

BY ALF. BURNETT.

A City Belle the other day,  
Was tripping 'long the street;  
A little bonnet hid her neck,  
And high-heeled shoes her feet.  
She wore a brown new satin dress,  
And parson to match,  
And thought she surely could not fall  
Some young fop's heart to catch.

She swung herself from side to side,  
The pavement was too small,  
She took up the entire walk—  
The pavement, curb, and all.  
Her cheeks were so full of pain,  
Her face so full of smiles,  
And from her jewels one would guess  
Her father had the 'pides.

A farmer's boy there chanced to pass,  
Who'd come to town to see  
The Elephant and other sights,  
He thought—'What can this be?  
He thought so strong he thought aloud,  
A wag was passing by,  
'Why that,' says he, 'is a wondrous bird,  
You watch, and it will fly.'

The Belle walked on, and close behind  
Followed the farmer's son,  
Where'er she walked he followed still,  
Until the set of sun.

In vain she stopped to make a call,  
In hopes that he would leave,  
When 'er she sniled out again,  
He was close to her side.

And thus they walked for many a mile,  
And many a smile to see,  
A modern Belle and farmer's son  
In such proximity.

The lady's proximity that day,  
Was anything but pleasant,  
To be mistaken for a bird,  
Perhaps, some kind of Phœnix.

At length the patience of the boy,  
Seemed to be quite worn out,  
When he began to clap his hands,  
And stamp his feet, and shout.  
As they came hurrying hither,  
To hear the country lad exclaim,  
'Oh, bird, why don't you fly?  
I've followed in the live-long day,  
In hopes to see it rise,  
I wonder where it keeps its wings,  
How sparkling now its eyes—  
I hope it isn't going to die.'

The Belle then did scream,  
'The boy he takes me for a bird,  
Or am I in a dream?  
'And are you not a lady-bird?  
A looker-on did say,  
'Your feathers, silk, and satins all,  
Your plumage rich and gay,  
If for a bird you'd not be taken,  
And live to be thought human,  
Dress something near like others do,  
At least, more like a woman.'

[From Gleason's Pictorial.

THE TWO STUDENTS.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JUN.

In one of our large suburban towns lived a man named John Atkins. He was one of those men who had made their way to wealth, affluence and honor by strict integrity and attention to business. Every penny of his great wealth had been honestly earned, and he richly merited all the love and respect that were bestowed upon him. Mr. Atkins was now a widower, and his household was managed by his daughter, a fair, blooming girl of eighteen summers. Her name was Laura, and her beauty and wealth made her the object of a vast number of suitors.

Attached to Mr. Atkins' establishment was a young man named Jared Walker. He was about eighteen years of age, and was the son of a man who had once been in the merchant's employ. When his father died he was left poor and friendless, and Mr. Atkins hired him to take charge of the garden and stable. He had now been with his present patron a little more than two years, and during that time had proved himself not only capable of all things which he undertook, but also most scrupulously faithful and trustworthy.

Not far from the dwelling of Mr. Atkins stood a college—one of the most flourishing and noted in the Union. Mr. Atkins himself had never had the advantages of a college education, but he had yet picked up a vast deal of information, more of real practical information than a man could gain in a lifetime within the walls of a college; but he was the best friend to that institution who made the best use of his time.

One summer's evening, while Mr. Atkins and his child were sitting in one of the drawing-rooms, a visitor was announced. He was a young man, and both the merchant and his daughter received him very kindly. His name was Albert Landown, and he was the child of wealthy parents. Young Landown, though only about nineteen, was considered the favored suitor for Laura's hand, and from his manner it was evident that he had the same opinion himself. If he possessed any peculiar traits of character they were rather of the negative kind, though perhaps his love of self, and pride in wealth, may have been of rather a positive character.

'Laura,' said the young man, after the usual civilities of the meeting had been passed, 'who is that fellow that works around your garden here?'

'O, that is Jared Walker. He lives with us now. Don't you remember his father—old Timothy Walker—that used to live in the little black house back of the college?'

'Seems to me I do remember such a name, but I never knew him.'

'He used to work for father, but he died a few years ago, and Jared came to live with us. "Al—'is it possible?" uttered the youth, with a condescending air. 'Yes, it is just like your father, always kind. But this Master Jared needs some better manners.'

'Better manners?' iterated Laura, looking up with some surprise. 'Why, I thought Jared was one of the most scrupulous young men in his manners.'

'Perhaps he is—ah, I don't doubt it. But he actually bowed to me in the street this morning, bowed to me when I was in company with a couple of friends from the South. Really, I felt as though I should sink through the sidewalk. Hadn't you better speak with him, and tell him not to recognize me in the street again?'

'You must excuse me, Mr. Landown, for I couldn't do such errands, even for you. I only need the rest of the young men in our town needed no more cultivation of manners than Jared Walker.'

'This seemed to operate as a sort of damper upon the rising spirits of the young exclusive, and it was some time before he could rally, but at length he managed to regain his wonted speech, and for a while he rattled away at a mass of "small talk," to which his listener only answered by occasional monosyllables.

'Albert,' at length spoke Mr. Atkins, laying aside the paper which he had been reading, and moving his chair nearer to where the young couple sat, 'when do you enter college?'

'Next week,' answered the youth, with a flush of pride.

'And I hope you mean to improve your time to the best advantage.'

'O, certainly,' was Albert's reply; but it was spoken in that off-hand manner which indicates no great depth of purpose.

'You have great advantages,' resumed the old man, 'and it behooves you to make the best use of them in your power. I know of many a

poor boy who would give half the liberty of his lifetime if he could but have the opportunity for an education that you have.'

'Yes—I suppose so,' said Albert; and then he added, with a light laugh, 'and I suppose they would like some of my money, too.'

'Perhaps they might, but those who are wise would not take the money with ignorance; they would rather have the education, for that is by far the nobler portion.'

The old man gave his young friend considerable good advice, but Albert seemed to pay little heed, and at length the task was given up.

'He is young and inexperienced,' said Mr. Atkins to himself, after the youth had gone, 'and I suppose don't like too much advice. I know how it is with these fortunate young men; they want age to sharpen their understandings.'

The old man had just taken his seat again to read a little more in his paper before he retired, when some one rapped upon his door.

'Come in,' said Mr. Atkins.

It was Jared Walker, who entered the apartment. His face was all tremulous with emotion, and he seemed to be laboring under some great anxiety.

'What's the matter, Jared? What's the matter?' kindly asked the old man, as he noticed the youth's perturbation. 'Sit down, sit down, and out with it.'

Jared took a seat, and after a few moments of anxious silence, he said:

'I want to do just as you think best, Mr. Atkins. You have been very kind to me, and God knows that I would not be ungrateful. But I have got a chance to go to another place—a chance to—'

'Say on, say on, Jared,' said Atkins, showing by his tone and manner that he was disappointed. 'If you have found a better place than this, of course I would not keep you. If you can find a better friend than I am, you may go to him.'

'O, it is not that, Mr. Atkins,' quickly cried the youth. 'God knows I shall never find a nobler friend than you have been. But I have got a future to live—I have a manhood to prepare for, and I may never find another opportunity like the present. But I didn't seek the place, sir—they came of their own accord and offered it to me.'

'But what is it, Jared?'

'Why, sir, the professors in the college want me to take care of their rooms, and in return offer to instruct me in all the branches taught in the college. I can have half of every day and nearly the whole of the evening for study. Yet, sir, I will not go if you would rather have me stay with you. You have been very kind to me, and I would not for the world—not even for the education I covet—leave you if you wished me to stay.'

For some moments the old man was silent. There was a rich moisture in his eyes, and his nether lip trembled.

'Jared,' he at length said, 'I think I have been kind to you, but that is no reason why I should now be unkind. You could not have done a thing to give me more real joy than this. I knew not that you had such a desire for learning, or I would have helped you myself.'

'And have you not helped me?' cried Jared with enthusiasm. 'I have had your books, and read them, and I have heard your encomiums upon educated men. I owe it all to you, sir.'

'Well, well, perhaps you do. But I will let you go to the college and try the plan you have formed, on one condition.'

'What is it?' asked the youth.

'That you will consider my house your home; that you will spend your Sabbaths here, and also such of the holidays as you have to spare. You will have no other home, and this will come handy for you.'

It was hard work for Jared to speak, but he managed to promise what his patron had asked, and then he bowed his head and wept. He had not expected such kindness; in his orphaned heart he had laid down the rules of life, but he had not looked for such sympathy and assistance in his hour of need. Each one of those tears that fell from the young man's drooping lids was a volume of thanks to Mr. Atkins, and the heart he had touched, and he felt happier far than as though he had found a mine of gold.

On the first of the next week, Jared Walker took his new situation in the rooms of the college, and on the same day Albert Landown was entered as a freshman. One was poor, the other rich. One came there to study for the future, and the other came because it was fashionable. One came with the determination to be a man, and the other came that he might appear a man.

At first some of the students were inclined to be unkind towards the poor youth, for they found that he enjoyed all the opportunities for advancement that they did, but his uniform gentleness and unobtrusiveness, and his quiet, upright conduct soon won most of them to his friendship. But there was one in the college who still affected to scorn him.

Early one morning, as Jared was going across the college yard with a bucket of water in his hand, he met Albert Landown. To be sure, Jared was dressed in a working garb, and from the very nature of the work he had been doing, he was somewhat dusty; but still he thought it no harm to speak, and so with a bright smile, he bade the other 'good morning.'

'Stop you, a moment,' uttered young Landown, turning round in the face. Jared stopped, and set down his bucket.

'Now look ye,' continued Landown, 'this makes the third or fourth time you have spoken to me since I entered college, and I want to know of it. I thought my silence might have given you the hint, but it seems you are too dull to take a hint. Now don't you dare to recognize me again, for I don't choose to be on terms of intimacy with every floor-sweeper who happens to know me by name.'

Jared did not dare trust himself to make a reply, for he was touched to the quick, and he knew if he gave liberty to his tongue he might say too much, so he picked up his pail and started on his way. Perhaps it was well for Jared that this affair happened, for from that moment he was resolved that Albert Landown should not be the best scholar.

Time passed on, and Jared won more and more upon the respect and love of the professors, and they showed their love by rendering him every assistance in their power. Every Sunday he passed beneath the roof of Mr. Atkins, and that kind old man was highly gratified to find how rapid was the advance which the youth made. But yet he knew not all—the did not know all towards which Jared's mind was grasping. Sometimes Jared sat and conversed with Laura, and he was surprised to find how deep and clear was her understanding.

'Have you studied French, yet?' she asked one day, one Sabbath afternoon, as they sat together.

'Not yet,' returned Jared, 'but I am going to study it.'

'That's right,' continued the fair girl, 'for I am going to study it, and it will be so pleasant to have some one to converse with.'

'Will not Mr. Landown study the language?' Jared asked.

'Perhaps so—he says he shall,' replied Laura. 'But he does not seem to make much of his studies.'

The two had been conversing together for some time, but the introduction of Landown's name seemed to strike a chill to the moods of both, and shortly after they separated. But it was not their last conversation, for they continued often, and with mutual profit, too. Sometimes Mr. Atkins sat by, and heard them, and he never failed on such occasions to elbow by his manner that he enjoyed it much. Yet Mr. Albert Landown was regular in his visits, and once he had asked Mr. Atkins for Laura's hand, but the old man bade him wait until he had graduated from college before he thought of such a matter.

Years are not long in passing away, and the college term at length expired. Four years had gone by since Jared Walker first became a servant in the college, and he had now come

forth with a well-earned diploma. Even the professors were astonished at the amount of learning he had managed to amass to himself, and when he received his degree of Master of Arts, those who bestowed it knew that it was given to one well qualified to claim it.

Mr. Atkins was not a great party politician, but he was, nevertheless, a warm adherent to his political party, and one, moreover, who wielded a vast deal of influence. The presidential chair of the nation had just been filled by a new incumbent, and new appointments were being made. Mr. Atkins was selected to fill the important post of a foreign minister. It was more than he had expected—more than he would have dared to hope for—but it was no more than he deserved, and his superior knowledge well fitted him for the place.

'Well, Albert,' said Mr. Atkins, as the young man was at his house one evening, 'how stands your education now?'

'O—about right,' returned the young man, with a light laugh. 'I got through, but 'twas a tedious job. I thank heaven we go through college but once in a lifetime.'

'You studied French, I think,' the old man continued, not seeming to have relished the previous answer much.

'Yes—I studied it—'twas fashionable, you know, and I had to study it.'

'I suppose you speak the language, then?'

'Well, so far that I don't know. I can read a few sentences, but what's the use?'

'Anything that is worth doing, is worth doing well,' said the old man, somewhat severely. 'Did you study Spanish or German?'

'I dipped into Spanish some, but got sick of it.'

'Well, I am disappointed.'

'Eh?' uttered Landown, starting up. 'I am disappointed. You are probably aware that I have received an appointment, and had some thoughts of making you my secretary, but that is impossible now. I had thought that a residence of a few years in Europe, upon a good salary, would please you.'

'So it would—so it would,' uttered the young man, turning first pale and then crimson. 'Can I not go with you?'

'Not now, Albert,' returned Mr. Atkins. 'You are not qualified for the place. You have every opportunity to prepare yourself, but you see you have neglected it. I am sorry, but I cannot help it.'

'Will Laura accompany you?' faintly asked the youth, after some moments of nervous silence.

'Of course she will go with me.'

'But perhaps I could prepare myself before you go.'

'No—that would be impossible. I shall start next week.'

Sad and dejected did Albert Landown turn his steps away from the dwelling of Mr. Atkins, that evening. But for his disappointment he had no one to blame but himself. The best hours of youthful life he had literally thrown away, and it was now too late to find them again.

'Well, my child,' said Mr. Atkins, coming into the house one day, 'I am all ready to start, and next Monday I shall be off. He spoke in a very happy and satisfied mood.

'Have you engaged a secretary?' asked Laura.

'Yes—an excellent one.'

'Do you know him?'

'O, yes.'

'And who is he?'

'Jared Walker.'

'Jared—'

'Jared Walker, I said. How do you like the idea of his going with us?'

But Laura did not answer. She only hung down her head and trembled, while her father could see that she was blushing, too.

'He will make the best companion I could have found. He speaks French, German and Spanish with fluency. I hope you will be satisfied. I should have taken Albert Landown, but he was not qualified in the least. Are you sorry for the change?'

'No, no, indeed I am not,' murmured the heart he had touched, and he felt happier far than as though he had found a mine of gold.

And so Jared Walker accompanied Mr. Atkins to Europe, where they remained four years, and when they returned, the minister had given up the control of his fair child to his young secretary. Laura had become Mrs. Walker, and a happier bride it would have been hard to find.

'The World Owes Me a Living.'

BY HORACE GREELY.

'The world owes me a living, and I'll have it,' says some blackleg, as he finishes a luxurious repast; there, landlord, another bottle of prime Madeira!

Half a dozen empty-headed fops, who sit gazing on him by stealth in silent admiration, bawl the sentiment with rapturous applause:—'That's it! the world owes us a living, and we'll have it! Landlord, more wine here! we won't go home till morning! Let's go it while we are young. Who cares for expense?'

The consequence of this is, the pilfering of money drawers, the ignominious loss of employment, gentleman, &c. &c. until one enterprising gentleman, in eager pursuit of the "good living" the world owes him, puts the wrong man's name to his check, or in some way gets a ticket for the marble palace at Sing Sing, where the State provides a "living" for those who consider deservingly, but not such an one as consorts with their own estimate of their exalted merits.

The great error in this case, is in the original maxim. It is false and detestable. The world owes you a living! How owes? Have you earned it by good service? If you have, whether on the anvil, or in the pulpit, or as a teacher, you have required a just livelihood. But if you have earned nothing, or, worse still, done little or no good, the world owes you nothing. You may be worth millions, and able to enjoy every imaginable luxury without care or effort, but if you have done nothing to increase the sum of human comforts, instead of it world owing you anything, as fools have babbled, you are morally a bankrupt and a beggar.

Mankind are just awakening to consciousness of duty resting on every man to be active and useful in every day and sphere. All are called to dig, or hoe, or plow, or plume—but every man has a sphere of usefulness allotted to him by Providence, and is unfaithful to his trust if he deserts it for idle pomp and needless luxury.

One may be fitted by nature and inclination for an artisan, another for a sailor, but no one ever horn is fitted for an idler and a drone. Those who become so are the victims of perverse circumstances and a deplorably false education.

But has not the rich man the right to enjoy his wealth? Most certainly. We would be the last to deprive him of it. He has a natural and legal right to possess it and enjoy it in any manner not injurious to others; but he has no moral right to be useless, because he has superior means of being useful. Let him surround himself with all the true comforts and luxuries of life, let the masterpieces of art smile upon him in his galleries, and the mighty minds of all ages speak to him from his library. Let plenty deck his board, and the faces of those he loves gather joyously around. Let him possess in abundance the means of satisfying every pure and just desire of his nature, and become wiser, nobler, larger in soul than his less fortunate neighbor. But let him never forget, and if he is properly trained he never can, that it is his solemn duty to be useful to his fellow creatures, especially to the depressed and suffering—to labor for their benefit, and suffer, if need be, for their elevation.

The servile idolatry with which ignorance and vulgarity have looked to power and wealth, the humbug which the trampled millions have sung before the cars of conquerors and other scourges of the earth—are fading, flitting, for ever. In the twilight which succeeds this gross

darkness, there comes a season of moral anarchy, when men, having lost faith in the jingles which once blinded and bound them, resolve to believe nothing—to decay and prostrate all that rises above its lowest level.

The Prompt Clerk.

I once knew a young man (said an eminent preacher the other day, in a sermon to young men), that was commencing life as a clerk. One day his employer said to him:

'Now to-morrow that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it.'

He was a young man of energy. This was the first time he had been intrusted to superintending the execution of this work; he made his arrangements over night, spoke to the men about their carts and horses, and resolving to begin very early in the morning, he instructed the laborers to be there at half-past four o'clock. So they set to work, and the thing was done; and about ten or eleven his master came in, and seeing him sitting in the counting-house, looked very black, supposing his commands had not been executed.

'I thought,' said the master, 'you were requested to get out that cargo this morning?'

'It is all done,' said the young man, 'and here is the account of it.'

He never looked behind him from that moment—never! His character was fixed, confidence was established. He was found to be the man to do the thing with promptness. He very soon came to be one that could not be spared; he was as necessary to the firm as any one of the partners.

He was a religious man, and went through a life of great benevolence, and at his death was able to leave his children an ample fortune. He was not smoke to the eyes, nor vinegar to the teeth, but just to the contrary.—[London Youth's Instructor.

EXTRAORDINARY RIFLE SHOOTING.—Captain Alvin Fox, of Pemkins, has long been acknowledged the best shot with a rifle in this section of the state. His prowess was put to a fearful test on Thursday afternoon. A piece of card, two inches by one and a half inches wide, was stuck into the slit of a piece of shingle three inches in length. Placing this in the hands of his son, S. M. Fox, the captain paced off ten rods distance, and the boy holding out the card at arm's length, five balls were put thro' it by the rifle in the hands of the father! This deed was witnessed by four persons, and the card is now in our possession.—[Soudsbury Register.

The Academy of Sciences, at St. Petersburg, has offered a prize of \$200 sterling for the complete investigation of the orbit of the comet of Biela. Readers will remember the observations of Professor Hubbard on this most curiously-behaved comet, which, while it was under the telescope, on its eleventh appearance, split into two, and, on its twelfth, came in as twins, but on a path widely divergent from its expected orbit. Let astronomers track him if possible into his hiding-place, and in their observatories be ready to meet their acquaintance at his next arrival—some five years hence. It is not often these celestial strays are advertised, with so handsome a reward for the finder.—[Ex.

The Culpepper Observer says:—'Wanted, at this office, an editor who can please every body. Also, a foreman who can have every man's advertisement to head the column.'

HATS! HATS! HATS! GEORGE DUNKFORD & CO. from the Great National Hat Store, 297 Broadway, St. Louis, have great pleasure to inform their customers that they have brought on a large stock of HATS and CAPS of the best as well as all other qualities, selected expressly for this climate, which they purpose selling at the Lowest Possible Prices, as they want to clear off their present stock, and make provision for new importations next season. They now occupy the building formerly held by Mr. Hennifer, next door to Mr. D. Amy's tin shop, East Temple Street.

O Everybody! Come and see. oct5-30-2in

SPECIAL NOTICE. SEVERAL persons, or even one, with capital in a large or small amount, will find a good chance for investment with the subscriber, in the Tanning, Shoemaking, and Harness business. In the present infant progress of Desert manufactures, home work needs patronage. WM. FIELD.

G. S. L. City.—oct-3-30 (3w)

FOR SALE. TWENTY Yoke of Work Oxen, Six Bulls, and 20 Cows, or they will be exchanged for cattle. WM. FIELD.

NEW SAW MILL. FOURTEEN Miles east of this city, near the road that leads to Parley's Park, in Rocky Hill Canyon, is erected a New Saw Mill. Builders and cabinet makers who want a first rate article of white or red pine lumber, will find it at my Mill, or at my Lumber yard, near my Cooper Shop, on east Temple street. ABLE LAMB.

N.B.—I want to purchase six or eight yoke of good Work Cattle. oct-5-30-3in

TAILORING. THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the citizens of Great Salt Lake City that he has re-commenced business at the 'Whip Factory,' opposite Elder Orson Hyde's provision store, where all kinds of work in Tailoring, such as Cutting, Making-up, &c. &c. will be done on the shortest notice and the best style. Produce, Tithing Orders, &c. taken in pay. oct-5-30-3mo

DISSOLUTION. THE copartnership heretofore existing between the subscribers is this day dissolved by mutual consent, and all debts due to the old firm of D. Shearer and Co. must be settled immediately with either of the parties at our shop, opposite Orson Hyde's flour, feed, and provision store, where the Whip business will be continued until our doing business for us as before, only we are doing business for and by himself, were we are thankful for past favors, and shall be for those that we may receive hereafter. DANIEL SHEARER. WILLIAM HUSKINSON.

NAME to my Premises about the 1st of Sept. (Monday) a Hatter, who has been making a grizzly black and white, both ears cropped, or in face, bush of tail cropped off. Also, a black and white spotted sow pig, ear cropped.—The owner is requested to pay properly, pay charges and take them away. ALBERT LUTZ, 12th Ward.

SAW MILL FOR SALE. THE Subscribers offer for Sale their Saw Mill, at Cherry Settlement, ten miles north of Great Salt Lake City, also the right of the Lyon, which has a good road worked to the mill. The sawmill has run by an overshot wheel, being two circular saws, with a good chance that it is an upright saw. This is a good chance for men acquainted with saw mills, as a ready market will be found at mill for all the shingles; &c. that it makes. Stock, produce, or cash for pay. For particulars apply to OHN PARKER, 14th Ward, or J. PROPRIETORS. JAMES JEPSON, at the Mill, oct-5-30-3in

LOOK HERE! FURTHER Reduction in Prices at the Desert Store. Come and see. JNO. M. HORNER and CO. G. S. L. City, Sept. 26, 1854—29-3in.

WANTED.—Wheat, oats, barley, corn, flour, and hay, which we are buying at the most liberal prices in exchange for merchandise, at the Desert Store. We have made arrangements at the mills of Governor Young and H. C. Kimball to receive and receipt for all wheat delivered there on our account. JNO. M. HORNER and CO. Sept. 26, 1854—29-4in.

NOTICE is hereby given to the proprietors of the Lots in the following blocks, in the first subdivision of the Big Field Survey, in Great Salt Lake County. To wit, Of blocks 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8, to meet in the School House, near Gardner's Mill, on Saturday the 7th of October, at 10 o'clock a.m. Of blocks 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, and 24, at the same hour and place, on Saturday the 14th.

Of blocks 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, and 32, in the School House in the 13th Ward, in Great Salt Lake City, on Saturday, Oct. 21, at one o'clock p.m.

To make arrangements for fencing pursuant to a resolution passed by the proprietors at their annual meeting in January last. WM. LEMON, Committee for the South Tier of Blocks.

JAMES CRAGAN, Committee for the Centre Tier of Blocks.

A. P. ROCKWOOD, Committee for the North Tier of Blocks. G. S. L. City, Sept. 24th, 1854. 3t

For Sale. A SAW MILL, two good houses, and a few acres of land enclosed on Big Canyon creek, about eighty rods above Prest. Young's flouring mill. For further particulars enquire of ZERAH PULSIPHER, 16th ward. aug31-25tf

LOST. A COW about 5 years old, branded on the head and body, white on the belly and it extends down the hind legs. The horns are wide set, and the tail is short and white on the end. She is owned by G. D. WAIT, Reporter. sep28-29tf

LINE, LINE! LINE for Sale at the Mill in Emigration Canyon, 1½ miles from its mouth, or at the Subscribers, in the 13th Ward. sep28-29-3t BRANCH and RUMELL.

GREAT ATTRACTION. AT THE VALLEY STORE.—Goods at Reduced Prices at the Valley Store, south room of the Union Hotel. The subscribers have reduced the prices on all their goods, and are now selling at astonishing Low Rates.

Our goods comprise a general assortment of the best quality ever brought to this market, and will be sold at