

presently he perceived this, and said with a laugh: "A pleasant sort of companion I must be, with my sentimental egotism! My excuse is the relief it affords me to speak out, and there is no one else upon whom I can inflict the ideas which sometimes plague me; for, of course, I want Susan to think me as free from care as a lap-dog. And then I seem to have known you all my life; I forget that it is hardly six months since we left the house together one morning, and both walking city-wards, fell into conversation. But I know that you will pardon me."

"There is no need for pardon," said Mr. Nicholson. "You do me a favor by taking me into your confidence. I am a lonely old fellow, who has spent the better part of his life away from his country."

PAST.

"O no, no, no!" cried Harry. "You little think— But I will tell you all about it some day. I see that you have finished your pipe; suppose we go down-stairs again."

Sad subjects of conversation did not crop up again, and the rest of the evening, though "musical," was not "melancholy."

FUTURE.

One evening in October, Harry Mapleson came home at the usual time, but not in his usual state of calm composure. His face was pale, his eyes were sparkling with excitement, his forehead was bathed in perspiration, and he flourished an evening paper about.

"What is the matter?" cried Susan. "Don't be alarmed; it is good news. We can look the world boldly in the face, my dear; our father was innocent!"

"I know it. Dear mamma always said so."

"Ay, but it is proved! See here. I don't think that you ever knew the details of the matter?"

"No; I never wished to do so."

"Well, then, I will not enter into them now. It is sufficient for you to understand that our father was a man of considerable talent, who took a high degree at his university, and was looked upon as a rising man by the political party whose cause he espoused. Indeed, for some time he was private secretary to a minister, and it was only because of his desiring a more certain income upon his marriage that he resigned that unstable office and accepted an appointment which was not dependent upon one set of men going out of office and another coming in. It was a position of trust, and large sums of money passed through his hands. Well there was a wrong-doing—embezzlement, downright theft—in the department? Our father could not clear himself; his name appeared to fraudulent documents which could not have been used without his signature—in short, he was condemned—sent across the sea—lost, for from that time our mother could hear no more of him. "I am innocent," he said when they parted; "but what does that matter—the disgrace is the same. I hope to die soon; but if that blessing is denied me, I desire to be forgotten, as though I had really escaped from this den of thieves. I will not drag you and my children down any lower. Do not speak of me to them—never seek for tidings of me." Our mother prayed, remonstrated, wept in vain—he was firm, saying he knew it was for the best. That was eighteen years ago, Susan, when you were quite a baby, and I so young that I have only the vaguest remembrance of calamity and change. Well, our father had no more to do with that crime than we infants had; a man in the department forged his name and embezzled the money; he is dying—struck down with a painful disease, which leaves him in full possession of his faculties; and in his terror he has confessed, and he appeals to the family of the man he has worse than murdered—to us—for forgiveness! Here it is—see! Can you forgive him, Susan? I can't. Forgive him! I wish him well and strong that I might have my fingers round his throat and my knee in his chest, and watch his black soul stifling in his black heart. Soul! I hope—"

"Harry, Harry!"

"Well, well, I forgot myself. Don't look frightened, Susan. It is well that the wretch has spoken at last, at all events. Our poor father's memory will be cleared from reproach; and you can stay sometimes with those good Poynter people and see a little society."

Susan was protesting that she was quite contented and happy under present circumstances, when she was interrupted by a knock at the door, and the fellow-lodger entered the room. He, too, held a newspaper in his hand; he, too, was evidently under the influence of strong emotion, for he stood glancing from one to

the other with a strange yearning expression in his eyes. Twice he essayed to speak, and twice his voice failed him.

"You have seen this account in the evening papers, and have concluded that we belong to the family of the Mr. Mapleson whose cruel story is told there?" asked Harry.

The old man nodded.

"You are right; we are his children. This sympathy is indeed kind."

"Perhaps you yourself are a connection?" said Susan, with a woman's penetration.

The fellow-lodger at last forced words to his lips; "Yes," he said; "I—I

"Look at him, Harry!" said Susan; and if they had not run forward to support him, the old man would have fallen.

They got him into a chair, bathed his forehead, gave him sherry, and he soon came out of his faint.

"The emotion was too much for me," he said presently. "I am myself again now. No, no; do not go for a doctor. I am not ill. It is nothing but an overdose of happiness—a medicine," he added, "that I have not been much accustomed to."

"You were a great friend of his, perhaps?" asked Harry, who looked puzzled; but Susan glanced rapidly from the youthful features of her brother to the time and care worn face of the other, and a light flashed upon her.

"Father!" she cried.

"My girl! My children!"

In the course of that evening he told them all. How that, when a few years of his sentence had expired, he was allowed to live as a free man within the boundaries of the colony; how his book-craft had gained him the situation of librarian to a wealthy settler, who had a touch of bibliomania, which it was difficult to gratify out there; how he nearly died of the gnawing desire to communicate with his wife, but fought the battle out with what he felt to be self, and conquered; how, at length, when free to return to Europe, he had engaged in certain literary pursuits, which there is no occasion to specify, but in which he was eventually so successful, as to be in receipt of an income far beyond his wants; how that, hearing of his wife's death, and certain that his children could not recognize him, he had come to England, and had contrived to obtain lodgings in the same house, and to make their acquaintance.

"And if it had not been for this happy confession would you never have told us who you were, papa?" asked Susan.

"After the trial I have gone through," replied her father, "I think I may boast, never!"

It is felt in certain influential circles that "something should be done" for "poor Mapleson," something is also to be done for his son Harry. This vague announcement sounds, I grant, woefully like "chops for two!" but I am in a position to state that Mr. Mapleson will have a pension, and that Harry will get a nomination; and when it comes to competitive examination, within certain limits, I'll back him. Meantime, father and son and daughter are settling down into their relationship, and Harry has been relieved of a nightmare. It was this: he fancied that perhaps the man—since dead, by-the-by—who committed the crime which his father suffered for, had made him the various presents he had accepted; and one evening, when the three were together, he owned that this suspicion made him wretched.

"Silly!" cried Susan; "why, of course, Mr. Anonymous was papa!"

"Is that a fact, father?"

"Susan is right, my boy."

Cato said, "I would much rather that posterity should inquire why no statues were erected to me, than why they were."

Amos Lawrence said, when asked for advice: "Young man, base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character; and, in doing this, never reckon the cost."

Some wags were walking around an agricultural implement store, and they chanced to see in the rear a dressed hog hanging by a hook in the wall. "H! h!" cried they to the young man in attendance, "what sort of an agricultural implement do you call that?" "That," said he, "is a patent combined root-grubber, corn-sheller, apple-grinder, gate-lifter, double-action, back-spring sod plow; but I guess you won't one, for it takes a mighty smart man to manage 'em."

Z. C. M. I.

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NOTICE!

U. S. LAND OFFICE,
Salt Lake City, U. T., June 10, 1872. }

COMPLAINT having been entered at this Office by James H. Cochran against William Ross for abandoning his homes (ad entry, No. 1027, dated February 1st, 1871, upon the North East 1/4 of Section 17, Township 1 South, Range 1 West, in Salt Lake County, Utah, with a view to the cancellation of said entry; the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this Office on the 10th day of July, 1872, at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

GEO. R. MAXWELL, Register.

w1 1m

NOTICE.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. That where-as cash entry No. 907, for the Townsite of Peoa, Summit Co. Utah Territory, made June 21, 1872, embracing the following described lands, to wit: N E 1/4 of Sec. 23, W 1/2 of S E 1/4 and N E 1/4 of S E 1/4 of Sec. 23, in Township 1, South of Range No. 5 East, containing 208 acres, has been made in trust for the inhabitants thereof, and is now ready to be disposed of in lots to any person or persons entitled thereto.

All persons claiming to be owners or possessors of any portion of said entry, will take due notice and make the application as provided in the statutes of Utah.

E. A. HINKLEY, Probate Judge.

w 20 3m

M. D. Hammond.

W. C. Rawson

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Depot 1 1/2 Blocks South of Theatre, State Road

C. H. DeGROAT, Agent.

Salt Lake City, March 12, 1872. w19 6m

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Purchasing Agent,

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