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HARRY J. ROBINSON ATTORNEY AT LAW 304-308 Judge Building, Salt Lake City

MADE DRUNK BY MOSQUITOES

Small Pests, Not the Wild Animals, Are the Real Troubles of the African Hunter.

"The African mosquitoes intoxicate you. They inject so much poison into you that you are dazed, your eyes roll and you stagger and speak thickly. In a word, you're drunk," said a missionary.

"In the Nyassa country I'd always start getting ready for bed and the mosquitoes an hour before sunset. I'd set up my mosquito net with the utmost care. I'd clamp down its edges with valves and boxes. I'd light inside it three green wood fires, filling it with a bitter smoke that all insects are supposed to loathe.

"Finally I'd get in myself. I'd smoke big pipes of the black native tobacco, and I'd long miserably in that hot, smoky atmosphere for the dawn.

"Despite all my precautions quite 200 or 300 mosquitoes would get inside my net as soon as darkness fell. They were like a whirlwind in there. It couldn't have been worse. Their noise and their nipping made me feverish—made me really delicious at times.

"At last in exhaustion I'd get a few hours of troubled sleep, awakening for breakfast, drunk from the poison injected by hundreds of tiny needles into my veins.

"No, it isn't the elephants or the giraffes that trouble the African hunter, but the 'sneeters'."

Pompador is a Talented Cat.

Pompador, a large Thomas cat owned by Mrs. James Howe of Skowhegan, Me., is noted for his intelligence and sagacity.

A short time ago he called another cat to his aid to rid the house of a large number of mice. He directed the strange cat to stand by the door leading into the shed while he (Pompador), slowly worked a string that had a piece of cheese fastened to it, alluring the mice into the kitchen. That night 40 or 50 mice were slain by Pompador and his assistant.

Mr. Howe lives some distance from the postoffice and usually sends his mail by the last evening train. As soon as he has his letters ready he ties them to Pompador's neck and the cat carries them to the postoffice.

The Mills of the Gods.

They tell us that ever so slight a change in the earth's tipping on its axis brought the glacial period that swallowed up all life in the north as the ice crept down from the pole, inch by inch, foot by foot. When it righted itself again our present day broke, and the river wore its way through the rock, draining the mighty glaciers. So the dawn of a new humanity in which man, facing toward the ideal of brotherhood, shall do justice and love mercy is upon us now. It is good, when one gets impatient, to remember that these things are so, that though the mills of God grind slowly they grind exceeding small.—Jacob A. Pils in The Survey.

The Mean Things.

A good many married men would regard a tax on bachelors as a tax on intelligence.

Manicuring a Horse.

A horse's hoof is really the same thing as the toe or finger nails of human beings, or of animals having toes. The hoof grows just as a toe nail does and more rapidly on unshod horses than on those wearing shoes. Its growth is much faster on horses that are well groomed and well fed, upon an average of a third of an inch a month. The hind hoofs grow faster than the fore hoofs. The toe of the hoof being the longest part, it takes longer for it to grow down there than at the heel. The new hoof grows out any cracks or defects in the whole, gradually working down to where it can be cut off, just as with human finger nails.

Cold Storage Eggs.

Some of those eggs now going into cold storage may never come out again, but will remain, like the gold reserve in the Bank of England, as a part of the capital stock of the cold storage concern. In some future geological era, as they are dug up, the experimenters of the day can have great fun seeing whether or not they will hatch out.—Chicago News.

Wants a Ham Sandwich Mine.

Really, we cannot fully express our pleasure at the discovery of a new diamond field in South Africa. Now, if a ham sandwich mine near enough to Macon for our children to work in, could be located, our happiness would be complete.—Macon News.

There's a Reason for it.

When an actress gets old enough to be willing to publish all her love letters it may be taken for granted that the last of her copy was in several years ago.

SERIAL STORY THE SMUGGLER By ELLA MIDDLETON TYBOUT Illustrations by Ray Walters

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 steaming boat 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 Blake and Gordon Bennett. The party was told of the search for smugglers in the vicinity of the cottage. Elise visited Mrs. Graham to find that her life was not the happiest. She learned that the Gabrielle and Lady Edith were acquainted. A wisp of yellow hair from Mr. Graham's pocket fell into the hands of Elise. Mrs. Graham's hair was black. During a storm the young women heard a crash in the basement of the cottage and a moment later Mary Anne, their woman servant, entered, her arm bleeding. To assure them there was no danger, Mary Anne descended to the basement alone and quieted their fears. 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.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"Don't be 'opin' that, Miss Gabrielle," it was Mary Anne who spoke, and she stood listening to the story with dishevelled hair and a plate in the other. "Don't be 'opin' that. Remember the mother what bore 'im, and them that loves 'im, be 'e what 'e may."

"Well," said Gabrielle, "his mother should have brought him up better, that's all I've got to say about it; and I do hope he'll be caught and punished. Give us something good for lunch, won't you, Mary Anne? I'm starving."

"And, Elise," she continued, "I made an engagement for us all to go sailing this afternoon with the Campbells. And do you know—I almost forgot to tell you—the guests at the hotel had to submit to having their trunks searched. I think it was insulting, but Lady Edith said she thought it only right."

"But, Gabrielle," said Elizabeth, tucking her letter inside her shirt-waist, to be brought forth in private later, "you forgot I told Mr. Bennett he could bring his friend Mr. Blake this afternoon. I meant to have tea on the veranda."

"So you did. Well, we can all come home about four o'clock."

"And I'll be ready for you," promised Mary Anne, eagerly. "Don't you fash yourself, Miss Elizabeth; I'll have everything laid out and ready, and I'll make you some nice little cakes, too, and 'ave them 'ot and ready, fur well I know you'll be 'ungry."

So when Lord Wilfrid sailed to our little ship that afternoon he found us waiting for him and quite prepared for a good time. There was a nice breeze, and the sea was not too rough, so we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and made a tour among the neighboring islands, admiring the handsome residences with which they seemed to abound.

"But I would just as leave have our cottage on the bluff as any of them," declared Elizabeth, contentedly, and we all agreed with her.

We sailed so near the American shore that we could distinguish the signs on the wharf of the little town where the boat landed, and Gabrielle proposed going ashore and looking around a little. Lord Wilfrid busied himself with his sail for a moment, then turned and looked steadily at his sister.

"Shall we land, Edith?" he said. "The wind is dead against us, and it will take some time to tack back home again, but of course, if you think best, I am quite willing."

"Oh, I hardly think it would be wise, dear," she replied. "The girls have an engagement, you know. Some other time."

So we sailed home again, speculating as to which island Gordon Bennett owned, until we saw that gentleman himself embarking with his friend in an immaculate little launch, glistening with white paint and absolutely spotless in every respect. We learned later on that the islanders are quite as particular about the appearance of their boats as are the cottagers at Bar Harbor about their equipages, and that there is among them a friendly rivalry on the subject. We hailed him merrily and challenged him to race us home, and in spite of

Lord Wilfrid's statement about the wind the boat cut through the water at a good pace. The salt spray dashed up in our faces and our hair blew into our eyes, but we did not care, for we reached the slip a full minute before Mr. Bennett, and could exult over his defeat even while obliged to admire his boat.

"But this is not the boat you left at the slip the day it stormed," remarked Gabrielle; "this is much newer—yes, and much prettier, but I believe the other is faster. When you race with us you must always take your swiftest boat, you know."

"But I can't race that boat, unfortunately," he returned, with a short laugh. "When I came to get it that morning it had vanished entirely—broken away, I suppose—and I had to go home in a fishing smack I happened to be able to hire. I think it is very inhospitable of you to keep your boat-house door locked."

"I think so, too," agreed Elizabeth, "and if I can ever remember it I am going to get a locksmith from the village and have it opened."

We were all ready to do justice to the nice hot cakes and tea Mary Anne had waiting for us, and we found Mr. Blake quite an acquisition. He was a quiet man, who, as Gabrielle said, always seemed to be about to make a brilliant remark and never did, but kept us on the alert waiting for it.

Lady Edith took off her hat and laid it on the chair beside her, and I idly picked it up, smoothing out the veil which was knotted around it and thinking how wonderfully well it suited her flower-like face. Suddenly I paused, however, for in the veil fastening the chiffon to the hat brim, I saw a small pin shaped like a key, and the counterpart of one link of my cuff button.

I was about to draw it out and ask her about it, for the design was unusual, when I saw a gray shadow cross her face and her eyes dilated strangely. She was looking beyond me, straight at Gordon Bennett, and I looked also, wondering greatly.

He was bending forward, cup in hand, talking to Gabrielle, and a ray from the setting sun reached the



Thinking How Wonderfully Well it Sued Her Flower-Like Face.

spoon, causing it to gleam as he moved it and insensibly attract the eye. Something else gleamed also from his white cravat, and I saw that his scarf-pin was the head of the Sphinx in raised dull gold.

CHAPTER VIII.

"What I like best about Mary Anne," remarked Elizabeth appreciatively, "is that she is so dependable."

We were standing at my window, watching Mary Anne and a market basket disappear in the direction of the village. We regarded her broad back and deliberate movements with genuine affection, knowing that her foraging would be eminently successful and our larder satisfactorily stocked, which desirable result was not by any means certain to follow when we ourselves went to market.

Gabrielle and Elizabeth had their hats on and even carried gloves, which meant that something unusual was about to happen.

"If we had got made such a definite engagement with the Campbells, I would not go one step," announced Gabrielle. "I don't like to leave you alone with a headache."

"Of course you must go," I returned ruefully. "We have set too many times and been disappointed to put it off again. Then, too, remember Lord Wilfrid is to meet you over there at luncheon, and as he must have already started, there is no way of letting him know. I will be all right when you come home, but it is too bad."

For this was the day agreed upon, after various disappointments, for a shopping expedition to the small town across the water. We intended to take advantage of the little steamer that crossed every morning and returned every afternoon, explore the place, and invest in a few articles the village could not supply. Lady Campbell and her brother were to join us, and we anticipated a very jolly time.

I was therefore awfully disappointed when I wakened that morning with the dull pain in my eyeballs I have reason to respect and treat with every deference. While the girls made their toilets, protesting vigorously against leaving me alone, I rested my heavy head against the window frame and tried to calculate how long it would probably be before my brain felt clear again and life would seem worth living.

"It is the kindest thing you can do for me," I said at last. "I prefer to be alone when my head aches. When you get off I will take something and lie down, and Mary Anne will make me some tea for lunch. By the time you come home tired and rather cross I shall be all freshly dressed and as cool and comfortable as possible. Now, if you don't start, you will miss your boat."

They finally set out, and I watched them walk down the path toward the village. Both were tall and slender, but there the resemblance ceased entirely. Gabrielle was strictly tailor-made from shoe to hat, but Elizabeth inclined toward softening the severity of such costumes by various feminine devices very telling in their effect, especially upon the masculine element of society.

When Gabrielle turned and waved her tightly-rolled silk umbrella in a farewell salute, I thought her plain, well-fitting skirt and jacket, immaculately severe linen shirt waist, stiff cravat and trim little hat with its knot of ribbon and long black quill, the only correct costume for any one. But when Elizabeth also turned and raised her red parasol I was not so sure, for the pretty tan-colored skirt and short Eton jacket, the dainty white blouse, and the light straw hat with a red rose under the brim, were certainly very becoming, as well as entirely suitable.

I lay quite still for some hours, then found myself gradually reviving and with a strong desire for a cup of tea. The house seemed very quiet, and though I opened my door and called several times there was no response. I was forced to conclude that Mary Anne had taken advantage of our intended absence to spend the day in the village, not knowing I had remained at home.

I therefore got up and went down to the kitchen to see what I could find; for I had eaten no breakfast, and felt that I would now be all the better for a little food.

The fire was out, and the prospects discouraging to one disinclined to make much of an effort; but I found some crackers, and remembered that Mary Anne had mentioned putting the milk on the hanging shelf in the cellar, so I got a glass and went after it, cracker jar in hand.

The cellar had been well aired and was much less damp and musty than on my previous visit. Also, the litter of boxes and other rubbish had been neatly piled along the wall, and the whole place seemed more habitable. The sea breeze swept through the open windows until the hanging shelf creaked on its rusty chains, and a ray of sunlight penetrated the dark recess, almost reaching the packing case at the end.

I found the milk and filled my glass, then wandered aimlessly into the recess, sat down upon an upturned box, and began my lunch. I do not understand why I should have elected to do this, when the entire house was at my disposal, but sometimes one obeys an impulse without any tangible reason for doing so.

As I sat contentedly nibbling a cracker and sipping the milk I heard voices, muffled but quite distinct, as though on the other side of a thin partition. At first I was alarmed, but in an instant I recognized Mary Anne's familiar tones and was correspondingly relieved, although her whereabouts was still a mystery.

"Now, then," said a man's voice impatiently, "don't let's have a scene, and, for heaven's sake, don't turn on the water-works—this place is damp enough already."

"Oh, Willy, my dear, dear boy," she said appealingly; "don't go for to be short w' me—don't, now!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

COMMON LOT OF ALL MANKIND

Who is There Among Us Who Can Escape from Worry?

Calmness and serenity are recommended for almost everything in these days. Horace Fletcher considers these qualities even more important than chewing, in the attainment of health. The beauty doctors say that no cosmetics will avail to prevent wrinkles and preserve youth without calmness and serenity, and they are said to be the most potent of all charms in her who would be pleasing to the opposite sex. "Be serene, sweet maid," says the authorities; "let who will be vivacious."

It all sounds very simple, but in order to follow such advice it would be necessary to be a hermit, and then what would be the use of being well or beautiful or attractive? How can anyone be serene who plays golf, or has cantankerous relatives, who wants to argue about woman suffrage or religion, or who has not a sure and certain and adequate income? Man that is born of woman is born to worry, as the sparks fly upward, and it is only adding irritation to his other woes to tell him that all good things may be his if he will only be serene.

Diamonds Burn Like Coal. The jeweler, at closing time, was putting his diamonds in a huge safe. "But why do you bother to do that when two watchmen walk the shop all night long?"

"On account of fire," the jeweler replied. "Diamonds are nothing but coal—carbon—they burn beautifully. Their hardness makes us think them indestructible, but, as a matter of fact, a fire of diamonds would be the briskest, prettiest thing in the world. Put a handful of diamonds on a plate and set a light to them. They will burn with a hard, gemlike flame till nothing is left. There will be no smoke, no soot and at the end the plate will be as clean as though just washed—not the slightest particle even of ash will remain."

Sam Harding's Trophy By Duke Cuyler

Among the first who built their cabins on the shore of the beautiful Oostepsee lake was a man by the name of Sam Harding.

Alone with his wife and child he had threaded the forest that lay between the settlements at Dover Point and the lake, and, once arrived upon its banks, he built his cabin, and set about his work at once of clearing up a homestead.

For many years there had been suspended from a smoke-stained beam above the broad fireplace a trophy of the early days he had spent on the shore of the lake.

It was an Indian's scalp. So long had it hung there that it was as dried and smoke-begrimed as the beam itself.

Few there were of his visitors who, remarking it, failed to inquire why it was thus preserved.

To these he did not fail to tell its history, as we shall do now.

We will give it in his own words, so the reader may imagine that he is sitting in the cabin of the old pioneer, with the strange trophy suspended before him.

"You ask me why it is that I keep that thing in the house? Well, I will tell you.

"When I first came up here to settle on the banks of the Oostepsee, it was a howling wilderness for miles and miles on every side.

"I hadn't but one white man for a neighbor, and he lived two miles away, down at the foot of the bay.

"But I had plenty of another kind. There were wild beasts and savages on all sides, and there were times when they both gave me lots of trouble.

"With the beasts I could get along pretty well.

"When they got too neighborly, I would spend a few days in hunting, and get them thinned out, so that for a time I could live in peace.

"But with the redskins it was different. It wasn't no use to try and thin them out, although there was times when I had to try my hand at it. My plan was to keep on the right side of them if I could, but I could not at all ways tell which side that was. They were mighty uncertain. You never could tell for a certainty when they were friendly to you or when they were waiting for a good chance to take your scalp.

"A big bear, one which I judged by his track would weigh at least 500 pounds, had been into my corn, and the way he had finished it was enough to make anybody's temper rise. It seemed as though the critter had trampled down and destroyed a good five bushels of it.

"There was not any trouble in following the trail he had left behind, for his feet were as big round as a peck measure, and you could see where he had planted 'em, a half dozen rods ahead.

"The valley became narrower and narrower as you went up, until at last the rocks came so close together that they shut out the sunshine, and a kind of twilight filled the place.

"I had just made up my mind that I should find his bearship not far from here when all at once I heard a deep growl only a little ways afore me.

"The next minute I saw him—he had seen me and was sitting up on end, to give me a hugging when I come near enough.

"It was a good chance for a shot, and bringing my rifle to bear, I took good aim for the spot right between his fore shoulders and fired. The next moment he was kicking among the dry leaves, giving up the ghost.

"I knew that there would be no need of another shot, so I did not stop to load my rifle again, but rushed right up to the spot.

"I wasn't long in getting there, and when I did, I found that there was somebody before me.

SHE HAD HIM ON THE HOOK.

Maiden Well Knew Lover Could Not Resist Culinary Bait She Had So Cleverly Cast.

Janet had molded the domestic affairs of the family with whom she lived for so many years that the news of her intended marriage had much the effect of an earthquake. "Have you and David been engaged long?" ventured the mistress of the household.

"One week when next Sabbath comes," stated Janet briefly.

"And—and had you any thought of marrying before that?" asked her mistress.

"Times I had and times I had not," said the imperturbable Janet, "as any person will. But a month ago when I gave David a wee bit of the cake I'd been making and he said to me: 'Janet, have you the recipe firm in your mind, lass, so you could make it if Mrs. Mann's book would be far from your reach?' I knew well the time was drawing short.

"And when," said Janet, closing her eyes at the recollection, "I said to him, 'David, lad, the recipe is copied in a little book of my own,' and I saw the glint in his eye I reckoned 'twould be within the month he'd ask me."

TOLD TO USE CUTICURA.

After Specialist Failed to Cure Her Intense Itching Eczema—Had Been Tortured and Disfigured But Was Soon Cured of Dread Humor.

"I contracted eczema and suffered intensely for about ten months. At times I thought I would scratch myself to pieces. My face and arms were covered with large red patches, so that I was ashamed to go out. I was advised to go to a doctor who was a specialist in skin diseases, but I received very little relief. I tried every known remedy, with the same results. I thought I would never get better until a friend of mine told me to try the Cuticura Remedies. So I tried them, and after four or five applications of Cuticura Ointment I was relieved of my unbearable itching. I used two sets of the Cuticura Remedies, and I am completely cured. Miss Barbara Kral, Highlandtown, Md., Jan. 9, '08." Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

NOT THE BUTCHER'S FAULT.



Mrs. Customer—That lamb you sent me, Mr. Stintwaite, was the largest and toughest I ever saw. Mr. Stintwaite—Tut, tut. It's that boy been loitering again. I assure you, when that joint left the shop it was the sweetest little leg of lamb you could set eyes on, and I gave him strict orders to deliver it at once because you wanted it young.

A Case for Sympathy.

Two matrons of a certain western city, whose respective matrimonial ventures did not in the first instance prove altogether satisfactory, met at a woman's club one day, when the first matron remarked: "Hattie, I met your 'ex,' dear old Tom, the day before yesterday. We talked much of you." "Is that so?" asked the other matron. "Did he seem sorry when you told him of my second marriage?" "Indeed, he did; and said so most frankly!" "Honest?" "Honest! He said he was extremely sorry, though, he added, he didn't know the man personally."—Lippincott's Magazine.

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