

THE NEWS' SUPPLEMENT.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1865.

[CONTINUED.]

A DEAD SEA APPLE.

"Put not your trust in Princes."—Psalms 46, iii.

And that was where he made a great mistake, in spite of his good sense. If a woman fancies a man, you can make her love him by abusing him in her presence. If she already loves him, you only make her hate you.

(At this point I am interrupted by an Obdurate Parent, who says, "Zounds, sir, what am I to do then? If my daughter hankers after a good-for-nothing scapegrace, what am I to say to cure her?" And I answer the obdurate one very meekly, "Sir, that is just what I should like to know.")

The result of Fay Somers's well-intended expression was that Imogene at once thought him a little soft about herself, and jealous, therefore, of Ned Dewey. The whole-souled manner in which he made love to Lottie Saxton, in order to confute this idea, was highly creditable to him. He was Byronic for a week.

As for Imogene, she gave herself entirely over to a sort of blind adoration of Dewey. She made a prince of him, and put all her trust in princes. He told her of his late father, Judge Dewey, twice Senator, and son of Captain Dewey, who commanded a ship of war in 1812. The Captain's father, he said, was Gen. Dewey, of revolutionary fame; and brother to Governor Dewey, of one of the colonies, under George IV. He farther spoke of the magnificent old country seat his father had left him, with its picture gallery full of the portraits of the worthies just mentioned, and their wives, all uniforms and brocades, and gold braids and laces; of the long drawing-rooms, the grand dining hall, the library, the grounds, all in true old baronial style, till Imogene, rich and luxuriously reared as she was, began to look up to him as a being of almost a different social sphere.

Their talk together was of the most audaciously aristocratic nature. They fostered in themselves and encouraged in each other that wretched contempt for "common people" upon which much of our parvenue aristocracy rests. I must acknowledge that I don't like common people, myself, but I find mine, most frequently, among the rich and intolerant exclusives. I know farmers, merchants and book-keepers who are worth a city full of club loafers and opera habitués.

The canary bird couple, however, by "common people," meant all those who earn their living and respect the future more than the past.

"The sere, the yellow leaf," came in due form to Belle Lake, much as it comes elsewhere, and warned the pleasure seekers there assembled that it was time to return to city comforts, for lotus eating was at an end.

Fay Somers packed his modest baggage in sorrow, for the poet side of his nature had revelled with great joy in the merry green wood and upon the clear blue water, and he felt a natural dislike for the compulsory tasks and mechanical routine of journalism, to which he looked forward.

Imogene Fraser prepared for her exodus more hopefully.

If Ned Dewey admired her *en campagne* how she would astonish him in town with her rich toilet for the carriage, the opera, the ball room, the thousand and one appliances of art, that are appropriate to the social round of a metropolis, but not to the simplistic ease affected by the transient sojourner of a watering-place.

So these birds of passage parted, twittering many promises of future meeting, and flew away in different directions.

As Imogene was awaiting the stage which was to bear her to the railroad de-

pot, Dewey came whirling around in an elegant light carriage with two handsome bays, and begged the privilege of driving her himself. His trunks were to follow that afternoon, and he might not see her again until his return from Europe; for he contemplated a few months abroad.

At this news, Imogene's countenance fell. She readily accepted his invitation, and nerved herself for the parting words with a mingled sentiment of joy and fear.

These words contained, as she had expected, a declaration, which she was willing enough to accept. They farther contained a proposition which made her hesitate. Dewey wished her to marry him instantly, and set off for a European wedding tour, all without consulting her guardian or friends.

This puzzled her. She thought that such a princely person could not fail to delight all who wished her well, and that the marriage would be considered an extremely fortunate one for her. She demanded time, therefore, to consider the question.

Arrived at the depot, a short stoutish person in a grey suit, wearing a glazed cap and a thick black beard under his chin, came up and nodded to Dewey, saying, "I want to say a private word to you."

The young man went aside with him, and when favored with a glance at some legal-looking papers, immediately after which the stout person took him firmly by the arm, and said aloud, "You're my prisoner, sir, in the name of the law!"

Imogene felt very faint, but controlled herself. Dewey turned pale, laughed a little gasping, artificial laugh, and endeavored to say that this ridiculous mistake could be easily explained. The remark, however, was a dead failure.

"I wish this person to explain it first," said Imogene, faintly.

"Why, Miss, you see I'm a detective officer, and I've been laying for this gent for some time. Mr. Squires, who keeps the Arizona hotel, in California, sent me a description of him and his carte-de-visite, Miss. I've got it here."

And the wretch produced a photograph, the very twin of the one that Imogene had stowed away among her treasures.

"There ain't any mistake about it's being him," continued the detective.

"But for what—for what is he—is—he—arrested?" faltered the poor girl.

"Why, Miss, for leaving Californy too sudden, with Mr. Squires' money—eighteen thousand dollars—and a matter of seven thousand more in jewelry and such."

"But, Mr. Dewey—"

"Dewey, Miss! That's his swell name and he ain't a swell no longer. He's plain Ned Dancan, defaulting bar-keeper of the Arizona hotel. Come along, Dancan we'll go by this train, I guess. There's a Californy steamer the day after to-morrow, and I want to send information by her of the arrest. I'm very sorry Miss, for you; I don't s'pose you had an idea of who you was with. Good morning, Miss."

He touched his hat and walked away with the rueful Dewey, whose courage and presence of mind were entirely gone, and accompanied his man with an air of dogged submission.

(Concluded on page 39.)

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JNO. CLARK.

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East Temple Street, Great Salt Lake City.

GROCERIES AND DYE STUFFS, CUTLERY

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WALKER BROTHERS,

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One Block East and Half a Block South of Theatre.

11-3m

BANKERS.

BEN HOLLADAY.

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11-1

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SCOTT, KERR & Co.

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SCOTT, KERR & Co.,

BANKERS,

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13-6m

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L. P. FISHER,

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No. 626 Washington Street, San Francisco.

Is our authorized Agent in San Francisco, to

receive Advertisements and Subscriptions, and

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Business Cards.

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To the Citizens of Utah Territory.

We are prepared to

TAN LEATHER ON SHARES.

One third LEATHER, first class, returned

for HIDES.

Bring on your Hides and be accommodated.

COLE & BRIM, 1st Ward, G.S.L. City.

11-6m

P. MARGETTS,

CARRIES ON

GENERAL BLACKSMITHING BUSINESS.

Next to Faust's Livery Stables.

Horse and Ox Shoeing done on short

notice.

16-6m.

JAMES MCGHIE,

WEAVER AND DYER,

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Cloth of every kind wove to order. A

BROAD LOOM in operation for weaving

BLANKETS & SHAWLS, full width.

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Terms Moderate.

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Chair and Furniture Establishment,

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6 1/2 Blocks East, 1/2 Block South of Temple

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15-12m

TERMS MODERATE.

CHARLES F. JONES,

Half Block South of Court House, G. S. L. City.

Possesses every facility for Manufacturing

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Baskets of every description, and best

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Workmanship.

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PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO PUR-

CHASES FOR UTAH.

23-1

J. MECHLING, M. D.

LATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

OFFICE, AT MRS. KAYS FAST TEMPLE

STREET, G. S. L. CITY, UTAH.

18-4

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School Books and Stationery, Groceries, Shee

Makers Findings, &c., &c.

WANTED: FLOUR, BUTTER, EGGS,

FISH & HORSE OIL, & GREENBACKS.

One Door North of Kimball & Lawrence's.

17-4m

A GENERAL INVITATION.

If you wish to ride with ease,

Call at our shop if you please.

Pay your money, take a saddle,

Put it on your horse and then skedaddle.

Harness too made good and strong.

If you want them come along;

Good collars too made of kip.

Also sheepskin that may rip.

But if the best you wish to buy.

To fill your bill we'll gladly try;

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All kinds of produce we take for pay.

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SHOP adjoining Faust's Livery Stables,

G. S. L. City.