

ure. "I am delighted to renew again my acquaintance with some one whom I met in beautiful Bad Ems," he said. He hesitated, looking all about him nervously. "I am most happy that you found me, but in this crowded foyer it is impossible to converse pleasantly or at length. May I not have the pleasure of your society in my rooms? I can give you a comfortable armchair and some good cigars—some of your American kind, which are so much better than those we get at home."

He was now all suavity and charm, the polished man of the world, of the continent, rather. His voice was smooth and nicely modulated, speaking the stiffly correct, unidiomatic English taught at the German universities.

Nicodemus was entranced. Surely, he thought, these educated foreigners can teach us Americans much in many things, but most of all have we to learn from them in politeness and courtesy. Yes, he would be charmed to accept the hospitality of Herr Langenmantel's sitting-room. Perhaps he could be of some service to Herr Langenmantel, seeing him a stranger in our city. Certainly, Herr Langenmantel would be most pleased to have Mister—Mister—ah, yes; so awkward of me to have forgotten—Mr. Bopp, of course—to have Mr. Bopp show him about the city; but we can arrange all that upstairs over a good cigar, before a cheerful fire. Would Mr. Bopp await him in his rooms. He would give him the key; Mr. Bopp would find the number marked on the little brass tag—first floor, down the corridor straight out from the left. "I must first speak to the clerk, and send a telegram. I shall join you again within three minutes."

Most agreeable to Mr. Bopp. "Surely, I'll wait for you in your rooms. Just take your time."

Mr. Bopp stepped into the elevator, and the stranger went over to the desk and had a short conversation with the clerk. "Yes, Mr. Schmidt,

in fifteen minutes. Sure, I'll tend to it at once. Taxicab? Right, sir. Cashier's desk to the left." The stranger then entered an elevator and was whirled up to his floor.

At seven o'clock that evening a newly-married couple on their honeymoon travels walked to the desk in the Carrington and asked for rooms. The clerk's assistant bit the end of his pen and turned to his chief. "They want two rooms, but we're full up, I think."

"G'Ve 'em eighteen and nineteen," said the clerk. "That German, Schmidt, had 'em; he left this afternoon, and hadn't used 'em. They're all ready."

The happy couple, escorted by a bell-boy carrying their bags, were shown into the two rooms. "This here's the bedroom," said the boy; "that'n over there's the sittin' room. Wait, I'll light up. It'll be all dark in there. Now ye kin—wh—what's the matter?"

As the lights had gone up the bride had given a scream and fallen fainting into the arms of her husband, who, open-mouthed, was staring, frightened, at something in one corner of the room.

Upon a small, tufted leather lounge, a man was stretched out, his pale, livid face thrust back, showing a fat, swollen, discolored throat, covered with the marks of gripping, clawing fingers.

It was the body of him who had been Nicodemus Bopp. He had been strangled to death.—Mirror.

While ex-President Roosevelt was on his famous Louisiana bear-hunting trip he passed by an old colored man's cabin and saw two fine hounds in the yard. Mr. Roosevelt made several offers for the hounds, each larger than the last; but the old man shook his head. Finally the President said: "If you knew who I am you would sell me those dogs." "Sell you dem houn' dawgs if I know who you is!" exclaimed the man. "Who is you,

anyhow?" "I am President Roosevelt," was the reply, uttered in an impressive tone. The old man looked at him a moment, and then said: "See heah, I wouldn't care if you was Bookah T. Washington—you couldn't get dem aawgs!"

WAITING FOR THE BUGLE.

By T. W. HIGGINSON.

We wait for the bugle; the night-dews are cold,

The limbs of the soldiers feel jaded and old;
The field of our bivouac is windy and bare,
There is lead in our joints, there is frost in our hair;

The future is veiled and its fortunes unknown

As we lie with hushed breath till the bugle is blown.

At the sound of the bugle each comrade shall spring

Like an arrow released from the strain of the string;

The courage, the impulse of youth shall come back

To banish the chill of the drear bivouac;
And sorrows and losses and cares fade away
When that life-giving signal proclaims the new day.

Though the bivouac of age may put ice in our veins,

And no fibre of steel in our sinew remains;
Though the comrades of yesterday's march are not here,

And the sunlight seems pale and the branches are sere,

Though the sound of our cheering dies down to a moan,—

We shall find our lost youth when the bugle is blown.

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