

THE MARK OF  A GUARANTEE

The manufacture of fine jewelry has been one of our principal specialties for more than forty years. We have always stood at the head in this line and today use more men, more machinery and more material than any similar plant within some hundreds of miles. Take the time and visit our shop. We will show you how we make good jewelry.



All Hallows College

SALT LAKE CITY

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Class begins Wednesday, September 8. Classical, Scientific and Commercial courses. Special department for little boys, under the care of a trained teacher. Gymnasium and Military Drill under the direction of special instructors.

For terms and information, apply to

Very Rev. J. J. Guinan, S. M., President.

PATENTS Advice as to patentability and procedure FREE upon request. Send sketch and description of your invention. Harry J. Robinson, Attorney at Law and Solicitor of Patents, 304-5 Judge Building, Salt Lake City

Sentence Sermons.

It is better to be regarded as a pride than to rot as a mental garbage can.

Where a man's life does not preach his preaching cannot live.

People who think they were born to regulate the world are always afraid they will die from being over-righteous.

Cynicism is a pain due to attempting to eat all life's fruits too early in the season.

Half of the business of lifting people up is a matter of cheering them up.

The prayer that rises in the heart always works a way out to the feet and the fingers.

The empty head is easily wrinkled into furrows that look like deep thought.

He who misses the spirit of the law always makes most of the letter.

It's an awful thing to be green, but it's a good deal worse to be born dried up.

Why One Drunken Man Died.

Head Keeper Snyder, of the Central park zoo, was smiling over a newspaper account of a monkey that had died of love.

"It's a good story," said the head keeper. "This reporter has an original turn of mind. He's like the western jury. A westerner, you know, once hanged himself to the bedpost by his suspenders, and the verdict of the coroner's jury ran:

"Deceased came to his death by coming home full and mistaking himself for his pants."—New York Times.

The teacher was describing the dolphin and its habits.

"And, children," she said impressively, "a single dolphin will have two thousand offspring."

"Goodness!" gasped a little girl in the back row. "And how about married ones?"—Everybody's Magazine.

Coffee and Cigarettes Deadly.

No modern tropical people perhaps, except the Chilians, are outright drunkards. People often talk of the temperance of Mediterranean peoples. As a matter of fact, many men in Latin America die in middle life from heart and circulation diseases—of a type rarely seen here—from excessive and continuous consumption of coffee and cigarettes.

Practical Superstition.

"Are you superstitious?"
"In a practical way."
"How is that?"

"I never walk under a ladder unless I feel sure it won't fall on me, and I always expect bad luck when pursued by a mad bull across a lot in which there are just thirteen acres."

The Honeymoon Special.

Bride—Yes, there were six bridal parties on our train.

Old Chum—Well! Well! And tell me about that long, narrow tunnel through the mountains. Did you get through safely?

Bride—Oh, yes, we just squeezed through.—Chicago News.



SYNOPSIS.

Three girls—Elizabeth, Gabrielle and Elise—started for Canada to spend the summer there. On board steamer they were frightened by an apparently demented stranger, who, finding a bag belonging to one of them, took enjoyment in scrutinizing a photo of the trio. Elise shared her stateroom with a Mrs. Graham, also bound for Canada. The young women on a sightseeing tour met Mrs. Graham, anxiously awaiting her husband, who had a mania for sailing. They were introduced to Lord Wilfrid and Lady Edith. A cottage by the ocean was rented by the trio for the summer. Elizabeth learned that a friend of her father's was to call. Two men called, one of them being the queer-acting stranger on the steamer. The girls were "not at home," but discovered by the cards left that one of the men was Elizabeth's father's friend. The men proved to be John C. Blake and Gordon Bennett. A wisp of yellow hair from Mr. Graham's pocket fell into the hands of Elise. Lady Edith told the girls of a robbery of jewels at the hotel. Fearing for the safety of her own gems, she left them in a safe at the cottage. Mr. Gordon Bennett was properly introduced, explained his queer actions, returned the lost bag and told of mysterious doings of a year before connected with the cottage. Exploring the cellar, one of the girls found a sphinx cuff-button, the exact counterpart of which both Gordon Bennett and Lady Edith were found to possess, also. Elise, alone, explored the cellar, overhearing a conversation there between Mary Anne and a man. He proved to be her son, charged with murder. The young women agreed to keep the secret. Lady Edith told a story of a lost love in connection with the sphinx key. Elise and Gordon Bennett discovered Lady Edith and Mr. Graham, the latter displaying a marvellous baritone voice. At a supper which was held on the rocks Elizabeth rather mysteriously lost her ring, causing a search by the entire party. Mrs. Graham told Elise of her husband's mania for sailing at all hours of the day and night. Gabrielle witnessed a stormy scene between Lady Edith and Lord Wilfrid, red roses being the cause of the latter's anger. Mary Anne brought back Elizabeth's ring.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"It was Mary Anne," she said, in answer to our questions. "Isn't she the dearest old thing? To think of her simply rooting round among the rocks until she found it! And she wouldn't take a penny of reward. I think I really hurt her feelings when I tried to insist on it. I never was so glad to get anything in my life, for you know how I valued that ring."
"When did she find it?" I inquired.
"I have just come back from the rocks."

But Elizabeth was above mere details.
"It doesn't matter when she found it so long as it is here," she said, "and dinner is ready. I feel hungry enough to eat the tablecloth."

So we went to dinner and were served by Mary Anne, whom we each congratulated in turn, and I insisted upon her describing the very spot where she found the ring.

"Sure, Miss Elise," she said, "it was down on them rocks where I spread yer supper last night. Between two stones it was, and like as not you walked over it time and again. Be thankful now that it's 'ere and don't werrit yerself 'ow I 'appened to pick up them particular stones."

"That's true philosophy," agreed Gabrielle, "and anyhow let's talk about something else. I want to tell Elizabeth about Lord Wilfrid and the roses."

CHAPTER XII.

"Of course," said Gordon Bennett, "you know your own affairs best."

"I am glad you have come to such a sensible conclusion," I replied, leaning over the edge of the boat and trailing my hand in the water, although I knew such an act is always irritating to the one who manipulates the sail.

"And no doubt you think I'm a very fresh sort of a chap."

I preserved an ostentatious silence.
"I am answered," he said, with a vexed laugh; "found guilty on my own indictment. But I hoped you would not agree so unreservedly."

I wiped my hand on my handkerchief, spreading the latter to dry in the sun, and looking out to sea with apparent absorption in the horizon.

"One ear and one side of your face are very red. Is it sunburn or wrath?"

"The sun is hot," I replied, with alacrity. "Perhaps we had better go home. Will you steer for the shore?"

"Not on your life! I've got you out here now, and I intend to keep you. You are powerless, mademoiselle."

I knew I was, and raged inwardly. We had been spending the morning on the water, a not infrequent occurrence of late, and until the introduction of a certain unfortunate topic I had enjoyed myself immensely; for the day was perfection, and my companion thoroughly understood the management of his boat, as well as the art of being agreeable.

The conversation had somehow drifted to the robbery at the hotel, and I had thoughtlessly mentioned the safe in our dining room and Lady

Edith's jewels reposing therein for protection. He had protested against our assuming such a responsibility, and urged their immediate return to their owner, which proposition I declined to consider, and the argument waxed hot, ending with an emphatic assertion on his part that we should not be allowed to leave home again without a guardian. This had been the last straw, and I had replied with an asperity which called for the remark at the beginning of this chapter.

"Look here," he resumed, firmly. "I'm not going to back down on one word I have said, but I'm sorry if you are angry about it. I think you don't quite understand my motive."

"Let us talk of something else, Mr. Bennett."

"But listen, Miss Elise. By your own admission, you really know nothing whatever about these people."

"You forget that they are older friends than yourself, after all."

"The general asked me to call; otherwise I should not have ventured to intrude."

His manner was decidedly stiff, and he jerked the tiller resentfully; as we changed our course in swift response, a smothered exclamation escaped

"Oh," I said, with what I flattered myself was fine indifference, "I think you must be mistaken. I have not lost anything."

I was bareheaded, for I liked to feel the wind blow through my hair, and as it curled naturally I was comfortably certain that my personal appearance would not be endangered by so doing. I wished, however, that my hat was firmly pinned upon my head as he leaned forward and looked at me, his blue eyes laughing, and a dimple in his cheek very apparent. I always thought dimples so out of place on a man—perhaps because I have none myself and always wanted them.

"Why aren't your side-combs mates?" he inquired.

"Because I like them best this way," I tried to speak carelessly, but his laugh was so spontaneous and merry that I gave up all effort at pretense and joined in heartily.

"When are you going to give it back to me?" I asked.

"Not yet," he said, suddenly serious. "I must return it in my own way, and—I do not think the time has come, do you?"

But I did not answer, for I felt my face grow suddenly hot, and sometimes one has nothing to say when one most desires to speak.

"We must go home," I said, slowly. "The morning has quite gone. Take me in, please."

This time he made no objection, but headed for the shore, and as we approached the little slip he turned with an evident effort and addressed me soberly.

"Miss Elise," he said, "at the risk of offending you again, I must say something more."

"Don't," I entreated; "it's not worth while—don't spoil the morning. You

"Well?"

In retaliation for his persistence in the matter of the jewels, I was determined to press the question, now that I saw he wished to avoid a reply.

"My pin? Oh, yes, I remember. I'm glad you liked it."

"I'm not sure I liked it; it interests me."

"Why?"

"Oh, because it did. I would like to know where you got it."

"Well—I found it."

"Where?"

Again a pause, and again the blood mounted to his face.

"Where did you find it? I would really like to know."

"In the streets of New York."

His eyes refused to meet mine, and I knew intuitively that he lied; also that he realized I knew it.

I said no more, but stepped out on the slip with an unpleasant tightening of the muscles of my throat and a curious sensation that everything was slipping away from me.

"Good-by," I said, dully, as I reached the steps, and he raised his cap in silence.

At the top I paused and looked back, for I thought I heard my name. He sat bareheaded in the stern of his boat, gazing after me, but made no effort to attract my attention nor to follow me ashore, so I decided I was mistaken and he had not called me. I wished he had. I wanted to go back and ask him to explain, but pride forbade, and I resumed my walk to the house with my head high.

Elizabeth called to me as I passed the door of her room, where she was reposing luxuriously on her couch, book in hand.

"Did you have a good time?" she inquired, with interest.

"No," I returned, briefly; "horrid."

"That's too bad. And oh, look at your nose! How did you ever get so burned?"

Elizabeth has a straight little nose which is my envy as well as my admiration, and she is always very careful to guard it from too intimate an acquaintance with the sun, so I knew her exclamation was occasioned by genuine sympathy.

"Did Mr. Bennett say anything about to-night?" she asked, as she seated herself on the foot of the bed.

"No; why should he?"

"You don't mean to say you have forgotten?"

"Forgotten what?"

"Elise, sometimes I think you must be in love—or, rather, I should think so were it any other girl. Don't you know that we give a dinner to-night? Our very first formal effort, to celebrate Lady Edith's birthday?"

I turned, brush in hand, and stared at her. I had indeed forgotten, although our menu for the occasion had been discussed and our toilets decided upon that morning at breakfast.

"And that's why I was concerned about your nose," continued Elizabeth cheerfully, "and your neck, too, for that matter, for of course you must wear an evening gown, and we all want to look well. You had really better try the cold cream and other stuff."

This time I did not refuse, for I had a mental vision of my face, as the glass reported it, rising from the delicate lace of my white frock, and the picture did not please me. So I spent the afternoon in anointing my unfortunate countenance, and reflecting upon the frailties of man—thinking of him as a species rather than as a personality, and determining to let him severely alone in the abstract, even while meditating upon a proper course of discipline for the individual.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CAUSED BY LACK OF THOUGHT.

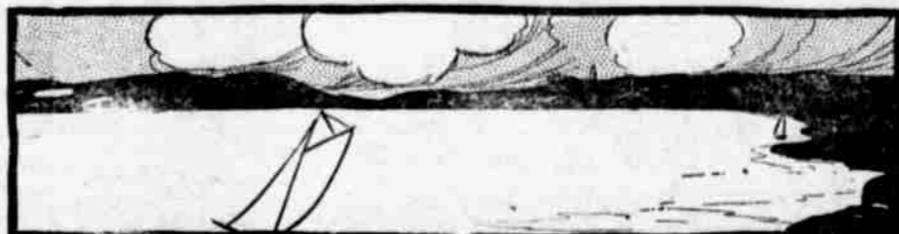
Cruelty Most Frequently Inflicted in Carelessness.

Most of the cruelty of the world is thoughtless cruelty. Very few people would intentionally add to another's load or make his burden in life heavier or his path rougher. Most of the great heart-wounds are inflicted in a moment of anger, when, perhaps, we were too proud to apologize or to try to heal the grievous wounds we had made. Can anything be more cruel than to discourage a soul who is struggling to do the best he can, to throw stumbling blocks in the path of those who are trying to get on in the world against great odds? No life is just the same after you have once touched it. Will you leave a ray of hope or one of despair, a flash of light or a somber cloud across some dark life each day? Will you by thoughtless cruelty deepen the shadow which hangs over the life, or will you by kindness dispel it altogether? No matter how you feel or what is disturbing your peace of mind, never allow yourself to send out a discouraging, a cruel, or an unkind word or thought.—Success Magazine.

Her Fate.

Tess—You'll be all right if you can only cook. You know, they say the best way to reach a man's heart, is through his stomach.

Jess (pessimistically)—Yes, it will just be my luck to reach it with heart-burn or some other phase of dyspepsia.



"We Must Go Home," I Said Slowly.

against my will, for the boat careened alarmingly.

"Don't be frightened," he said, forgetting his irritation. "I won't upset you."

"I'm not frightened."

"And don't quarrel with me any more. I won't have my morning spoiled by any confounded Englishman."

"It was a woman," I murmured, "not a man."

We both laughed, and by common consent let the matter drop for the time being, for I was quite willing to resume the lazy, delightful, camaraderie into which we had drifted, and to banish unpleasant subjects which might interfere with it.

So we talked or were silent as the spirit moved, while the white-capped waves lapped against the boat, and the water danced in the sunlight with cool green shadows here and there, deep and unfathomable, as shadows should be when the ocean lies beneath them.

"Do you know," he said, at last, "that I have in my possession something belonging to you?"

know you said you did not want to do that."

"Give back that box to her—Lady Edith. If you do not, you will certainly regret it. But if you won't, in spite of what I tell you, for heaven's sake don't mention it to any one as you did to me this morning—to the Grahams, for instance, or any one at all."

"I am not likely to say anything," I returned, stiffly. "I very much regret having mentioned it to you. By the way," I continued, "I quite forgot something important. At least, it is important to me, because I am curious. Where did you get your scarf-pin?"

"My scarf-pin?"

His hand involuntarily sought his throat, but he was wearing a negligee shirt and soft silk tie.

"Oh, I don't mean to-day. The Sphinx's head, you know, in dull gold. Where did it come from?"

It was a simple enough question, and one easily answered, but Gordon Bennett flushed deep red beneath his tan and brought the boat up beside the slip in silence.