

THE EVENING NEWS.

Friday, March 10, 1871.

A GOOD FIX.

Peter was a lankold man and very wily; he could climb a tree like a squirrel, and I was aghast. The whole conception was romantic, if you will, but grand! I thought so—Clara thought so—Peter thought so. The idea was from Mallard's picture, which we both carefully studied, and if Peter had not generally disposed of it all at once, I might at the same time asking any "kind consideration as a gentleman born with a warm heart, to an abiding base in the parlor," the romance would have been pure and unalloyed.

Clara dethed the obdurate guardian for two months; it was a February day. Salina, Muggins between us, I was advancing in an easy and unassuming manner upon the secret post-office in the wood, half a mile from Mr. Rowley's house, when I became conscious of the whole perfidy. I was close upon the tree—that brave old oak which had held so many secrets—when voices in another direction ailed my soul with horror. They were the voices of Samuel Rowley, Esq., J. P., and Peter Stokes, my Master. I sank down in the dead grass—there was a quiver in his voice, and the damp struck me at once—and trembled for me. I was not an instant soon; their footsteps were upon me. Mr. Rowley's right foot was nearly upon me, also; he shaved my features by a hair's breadth, and passed on. The harsh tones of his voice rang in my ears an instant afterward.

"You don't consider yourself an abominable scamp, I suppose?" said Mr. Stokes, the impudent old vagabond, to act as a go-between to a silly school girl and that idiot of a boy? You never thought of the harm of encouraging this, did you?"

"I'm sorry, sir," whimpered Peter.

"Teaching my ward to be decadent, for the sake of a few sixpences, I suppose?"

"We never had a ha'penny, your honor; much more a sixpence."

Neither had he. They were generally half grown when he was in the habit of receiving from me.

"You deserve to be kicked out of my service, Stokes—drummed out of the village, for a wicked old hypocrite!"

"They were very fond of each other, sir, and Miss Clara used to ask me so beseeching; and when I told her there was harm in it, she said, 'Hush, I am a widow.' The dear garden's knowing anything about it, she alights as if it was for the last time, sir—really.

"If it was not for your age, Stokes, I'd send you about your business this very day."

"I'm sorry, sir," Stokes said again, shedding many tears.

"Is this the tree?"

"And Clara's last letter is up there now, eh? In that hole? Now, no more lies!"

"Yes, sir, in that hole."

"How on earth do you get at it?"

"Master Huskisson climbs up there, sir, for his answer. I'll get up and fetch down Miss Clara's letter in a minute."

There was still some episode of his own he wished to obtain, as well, perhaps, and had invented some scheme to save dear Clara's miseries from scrupulous eyes. But Mr. Rowley suspected this old servitor.

"Stop where you are, Stokes; he roared forth; "I'll have no more of your monkey tricks. Give me back."

"Give you back? What you rascals, and I'll jump on it and get the letter myself."

"Jump on it?" repeated Stokes, with a look of dismay at Mr. Rowley's portly figure; it don't strike me that I can bear your weight, master."

"It will be only for a minute," said Mr. Rowley quite brutally; "and if I break your back, it will serve you right enough. I'm not an elephant, man, and I will have no more of this nonsense."

Mr. Stokes resisted no farther. He made his back, as if about to commence a game of leap-frog with a justice of the peace; and with more agility than I had given Mr. Rowley credit for, the guardian was off, and within an inch or two of our letter-box.

"O, lord! shall you be long, sir?" asked Mr. Stokes, groaning softly to himself.

"Rouse your shoulder you rascal, a little more," cried his employer.

Stokes did so, and from my hiding place I saw the hand of Mr. Rowley strive, with some difficulty—for it was a fat gouty hand, I have already said—to force itself into that cage, which had contained so many of my dear Clara's epistles. Samuel Rowley was an excitable man; for he swore a little in his efforts, and turned very red, and moved his feet restlessly upon poor Stokes's back.

"I have got it!" he cried at last. "The artful jade—the cunning plotting little minx to serve her own guardian in this off!"

"What's the matter, sir?"

"Wait a moment Stokes—don't shake, O, lor, have mercy upon us, O, damn it! O, dear, what is to be done?"

"Is anything particular the matter, sir?" Not a hussler, a hope, or a nest of scoundrels ever troubled him. Stokes had the most little mites, however, in his pocket, which we called it at school—to sustain his laughing and sardonic countenance.

"No, Stokes, it's something much worse, I'm sorry to say."

"Wus, sir?" said Stokes, who left off laughing immediately.

"Yes—I can't get my hand out."

"The devil you can't, sir," cried Stokes in dismay.

"I've twisted somehow, or swollen, or the wod has gripped me. Wait a moment Stokes. O, it's all up with me! I can't!"

"Take it quiet, sir. Keep cool, or you'll never do it—don't agitate yourself—but for Gord's sake look sharp. I'm cracking."

"Don't mind Stokes—you are a man, don't mind. If you were to drop, I cannot imagine what would become of me. It will be all right in a minute."

"Make it so, if you can," groaned Stokes, all the while looking frantic and head-achy. "O, lor, what is to be done? Are you out, sir?"

"We're not the bad, Stokes. I'm a dead-man, if you never, I am indeed."

Stokes burst into tears, and howled with all his might; and Mr. Rowley shouted a great deal, and swore a great deal, too. Stokes would have run for it probably, for he was encumbered fast to his dead weight above him, had not Mr. Rowley held him by the throat with his boots, and fixed him, too. In another moment I had sprung to my feet, and was rushing to the rescue.

"I am really very sorry, Mr. Rowley; I can be of any assistance!"

"Assistance, you—you young dev— Yes, you can, my dear child. Run for a ladder, and a saw, or something, as quick as lightning, to the rescue."

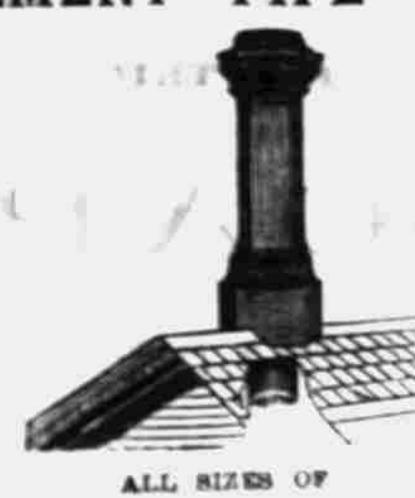
"We're not the bad, Stokes. I'm a dead-man, if you never, I am indeed."

As I prepared to obey Mr. Rowley's command, "don't run—just hold him, and run, or bust him up in a minute," Mr. Huskisson don't leave me any longer to come and take a turn. He's not so bad when you're used to him—he isn't indeed."

I saw the necessity of advancing to the rescue at once, and so did Mr. Rowley. I was tall for my age and tolerably strong, and I hastened to take the place of Mr. Stokes, which I did with great caution on all sides. Behold me at last bearing the guardian of Clara on my shoulders, and feeling terribly the weight of my fat, round body, and holding with his foot to the tree, still exerting his ingenuity to get his hand out of the trap.

To be continued.

NORTHWESTERN CEMENT PIPE CO.



ALL SIZES OF

Sewer and Drain Pipe

Constantly on hand.

We offer for sale CHIMNEYES, made of HYDRAULIC CEMENT PIPE.

The advantages, as compared with an average of brick chimneys, are about one-half COST.

occupying about half the room, and being much more durable and cost attainable.

The joints are cemented with cement, and are equivalent to a solid continuous pipe.

They are used in all classes of buildings, and are especially adapted for

FARM HOUSES,

as any practical man can erect his own chimney, and build the Celebrated LOUISVILLE HYDRAULIC CEMENT for sale at Lowest Rates.

(P. O. DRAWER 110.)

OMAHA, - NEBRASKA.

CINCINNATI TRADE.

The Best Bituminous Coal Cooking Stove,

MONITOR!



WITH OR WITHOUT EXTENDED TOP!

Unequalled in the World for

CONVENIENCE,

CLEANLINESS,

DURABILITY

and ECONOMY OF FUEL

THE QUICKEST AND BEST BAKING STOVE MADE

Warranted to give Satisfaction in all cases.

Large numbers now in use in Salt Lake City, and the trade constantly increasing;

ALSO

The Celebrated Wood Cooking Stove,

FASHION

Combining all the Modern Improvements.

Manufactured by W. H. REED & CO., CINCINNATI, O.

FOR SALE IN SALT LAKE CITY BY ZION'S

Co-operative Mercantile Inst'n

30-40

Z. C. M. I.

Clothing Department.

GREAT REDUCTION IN OVERCOATS!

HEAVY GOODS, and all kinds of

WINTER CLOTHING.

Now is the Time to Buy!

JUST RECEIVED!

An immense Stock of NEW KNICKERBOCKER PRIZE COLLARS

Each Box contains a PRIZE.

A FULL VARIETY of

Gents' Furnishing Goods

VALISES AND CARPET SACKS.

CARPETS, MATTING, FLOORCLOTHS

WALL PAPER AND DECORATIONS.

Always on hand and for Sale by the yard, &c.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH CASSIMMERS, DRESSES, BODICES, BLOUSES, MILITARY CLOTHS, HOME-MADE TWEEDS, ETC.

SURTS MADE TO ORDER.

MILITARY TRIMMINGS, IN GREAT VARIETY.

MILITARY TRIMMINGS, IN GREAT VARIETY.