

INTIMATE FRIENDS.

"Mamma, Mrs. Grant, with her daughter, is down stairs," said Nora Vere to her mother.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Vere, in a tone of vexation, "what can bring her out this damp morning?—just as I am in the midst of cutting out this work, too! Well, I suppose I must go down."

"I believe she always chooses disagreeable weather," rejoined Nora, "for the sake of catching us unprepared. I had just time to make my escape before she was shown in."

In another moment Mrs. Vere was in the parlor receiving her friend with all the cordiality in the world, as if she had been the very person above all others that she had most desired to see; and Nora, too, her dislike to Mrs. Grant being conquered by her love of gossip and desire to hear the particulars of the last night's ball, which she had been prevented from attending, joined them presently.

"I am sorry, Nora," said Mrs. Grant, "that you were not at Mrs. Kendal's last evening. It was the gayest party we have had this season."

"I was sorry, indeed," said Nora, "not to be there. We were engaged with some friends at home. Who was the belle?"

"Oh, Miss Lindon, of course. She is always the prettiest, best dressed, and most admired girl wherever she goes. Young Hamilton was devoted to her."

Now, as Miss Lindon was Nora's avowed rival, and "favorite aversion," and Mr. Hamilton her own particular admirer, she well knew that Mrs. Grant gave her this agreeable piece of information in the hope of her saying something disagreeable; so she answered, with the frankest expression and most cordial tone, "She always looks charming, and I know Mr. Hamilton admires her." Had she lived in the palace of truth she would have replied, "She never looked pretty in her life and Hamilton doesn't admire her at all, and I doubt whether he ever danced with her last night." She, however, contented herself with asking Miss Grant, who danced wretchedly and seldom got partners, whether she had waltzed a great deal, to which the young lady replied, "No, I seldom waltz; it lays one open to so many observations."

Nora, who waltzed like a sylph, could not let that pass, and she replied with spirit, that she did not think so. Once upon a time it might have been so, but all that was old fashioned and considered in bad taste now. She then proceeded to eulogize the waltzing of a fashionable foreigner, whom she pronounced (as if that was quite secondary) "very agreeable," and asked if Miss Grant did not find him so.

Miss Grant, who spoke French very imperfectly—which Nora shrewdly suspected when she asked the question—although she sat up for a linguist and a blue, said that she did not take much interest in foreigners, as she thought they generally were very frivolous; but here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Belmont, who was a mutual friend of both families, whereupon a very general and spirited critique was passed upon all their friends and acquaintances at large.

"Nora," continued Mrs. Belmont, "your dress at the flower-show was perfect. I never saw you look better." Whereupon Mrs. Grant turned her cold gray eyes on Nora, and scrutinizing every article she had on, as if she was taking an inventory of everything she wore, and wondered where the money came from, said, slowly and not over approvingly, "Yes, Nora is always exquisitely dressed," rose and took her leave.

"That is more than can be said for her or Lucy," said Nora, ere the door had closed upon her departing visitors.

"You may say that, my dear," rejoined Mrs. Belmont, laughing. "You ought to have seen them last night."

"What did they wear?" asked Nora, with the greatest animation.

"What did they not rather," returned Mrs. Belmont. "Droll as Mrs. Grant's caps usually are, I think she rather out-did herself last night."

"What was it?" asked Mrs. Vere, to whom the very word "cap" always carried a deep interest.

"Oh, I can't describe it," replied her friend. "Such a concatenation of erids of gimp and gold lace and flowers I never saw, even on her head, before. I don't know where she could have had it made."

"She made it herself, of course," said Nora, contemptuously. "Does she not make everything? She prides herself on being what she calls 'smart,' and I never knew one of your 'smart' women who did not dress vilely."

"I agree with you," said Mrs. Bel-

mont. "Better be simple and unpretending, if you can't afford to buy the real thing at once. But Mrs. Grant thinks she can imitate almost any imported head-dress she sees."

"Yes," joined in Nora; "and when she has made something outlandish, thinks it looks French."

From Mrs. Grant's caps, they passed to Mrs. Grant's dresses and flowers, which did not fare much better; and by the time they had fully discussed their mutual friends, the interest and animation of the conversation dying away, Mrs. Belmont bade them good morning.

"I wonder what pleasure a woman of Mrs. Belmont's age can take in going to parties night after night as she does," said Nora to her mother after the lady's departure.

"Well, I am surprised at it," said Mrs. Vere, "as she has no daughter to matronise. If I did not consider it my duty to go with you, nothing would induce me to submit to such fatigue. But Mrs. Belmont has extraordinary spirits. She is constitutionally gay."

"That may be a happy constitution," continued Nora, "but it is not a dignified one. I like to see a woman fall into the 'sere and yellow leaf' gracefully, not be dancing and dressing like a young girl, and out every night."

"I think, Nora," said her little brother, looking up from his slate as his mother quitted the room, "that ours is the only perfect family."

"The only perfect family? Why, what do you mean, Tommy?"

"Why," returned the child with much simplicity, "I have been listening to you and mamma, and it seems to me that everybody has got so many faults except us, that we must be the only perfect people you know."

Nora laughed heartily as she replied, "I don't know that we are perfect, Tommy. Perhaps if we were to hear other people talk of us, we might find that we had some faults too."

Had Nora and Tommy had the gift of clairvoyance and could in spirit have followed Mrs. Belmont, as she overtook Mrs. Grant, they would speedily have discovered that Nora's conjecture was not as impossible as it at first struck Tommy's young mind.

"You are going to Mrs. Vere's next Monday, I suppose?" said Mrs. Grant.

"Oh, of course. They give a good many parties, don't they?"

"Yes, a great many," replied Mrs. Grant, "and I don't know how they manage it. With Mr. Vere's limited means, and their expensive habits, how they contrive to dress as they do is more than I can comprehend."

"I know," continued Mrs. Belmont, dropping her voice to the true confidential pitch, "from what Mrs. Vere told me, that they are very much pressed for money;" and then she proceeded to mention some circumstances that Mrs. Vere had inadvertently let drop in relation to their family affairs, adding, "I should not of course mention these things did I not know the strong interest;" (curiosity would have been the better word) "you take in the family, and all that relates to them."

"Oh, certainly," said Mrs. Grant, "you may safely talk to me, I am so much attached to them all, and only mention these things with regret."

"Of course," rejoined Mrs. Belmont, "one cannot without pain see a family like the Veres committing such extravagances. They have noble qualities, but it is a pity they are so imprudent."

Mrs. Grant chorused in as to their "noble qualities," and the ladies praised their friends vaguely and in general for a few minutes, when they returned to their failings with renewed vigor.

"Indeed," said Mrs. Grant, "I don't know how Mrs. Vere can reconcile it to her conscience to dress Nora as she does. If her object is Mr. Hamilton, I think she is sadly mistaken in the means. Young men don't fall in love with a girl because she dresses well. Indeed, in times like these, it is calculated to have a contrary effect. They can't afford to marry expensive wives, who bring nothing."

"That's true," said Mrs. Belmont, who had neither sons nor daughters grown up. "But Mr. Hamilton is rich."

Having reached her destination, where she wished to make some purchase, Mrs. Belmont bid her friend good morning.

Now what was the tie that bound these three families together?—for a week never passed that either the Veres did not spend an evening with the Grants, or the Grants with the Veres, and Mrs. Belmont was always at both places.

It is very evident that, though the intimacy was great, the friendship did not amount to much. Habit and love of gossip can only explain the enigma, for an enigma it does seem, at first

sight, that two families who did not like each other, and to both of whom the third party was indifferent, should be upon terms of mutual intimacy.

Mrs. Vere and Mrs. Grant had known each other early, when their little children and small incomes had been rather subjects of mutual sympathy and interest, and, living much out of society, they had been what might really be termed friends. But as time progressed and their children grew up, different views and feelings were developed, and the friendship degenerated into intimacy, and the interest into curiosity; and thus, as is too often the case, the form lasted after the sentiment had departed, and what was once sympathy bore now very much the aspect of antipathy. Nora Vere looked upon Lucy Grant as a girl who, being ugly, wanted to pass for being clever or "intellectual," as she would say; and she laughed at her pretensions and quizzed her German and pronounced her "stuck up." Lucy, on her part, indignant at seeing the lovely Nora's beauty, waltzing and dressing prove so much more attractive than her more solid (not to say, heavy) acquirements, spoke of her as "frivolous." The young Veres voted the Grants "slow," and what term the solemn Grants found profound enough to indicate their contempt for the careless off-hand Veres, has not yet come to our knowledge.

Nora Vere was a very pretty creature, with her clear hazel eyes, bright chestnut hair, and sylph-like figure, the very personification of youth, health and happiness; and if she was somewhat given to the two sins of fashionable life, ridicule and extravagance, she was yet at heart a high spirited, sweet tempered, warm hearted girl and did not ridicule her real friends, but only those who passed for such. At any rate Frederick Hamilton, being young himself, would not have changed her faults for Grant's virtues; and so, notwithstanding the moral that should "adorn this tale"—for we must own the truth—he did admire her the more for her very pretty dressing. Young men will worship beauty and admire effect, and a brighter fairy was never seen in a ball room than Nora Vere; and so, in spite of all Mrs. Grant's prophetic, not to say triumphant, anticipations, Frederick Hamilton, deeming himself rich enough to please himself, did offer hand and heart to the acceptance of the proud and happy Nora.

"What did Mrs. Grantsay, mamma?" was the eager inquiry of the bride elect, on her mother's return from a visit to that lady to announce the engagement, for Mrs. Vere's happiness was never perfect until she had the triumph of communicating it to her friend; and when Nora returned her bridal visits in her own carriage, nowhere did she leave her card as "Mrs. Frederick Hamilton" with such entire satisfaction as at Mrs. Grant's.

"And now, Nora," said her husband, as they drove away from the door, "let us have little or nothing to do with that woman."

"With all my heart," she replied. "I don't like her nor any of her connections."

"It is not the people so much whom I dislike, as the terms you are on," said her husband. "For, Nora, if you will forgive me for saying so, I don't think that species of skirmishing and sharpshooting that existed between you either womanly or lady-like."

"That it is not lady-like I fully agree with you," replied Mrs. Hamilton; "but oh," she continued, laughing, "it is very womanly!"

Varieties.

—An artillery committee has reported to Napoleon the advisability of adopting the Prussian rifle for the French army.

—An old lady who sells eggs in Cincinnati has over her door: "New laid eggs every day, by Betty Briggs."

—Merit has rarely risen of itself, but a pebble or a twig is often quite sufficient for it to spring from to the highest ascent. There is usually some lowliness before there is any elevation.

—An idle man always thinks he has a right to be affronted if a busy man does not devote to him just as much of his time as he himself has leisure to waste.

—West Point Academy was founded in 1802, since which time the total number of cadets actually admitted to its privileges is 4,826. The actual graduates amount to 2,020.

—"My dear Ellen," said Mr. Eastman to a young lady whose smiles he was

seeking, "I have long wished for this opportunity, but I hardly dare trust myself now to speak the deep emotions of my palpitating heart, but I declare to you, my dear Ellen, that I love you most tenderly; your smiles would shed"—"Never mind the wood-shed," said Ellen, "go on with that pretty talk."

—A capital sell came off at a masquerade ball recently in Boston. Two wealthy merchants were paying their devotions to a young lady in mask, each striving for the largest place in her affections. The time for raising the mask arrived, both suitors were clinging to the arms of their charmer—when, lo! the fascinating one proved to be a boy employed in their own establishment.

—The new metal magnesium attracts great attention in the scientific world, and promises to become highly serviceable in the mechanical arts. It is of the color of tin, and almost the lightness of cork. One of its properties is that it burns not only, like steel wire, in oxygen, but in the open air, and with a light so intense that it can be seen 20 miles at sea. It is in intensity all but sunshine, and can be used in taking photographs. A bit of wire, lighted in a candle, lights up a room with wonderful brilliancy. It is said there are large deposits of magnesium in New Jersey, from which this wonderful metal could be made with great facility. It is proposed to use it for ships, being lighter than wood, and not liable to foul like iron; but what if such a ship should catch fire?

—With reference to the fire at the Riverside Trotting Park, near Boston, a little girl gravely asked if it was a "trotting match which set the stable on fire."

—The Hartford, Conn., *Courant* commemorated its centennial anniversary on Saturday, and issued to its subscribers a *fac simile* of the specimen sheet published one hundred years ago.

—There is at St. Etienne, in France, a young lady eighteen years of age, affected with a rare, though not unparalleled infirmity. She is unable to see while the sun is above the horizon, but sees perfectly well at night, and in complete darkness.

—More are drowned in the wine-cup than in the ocean.

ABSTRACT

Of Meteorological observations for the month of Nov., 1864, at G. S. L. City, Utah, by W. W. Phelps.

MONTHLY MEAN.

Barometer not repaired.

Monthly Mean. Thermometer open air.		Thermometer. Dry Bulb.	
7 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.	
49	50	38	
7 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.	
47	58	52	
Monthly Mean. Thermometer. Wet Bulb.			
7 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.	
38	44	40	

The highest and lowest range of the Thermometer during the month in open air was, Max. 63°. Min. 25°.

The amount of rain and snow water was 1.100— which is nineteen hundredths more than one inch over the surface. The snow measured 3 inches.

With a very small quantity of "Indian summer," November has come to winter with plenty of wind, and some snow on the mountains, as an index to next year's irrigation.

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1. Clear and cool; frost.
2. do do
3. do do
4. A.m. clear; p.m. hazy.
5. Cloudy, snowy and windy.
6. Cloudy and cold.
7. Clear and cold.
8. Partially clear.
9. Cloudy.
10. do
11. A.m. cloudy; p.m. clear and pleasant.
12. Clear.
13. do
14. do
15. Cloudy and stormy; rained at midnight.
16. Snow 6 inches; cloudy and dreary.
17. Clear and cold.
18. do do
19. do do
20. Day clear; night cloudy.
21. Clear.
22. Partially clear.
23. Cloudy.
24. Mostly cloudy.
25. Cloudy and warm.
26. Cloudy; rained at night.
27. Cloudy and very windy.
28. Snowy and stormy.
29. Clear most of the day.
30. Hazy and windy.