

PENN'S MISTAKE

By F. FITZGERALD.

Mrs. Goffey stood in the kitchen of the "Bush Hotel" and fried eggs, and Mr. Goffey, sitting at a table near the window, peeled potatoes.

Then Mrs. Goffey pulled a cloth-horse nearer the fire, on it was a neat tweed shirt, a jacket of the same material, galtees, a sailor hat, and a pair of walking shoes, a small size and well made.

"Are the gent's things dry?" inquired Mr. Goffey meekly, as he slowly and carefully removed the eyes from a potato.

Mrs. Goffey sniffed and repeated the question satirically. "An' why wouldn't they be dry? He got here d'reckly after dinner, didn't he? An' he giv me his clo'es, didn't he? An' I had 'em afore the fire all the afternoon, hadn't I? An' you seen me take 'em to his door, didn't you?" emphasizing each question by her vigorous actions round the fireplace.

Mr. Goffey slowly put the potatoes into a saucpan, and his wife began collecting cups and saucers on a tray. "Then he don't know about the young lady bein' here?" Mr. Goffey's curiosity was overmastering his discretion.

"No, he don't; nor she don't know he's hers either; an' I'll tell her when I lay on the table."

With this, Mrs. Goffey took up the tray and disappeared into the next room, the boards creaking as she went. "Hope you're not feelin' as if you'd got a chill, miss?" she said, addressing a girl who sat in a chair by the fire, and who was wearing the aforementioned silk dress.

She looked up from her book and smiled. "No, I am feeling perfectly well, thanks, and I'm looking forward to my supper." She wondered, with some slight alarm, if Mrs. Goffey meant to share the meal with her, for two cups were being placed on the table, two plates, two knives, two forks.

"There's a gentleman stayin' here," said Mrs. Goffey, suavely, "an' it'll be nice company for you; he seems a very genteel person."

"I should prefer supper by myself," said the girl coldly. Inwardly she was furious. Was she to suffer a prolonged tete-a-tete with a stranger—a commercial traveler, of course.

Mrs. Goffey looked at her in some surprise. "I'm sure he's quite respect-



His Arms Were Around Her.

able. Goffey'd never have let him in if he wasn't. Goffey's ain't the place where blackguards come!" this with a toss of her head. "He's a real gent, I'm sure; wears a ring on his finger an' lots of other footery."

The girl shuddered, though, had she known it, the jewelry, with the exception of the ring, was purely a fiction of Mrs. Goffey's.

The girl frowned. "It is really very annoying. I wish you could make some other arrangement. Is this the only sitting room in the house?"

"Yes, it is," replied Mrs. Goffey, shortly, and flounced out, appearing in a few moments with the bacon and eggs, the tea, and some hot buttered toast. Then the girl heard her go along the narrow passage, and knocking at a door at the farther end, inform some one that supper was ready in the dining room.

The man was half-way across the room before he saw her face. She looked up, for he gave a sudden exclamation of surprise, and then she flushed scarlet, and rose in a nervous way, her book dropping unheeded to the ground. They looked at one another for a moment, and then she said in a low voice: "How dare you come?"

But he did not answer, and Mrs. Goffey entered with a jug of hot water.

"Now you two," she said briskly, "I hope you'll be good fren's. The gentleman can sit here an' serve the bacon an' eggs, an' the lady can pour out the tea, quite domestic like, and she shocked.

"If you want anythin' jest rap on the table, an' I'll hear you. I'm jest in the kitchen gettin' Goffey's tea." She gave a surreptitious wink, and then disappeared, looking particularly knowing.

"What's to be done, Pen?" The man looked down at her. "Heaven knows I am not to blame! What fate on earth could have brought us together on this day of all days. What the dev—dickens are you doing here all by yourself?"

"On a walking tour," she replied,

shortly. "I was to meet the Caseys at the next town, but the rain was too awful for anything, and I stopped at this hateful place. If I had only known you were here I'd have crowned myself rather than stop!"

He rested his elbows on the table and said quietly: "By the way, do you happen to know what the date is, Pen?"

Again she blushed, but answered carelessly: "The eighth of March."

"You seem very clear about it." He still looked at her.

"Yes." She certainly was plucky enough. "It was to have been our wedding day on the ninth, I believe."

"How are you going to spend it here?"

"I think not. I shall go on and meet the Caseys, no matter what the weather is."

"Are you sure they will be there?"

"Almost. Pass the toast, please."

"I shall get Goffey's horse, or whatever he calls that miserable straw-berry quadruped outside, and go straight on after tea and tell Fred Casey to come for you." He felt that a row with Fred Casey would do him all the good in the world, and was furious that Pen should be stranded in this way.

"You will do nothing of the kind, thank you; I can take care of myself perfectly."

"Apparently you can't. Might I trouble you for another cup of tea, please?"

"You are not to go," she said.

"I am sorry to displease you, but I certainly will go."

He pushed his chair back from the table, slowly filled his pipe—every action was so familiar, she knew so well how he crooked his little finger as he pushed the tobacco down into the bowl, how he would light it with a coal from the fire and stand with his eyes half closed enjoying the first few whiffs. Then suddenly he was gone.

Then Mrs. Goffey came in to clear the table, and presently she was alone by the fire, her hands tightly clasped on her knees, tears in her blue eyes.

Three months ago! How long it seemed, and how miserable she had been since! How her attempts at hospital nursing had failed. How her attempts to become an intellectual woman and a power had fallen through! How aimless she had been, and how entirely certain that she was in the wrong, that her petulant temper was to blame, and that she still loved Tom Geoffrey with all her heart! She was just 21, alone in the world, possessing some money and entire freedom, and at present she loathed and hated that freedom. A tear dropped on the white apron, and she gave a little shudder of disgust that she should be caught looking such a fright. She rapped on the floor for Mrs. Goffey. "Bring me my own things, please," she said, "if they are dry; I am afraid of spoiling this handsome dress of yours." So a few minutes later she was in her own things again, and seated herself on the floor in front of the fire. At nine o'clock Mrs. Goffey brought her in a glass of milk and a slice of cake.

Pen sipped some of the milk and surreptitiously poured the rest out of the window, the cake she hid under a glass shade. Half an hour later she heard the horse's hoofs again, and then Tom appeared.

"Fred is driving over for you now," he said. He looked approvingly at her change of costume. She was so pretty, and her figure was so dainty.

"Pen, dear, was it a mistake? Was there any doubt in your mind? Can things be as they were before? I love you as much as ever I did—I think more; and Pen, to-morrow was to have been our wedding day." He spoke quickly, eagerly, there was a queer uncertain tone in his voice, and he stood awkwardly before her.

"I don't know. I'm miserable, and I'm lonely." She turned from him and leant her face against the mantelpiece, but both her tone and attitude were yielding. Those two lonely hours had done more for him than the most eloquent pleading.

"Well, who can look after you better than I?" He came close to her, his heart was beating fast; the defiant Pen was his own again. "But, dear, there must be no mistakes, no misunderstanding this time. If you take me now, it is for good and all, and we will be married on our wedding day."

She smiled, but he could not see her face.

"Pray don't consult me about any arrangements you are making."

"Pen, don't jest. It is for good and all this time. Girl, I can't see you—turn to me." He laid a hand on her arm, and then with a quick impulsive movement she swung round, turning her face up to his.

"Ah, Tom!" was all she said. His arms were round her. "Sweet-heart, it is good to have you in the dear old way. If you could only know what the time has been like! It was cruel of you, girl, it was cruel!"

"And do you think I have been so happy?" But her voice was indistinct, for her face was buried on his shoulder.

"Look here, Pen." He raised her head tenderly, and she saw how grave he was. "Darling, it is really true and certain this time, for I could not stand such a thing again. I love you so that—"

"Tom," she interrupted, "if we are to be married to-morrow, I don't—I don't think I'll have much chance of doing it again, will I?"

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Good Jokes

A Relief Movement.

"Sir," said the aggrieved music-teacher to the philanthropist who lived in the apartment beneath him, "you agreed to pay me for all my time provided that I devoted it only to the pupils you should send me."

"I did," acknowledged the philanthropist pleasantly.

"You gave me to understand it was in connection with your work along certain lines of relief."

"That is true."

"Yet the only pupils you have sent me are armless people, who cannot possibly use a piano."

"I know, I may have omitted to mention that I was doing this for my own relief."—Judge.

An Opportunity for Rest.

We come upon the Idle Rumor, taking its case in a quiet spot.

"How now?" we say with an air of chiding. "Why this lack of industry? This is no way to get along in the world—lying around like a sluggard, as though there were nothing for you to do."

"I was quite busy yesterday," yawns the Idle Rumor; "but to-day I can loaf all I like."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. You see, this morning they began denying me."—Judge.

Might Help Some.

Ma—but perhaps the young man wants a little encouragement.

Daughter—Yes, ma, how would it be if you kept out of sight when he's here?

Clear Gain.

"But, Mandy, if you can buy ribbon like that for 45 cents a yard at the little store up here on the corner, what's the use of going all the way to town, and paying car fare both ways, to get it for 42 cents? You don't save anything, do you?"

"Goodness, yes. Papa always allows me money for car fare."—Chicago Tribune.

What the Jury Thought.

"Flatman, I hear you were arrested the other day for insulting and brow-beating a janitor. How did you come out?"

"I was tried for it and acquitted."

"On the ground that it was justifiable?"

"No; the jury couldn't be made to believe such a thing was possible."—Chicago Tribune.

Ready to Listen.

"And so," said her haughty father, "you wish to marry into my family?"

"No, I haven't any desire to do that," replied the candid young man, "and if you can tell me of any other respectable way in which I may have your daughter I'll be mighty glad to hear it."—Chicago Record Herald.

For Life.

"Hear the news? Bigger just got a life sentence!"

"What in jail?"

"No—in marriage."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Sometimes So.

"So Fickles went back to his first love. I wonder why?"

"She was the only one that would have him."—Detroit Free Press.

Up to Her.

"Is she in society?"

"Well, just a sort of probationer; she has never been divorced yet."—Houston Post.

Making It Hot for Hubby.

Private Detective—Madam, here is my bill for shadowing your husband during the past four weeks.

Suspicion Wife—Very well; present it to him. And go on shadowing him until you receive further orders from me.—Judge.

He Enjoyed It.

Meeko—Did your wife enjoy her two weeks' sojourn in the country? Enquet—I don't know, but you bet I did.—Chicago Daily News.

Immaterial.

The elderly and somewhat frustrated lady stopped an obese man on a crowded street.

"Does it make any difference," she asked, "which of these cars I take to the cemetery?"

"Not to me, madam," answered the polite heavy-weight, as he lifted his hat and passed on.—Chicago Daily News.

One Point.

Mrs. Passo—When I fence I always wear a mask.

Mrs. Tabasco—Yes, I should think you would find fencing a decided advantage.—Chicago News.

Workers in the Vineyard.

Spokesman (at donation party)—Mr. Goodpastor, the principal donation of the event hasn't arrived, owing to some delay on the railroad. It's a piano for the paragon.

Mr. Goodpastor (delighted)—A piano? Yes, an' it's a good one, too. We beg that you will receive it as an expression of our regard, and we only ask that, as a good many of the donors haven't any pianos of their own, you will allow their darters to use the paragon piano to practice on.—N. Y. Weekly.

Facts in the Case.

"Is it true," queried the bachelor who sometimes yearned for the strenuous life, "that it doesn't cost a married man any more to live than it does a single one?"

"It is," answered the man who had been up against the matrimonial game for many months, "but it costs about three times as much for his wife to live."—Chicago Daily News.

MOURNING FOR A HUSBAND.

Maud—Why is that lady over the way always in black? Is she mourning for anyone?

Bess—Yes; a husband.

Maud—I didn't know she'd been married.

Bess—No; but she's mourning for a husband all the same.—The Tatler.

Convincing.

Her—But do you really and truly love me, Harold?

Him—I assure you, Eloise, I love you as much as I love myself.

Her—Then I am yours, dear. Greater love than that no woman could ever dare to hope for.—Chicago Daily News.

Proof.

"What reason have you for thinking that the thief who entered your house was a locksmith by trade?" asked the detective.

"Why, I saw him make a bolt for the door," said the victim of the robbery.—Judge.

Between Friends.

Askit—Isn't that a new umbrella? Noit—No; it has been in my possession for nearly two years.

Askit—Don't you think it about time you returned it?—Chicago Daily News.

Not Proud.

"A man should not be proud because he is rich."

"Of course not," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "Now-a-days we're looking for sympathy."—Washington Star.

No Real Grievance.

"I s'pose you're takin' a vacation?"

"Yes, and I've earned it, by George! It's the first one I have had for a year. Been working like a horse for 12 long months."

"You think that's tough, do you, mister? You don't know what hard luck is. If you had to hunt jobs the way I do you'd change your tune. I've only had three months' work in the last year."

"Then you've had nine months' vacation, you lucky dog. What are you kicking about?"

PERUNA PRAISED.



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Dear Sir:—

I was a terrible sufferer from pelvic weakness and had headache continuously. I was not able to do my housework for myself and husband.

I wrote you and described my condition as nearly as possible. You recommended Peruna. I took four bottles of it and was completely cured. I think Peruna a wonderful medicine and have recommended it to my friends with the very best of results.

Esther M. Milner.

Very few of the great multitude of women who have been relieved of some pelvic disease or weakness by Peruna ever consent to give a testimonial to be read by the public.

There are, however, a few courageous, self-sacrificing women who will for the sake of their suffering sisters allow their names to be published.

Mrs. Milner is one of these. In her gratitude for her restoration to health she is willing that the women of the whole world should know it. A chronic invalid brought back to health is no small matter. Words are inadequate to express complete gratitude.

Cultivated by the Schoolers.

It is stated that nearly 8,000 school gardens exist in Austria, not including the sister kingdom of Hungary. They are connected with both private and public schools, and are used for purposes of practical instruction in horticulture and tree-growing, and often contain botanical museums and bee hives.

Dispensing with Waiters.

Automatic cars have become so successful in Switzerland that a company has been formed to supply the Swiss and their visitors with electric automatic restaurants, where, as if by magic, meals will be served by electricity to all comers. The only thing necessary is to take your seat, glance over the bill of fare, place your money in the right slot, and the machinery does the rest.

Plumage of the Bluebird.

Of the male bluebird Thorau said: "He carries the sky on his back." To this John Burroughs added, "and the earth on his breast." The bird's back, wings and tail, chin and throat are a vivid blue, while his breast and flanks are a chestnut brown and his abdomen a dirty white. The female is very much duller in coloring, often having a reddish tone that extends from the middle of the back over the shoulder.

The Seminole Indians say that the male bluebird once flew so high that his back rubbed against the sky, which imparted to him his own azure tint. Returning to earth, his wife so admired his new coat that she determined to have a like one for herself and the next morning flew away to get it; but the day proving somewhat cloudy, the color given to her dress was not so brilliant as was that received by her mate.

DOCTOR DESPAIRED

Anemic Woman Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Recommends the Pills to All Others Who Suffer.

Anemia is just the doctor's name for bloodlessness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure anemia as food cures hunger. They cured Mrs. Thomas J. McGann, of 17 Lincoln Place, Plainfield, N. J., who says:

"In the spring of 1903 I did my usual house cleaning and soon afterward I began to have the most terrible headaches. My heart would beat so irregularly that it was painful and there came a morning when I could not get up. My doctor said I had anemia and he was surprised that I had continued to live in the condition I was in. I was confined to my bed for nearly two months, the doctor coming every day for the first few weeks, but I did not improve to amount to anything. Altogether I was sick for nearly two years. I was as weak as a rag, had headaches, irregular heart beats, loss of appetite, cramps in the limbs and was unable to get a good night's sleep. My legs and feet were so swollen that I feared they would burst."

"Before very long after I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I felt a change for the better. I have taken about twelve boxes and although I was as near the grave as could be, I now feel as if I had a new lease of life. I have no more headaches, the heart beats regularly, my cheeks are pink and I feel ten years younger. I feel that I have been cured very cheaply and I have recommended the pills to lots of my friends."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Effective Lessons. Foreign languages are now taught with the aid of the phonograph in some schools. The machine reels off oratory, poetry and songs, while the children listen and note the accent and pronunciation.

Alarmed. "Beware, senator, beware!" said the disgruntled henchman. "The worm will turn!"

"State's evidence?" exclaimed the senator, with ill-concealed trepidation. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Fright Causes Drowning. If a spectator would shout encouragement to a drowning or frightened bather it would have a good effect, for it will sometimes give him a little backbone, and that's all he needs. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred all the trouble is caused by fright. The swimmer is not even exhausted, and with an encouraging word he will start to swim again if in his fright he has not swallowed too much water. Even if a poor swimmer would only go near to a man in trouble and talk to him without trying to take hold, this would often tide him over his panic.

Inventor of Esperanto. Dr. Zamenhof, the inventor of esperanto, the "universal" language, was born at Bialystok, a Polish town on the borderland of Germany and Russia. At least four different languages are spoken by the various nationalities who compose its population—Russian, Polish, German and Yiddish. This babel of tongues seemed to Zamenhof the primary cause of mutual bickerings, and he set himself to bring about unity. The result was esperanto.

Athletics in China. The other day China had its first great athletic meeting, when 3,000 students, from 47 schools, competed in various kinds of races and sports at Canton. In a booth on the ground was a hospital corps composed of 17 young Chinese doctors, each with the Geneva cross on his arms. So strenuous were the competitors that there were many cases to attend to.

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SNAKE STORIES POINT MORAL. If Nothing Else, They Show Folly of Exaggerating Horrors.

One of the significant features of this snake season, and of any snake season that occurs, which is every year, is the very long length of the blacksnakes that are seen. This is not at all remarkable, for about the only thing a blacksnake has to show for itself is its length. It has no musical tail like the rattlesnake, nor the puffed-out head of the hissing viper, nor the livid, languid manners of the house-snake—it has only length, and when with amazing speed it whips through the deep grass or dead leaves, it seems to be 30 or 40 feet long.

So truly does this little illusion exist that when a person tells of a blacksnake seven or eight feet long, he prides himself on great modesty of statement. And, by the way, we have noted many blacksnake stories this summer, and we have not encountered a snake under seven feet.

There was that story of a girl out in York state, who heard her little dog barking violently out in the stable. She went there to discover the cause, and, lo! that little dog was in fight with a blacksnake seven feet long. It was a great fight and the dog was doing heroic work, keeping the python at bay, until the little girl hunted up a pitch fork and with that dispatched the serpent, which, the account says, was seven feet long. Of course, it had to be seven feet, for there are no other kind.

Is there a moral to this? There is, of course, to every snake story. It is this, be exceedingly careful not to make bigger than it is the horrible incident in your life which you encounter. See that your blacksnake is under seven feet long.—Ohio State Journal.

Menelik's Empress. Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia is the empress's fifth husband. No. 1 was a general under King Theodore, who put him in prison, where he disappeared; No. 2 got a divorce; No. 3 was also imprisoned by Menelik's predecessor; No. 4 was in possession when the lady took Menelik's fancy, but when "all obstacles had been removed" Menelik married her.

Curious Books. The British museum contains books written on oyster shells, bricks, tiles, bones, ivory, lead, iron, copper, sheepskin, wood and palm leaves.

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