

Disputed Property; or, Smith vs. Smith.

John George Smith, Esq., senior, is a man about forty-five years of age, very red-faced, very corpulent, very cautious and very good natured.

John George Smith, Esq., junior, is a man who has seen about half the number of summers which have contributed to ripen his highly respectable father; he is handsome, slender, hot-blooded and independent.

John George Smith, senior, and John George Smith, junior, are the only remaining members of a particular family of Smiths. The old man is a widower; the young man is a bachelor. The former is rich, and the latter is fortunate enough to have the good will of his worthy progenitor. Old Smith is proud of his son, and young Smith is proud of his father's purse. If old John took pleasure in accumulating a handsome property, it can be said without fear of contradiction, that young John, at the time of our story, took no less pleasure in spending what his father had acquired.

Both these personages were great favorites of the ladies. The fair creatures liked the father for his quiet humor and unrivalled gallantry, and the son for his sparkling wit, pleasing address, and handsome person. Thus, strange as it may appear, John George, senior, and John George, junior, had cause frequently to be jealous of each other, in consequence of which they at length began to move in different circles of society, in order to have separate and undisputed fields of operation.

Thus the indulgent father and affectionate son seldom saw each other except at home, and then few words passed between them except on matters of business. One morning, however, as John George, the elder, was on the point of entering the apartment of John George, the younger, to speak with him on a matter of vital importance, he met the latter coming into his own room to converse with him on an equally important subject.

"Ah, John," said the old beau, taking his son's hand with unusual affability, "how are you this morning?"

"Tolerable," replied the young beau, happy in finding his father in good humor; "and I am glad to see you looking so well to-day.—What's the news?"

"I want to talk with you, John," said the elder Smith.

"And I have no less a desire to have a quiet serious conversation with you, beloved father," returned young Smith, entering the old man's apartment.

"On what subject?"

"Marriage."

"Marriage!" echoed old John; "the very thing I wanted to talk with you about."

"No!"

"Fact!"

"But you've no notion of taking a wife, father?"

"I have, by Jupiter!"

"By Juno, so have I."

"I am glad of it," exclaimed old John warmly. "You are wild, my boy, and a wife will tend to tame you."

"And you are rather gay, father, and a companion will serve to sober you," returned young John, with a sly vein of satire in his tones.

"Pshaw! John. But tell me about that—your marriage."

"And will you tell me about yours?"

"Certainly."

Old John stroked his beard in a thoughtful manner, then looked up with a business-like air, and said—

"In the first place I must tell you that my intended is rather young for me."

"There we are even," said the other with a smile.

"But my lady is the prettiest in town."

"I am sure mine would not prove an exception."

"Very beautiful is she?"

"Enchanting."

"So is mine."

"But mine has one defect."

"What is it?"

"She is near-sighted."

"Strange coincidence! I have noticed the same defect in my intended."

"And mine perhaps is a little too dark."

"So is mine."

"And a little too tall—"

"Mine is tall—but I am vastly fond of tall women."

There was a pause in the conversation, when old John remarked to young John, with a sad smile and something like a sigh—

"I've a rival."

"No!"

"I have 'pon my word."

"And so have I."

"Mine is a young buck, who, although I have never seen him, is said to be quite captivating."

"And mine is an old rake, good-looking enough I am told, and very rich, who has the impudence to dispute my claim to the hand of my fair lady."

"But I don't fear my rival."

"Nor I mine."

"My intended laughs at the young buck."

"And mine, I am sure, despises the superannuated old rake."

"I congratulate you, John."

"And you have my sympathy, sir."

"The name of your rival?"

"O, he is one of the family. His name is Smith."

"Strange! My rival has the honor to bear that name, too."

"So it is Smith cut Smith, this time, all around."

"Exactly."

"But when do you get married, father?"

"That question is not decided yet, in my case, John."

"Nor in mine, either."

"But I shall step off as soon as my charming Mary Anne—"

"Mary Anne!"

"That's the name."

"And it is the name of my intended, too!"

"Mary Anne Brown?"

"Mary Anne Brown."

"The daughter of Isaac A. Brown?"

"The same!"

"She's my intended!"

"No, by Judas, she is mine!"

And John George Smith, junior, and John George Smith, senior, looked at each other as if they were the very last of the numerous family of Smiths, and wished to exterminate each other.

"You are a presumptuous fellow!" exclaimed old John, frowning as he never frowned before in his life.

"Were you not my father," retorted young John coldly, "I should call you a silly old cock—I'm sure I should!"

"But you are to blame—"

"I am not!"

"You designed winning the affections of my Mary Anne!"

"And you plotted to get her away from me! You are to blame!"

After this pleasant little storm, there was a calm, and old John and young John looked at each other solemnly.

"You must give her up to me," said the elder at length. "You are too young to marry."

"No," replied the younger, firmly, "I will marry her myself. You are too old."

"Do you think I could call my adored Mary Anne, daughter?"

"Do you think I could call my adored Mary Anne, mother?"

The idea served as a very beautiful climax to the conversation we have noted down; so the two, as if by mutual consent, turned their back upon each other and parted in high dudgeon.

For a whole week the father and son never exchanged even the morning compliments with each other.

One day, however, old John and young John met in the hall, and old John bowed and smiled and young John touched his hat and extended his hand.

"Your Mary Anne," began the elder.

"Your Mary Anne," interrupted the younger, correcting him.

"Very well," said the other, smiling, "we will have it our Mary Anne."

"Just so."

"I was disappointed in her."

"So was I."

"She is a coquette."

"She is by Jupiter."

"You have heard the news, then?"

"That she is married?"

"Yes."

"I was told so this morning."

"A rich joke!" laughed old John.

"A piece of deception!" exclaimed the other.

"But I am glad you were not so rash, John, as to make her your wife."

"And I am glad, father, you did not commit such an indiscretion as to make her yours."

"Ha! ha!"

"He! he!"

Thus offering each other mutual congratulations, the father and the son said good morning, and the important case in the court of love, Smith vs. Smith, was settled to the satisfaction of all parties. Their Mary Anne was no longer disputed property, she being found to belong solely and entirely to another.

MORAL.

It is thus that cases in other courts, as to the court of love, are usually terminated. The parties have the satisfaction of seeing the property in dispute pass gradually and effectually into the hands of a third person.

Wisdom.

Many years ago when the world was not so thickly populated, and men lived far enough from each other, to make them hungry and tired, when they visited their friends; true hospitality was then in vogue, and refreshments from the well stored larder were placed before the weary traveler. But alas! "the light of other days is faded." Men live near each other now, and the sign of friendship is changed from the well spread table, cheerful hearth and downy bed, to a solitary glass of whisky. If a man is hungry now there is nothing for him but whisky. If he is thirsty he must drink whisky. The article water is obsolete on the tables of present enlightenment. To gain friendship instead of doing good is the motto now.

A glass of generous wine will sometimes quicken the affections, and give to friendship an additional warmth and fervor; but this whisky, heady whisky, benumbing our faculties, there is no good in it; but a deal of harm. "Oh that a man should put that down his throat that steals away his senses."

Invite your friends, place on your tables stewed fruits, custards, and every nourishing thing you can afford, gather round the blaze of the social hearth, speak of by-gone days, and happier days to come, sing songs, join in the festive dance and when you're tired rest and refresh, but loathe the whisky; whisky makes the heart and head ache; it makes actions rash; which brings repentance. "Strong drink is raging."

The sword, pestilence and famine, has misery enough for men, without the blighting, withering whisky.—[Com.]

[For the Deseret News.]

EDUCATION.....By Sirius.

No. 6.

If there is any one principle of more value, or more necessary to success and usefulness in life, than another to the child or the adult, it is faith. This is as much the creature of education as any other virtue. It is of the highest importance that the rising generation should have their minds thoroughly imbued with this principle—faith in themselves, in their parents, in their applications of science, but, above all, faith in God and in his servants.

A remarkable example of the beneficial effects of faith is found in the Book of Mormon, where, of two thousand young men who fought under Helaman in defence of their country and their liberties, not one was slain, because of the exceeding faith which, we are told, their mothers had implanted in their minds. This ought to be a great encouragement to modern mothers. Though in this matter-of-fact age, the idea of faith in God, or of His having anything to do with the immediate control of the affairs of this planet, is, by many, considered ridiculous.

The so-called philosopher, turns in scorn from the humble child of faith and, in his self-sufficiency, trusts only in his own knowledge of and ability to apply the laws of nature. He forgets that God understands all the laws and operations of the universe, and by his superior knowledge can make them subservient to the accomplishment of His purposes. It is true—nothing is done contrary to the laws of nature; but how little do the wisest of men yet really know of those laws, and how often are apparently opposite effects produced by the same cause. The other is the true philosopher. While one relies on his own limited wisdom and power—the other trusts in a being who thoroughly understands the mechanism of the universe and the laws by which it is governed, and who can, consequently, control its operations and render them subservient to his own designs as easily as we can guide electricity or, as the engineer, by the same machinery and power, either propels or reverses his engine.

Of two men who commence life—one with all the knowledge that the researches of science can give him, the other with a strong, abiding faith in God—the latter will accomplish most good for himself and the world.—Not but what a knowledge of the laws and operations of the physical universe is desirable, so far as it can be obtained, but he who trusts alone in this is like the child who refuses to benefit by the experience and teachings of his father, preferring to trust to his own limited knowledge of the world.

Self-reliance is a virtue; confidence in our fellow men is necessary; a knowledge of the truths of science is beneficial; but when we find the weakness of our own judgment; when men deceive us; when the application of the principles of science fail; when success is denied us through any of these channels, then it is that faith in God proves a life-preserver to the soul, raises the head of its possessor above the waves of adversity, while others are sinking around him, and carries him safely to the shore which the appliances of science and art had failed to enable him to reach. What faith did for those two thousand young men in their corporeal and bloody struggle, it will do for men and women now in their bloodless, but not less important and severe moral conflicts. While others fall everywhere around them, pierced by the shafts of disappointment and despair—these will pass unscathed thro' the ordeal and march onward, scarred tho' they be, to success and victory.

Mothers, whatever else you do or do not give to your children—impart to them by your teachings and example, a supreme, abiding faith in God. It is the richest legacy you can leave them. It is the foundation of all real greatness and goodness. It will develop all that is noble and generous in the character—all that is pure and exalted in the soul.

CLIPPINGS.

—As was the case with our Mexican war, the late war in Italy has demonstrated the uselessness of all extra display in army uniform, and a commission is now sitting in Paris which has for its object the alteration of the present uniform of the French Army with a view to making it as simple and durable as practicable. The subject commands almost as much attention as a change in the lady's toilette.

—A considerable piece of engineering has just been completed in Southern France, a few miles north of the Pic du Midi, and about an equal distance from Bagnères de Bagnore. It is the excavation of a subterranean communication from the Lac Bleu, a beautiful little sheet of water, the charm of that fashionable watering place, to the river Adour. The lake has an area of only 120 acres, but it is 7000 feet above the level of the sea, and very deep, and it is estimated that a stratum of 70 feet may be taken off during the summer months, for purposes of irrigation along the banks of the Adour. The tunnel was run under the bottom of the Lake, and up to within a few yards of its bed, where a large room was excavated, into which a communication was made by submarine blasting, charges of from 60 to 120 pounds being let down to the bottom of the Lake.

—Nantucket is connected with the mainland by a telegraph which is submarine, subterranean and in the air. It first runs in Nantucket to Smith's Point, ten miles, on poles; then across the Point, three miles, underground; thence to Tucker's Island, two miles and a half, under water; then two miles underground across the island, and two miles and a half under water to Muskeget Island; thence across Muskeget Channel, eight miles under water, three miles under ground over Chappaquidie Island, one mile under water across the "Swimming Ground," and then one mile on poles to Edgarton, making eleven miles of telegraph upon poles, ten and a half under ground, and fourteen under water—a curious combination.

—The Indian girls at the Osage Mission School, have deputed the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to be the bearer of a present to the President of the United States. The memento consists of a couple of purses of silk and buckskin, beautifully worked in beads. The package is inscribed in the handwriting of Victoria White Hair, one of the Indian girls, "from the Osage girls to the Great Father."

WANTED!
1000 POUNDS of CAST IRON, by Bird & Foster, Cabinet Makers and Turners, East Temple street, opposite Bishop Hunter's residence. 42-43

ESTRAY BRINDLE STEER.
CAME into my herd, about the time of the move south, a Brindle STEER, white face, 2 years old, with a hole in each ear. The owner can have it by proving property and paying charges.
45-2 WILLIAM RYDALCH, Grantsville.

WANTED.
TO Exchange, a good Span of MULES, good Wagon and Harness, for a small Farm between this city Farmington. Also a good Span of MULES, Wagon and Harness for Sale, by the subscriber, 17th Ward, three doors west of the Tabernacle.
45-2 STEPHEN B. ROSE.

FARMING LAND.
I HAVE 15 Acres of FARMING LAND and 30 Acres of Pasture Land on Provo bottom, in the new survey, close to br. Pratt's land, about 2 1-2 miles from Provo city, which I will sell for \$50 in cash, or cattle at cash prices.
45-3 E. G. ERICKSON, at Mr. Gudmansen, Jeweller, East Temple st.

LOST.
IN the vicinity of the Big Field, one dark brown PONY, with a white star on the forehead and white hind foot, branded A. H. on the right shoulder.
Any person giving information of, or bringing said pony to my residence in the 11th Ward will be rewarded.
43-3 GEO. ROWLEY.

SELLING AT COST WITHOUT FREIGHT!
WILLIAM DERR

RESPECTFULLY informs the inhabitants of Utah that he has commenced making Combs at his residence, one block south of Union Square, 16th Ward. If you want fine or fancy dressing combs now is your time. I will take in exchange Grains, Flour, Corn, etc., at Tithing prices.
CASH taken at par. 31-6m

ESTRAY NOTICE.
I HAVE in my custody one Brown COW, 8 years old, some white on forehead, belly and flanks, a bunch swelled on the upper jaw, brand on left hip not legible, and has a light brindle calf.
One dark Brown OX, 9 or 10 years old, white on forehead, belly and bush of tail; stag horns and near-sighted, the ends of both ears off; no brands visible.
One Brown STEER, 3 years old next spring, some white on shoulders and rump, bush of tail, hind legs and belly, a crop of left ear; branded Y on right hip on left hip not legible.
One Heifer CALF, light brindle, white speck on forehead, white on the belly; no ear marks or brands visible.
The owners are requested to prove property, pay charges and take them away.
45-2 JOHN WALKER, Poundkeeper, Willard city, B. & Elder co.

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