

A MAN'S A MAN.

(Continued from page 1.)

this kind stranger has been the means of getting it for us. You will get strong now, mother, and the girl places her arms around her mother's neck and kisses her.

At the mention of the word stranger, the mother fixes her eyes on Ralph. He bears her scrutiny well, for she stretches out a wasted hand saying as she does so:

"May God bless you for your goodness," and turning to her daughter, "Lucille, tell me how this gentleman has befriended you."

Lucille then relates all the circumstances of her meeting with Ralph Hinton upon Westminster bridge and while she is speaking Ralph's eyes wander around the room. It is small and poorly furnished, but every article in it is clean and neat. Lucille's mother, Ralph thinks as his eyes rest on her is very near her end. She is evidently in the last stages of consumption and at most it is only a matter of a few days until death claims her and Lucille herself as Ralph gets a good look at her in the light seems to have the sweetest and saddest face of any girl he has ever met. So interested is he in the study of Lucille that he does not hear her words of praise and gratitude in regard to the incident of the pawn shop and it was only when a violent fit of coughing seized her mother that Ralph's attention was diverted from her. Having made mother and daughter as happy as circumstances could permit, Ralph turned to go, but before his departure he took the sick lady's hand in his and said to her with deep emotion:

"Mrs. Davoust, from my heart I pity you. Your lot is a hard one, but God has blessed you with an angel in the form of Lucille. She has taught Ralph Hinton a lesson tonight that he can never forget. Good-by, and in your prayers remember me. Good-by Miss Davoust," and Ralph turns to the daughter. Before I met you I was a weakling, a coward, now I am a man. Kind fate brought you across my path and if ever we meet again may it be in more happy circumstances."

"Good-bye, Mr. Hinton," answered the mother and daughter and may God bless you forever."

"21 Sim's court," said Ralph Hinton by the aid of the flickering light of the street lamp, mentally taking a note of the place where Lucille lived. "By Jove!" he mutters, as he made his way to Trafalgar square, "what an idle, badly spent life I have lived. Gay companions, suppers, gaming tables, theatres and the race course one week and sleeping the fatigue of all off the next. What an amount of money I have uselessly squandered and got for it in return only 'He's a jolly good fellow,' uttered by some fop as brainless and dissipated as myself. Pshaw, the thought of it sickens me and when my wishes were thwarted, when Maud Ashley refused to marry such a worthless fellow as I am, why, I thought I was the most ill used, the most miserable being in existence. I knew not then the devotion, the sacrifice of Lucille Davoust. I knew not then the struggle, the heroism of the poor, the misery of the pawn shop. I know it now. You were Ralph Hinton a weakling, a coward. You have now to face the world to earn an honest living. Be a man. Yes, I have begun to be a man tonight. I have done the first good act in my life by aiding—"

"Look out there! Ah!" A motor dashes around the corner of the street. The driver makes a frantic effort to steer clear of Ralph Hinton and partly succeeds, but the hind part of the car hits the latter lightly on the shoulder, knocking him to the pavement.

The car stops and a lady hurriedly descends from it, and rushing to where Ralph has fallen, breathlessly asks:

"I hope you are not hurt, sir?"

"I'm all right, thank you, madam," and Ralph regains his feet. It was a close shave and your driver ought to be—

"Ralph Hinton?"

"Maud Ashley?"

When both had gotten over the surprise of seeing each other Miss Ashley extends her hand to Ralph and in an eager tone asks him:

"Ralph, what has brought you here to London?"

"Folly, Miss Ashley," answer Ralph coldly.

"Yes, folly, Ralph. I have heard how your father quarreled with you because of your love for me. Look, Ralph," and Miss Ashley seized him by the arm. I told you I did not love you. That by marrying you I would make both our lives miserable. I am but a woman, Ralph, but I am woman enough to candidly tell you that I would die sooner than marry a man I did not truly love. Go back to your father, Ralph, and forget me."

"I have forgotten you, Miss Ashley."

"You have forgotten. Oh! Ralph! For your own sake I hope that your words are true. We will be friends, ever firm friends."

"We will be firm friends, Miss Ashley."

"Ralph, can I help you in any way. You know—"

"My help for the future, Miss Ashley, is my own head and arm. No, you cannot help me, but by assisting another you can do me a favor which I will never forget."

"I will gladly do so, Ralph."

"Thank you, Miss Ashley. Call as soon as you can, tomorrow if possible, on the bearer of this address." Ralph writes a name and address on a leaf from his pocketbook. "Do what you can for the two you will find there and you will have my lasting gratitude. Good-by now, Miss Ashley, and may your life be a happy one."

"Good-by, Ralph, and if ever we meet—"

"Ah, if ever we meet again Miss Ashley you will meet a changed Ralph Hinton."

It was late when Ralph Hinton reached his room in the hotel. Though wet through and through and exhausted, still he did not seek his bed. Seating himself at the table he took a sheet of paper and wrote on it the following:

Dear Miss Davoust.—When you receive this letter I will be far away. You will forgive a little deception I practised on you last night. I entered the pawn shop, but I did not part with your father's ring. I enclose it with this letter. If I offered you money I knew you would not accept it, hence my excuse for acting as I did. A lady will call on you tomorrow, if not in a few days, and she has promised me to render you and your good mother what services she can. I am as I have already told you your debtor. Make me your debtor still more by accepting the enclosed banknote. If ever we meet, well, you can return me the principal with interest. Adieu, and asking a remembrance sometimes, especially in your prayers.

I remain, your friend of Westminster bridge, RALPH HINTON.

"The first good day's work I have ever done," murmurs Ralph Hinton as he laid his weary head on the pillow and sank to sleep.

III. "He's a regular stunner, Dave."

"You bet yeh, Tom."

"Ever since he got the job of boss of this mine he's made things spin. A thing is to be done and its got to be done. We didn't sink many shafts in the other bosses' time, eh, Dave?"

"No, Tom." "This chap, I tell yeh, Dave, is all life and push, and he appears to know exactly the work of every man on this job. I wonder where he came from?" "Back east, I 'spect, but no one seems to locate him exactly. All we know for sartin, Tom, is that Pioche was the first place he struck in these diggings. He worked there as a common hand for two years."

"Where did yeh get that piece of news, Dave?" "From Jack Strew who worked alongside of him. I tell yeh Jack respects him highly. When he first struck Pioche he wasn't what y'd call a favorite with the boys, at least Jack tells me they thought him a bit stuck up in himself. He didn't drink nor he didn't gamble and he used to lecture those who did on their folly, and that didn't go down well with some of the fellows. However, he became the hero of Pioche in the end."

"Durn it, did he, Dave?" "Yah, Tom. He smashed up Black Ned the terror of the camp. Ned called him a dandy and a coward just to pick a quarrel with him and 'twas the last quarrel Ned ever picked with anyone in Pioche for he got such a smashing that for shame's sake he skidded from the camp the next morning."

"Oh, he's true grit right enough, Dave."

"Yah, Tom, and just as charitable as he's brave. No sick miner is left in want for he sees after them himself and the rearing of the little girl whose parents were killed in the railway accident last fall was what I'd call fine."

"Did he ever find out her name, Dave?" "No, Tom. Her parents were poor and I expect coming out west for a living. However, he gave her a name and it's a pretty one."

"Yah, Dave, Lucille is a good name right enough, but for the other part of it I never can cotton to it."

"Nor me, Tom. They say it's a French name."

"French or not, the little kid is the miners' darling. I never see her but I'm the better for it and she's so durned wise. She told me yesterday she'd give me popcorn if I didn't curse any more."

"She has a good guardian, Dave. He never misses mass when the priest comes here and in him Father Lawrence had a great help in putting up the church. 'Twas a lucky day for Mr. Sykes, the owner of this mine, when he made him superintendent, but Mr. Sykes thinks the world of him, Tom, since the night he saved his life from the thugs."

"They say Mr. Sykes is coming here soon, Dave."

"Yah, Tom, he's expected next week. He got married lately to a New York girl and they are coming to Salt Lake to live. He'll be handy to his mine then."

"His mine would be all right if he was in Ceylon as long as he has John Hutton superintendent, all the same I'm glad he's coming, Dave."

"Yah, him and Hutton's good stuff, sure enough, Tom."

IV. "Salt Lake and Los Angeles limited, all aboard. Just in time, lady, step up. I'll take care of the young missy."

"I thought we'd never make it, the train is sharp to time."

"The Los Angeles limited always is, lady, here are two empty seats. Now, little missy, sit yourself down. That's right, safe journey now to my pretty little girl and come back soon again to see us."

"You are good and when I come again to Ogden I'll bring you a big lump that size," and the little missy's hands made a circle. "My papa gets lumps every day, gold and silver lumps, and I'll ask him for one for you because you are a big kind man."

"Bless my little missy, she's an angel. Ta ta now, and come back soon. A safe journey, Mrs. Gray. Bye the bye, how's your sister?"

"She's a great deal better, thank you. Myself and this little one came up yesterday from Eureka to see her. The doctor says she'll get on all right now."

"Salt Lake and Los Angeles, limited, all aboard." The big engine throbs and snorts, the bell rings, and the express dashes away on its journey once more.

"Peanuts, chewing gum, popcorn and candy."

"May I have a nickel, Ursey, for popcorn?"

"Yes, darling."

"Have some, Nursey. How many more nickels have I? Oh, three. I'm rich, Nursey, and I can buy something for papa."

An old gentleman on an opposite seat of the car is watching the little girl. Her prattle and sweet innocent ways interest him. He lays down the paper he is reading and follows her every movement and word with a smile. The little girl turns his way and seeing him bow and smile, she bows and smiles in return, and sliding from her seat she goes to him and holding up her packet of popcorn says with sweet simplicity:

"Have some of my popcorn, gentleman."

"Thank you, little lady, I will. You are a sweet angel to think of an old man like me," taking the girl's hands in his.

"My papa teaches me to be kind to everybody and I love to obey papa. Did you ever see papa?"

"No, little lady, I didn't. What's my little angel's name?"

"Lucille Davoust is her full name, sir," answers Mrs. Gray, the little girl's nurse, glancing kindly at the old gentleman. The people of the camp call her 'Loo.' You see, sir, she's an orphan, her parents were killed in a railway accident and their names never were known. John Hutton, he's superintendent of the Hopeful mine down in Eureka, took the little girl up and ever since he's the best of a father to her. He called her, Lucille Davoust. A strange name the people said, but I suppose he had a reason for it. Anyway, he's downright fond of the little pet and the miners call her their little angel. He employed me to keep house for him and look after her. I came up yesterday from Eureka to Ogden to see my sick sister and brought the child with me. An outing will do Loo good," Mrs. Gray Mr. Hutton said, take her right along."

"Mr. Hutton is a good man, Mrs. Gray."

"Ah good is no name for him, sir. He looks after everything and everybody, especially the poor. He's stern looking and talks little, and I'm thinking he met with trouble in his young days for, though not more than 26, his hair is turning gray. The miners say there is not his equal in all Utah for kindness and a knowledge of his business."

"That's papa, gentlemen," and Lucille holds up a locket with a photo in it for old the old gentleman to see.

"And this is your papa, little—"

The locket falls from the old gentleman's grasp as he gazed upon the face there, his body becomes agitated as if by some great joy or sorrow, the hands are raised and clasped before his face, the eyes are turned up to heaven and the lips utter these words:

"Thank God, at last, at last, I have found—"

"You are unwell, sir, and Mrs. Gray rises hastily from her seat. Can I get you anything to—"

"Salt Lake!"

The train slows down and comes to a standstill. Ah! the old gentleman is unwell, lady. Don't worry I'll see to him and help him out. There's a hotel over the way where he'll be all right. The

journey was too much for him perhaps."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Gray for causing you alarm. I am quite well now as the old gentleman descends from the car on the arm of the railway porter. The portrait in the little girl's locket reminded me of a face I knew in the past and hence the shock."

"I am glad it is nothing serious, sir."

"Hinton, Mrs. Gray, Richard Hinton is my name. I am from New York and was journeying to Los Angeles, but I will break the journey here instead and pay a visit to Eureka. I have an interest in a mine there. Could you tell me when the next train leaves for Eureka?"

"You will have to stay over night in Salt Lake City, Mr. Hinton, as there is no train until 7:30 a. m. tomorrow. We are going by that train, so you can be with us."

"Ah! thank you, Mrs. Gray. That will be a great pleasure to me and little Loo will take care of me. Somehow I couldn't do without Loo's company now. You're not tired little angel of the old man?"

"No, I'm not tired, gentlemen, for I like you."

"Hello, sweet, what in the world has little Loo here, and a gentleman alights from a Pullman followed by two ladies."

"You've grown a foot since I saw you last. Ah, Mrs. Gray, this is my wife, Mrs. Maud Sykes, and this is a very dear friend of ours, a namesake of little Loo's. Shake hands namesakes. Lucille Davoust senior and junior will be good friends I know. Ta, ta. Now Loo and tell papa we will be down to see him and the mine in the course of a few days."

"That is the little girl I was telling you about, Maud," Mr. Sykes says to his wife as they, with Miss Davoust senior motored out of the station. She's Hutton's protegee and he's just as fond of her as if she were his own child. A fine fellow Hutton is and I'm under many obligations to him. That's the Mormon temple and tabernacle, and this is Main street. We're almost at home now and, by Jove, I'm glad."

V. In the porch of a neat little villa overlooking the mining camp of Eureka two men and a little girl are seated. The elder of the two is playing catch ball with the little girl and the younger is seemingly enjoying the game from the smile that lights up his bronzed and handsome face, and the words that fall from his lips.

"Bavo, Loo! You're better at catching than grandpa. Try me with one. Ah, you young trickster," as the ball flies over his head. "Why didn't you do that with grandpa?"

"Because grandpa is old, and you are young and smart, and it is such fun to see you miss it."

"Ah, Loo! So you love grandpa better than papa. Now don't hide your head under grandpa's coat, but answer me."

"I love you both the same, for papa, didn't you tell me yesterday that I was to love grandpa more than you, and I said that I couldn't; that I'd love both of you the same."

"God bless and guard my little angel," and the elder gentleman takes Loo on his knee and presses her head to his breast. "Oh, Ralph my son, God has been very good to me. A few days ago I was a lonely broken-hearted old man pining for a sight again of the boy I had driven from my side by my harshness. Now I have found him, and all owing to my little Loo."

"I was more to blame than you were, Dad. I was a useless spendthrift of a fellow, with not the slightest thought of the reality of life, and I know, dad, by my folly I caused you many an uneasy hour, but now things are changed with me and—"

"Oh, papa! Here is Mr. Sykes and the two ladies," and Loo slides off grandpa's knee and runs to meet them."

"Well, little angel, here we are again. Ah, Hutton, how goes it with you. Are things panning out to your satisfaction. This is my wife, Mrs. Maud Sykes, and our dear friend, Miss Lucille Davoust. I brought them to see you as they were—"

"Ralph Hinton!" exclaimed the ladies in a breath and, advancing, Mrs. Maud Sykes seized Ralph by the hand and, turning to her husband, says:

"Percy, this is the Ralph Hinton I was telling you about, who so generously befriended our dear Miss Davoust and her mother two years ago in London. Ralph, I am so glad to see you again."

"And I," added Miss Davoust, and, taking Ralph's hand, her eyes looked unutterable joy and gratitude. Yes, Mr. Hinton, I am so glad to see you and tell you how grateful I am for all you have done for me. Were it not for you I would never have known Mrs. Sykes, who, since mother died, has been more than a mother to me. I can never repay her kindness and yours."

"You are all forgetting my grandpa, and I love grandpa so very much!" exclaims little Loo, pulling Mrs. Sykes by the sleeve.

Richard Hinton advances and joins the happy group.

VI. "She's the prettiest bride I ever saw, Dave."

"Yah, Tom; you bet she is; and as good as she is pretty looking, and her husband, him that was Hutton, is a man, every inch of him."

"Ralph Hinton is all right, and his father is the proper sort, too. Strange, Tom, how things turn out. They say Ralph Hinton first met his wife in London, when she was mighty hard up. He befriended her and her mother, and now they meet again and get married."

"It's like a romance y'd read in one of these bloomin' books, Dave."

"Yah, Tom, but I hope we won't lose Mr. Hinton."

"No, Dave. They say after the honeymoon him and his father is going back east to settle up affairs, and then come out here to live. You know he's part owner now with Mr. Sykes in the Hopeful mine."

"I'm glad of it, Tom; downright glad of it, and so is all the camp."

"Yeh bet your life on it, Dave."

THE HELPFUL BELL BOY.

For four consecutive nights the hotel man had watched his fair, timid guest fill her pitcher at the water cooler.

"Madam," he said on the fifth night, "if you would ring this, this would be done for you."

"But where is my bell?" asked the lady.

"The bell is beside your bed," replied the proprietor.

"That the bell!" she exclaimed. "Why the boy told me that was the fire alarm, and that I wasn't to touch it on any account."—Success Magazine.

DINES WITH PRESIDENT.

Cardinal Gibbons has returned to Baltimore from Washington, where was the guest of President Taft at luncheon on Thursday of last week.

The Cardinal said he enjoyed the visit and was pleasantly entertained. When asked if the visit were merely personal, the Cardinal smiled and would not answer. The other guests at the luncheon were Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh, Senator Aldrich and Representative Payne of New York.

"Yes'm. Missus Johnsing has done named the twins at last. Her old man wanted to call 'em Pete and Repeat, but she done thought that was too common for her family. But she done hit it at last. She's goin' to have 'em baptizd Max and Climax." —Indianapolis News.

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