

# THE NEWS' SUPPLEMENT.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1865.

[CONTINUED.]

## CONSTITUTIONALLY BASHFUL.

Little Cherry-lips came nobly to the rescue.

"For shame! Miss Hanson," she cried, "to beat a little boy at such a rate! It won't mend your umbrella, or straighten your calash! And the perspiration is washing the paint all out of your cheeks!"

My enemy left me to fly at my defender, whose name was Florence Hay. But Florence was a little too agile, for the old lady, whom she speedily distanced, while I made good my escape into the sheltering foliage of an apple tree, where, securely perched on a strong limb, I remained until school was out, and the girls had all gone home.

After a time, at my urgent entreaties, my parents removed me from the village-school, and placed me at an institute for boys. I had thought previously to the change, that I should be perfectly happy when it was effected; but I had somehow miscalculated. I missed the bewitching faces of the girls I had fled from, and for the first time in my life, I realized that the world would be a terrible humdrum sort of a place if there were nothing but men here.

To confess the plain truth, I had discovered in spite of my bashfulness, I loved every single girl I had ever seen—not even excepting good black Bess in my mother's kitchen, who concocted such admirable turn-overs and seed-cakes. But at that time, sooner than have acknowledged such a weakness I would have boiled alive!

As I grew toward manhood, my bashfulness got no better. It was confirmed; it had become a chronic disease, as irremediable as the rheumatism, and a thousand times more distressing.

I was frequently invited to quilting, apple parings, huckings, etc.; but I never dared to go lest I should be expected to have something to say to some of the feminine portion of the company.

If my mother sent me on any errand to a house where there were girls, I used to stand a half an hour on the door-steps, waiting for courage to rap; and if one of the aforesaid girls happened to answer the summons, it was with the greatest difficulty that I could restrain myself from taking refuge in flight. And after I had got in, and made known my business, I knew no more what was told me in return than we know why the comet of last summer had a curved train.

At church, I habitually sat with averted face, and cut my finger nails; in fact I had performed that operation for those digital ornaments so often that there was very little left of them to practice upon. I most devoutly wished that it had been so that folks could have been created with knitting-work or something of the kind, in their hands—it would have been so nice when one don't know what to do with his upper extremities.

As for my feet, though not remarkably large, they were constantly in the way. I have often seen the time when I would have given all the world, had it been mine to give, if I could have taken them off and consigned them to the obscurity of my pocket.

One eventful day, my mother took it into her head to have a quilting. Early in the afternoon I retired to the garret, as the most isolated spot I could think of, and ensconced myself in bed. All the girls in the neighborhood were invited, and I would sooner have faced a flaming line of armed batteries.

Such a gay, joyous time as they had of it, judging from the sound of merriment that occasionally floated up to my retreat. I longed to be a witness of the frolic I knew

they were enjoying, but I could not summon resolution enough to venture from my concealment; and so I wound the sheets round my head to shut out the gay peals of laughter, and tried to think myself highly satisfied with my achievement. I was comfortable and safe, so far as I knew; but the hours were long ones, and I prayed Time to jog on his team a little faster, if convenient.

By and by the merriment grew louder; there was a pattering of eager feet on the garret stairs, considerable loud whispering in the passage, and an infinite amount of giggling. Good heavens! What are they going to do? I clutched the bed clothes with frantic hands, and drew them around my head, to the utmost neglect of the rest of my body, probably believing like the ostrich, that so long as I saw nobody, nobody would see me.

Directly the door was thrown open, and evidently there was a consultation upon the threshold.

"Go in, Flora," said the gay voice of Kate Merrick, the pride and tease of the village. "I say, go in! What on earth are you afraid of? Roy Sunderland won't eat you if he is a bear!"

"But what will he think!" said Florence Hay, softly. "He is so bashful! Goodness, Kate! how can I?"

"Nonsense." You must pay the forfeit, or your thimble remains in my possession! I won't be coaxed over this time!" returned Kate decisively.

There was a slight scuffle, and then the eager hands of the coterie began to pull away my fortification. I resisted with the strength of desperation, but I was no match for a dozen frolicsome girls. They unswathed me, and while four of them held my two arms, Florence Hay kissed me. Mahomet! Such a thrill as went through my heart! I devoutly wished she would repeat the operation; but instead of doing so she scampered from the room, followed by her boisterous companions. Completely overcome I crept under the bed, where I remained until nightfall sent our merry visitors to their respective homes.

Well the years passed on, and brought my eighteenth birthday. I had lost nothing of my besetting difficulty. My mother was thoroughly mortified by my conduct, and did not hesitate to lecture me soundly on my folly; and my Aunt Alice emphatically declared I was the most consummate fool that she had ever seen. I knew it was true, but—so perverse is man—I did not feel at all obliged to her for uttering it.

One day it rained a little; in fact, it often does so. Florence Hay was returning from the village just as the shower came up, and partly out of regard for my mother, with whom she was a great favorite, partly from the fear of ruining her new spring bonnet, she stepped into our house.

My mother was delighted to see her, and made her quite at home directly. It was no new thing for the little maiden to visit my mother; but on such occasions I had always hitherto taken flight to the field or the hay mow. Now, however, it was raining hard, and I was holding silk for my mother to wind, so a retreat was impossible.

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## Business Cards

### MERCHANTS.

JNO. CHISLETT. JNO. CLARK.  
**CHISLETT & CLARK,**  
East Temple Street, Great Salt Lake City,  
GROCERIES AND DYE STUFFS, CUTLERY  
Glass & Queensware, Staple & Fancy  
11-† DRY GOODS.

## Business Cards.

GEO. BOURNE. JAS. NEEDHAM.  
**BOURNE & NEEDHAM,**  
STORAGE & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
East Temple Street, Great Salt Lake City.  
—DEALERS IN—  
Groceries and General Merchandise.  
11-†

**WALKER BROTHERS,**  
East Temple Street, Great Salt Lake City,  
—AND AT THE—  
OLD STAND OF STAINES & NEEDHAM.  
Also, FAIRFIELD, FORT CRITTENDEN.  
Importers and Jobbers of Foreign and  
11-† DOMESTIC GOODS.

**RANSOHOFF & Co.**  
East Temple Street, Great Salt Lake City.  
—DEALERS IN—  
DRY GOODS, READY MADE CLOTHING,  
Hats, Boots, Shoes, Groceries, Cutlery,  
11-† Tobacco, Cigars, &c., &c.

GEORGE CRONYON. WILLIAM CLAYTON.  
**CRONYON & CLAYTON,**  
West Side, East Temple St., Great Salt Lake City.  
DRY GOODS' MERCHANTS,  
AND DEALERS IN  
Groceries and General Merchandise.  
11-†

C. H. BASSETT. BOLIVAR ROBERTS.  
**BASSETT & ROBERTS,**  
East Temple Street, Great Salt Lake City.  
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE,  
QUEENSWARE,  
Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Notions,  
—AND—  
11-† MILLINERY GOODS.

**ELLIS & BROTHERS,**  
East Temple Street, Great Salt Lake City.  
STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS,  
READY MADE CLOTHING,  
Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hardware, Cutlery,  
Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors,  
11-† Paints, Oils, Cigars, &c.

**J. M. ALLEN & Co.,**  
WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS IN  
STOVES & TINWARE.  
East Temple Street, Great Salt Lake City.  
11-3m

### COOPERS.

J. H. VAN NATTA. L. P. HOWE.  
**VAN NATTA & HOWE,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF COOPERWARE,  
East of the NAIL FACTORY BLOCK, 13th Ward,  
116m G. S. L. CITY.

### DENTISTS.

**DENTISTRY.**  
**JOHN V. LONG, DENTIST;**  
OFFICE AT RESIDENCE:  
One Block East and Half a Block South of Theatre.  
11-3m

### BANKERS.

BEN HOLLADAY. W. L. HALSEY.  
**HOLLADAY & HALSEY,**  
BANKERS,  
EAST TEMPLE STREET, G. S. L. CITY.  
11-†

W. B. FARR. SCOTT, KERR & CO.  
J. F. NOUNNAN. Leavenworth,  
G. S. L. City. Kansas.

**SCOTT, KERR & Co.,**  
BANKERS,  
East Temple Street G. S. L. City, at Godbe's Old  
13-6m† Drug Store.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**L. P. FISHER,**  
NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING  
AGENT,  
No. 629 Washington Street, San Francisco.  
Is our authorized Agent in San Francisco, to  
receive Advertisements and Subscriptions, and  
receipt for the same.

## Business Cards.

**FIRST WARD TANNERY.**  
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,**  
20th Ward, G. S. L. City.  
Cloth of every kind wove to order. A  
BROAD LOOM in operation for weaving  
BLANKETS & SHAWLS, full width.  
15-3m† Terms Moderate.

**W. J. SMITH,**  
Chair and Furniture Establishment,  
11TH WARD,  
6½ Blocks East, ½ Block South of Temple  
Block.  
15-12m† TERMS MODERATE.

**CHARLES F. JONES,**  
Half Block South of Court House, G. S. L. City.  
Possesses every facility for Manufacturing  
First Class  
Stoves, Tin, Sheet Iron, & Copper Ware.  
13-2m† TERMS REASONABLE.

**BASKET MANUFACTORY,**  
Wholesale and Retail.  
**JOB SMITH, AT THE SIGN OF THE BIG BASKET,**  
EAST TEMPLE ST., G.S.L. CITY.  
Baskets of every description, and best  
15-6m† Workmanship.

**JAMES LINFORTH,**  
COMMISSION MERCHANT  
208 BATTERY STREET,  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

Sight Drafts on Salt Lake City, Utah Territory  
Austin, Nevada Territory.  
\* \* PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO PUR-  
CHASES FOR UTAH. 23-6†

**J. MECHLING, M. D.**  
LATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.  
OFFICE, AT MRS. KAY'S EAST TEMPLE  
STREET, G. S. L. CITY, UTAH.  
18-4\*

**E. B. TRIPP,**  
Has on hand and for Sale CHEAP, a large as-  
sortment of BOOTS and SHOES,  
**GENT'S FRENCH CALF BOOTS,**  
LEATHER,  
School Books and Stationery, Groceries, Shoe  
Makers Findings, &c., &c.  
WANTED:—FLOUR, BUTTER, EGGS,  
FISH & HORSE OIL, & GREENBACKS.  
One Door North of Kimball & Lawrence's.  
17-4m†

**W. F. ANDERSON, M.D.,**  
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN.  
OFFICE and RESIDENCE, 13th Ward, two doors  
South of Match Factory.  
Persons knowing themselves indebted to  
me for professional services for the last two  
three and four years, are respectfully invited to  
settle their accounts.  
ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE TAKEN.  
1-1† W. F. A.

**CITY LIQUOR STORE,**  
OPENED AGAIN!!  
Highest Price Paid for Wheat.