

blood, which but a few days before he had held in his arms, breathing, glowing with life.

Would not this man, whom he saw before him moving slowly, methodically, push the lance but the fraction of an inch beyond the danger line, angered thereto beyond the endurance of man? Was he not the master of both destinies, was not death his servant, quickly obedient to his mandate? What would Grondel do, alone in life, without her? Oh, God!

The muscles of the patient contracted and the surgeon remarked very calmly: "Give some more chloroform, Grondel."

Then the drops fell like rain, and little by little the heaving of the breast subsided. The operation was finished. Quercy brought together the edges of the wound, and from right to left the needle went in and out along the red seam.

Now there came a sound as of some one strangling. Grondel continued pouring the poison and the sound became sharper.

"Careful," the surgeon said, "her tongue is affected."

But Grondel, gray-white, continued pouring the liquid, the lurid light of madness in his eyes. He gripped the frail wrist of the woman as if he would crush it.

The surgeon drew the sheet back over the body of his wife. Then he came toward Grondel, and firmly, but always quietly, he unclasped the student's hands and put aside the poison. Then, with a bitter, cynical smile upon his lips, he took the forceps and seizing the patient's tongue began the slow, rhythmic movement to restore the action of the lungs.

Grondel had fallen into a scare and his tightly compressed lips showed his struggle to control himself.

There was silence in the room for a few moments and then the master turned, and looking his pupil full in the face, said:

"Courage, Grondel; I will give her back to you."—Town Talk.

ELECTION NIGHT AT THE LOUVRE.

The Louvre on Tuesday night presented a scene of festivity such as has never before been witnessed in a restaurant in Salt Lake. With the music, the lights, the flowers and the gaily dressed throng it looked like a bit of New York or San Francisco transplanted for the occasion, and the beauty of it all was that under the perfect management and in the midst of all the excitement

as the election returns were received, there was not the slightest disorder of any kind that might be expected to mark such an event, but on the contrary just a big, good-natured crowd of people, equally happy, apparently, in victory or defeat, willing to cheer for the successful candidate or give the other poor devil his due.

After the success of the Bohemian affair, the management has decided to make it a yearly feature, and the only question in the future will be that of sufficient accommodation for all those who would like to attend. The Louvre on election night afforded a place where ladies might go unmolested by the annoyances of the street at such a time, and before the evening was over it developed into really a society event. Among those who entertained at different parties were Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Houston, Mr. and Mrs. Scofield, Mr. Samuel Newhouse, Captain McCaskey, Mr. and Mrs. Rob Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Walker, Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Callaghan, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gustin, Mr. A. L. Thomas, Jr., Mr. A. L. Jacobs, Dr. and Mrs. J. T. Keith, Mr. and Mrs. N. M. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. De Witt B. Lowe, Mr. G. S. Auerbach, Mr. Harold Lamb, Mr. W. L. Robinson; Mr. R. W. Sloan, Mr. Ben Slegel, Mr. Pyper, Mr. Sweet Mr. Bowman, Mr. William M. Rash, Mr. Woods, Mr. Frank Swenson and others.

How often does the trolley run past your house?" asked a tourist of a farmer.

"Waal, they run by so frequent and so often that I can't keep no track of 'em, but I jedge the last one passed here two hours ago."—Harper's Bazar.

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