

DESERET NEWS.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

VOL. VIII.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH TERRITORY, THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 31, 1874.

NO. 33.

ANOTHER "OPEN LETTER."

Dear Public:
We have often observed how naturally, when you wish to purchase any article of comfort or necessity, you endeavor to procure it at the lowest possible price, cheapness generally constituting the most important point in favor of buying. This frequently proves mistaken economy, because low-priced goods must be made of inferior materials, consequently such goods invariably fail to give satisfaction; in perhaps no branch of trade is this fact more apparent than in Boots and Shoes. We are not advocating high prices, however, but take great pleasure in stating that the policy we have adopted of using only the best materials, and making none but good, "honest" warranted Boots and Shoes, has gained us hosts of customers, who, as evidence they are satisfied that our goods are well made and *truly cheap*, always come again and send their friends. Any defect in workmanship is repaired free of charge. Old Boots and Shoes are made "amalgamated as gold as new."
In addition to the goods of our own make, we keep a choice assortment of the best qualities of Imported Boots and Shoes, including Rubbers, etc., suitable for the season.
Your obedient, faithful servants,

90 The Working Men's Co-operative Association.
CASH PAID FOR HIDE.
The Trade supplied with Leather and Findings.
S. P. CROMPTON, Supt.
MAIN ST. 90

Just Received, a Fine Assortment of the Newest Designs of Ball Tickets and Cards of Invitation, Cheap, at the Deseret News Office.

H. HOWARD, Pres. P. PUGSLEY, Sec.

SALT LAKE CITY IRON CO.,

HAVING PURCHASED THE SALT LAKE IRON WORKS, AND ADDED THERE-TO THE TOOLS AND MACHINERY BELONGING TO WM. J. SILVER, are prepared to do

ALL KINDS OF Iron and Brass Casting, FORGING, TURNING, BORING AND FITTING UP.

WM. J. SILVER, SUPERINTENDENT.

Half Block South of R. R. Depot.

I will say to my former customers and all others who may favor us with their work, that I will guarantee that strict attention to accuracy which has always characterized my establishment.
P. O. Box 48.

N.B.—Drawings, Plans and Specifications of all kinds of Mill-work and Machinery.

Appleton, Noyes & Co.,

525 Main St., & 110 Washington Ave.,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

BOOTS & SHOES,

Manufacturers of the celebrated

ST LOUIS CUSTOM BOOTS:

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED.

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THE DESERET NATIONAL BANK

Of Salt Lake City, Utah.

Capital, - - - \$300,000
Authorized Capital, - - - \$1,000,000

WM. H. HOOPER, President.
S. B. HARRIS, Vice-Prest.
BRIAN HARRIS, Cashier.
JOHN JENNINGS,
JOHN SHARP,
FRANK M. LITTLE,
S. H. LITTLE, Cashier.

Directors.

Deals in Exchange, Gold, Silver, and all kinds of Bank Notes.

Collections made and promptly remitted.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE FOR SALE.

Interest paid on Savings Deposits.

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FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF UTAH,

Salt Lake City.

Designated Depository and Financial Agent of the UNITED STATES.

WM. H. HOOPER, President.
S. B. HARRIS, Vice-Prest.
BRIAN HARRIS, Cashier.
JOHN JENNINGS,
JOHN SHARP,
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DAVIS, HOWE & CO.,

FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOP,

SUCCESSORS TO

Nathan Davis & Sons.

All kinds of Milling and Mining Machinery, Wrought and Cast Ironwork, manufactured to order.

WATER JACKETS, TOYS, SLAB CUTS AND CASTS, BULL'S HEADS, PUMPS, PLATES, HOISTING MACHINERY, CARPENTERS' AXES, ETC., ETC.

Also Brass Work of all descriptions.

First West Street,

Near North Temple Street,

SALT LAKE CITY.

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JOE BARKER,

CUTLERY, LOCK AND GUNSMITH,

SAWS, SHARPENED, STOVES RE-PAIRED, GUNS RE-STOCKED, ETC.,

Commercial Street,

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Reduced Prices.

Orders from the Country of the different Mining Camps promptly filled and satisfaction guaranteed.

Give us a trial and be convinced.

Mitchell & James

REMOVED

To their new premises on West Temple Street,

Opposite the City Meat Market.

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THE THIRTEENTH CHIME.

A Legend of Old London.

BY ANGELO E. REACH.

It was in one of the earliest years of the reign of Henry the Eighth, and on a glorious summer's day, that two men sat in earnest conversation together in the oak-paneled parlour of a small house abutting upon St. Paul's Cathedral.

One was a soldier, the other a priest. The former was habited as an officer of the yeomen of the guard—his feathers lay before him on the table, and his rich scarlet and gold uniform shone gay and glistening in the sunshine. He was a young man, but vice and unbridled passion were stamped, like Cain's mark, upon his face. His eyes were bloodshot; his mouth coarse and sensual; and his whole bearing fierce and swaggering. His priest-companion had thrown off his cowl, probably for coolness, and his disclosed features, the expression of which, like that of the captain of the guard, was evil, but which, unlike his, was partly redeemed by an appearance of lofty intellectuality. The priest's forehead was high and massive, and his eye deep and bright. As he glanced at his companion, his thin, pale lip curled involuntarily, and the scorn of his soul was written there. The soldier perceived it not, as he carelessly set aside the silver stoup from which he had been imbibing plentiful draughts of sack, and remarked—

"And so, Bully Friar! thou hast absolved all my sins—truly thy name was legion—but that boots not now; they are rubbed away like rust, from a sword blade."

"Doubtless thou art pardoned. Have I not said so?" returned the priest. And as he spoke his lip curled more palpably than ever.

"What swearer, planned by the cross-bow bolt at Thame?" which, as the yeoman of the guard, beginning anew the muster roll of his transgressions—

"Think not of it," replied the priest.

"And the murder done at the Bankside?"

"And the despoiling of the Abington merce?"

"I have absolved."

"And the vow broken to Sir Hil-debrand Grey?"

"It will not count against thee."

"And the carrying off of the pretty Mistress Marjory?"

"Has been atoned for."

"And oaths, lies, imprecations, innumerable?" rejoined the captain. "Not so much that I care about such petty matters; but when one is at confession, one may as well make a clean breast of it."

"The name of the church, I assure thee, shall be cleared."

"It is but reasonable. Thou art my helper in spiritual—I am thine in matters earthly! We serve each other, Father Francis."

The worthy Father Francis smiled. It is possible that he deemed the arrangement a better one for himself than for his military friend.

"I have absolved thee," continued Wyckhamme, "and, lo! my bountiful forgiver of transgressions, I am thine for good or evil."

"Father Francis bent his keen black eye steadily upon his companion—gazing as if he would peer into his soul. At length he spoke, slowly and calmly—

"Thou hast a yeoman's heart, thy company of guards—one Mark Huntley."

"Marry, yes. A fine, stalwart fellow; he draws the bow as the Rods would like to abide the brunt of his partisan. What of him?"

The priest started up—his eye flashed—his nostrils dilated—his hand gripped the hilt of his sword—his brow, his brown, his hand and clenching it convulsively, he said, hoarsely—

"Ruin him!"

"Ruin him?" repeated the officer of the guard, somewhat surprised at this unexpected outburst. "Ruin him! Marry, man, bethink thee, he is the flower of my yeomanry."

"I say, ruin him," cried the priest. "Thou art his officer, and there are a thousand ways. Plot—plot—that he may rot in a dungeon, or swing from a gallows. He is a cancer in my heart."

"But wherefore art thou set against the yeoman, Father?" asked Captain Wyckhamme.

"He has crossed my path," said the priest, moodily.

"Crossed thy path—how?" demanded the soldier.

Father Francis looked wistfully at the questioner, and muttered—

"In love."

"Captain Wyckhamme struck the table with his fist, and the wine flasks danced again, and then, starting to his feet, with a coarse roar of laughter, exclaimed—'Ho, ho! hath it come to this? And so a neat ankle and buxom neck, and a trim waist were more than a match for thy sanctity! and thy cell was solitary and cold—was it not, priest?' And then, even though he was not to be taken for wooling for an interlude. Brave priest! Credit me thou art a man of mettle—a bold Friar—an honor to thine order. Nay, thou shalt be the founder of an order of a family, I mean, and by my halldame, there will be a rare spick of the devil in the breed. But I say, Father, who is she? Do her eyes sparkle? Her cheeks glow—her—"

"Silence, babbling," said the priest. "Thy name is too pure a thing for thee to take within thy lips; for thee to speak of her—mere blasphemy."

"Ha!" exclaimed Wyckhamme, "priest, I say unto thee beware."

"Hush! I love her, love her with a depth of passion which things like thee cannot feel or comprehend. I have wrestled—fought with it—striven in the darkness and silence of my cell to crush it; but I cannot; she is my light—my air—my life—my idol. I have said it—I have sworn it—she shall be mine, although I give body and soul to purchase the treasure!"

The captain looked surprised at this outbreak. "Wilt thou remove this man?" continued the priest after a pause, and speaking in a voice of frightful calmness.

"Hum—why—marry I would do much to oblige thee," began the soldier, when his companion interrupted him.

"We are in each other's secrets," he said.

The officer of the guard shrugged his shoulders, and a pause ensued.

"Art thou resolved?" inquired Father Francis quietly.

"I am," was the reply; "Mark Huntley will not long live to thwart thee."

"Tis well," muttered the priest—"but the blow must be immediate."

"It shall fall to-morrow," said Wyckhamme; "leave the means to me. But I say, Father, how dost thou propose to get possession of the maiden, and when?"

"To-night," replied the monk, and his eye glistened, "I am her father confessor."

Captain Wyckhamme smacked his lips. "A sweet duty, by my faith, to listen to the fluttering thoughts of youthful female hearts! I almost wish I were a monk."

"Curses on thy licentious tongue," exclaimed the churchman in a voice of suppressed passion. "Listen—I have imposed on her a midnight solitary penance. At the dead hour of the night she is to kneel before the shrine of the Virgin in the cathedral. I shall be there."

"And attempt to carry her off?" she will scream."

"There are gaps."

"The will fly."

"The people's bonds, and secret keeping places the world wots not of, at my disposal—while Mark Huntley is my part of the job. Priest, it is a well laid scheme—I think it may prosper."

"It must," answered the priest; "but the sun hath past the meridian, and the night work on thy way homeward."

"Marry, you say true," exclaimed the other, "and I will plot my way in the matter as I ride."

"Do so," said the priest, "and farewell."

In five minutes Captain Wyckhamme, attended by two yeomen of his trust, was spurring down Ludgate Hill, on his way westward—while Father Francis, enveloped in his cowl, paced slowly and thoughtfully back to the cathedral.

The people's way for him reverently bowed low, and he had the reputation of being rich in the odor of sanctity, and many counted themselves happy in his "Benedicite."

The hours passed away and it became night—a fair, calm, summer's night, in which the moon shone each other. A deep shadow was upon London. The last of the crew of "prentices, who had been willing away the lengthened twilight hours of looking down the Cheapside, had been summoned within doors by his vigilant master, and the streets were left to the occasional footfall of the night watch.

Either paced along with heavy steps, or made the old houses ring with snatches of the drinking songs which still buzzed in his ears. The old man, however, paced slowly and steadily, and he had the reputation of being rich in the odor of sanctity, and many counted themselves happy in his "Benedicite."

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