

THE EVENING NEWS.  
UTAH CITY, UTAH.

December 9, 1872.

PRINTING NAMES AND TRIVIAE  
BY JAMES A. BROWN.

Francis is truly fair,  
Barbara is purely bright,  
Clara is clear to see,  
Lucy is a star of light,  
Felicia is happy as happy can be,  
Catherine is pure,  
Barbara, from star,  
Mabel is very fair,  
Henrietta is a star,  
Margaret a pearl thrown up from the sea.  
Maria is sweet myrrh,  
Anne is sincere,  
Audrey is very good,  
Bridget is shining here,  
Malinda is a lady of honor true;  
Susan is a lily,  
Celia, dim of sight,  
Jane, a graceful willow,  
Beatrice gives delight,  
Elizabeth an ebb, pure as morning daw.

Sophie is wisdom,  
Letitia is a joy,  
Edwina a princess,  
Julia a joyful joy,  
Robeson is faithful as the light of day;  
Constance is resolute,  
Grace is fair meek,  
Charlotte is nobility,  
Harriet an odor sweet,  
Abigail is joyful as the robin's lay.  
Sarah is a lady,  
Isabel is fair,  
Lindora is constant,  
Jasmine sounds in air,  
Caroline is soft, spirited and brave;  
Lydia is well,  
Judith a song of praise,  
Cornelia a harmony,  
Priscilla a sound of days,  
Selma a nightingale where branches wave.

THE ONE-DOLLAR BILL.

How it did rain that November night!  
None of your unclouded skies, nor with  
none of your mild, persistent patter-  
ings on the roof, but a regular tempest,  
a wild deluge, a rush of angry drops,  
and a thunder of opening floods.

Squire Partlet heard the angry rattle  
against the eaves and drew his snug easy-chair a little closer to the fire—a great comfort to him after  
a hard day—and with a sort of  
steely, reflective satisfaction at the crimson mornes curtains, and the gray cat fast asleep on the hearth, and the canary bird rolled into a draway bale  
of yellow down on its perch.

"This is snug," quoth the Squire.  
"I'm glad I had that leaky spot fixed  
in the barn roof last week. I don't  
object to a stormy night once in a while;  
when a fellow's under cover, and  
there's nothing particular to be done,  
Marry."

"Yes," Mrs. Partlet answered. She  
was fittling about between kitchen and  
sitting room with a blue check apron  
tied around her waist. "I'm nearly  
ready to go in now, Josiah. Now I  
won't," said she, "if there was really  
a knock at the door, or just a little rush  
of the wind and rain?"

She went to the door, nevertheless,  
and a minute or two afterward she went  
to her husband's chair.

"Jo, dear, it's Luke Ruddilove," she  
said, half apprehensively. The squire  
never looked up from his paper.

"Tell him I'm not ready yet. The  
tavern is on the corner beyond."

"But he wants to know if you will  
lend him a dollar," said Mrs. Partlet.

"And couldnt' you have told him no  
without the preliminary ceremony of  
coming in here to ask me? Is it likely  
that I shall lend a dollar or even a cent  
to Luke Ruddilove?" Why, had a  
good deal better show it's among  
Yonder red coals I no—of course no!"

Mrs. Partlet hesitated.

"He looks so pinched and cold and  
wretched, Josiah. He says there's no  
body in the world to let him have a  
cent."

"All the better for him, if he did but  
know it," sharply enunciated the  
squire. "If it had come to that pitch  
of a dozen years ago, perhaps he  
wouldn't have been the miserable man  
he is now."

"We used to go to school together,"  
said Mrs. Partlet gently. "He was the  
smartest boy in the class."

"That's probably enough," said the  
squire. "But it don't alter the fact that  
he's a poor, wretched wretch now. See  
him in his best clothes. Polished and his  
time is of any consequence. Just let him  
know that he had better not waste it  
coming here after dollars."

And the squire leaned back in his  
chair with a positive frown. If the  
whole matter was definitely decided.

Mrs. Partlet went back to the kitchen  
where she was spreading his poor, thin  
sheet over the buzz of fire, his tattered garments steaming  
as if he were a pillar of vapor.

"He won't let you have it, Luke,"

said she. "I thought he wouldn't."

"Then I've got to starve, like any  
other dog," said Luke Ruddilove, turn-  
ing away mopefully. "And, after all, I  
can't suppose it makes any difference  
whether I live or die of the world to  
day or to-morrow."

"Oh, Luke, not to your wife!"

"She'd be better off without me," said

Luke, down-hearted.

"But she ought not to be."

"I'll go to the tavern, though I'll  
wager something," the squire thought I  
was."

"And I am, it's natural enough he  
should think so, Luke?"

"Yes, yes, Mrs. I don't say but what  
it is," mutterred Luke Ruddilove, in  
a low voice. "Luke, Luke, Partlet, I  
ain't going to the tavern, though I'll  
wager something," the squire thought I  
was."

"Stay!!" Mrs. Partlet called to him,  
as his hand lay on the deep-latch, in a  
low voice. "Here's a dollar, Luke. Mr.  
Partlet gave me for a new piece of oil-  
cloth in front of the dining-room stove,  
but I'll try and make the old one do a  
little while longer. And Luke, for the  
rest of the time, I'll be the wife of your  
poor wife—till the day I die."

Luke Ruddilove looked vacantly first  
at the fresh new bill in his hand, and  
then at the blooming young matron  
who placed it there.

"Thank you, Mrs. the wife, and  
step out of the warm, bright kitchen,  
into the cold and darkness that reigns  
without. Mrs. Partlet stood looking  
into the room.

"I dare say I've done a very foolish  
thing," she considered; "but indeed I  
could not help it. Or else, however, I'll  
spend it all at the public houses, and I  
shall be wretchedly drunk, and will  
be the laughing stock of the town."

"Well," said Squire Partlet, "has that  
never-do-well gone at last?"

"Yes."

"To Stoker's tavern, I suppose?"

"To be continued."

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