

Great Salt Lake City to Wanship, Summit County," is hereby so amended as to authorize the demanding and receiving not to exceed double the rates of toll hitherto authorized in said section three.

Sec. 2.—The toll collected as herein authorized shall be expended, under the direction of the Territorial Road Commissioner, in making, repairing and other incidental expenses of said road.

Sec. 3.—So much of an Act, to which this is amendatory, as conflicts with this Act is hereby repealed.

Approved Jan. 18, 1867.

Miscellaneous.

A FIRE-SIDE STORY.

[CONCLUDED.]

"Good heavens, my dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Toovey; "what have their ages to do with it?"

"Well even if that is so," replied my mistress, smiling, "my husband is as ungallant a man as you could name."

"To you, perhaps, my love?" answered the amiable Toovey, with her sweetest smile. If it had been winter, and I had happened to be red-hot, I should have been tempted to throw myself at the lady's feet, and set fire to her at this particular moment.

"To you, also, dear; for you remember it is only a few days ago you were complaining of his 'shocking want of politeness.'"

"Very likely but his rudeness to me is easily accounted for. It is because I give you what he considers ill advice; which means he fears to lose the power he now enjoys of tyrannizing over you at his leisure."

"My dear, have you ever written a sensation novel?" asked my mistress with an arch smile playing about her mouth.

"What do you mean by that?"

"You have such a vivid imagination; the portrait you have drawn of my husband so much resembles that of a romance-hero," replied my mistress.

"Pray let us drop the subject," cried Mrs. Toovey. "Positively your notions are an outrage to common sense."

"I'm sure, my dear, I hope to be forgiven. You see the scope of my mind is so very prosaic; you'll think so, no doubt, when I tell you that at the moment you came I was busy planning a little unromantic hot supper for my Blue Beard—especially a lemon pudding, of which I knew he was particularly fond."

"You'll find you have had your labor for your pains, for he certainly will not be at home to partake of it."

"My own impression is that he will," said my mistress gently. "Will you and your husband drop in at ten o'clock?"

"With pleasure, my dear; for I am sure you will be alone, and glad of sympathetic company. Do, my love, allow me to remonstrate with your husband, if you don't feel equal to the task yourself."

"No, no; pray don't do anything of the sort!" cried my mistress hastily. "You are not so well acquainted with my husband as I am, and might do more harm than good."

"Just as you please, my dear," said Mrs. Toovey, starting to her feet and pulling her shawl about her shoulders with a spasmodic action of the hands. "Just as you please, of course; though I did not think I was quite such a fool as you appear to consider me."

Saying which, Mrs. Toovey flounced out of the room even more impetuously than she had flounced into it.

"The foolish creature!" said my mistress, after she was gone; "it is no fault of hers if she hasn't made me very uncomfortable; and all with the best intentions! What would she not have said if she had known that to-day was my wedding day? But I am sure my husband does not care to go to this supper party. He has been drawn into it; and if he had declined to go, might have been rallied on being under petticoat domination. I know I have only to say to him, 'I wish you would not go out to-night; but I will not say it, for there is no tyranny of gentleness as well as of unkindness.'"

She paused for a moment or two; and then as if an idea had come into her head, rang the bell.

"I should like him to remain at home this evening," she continued, "but if he does so, it shall be from the promptings of his own feelings alone. John,

bring your master's dressing-gown and cigar case."

She said this to Mr. John Thomas as she passed out of the drawing-room. In the course of a few minutes her orders had been obeyed. Almost immediately afterwards my master and Mrs. Toovey came into the room together.

"I can't help it, Mr. Tilver," she said, "if what I say isn't pleasant for you to hear. I repeat you are setting my husband a bad example; and I have told him that I would not allow him to have anything to do with the supper-party to-night."

"Very well my dear madame!" cried my master impatiently; "if Toovey likes you to lead him by the nose, that's his affair; it wouldn't suit me."

"Possibly; but you'll allow me to say that I don't believe there's another woman in the world who would put up with such behavior as your wife has born with hitherto. Do not suppose, however, that she will submit to your tyranny forever. You are greatly mistaken if you imagine she will let you go to this scandalous party to-night. Poor thing," she said, aside; "I must defend her in spite of herself."

"Confound it, Mrs. Toovey!" cried my master; "I wish you'd mind your own business, and not drive me into saying disagreeable things to you."

"I have only one more remark to make, Mr. Silver," said Mrs. Toovey; "it is to request that you will not hold any further communication with my husband; I'll not have him corrupted by your bad example."

"Go to—"

I don't think my master named any final destination for Mrs. Toovey, who sailed out of the room with more anger than dignity.

"Hang the woman!" exclaimed my master, ringing the bell as if that was the order of execution; "I can't imagine how Job Toovey manages to get along with her. What the deuce does she want here?—filling my wife's head with a lot of rubbish I'll be bound."

Mr. John Thomas came in to answer the bell.

"See that my evening dress is all ready," said my master sharply.

"Evening dress, sir? mistress told me to bring your dressing gown—"

"Who is master here? Go instantly and do as I tell you!" cried my master.

"Yes, sir,—of course sir," cried Mr. John Thomas, in a bewildered state of mind, in which condition he hurried from the room.

"I see what has happened," said my master, as soon as he was left alone.

"I'm to be put into leading strings. Not yet; Laura ought by this time to know that I love her with all my heart, but that I am master of my own actions; and, egad, I intend to remain so!"

My mistress came back into the room, and saw at a glance that Mr. Silver had been put out of temper by something. But she said, as if quite unconscious of anything being the matter:

"Have you enjoyed your ride, love?"

"Pretty well," answered my master, drily. "There is no objection to my going out for an hour's ride in the evening, I hope?"

"Objection?—expressly ordered by your doctor, dear."

"An intention of mine to go out to supper this evening appears to be not equally unobjectionable?"

"My love!"

"At any rate, Mrs. Toovey—"

"My dear Edward," said my mistress, interrupting him; "Mrs. Toovey is—Mrs. Toovey; whom, I am sure you will allow, I do not in any way resemble."

"I am happy to say you don't," replied my master; "but why do you encourage her visits?"

"If you recollect, you yourself particularly requested me to cultivate her acquaintance, for the sake of her husband—one of your oldest and most intimate friends."

"I beg your pardon, dear; I was wrong," said my master, a little pettishly. "The fact is, the woman's a little-tattler, and may be a mischief-maker."

"She has done nothing but good in the present instance; since I owe to her the knowledge of the pains you thought it would be uncomfortable for me to learn."

My master was evidently embarrassed.

"Then, my darling," he stammered, "my going to this supper does not vex you?"

"In one respect, a little bit; in another, not at all."

"Might I ask you to explain?" inquired my master, relapsing in the

smallest degree into his recent ill-humour.

"Oh!" cried my mistress, laughing pleasantly, "you don't expect me to declaim you a speech like a heroine in a melodrama. By the way, that reminds me of something I can do. Would you mind putting on your dressing-gown for a moment? I want to see how this cap, which I am embroidering, for you will go with it."

"Would I mind?" cried my master, taking off his walking-coat and slipping into his dressing-gown; "why it's a positive pleasure to find an excuse for putting it on. I should like never to wear anything else."

"That will do, I think," said my mistress, after comparing the new cap with the old dressing-gown. "You may take it off now."

"There's no need for hurry, my love," replied my master, throwing himself comfortably into a favorite chair; "I shall not start to this precious supper for another hour. But you were saying that my going out vexed you in one way, though not in another."

"I meant that I would rather have had you at home this evening, because I had planned a nice little hot supper for you,—a lobster rissole, a roasted chicken, and a dainty lemon-pudding."

"A lemon-pudding!" cried my master.

"But now I'll tell you why I do not mind your going out to supper: it's because I know you will get no wine so good as that in your own cellar; no lemon-pudding so nice as the one I've had made for you, even if you get any at all; because you'll have to wear what you call a 'choker' instead of a dressing-gown,—have your ears split with noisy conversation,—be bored to death with frothy politics,—and have no opportunity, however much you may wish for it, for saying to your wife, 'Laura, I love you better than anything else in the world.'"

What my master did is what I really believe in his senses would have done under the circumstances. In other words, he put his arm round his wife's waist and kissed her, and went on kissing her while the clock on the mantelpiece slowly and distinctly ticked off thirty seconds.

"You see I must go, Laura," he said, not quite apropos; "I've promised 'em."

I fancied that I detected just the faintest shade of disappointment fall upon my mistress's face; but she said quite cheerfully.

"By all means, dear; and if you would like to oblige me, there is one particular neck-tie I should like you to wear to-night. I'll fetch it."

She left the room and in a very few minutes returned with a handsome white neck-tie, beautifully embroidered at the ends.

"Why, exclaimed my master, this is the one I wore on my wedding day! And are you really going to let me wear it when you will not even be present?"

"I think you'll own it's very magnanimous of me," answered my mistress, with a very significant twinkle in her eyes; "but quite in accordance with my ordinary heroism of character; and of course, without a thought in my head of having the lemon-pudding all to myself. But what are you doing? I declare you've made a perfect rope of it round your neck!"

"I've done worse—I've torn it!" cried my master.

"You have, indeed," replied my mistress. "Ah well, it's ten years old."

"Ten years old? Good heavens! Laura, what's the day of the month?" demanded my master; and then, without waiting to be answered, he threw himself at her feet exclaiming: "Beat me my darling! I deserve it, thoughtless, ungrateful brute that I am! A day that was the beginning of so much happiness entirely forgotten? Put away the dear old neck-tie; I shall sup with you love. Let them wait for me if they like. Half an hour ago I was an ass, making myself and you uncomfortable for fear some people I don't care a pin for should think I preferred your society to theirs—ashamed of my own happiness in fact. Let them think I am governed by my wife. You do govern me Laura; I know it; and it shall always be my glory to own the influence of your goodness, kindness and gentleness. You are the fountain-head of all my happiness; and if it is ridiculous for a man to confess that he loves his wife better than all the rest in the world, let me appear the more ridiculous of husbands. Laugh

with me Laura! Why, my darling you are crying?"

Something at that moment affected my sight; but I have no doubt that what my master said was literally true. An instant later, Mr. John Thomas opened the door to announce the return of Mrs. Toovey, but the lady herself entered before he had time to pronounce her name. She appeared both surprised and disgusted to see that pretty little picture of domestic felicity.

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Toovey, "are you not gone?"

"No; I am going to sup at home," replied my master.

"When all the rest are gone?" cried Mrs. Toovey. "Ridiculous!"

"Good heavens!" he cried, bursting into laughter; "there's no being in agreement with you, Mrs. Toovey. Half an hour ago you quarreled with me for proposing to go; now you quarrel with me for not going."

"But your husband dear?" inquired my mistress.

"Gone, my love? Gone in spite of all I could do, or say to prevent him, and after flying into the most dreadful passion, and terrifying me almost to death. I can't understand it at all. It's as if he had suddenly become quite another man—a lion, my love."

And Mrs. Toovey threatened to go instantaneously into hysterics, in proof of the terrible change that had come over her hitherto submissive "lord and master." It required a great deal of persuasion on the part of my mistress to get her to give up the idea of the hysterics in the first place, and in the next, of going to Cremorne to confront her peccant husband, "in the shockingest handsome I can find," as she said.

As to my master's suggestion, that in dealing with wild beasts called husbands, wives may, in some cases, find coaxing does better than coercion, she emphatically pooh-poohed it, even after a second help of the lemon-pudding at supper—nay, even after more than one glass of cold punch.

I will only say in conclusion, that's my story. If the hearthrug could have told it better, why didn't she tell it.

ECLIPSES IN 1867.—There will be four eclipses in the present year—two of the sun and two of the moon—but no remarkable phenomena. An annular eclipse of the sun, March 6, will be invisible in America. It will be seen, however, in Europe, Asia and Africa. At Greenwich the time of its occurrence is eight o'clock and seventeen minutes in the morning. The other eclipse of the sun, August 29, will be total, but not visible in the United States or in Europe. The South Americans will have a view of it. A partial eclipse of the moon, March 20, may be witnessed from all parts of the United States. In New York city and State the time of its beginning will be about 2.20 in the morning, and it will end about half-past five o'clock. In California and Oregon it will begin in the evening of the 19th. A partial eclipse of the moon, Friday evening, September 13, will be visible in parts of the United States, though its beginning will not be generally seen. At places west of Boston the moon will rise more or less eclipsed. From the Pacific States this eclipse will not be seen at all.

WASPS.—A physician of Bordeaux has made a discovery in regard to the wasp. Galianani reports it as follows: The wasp is stated to be a declared enemy to all poisonous flies, the sting of which causes carbuncle; it also destroys an immense quantity of minute worms that get into fruit, and when introduced into the stomach may cause great inconvenience, and even diseases. Lastly, our Bordeaux practitioner asserts that the sting of the wasp is a sovereign remedy for gout, sciatica and rheumatism. This may no doubt be explained by the principle of counter irritation; but how does he apply this remedy? It seems that this is his secret, which he is not willing to divulge. Let us, however, henceforward desist from destroying an insect which however annoying, renders us some useful services.

PAPERS from nearly all parts of Wisconsin complain of a lack of snow. Fears are entertained of much injury to winter wheat, and operations of lumbermen, who have been calculating on getting out more logs than ever, are greatly interfered with. In some instances lumbermen have withdrawn their men from the woods.