

## THE LITTLE WIFE.

BY A. H. MORRISON.

The little wife laid her sewing down,  
And looked at the clock and said:  
"It is time that I put the kettle on,  
And the cloth on the table spread.  
For the clock is near to the stroke of six,  
And I've hardly time to see  
That the kettle boils and the toast is made,  
When John will be home to tea."

The table she drew to the cosiest nook,  
And she laid the plates for two,  
But they were plain delf, there was silver  
none,  
And the dishes they were few.  
"But butter and bread and some cake and  
fruit,  
All dainty as they can be,  
And the cloth is white," said the little wife,  
"That is what John likes to see."

The little wife took out a dressing gown  
And spread on a cushioned chair,  
And before it a pair of slippers placed,  
Far too large for her to wear;  
And she patted the gown and softly said:  
"Lie there, that you warm may be—  
For the night is cold—for John to put on,  
When he shall come to tea."

The little wife smoothed and braided her  
hair,  
And put on a prettier dress,  
A bit of soft lace and a knot of gray silk,  
To finish it at the breast.  
Then she looked in the glass and blushed  
and smiled,  
And she was a fair picture to see!  
And excused herself—"John will be so  
pleased  
With the dress when he comes home to  
tea."

But must be late, the kettle has boiled,  
And the toast is getting dry;  
It is growing dark, and the street lamps  
shine,  
But the footsteps all pass by.  
The little wife peeps out the front hall door,  
Then runs to the garden gate;  
But he does not come, and "Oh dear," she  
sighs,  
"Tis a tiresome thing to wait."

Then she tries to read, but whether or no  
The tale was gloomy or gay,  
She could not have told, for her restless  
thoughts,  
With her heart, are far away.  
Again and again to the front hall door  
She goes to look up the street,  
Each far away footstep making her heart  
With a hope to faster beat.

"Why it must be hours," said the little wife,  
With a pout and an ugly frown,  
"I'd like to know what, at this time of  
night,  
John can be doing down town?  
If he cared for me he would surely come,  
But I've often heard it said—  
And I half believe it now—that a man  
Love's only till he's wed."

"But he shall not know, if it breaks my  
heart,  
I will have my tea—so there!"  
Her cheeks are so red, and her eyes are so  
bright,  
She looks at the vacant chair.  
And her knife falls down, and "Oh, dear,"  
she says,  
An then she begins to cry,  
"I wonder was ever a six months' wife  
So miserable as I?"

"John never would stay if he was alive,"  
The little wife sobbingly said,  
"And so all this time I've been blaming  
him!  
It may be that John is dead."  
"Why bless me, what's this?" says a manly  
voice,  
Tender as tender can be,  
And the clock is just pointing to half-past  
six,  
And John has come home to tea.

## WESTERN NOTES.

San Jose, Cal., is being surfeited  
with small shows.

The temperance crusade has  
reached San Bernardino.

A Ventura man has on his ranch  
a tomato vine, from which he has  
gathered ripe fruit throughout the  
winter. It is now full of green and  
some ripe fruit.

The whooping cough having eas-  
ily mastered the youth of Eureka,  
Nevada, the *Sentinel* says that it  
has now attacked the dumb ani-  
mals with a fair prospect of success.

Much damage has been done to  
the fruit crop and early vegetables  
by the heavy frost in Pleasant Val-  
ley, Solano county, Cal. It is  
feared that the entire crop of apri-  
cots is destroyed.

At Treasure city, Nevada, snow  
lies in the main street nearly up to  
the roofs of the buildings, and a  
man walking on either side of the  
street can see nothing but huge  
banks of snow staring him in the  
face.

## Territorial Officers.

Utah will soon have a double sup-  
ply of officers if the Legislature and  
the Governor could continue their  
operations.

The Legislature appoints [elects]  
one man to office and the Governor  
commissions another to fill the same  
office. We understand that the  
Legislature elected James Jack to  
the office of Territorial Treasurer  
and W. C. Staines Librarian. The  
Governor, instead of commissioning  
them, has commissioned H. W.  
Lawrence and A. S. Gould to fill  
those offices. There seems to be  
the same kind of a muss about the  
office of Attorney General and Ter-  
ritorial Marshal. The Legislature  
elected J. T. D. McAllister to the  
office of Territorial Marshal and Z.  
Snow Attorney General. The Go-  
vernor, instead of commissioning  
those men, appointed and commis-  
sioned O. F. Strickland and B. L.  
Duncan to fill those offices. How  
they will get along when they go  
before Judge McKean to be quali-  
fied remains to be seen. Everyone  
has a right to his own opinion.

The Governor must be a great  
man. He appointed a man by the  
name of Nelson to fill the vacancy  
occasioned by the death of Judge  
Hyde, in Cache County, without  
consulting the wishes of the peo-  
ple. Hurry up the investigating  
committee and let us see whether  
the Mormons or the officials are to  
blame.

The ring in Utah, to which His  
Excellency, the Governor, plays  
second fiddle, has harped much  
about the one man power in this  
Territory. In the late proceedings  
he has exhibited a never failing de-  
sire to be that one man. In fact he  
is Governor, Legislature and every-  
thing else. The rights of the peo-  
ple are no more respected than if  
they were so many slaves. On ev-  
ery occasion our illustrious Gov-  
ernor has a chance to open his mouth  
in public, he will prate about free-  
dom and liberty, while at the same  
time he would like to enslave 130,-  
000 souls, who have made this coun-  
try what it is to-day.

One would be led to think, if the  
ancestry of His Excellency could  
be traced back a few generations,  
that he belonged to the old Tory  
stock who opposed and hampered  
every move of the fathers who  
battled for liberty and freedom; for  
he exhibits, in all his acts, the  
same spirit that governed the Tories  
over a hundred years ago. How-  
ever, there is one consolation, that  
liberty and freedom will continue  
to progress in spite of him or the  
"ring."—*Beaver Enterprise*.

Washington Excited over a Cali-  
fornia Butter Churn.

WASHINGTON, March 12.—Budd  
Smith and a party of Californians  
are here making a vigorous effort  
to procure a patent for one of the  
most remarkable inventions of the  
age. He has invented a churn by  
which he converts milk into butter  
in a few seconds, without the aid  
of any mixture, and with a loss of  
only a small quantity of pure water.  
One gallon of milk, which weighs  
a little more than eight pounds is  
converted in thirty seconds into  
seven pounds and three quarters  
of butter. His invention has created  
a sensation in the Patent Office.  
The churn is constructed in three  
parts, one fitting into the other. It  
is composed of a metallic mixture,  
the preparation of which is kept a  
secret by the inventor. When the  
milk is placed in the churn it is be-  
lieved the transformation into but-  
ter is caused by a galvanic action.  
It is impossible to distinguish be-  
tween butter made in this way and  
that made by any ordinary process.  
It appears also to have the same  
amount of fatty matter that is found  
in general butter. The scientists of  
the Patent Office confess them-  
selves puzzled. Smith says he  
dreamed out the invention almost  
a year ago. He has sold several  
rights in the counties of Shasta,  
Siskiyou and Tehama, in northern  
California where he lived, in order  
to procure funds to enable him to  
get the patent. The process is be-  
ing secretly worked with great suc-  
cess and profit. He has sold the  
right for California and several  
other States and proposes to put  
every person who uses his churn  
under heavy bonds not to let it go  
out of his possession, or to allow  
any other person to use it or obtain  
the secret through examination of  
the metallic substance. Private  
exhibitions have been given to a  
large number of prominent Sena-  
tors. He has been invited to ex-

hibit it before the public, and offered \$1,000 a week to exhibit it in  
one of the leading theatres here,  
but has declined. As soon as he  
gets his patent, he will sell the  
rights for all large cities and States,  
and expects to realize several mil-  
lion dollars on the sales. His  
brother is Vernon Smith of San  
Francisco, a lawyer. The opinion  
has been expressed by one scientific  
man, who has watched the process  
of making butter with this churn,  
that the product must be a kind of  
soap, caused by the combining of  
particles of water and fatty matter  
of the milk. The matter has been  
conducted very secretly heretofore,  
but now the inventor is besieged  
with applications for shares in the  
new enterprise. Last night the  
parties interested gave an exhibi-  
tion of this wonderful churn to  
correspondents of the various pa-  
pers throughout the country. The  
right for San Francisco is disposed  
of to Mr. Martin, owner of the ice  
patents, for \$50,000. — *San Fran-  
cisco Chronicle*.

## FOX HUNTING IN ENGLAND.

On entering the Regent Hotel at  
Leamington the first object that at-  
tracts attention, after the stuffy old  
porter who hobbles about to see  
some one else handle your luggage,  
is a small frame, over the smoking  
coal-fire, which contains the follow-  
ing notice, decorated with an oil  
cut of a fox's mask—

MERRY & CO'S HUNTING APPOINT-  
MENTS, AND GUIDE TO THE DIFF-  
ERENT COVERTS:

| December 30, 1872.        |                   |        |                             |
|---------------------------|-------------------|--------|-----------------------------|
| WARWICKSHIRE—at 10:45.    |                   |        |                             |
| Days.                     | Meet at.          | Miles. | To go through.              |
| M.                        | Goldicote House.  | 11.    | Wellesbourne and Loxley.    |
| Tu.                       | Radway Grange.    | 12.    | Tachbrook and Kineton.      |
| W.                        | Snitterfield.     | 7.     | Warwick and Stratford Road. |
| Th.                       | Red Hill.         | 13.    | Warwick and Saitterfield.   |
| F.                        | Pebworth.         | 16.    | Warwick and Stratford.      |
| NORTH WARWICKSHIRE—at 11. |                   |        |                             |
| M.                        | Solihull.         | 14.    | Warwick and Hatton.         |
| Tu.                       | Cublington Gate.  | 2.     | Lillington.                 |
| Th.                       | Stoneleigh Abbey. | 4.     | On Kestilworth Road.        |
| F.                        | Tile Hill.        | 9.     | By Kenilworth Castle.       |
| PYCHLEY—at 10:45.         |                   |        |                             |
| M.                        | Naseby.           | 26.    | Princethorpe and Rugby.     |
| Tu.                       | Hazlebeach.       | 31.    | Duncheuch and Crick.        |
| W.                        | Dingley.          | 33.    | Rugby and Swinford.         |
| F.                        | Cransley.         | 38.    | Maldwell.                   |
| S.                        | Swinford.         | 19.    | Princethorpe and Rugby.     |
| ATHERSTONE—at 11.         |                   |        |                             |
| M.                        | Coombe.           | 12.    | Bubbenhall and Welston.     |
| W.                        | Harrow Inn Gate.  | 20.    | Coventry and Nuneaton.      |
| F.                        | Brinklow Station. | 12.    | Bubbenhall and Welston.     |
| S.                        | Corley.           | 14.    | Stoneleigh and Coventry.    |
| BICESTER—at 10:45.        |                   |        |                             |
| M.                        | Fenny Compton.    | 12.    | Radford and Ladbrook.       |
| Tu.                       | Trafford Bridge.  | 19.    | Southam and Wormleighton.   |
| Th.                       | Hellidon.         | 14.    | Southam and Priory Marston. |
| S.                        | Steeple Claydon.  | 40.    | Gaydon and Banbury.         |

Twenty-two meets in the week,  
all within easy reach, by road or  
rail. Let us dine and decide. At  
table we leave the menu to the wait-  
er; but let him bring for consider-  
ation during the meal the list of  
meets. "Brinklow Station, twelve  
miles": that seems the most feasi-  
ble thing in the catalogue for the  
morrow, and who has not heard  
that the Atherstone is a capital  
pack? But then the Pynchley is even  
better known, and the train reaches  
Rugby in time for the meet. Let  
the choice be decided with the  
help of coffee and cigars and possi-  
ble advice, during the soothing di-  
gestive half hour in the smoking  
room. Dinner over, wander away  
through the tortuous, dim passage  
that leads to the sombre hall where  
alone in English inns the twin  
crimes of billiards and smoking are  
permitted, and, while writhing un-  
der the furtive glances of the staid  
and middle-aged East-Indian who  
evidently knows you for an Ameri-  
can, and who is your only compan-  
ion, decide, with your nation's  
ability to reach conclusions with-  
out premises, whether it should be  
Pynchley or Atherstone. Don't  
ask your neighbor: he is an Eng-  
lishman, and have we not been  
told that Englishmen are gruff,  
reticent men, who wear thick shells,  
and whose warm hearts can be  
reached only with the knife of a  
regular introduction? However,  
you must make up your mind what  
to do, and you need help which  
neither the waiter nor the porter

can give; the "gentlemanly clerk"  
does not exist in England (thank  
heaven!) and you have not yet  
learned what an invaluable mine  
of information "Boots" is,—faith-  
ful, useful, helpful, and serviceable  
to the last degree. I salute him  
with gratitude for all he has done  
to make life in English hotels al-  
most easier and more homelike  
than in one's own house. It is safe  
to advise all travelers to make him  
an early ally, to depend on him, to  
use him, almost to abuse him, and,  
finally, on leaving, to "remember"  
him. Not yet having come to  
know the Boots, I determined to  
throw myself on the tender mer-  
cies of my stern, silent companion,  
and I very simply stated my case.  
My stern, silent companion was an  
exception to the rule, and he told  
me all I wanted to know (and  
more than I knew I needed to  
know) with a cordiality and frank-  
ness not always to be found among  
the genial smokers of our own  
hotels. His voice was in favor of  
the Atherstone as being the most  
acceptable thing for the next day.  
Ford, the veterinary surgeon of  
Leamington, had, on several oc-  
casions, done good service for  
friends who had gone before me  
over the hedges of North War-  
wickshire, and I went to him for advice  
about a mount. Here I found I  
had made a mistake in not engag-  
ing horses in advance. To get a  
"hunter" for the next day would  
be impossible, but he would do  
what he could for a few days hence.  
All he could promise for the morn-  
ing would be to lend me a horse of  
his own, a thoroughbred mare, not  
up to my weight, but tough and  
wiry, and good for any amount of  
road work. He kindly volunteered  
to arrange for our going by the first  
train to Coventry, only a couple of  
miles from Brinklow (it turned out  
to be nine miles), so that we should  
arrive fresh on the ground! At  
seven o'clock in the morning he  
came to my room to say that every-  
thing was arranged, and that I  
should find the mare at the station  
in an hour. Swallowing a glass of  
milk as a stay-stomach—my usual  
habit—I put myself, for the first  
time since the war ended, into  
breeches and boots, and drove to  
the station. On a turn-out stood  
a "horse-box," one of the institu-  
tions of England—a three-stabled  
freight car for the transportation of  
horses. Paying five shillings for a  
horse-ticket to Coventry (only twice  
the cost of my own seat), I saw the  
mare snugly packed into one of the  
narrow stalls, and made fast for the  
journey. Passing through a beau-  
tiful farming country we came in  
due time to the quaint old town of  
Coventry, where several horse-  
boxes, coming from Birmingham  
and other stations, were discharg-  
ing their freight of well-bred hun-  
ters. As we rode from this station  
another hard-shelled Englishman  
in brown top-boots and spotless  
white leather breeches accosted me  
pleasantly, reminding me that we  
had come from London together  
the day before, and asking, as he  
had recognized me for an Ameri-  
can, if he could be of service to me.

"Pray how did you know that I  
am from America?"

"Only by your asking if you  
should change cars at Rugby. An  
Englishman would have said 'car-  
riages.'"

"Very well, I am glad my ear-  
mark was no greater. Can you  
direct me to an hotel where I can  
get a bite before I go on?"

"Certainly: you will find the  
Angel very comfortable; take the  
next street to the right, and you  
will soon reach it. Good morning;  
it is nine miles to the meet, and I  
will move on slowly. Command  
me if I can help you when you  
come up."

I did find the Angel comfortable,  
(as what English inn is not?) and  
soon fortified myself with cold  
pheasant and sherry,—a compact  
and little-burdensome repast to ride  
upon,—served in a cosy old coffee-  
room by the neatest and most ob-  
liging of handmaidens.

On the road I fell in with strag-  
gling groups of horsemen, in red  
coats and black coats, leather  
breeches and cords, white tops and  
black; all neat and jaunty, and all  
wearing the canonical stove-pipe  
hat. My little mare was brisk, and  
I had no hard riding to save her for,  
so I passed a dozen or more of the  
party, getting from each one some  
form or other of pleasant recogni-  
tion, and finally from a handsome  
young fellow on a very spicy  
mount, "Excuse me, are you going  
to Brinklow? You must turn to  
the right."

Confound these Englishmen,

thought I, where is their traditional  
coldness and reserve? And I reined  
up for a chat.

My companion came from the  
vicinity of Birmingham. Like so  
many of his class, he devotes three  
days a week to systematic hunting,  
and he was as enthusiastic as an  
American boy could have been in  
telling me all I wanted to know  
about the sport. To get hold of a  
grown man who had never seen a  
foxhound seemed an event for him,  
and my first instructions were very  
agreeably taken. Our road ran past  
the beautiful deer-stocked park of  
"Coombe Abbey," where the green  
grass of a moist December and the  
thick clustering growth of all-em-  
bracing ivy carried the fresh hues  
of our summer over the wide lawn  
and to the very tops of the trees  
about the grand old house. The  
few villages on our way were nei-  
ther interesting nor pleasant, but  
the thatched farm-houses and  
cottages, and the wonderful ivy,  
and the charming fields and  
hedges were all that could have  
been asked.

And then the roadsides! and the  
stiles and the foot-paths, and the  
look of age and richness of the  
well-kept farms; and again and  
everywhere the ivy clinging fast to  
each naked thing, and clothing it  
with luxuriant beauty!

There is in all our hearts an in-  
herited chord that thrills in the  
presence of this dear old home of  
our race. Not this sport and not  
these scenes, but the air, the tone,  
the spirit of it all,—these are as fa-  
miliar to our instincts as water to  
the hen-brooded duckling.

Brinklow Station has the modern  
hideousness and newness of rail-  
road stations everywhere in country  
neighborhoods, and it was pleasant  
to leave it behind and follow the  
gay crowd down a sloping and  
winding road into the real country  
again, and into a handsome and  
well-kept park, beyond which there  
stood a fine old house of some pre-  
tension, and well set about with  
terraced lawn and shrubbery,—a  
charming English country-seat.

Here my eyes were greeted with  
the glory of my first "meet," and  
a glory it was indeed! Pictures and  
descriptions had suggested it, but  
they had only suggested it. This  
was the reality, and it far exceeded  
my anticipation. The grounds were  
fairly alive with a brilliant company  
of men and women,—happy and  
hearty, and just gathered for the  
day's sport. Red coats, white  
breeches, and top-boots were plenty,  
and the neat holiday air of the  
whole company was refreshing and  
delightful. Scattered about singly  
and in groups, mounted, on foot,  
and in carriages, were a couple of  
hundred people of all ages and of  
all conditions. Chatting from the  
saddle and over carriage-doors,  
lounging up and down the Drive,  
or looking over the hounds, the  
company were leisurely awaiting  
the opening of the ball. They had  
come from a circuit of twenty miles  
around, and they appeared to be  
mainly people who habitually con-  
gregate at the cover-side throughout  
the hunting-season, and to be  
generally more or less acquainted  
with each other. The element of  
coquetry was not absent; but  
coquetry is apparently not  
a natural product of the  
English soil, and that sort of inter-  
course was not conspicuous. The  
same number of handsome young  
men and women would be more  
demonstrative at a similar gather-  
ing in America. A similar gather-  
ing, however, would not be possible  
in America. We have no occasion  
on which people of all sorts come  
so freely and so naturally together,  
interested in a traditional and na-  
tional sport, which is alike open to  
rich and poor, and meeting, not  
for the single occasion only, but  
several times a week, winter after  
winter, often for many years.  
Noblemen, gentlemen, farmers,  
manufacturers, professional men,  
snobs, cads, errand-boys—every-  
body, in short, who cared to come  
seemed to have the right to come,  
and, so far as the hunt was con-  
cerned, seemed to be on an equal  
footing. Of course the poorer ele-  
ment was comparatively small, and  
mainly from the immediate neigh-  
borhood. The *habitués* of a hunt  
are seldom below the grade of well-  
to-do farmers. Servants from the  
house were distributing refresh-  
ments, riders were mounting their  
hunters, grooms were adjusting  
saddle-girths, two fiery animals  
were being quieted, and there was  
generally an air of preparation  
about the whole assemblage.

A little at one side, kept well to-  
gether by the huntman and a