

"By all means. We—"
"Er, no," the judge said sadly.

"'Twouldn't really do. My wife—"
Jackson was looking round him for his bag. Rankin always— Suddenly he remembered that he did not have his bag. They had fled without it as they dodged Mrs. Gerard. He gnashed his teeth at Wallace.

"But, even though the liquor question was in no way settled at the session, the judge stayed a little while to gossip, principally making inquiries about the story which had been prominently printed in the local papers that Broadway was to marry a rich widow.

Wallace took command here, too, with lightning-like celerity. "Judge," said he with gravity, "if every widow in New York who has confided to the newspapers that she would like to marry Mr. Jones had married him he'd be a modern Mormon."

"Yes, I suppose so—with the prospects of this business here in Jonesville and a big wholesale liquor business of his own there in the city. I bet they have been after him. But I must go. You'll be up after supper?"

"Very soon if supper's what I think it will be," Broadway answered.

Mrs. Spotswood was consumed with curiosity when her husband arrived at home.

"Why didn't you bring him here to supper?" she inquired.

"Well, mother, you know they've been on a railroad train four hours. I guess they're pretty tired. They'll get supper at the hotel." He laughed. "Mr. Wallace, he's with Broadway, asked to have it served up in their rooms, and Gilroy, the hotel clerk, asked him if they wanted he should feed it to them." His laughter became violent. "You know Gilroy's very witty."

"How does Broadway look?"

"Ten years older. My, how that boy has changed!"

"My goodness, what a curiosity he'll be to the folks here! Did you tell him we had read in the New York Herald about his going to get married?"

"Yes; I asked him about that."

"Well, he started to say something, but his friend broke in and told me not to believe everything I read in the New York papers. Broadway didn't have much to say. His friend did most of the talking."

"Who is he?"

"Name's Wallace. He seems to be a right nice chap. Wide awake, all right. I tried to pump him about what Broadway means to do with the gum plant, but he didn't seem inclined to talk about it, so I dropped it. I'm worried about the matter mom."

She sighed. "I guess everyone in town is. Would the trust close the plant if they should buy it?"

"Why, of course. They don't care for those old shacks and their machinery. What they're after is the formula and trade-mark. They do their manufacturing out in Ohio. Where's Clara?"

"I'll have Sammy find her. He'll

be through supper in a quarter of an hour."

But Sammy entered at the moment.

"I want you to go find Clara and tell her to come home. I think she's at Josie Richards'."

Clara bounded in immediately. Sam had found her in the hammock. She had developed wonderfully since the days when Broadway had taught her new dance steps in the old power house.

"Sam said you wanted something, pa."

"Yes, I want you to be here this evening. And now won't you run over to Josie Ri hards' house and tell her I want to see her tonight about something very important?"

"You want to see her here?"

"Yes. Tell her it's something about the plant. Did your mother tell you who's in town?"

"No. Who?"

"The new owner. The young man himself. Remember him? He's been away five years."

"Remember him! When did he get here?"

"On the five-fifty. Don't tell it to anyone but Josie, and tell her to keep it quiet. He doesn't want anybody to know it."

Clara nodded, but her face was flushed. "I understand, pa. Shall I tell her that he'll be here at the house?"

"Yes; and tell her he'll likely want to know all about how things stand."

"I'll hurry." She started rapidly away, but a footstep on the creaking porch outside arrested her. She paused in an intense excitement.

"I guess that's him now," her father exclaimed, listening intently.

"I'll let him in, pa."

Half elated and half frightened, she hurried to the little entrance hall and opened the front door. A whiff of cigarette smoke, very different from any which the Jonesville boys emitted, caressed her nostrils as the door swung open, and in the soft gleam of the evening she saw two waiting figures.

"Is Judge Spotswood at home?" asked one of them.

"Yes, sir; he's waiting for you. Don't you recognize me, Mr. Jones?"

Broadway stepped with her into the lighted entry. "Why," he said, astonished, as he looked at her developing beauty, "you're not Clara, are you?"

She could feel the admiration in his tone rather than see it on his face, for she could not look up. "Of course I am."

"Well, what do you think of that! You're—very different—why, you were a little girl last time I saw you!" He pulled Wallace forward by the arm. "This is my friend, Mr. Wallace. Bob, this is the judge's daughter, Miss Spotswood."

Now, she could see her old friend's friend more clearly. Instantly she decided that he was the handsomest of living men. She had been genuinely glad to see Broadway. Now, immediately, she forgot that he existed.

"I'm going to get Josie," she exclaimed and fled into the night.

"By heck, Broadway," Wallace

commented. "There's a pretty country girl! I didn't know they did it in such detail in the rural districts."

The judge came to them with a hearty handclasp. "Welcome to this house again, my boy," said he. "It's been a long time since you have seen this room. Not changed much, eh? We don't change much in Jonesville." He waved his hand toward Mrs. Spotswood, who was sitting in a flutter of expectancy, but would not rise because it seemed more elegant to remain seated. "Remember that lady?"

Broadway hurried toward her. "I should say I do. Hello, Mrs. Spotswood; I'm awfully glad to see you again."

Now she could rise with full propriety, and did so, taking his hand cordially. "Well, well, Broadway; it doesn't seem possible that it's you." Smiling in an unfeigned joy at seeing him, she took him by the shoulders and slowly turned him around for inspection.

"Yes, I guess I've changed," he laughed. "Nobody seemed to know me in the streets, and I saw only one face that I recognized." He brought Bob up. "This is Mr. Wallace, Mrs. Spotswood."

She shook his friend's hand heartily. "I want you to feel at home. I guess Broadway knows that all his friends are our friends."

Wallace really was delighted by the whole atmosphere of simple welcome; and those eyes of Clara Spotswood's—he wondered if, when Broadway took the full charge of the gum works and came here to live, there would not be some reason for a branch office of the Empire Advertising agency in Jonesville.

The judge called their attention to a portrait of the dead gum magnate. "It was made ten years ago," he said, in explanation.

"But he didn't change much in his last ten years," said Mrs. Spotswood.

"No; you bet he didn't," Broadway acknowledged bitterly.

"Is Dave in the kitchen, mom?" the judge inquired, as Mrs. Spotswood started for the lemonade.

"Yes."

(To be Continued.)

LEGAL NOTICES.

ASSESSMENT NO. 18.

Great Copper King Mining & Milling Company. Principal place of business, Salt Lake City, Utah. Location of mines, Draper mining district.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the board of directors of the Great Copper King Mining & Milling Company, held on the 26th day of January, 1914, assessment No. 18 of one-tenth (1-10) of a cent per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, issued and outstanding, payable immediately to the secretary at the office of the Star Laundry, 151 West Ninth South, Salt Lake City, Utah, or to G. H. Backman, 16 East Brigham street.

Any stock upon which this assessment may remain unpaid on Saturday, the 7th day of March, 1914, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold, on Thursday, April 9th, 1914, at 10 o'clock a.

m., at the office of the Star Laundry, 151 West Ninth South street, Salt Lake City, Utah, to pay the delinquent assessment thereon, together with the cost of advertising and expense of sale.

E. D. STILLMAN,
Secretary.

First publication February 7, 1914.

SUMMONS.

In the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the State of Utah, County of Salt Lake.

Carrie M. Fain, Plaintiff, vs. David C. Fain, Defendant—Summons.

The State of Utah to the Said Defendant:

You are hereby summoned to appear within twenty days after the service of this summons upon you, if served within the county in which this action is brought, otherwise, within thirty days after service, and defend the above entitled action; and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint which has been filed with the clerk of the above court. This action is brought to recover a judgment dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between you and the plaintiff and to obtain the care, control and custody of a minor child.

BUCKLE & RICE,

Plaintiff's Attorneys.

Carrie M. Fain, Plaintiff.
P. O. address: 709 Utah Savings & Trust Bldg. 2-7-37

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

ELY CONSOLIDATED COPPER COMPANY. Location of principal office, 414 Judge Building, Salt Lake City, Utah. Location of mines, White Pine and Elko counties, Nevada.

NOTICE:—There are delinquent upon the following described stock on account of assessment No. 7, levied November 3, 1913, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Cert. No.	Name.	No. Shares.	Amt.
4058	Jacob Ettenson	100	\$ 2.00
4059	Jacob Ettenson	100	2.00
4060	Jacob Ettenson	100	3.00
4153	Carl A. Dahlstrom	100	3.00
4171	Ernest V. Giambruno	100	3.00
4172	Ernest V. Giambruno	100	3.00
4196	Oscar W. Hamilton	100	3.00
4236	George E. Venne	100	3.00
4237	George E. Venne	100	3.00
4239	Ulysses A. Wynn	100	3.00
4240	Ulysses A. Wynn	100	3.00
4241	Ulysses A. Wynn	100	3.00
4242	Ulysses A. Wynn	100	3.00
4258	Morris, Bear & Bros.	100	3.00
4333	Joseph P. Hanley	100	3.00
4334	Joseph P. Hanley	100	3.00
4335	Joseph P. Hanley	100	3.00
4336	Joseph P. Hanley	100	3.00
4337	Joseph P. Hanley	100	3.00
4338	Joseph P. Hanley	100	3.00
4339	Joseph P. Hanley	100	3.00
4340	Joseph P. Hanley	100	3.00
4341	Joseph P. Hanley	100	3.00
4395	M. Moody Downer	100	3.00
4396	M. Moody Downer	100	3.00
4397	M. Moody Downer	100	3.00
4398	M. Moody Downer	100	3.00
4399	M. Moody Downer	100	3.00
4433	Emil Derendorf	100	3.00
4434	Emil Derendorf	100	3.00
4437	Hugh Wylie	100	3.00
4440	Fred A. Landeek	100	3.00
4441	Fred A. Landeek	100	3.00
4493	Oscar Gallum	100	3.00
4494	Oscar Gallum	100	3.00
4499	John McAlpine	100	3.00
4500	John McAlpine	100	3.00
4501	John McAlpine	100	3.00
4502	John McAlpine	100	3.00
4503	John McAlpine	100	3.00
4524	F. J. Ehle	100	3.00
4641	John S. Campbell	100	3.00
4642	John S. Campbell	100	3.00