

were good little horses, they could not be called fine stock, and this experience would make him careful when later he owned real blooded horses; never to permit them to drink after a hard drive until they had cooled.

Still, Cedric had his vegetable crop. He counted on making \$200 from his acre of green peas, for they had seemed to thrive wonderfully. But one morning, going to them to see if it was not time to begin gathering them, he found on close inspection that a strange fly or bug had attacked them and they were fit only for chicken feed, and, alas! he had no chickens.

But his four acres of potatoes, at least, looked fine. They were just in bloom, and reckoning from the tops and counting on the rich loam in which they were planted, he felt sure they would yield six tons per acre, and twenty-four tons of potatoes at the going prices was in itself splendid pay for a summer's work. But while the soil was fine for potatoes, it was porous and required almost daily irrigation just at that stage of the crop.

That day, about five miles above Cedric's place, the canal from which he obtained water for irrigation broke, and for a long distance the bank was washed away. A wooden flume had to be put in; there was delay in getting the lumber and it was fourteen days before the repairs were made. In the meantime the potato tops had turned black and fallen down. The crop was destroyed.

Goodhope admitted that this was a calamity, but claimed that it was a judgment on those who had lacked thoroughness in the original construction of the canal.

There was nothing left but an acre and a half of tomatoes. Cedric estimated that he would realize \$300 from this crop, for it was splendid. He went to a cannery and negotiated their sale and was to commence their delivery on the following Tuesday. On the Sunday night previous to the Tuesday a frost destroyed the whole field.

When the season closed Cedric had a few potatoes, some beets and carrots and rutabagas, a quarter of an acre of wheat—about eight bushels—that he had planted for the chickens, that were not, and a few tons of hay for his crippled horses.

He told his hard-luck story to Anna Jean and pointed out how probable it was that in the next year he could make up his losses.

Anna Jean was sympathetic, but not warmly responsive, and Cedric carried home in his breast the heaviest heartache that he had ever felt.

In the mean time Caleb had sold his wool, receiving \$200. A too flush colored man came down from Ogden and he won \$47 from him. Going along the street, he noticed that a certain horse at the El Paso meet was rated in the pools that day at one to nine. In a reckless mood he bought a forty-dollar ticket on him. The horse won and he drew down the \$360 and his investment of \$40.

Then he happened to remember that it was

Lent, and that Easter would be here soon. That gave him an idea.

He bought five pounds of cheap candy, three dozen oranges, four pounds of Jones' sausages, two cans of oysters, a case of mineral water, an immense grape fruit, and a bouquet, and hied him to the home of Anna Jean. He unloaded his treasures before her; she in her delight called in her mother, who had always hated Caleb, calling him a shiftless no account; to her, with a deep bow and engaging smile, he presented a pound of tea and a four-ounce package of snuff; to the old man he gave an imitation meerschaum that cost 40 cents and a pound of Black-jack tobacco; then turning to Anna Jean, he said: "How much did you expect that Easter hat would cost?" She blushed and said: "I wanted one that I saw today, but what do you think the price was?" Caleb admitted that the prices of Easter hats were mysteries to him, but he added: "Anna Jean, I have never forgotten. I have worked very hard for a year, determined that you should not be disappointed, so tell me the price!" She came close to him and whispered: "It was \$15, but the lady told me I might have it for \$12."

Caleb smiled down upon her and explained: "Twelve dollars for a hat for my girl of girls? Here," at the same time going deep in his pocket and letting the twenty-dollar pieces fall upon each other and drawing out five of them. "Here is three times \$12 for the hat and enough besides for a dress and shoes to go with it." Anna Jean gave a shriek of joy and the old lady said: "Land sakes!"

(Continued on page 17)



Fashionable Furnishings

The Gardner Store is showing a wealth of Fine Furnishings for Spring. Unquestionably the grandest assortment of Correct Wearing Apparel ever provided for the men of Salt Lake.

Neckwear, 25c to \$2.

Fancy Hose, 15c to \$1.

"Ward's" English Felt Hats, \$3.50.

Imported French Velour Hats, \$6.

Stetson Hats, \$4 to \$10.

"Gardner Special" Hats, Soft and Derby shapes, \$3.50.

Spring Suits are ready for your inspection. Special values \$15 to \$40.



DO IT NOW!

While the weather is nice! Before the spring rush!

Decorative Work, Wall Papering, Painting

DO IT NOW and have the pick of the best help.

DO IT NOW while the stock is freshest; before it has been subject to the selection of the trade.

DO IT NOW and have the decorative work, papering and painting done and through with while others are thinking it over, only to be swamped in the vortex of the mad spring rush.

Duvall will DO IT NOW—Will show you large assortments of beautiful decorative materials, choicest wall papers—or paint your house.

Doing it so well and using such good paints that repainting will not be necessary for years.

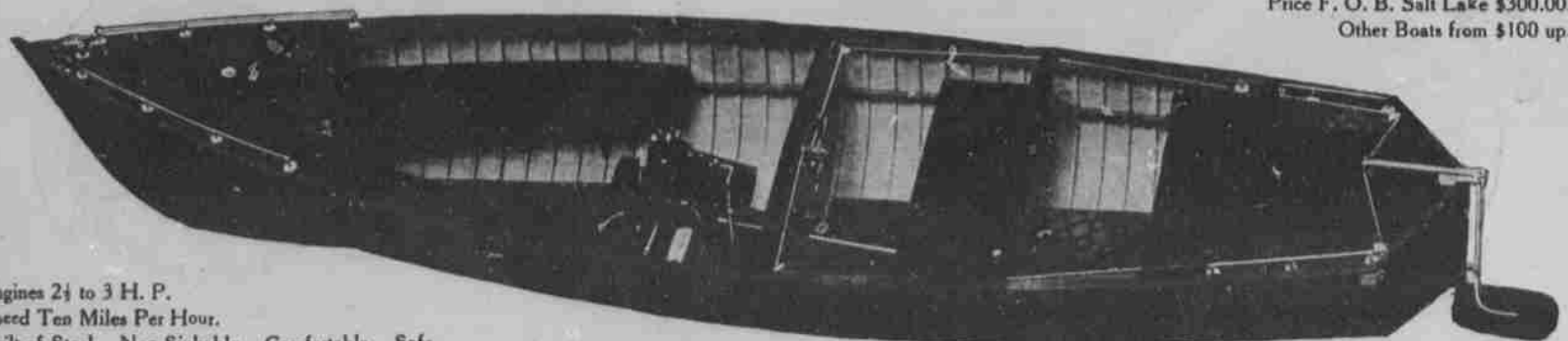
Trained in color-scheme work. Knows what to suggest. Believes in careful work, in every detail being right, in reasonable prices only.

Kept busy because customers stick to his firm—the best tribute to good, honest work.

W. A. DUVALL DECORATOR, WALL PAPER PAINTING
110 WEST SECOND SOUTH STREET

18-ft SPECIAL AUTOMOBILE BOAT "PETER PAN"

Price F. O. B. Salt Lake \$300.00.
Other Boats from \$100 up.



Engines 2½ to 3 H. P.
Speed Ten Miles Per Hour.
Built of Steel. Non Sinkable. Comfortable. Safe.

MOTOR BOATING ON GREAT SALT LAKE IS COMING INTO ITS OWN

Through the long summer months when for days and days hardly a ripple disturbs the silver surface of the lake there is no sport more fascinating or delightful or safer than cruising about in your own motor boat. The islands of the lake offer wonderful camping, picnic and vacation spots; and it's easy to reach them when you own your own boat. Boat club being organized—several new boats already ordered—facilities provided for housing and caring for private boats.

For full particulars address W. L. LUNDSTEDT, Special Agent 29 South Ninth East Street, Salt Lake.