

THE EVENING NEWS.

Saturday, August 24, 1872.

CAUGHT IN A PRAIRIE STORM.

[CONTINUED.]

I had gone too far. She took it seriously. With a flash of scorn from her brilliant eyes and a high color, she arose, went to the side of the room, and busied herself with some old ladies. The storm had not blown over. Cordelia retained her anger. More hurt at it than I would confess, I would gladly have apologized; but her manner repelled all overtures of reconciliation. Once when I had accidentally caught hold of her hand, she twisted her own away, and gave a scornful frown at mine.

Now you can just what our social atmosphere was, when fate, that winter morning, decided that we should start together on that long ride. The bells danced merrily, the air was clear, the sky blue, all things were pleasant. Cordelia said what I would, she was ungracious and hardly answered me. I suppose she wanted me to understand she had not come without for pleasure, but to get the lesson, she had gone miles beyond the last settler's cabin that we should see until we came into the vicinity of Bingley's Mills, when she apparently thought better of her behavior, and spoke of her own accord cheerfully.

"How natural it is for the greater part of people to attach themselves to home, and to where it may!"

"True."

"Two years ago I could not have believed that I should have followed my aunt's family West, and been content to live on the outer bounds of civilization. I'm sure I wonder that you stay, Mr. Rolfe."

"Do you! How well Brown Bess goes to-day!"

"She always does. There's not her equal in Uncle Dan's stables."

We arrived at Bingley's Mills—the largest settlement thereabouts, and the post town—a little after noon. Brown Bess had tossed her nimble heels well. Appointing three hours for her rest, I went about my business, leaving Cordelia to do hers at the post house, and to remain at the inn in the middle of the village.

Chatting with this one, and chatting with that, and getting through Uncle Dan's commissions, the short winter day flew away like a hawk. Meanwhile the cloudless, clear sky had become covered with a gray thickness, that suggested the idea of another snow-storm, and ought to have warned me to get done quicker, but it did not. When Brown Bess and the sleigh came around to the inn door, the sun, wading for hours through snowy clouds, had sunk into a bank of leaden blue, and could not be more than an hour high.

"A little risk," said the man, glancing at the cardinal, and his compass and shaking his head slightly.

Cordelia, her glowing cheeks nearly as bright as her scarlet hood, came forward with an animated manner. As I drew the harness around her, she said, "A week ago, I should have esteemed the privilege of this close companionship as invaluable. But I did not seem to appreciate it now. She had treated me too cavalierly, and I had grown somewhat resentful."

We dashed away. The air was damp and cutting, and we came upon the open prairie it stung our cheeks like needles. Half an hour after I said to her—"If the snow only stays off, we shall get along nicely." Cordelia glanced up from her scarlet hood, and she did not seem to think much about it in any way or other.

"Did you accomplish your postal commission, Miss Cordelia?"

"Oh, yes, thank you. At the very moment a particle of icy snow fell on my glove. I would not believe that the mare had flung the particles from her flying heels. In a moment more a handful of fine particles sifted over us both. Cordelia gave me a half-started glance. I spoke out cheerfully to the mare, and tucked the blankets in behind my companion. A half-hour longer found the morning wind steadily and perceptibly rising, while the icy flakes tinkled on the dusty surface around our way. Quite soon there were small white winds driving the dry, powdery stuff around and around, and then spinning it up in a little column. Darkness came down rapidly, but not before the wind had fearfully increased, and the atmosphere was white with tiny flakes that drifted by us in loose bulging folds.

Cordelia did not speak, she only tightened the fur coat around her neck, and sat perfectly quiet. At that moment I would have given a fortune if the girl had been safely at my uncle's, and I breathing the stale air of a room, and a belt of woodland, just ten miles of our journey through; nearly twenty more before us. Heaven! it seemed like a voyage across the world. And a most awful fear was tugging at my heart.

A white gloom was let down around us. On and on we went. I did not speak to the mare nor whip her; there was no need. She was trotting like a race horse, her tail streaming in over the dashboard of the sleigh.

Another hour passed. The light snow was mounting above the runners, and driving obliquely across our laps in blinding, smothering thick morning air. We were getting on well, I hoped were nearing home.

"Are you cold?" I asked, drawing Cordelia closer to me. She drew her shoulders up to her ears, and she cheerfully replied. But I felt a strong shudder shake her from head to foot.

Presently the sleigh pitched considerably, although I held a tight rein. "Rolfe," she began, and I thought I again felt her frame tremble, though her voice was cool and steady. "The wind does not strike us just as it did; neither did we pitch this morning as we are doing now. Have we lost the road?"

"By Heaven, I have spoken my thoughts, Cordelia. I calculated, while a damp, icy coldness broke out from every pore of my skin. She shuddered again, but said nothing.

"I knotted the reins and dropped them over the dashboard. This was why the mare had held hardly. I was not more than I. I must trust to her instinct. In twenty minutes she had swung around so as to strike us in the side. I put my arms around my companion to hold the blankets in place.

To be continued.

NOTICE

IS hereby given that the partnership between J. W. Stainburn, William M. Gillespie and Chas. A. Gould, under the firm name of Stainburn, Gillespie & Gould, has been dissolved. The said J. W. Stainburn, William M. Gillespie and Chas. A. Gould, having withdrawn by mutual consent.

All outstanding indebtedness due and owing to and by the said firm will be settled by Stainburn & Gould.

J. W. STAINBURN,
J. W. STAINBURN,
CHAS. A. GOULD.

The business of the late firm of Stainburn, Gillespie & Gould will be continued at the old office in Eagle Block, Salt Lake City, under the firm name and style of Stainburn & Gould.

Salt Lake City, August 24, 1872.

UNIVERSITY OF DESERET.

THE INTERMEDIATE AND PRIMARY DEPARTMENTS OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF DESERET

will open on Monday, September 2nd, at 10 o'clock.

Terms—Intermediate, \$4—Primary, \$1 Per Quarter.

Due notice will be given of the opening of the higher departments of the University.

DANIEL H. WELLS, Chancellor.

RAILROADS.

UTAH CENTRAL RAILROAD

Pioneer Line of Utah.



OR AND AFTER

MONDAY JULY 17th

1872.

Trains will leave Salt Lake City daily at 6 a.m. and 2.45 p.m.; arrive at Ogden 7 a.m. and 4.45 p.m.; leave Ogden City at 5 a.m. and 2.30 p.m.; arrive at Salt Lake City 10 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.

In addition to the above

MIXED TRAINS

DAILY, SUNDAYS EXCEPTED

Leaving Salt Lake City at 5.30 p.m. and at Ogden at 5 a.m.

Passengers will please purchase their tickets at the office. Fifty cents additional will be charged when the fare is collected on the train.

For all information concerning Freight or Passage, apply to

M. H. DAVIS, General Freight and Ticket Agent.

JOHN SHARP, SUPERINTENDENT

UTAH SOUTHERN RAILROAD

ON AND AFTER AUG. 9, 1872,

MIXED TRAINS

DAILY,

Leaving the Utah Central Railroad Depot, Salt Lake City at 7 a.m. and 2 p.m.

Sandy, (nearest point to Little Cottonwood Canyon) at 8.10 a.m. and 4.10 p.m.

Arrive at Point at 8.50 a.m. and 4.50 p.m.

Lo. Vingt at 9.10 a.m. and 5.10 p.m.

Sandy at 10.10 a.m. and 6.10 p.m.

Arrive at Salt Lake at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

FARES.

Salt Lake to Cottonwood Station 50 cts.

Sandy " " 1.00

Point " " 1.75

Passengers will please purchase tickets at the Office.

M. H. DAVIS, General Freight and Ticket Agent.

FERAMORZ LITTLE, SUPERINTENDENT.

O. P. R. R.

February 24, 1872.

San Francisco and Sacramento.

Leave going East, 4.30 p.m. San Fran 8.30 p.m. 12.30 p.m.

4.30 " 7.30 " Oakland, 8.30 " 1.30 "

8.30 " 11.30 " Sacramento, 1.30 " 4.30 "

8.30 " 11.30 " Lathrop, 4.41 " 8.41 "

10.45 p.m. 1.45 p.m. Sacramento, 2.30 p.m. 7.30 p.m.

Arrive from West, 2.30 p.m. 7.30 p.m.

Leave going West, 2.30 p.m. 7.30 p.m.

2.30 p.m. 7.30 p.m. Sacramento, 1.30 " 4.30 "

2.30 p.m. 7.30 p.m. Lathrop, 4.41 " 8.41 "

2.30 p.m. 7.30 p.m. Oakland, 8.30 " 1.30 "

2.30 p.m. 7.30 p.m. San Fran 8.30 p.m. 12.30 p.m.

Arrive from East, 8.30 p.m. 12.30 p.m.

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of Cutler Whisky, and that the undersigned

are the sole Agents for the same. All other

brands claiming to be Cutler Whisky are

only sold by the undersigned in order to prevent

fraud, the names of the Agents are placed

in each barrel, and blown in each bottle,

with the fac-simile signature of the firm, covering the cork. None other genuine.

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WALKER BROS. & Co., Agents for Salt Lake and Utah.

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2,500 barrels J. H. Cutler Whisky,

400 barrels Daniel Boone Whisky,

450 barrels Extra Old Whisky,

575 barrels C. & M. Cutler's Cook Whisky,

250 barrels Old Highland Whisky,

375 barrels Marshall Whisky,

1,200 barrels of other popular brands Ky. "

5,000 cases J. H. Cutler Whisky.

Also in Store and Bond:

255 1/2 cases assorted brands French Brandy

250 cases

50 pipes assorted brands Holland Gin,

WALL PAPER

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CLOTHING DEPARTMENT

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DECORATIONS

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We Respectfully Invite Inspection.

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Opposite Wm. Jennings' Residence

near the

RAILROAD DEPOT.

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A GOOD

Assortment of

WHITE AND RED

Pine Lumber,

PICKETS

and

LATH.

EQUAL TO ANY IN THE MARKET.

LUMBER & PICKETS,

3 1-2 Cts. per Foot,

LATH 60 CTS. PER HUNDRED.

FOR CASH AND PRODUCE

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GILMER & SALISBURY'S

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Utah, South-east Ne-

vada and Montana,

Leaving Salt Lake City daily, running

South-

Titus, American Fork, Mount Nebo, Swier

St. George, Utah and Picoche, Nevada;

Passing through

Provo, Springville, Spanish Fork, Payson

Salt Creek, Orderville, Hatch, Blanding,

Albuquerque, Santa Fe, Las Alamos, and

all the principal towns and Mining Camps in

Southern Utah and North-east Nevada.

Also leave Corning, Utah, daily, running

North to

Virginia City, Helena, Fort Benton, Deer

Lodge, Cedar Creek, and passing

through all the principal towns and

Mining Camps in Montana.

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Wells, Fargo & Co. Building,

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HAS located in Salt Lake City, and in addition to the

practice of medicine and

will pay special attention to and guarantee

care in

Paralysis, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Venereal Diseases, Skin Diseases, and

all other cases of chronic and Acute

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS DEP'T

To accommodate the rapidly increasing business of this Department and

to exhibit to our Patrons the

LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK

EVER BROUGHT INTO THIS TERRITORY.

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