

HOUSE HUNTING.

You remember Belinda, the dear, good girl who was to have been married last January just when there was a vacancy in the County Clerk's office. Her young man couldn't obtain the licence required by the statute, and the wedding had to be postponed in consequence. Though snuffed, the torch of Hymen could not totally be extinguished, and a few days after it burned brightly at Belinda's wedding.

And now the dear young doves are looking for a cote in which build their nest and do their cooing, or cooking as the case may be.

It is to be a beautiful little cottage, all vine-covered, with a twenty-five foot landscape in which Belinda is to do impossible things in the way of gardening, and into which Augustus is to retire for the purpose of solacing himself with his pipe, to smoke which in the house would be to give such a horrid odor to the curtains. The rent of this cottage is to be a mere bagatelle, and indeed it must be in order to come within the monetary resources of Augustus, who is a clerk in the dry goods line. He is immense at an opening, and it is frequently a matter of debate between young ladies whether he or a particular poplin is the sweeter, but somehow when he approaches the cashier's desk to receive his weekly stipend he shrieks into an insignificance quite lamentable.

Having determined upon the kind of a house they want, it only remains for the young couple to secure it. The task is assigned Belinda, who, being a mere consumer of dry goods and not an exhibitor, has more leisure than Augustus. Then, too, there is a stroke of policy in this; for Belinda has a bright way calculated to soften the hearts of landlords, who, for the mere pleasure of sheltering such loveliness, would knock off from the very lowest rental a little 10 per cent. at least.

With a beating heart Belinda becomes a house-hunter. She reads the advertising columns of the dailies with religious zeal. She clips notices with her little scissors with the dexterity of an editor, and, with the recklessness of a reporter in running down an item, posts joyfully to the places designated. She is fastidious for a day or two. If the exterior suit her not, she elevates her dainty nose and moves on. If the back yard is not, or in season will not be, umbrageous with a foliage which would justify Augustus in saying upon moonlight nights, "Come into the garden, Maud," she will none of it. But time wears on apace, and the cottage must be secured. She finds one which pleases her—one in which they may ponder poetry and peel potatoes forever and a day. She hastens to the landlord, only to hear that the indenture of its lease has been signed, sealed and delivered. She happily hits upon another, only to learn that it would take all of Augustus' salary to pay the rent, leaving them music as the food of life. And music, as some philosophers may have observed, though it is not upon record that any has, may fill the heart and flood the soul, but it doesn't furnish anything tangible for the gastric juices to grapple withal. In pursuance of her plan Belinda wears out her boots and her patience. She exhausts her small revenue in street-car fares. She comes in contact with all kinds of people. Her opinion of landlords is that they are a race of Gradgrinds. She comes home so wearied that she has no ear for Augustus' thrilling recital of the latest openings. She begins to think of the cottage as something existing in Elysium perhaps, but as having no place upon this globe. Wandering like an Arab through the West Division and straying about four miles nearer the Orient than Union Park, she comes upon a cottage which bears a bill. She rings the bell and asks the rental. "Have you any children, mum," queries the landlady. The blush suffusing the fair face of Belinda is redder than the sun stealing out of sight behind the western horizon, and quite daunted by the business-like tones of the unsympathetic woman Belinda, like the weary plowman in Gray's elegy, wends her way homeward.

Once Belinda came home teaming. Her description of a house she had seen blended the poetical and the practical. Attention of the marble mantles, one in each room, with beautiful grates, oh, so lovely! and all the other attractions of the place she had seen, she became delightfully delirious. The rent was only thirty dollars a month. Augustus was enthused. But Belinda's full voice sank into a minor key when

she said that the place was rented an hour before she got there.

Once again she came home with an elastic step. She had met a Christian landlord, who was willing to dispose of his property for its mere rental. All Belinda need do is pay a small sum down, and the balance in monthly installments just as she would pay her rent, and then after awhile the place would be hers. She was for taking the house at once. Just to think! instead of wasting our money we shall have something to show for it! "Did he say anything about interest?" asks Augustus, who upon rainy days had been talking arithmetic with the cashier—a fellow who would find figures if you had them in your pocket. "Oh! yes," replies the impractical Belinda, who never advanced in arithmetic beyond the multiplication table, "he said something about 8 per cent.; but what is 8 per cent?" And then Augustus labored with her, piling up calculations till her head ached, and showing what a potent and ant-like toiler is that same per cent. If it only gets a chance.

Belinda is thoroughly discouraged. She applies herself to her daily task, but feels that she is farther and farther from success.—*Chicago Paper.*

A Poor Customer.

"How much butter?"—"One half pound, if you please."
"And sugar?"—"Half a pound, sir."
"And those oranges?"—"Half a dozen, sir."

"You go by halves to-day. Well, what else? Be speedy, ma'am, you're keeping better customers waiting."—"Half a peck of Indian meal, and one French roll," said the woman; but her lip quivered, and she turned to wipe away a trickling tear.

I looked at her straw bonnet, all broken—at her faded shawl, her thin, stooping form, her coarse garments; and I read "poverty" on all—extreme poverty. And the pallid, pinching features—the mournful but once beautiful face—told me that the luxuries were not for her.

An invalid looked out from his narrow window, whose pale face longed for the fresh oranges; for whose comfort the tea and the butter and the fine French roll were bought with much sacrifice. And I saw him sip the tea and taste the dainty bread, and praise the flavor of the butter, and turn with brightening eyes to the golden fruit. And I heard him ask her, kneeling at the smoking hearth, to taste them with him. And as she set her broken pan on the edge to bake her coarse loaf, I heard her say, "By and by, when I am hungry."

And by and by, when the eyes of the invalid sufferer are closed in sleep, I saw her bend over him with a blessing in her heart. And she laid the remnant of the feast carefully by, and ate her bread unmoistened.

I started from my reverie. The grocer's hard eye was upon me. "You are keeping better customers waiting."

Oh, how I longed to tell him how poverty and persecution, contempt and scorn, could not dim the heart's fine gold purified by many a trial; and that woman, with her little wants and holy sacrifice, was better in the sight of God than many a trumpet-tongued Dives, who gave that he might be known to men.

The Massachusetts commissioners of prisons in their annual report say:

"A man who by crime puts the State to an expense for his arrest and confinement, may justly be, ought fairly be, kept long enough in confinement to make his labor balance at least his cost."

A writer on "Short-hand," in Taylor's magazine, *American Homes*, says he has never seen "an experienced and successful short-hand writer who was not in love with his work." Call round to our office about one o'clock some morning, and we think we can accommodate the writer with a sight of one.—*Boston Journal.*

Three-fourths of the difficulties and miseries of men come from the fact that most want wealth without earning it, fame without deserving it, popularity without temperance, respect without virtue, and happiness without holiness.

Compromise.—One party cedes half of its claims, and the other party half of its rights; he who grasps most gets most, and the whole is pronounced an equitable division, perfectly honorable to both parties.—*Washington Irving.*

140,000 SINGER SEWING MACHINES

WERE SOLD DURING THE PAST YEAR.—*Scientific American*, June 10, 1871

The Singer Manufacturing Company, AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Constituted by the homes of the people,
Received the Great Award of the Highest Sales! and have left all
Rivals far behind them! As the following article shows:

"SEWING MACHINE SALES FOR 1870.

The magnitude to which the manufacture of sewing machines has attained is shown by the "SWORN" returns (to which anyone can have access) of the manufacturers for the year 1870 to the owners of the leading patents, on which they pay a royalty. According to these returns the number of machines sold by each manufacturer in 1870 is as follows:

The Singer Manufacturing Company.....	127,833.....	Difference.
Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Company.....	83,208.....	44,625
Howe Machine Company.....	75,156.....	52,677
Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company.....	57,402.....	70,431
Weed Sewing Machine Company.....	35,002.....	92,831
Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine Company.....	28,890.....	98,943
American Buttonhole & Overseaming Company.....	14,573.....	113,260
Florence Sewing Machine Company.....	17,660.....	110,173
Gold Medal Sewing Machine Company.....	8,912.....	118,921
Etna Sewing Machine Company.....	5,806.....	122,027
Empire Sewing Machine Company.....	3,569.....	124,273
Finkle & Lyon Manufacturing Company.....	2,420.....	125,413
Parham Sewing Machine Company.....	1,764.....	126,067
Wilson.....	50.....	127,333

And several other Companies who sold a few Machines.

It will be seen by this table that the popularity of the Singer Machines far exceeds that of all others, their sale being one-half greater than even that of the famous "Wheeler & Wilson" Machine. This is owing to the fact that the Singer Company have lately commenced making, besides their old and well-established manufacturing machine, what is known as their "New Family Machine," which is selling at the rate of nine to one better than the old style. Their total sales for 1869 were 38,741 machines against the 127,833 of 1870, showing an increase of one-half in the latter year.—*New York Sun.*

The total sales of "Singer" Machines are very nearly THREE QUARTERS OF A MILLION!!! Two Thirds of which were Sold within the Last Three Years, and all are in SUCCESSFUL DAILY USE!

And still there are Agents, for even the poorest Machines, who persist, in the most "unblushing manner," in decrying ours, as if it were possible for the "Overwhelming and rapidly increasing Majorities of Singer Purchasers" to be mistaken.

We are not so vain as to suppose that these large sales are due to superior business capacity so much as to the superior merits of the Singer Machines, as well as the

OBSERVATION OF THOSE WHO BUY AND USE,
And are personally interested in comparing the merits of the different
Machines before making a selection.

THE 'NEW FAMILY SINGER' SEWING MACHINE, WITH ATTACHMENTS FOR ALL KINDS OF WORK,

We claim and can show is the cheapest, most beautiful, delicately arranged, nicely adjusted, easily operated, and smoothly running of all the Family Sewing Machines. It is remarkable not only for the range and variety of its sewing, but also for the variety and different kinds of texture which it will sew with equal facility and perfection, using silk twist, linen or cotton thread, fine or coarse, making the INTERLOCKED-ELASTIC-STITCH, alike on both sides of the fabric sewn.

The only STITCH that is Universally Approved, or is at all adapted to
FIRST-CLASS WORK.

Thus, beaver cloth, or leather may be sewn with great strength and uniformity of stitch, and, in a moment, the willing and never-wearying instrument may be adjusted, even by a child, for fine work on gauze or gossamer tissue, or the tucking of tartan, or ruffling, or almost any other work which delicate fingers have been known to perform.

All Machines Sold Guaranteed to give Entire Satisfaction! Terms to Suit All!

OTHER MACHINES THOROUGHLY REPAIRED AT REASONABLE RATES!
WE MAKE NO CHARGE FOR CARTAGE WITHIN SALT LAKE CITY!
BEWARE of Spurious Needles, Poor Silk, Twist, Linen and Cotton Thread, Bad Oil, etc., Which may render the Best Machine Useless. The Singer Company manufacture their own Needles, Silk and Twist; furnish Linen and Cotton Thread and Oil—all of Superior Quality—but which can be relied on only when obtained through their Principal or Branch Offices.

THE SINGER COMPANY have, for the past three years, been unable to supply the demand for their machines, though much has been done to increase their manufacturing facilities. Much more is being done at home and abroad in enlarging their present manufacturing, building new ones, availing of the best machinery, and the services of the most skillful artisans, in the hope of being able to accept propositions for agencies, where such are not already established, though they are now tolerably well represented throughout the civilized world.

Be Sure to get the Best. Before you Purchase be sure to see the "Singer" at the Central General Agency, Singer Sewing Machine Depot Z. C. M. I., EAST TEMPLE ST., second door South of Eagle Emporium, SALT LAKE CITY.

H. B. CLAWSON, Supt.