

THE NEWS' SUPPLEMENT.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1865.

[CONTINUED.]

UNCLE GODFREY.

The morrow came, somehow or other. The Latimers were sorry to part with the old Tartar. The children liked his odd stories; and the tricks he showed them with cards, his ventriloquisms, and the droll drawings he did for them.

The train came sliding in, curving like a great jointed black serpent. Uncle Godfrey mounted into a second class carriage, and shook all the Latimers by the hand.

"You won't see me again," he said, "I shan't see many more winters. Admiral Death has already hoisted the storm-signal for me. Good-bye. Don't let the children eat too much. When I die, I shall leave you a set of china, just to remember me. Good-bye, Latimer; good-bye, Dora, dear; good-bye, Jane, my love; good-bye, Willy, pet; good-bye, George. I liked my visit, though you did not let me win at whist."

The train slid off.

"Well, somehow or other, I miss him," said Mrs. Latimer.

Her husband did not assent very warmly to his wife's remark. An odd thought had struck him, as the children ran laughing and bounding on before their father and mother.

"How strange it would be, Jane," said the good, thoughtful man turning to the frost-bound hill to watch the train, now a mere swift, black caterpillar in the valley—"how strange it would be if instead of dying with a struggle and a wrench, or in slow pain or decay, as we do now, when men were to die, a mysterious summons should come in a black letter, warning us on a certain day and hour, to be at the nearest railway station. Then, that we should go after a calm, but still ineffably solemn farewell, and at the appointed hour, a mysterious black train, spirit-driven, should arrive; and an irresistible impulse should force us then to mount into the carriage, and be borne off swiftly, quietly, into the inscrutable far distance."

"O, Fred, how can you think of such horrid things," said Mrs. Latimer. "Well, do you know, somehow or other, I do miss Uncle Godfrey."

"And so do we," cried the children.

"Poor Uncle Godfrey," said "Tot."

"Will he ever come to see us again?" asked George.

"Not if I can help it," thought Mr. Latimer, clenching his teeth, and looking as sternly as he could.

III. THE CARRION CROWS.

Exactly twelve months from the date of that visit, Uncle Godfrey was found dead in his arm-chair, in his solitary chambers at the Adelphi. It is probable that he had been dead several days, for though the landress had neglected to inform the neighbors, no light had been seen in the room for three nights. Singularly enough it was remembered that the deceased had latterly shown some desire to be more social, and had even appeared spectrally one night in full dress at the door of the gentleman on the first floor, who was, however, just starting for a party, and could not see him.

The rooms were found to be an inch deep in a snuff like dust, and crowded with china, pictures, furniture and portfolios. The inner room resembled an immense mouse trap, for it was strewn with pounds of bacon and selections of cheap cheese. A miser and a millionaire—Nebuchadnezzar driven from men, and Sardanapalus grown careful, seemed to have inhabited these chambers together. Oh, what misery, and deadness of heart and deprivation of sweet home pleasures!—what scorn for, or insane blindness to, love

and home, were evidenced in that sordid solitude, in that voluntary prison, in that splendid Bastille!

It was too late. The hoarder had been torn from his hoard by no murderer or thief, but by the great severer of all human ties. After Godfrey Dodson's funeral, his will was read at the office of his lawyers, Messrs Fox and Shekell.

No one was present but the Fitzsimmonses, but they were all there—Mr F., a fribble of a man; Mrs. F., a vulgar, strong minded woman, who was alternately smiles and tears, and the three Misses F., all apparently of the same age, and only distinguishable apart by the graduated redness of their noses, and the comparative hardness of their spinster faces.

They were all in black, and looked like the Fates, wanting only the wheel, the distaff, and the scissors. They were all shrouded in crape; there was a top-heavy banner of crape on Fitzsimmons's hat; there were wisps of crape on Mrs. F.'s bonnet; they gloried in crape. They looked like the family of a young undertaker who has just secured a small funeral, and was proud of the business.

The room was one of those drab-colored, dingy lawyers' rooms, walled in with deed-boxes—the black sarcophagi of extinct fortunes; the ceiling black with smoke; the cocoa nut matting dirty, and splashed with ink.

After a good deal of whispering with clerks, and running in and out with law papers, Mr. Fox sat down, chuckled solemnly, opened the will, rubbed his hands, and began to read it.

It was very short. The deceased had left five thousand pounds to the Fitzsimmonses, all his china and pictures also to them; and nothing to the poor Latimers but his wooden leg, to be sent to them as a remembrance.

The Fitzsimmonses thrilled with delight, the black forest of crape rustled with satisfaction. Every one got up and shook hands with the lawyer. Mr. Fox poured them each out a glass of sherry, and then poured himself out one, and drank their health. Then there was a universal eulogy of the "dear deceased" and a unnecessary wiping of eyes, till they looked red and natural.

"Depend upon me, my dear friends," said Mr. Fox rubbing his hands as undertakers do after a successful funeral—"depend upon me, this matter shall be settled as soon as possible. I will set all my clerks upon it. Parker, mind you begin this matter early to-morrow morning. I shall pack up our poor friend Latimer's legacy to-night. Ha, ha! O dear, O dear, what an eccentric being!"

The Fitzsimmonses sniggled maliciously.

IV. THE LEGACY.

It had been a hard year for the poor Latimers. George had gone to school, and that was expensive. A needy brother returning from Canada had drained off the rest of worthy Mr. L.'s ready money. And now it wanted three days to the time of paying the interest on his life insurance for his wife, and where to turn for a spare ten pounds he did not know.

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Business Cards

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JNO. CLARK.

CHISLETT & CLARK,

East Temple Street, Great Salt Lake City.

GROCERIES AND DYE STUFFS, CUTLERY

Glass & Queensware, Staple & Fancy

DRY GOODS.

Business Cards.

GEO. BOURNE.

JAS. NEEDHAM.

BOURNE & NEEDHAM,

STORAGE & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

East Temple Street, Great Salt Lake City.

—DEALERS IN—

Groceries and General Merchandise.

11-1

WALKER BROTHERS,

East Temple Street, Great Salt Lake City.

—AND AT THE—

OLD STAND OF STAINES & NEEDHAM.

Also, FAIRFIELD. PORT CRITTENDEN.

Importers and Jobbers of Foreign and

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DRY GOODS, READY MADE CLOTHING,

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GEORGE CRONYON.

WILLIAM CLAYTON.

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QUEENSWARE,

Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Notions,

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ELLIS & BROTHERS,

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STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS,

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Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hardware, Cutlery,

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11-1

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J. M. ALLEN & Co.,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS IN

STOVES & TINWARE.

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11-3m

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J. H. VAN NATTA.

L. P. HOWE.

VAN NATTA & HOWE,

MANUFACTURES OF COOPERWARE,

East of the NAIL FACTORY BLOCK, 13th Ward.

116m

G. S. L. CITY.

DENTISTS.

DENTISTRY.

JOHN V. LONG, DENTIST;

OFFICE AT RESIDENCE:

One Block East and Half a Block South of Theatre.

11-3m

BANKERS.

BEN HOLLADAY.

W. L. HALSEY.

HOLLADAY & HALSEY,

BANKERS,

EAST TEMPLE STREET, G. S. L. CITY.

11-1

W. B. FARR.

J. F. NOUNNAN.

G. S. L. City.

SCOTT, KERR & CO.

Leavenworth,

Kansas.

SCOTT, KERR & Co.,

BANKERS,

East Temple Street G. S. L. City, at Godbe's Old

13-6m

Drug Store.

MISCELLANEOUS.

L. P. FISHER,

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING

AGENT,

No. 629 Washington Street, San Francisco.

Is our Authorized Agent in San Francisco, to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions, and receipt for the same.

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FIRST WARD TANNERY.

To the Citizens of Utah Territory.

We are prepared to

TAN LEATHER ON SH

One third LEATHER, first class, returned

for HIDES.

Bring on your Hides and be accommodated.

COLE & BRIM, 1st Ward, G.S.L. City.

11-6m

P. MARGETTS,

CARRIES ON

GENERAL BLACKSMITHING BUSINESS,

Next to Faust's Livery Stables.

Horse and Ox Shoeing done on sh or notice.

16-6m.

JAMES MCGHIE,

WEAVER AND DYER,

20th Ward, G. S. L. City.

Cloth of every kind wove to order. A BROAD LOOM in operation for weaving

BLANKETS & SHAWLS, full width.

15-3m

Terms Moderate.

W. J. SMITH,

Chair and Furniture Establishment,

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6 1/2 Blocks East, 1/2 Block South of Temple

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15-12m

TERMS MODERATE.

CHARLES F. JONES,

Half Block South of Court House, G. S. L. City.

Possesses every facility for Manufacturing

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Stoves, Tin, Sheet Iron, & Copper Ware.

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BASKET MANUFACTORY,

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Baskets of every description, and best

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Workmanship.

J. MECHLING, M. D.

LATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

OFFICE, AT MRS. KAY'S FAST TEMPLE

STREET, G. S. L. CITY, UTAH.

18-4

W. F. ANDERSON, M.D.,

SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN.

OFFICE and RESIDENCE, 13th Ward, two doors

South of Match Factory.

Persons knowing themselves indebted to me for professional services for the last two, three and four years, are respectfully invited to settle their accounts.

ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE TAKEN.

1-11

W. F. A.

CITY LIQUOR STORE,

OPENED AGAIN!!

Highest Price Paid for Wheat.

MUSIC.

LESSONS given on the Pianoforte, Organ and

Melodeon by

Mrs. M. WIDERBORG.

Terms \$18. per quarter.

Refer, by permission, to

Prest. D. H. Wells' family, Prof. D. O. Calder,

Hon. A. Carrington. Prof. C. J. Thomas.

23-3

EDWARD MARTIN'S

NEW PORTRAIT GALLERY,

OPPOSITE WALKER'S STORE.

—ALL—

PICTURES

Warranted to give satisfaction!

PUTTY, PAINTS, DRY COLORS &c., for Sale,

All kinds of produce taken in Exchange.

OLD FRIENDS GIVE US A CALL.

FOR SCANDINAVIAN.

Portraits of alle Slags, tilligemet Grupper,

af flere tillammen tages af

18-6m

J. OLSEN.