

failed to cut their pieces, while Manny's did its work in the most exquisite manner, not leaving a single stalk ungathered; and it discharged the grain in the most perfect shape, as if placed by hand for the binders. It finished its piece most gloriously. The jurors themselves could not restrain their admiration, but cried out "Good;" "well done." The people applauded and hurrahed for Manny's American reaper—"That's the machine."

Again, after the jury had taken further notes of the trial, the signal was given, and three other machines started off on the contest—Hussy's reaper, by Dray; McCormick's, by McKenzie; and Bell's, by Perry. Hussy's machine cut its piece in thirty minutes, McCormick's in twenty minutes, and Bell's failed to finish its piece.

Hussy's machine did its work remarkably well, cutting clean and smoothly, and leaving the grain in the track of the machine in good condition for the binders. This machine was conceded to be too heavy and laborious for the team, and leaving the grain in the track of the machine was found to be an objection, as it necessarily needed to be bound and removed as fast as the machine did its work, in order that the machine could pass around a succeeding time; yet this machine is unquestionably a good one, and it may be used to great advantage, as it would likely prove durable, being very strongly made.

McCormick's machine performed its task well, cutting a close and even swath; but the raker or attendant, who performed the labor of discharging the grain, seemed to be very much strained, being obliged to ride backward upon the machine, at one end of the reel, having to reach fully across the entire width of the machine with a long handled rake, to gather the grain and lay it off of the machine. The horses on this machine were much troubled by a strong lateral pressure against their shoulders, occasioned by the tongue of the machine. This reaper, on the whole, is much too cumbersome and heavy for two horses. However, it has proven itself vastly superior to any of the inventions of the Old World, and from the fact of its success heretofore, particularly at the London exhibition in 1851, it elicited a great deal of admiration and curiosity.

The contest was now fairly narrowed down to three machines, Manny's, Wright's and McCormick's. But on starting, Wright's again broke down, and left the struggle exclusively to the two machines, Manny's and McCormick's.

The two machines were then to be changed in presence of the jurors, from the capacity of reaping to that of mowing. Manny's made the change in one minute. McCormick's in twenty minutes with three men. Each machine made one cut through the field of grass and back, Manny's machine doing the best of the two. Then the change was made again for reaping, and in the same time respectively as before. Then both machines were taken into a wheat field. Manny's machine cut three swaths, and with an ease of action and perfection of work which fairly placed it far beyond any further competition; though McCormick's reaper cut two swaths, and in a workmanlike manner. Even if the two machines were equal as to the quality of work, yet it was observed Manny's would have the advantage of being the most compact, less cumbersome, and of much less weight than McCormick's, and in Manny's there is no lateral pressure against the horses, as by McCormick's; also of being much the lightest draft, and more easily adjustable to different heights of cutting, and more easily convertible for the two purposes of reaping and mowing. This seemed to be the only machine against which there could be no objection urged.

We could give no better evidence of the fact above, than the fact that Mr. Mabie had, upon the conclusion of the trial, several very large offers for the patents of the machine, two of which we heard—for France, one offer was 100,000 francs, and one of 125,000. We have since learned that arrangements have been made for the manufacture of one thousand of these machines in this city for the next harvest.

The decision and report of the jury will not be published until the latter part of October, yet all the laurels, we are free to confess, have been glowingly won by Americans; and this achievement cannot be looked upon with indifference, as it but plainly foreshadows the ultimate destiny of the New World.

[From the Northern Light.]

The Three Homes; or the Magic of Neatness.

It had been an uncommonly warm and sultry day, and as the cool air of evening swept onward and fanned the brows of the heated laborers, they, one and all, thanked heaven that the toil of the day was over. But to none among the homeward bound did the evening breeze seem more refreshing than to three whose baskets of tools borne over their shoulders denoted them carpenters. At the entrance of the village where they lived, Jones, Yates, and Fields separated, each to seek his own dwelling.

There was not a cleaner or neater abode in Bell Air than that awaiting the reception of Jones. Not a speck of dust dimmed the brilliance of the windows; every article of furniture was polished till it shone like a mirror; fresh flowers breathed forth their fragrance from the chimney piece; a spotless cloth covered the little supper table, and Mrs. Jones and the children were as neat as it was possible to be.

Far different the scene which awaited Yates; his house was in disorder and his wife absent.—The last named evil was, however, soon remedied, for one of the children was dispatched in quest of his mother, who soon returned with her.

"You here, already, Bill?" she exclaimed, rushing in breathlessly, in a dim, dirty gown. "I had no idea it was so late. Light the fire, that's a good boy, and we'll have supper."

"I am so tired, Mary, that I'd rather do with-

out supper," said Yates, throwing himself upon a seat.

"Are you? Well, then, I'll make it," and as she hurried to light the fire, more than one piece of crockery was broken, which had, for the time, been put in the wrong place.

"Where have you been?" inquired Yates.

"Just next door to see poor Mrs. Brown's sick baby."

"Mother has been gone ever since two," chimed in a youngster.

"You abominable story teller, take that," and here the mother boxed the ears of the child.

Off went the child in a crying fit, and off went Mrs. Yates to prepare the supper. The children became cross and sleepy, and when tea was at last ready, she had to go up stairs and put them to bed, then returning, swallowed her own meal hastily, and putting aside the dirty plates, declared that now she must go and wash.

"Wash!" exclaimed her husband, in astonishment, "I thought you were to do that yesterday."

"Well, so I meant, but Mrs. Brown came in and prevented me. And now I must wash, for neither I nor the children have a clean thing to put on."

"So it seems," said Yates, sarcastically.

"So it seems—indeed," she cried, angrily.

"I suppose you expect me to keep as clean and neat as if I kept twenty servants."

"No, Mary," said her husband, gravely, "I form no such extravagant notions, all I ask is that the hours I'm working to earn our bread may be spent by you in a manner more profitable than gossiping; and so let me find a quiet and orderly house on my return, and a companion such as you used to be in the earlier days of our wedded life."

But the affectionate tone of the last words exercised no softening influence on the roused spirit of the indignant wife, and a quarrel ensued, which ended in Yates taking his hat and finding at the public house the comfort which he could not find in his own.

Meanwhile Jones passed through his trim little garden, entered his pretty cottage home, and setting down his basket, seated himself by the window.

"O, Jones, you never wiped your feet when you came in," was his wife's salutation as she entered the room.

"Well, my dear, and if I did not, there could be no mud on them," he said.

"No, but I'll be bound there's plenty of dust on them," she retorted crossly, and you know how I hate dust. And here—Lord bless me if your dirty basket ain't set down on the clean wax cloth. What is the use of my being a slave, if this is the way you act?"

"But, Nell, I'm so tired."

"Tired—forsooth, and don't you think that I get tired working about all day as I do?"

"You are indeed a very industrious wife, Nell," yet even as he spoke, he sighed, for his home, though it was pleasant to look at, was very uncomfortable.

Mrs. Jones was a conscientious and industrious woman, and she esteemed it her duty to work hard for her husband and children. But she perceived not how her spirit of house-worship interfered with her duties as a wife and mother. The latter demanded her house should be a home, the former that it should be an idol, and she bowed unresistingly down to the image she had herself set up, without once suspecting that the magic word 'home' was in her keeping but an empty sound. Her husband, when his hours of labor were over, felt as if he had fairly won a happy evening, but he was ever offending against her rules of propriety, and therefore betook himself to a public house, where he was an object of consideration, which he never was at home. And thus, though Mrs. Jones was considered a better wife than Mrs. Yates, they both, by very different means, accomplished one end—of driving from their homes domesticated husbands.

Fields, too, had gained his home; a neat little cottage, like those of his fellow workmen. Within, all was clean and neat, and as orderly as the gambols of the children would permit, and the wife who advanced to meet him was as neat a person as the eye could wish to rest upon.

"Well, Carrie," cried Fields, gaily, "here I am, tired and hungry, wanting my supper, do you mean to give me any?"

"Why, if you behave yourself I will," she replied in the same tone, and as it is all ready you might as well have it now. I should think you needed it after so hot a day."

At length the comfortable though frugal meal was ended, and the children put to bed, and then the little wife came gaily down stairs. Fields was weary, and had placed his feet upon a chair, but no frown darkened Carrie's brow at the sight. On the contrary, she advanced good humoredly to his side, and inquired if she should go on with the book she had been reading the previous evening, or if he would rather chat while she worked. But the pleasure of listening to an interesting book was far greater to the weary man than that of hearing the village gossip, and so Carrie read on till bed time.

Time passed on, and with it Mrs. Yates grew more careless and fond of gossip. Mrs. Jones a more devoted house slave, and their husbands as a necessary consequence grew more attached to ale-house company; while Carrie Fields pursued the even tenor of her way, contented, neat and cheerful, and good tempered; her house a haven of peace and happiness, to which her husband ever returned with pleasure, and herself most happy in making him so.

One day Carrie was busily engaged in weeding her little garden, when Mrs. Yates passed by, and seeing her, paused to 'chat a bit.'

"You have not seen the new cloak Fields bought me on my birth-day," said Carrie.

"No, I've not, but I'll come in now," and Mrs. Yates entered.

"Upon my word it's a pretty cloak; I wish I could afford such a one," said Mrs. Yates. "And

how nice you have everything around you. I wish I could be so comfortable."

"And why should you not?" said Carrie, "your husband has the same wages as mine."

"Ah! but your husband does not spend so much of his money at the public house."

"No, he never enters it."

"And yet when they were both married, everybody said mine was the best match, because Yates was the steadiest man. I can't think how you manage to keep him at home."

"By making it neat, clean and comfortable; by letting him find his supper waiting for him, and his wife and children ready to welcome him and keep him company."

Mrs. Yates stood for a moment silent and self-convinced. She said little to Mrs. Fields, but bidding her soon 'good bye' sped home resolving as she went that if her husband's reformation depended on her, it should be set about without any delay.

That evening at the usual hour the three men returned to Bell Air: Fields jesting on the way, for his heart was light, the others dull and weary, for they were exhausted by their day's work, and had no bright home-thoughts to cheer them. At length Yates parted with his companions and sauntered slowly homeward, knowing that however late he might be he was always too soon.—At last he reached his home, but stood still in astonishment at the scene before him, almost doubting whether he had not entered the wrong door. The room was swept and dusted, and everything was put in its proper place, the supper ready and the children neat.

But the next moment his wife entered, and he knew his home again, for her own dress was a matter that amid all her reformations she had quite overlooked. But those she had effected sufficed for the time, for, pleased with unwonted comfort, her husband remained contented at home.

A proud and happy woman that night was Mrs. Yates. She looked upon the victory as already gained, and great was her disappointment when on the following evening Yates went to the public house. The next morning she took her way to Mrs. Fields' cottage to communicate to her the hopes and fears of the last two days.

"You must not be down-hearted," said Carrie, "only go on in the way you have begun, and before long your husband will sit at home of an evening as happy and contented as mine does."

"Do you really think so?" said Mrs. Yates, wiping away the tears.

"To be sure I do," said Carrie, gaily, "and now I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll lend you a book, read a little of it to Mr. Yates of an evening, and when it is ended you shall have another."

"Thank you," and Mrs. Yates departed. Carrie looked after her a moment, and then calling her back, exclaimed:

"Whatever you do, Mrs. Yates, don't forget to put on a clean gown before evening."

Mrs. Yates took both pieces of advice—she put on a clean gown, and she read the book, and they both answered excellently. Carrie had proved a true prophet, and at the end of a year or two both seemed reformed and were as happy and peaceful in their neat little cottage as any couple in Bell Air.

Meanwhile months came and went, and brought no spell upon their wings for Jones' happiness. One evening there had been the usual display of great anger for little sins, when Jones, weary of the share that fell upon himself, pushed back his chair, and rising, turned to leave the house.

"And now," observed Mrs. Jones drily, "I suppose because you are not allowed to make everything in a mess, you are going to the public house to spend your money."

"No," replied he quietly, "I am going down to Yates'."

"To Yates?" replied his wife contemptuously. "Truly you have a good taste to choose a dirty house like that."

"Mrs. Yates does not keep a dirty house now; it is as neat and clean as any one need to see," replied Jones, "and what is more she lets her husband live in peace and quietness and good temper."

Peace, quietness and good temper. How these words echoed to Mrs. Jones' ears long after her husband had left the house. Yet peace, quietness and good temper, conscience whispered her were not to be found in her dwelling. There was an error somewhere; she had always been used to ascribe it wholly to her husband, but could it be possible that it existed as much, perhaps more, in herself.

Mrs. Jones took counsel of none save her own heart and her own conscience, but in the end they guided her aright, though painful indeed were the efforts made to follow their dictates, and much it cost her to sacrifice even in part the habits which had grown upon her until they almost seemed a part of herself. But time and good intentions on both sides brought back the peace and happiness which seemed to have deserted their dwelling, and at length the faces within grew as bright as the tables which were ready to mirror them; for the neatest cottage in Bell Air became one of its cheerful and best loved homes.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED.

A GOOD COMMON CHAIR MAKER. Apply to J. C. LITTLE & CO., 13 Ward.

The Commissions OF the Officers of G. S. L. Military District, so far as the returns are completed, can be found in the hands of Col. L. W. Hardy.

Robert Campbell.

CITY RECORDER, has Removed his Office to his House, two doors east of Lorenzo Snow's, where he will be found at all hours for the transaction of City business, and the collection of the CITY TAXES.

FOR SALE CHEAP.
A LARGE FAMILY COOKING STOVE at GEORGE GODDARD, East Temple St.

All Persons
WHO have had Land surveyed, in Malade valley, are requested to come forward, pay the Surveyor, and receive certificates, otherwise the land will be surveyed to those who will pay.
39-3t I. IVINS, Co. Sur.

DANCING.
HOWARD'S HALL may be rented by those interested in getting up schools and balls. It is acknowledged to be the handsomest and best hall in the city. Apply on the premises.
39-3t

OFFICIAL NOTICE.
THE BUSINESS AND DUTIES connected with my Office as Marshal of G. S. L. City, during my absence to the Legislature, will be attended to by Col. L. W. HARDY who is appointed Deputy Marshal for G. S. L. City.
J. C. LITTLE, Marshal of G. S. L. City.

NOW FOR REPORTING!

ALL PERSONS wishing to study the advanced principles of Phonography, and to become verbatim reporters are hereby notified that a class is now forming for the above purpose. Immediate application must be made to the subscriber, or to Mr. Isaac Bowman, at Kinkaid's Store.
39-2t J. V. LONG, Reporter.

TAKEN UP.
BY INDIAN PETEETNEET, a small Indian HORSE, bay with white spots on each side, and white on the left side of his neck, right fore foot white, no brands visible. The horse was sold by an Indian about 5 months ago to some person in Salt Lake City. And the owner can have him by applying to J. W. BERRY and proving property and paying charges.
39-2t

BROOMS, BESOMS.
THE undersigned having returned from his foreign mission, is ready now to engage and continue in his former mission, viz., that of broom making. As I have had many calls, and corn is scarce, I take this method of informing the inhabitants of this Territory, if they have corn and will bring or send it to me I will make it up on satisfactory terms.
39-3m THOMAS COLBURN.

NOTICE
TO PERSONS owing TAXES to G. S. L. City. ROBERT CAMPBELL, City Recorder, will attend to the duties connected with my Office as Assessor and Collector of G. S. L. City, during my absence to the Legislature, who is hereby directed to enforce the collections of all Taxes remaining unpaid.
J. C. LITTLE, Assessor and Collector for G. S. L. City.
His office at residence, 12 Ward, East of the Gov.'s office, 2 doors East of Hon. Lorenzo Snow's.
39-3t

LOST.
SUPPOSED to have STRAYED during the snow storm last week from the pasture near the month of Big Cottonwood, one white plebeid pony horse branded J S on left shoulder, and one white pony, light red ears, neck and breast, branded A on near shoulder, and O N on near hip. Whoever will return them to the subscriber, shall be liberally rewarded.
39-2t THOMAS & CO. East Temple st.

\$10 REWARD.
LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN from the west Jordan range, one large OX, red sides, broad line back, some white in the forehead, branded HJ when turned out last fall, slightly lame, in right shoulder. Also one red and white 3 year old HEIFER, the red on the back resembles a saddle, white in the forehead and under the throat, 2 red spots on the right hip, branded HJ on the left hip. The above reward will be paid, or five dollars for each, on delivery to Mr. Joseph Cain at the Post Office.
39-3t W. CHILDS.

City Collector's Office, G. S. L. City, Nov. 30, 1855.

PERSONS named as follows are indebted to the Corporation for their taxes as per schedule:—

Adamson	6.55	Kelly William	5.35
Allsop John	1.00	Kilton Jacob	2.95
Anderson Chrest.	1.00	Lemons Ann	1.60
Abel Elijah	2.45	Love David	4.50
Bunford William	2.50	Lain John	2.05
Bennet Sam.	1.00	Lee George	1.60
Bingham H. F.	2.55	Levingston Wm	3.30
Banten Chas.	3.05	Leaver Samuel	5.85
Broadbent Levi	7.05	Moulton James	1.25
Clawson Moses	1.75	Marchant John	5.25
Christensen Neil	3.75	Mitchell Bridget	6.25
Campbell Arch.	2.60	Marshall Robert	4.00
Carter Mrs.	2.20	McMurry John	1.25
Cole Benjamin	1.75	Mikesell Hiram	2.20
Cowan William	1.30	O'Green Andrew	1.25
Cottrell Samuel	6.30	Oliver Harrison	5.65
Dewis William	1.50	Overland Andrew	5.05
Dewel Alfred	3.50	Overshaw George	2.75
Dewey John	3.40	Porter Charlotte	1.75
Dunn Robt	3.80	Palmer Henry	4.65
Everly John	1.15	Proctor James	13.30
Edwards John	2.25	Preece John	4.05
Ellis Dr	1.25	Porter Robt	22.55
Earl James	.90	Proctor John	7.55
Fife John	1.30	Powell Samuel	2.25
Fife Adam	6.80	Pomeroy F M	19.55
Fordham Mrs.	7.35	Perkins Wm L	0.97
Flelding James	.95	Perkins Ute	5.15
Foster James	1.85	Quail	1.25
Goodrich Joseph	3.15	Rhodebeck Charles	3.00
Grunter George	1.35	Randall Alfred	15.80
Gill William	1.65	Ross David	2.60
Gunsong Joseph	5.65	Revel Thomas	1.70
Gibbs William	1.20	Rodgers	1.70
Gray John	9.90	Reader Francis	5.05
Hodgetts Joseph	1.90	Spillet James	1.75
Hewitt Richard	1.90	Shaw Osmond	4.50
Huff Samuel	4.45	Salisbury Richard	3.25
Hackell Thales	5.09	Smith John	1.50
Hawkins Thos R	1.75	Stewart Wm	4.35
Hague James	4.15	Simpson	2.55
Hunter Steph	2.50	Stevens J W	6.50
Henderson Mary	1.75	Smith L J	6.50
Hanson Paul	1.20	Taylor William	4.55
Hiram Thos	1.75	Tanner John	2.00
Harly John T	1.80	Thornton Francis	6.10
Hyler M K	3.05	Thompson J A	5.35
Hatch	2.00	Thompson Ezra	16.10
Hutchins Shepherd	13.80	Welsh Henry	5.05
Howard John	1.25	Wille, James G	3.65
Imly James	8.50	Wood Daniel	6.50
Johnson Philo	11.25	Wade S M	6.00
Johnson Thos	4.45	Wade Moses	5.50
Jack James	5.55	Whitbank Spencer	5.50
Jones George	3.35	Young James	7.50
James John			

The above taxes must be paid on or before the 20th of Dec., or their property will be sold as per advertisement at my office.

Cash, City, County, Territorial orders, wheat, corn, flour, oats, and other produce will be taken.

J. C. LITTLE.
Let others take warning, or their names will appear next.