

[From the Watchman and Reflector.]

THE PROUD HEART HUMBLLED.

"But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."

The March night had darkened down upon the little New England village of Ashdale. It was a pretty place in summer, lying between two hills, on whose summits the ash trees lifted their green arms to the sky, all the long bright days, as if imploring a benediction, or spread them out lovingly over the white houses nestled round the one church in the vale below.

But to-night it wore a different aspect.—A storm was upon the hill. A little snow and hail were borne upon its wings, but not much. Chiefly it was the force of the rustling winds; shaking the leafless ash trees; hurling against closed windows; swinging the bell in the old church tower, till it gave forth, now and then, a dirge-like peal, as if the dead were tolling their own requiems.

Many homes there were where the wild scene without seemed but to heighten by the force of contrast, the blessed calm within—homes where smiling infants slept warm and still, through the twilight, in the soft hush of mother-bosoms, and happy children gathered round the knee of father or grand-sire, to hear again some simple story; or thoughtful ones looked into the fire, and fashioned from the embers brave castles, in which they were to dwell in the coming time, with, over all, the sunshine of youth and hope. Twenty years from now they would look into the embers again, and see those fair castles, in which they had never come to abide with ruined windows and blackened walls:

"The twilight of memory over all,
And the silence of death within."

But in one house no stories were told to gladly listening ears—no soft evening hymn hushed slumbering babes to rest—no children's eager eyes looked in the embers. It was the stateliest house, by far, in the little village—a lofty mansion, gleaming through the trees, with the roof supported by massive pillars. Nowhere did the evening fire burn brighter, but into it looked two old people, worn and sorrowful, with the shadows of grief and time upon their shrivelled faces—two who had forgotten long ago, their youth's fair castles; who looked back over waste fields of memory, where not even setting sunrays gilded the monuments built to their dead hopes.

They sat there silently. They had sat silently ever since the darkness gathered. The lofty, well furnished room was lighted only by the wood-fire's glow, and in the corners strange shadows seemed to gather, beckoning hands and white brows gleaming spectrally through the darkness. Toward them, now and then, the wife looked with anxious, searching gaze; then turned back again towards the fire, and clasped her hands over the heart that had learned through many trials the hard lesson of patience.

Judge Howard was a stern, self-conceited man. In his native town, where he had passed all his life, none stood higher in public esteem. Towards the poor he was liberal—towards his neighbors just and friendly; yet, for all that he was a hard man, whose will was iron, whose habits were granite. His wife had come to know this, even in her honey-moon—the knowledge was endorsed by her sad, waiting face, her restrained manners.

His daughter Caroline, his only child, had learned it early, and her father became to her almost as much an object of fear as of tenderness.

And yet he loved those two with a strength weaker natures could not have fathomed. When his child was first put into his arms; when her frail, helpless hands groped blindly at his own, he felt the strong thrill of father love come over him. For the moment it swelled his soul, irradiated his face, flooded his heart, but did not permanently change or soften his nature. As she grew up towards womanhood, and her bright head glancing in his path was the fairest sight earth held, her ringing voice, the sweetest music, he never gratified her whims, nor always yielded to her reasonable wishes.

At length love came to her. She gave her heart to one whose father Judge Howard had hated. James Huntley and he had been young together, and a feud had arisen between them, which Rufus Howard's stern nature allowed to neither forget nor forgive. He had yet to learn the lesson, holier than philosophy, loftier than all the teaching of seers and sages, the lesson our Savior lived, wrought, aye, and died to teach, of forgiveness even of our enemies—prayer for those who have spitefully used us and persecuted us. His former enemy was now dead, but not so the Judge's hate. It had been transmitted, like real estate, to the dead man's heir; and so he forbade his daughter to marry him, and sternly bade her choose between parents and lover. She inherited her father's strong will, and she put her hand in Richard Huntley's and went forth—she would not have been her father's child if she had not—without a tear.

From that time, for ten years, her name had been a forbidden word. Letters she had written at first during her banishment, but they had been sent back unopened, and for years no voice or token had come to tell whether she were living or dead.—Therefore the mother looked shudderingly into the shadow-haunted corners in the long twilights, and almost believed that she saw there the faces for which her mother's heart had yearned momentarily, all these years.

Judge Howard loved his wife, too—O, if she had but known it! Every outline of that sad, waiting face, every thread of that silver hair, was dearer to him now than when bridal roses

crowned the girl bride he had chosen, but his lips never soothed away the sadness of that patient face.

"It is a terrible night," he said at length, rousing himself from his long silence. In the pause after his words you could hear how the winds shook the house, groaning among the trees, and sighing along the garden walk.

"Yes, a terrible night," his wife answered with a shudder. "God grant no poor soul may be out in it, shelterless."

"Amen! I would take in my worst enemy on such a night as this."

His worst enemy; but would he have taken in his own child; the daughter with his blood in her veins, fed once at his board, warmed at his hearth? If this question crossed the wife's mind, she gave it no utterance.

"Shall I light the candles, Rufus?" she asked meekly.

"Yes, it is almost bed-time. I had forgotten how long we were sitting in the dark. I will read now, and then we shall be better in bed."

He drew towards him the Bible, which lay between the candles she had lighted—it had been his habit for years to read a chapter nightly. Somehow, to-night, pages opened at the beautiful, ever-new story of the prodigal son. Judge Howard read it through calmly, but his hand trembled as he shut the book.

"Hannah," he began, and then paused as if his pride was still too strong to permit him to confess himself in the wrong. But soon he proceeded. "Hannah, I do suppose that was written for an example to those who should seek to be numbered with the children of God. He is our Father, and His arms are ever open to the wanderer. My heart misgives me sorely about Caroline. She should not have disobeyed me, but—do I never disobey God, and where should I be if He measured out to me such measures as I have measured to her? Oh, Hannah, I never felt before how much I needed to be forgiven."

The mother's tears were falling still and fast—she could not answer. There was silence for a moment, and then again the judge said restlessly—"Hannah!" and she looked up into his white moved face.

"Hannah, could we find her? Do you think she still lives—our one child?"

"God knows, my husband. Sometimes I see her face on dark nights, and it wears a look of heavenly peace. In the winds I hear a voice that sounds like hers; she seems trying to tell me she has found rest. But no, no!"—her face kindled—"she is not dead. I feel it in my soul—God will let us see her once more—I am her mother, I shall not die until my kisses have rested on her cheeks, my hand touched her hair. I believe I have a promise, Rufus."

"God grant it, Hannah."

And after those words they both sat silently again, listening—listening—listening.

They had not heard the door open, but now a step sounded in the hall, and the door of the room where they sat was softly unclosed. They both started up—perhaps they half expected to see Caroline, but it was their next door neighbor, holding by the hand a child. She spoke eagerly, in a half confused way, which they did not notice.

"This child came to my house, Judge, but I hadn't any room to keep her, so I brought her over here. Will you take her in?"

"Surely, surely. Come here, poor child."

Who had ever heard Judge Howard's voice so gentle? The little girl seemed somewhat reassured by it. She crept to his knee and lifted up her face. The Judge bent over her. Whose were those deep blue eyes? Where had he seen that peculiar shade of hair, like the shell of a ripe chestnut? Did he not know those small, sweet features, that wistful mouth, the delicate chin? His hands shook.

"Whose—whose child are you? What is your name?"

"Grace," and the little girl trembled visibly.

"Grace Huntley," said the neighbor's voice, grown somewhat quivering now. "Grace Huntley. You cannot help knowing that face, Judge. It is a copy of one which belonged once to the brightest and prettiest girl in Ashdale."

The old man—he looked very old now, shaken by the tempest in his strong heart as the wind shook the trees outside—drew the child into his bosom with an eager, hungry look. His arms closed round her as if they would hold her there forever.

"My child, my child," burst like a sob from his lips, and then he bent over her silently. At first his wife had stood by in mute amazement, her face almost as white as the cap border which trembled round it. Now a thought pierced her, quick and deep as the thrust of a sword. She drew near and looked piteously into the neighbor's eyes.

"Is she an orphan? Where is her mother?"

The Judge heard her, and lifted up his head.

"Yes," he cried, "where is Caroline? Have pity and tell me where is Caroline?"

Before the woman could answer, an eager voice called—

"Here, father, mother, here."

And from the hall where she had been lingering, half in fear, Judge Howard's own child came in. It was to the mother's breast to which she clung first—the mother's arms which clasped her with such passionate clinging; and then tottered forward, and threw herself down at her father's feet.

"Forgive me, father," she tried to say, but the Judge would not hear her. The angel had troubled, at length, the deep waters of his soul. He saw, in its true light, the self-will and the unforgiving spirit which had been the sin of his life. He sank upon his knees, his arms enfolding his daughter and her child, and his old wife crept to his side and knelt beside him, while from his lips Mrs. Marsh heard, as she

closed the door and left the now united family to themselves, this prayer:

"Father, forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

Judge Howard had not uttered it before for ten years.

After that night the Judge's mansion was not only the stateliest, but the happiest home in Ashdale. Caroline Huntley had borne as long as she could the burden of weight on her heart, and when it had grown too heavy to be endured, she had started with her child for home. The stage had set them down that stormy night in her native village, and the forgiveness for which she scarcely dared to hope had expanded into welcome.

The old people could not again spare their daughter, and they called Richard Huntley home. A son he proved, of whom any father might be proud, and in after years no shadows brooded over the peaceful dwelling, where once more children's feet danced round the hearth fire, and children's fancies built castles in the embers—no shadows, until that last darkness came which should be but the night before which will rise the calm morning of eternity.

A Miner's Fortnight Expenses.

The Mariposa Star says: The table submitted is furnished by a California merchant, and is a verbatim extract of a diary kept by an honest miner in that locality:

July 1—20 drinks	\$2 50
" 2—1 box matches and 7 drinks	1 00
" 3—8 pounds potatoes	50
" 3—1 Bottle of Balm	75
" 3—Evening drinks	1 50
" 4—Sundry drinks at divers times	4 50
" 5—Codfish	50
" 5—Morning drinks	75
" 5—Afternoon do	1 25
" 6—1 bottle whisky	75
" 6—1 pound soda crackers	25
" 7—Tobacco	25
" 7—4 drinks	50
" 9—1 bottle Balm	75
" 10—10 drinks	1 25
" 10—8 pound potatoes	50
" 11—8 drinks	1 00
" 11—Onions	25
" 12—Bacon and 6 drinks	1 75
" 13—1 bottle whisky and 5 drinks	1 20
" 14—Codfish	50
" 14—Weekly drinks	2 50
	\$24 75

Thus making a grand total of \$24 75 for two weeks, or \$12 37½ a week for the necessities of life.

Note.—The man is strictly economical, a member of the "Dashaways," and asserts that it is only by temperance, industry and prudence that he is able to meet his current expenses; and also adds that it is a wonder how people who drink to excess can manage to keep even in poor diggings.

Desperate Gambling.

A temporary agent of the American Express Company, at Terre Haute, Indiana, within the past two or three weeks, has taken packages and parts of packages of various amounts of money passing through that office, in such sums as to make an aggregate reaching nearly \$40,000. This was all staked and lost at gambling tables. The last sum taken was an entire package of \$14,000 for the Park County Bank. This was all lost in one night at a gambling saloon. Growing desperate at this heavy loss—the last of a series of considerable length—the express agent pulled a pistol from his pocket and demanded the money or the life of the winner of the pile. The money was handed back to him, and his depredations in the express office discovered the next day.

Measures were taken to recover the money, nearly all of which was ascertained to be in the hands of parties in Terre Haute—mostly young men in the habit of playing cards for amusement and profit. The position of the parties holding the money was such that, in order to prevent exposure, the whole amount of the money stolen, staked and lost, with the exception of some \$300, was surrendered to the Express Company.—[Indianapolis Journal.]

Judging from the newspaper accounts that come to us, of depredations and embezzlements in the Post Office department, money is no safer there than in the hands of express agents. Mail and express robberies are becoming very frequent. When will such things cease.

A DEVONSHIRE DUMPLING.—On the opening of the Dartmouth and Torbay Railway (England) recently, the navvies and other persons employed in constructing the line were entertained at dinner, the principal feature being a "Devonshire dumpling" of unusual magnitude. It was in the form of a cone, about eight feet in diameter at the base, and about thirteen feet in perpendicular height. It weighed 2,100 lbs., and its ingredients were 573 lbs of flour, 191 lbs of bread, 382 lbs of raisins, 191 lbs of currants, 382 lbs of suet, 95 lbs of sugar, 320 lemons, 144 nutmegs, and 360 lbs of milk. It was baked in sections, and then built up on a wagon, the fabric being kept together by hoops and other mechanical devices.

THE NEXT THING TO IT.—"Got any ice at your end of the table Bill?"

"No; but I've got the next thing to it."

"What's that?"

"A severe cold."

DESERET ALPHABET.

Long	Short	Y	h	L	eth
a o t	7	p	x	the	
3 a 2	a	b	s		
g ah j	q	t	6	z	
o au w	a	d	p	esh	
o o r	c	che	s	zhe	
o oo q	q	g	4	ur	
a i	o	k	l		
g ow	o	ga	7	m	
u woo	p	f	4	n	
y ye	e	v	n	eng	

* In the following example when the name of a letter occurs, as for instance 7 in TEAR3, instead of 7a46 it is 7a46.

o o l 6 t 4 8 7 8 e v 7. 5.

1. o a 7 8 a p q q u w 4 8 o o 8 7 7 o 8 y 8 8 w 8 o w a, 7 a 8 7 o 7 o 4 4 a 8 7 7 o 7 a 4, 8 7 4 7 o 7 a 8 8 8 7 o 8 7 o 4 6 w 8 f o l 6: f o 4 8 3 o w 4 8 t a 4 4 w 7 8 7 7 8 3 8 o 8 8 8.

2. a 4 w 7 4 8 o u t 8 8 a 7 8 l, 7 a 8 l 7 4 w 7 8 7 4 y 8 o 4 7 8 7 7 7 8 7 7 o 7 7 4 4 t l 7 8 f o 4 o w a: f o 4 o w a t 6 t 4 y 2 8 4, 7 a 8 3 7 7 4 4 4 l: 8 o 4 f o 4 l 7 8 8 a u 4 8 6 8 f t 9.

3. f o 4 3 8 4 8 7 o 7 7 l l 4 o 8 7 7 7 7 7 7 8 w 8 8 t 6 4 8; 7 a 8 3 f o l 6 8 o t 8 t 6 4 o 4 8 a 7 7 7 7 7 7 8 w 8 u 4 8 6.

4. y w 4 8 8 8 8 7 3 8 8 7 7 7 o 7 7 o w a, 8 f 2 4 4 w 7 7 o 7 3 t 7; f o 4 y 8 8 l 4 o 7 l 7 8 4 t 4 f o l 6: 7 3 8 7 7 7 7 8 8 y 8 8 7 8 8 8 8.

5. 8 7 4 t 6 t 7 8 7 7 8 8 o 7 8 8 7 4 w 7 8 8, 8 7 4 8 7 8 8 o 7 8 8 7 8 8 7 a 4 w 7 7 3.

6. 8 7 4 4 w 7 8 a 7 8 l 7 o o o 6 8 a f l 7 o 8 t 4: 4 o 8 4 8 3 8 8 8 f o 4 8 3 4 9, 8 7 7 t 7 u w 6 7 4 4 4 4: y w 3 4 f o 4 o 7 8 8 o w a 8 7 7 o 4 t 7 7 8 a 8 o t 8, 7 a 8 8 7 4 o t 8 u 4 o w 8 8 7 4 y 7 4 8 6.

7. f o 4 t 4 8 7 7 7 7 7 7 8 w 8 8 4 8 7 6 7 a 8 7 t u 4 8 6 8 3 4 8 4 o l 8 o 8 a 8 4 6 8 7 4 t 7 t 6; 8 7 7 f o 4 8 8 o w a.

DESERET NEWS OFFICE,
COUNCIL HOUSE,

CORNER OF SOUTH AND EAST TEMPLE STREETS.

\$6 per Annum in Advance.

JOB PRINTING!

We are prepared to execute, on the shortest notice, and at fair prices, every species of LETTER PRESS PRINTING:

Books, Blanks, Cards, Handbills,

POSTERS, &c., &c., in the latest and most approved style. We invite the attention of those desiring work in our line.

ADVERTISING.

[Ten Lines, or less, constitute One Square.]

REGULAR ADVERTISEMENTS:
One Quarter Column, (three squares or less) for each insertion : : : : \$1.50
Half Column, (seven squares or less) each ins. 3.00
One Column, (fourteen squares or less) " 6.00

SUNDY ADVERTISEMENTS:
One Square, each insertion : : : : \$1.00
Two Squares " : : : : 1.50
Three " " : : : : 2.00
Thus upward, with a half dollar to the additional 5 for each insertion.

BOOK-BINDING

In all the branches carried on in connection with this Office. Send in your orders.

OCTAVE URSENBACH
WATCH & Clock Maker, Gold & Silversmith, East Temple St., in Goldie's Drug Store, G.S.L. City.
A full assortment of materials will be received in two or three weeks.
Currency, Territorial, County and City Scrip, and Produce taken for pay. 28-3m

FOR SALE.

A GOOD half lot with an adobe house of two rooms and cellar, as well as stable and other out buildings, situated on west side of middle block of 7th Ward.
Also, a good five acre farming lot, situated near Pres. Young's mill, formerly known as Chase's mill.
The above property will be sold cheap.
Terms made known on application to
ANGUS M. CANNON,
West side of N. E. 11th, 7th Ward.