

"What for?" asked he.

"A picnic."

"What's a picnic?"

"Don't tease."

"Very well," and he set to work on the sewing machine.

Bessy took a seat beside him, and, mollified by his obedience, condescended to explain the rites and mysteries of a picnic. This one was got up by Mr. Augustus Bailey, and—as she narrated—it was "Mr. Bailey will provide" this, and "Mr Bailey thinks" that; until the workman threw down his screw-driver in a passion and exclaimed, "Confound Mr. Bailey!"

Bessy was astonished. She got as far as, "Why, you're not jealous?" when she became very red, and checked herself.

"I'm not what?" asked poor James Wymper.

"You're not so stupid as you try to make out, sir."

"That's not what you were going to say."

"How do you know?"

"You said, 'you are not jelly—' something."

"Not jelly then, or salt or sugar, that you should melt in a shower," she replied.

The last quoted opinion of the great Augustus had been that it was sure to rain, and so this observation of Miss Bessy was not as inappropriate as it may at first appear. But why should she have blushed so? And if she had really intended to tell him he was not jelly, why did she not go on and say so? Besides, he had not confounded Mr. Bailey because that authority had predicted rain, and Miss Bessy knew it. She flattered herself that she had got very cleverly out of a difficulty, and the blush changed to a smile; but she had only made bad worse. To tell a man that he will not suffer under the rain on a stated occasion, naturally implies that he may be subjected to a wetting on such occasion; and—

"O, then I'm to go!" said poor James.

This was a poser. He had not been invited, and there was a reason why he could not be. He looked up from his work with such a happy smile on his great broad face that Bessy's heart smote her.

"Well, you see, the gentlemen are mostly friends of Mr. Bailey. We invite them, you know, but—you won't be hurt if I tell you the truth, James Wymper?"

"Does truth hurt?"

"Sometimes. The fact is, that it is customary at water picnics for the gentlemen to provide the boats and music and wine, and that costs money, you know."

"O, so I cannot go because I have not got money to pay my share, eh?"

"You would not like to place yourself under an obligation to Mr. Bailey and his friends, I suppose?" she said with a sneer.

"I wish you would not curl your lip so when you speak, Miss Jervoice. That does hurt," he said, with a low voice and bended head.

"I beg your pardon!"

"O, never mind. But suppose," he continued gaily, as though a bright thought had struck him, "I were to help to row one of the boats, and arrange the dinner and that, wouldn't they let me come?"

"I never saw such a man!" Bessy exclaimed, losing all patience. "Have you no single spark of self-respect—no dignity? O, how can you be so mean-spirited!"

"Work is as good as money any day," he replied, looking her full in the face.

"Yes, if you go as a servant."

"You said just now that every one had to make himself useful at a picnic."

"It's no use arguing with you; you will not or cannot understand."

"You don't want me to go."

"On the contrary, I should like you to join us if—"

"If I had the money?"

"If you could go on an equality with the rest."

"Well, I've got five pounds. Is that enough?"

"Five times enough. But where on earth did you get it?"

"Sam sent it in that letter."

"And who is 'Sam,' pray?"

"My chum in Chicago."

"Don't you think it would be more proper to give the money to your cousin, who has been so liberal to you."

"O, I'll pay her some day. This runs at a rate now," he said, collecting his wits. "Do let me go to the picnic. Now, you help me to get an invitation, and I'll make your skirt."

And, if you'll believe me, this man set to work with the machine he had just set in order, and ran four breadths of the blue silk together as tight as wax and as straight as a rule, without missing a stitch.

As Bessy made a point of his being invited, and Mr. Augustus Bailey was her humble servant, and hoped to be something more, no difficulty arose on this point; but on another there was trouble. Some Cockneys had misbehaved themselves on the meadows where it was fixed that our party should dine, and the proprietor, hardening his heart against all picnicers, had refused his permission. The outing was nearly given up, when it was discovered that a mile or two further on there was an estate to let bordering on the river, and the great Augustus made it all right with the agent.

The next day poor James Wymper disappeared before breakfast, and did not return till night.

Where had he been? To London. What for? Why, to buy some new clothes, to be sure! Did they think he was going to let that skunk (by which term I am sorry to say, he permitted himself to designate the elegant and highly-scented Augustus Bailey)—did they think he was going to let that skunk insult him again about his coat?

"I hope you did not think I had run away again, cousin Margaret," he added with some anxiety.

There was nothing to find fault with in his personal appearance on the morning of the picnic—dark green and black heather mixture suit, tie to match, black felt wideawake, with a little mallard's feather stuck in the band.

"Dear me," exclaimed Mrs. Jervoice; "he looks quite handsome!"

"Who is that talking to Mrs. Bryce?" asked the inevitable curate. "What a magnificent head he has!"

"Wh—ah!" shouted the great Augustus.

"Magnificent to a phrenologist, I mean," the curate explained.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the "skunk." "Look here, you fellows; here's a joke! Mr. Day says he is a phrenologist, and finds Wymper's head magnificent! Ha, ha, ha! Why, don't you know," he added in a whisper, "that the fellow's half an idiot?"

During the embarkation and row up the river poor James Wymper's conduct was peculiar. Instead of doing everything for everybody, as usual, he stood apart, and ordered people about royally.

"I'm quite pleased with you to-day," whispered Bessy, as he handed her out of the boat on the banks of the estate that was to let.

"Now, I say, you—er—what's your name? You, Wymper, come and take the hampers out!" said the great Augustus.

"Take them out yourself, you—er, Bailey!" he shouted back. "You haven't been rowing; I have," and he strutted on to join a party of ladies, including Bessy. Bessy turned on hearing the loud talking, and somehow got detached from her friends.

"Why are you pleased with me to-day, Miss Jervoice?" he asked, as they sauntered on together side by side through the shrubbery.

"Would you very much like to know?"

"I shouldn't have asked unless."

"Guess, then."

"Because I've been making myself disagreeable?"

"I don't think you have been making yourself disagreeable."

"Well, then, because I haven't been making myself useful?"

"That is not the way to put it; but you are burning."

"Because I've got new clothes?"

"Nonsense! You know what I mean, or you wouldn't have answered as you did at first. Good gracious! I hope it is not going to rain."

"Tell me why," he persisted.

"Oh, don't tease."

"All right."

As soon as he did not want to know, she, woman-like, wanted to tell him. So in a minute or two she began again.

"It is a great mistake to make oneself too cheap. There are some people who gain respect by being good-natured, and some people lose it."

"Ah, I see!" he replied; "I won't be good-natured any more."

"O, you are so silly! Don't you know there is a medium in everything? But really it is going to rain; I felt a big drop. My new blue costume will be ruined."

"Well, we can go into the house. Here it is."

The shrubbery walk was so thickly hedged that they had not seen where they were going, and at a sudden turn there, sure enough, was the villa close at hand.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

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H. B. CLAWSON Supt.

NOTICE.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. That where-as cash entry No. 907, for the Townsite of Peoa, Summit Co. Utah Territory, made June 21, 1872, embracing the following described lands, to wit: N E 1/4 of Sec. 23, W 1/2 of S E 1/4 and N E 1/4 of S E 1/4 of Sec. 24, in Township 1, South of Range No. 5 East, containing 208 acres, has been made in trust for the inhabitants thereof, and is now ready to be disposed of in lots to any person or persons entitled thereto.

All persons claiming to be owners or possessors of any portion of said entry, will take due notice and make the application as provided in the statutes of Utah.

E. A. HINKLEY, Probate Judge.

w 20 3m

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Depot 1 1/2 Blocks South of Theatre, State Road

C. H. DeGROAT, Agent.
Salt Lake City, March 12, 1872. w19 6m

NOTICE!

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. That cash entry for the Townsite of Goshen, Utah Co. Utah Territory, made July 8, 1872 embracing the following described lands, to wit: The S E 1/4 S E 1/4 Sec. 11, S W 1/4 S E 1/4 Sec. 12, N W 1/4 S E 1/4 Sec. 13, N E 1/4 S E 1/4 Sec. 14 Township 10 South of Range 1 West, containing 160 acres, has been made in trust for the inhabitants thereof, and is now ready to be disposed of in lots to any person or persons entitled thereto.

All persons claiming to be owners or possessors of any portion of said entry, will take due notice and make the application as provided in the statutes of Utah.

GEO. W. BEAN, Probate Judge.
Provo City, July 8, 1872. w23 3m

NOTICE.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. That I will appear 30 days from date at 10 o'clock a. m. at the U. S. Land Office in Salt Lake City U. T., to make cash entry for the townsite [Honeyville] embracing the following described lands, to wit: The east 1/2 of Section 10 (1) and the N E 1/4 of Section five (5) in Township ten (10) North Range two (2) West, containing 40 acres, to make the proof required by law and show that I am entitled to have the entry made under "an Act of Congress for the relief of the inhabitants of cities and towns upon the public lands approved March 21, 1877," and "an Act amendatory thereto approved June 8, 1887," the use and benefit of the inhabitants thereof, at which time and place any person or persons can appear and show cause if any there be why such entry should not be made.

SAMUEL SMITH,
Probate Judge, Box elder county, U. T.
July 1, 1872. w23 1m

NOTICE.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. That where-as I will appear on Monday the 19th day of July, A. D. 1872, at 10 o'clock a. m. at the U. S. Land Office, in Salt Lake City, U. T., to make cash entry for the Townsite of Spanish Fork City, Utah Co. Utah Territory, embracing the following described lands, to wit: E 1/2 of S W 1/4 and Lots 3 and 4 and W 1/2 of S E 1/4 Section 13 W 1/4 of N E 1/4 and E 1/2 of N W 1/4 and Lots 1 and 2, N E 1/4 of S W 1/4 and Lot 3, S E 1/4 of S W 1/4 and W 1/2 of S E 1/4 Section 19, Township 8 South of Range 3 East and E 1/2 of N E 1/4 and N E 1/2 of S E 1/4 Section 24 and S E 1/4 of S E 1/4 Section 18 Township 8 South, Range 2 East containing 84 1/2-10 acres. To make the proof required by law and show that I am entitled to have the entries made under an Act of Congress for the relief of the inhabitants of Cities and Towns upon the public lands, approved March 2, 1867, and also an act amendatory thereto, approved June 8, 1887, for the use and benefit of the inhabitants thereof, at which time and place any person or persons can appear and show cause, if any there be, why such entry should not be made.

ALBERT K THURBER Mayor.
Spanish Fork City, June 19, 1872. w21 1m

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