

And still the apple of discord triumphed. . . . The ladies of Steepleville were getting up a fancy fair for the benefit of the church, and as the time drew near for the grand display the scarlet polonaise that had lain in the bureau drawer like a smouldering fire, ready to flame up and kindle anew the fire of contention, was again discussed.

"You won't wear it this time, now will ye, honey?" asked Ephraim, as he watched the completion of an apple pie under Delphy's nimble fingers.

"Yes, I will," said Delphy, "I'd hev to ef I didn't want to, I ain't got nothin' else."

"Shucks!" said Ephraim, with a puzzled look that cleared at a sudden idea, "ye could make something."

"I couldn't no sich," said Delphy, hanging up her rolling pin. "I ain't got time to wink. An' here's Sallie asen'in' fer me to come an' tell her what's the matter with the baby—says he takes spells of squallin' hisself black an' skeerin' her an' Johnny till their hair stan's on end. I'll hev to go over to-morrow, though I don't reckon it's nethin' more n nettlerash. I couldn't take nary stitch 'twixt this an' the festive 'f I wanted to."

"Don't ye 'low Miss Jinnins could make ye a polly—what ye call it?"

"Mussy! She's got so much sewin' on hand she wouldn't make as much as a night-cap—not for nobody, makin' dresses for all them Steepleville girls!" Delphy's energetic voice soared up a shrill pipe at this climax.

"We-ell," spoke Ephraim, slowly, "wouldn't nary one of the neighbors make ye one—not a nightcap, a polly—whatever 'tis?"

"My sakes! what an idy!" said Delphy, "they're every one as busy as the kin be an' busier too a sewin' fer the festive, an' would make me nothin', let alone I ain't got nothin' to make an' don't want it no way, 'cause I 'low to wear the red polonaise; an' Eph, it's jest naturally, meanness in you not a-wantin' me to wear it."

Eph walked out of the kitchen rubbing his eyebrow meditatively. "P'raps it's weekid," he said, "but I kaint help a-hatin' that red polly. Shucks! I kaint never remember the rest of it."

Toward the close of the next afternoon, Mrs. Pickles returned from her daughter's home.

"I knowed," she muttered as she neared her own door, "wasn't nothin' the matter with that little limb only badness." She had come the back way through the orchard. The sitting-room window was open, and from within she heard the smothered exclamation—"Shucks!"

"What kin Eph be about?" she wondered. She took off her sunbonnet, tiptoed to the window, and peeped over the sill. Even then she could not immediately discover what Eph was about. There he was on the floor, on his hands and knees, looking like some kind of queer, gigantic bug, his face expressing the most exaggerated perplexity. A large piece of calico, half unrolled, was spread out before him, and beside it lay the sheep-shears and an old polonaise of Delphy's, Eph glaring at them all in puzzled despair. At length he picked up the polonaise, and after eyeing all the seams nently, laid it upon the calico, and cautiously took up the shears, but paused irresolutely, scratching his nose with the points.

"Ef I knowed how in common sense this here mess of gathers an' wrinkles was cut, I could do it," he soliloquized. "I'd give a pretty to know whether they cut 'em *fust*, or sew 'em into the calico an' then cut 'em." He laid down the shears and settled into his former position, still surveying the calico as if to find a solution of the mystery therein.

As for Delphy, outside, she sat down upon an old flower-pot, wiping her suddenly tearful eyes upon the cape of her bonnet.

"Bless him," said she, "he's a-trying to cut me a polonaise, his own self! He—him, a-cuttin' me a polonaise! he's went an' bought the stuff, too, an' me a-treatin' him like a dog. Lord forgive my weekidness, an' I won't never do it again. An' the Lord bless him. A-tryin' to cut me a polonaise! That beats me—an' with the sheep shears!"

After another outburst of tears, Delphy jumped up and ran in.

"Eph!" she cried, "honey, you kaint never cut it. Let it alone, an' I'll fin' the time somehow. An' I won't never wear the red thing no nothin' you don't want me to, the longest day I live. Oh, Eph, my sugar love, to think you was a-tryin' to cut me a polonaise with the sheep-shears!"

to cut me a polonaise with the sheep-shears!"

And she ran into Eph's arms, he having risen to his feet, and cried against his butternut coat.

"You needn't to cry, honey," said Eph, patting her head. "I didn't cut it, so it ain't spiled, nor the sheep-shears neither. But Delphy, chile"—and the twinkle of humor in his eyes changed to a kindly, serious look, "I've been kinder thinkin' maybe the Lord wouldn't like fer us to be quar'lin' so much over nothin' at our time of life, 'stid of doin' what we could for His glory."

"We won't do it no more," said Delphy.

And the next day she cut up the red polonaise to make 12 pincushions for the fancy fair (and thus it was no longer a bone of discord, but a blessing in disguise) into a dozen things of beauty, and probab'ly joys forever—until moths and time shall take away their glory. —*Demorest's Monthly.*

THE GARDO HOUSE FINISHED.

RECEPTION DAY APPOINTED.

The following correspondence, which will be of general interest, has been obtained for publication:

SALT LAKE CITY,
December 27th, 1881.

President John Taylor, City:

Dear Brother—The undersigned, a committee appointed by the Council of Apostles, to whom was referred the matter of finishing and furnishing the Gardo House, would respectfully submit that they have so far completed their labors on the contemplated arrangements as to be able to report the house now ready and prepared for occupancy.

In connection with this subject permit us to suggest, that from remarks made by many of our people, they would esteem it a great privilege to call upon and pay their respects to you at an early day, in your new home. Believing that it would afford you pleasure to receive such as might desire to call upon you, we would most respectfully recommend next Mouday, the 2nd proximo as a proper time, if you would name the hour at which you would be pleased to receive callers.

Hoping that our labors may be acceptable, we remain,

Your brethren and fellow laborers in the Gospel,
MOSES THATCHER,
WILLIAM JENNINGS,
ANGUS M. CANNON,
Committee.

SALT LAKE CITY,
December 27, 1881.

Messrs. M. Thatcher, Wm. Jennings and Angus M. Cannon, Committee:

Dear Brethren.—In answer to your note of this date, permit me to say that I duly appreciate your exertions and labors in carrying out the views and instructions of the Council and all of your endeavors to make the Gardo House a comfortable and suitable habitation for myself and family.

In re-ponse to your suggestions, I beg leave to say that it will afford me very great pleasure to meet as many of my brethren and sisters as can make it convenient to call upon me.

And as Monday, the second day of January, is substituted for the first day of the New Year, I am pleased to accept your recommendation of that day as being a fitting occasion to receive the salutation of my friends, and would name the hours from 11 o'clock a.m. to 3 o'clock p.m., for that purpose.

As I expect to invite a few of the prominent brethren, I should be pleased also, as far as practicable, that the Committee and their ladies will favor me with their presence, and that they will invite such of their co-laborers as they in their judgment may deem proper.

With sentiments of esteem, I subscribe myself,
Your brother in the Gospel,
JOHN TAYLOR.

A cruel eastern paper has the following sharp note about the famous traveling gospel mongers: "Moody and Sankey have a perfect right to charge and receive thirty-five hundred dollars a week for their evangelistic labors, but if, after having done so, they insist that the transaction remain secret, that they may pose as those who labor 'taking no thought for the morrow,' they are sadly in the wrong."

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF NEILS OLSEN, DECEASED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, BY THE undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Neils Olsen, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months from the date of the first publication of this notice, to the Administrator at his residence at the corner of 4th East and 7th South Streets, Salt Lake City, in the County of Salt Lake, Utah.

Dated at Salt Lake City, Nov. 9th, 1881.
SAMUEL PETERSON,
Administrator of the Estate of Neils Olsen, deceased. w46 4w

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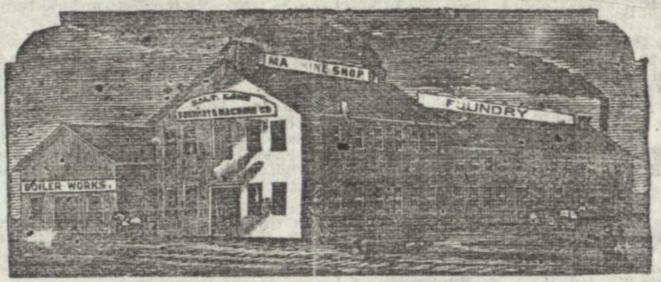
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