MY WIFE.

Out of all other women she
Is one that to my soul is true,
Fair for what is within, not without,
As a flower, she is perfect in sight;
Sweet as the violet, but not with its shade
Of modesty, that, 'mid the leaves half afraid
Of the light of the world, hides its head;
And yet she has her share of pride,
Not to be easily won nor slighted,
Lest she should think and be mistaken,
And so make some bitter heart to ache
Which, for her, would be broken.

—Coventry Patmore's Poems.

A ROMANTIC MAID.

"Oh, Alice," said the silly girl to her friend, clasping both her hands in a sort of theater (also fashion) "I could only be an object of interest! I'm sure there is foundation enough. Were I born in the aristocracy, where half the heroines of novels are born? Then when I was four-and-twenty Mrs. Green take me and keep me till she died? Oh, Alice, with a beautiful life as I feel there! We used to talk about such, like Lady Isabella Seraphina in the 'Widowed Bride,' and among as she unexpectedly she sent for me to read to her, and we read the most entrancing novels until bedtime. Sometimes, when we had one that was very interesting, we sat up till 2 or 3 o'clock. She told me she was sure I had a lovely voice. I'd could only find out what it is! I isn't get much time to read here."

"So much the better," said I, "your hat has enough trials in it now, I imagine."

"Oh, Alice, if you only had a soul above your station!"

I was sure, I said, to have this little bit of an aside-note this telling me that my station was low. I, who only took the place of child's nurse because my chest was too weak for me to keep at dressmaking. So I answered her rather sharply, "If you fill your station properly you won't have time to be making remarks about other people's."

She didn't make my dignity, but went on saying the children's dishes for the wash and talking away. "My mother! Oh, Alice, I am convinced that I was not born to be a nursery maid! I'm a passing spirit within me that says, Jennie, you will yet be a great lady. But I don't care for that, if I can only be educated! Oh, Alice, if I was only the maid in 'The Maid and the Magpie!' Think of being incarcerated in a dungeon on a false charge, and finally having your innocence proved, and everybody looking at you, shaking hands with you and offering their congratulations. Oh, Alice!" And then went the baby's agony for the hand-clapping performance.

"If you think a dungeon so lovely, you had better steal some spoons," I said.

"Shall! But then I would only be a common thief. Besides, Alice, what would become of the conscious innocence that supported the maid? I am sure I could bring poor a lot; however, I may have to be poor some time in her lives; but I should have liked to play the piano or do something in that. You see, in the nursery I am no chance. If I was a governess, now, with deep mourning dresses, like my capitale figure to perfection, or an authoress who goes to the publisher, and lifting a veil discloses hitherto unknown loveliness, or a teacher, whose graceful figure fits tightly down the street to her day's toil—there might be a chance; but was ever romance after a heroine into the nursery? I'do not know where I take Nettie out for a walk, but nobody seems to notice my fair cheeks or pale complexion; it's lost labor and chalk thrown away."

"You are throwing the muslins into the pile of colored clothes," I said.

"I'm sure I've mental abstraction enough for a whole library of heroines," said Jennie, gathering up the pile of clothes and marching off to the kitchen.

And this was only one specimen of that girl's ruling passion. She was pretty, had a little, graceful figure, with big, blue eyes and lots of light hair, with a pale complexion which would have been pretty if she hadn't set all the color out of it by eating slate pencils and chalk and drinking vinegar. Mrs. Green, a silly old woman, who had taken her for a maid, had filled the child's head with novels, till she had pretty well driven out all the sense there ever had been in it. She was nearly eighteen when the old lady died, and my mistress, Mrs. Green's niece, Mrs. Wood, took Jennie for a nursery maid.

Such a life as she led her. First of all, she tinkered upon wearing all her mass of unwoven hair in long curls flying all around her, because Mrs. Green had said it reminded her of Sophronisba Amaranta Montalvilla, in the "Love Lorn Shepherd." After the baby had hunted out some defiles of it, and she had caught it in sack lock and handle in the nursery chests and drawers, caught it on five ears in the gaslight, hung suspended by it when jumping down from a chair, after getting a hale from the top of the wardrobe and catching her hair there in its place, having not shut it once in a closet door, while she was sitting there, and have the room for two hours while she had to sit still or sing all her souls out by the roots, upsetting a bucket of water all over her by catching a curl in it as it stood on the table, and encountering various other mishaps of a like kind, she finally consented to turn it up with a comb and wear it smooth like a Christian.

Then the novels she had for novels. Our young ladies couldn't lay one down for five minutes but she had taken it and popped down on matches where to read. Once I found her curled up on the parlor sofa, the baby's clean clothes dumped down on the floor, and Miss Jennie crying her eyes out over the "Crazy Maid of Belfast." Next day she varied the performance by sitting down on a frying pan turned upside down, in the kitchen, to devour, she said, "The Count of Monte Cristo."

Then she found "The Mysteries of Udolpho," and most to serve it if the candle went out and nearly scared me to death objects with terror if a mouse squeaked. With her head in a novel and her mind after it she would run the fine things with the irons nearly red hot, scorching them black, or scrape the damask into creases with cold ones. The world put Willie's trousers on Nettie and Nettie's bonnet on Willie, and then if I remonstrated my dear, she would sing Mrs Dennis would finish the second volume of "Grace Darlington." I'm dying to know who Miss Harrenbury is. Oh, Alice, think how delicously romantic to wear your wedding garments for twenty years!"

"It may be very romantic, but it is particularly scary," I said, and the only answer I got was the information that I had no soul.

One day, hearing a dreadful crying in the nursery while I was tony down stairs, I went up. There sat Miss Jennie, with all her hair pulled down, and her slippers on over her petticoats, squatted down in the corner of the fireplace, glaring like a maniac. Willie, half dressed, was cutting his coat to pieces with my scissors, and Nettie, all ready for a walk, was screaming with terror at Jennie's antics.

"Are you crazy, girl?" I said sarcastically.

"Oh, Alice! do I look crazy? I thought I would jump my hair if I would seem to do the scene in the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' when Lucy goes frantic. Mrs. Green often used to drive the life out of Isabella and let me sense, but leave—my soul starved for the musical food."

I was too angry to laugh, and for the first time I loosed her ears.

"A blow! Tyrant! Beaver!" she cried, striking at minnie.

She was evidently so Gilbert on the idea of being ill treated that I would not give her the satisfaction of being a martyr, and sent her to change her dress and get ready to take the children out.

Being warm was one of her favorite amusements. She nearly strangled Willie in order to cover her intrusion by taking him to the theater, saying she was defying Kinnally in the "Pirate of Venice," and poor little Nettie she took for a footstool and there herself desperately right on top of her, as Leonore, in the "Maid of the Haunted Barrygate." As she I let her give the children their soups, put them to sleep in their cribs, made them sick by letting them eat a whole jar of jam at one luncheon, broke a whole washer of crockery by starting at a slight noise, poured a whole pitcher of water on Willie's head instead of into his cup, pinned Nettie's napkin to the tablecloth instead of around her neck, spoiled nearly a pound of butter on a small piece of cake and wiped Willie's mouth with a hairbrush, I took care of their meals myself.

Then I gave her the care of the washing and ironing. That was no better. She mistaken the flannels till they were so stiff as boards, made the pocket handkerchiefs like a shirt front by the same process, squashed the indigo bag till all the white clothes were bright blue and then took out that tinge by scorching their a lively brown.

It was in the manner of one to complain. Mrs. Green had left her $500 to be paid when she was married or come of age, and she made the care of Jennie until that time Mrs. Wood's charge by the conditions of her will, so Mrs. Wood turned her over to me, and a nice time I had of it.

At last she fell in love! All that had gone before was a mere trifle to what came now. She met the man, whom she persisted in calling her fate, in the street, while she was walking with the children. Marcuse, the cook, boasted upon it that it was the baker's boy, but Jennie swamped the supposition. No, he was a gentleman born, now in reduced circumstances, whose heart went out to her when they met. Our conversations now were something after this pattern:

"Jennie, you are spilling that milk all over the floor!"

"Oh, Alice, such eyes!"

"Take care, Jennie; you'll drop the baby into the fire!"

"Oh, such a mustache, so black, so silky, and such teeth!"

"Jennie, you are brushing Willie's hair with the hand of the brush."

"I wish you could see him, Alice! Such hair and expression! Such an admirer!"

"Jennie, don't you hear how baby is screaming? You are running the pin right into the child!"

"Oh, Alice, he is just like Rupert of Castle Rock!"

"Jennie, you are choking Nettie to death, drawing her sash so tight!"

"Oh, Alice, I am all impatience to get out. He promised to finish the forty first canto of his poem and repeat it to me today. Oh, how he does quote!"

This was my last day of trial. The children came home alone and crept into the nursery, very much terrified, having been found by a policeman in the navy yard, where they had wandered after Jennie left them. Fortunately Willie had been taught to repeat his name and address, so they were towards directly home.

There was some company in the evening, and friends of Mrs. Wood's, and the children were ordered down into the parlor after tea. As Jennie had not yet made her appearance I went with them. We were all listening to Nettie sing one of her little songs, when bang went the parlor door, and Jennie rushed in, the nice colored hair all flying, her bonnet hanging by the strings, her dress looking as if somebody had thrown it at her. She rushed at Mrs. Wood, and fell down on her knees screaming:

"Pardon! Pity and forgive me!" and then she emptied her hair all up and placed it to rock in turn.

Mrs. Wood did not know about the children, so she said, in an astonished tone:

"What does all this mean?"

"Mean! Love! Hopeless love! I have my fault! Let love to my excuse!"

"What ails you? Are you demented, girl?"

"Would you have passion fallen to the value of parchment? My novels! Have you would forbid our nuptials? We my case?"

"In the name of common sense, what does all this mean?" said Mr. Wood, coming forward.

As he spoke a tall, really handsome young man stepped from the entry into the room.

"It means, sir, that this lady is my wife. She has informed me that her fortune is in your hands, and fearing your opposition we were privately married today. As your son-in-law—"

"My word, sir! That girl is my money maid!"

It was the young man's turn to grow white to did, but when Mrs. Wood informed him that Jennie could receive her $500 by calling at the office in the morning he recovered, and taking Jennie by the hand said:

"Come, my love, we will go."

"Stunned!" cried Jennie. "Farewell, my benefactress! Farewell, friend and counselor of my long-past youth! this was in vain. "Farewell, ye shades where my young years have wandered, where talking joys I have shared. Farewell, scenes and haunts of my youth. A long long farewell!" And then with another scream she handed in her husband's arms, who carried her into the hall.

"Do shut the door," said Willie; "she always wanted my coat."

I saw her a few moments later, smoothing her hair and arranging her dress, apparently very well satisfied with her pay raise speech.

"Well, I wish it was better than a month since, when one day the door was opened, and she appeared, saying, 'She was so pale, and seemed so tired and seemed tired I scarcely knew her.'

"Alice," she said briefly, "do you think Mrs. Wood would let me come back if I try to do better?"

"Why, Jennie, yes," I said finally, for her eyes were full of tears "what's wrong?"

"It is all wrong, Alice, and all my own fault to blame for it. The day I went from here Edgar—my husband, I mean, for I didn't mind that is too bad sometimes—proposed for us to go to Raphael with him. He said he was a gentleman there, and would make us a lady. So I gave him my money, and we went to New York to wait for a steamer. All my things were sent on board, and we were to sail last Wednesday. We were on the wharf, and the people were on board, but he kept saying there was no hurry and talking and chatting till they pulled in the plank then he cried:

"Goodby, Jennie; thank you for the cash," and jumped aboard."

"Leaving you?" I cried.

"Yes. I couldn't help you, you know. He's gone, and taken all my money, except one five dollar bill, and that pale brought me home."

"Well, Jennie, you are an object of interest."

"Oh, Alice, don't don't say those heartful words to me. If I had only minded my work I never would have fallen into such mishaps. I will try, indeed I will, to do better, if Mrs. Wood will take me back."

Search the city over now, and you will not find a fairer, handier little maid than Jennie, the object of interest.—Time Flag.

Curious Construction from a Dog.

A Deer Isle man has a curiosity in the shape of an egg, which had on one end a cupid's dishwasher, which, being fitted, showed a full sized cranberry bean between the cup of the shell and the inner lining membrane of the egg.

He wants to know how it got there and if any one ever saw the like. It is a novel way to raise beans at least.—Bangor (Me.) Commercial.

Noticeable.

"And what is the name of your friend?"

"Smith."

"Oh, dear me! How do you tell him from all the rest of them?"

"By his first name. It is John."—Life.

How a Snake Committed Suicide.

Surprise something swallow prey so much too big for their digestion that they are really burst from repletion. The instance is recorded of a boa constrictor which swallowed a goat, the horns of which pierced the belly of the monster and killed him.—Washington Star.

IMMEDIATE.

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LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court of and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the estate of Mary Tate, Deceased.

Order to show cause why sale of real estate should not be made.

JACOB G. TATE AND THOMAS GILLEN, having filed their petition herein, representing that the said Mary Tate, late of said County, died on the 12th day of February, A. D. 1892, leaving her surviving her husband, the said petitioner, Jacob G. Tate, and the said petitioner, Thomas Gillen, her only heirs at law, and that the said deceased left no will and no debts, and that the said petitioners are the sole owners of the said estate, and that the said deceased died seized and possessed of the following described real estate, situate in said County, to wit: Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40,