

SCANDAL MONGERS.

"Owen Meredith," THE new poet, characterises the lovers of tit-bits of news in a queer little poem called "Small People."

The warm moon was up in the sky,
And the warm summer out in the land;
There trembled a tear from her eye;
There trembled a tear on my hand.

Her sweet face I could not see clear,
For the shade was so dark in the trees;
I only felt touched by a tear,
And I thought that the tear was for me.

In her small ear I whispered a word—
With her sweet lips she laughed in my face;
And, as light through the leaves as a bird,
She flitted away from the place.

Then she told to her sister, the Snake,
All I said; and her cousin, the Toad.
The Snake slipped away to the brake,
The Toad went to town by the road.

The Toad told the Devil's coach-horse,
Who cocked up his tail at the news.
The Snake hissed the secret, of course,
To the Newt, who was changing her shoes.

The Newt drove away to the ball,
And told it the Scorpion and Asp,
The Spider who lives in wall
Overheard it, and told it the wasp.

The wasp told the Midge and the Gnat,
The Gnat told the Flea and the Nit,
The Nit dropped an egg as she sat,
The Flea shrugged his shoulders, and bit.

The Nit and the Flea are too small,
And the Snake slips from under my foot;
I wish I could find 'mid them all
A man,—to insult and to shoot!

DESERET ALPHABET.

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A citizen down east was dubbed "the little rascal." A friend once volunteered to ask him why he was called "the little rascal." "To distinguish me from my neighbors," he replied, "who are all great rascals."

Louis Napoleon and the English Squire.

An alleged episode in the life of the present Emperor of the French, is turned to good account in the *Liverpool Journal*, which vouches for its entire authenticity:

As the story runs, many years ago, during his sojourn in England, Louis Napoleon joined a party of country gentlemen of Cheshire in hunt. The prince entered into the sport with a keen relish in the early part of the chase, but ere the day's sport had closed, was found by a certain squire lagging far behind the hounds, absorbed in deep meditation, and with a sad expression of countenance. "You are young to be melancholy," observed the Squire. The prince rejoined: "Short as my life has been, fortune has dealt strangely with me, sir," and when his companion advised him, "never to heed the jade," shook his head and said: "Nay, sir, none of us can escape our fate." The squire expressed his surprise at the Prince's belief in fate (which the latter reiterated) and after a pause, observed, that he had heard that fatalists had an immense advantage over ordinary men, by anticipating their future in this world. The prince declared that he was sure of his future; when the squire said he should be afraid to think it was that disquieted the Prince. "It is even so," rejoined Napoleon, "though, to a vulgar mind, it would seem as brilliant as could be." The squire's curiosity was now fairly aroused, and he inquired: "What is that future?" To which the Prince replied, with much emphasis, "Nothing less, sir, than the imperial purple of France."

The squire was moved to laugh, but the Prince's seriousness checked him, and the conversation continued, in the course of which it appears that while he anticipated being called "cruel, false, and a tyrant" in the future—though undeservedly—the immediate cause of the sadness of the embryo king with such a brilliant future was his poverty and the persecution of creditors; in fact, he was pushed for money. With true English generosity, the Squire immediately proffered his check for £100, which the Prince gratefully accepted. Writing out a receipt on the fly leaf of his pocket-book, he handed it to the squire, saying: "I have an absent mind, good sir, and may forget this transaction; let this be a memorandum, and when you call at the Tuileries, the debt I owe you shall be discharged; though before that I hope the obligation may not exist. My gratitude may not repay you; yet if you think the respect of Napoleon III, of any value, you have it, sir, from my heart."

Time passed on—great events took place and the follower of the Cheshire hounds became the Emperor of France. During the long years that had elapsed since the hunt, the Squire had not heard from the Prince, and though he had no idea that Napoleon remembered him, he felt an irresistible impulse to seek once again the present occupant of the Tuileries. He went to Paris, left his card at the Palace, and returned to await the result. Presently an orderly officer called at his room, presented the Emperor's compliments, and requested the Squire to return with him to the Palace in a carriage that waited at the door. The Squire at once complied, and was soon whirled to the Palace. Here he was ushered into a brilliant saloon, filled with numerous personages, including many military officers. The Squire was abashed by the novelty of his position, and gazed timidly around the apartment, but nowhere could he see his old friend of the Cheshire hunt. At last the crowd gradually opened, and the Emperor, advancing, walked directly to the trembling Squire, whom he seized by both hands, shaking them warmly. "Gentlemen," said the Emperor, turning to his suite, "allow me to introduce to your notice Monsieur—, a very old friend of mine, when your Emperor stood in need of friends." The Squire was then presented to a number of distinguished courtiers, after which the Emperor led him to a private cabinet, where the memories of by-gone days were revived. After a pleasant conversation, during which the poor Squire's assurance returned, the latter rose to take his leave, when Napoleon asked where he was stopping. On being informed, the Emperor rang a bell, which was quickly answered by an imposing specimen of the plush family, who was ordered to send for Monsieur's things and prepare a room for him in the Palace. The Squire looked aghast, and said he could not think of such a thing; but the Emperor declared that in no other way could he return the many favors he received while in England, and the Squire was shown to his room.

For three weeks did he occupy the same, and during the whole of this time the Squire has been heard to say it was a whirlwind of pleasure. What with the banquets, halls, reviews and all the other devices of luxurious courts, the Squire was beginning to forget all his old friends in England, and even the geographical situation of that Island. But business must be attended to, and one day the Squire signified to the Emperor that he must turn his face homeward. The Emperor expostulated and besought a longer visit, but the Squire was inflexible. During the whole of the three weeks not a word had been said of the £100, but on the morning of his departure the comptroller of the royal household presented to the Squire a check for the amount dated from the memorable day of the Cheshire hunt to the present time. On taking leave of the Emperor, His Majesty said, "I think I once told you I believed in my destiny; you smiled then, but who is in the right now?" "Well, upon my soul," replied the Squire, his honest face lighted up with smiles, "seeing is believing."

[From Louise Hankins' Family Pictorial.]

A Dark Picture.

"Well, my dear, we are now snugly domiciled here in the best hotel, and we shall have a nice time, eh, Carrie?"

Mr. Windley loved his wife devotedly. They had been married only a few months, and thus far, nothing had transpired to mar the tranquillity of Mr. Windley, save now and then a little pouting spell, indulged in by his wife. When he spoke to Carrie she made a rather sharp reply.

"I don't like the rooms," said she, tossing the lamp shade from the table to the bureau. "I don't like the hotel either. I shan't stay here."

"Oh, yes, you will, darling!" said Mr. Windley, coaxingly. "There is no alternative now. You chose this watering place above all others, and picked out this hotel, and to please you, I engaged this particular suit of rooms. I have made a bargain with the landlord and cannot break it."

"What do I care for your bargains!" screamed Carrie, in a very aggravating tone. "I'm not to be a prisoner, I guess; and if I choose to remove, who's to prevent me, I should like to know?"

Mr. Windley did not reply at first. He looked at his wife a moment, and seeing that she was in earnest, he said in a firm voice:

"Carrie, I love you, dearly, but Carrie, you should not irritate me. Unfortunately, I am rather quick tempered, and I might forget myself—I might lose my patience."

"I'm not afraid of you, sir. I suppose you think that now I am married to you, you will play the tyrant; but, Mr. Windley, I'll tell you before we go any further, that you will never tyrannize over me. I am determined upon leaving these rooms, this house, this place. It does not suit me to remain here, and I shall leave in this evening's boat for the city. I'll return to my father's and spend a few weeks. He'll be glad to have me come—he'll not forget who I am—he'll let me have my own way, in everything, without the first word of objection."

Carrie actually began packing up her wardrobe to depart, and then there followed a fierce quarrel, resulting in a fit of tears and hysterics on the part of the wife, and violence on the part of the husband, who locked the door of her chamber and carried the key off with him.

In a spirit of retaliation, Mr. Windley accepted an invitation to go out on a short fishing excursion with some friends, leaving Carrie at home to cry off her anger. He did not return until late in the evening, and was then saluted by numerous remarks, that Mrs. Windley had gone away in the boat. He had not dreamed of her really going and was not only amazed, but enraged beyond the prudence of reason. He could not follow her until the next evening, and waited with as much patience as an enraged lion, the entire lapse of twenty-four tedious hours. He then passed a sleepless night on board the boat, arriving in the city early next morning. He flew to the house of his wife's father, and there the quarrel of two days before was renewed with increased fury. The father defended his daughter, and ordered Mr. Windley to leave the house; but Mr. Windley refused to depart without his wife.

"I will protect her," said the old man—"she is my child—my only child—and I shall defend her with my life."

"Fool!" roared Mr. Windley, clutching Carrie by the hair. "If you were not grey-haired and old, I'd smite you even in your own house. Stand back, dotard, and release my wife."

Shrieks and screams alarmed the servants, and brought the neighbors. The police were sent for and Mr. Windley was obliged to find large bail to keep the peace.

In due time, a divorce was obtained by Carrie's father, on the grounds of cruelty and harsh treatment on the part of Mr. Windley, who, since then, has never held his head up with a happy smile.

There was a suicide the other night in a house of dissipation. A young and beautiful woman swallowed poison and expired in less than two hours. She was hastily buried without a public inquest, but since then, it has been discovered that she was the divorced wife of Mr. Windley. Her father died soon after the separation from her husband, and plunged into excess and folly without restraint; she soon lost a large property and, with ignominy, ended her career. On her grave-stone should be inscribed—"A warning to over-indulgent and foolish fathers."

A Russian Girl Outraged—Czar Avenges Her Wrongs.

Last December, an officer in the elegant uniform of the Chevalier Guards galloped along one of the most crowded and fashionable streets in Petersburg. Passing a magasin de modes, he saw a charming young girl enter. He followed her, and was struck by her cheerful but modest grace and the freshness and tenderness which distinguished her. On her retiring, he learned that she was the daughter of a poor chinowick (civilian), that the shop people worked for her at a low rate, from admiration of her youth and character, and that she would return at six.

That officer, with two of his friends indulged in a sumptuous dinner, inflaming his passions with costly champagne. Exactly at six, a large and gorgeous troika (a double-seated sledge) stopped near the magasin harnessed with three splendid horses. The poor Olga advanced, was instantly half stifled in a cloak, lifted into the troika, carried on to Czarsko Zelo, where a convenient and lonely house of entertainment awaited them, and where there

brutally ravished, after indignantly rejecting every kind of bribe. But her resistance was so violent that she disfigured the faces of her assailants.

On her return her father appealed to the hated police, but in vain. The police master assured him that the criminals could not be identified. On this her brother, an officer in the country regiment, was written to. He was indefatigable in his inquiries, discovering that three officers had suddenly announced themselves sick, to hide the scars in their faces, wrote a petition to the Emperor, and succeeded in awakening his sympathy. The police master was summoned, and the Czar charged him instantly to procure a true report of what had passed. This was done. The criminal was Prince Galitzin.

But mark his punishment. The Czar instantly compelled him to marry the sufferer, endowed her on the spot with half his worldly goods, making her at once very wealthy, and then immediately issued a ukase of divorce, leaving her entirely free. All the three officers were transported to a country regiment deep in the heart of Russia, and were refused any rise in military rank.

Never was poetical justice more rapid and more complete. The sentence does honor to the Emperor, and almost makes us long, in certain cases, for an omnipotent despot. But this is not the only instance in which Alexander II has given proofs of a good heart and great vigor.

The circumstance has created an immense sensation in the Russian capital, and will doubtless have good results.—[Ex.]

A Charming Creature.

A young clerk has been for the last four years employed in a counting house in Paris, by a merchant in the Spanish trade. This latter has a niece, brought up in Spain, and an orphan. She is not beautiful, but refined and intelligent. At balls which she attended here, the past winter, escorted by her uncle, she danced but little; the truth being that she was seldom invited, except when the young clerk chanced to be present and offered the civility of requesting her to be his partner in a quadrille. It was thus that their acquaintance was made and ripened.

A fortnight ago the clerk obtained permission from Mademoiselle Fabrica to demand her hand in marriage from her guardian, his employer. The latter seemed surprised, and received the proposal with coolness. However after a long consultation with his niece, he gave his consent, and the marriage took place as soon as the necessary formalities could be accomplished.

Two days subsequently, at breakfast, the young bride, observing the discontent of her husband at being obliged to return to his business so early in the honeymoon said—"Well, don't go to-day. Don't go any more!"

"Not go to the counting-house, my love! That is easy enough to say but—"

"It is easy enough to do, also."

"Indeed! how so?"

"Nothing more simple in the world. I have a million and a half of fortune! In my apparently modest position I determined to choose a husband with a good heart. Do you blame me?"

The gentleman's reply is not recorded.—N. Y. Express.

There is not much noise and loud laughter where true happiness is.

General Notices.

SELLING AT COST WITHOUT FREIGHT!
WILLIAM DERR

RESPECTFULLY informs the inhabitants of Utah that he has commenced making Combs at his residence, one block south of Union Square, 16th Ward. If you want fine or fancy dressing combs now is your time. I will take in exchange Grain, Flour, Corn, etc., at fitting prices. Cash will be taken at par. 31-6m

BISHOPS AND PRESIDENTS
THROUGHOUT the Territory, will you please inform the citizens of your settlements, that I have opened a regular

NEWSPAPER & PERIODICAL AGENCY,
And am prepared to receive yearly subscribers for all the principal Newspapers, Magazines, etc., at the Publishers' Prices. Those who wish to subscribe for any paper or magazine will please forward their address with the amount as early as possible, so as to secure their first number in January.

By the last mail I received my first supply of Eastern Papers and Magazines, which I am selling at 10 and 30 cents each, and all those who would prefer buying them on these terms can be supplied on application to
31st GEORGE GODDARD.

WONDER OF FIFTY-NINE!!
BEST & HAWKINS'

SPLENDID stock of TIN PLATE, SHEET IRON, COPPER, ZINC, &c., &c., has arrived. Those wishing to avail themselves of good ware or good materials, at reasonable prices, can do so by giving us a call at

One Door North of PERRY'S Store.

Having new and complete Machinery, understanding all branches of the business, we flatter ourselves that we cannot fail to give satisfaction to those giving us a trial.
N.B.—Job Work done on short notice.
Old Pewter bought. 30-1

JORDAN MILLS ON HAND AGAIN!!

WE have just completed some important improvements in the machinery of Jordan Mills and are now prepared to turn out a much superior article of FLOUR to any we have before supplied to the public.

We would call the attention of Merchants, Bakers and others who may want a superior article of FLOUR.—Samples always to be found at the JORDAN MILLS DEPOT.

Those who come from a distance for grinding can return with their grain by stopping over night.

We tender our sincere thanks to our patrons for past favors, and solicit a continuance for the future.

Hungarian Milled Seed for sale, &c., would be preferred.

A. GARDNER,
G. A. SMITH,
D. R. ALLEN, Miller.

27-11