly salted water, as this does away with the evaporation of the soup stock; the unused water can when desired be used in making our meat stock. An hour before dinner next day the solid cake of fat is removed from the soup; it is put in a saucepan with the desired quantity of barley and gently heated, then simmered for half an hour.

In selecting beef for a pot roast try to have it as "chunky" as possible; where the family is small, and only two or three pounds are ordered, the butcher often sends a long, thin piece, which cannot be cooked to advantage. Any of the so-called cheaper cuts, which are neither too bony or too fat, can be utilized in this dish, as the long, slow cooking will give a tender, appetizing result.

When received trim off superfluous fat and as much bone—if any— as possible. Wipe with a damp cloth. Try out a little of the fat in a frying pan—if an old-fashioned iron kettle is used there is no need of two utensils. Lay in the meat and brown it quickly but thoroughly on each cut side. Transfer it to the larger kettle in which it is to be cooked. Rinse out the frying pan with a little boiling water and pour this over the meat . Now add sufficient hot liquid to make a pint altogether—if there is any beef gravy or stock or a little strained tomato in the pantry it may be added with profit, otherwise water will do. To this there may also be added at discretion a small onion stuck with a clove, a piece of carrot, a bit of green pepper or some herbs; thus this simple dish may be greatly varied in flavor. Cover closely, bring quickly to the boiling point, then draw back to where the liquid will barely simmer, keeping it at the same temperature until ready to dish. Allow forty-five minutes for the first pound and half an hour for each additional pound. Have ready the requisite number of pared potatoes; three-quarters of an hour before dinner put them in the pot around the meat. When barely tender lift them out and take the pot from the fire for a moment. Skim off a few spoonfuls of the fat which collects on top of the liquid and put it in a small pan. Heat and in this brown the potatoes, turning them until evenely colored. Have ready a couple of spoonfuls of browned flour mixed to a paste with a little cold water. Transfer the meat to a hot platter. Thicken and boil up the gravy, adding seasoning to taste. Strain before serving.

Parsnips are a winter vegetable too often slighted. They are valuable for the sugar and starch which they contain, but need careful and thorough cooking to overcome the toughness of their cellular structure. Scrape or pare and boil in slightly salted water until very tender. For each pint make a sauce with one tablespoonful each of butter and flour, one-half of a pint of milk and salt and pepper to taste. Cut the parsnips in dice or in slender inch strips, add to the sauce and simmer together for ten minutes.

Either red or white cabbage can be used for slaw. Take a quarter of a large firm head, trim away the central stalk and shave as finely as possible. Beat an egg until quite light, add six tablespoonsful of water; mix a quarter of a teaspoonful of dry mustard, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and half as much white pepper with four tablespoonsful of vinegar and add slowly to the egg and water, stirring well. Put in a double boiler and stir over the fire until as thick as a rich custard; if it thickens too rapidly lift off the upper When done add a tablespoonful of butter, stir this until absorbed; then mix at once with the shaved cabbage, cover closely and set aside until cold. Should a thinned dressing be preferred dilute with a spoonful or two of vinegar.

Cheese wafers are to be had in packages, but if a home product is preferred try this: Rub together one cupful of flour, a half cupful of grated cheese, a pinch of salt, a dash of paprika, a scant teaspoonful of baking powder and a tablespoonful of butter. Mix to a dough with cold water, knead well, roll out and cut in strips of fingers. Wet the top of each with water, sprinkle with more of the cheese and bake in a moderate oven. These are good, hot or cold.

The dessert is made with canned pineapple. Cook three tablespoonfuls of instantaneous tapioca in a mixture of a cupful each of water and pineapple syrup until it is transparent. Add a cupful of the chopped or grated fruit and more sugar if needed, and cook for ten minutes longer, then turn into dessert glasses or a serving dish. Whip a cupful or more of thick sweet cream until stiff, add a few drops of lemon juice and—if on hand—three tablespoonsful of finely chopped almonds. Just before dinner spread this over the chilled tapioca and garnish with bits of the cut fruit.

## LEGAL.

### Assessment No. 5.

BLUE EAGLE MINING COMPANY. Principal place of business, Salt Lake City, Utah. Location of mines, Sevier county, Utah. Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the board of directors of the Blue Eagle Mining company, held on the 1st day of February, 1905, assessment No. 5, of one-half (½) cent per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, issued and outstanding, payable immediately to the secretary at his office, 225 Commercial Club building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Any stock upon which this assessment may remain unpaid on Saturday, the 4th day of March, 1905, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the 25th day of March, 1905, at one o'clock p. m., at the company's office, 225 Commercial Club building, Salt Lake, to pay the delinquent assessment thereon, together with the costs of advertising and expense of sale.

ERNEST WILLIAMS,
Secretary and Treasurer.

### Assessment No. 11.

MAYFLOWER MINING COMPANY.—Principal place of business, Salt Lake City, Utah. Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the board of directors of the above named company held on the 4th day of Feb. 1905, assessment No. 11 of ⅛ per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, issued and outstanding payable immediately to the secretary at the company's office, room 207 Progress building, Salt Lake City, Utah. Any stock upon which this assessment may remain unpaid on the 9th day of March, 1905, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on the 25th day of March, 1905, at 2 p. m. at the company's office, to pay the delinquent assessment thereon, together with the costs of advertising and expense of sale.

JOHN CAMPBELL, Secretary.
207 Progress building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

### Notice of Assessment No. 12.

THE SILVER SHIELD MINING AND Milling company, principal place of business Salt Lake City, Utah. Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the board of directors of the above named company, held on the 20th day of January, 1905, assessment No. 12, of 1½ cents per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation outstanding, payable immediately to E. H. Mead, assistant secretary, at 514 McCornick building, Salt Lake City, Utah. Any stock upon which this assessment may remain unpaid on Tuesday, March 7th, 1905, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, March 23d, 1905, at 10 a. m., at the office of the assistant secretary, 514 McCornick building, Salt Lake City, Utah, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expense of sale. E. H. MEAD,
Assistant Secretary.
514 McCornick building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

### Notice of Stockholders' Meeting.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the annual meeting of the stockholders of Beck's Salt company, a corporation of Utah, is hereby called and will be held at the parlors of the Wilson hotel in Salt Lake City, Utah, on Friday, Feb. 3, 1905, at 1 p. m.

This meeting was called in accordance with the articles of incorporation of said company by reason of the fact that said company failed to hold its regular annual meeting for the year 1904, and is called at the above place for the reason that it has no general office at said Salt Lake City, and is called for the purpose of electing a board of directors for the ensuing year and to transact such other and further business as may come before the stockholders.

By order of the president.
By R. L. TAYLOR,
Secretary.

The holding of the foregoing stockholders' meeting is hereby postponed, to be held at the same place as above specified, and will be held March 2d, 1905, at 1 p. m.
By order of the board of directors.
R. L. TAYLOR, Secretary.

### Notice.

THE CLUB HOUSE AND GROUNDS of the undersigned club will remain closed this spring from Feb. 15 to March 15, 1905, during the time the state law permits duck shooting. All persons are warned not to trespass or shoot upon said grounds.

Bear River Duck Club.
J. D. KENDALL, President.
JAY T. HARRIS, Secy.

### Delinquent Notice.

WEST CENTURY MINE & MILLING company, a corporation. Principal place of business, Salt Lake City, Utah. Notice.—There are delinquent upon the following described stock on account of assessment No. 6, levied Jan. 18, 1905, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders as follows:

| No. Cert. | Name. | Shares. | Am't. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 6 | John Campbell | 15,000 | $75 00 |
| 39 | Dan Weiskopf | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 43 | M. S. Kahn | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 54 | Jos. H. Myers | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 59 | Max Behr | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 61 | San Rubeus | 2,000 | 10 00 |
| 63 | Richard A. Keyes | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 64 | Richard A. Keyes | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 65 | Richard A. Keyes | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 66 | Richard A. Keyes | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 67 | Richard A. Keyes | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 68 | Richard A. Keyes | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 69 | Richard A. Keyes | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 70 | Richard A. Keyes | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 71 | Richard A. Keyes | 500 | 2 50 |
| 75 | W. C. Thompson | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 76 | John W. Beals | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 81 | Max Behr | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 83 | Jessie Chez | 500 | 2 50 |
| 86 | Louis D. McCracken | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 100 | Al Raines | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 104 | Carl Axtman | 500 | 2 50 |
| 105 | Chas. Hack | 250 | 1 25 |
| 107 | J. H. Tomlin | 500 | 2 50 |
| 117 | Horatio C. Sexton | 500 | 2 50 |
| 258 | Jos. Oberndorfer | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 259 | Jos. Oberndorfer | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 260 | Jos. Oberndorfer | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 261 | Jos. Oberndorfer | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 262 | Jos. Oberndorfer | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 263 | Jos. Oberndorfer | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 264 | Jos. Oberndorfer | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 265 | Jos. Oberndorfer | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 266 | Jos. Oberndorfer | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 267 | Jos. Oberndorfer | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 268 | Jos. Oberndorfer | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 269 | Jos. Oberndorfer | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 270 | Jos. Oberndorfer | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 271 | Jos. Oberndorfer | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 272 | Jos. Oberndorfer | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 273 | Jos. Oberndorfer | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 286 | L. H. Haller | 500 | 2 50 |
| 289 | Schiff & Solomon | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| 291 | Estelle V. Collier | 1,000 | 5 00 |

And in accordance with law and an order of the board of directors made Jan. 18, 1905, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at the company's office, 514 McCornick block, Salt Lake City, Utah, on the 16th day of March, 1905, at 10 a. m., to pay the delinquent assessments thereon, together with costs of advertising and expense of sale.

E. H. MEAD, Secretary.
Office, 514 McCornick Block.

### Delinquent Notice.

PETRO MINING COMPANY, PRINCIPAL place of business 305-308 Auerbach building, Salt Lake City, Utah; location of mines, Bingham, Utah. Notice.—There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of assessment No. 3 of three (3) cents per share, levied on the 16th day of January, 1905, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

| Cert. No. | | No. of Shares. | Amt. Due. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 153 | G. E. Williams | 100 | $ 3 00 |
| 276 | W. O. Carlisle* | 10 | 30 |
| 391 | Nettie E. Holmes | 300 | 9 00 |
| 392 | Hugh A. Holmes | 1,000 | 30 00 |
| 404 | L. M. Kellogg* | 5 | 15 |
| 405 | L. M. Kellogg* | 130 | 3 90 |
| 415 | Julia Kessell | 100 | 3 00 |
| 418 | Jonas Oppal* | 30 | 90 |
| 596 | W. O. Carlisle* | 35 | 1 05 |
| 598 | C. J. Fisher | 300 | 9 00 |
| 853 | Frank Colwell* | 21 | 63 |
| 854 | Frank Colwell* | 25 | 75 |
| 855 | Frank Colwell* | 25 | 75 |
| 883 | L. M. Kochler | 100 | 3 00 |
| 892 | J. D. Carmahan | 500 | 15 00 |
| 930 | Hugh A. Holmes | 500 | 15 00 |
| 932 | Nye F. Morton* | 140 | 4 20 |
| 1053 | Mrs. Amy J. Ross* | 35 | 1 05 |
| 1178 | W. H. Hatteroth | 65 | 1 95 |

*Balance.

And in accordance with law and an order from the board of directors, made on the 16th day of January, 1905, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction at the office of the company, at 305-308 Auerbach building, Salt Lake City, Utah, on Saturday, the 11th day of March, 1905, at 1 o'clock p. m., to pay the delinquent assessment thereon, together with the costs of advertising and expense of sale.

F. M. OREM, Secy.

## LEGAL.

### Delinquent Notice.

DAGMAR NORTHWEST MINING company, office 200 McCornick block, Salt Lake City, Utah. Location of mines, at Eureka, Utah. Notice.—There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of assessment levied on the 21st day of December, 1904, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

| Name. | No. Cert. | Shares. | Amt. |
|---|---|---|---|
| George Adams | 2 | 250 | $ 2 50 |
| Milton E. Price | 3 | 2,000 | 10 00 |
| Milton E. Price | 4 | 1,500 | 7 50 |
| C. W. Clark | 5 | 2,500 | 12 50 |
| Chas. E. Stephenson | 10 | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| Oscar Forslund | 11 | 500 | 2 50 |
| Mrs M. A. Wescher | 12 | 500 | 2 50 |
| D. R. Hammond | 13 | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| J. T. Hammond | 14 | 10,000 | 50 00 |
| J. T. Hammond | 15 | 10,000 | 50 00 |
| J. T. Hammond | 16 | 10,000 | 50 00 |
| J. T. Hammond | 17 | 10,000 | 50 00 |
| Arthur Main | 23 | 500 | 2 50 |
| Arthur Main | 24 | 500 | 2 50 |
| Carl Hahn | 26 | 500 | 2 50 |
| James Crooks | 28 | 1,500 | 7 50 |
| Mrs. M. Morse | 29 | 1,500 | 7 50 |
| R. E. Evans | 36 | 375 | 1 88 |
| George Stringfellow | 36 | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| George Stringfellow | 37 | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| J. E. Jayne | 38 | 500 | 2 50 |
| Fred Brems | 41 | 1,100 | 5 50 |
| George Udall | 42 | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| E. V. Higgins | 43 | 900 | 4 50 |
| George H. Adams | 44 | 42,000 | 210 00 |
| A. J. Hall | 45 | 800 | 4 00 |
| George Curley | 51 | 12,170 | 60 85 |
| R. E. Evans | 52 | 500 | 2 50 |
| Henry Morgan | 53 | 1,325 | 6 68 |
| W. H. Helleman | 54 | 500 | 2 50 |
| Thomas Pells | 56 | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| R. E. Evans | 58 | 125 | 63 |
| Evart Lamping | 59 | 50 | 25 |
| George Udall | 61 | 500 | 2 50 |
| George L. Betts | 62 | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| John Adams | 63 | 5,000 | 25 00 |
| Sarah Adams | 64 | 5,000 | 25 00 |
| Emma Empey | 65 | 4,000 | 20 00 |
| Annie Miner | 66 | 4,000 | 20 00 |
| George H. Adams | 67 | 18,000 | 90 00 |
| W. J. Adams | 68 | 5,000 | 25 00 |
| W. J. Adams | 69 | 5,000 | 25 00 |
| W. J. Adams | 70 | 5,000 | 25 00 |
| W. J. Adams | 71 | 5,000 | 25 00 |
| L. A. Adams | 72 | 4,000 | 20 00 |
| W. J. Adams | 78 | 500 | 2 50 |
| S. J. Schneiter | 80 | 2,000 | 10 00 |
| C. H. Clark | 82 | 2,500 | 12 50 |
| D. B. Mudgett | 83 | 500 | 2 50 |
| George Jones | 85 | 100 | 50 |
| Joseph G. Scott | 86 | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| Ada Davison | 87 | 600 | 3 00 |
| James Crooks | 89 | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| S. J. Schneiter | 90 | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| G. W. Owen | 92 | 250 | 1 25 |
| James Morgan | 93 | 250 | 1 25 |
| D. D. Haucks | 94 | 400 | 2 00 |
| George Curley | 96 | 2,000 | 10 00 |
| Mrs. N. A. Wescher | 97 | 100 | 50 |
| Eliza H. Patterson | 102 | 2,000 | 10 00 |
| T. J. Steed | 103 | 10,000 | 50 00 |
| Albert E. Hall | 104 | 100 | 50 |
| J. D. Wilson | 105 | 2,000 | 10 00 |
| Leo Johnson | 108 | 2,000 | 10 00 |
| Leo Johnson | 109 | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| Sander Elquist | 110 | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| J. L. Johnson | 112 | 550 | 2 75 |
| Arthur Hall | 114 | 100 | 50 |
| S. R. Marks | 116 | 240 | 1 20 |
| W. R. Peterson | 119 | 500 | 2 50 |
| E. H. Peterson | 120 | 2,000 | 10 00 |
| V. P. Hilsley | 123 | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| E. E. Mork | 124 | 500 | 2 50 |
| John L. Leilich | 125 | 500 | 2 50 |
| Mrs. Anna Hansen | 126 | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| George Pugsley | 127 | 88 | 44 |
| Adelaide Pugsley | 128 | 88 | 44 |
| Minnie Barlow | 129 | 88 | 44 |
| Philip Pugsley | 130 | 88 | 44 |
| Emily Thompson | 131 | 89 | 45 |
| Eliza A. Hayward | 132 | 89 | 45 |
| Mrs. E. D. Carson | 134 | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| Mrs. E. D. Carson | 135 | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| Mrs. E. D. Carson | 136 | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| Mrs. Amelia K. Dale | 138 | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| J. D. Wood | 139 | 10,000 | 50 00 |
| J. D. Wood | 140 | 10,000 | 50 00 |
| J. D. Wood | 140 | 10,000 | 50 00 |
| J. T. Hammond | 142 | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| J. T. Hammond | 143 | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| J. T. Hammond | 144 | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| J. T. Hammond | 145 | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| J. T. Hammond | 146 | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| George E. Blair | 147 | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| George E. Blair | 148 | 1,000 | 5 00 |
| George E. Blair | 149 | 500 | 2 50 |
| George H. Adams | 150 | 17,500 | 87 50 |
| Mrs. R. S. Robertson | 151 | 2,625 | 13 13 |
| Mrs. N. A. Wescher | 152 | 500 | 2 50 |
| J. T. Hammond | 158 | 5,000 | 25 00 |

And, in accordance with law and an order of the board of directors made on the 21st day of December, 1904, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at the office of said company at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, on the 16th day of March, A. D. 1905, to pay delinquent assessments thereon, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of the sale.

GEORGE E. BLAIR, Secretary.
200 McCornick block, Salt Lake City, Utah.

### Delinquent Notice.

BECK'S SALT COMPANY, PRINCIPAL place of business, Salt Lake City, Utah. Notice.—There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of assessment No. 1, of 20 cents per share, levied Dec. 15, 1904, payable immediately, and delinquent on Jan. 16, 1905, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

| No. Cert. | Name of Owner. | No. of Shares. | Amt. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 3 | Simon Bamberger | 200 | $ 40 00 |
| 8 | John Beck | 50 | 10 00 |
| 9 | John Beck | 50 | 10 00 |
| 13 | Bywater & Groc | 100 | 20 00 |
| 15 | John Beck | 100 | 20 00 |
| 16 | John Beck | 100 | 20 00 |
| 21 | John Beck | 50 | 10 00 |
| 22 | John Beck | 50 | 10 00 |
| 23 | John Beck | 100 | 20 00 |
| 24 | John Beck | 100 | 20 00 |
| 26 | Dinwoodey Furn. Co. | 200 | 40 00 |
| 40 | C. A. Smurthwaite | 2,000 | 400 00 |
| 41 | C. A. Smurthwaite | 2,000 | 400 00 |
| 42 | C. A. Smurthwaite | 2,000 | 400 00 |
| 45 | C. A. Smurthwaite | 2,000 | 400 00 |
| 45 | Moses Thatcher | 5,000 | 1,000 00 |
| 46 | John L. Taylor | 1,000 | 200 00 |
| 47 | John L. Taylor | 1,000 | 200 00 |
| 48 | John L. Taylor | 1,000 | 200 00 |
| 49 | John L. Taylor | 1,000 | 200 00 |
| 51 | David Eccles | 5,000 | 1,000 00 |
| 52