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32 Main Street

Salt Lake City

as they came nearer. To her surprise they turned up the lane leading toward her house, and on reaching the gate came into the yard. She was almost paralyzed with fear. The truth flashed across her. They must have learned that she was alone—that she had this money, and they had come to get it. For a moment she was motionless. She remembered Harry's last words: "You must guard it with your life if necessary."

She ran to the sleeping Sarah and wakened her. She got down Harry's rifle. The servant girl was soon thoroughly awake, and she explained to her their condition.

"It's the tramp that's done it."

"The tramp? No, Sarah, the key, the key of the attic."

She flew up the stairs, unlocked the padlock, and opened the trap. The man sprang up at the sound.

"Come, come with me." His own senses alert, and hearing the noise of the horses below and steps about the house, he followed her without a word. At the foot of the stairs she stopped.

"I have a large sum of money in the house, and those men have come to get it, thinking that I am alone. If they kill me that money must be guarded."

"What, have you—pistols, shotguns?" he whispered, taking in the whole situation.

"Here is my husband's rifle. It is loaded."

"Hist! Where are they going to break in?" The steps came boldly on the piazza to the front door. "Get behind me. I will fire at the first man who enters."

There was no storming of shutters. They heard the key applied to the door softly. It opened, a man followed by two others confidently entered. The first figure walked directly to the stairs. He had taken but a step when three shots came in rapid succession. There was a heavy thud; this man dropped and the other two turned and fled. Sarah ran to the window and two horses galloped down the lane.

"Don't faint, madam! there is work yet to do," said the tramp.

Mamie caught hold of the rail for support, and then went into the room.

"Get a candle, Sarah."

They lighted a candle and gave it to the tramp, who went downstairs, the two women following with brandy and ammonia. The man had fallen backward, and lay with his face up and head toward the door.

"Ah!" said the tramp, curiously, holding the light up and peering into the dead man's face. "he's fixed. Shot through the head."

Mamie advanced and gazed at the white face, across which a thin thread like stream of blood was trickling. She fell back with a wild shriek.

It was her husband's dead body which lay before her.—The Argonaut.

WHY NOT BE SENSIBLE?

There are some aspects of our present traffic regulations which apply to automobiles that are indeed ludicrous. In many, many ways the traffic squad under Sergeant Lester Wire has done wonders.

But—

When an autoist is driving north on Main street and reaches an intersection at a time that the officer is directing east and west traffic—when the north or southbound pedestrian is presumably standing on the curb—why not let the autoist turn either east or west? Surely that would be more sensible than to have him turn the corner when the north-south traffic is started and the crossings are—presumably—filled with pedestrians.

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