

LUKE WHARTON'S LESSON.

A SKETCH FOR EVERYBODY.

"I think he would sell himself cheap," said Luke Wharton, and he spoke very warmly.

What do you mean?" asked Rosanna, his wife.

"I mean just what I say. He would sell himself for money; and I believe he would sell his best friend."

"Of whom do you speak, my son?" asked his mother, looking from her work and raising her spectacles.

"I'm speaking of Mr. Simmons," replied Luke.

"But what have you against him?" the old lady resumed.

"I have nothing against him; I was only speaking about him just as I thought."

"But don't you know that we should not always tell just what we think, my son? It is not safe."

"I believe it is always safe to tell the truth, no matter where it hits," returned Luke.

"Then it would be proper for me to go out and tell the things I hear you and your wife say, and all that I see you do, no matter what may be their character!"

"Ah—but that would be infringing on the sacredness of the domestic circle," said the young man.

"So it would," continued his mother, "and this shows you that there must be exceptions to your rule. The domestic circle is no more sacred than a man's character. When you must speak, then speak the truth, and fear not the consequences; but be careful when you speak. I know you are very careless, sometimes, in the way you speak to others, and I am sorry it is so. Now answer me this: would you want Mr. Simmons to know what you said of him?"

"I shouldn't care," replied Luke, and he spoke hesitatingly.

"Yes, you would care," continued the old lady. "You know that he is a man of much influence in this place, and that he never wronged you in any way or shape. Your estimation of his character is only formed from what others have said. Now answer me truly: Would you wish that some third party would whisper in his ear the scandal you have spoken of him?"

"Well—I don't know as I should—but there's no danger."

"Ah, my son; you don't know how much danger there may be. I am afraid you are as free in speaking to others as you are in speaking to us. Have you not spoken to Mr. Simmons thus?"

Luke was obliged to admit that he had; but still claimed that there was no danger, and that he had a right so to speak.

"You have no right to speak about your neighbor," said Mrs. Wharton, "and more than this, it is not safe. You will find as you advance in the world that you will have difficulties enough to contend with without making enemies needlessly. If you would prosper and move along through life with honor and respect, let your first care be to see that you speak no evil of your neighbor. Speak ill of no man when duty does not absolutely compel you to do so. You will find it by far the safest course."

Luke Wharton was a young man just married, and was clerk in a retail store. He meant to be honorable and truthful, but he had contracted that habit which so many have foolishly contracted, of speaking very foolishly of his neighbors. In the present case, Mr. Simmons, a worthy and respectable citizen, had made a movement for retrenchment in the expenses of the town. Luke's employer had been in the habit of furnishing certain articles to the town, and under the new system his bill was likely to fall below the amount he had received in former years. So he thought Mr. Simmons had meddled too much in town affairs, and Luke took up the strain and piped freely upon it. He knew nothing of the causes which had led Mr. Simmons's course, he only knew that that gentleman's character was before the public, and he went into it. But this was not the only case. A man who can speak recklessly of one individual will speak in the same manner of others; and a man who can thus thoughtlessly speak at one time, is likely so to speak at any time. Luke had been for some time anxious to go into business on his own account, and the opportunity at length presented itself; or at all events he saw a fair chance to make arrangements to that end. His old employer, who had done business, was ready to sell out. He told Luke if he could find a partner who would pay cash down for half of the store and its

good will, the other half might remain for several years on a mortgage. So Luke cast about him, and was not long in finding the man he sought. Thomas Lyon, a young man of a neighboring town, was ready to enter into such a partnership, and he considered that the thorough knowledge of the business, and the intimate acquaintance with the customers Luke would bring to him, would offset the interest he might have to pay for the money he would be obliged to hire.

It was all arranged and Luke Wharton was happy. Thomas Lyon would raise the \$4,000 necessary to be paid down, and he would soon be in a position where he could not only enjoy the honor and satisfaction of doing business for himself, but where he knew he could lay up money. And he was more satisfied because another party had been talking of purchasing the store.

"I wouldn't trust him so far as I could throw a fat hog by the tail, up hill!" asserted Luke. He spoke of Mr. Samuel Lovejoy, a man who lived in a distant part of the town, and who was the individual who had some talk of purchasing the store.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mrs. Wharton.

"I mean just what I say," returned Luke, "I wouldn't trust him an inch."

"But what do you know against him, my son?"

"I know enough. He would have bought our store if he could, and meant to do it in an underhand way. He knew that I wanted it, and yet he tried his best to work me out."

"But how do you know this?"

"How do I know—why I know it well enough. I know that he went to my employer, Mr. Green; offered to purchase the whole; and I know that he intimated that I might never be able to pay my half. I tell you he isn't to be trusted."

"I hope you have not spoken thus to any one else," said the old lady with much earnestness.

"Why do you hope that?"

"Because it would have been very wrong. I know Mr. Lovejoy is a very eccentric man, and very set and even bitter in his prejudices; but I never heard a lie against his character for honesty and uprightness. Have you spoken of him out of doors?"

"I have spoken my mind of him," replied Luke, somewhat stubbornly; "and I shall speak so again."

"Stop!" said the mother—she spoke sternly, yet tenderly. "Don't say so—you are too free in the use of that tongue of yours. You are not sure that Mr. Lovejoy has spoken one word against you, and you have no right to speak so against him. If this should go to his ears, it might injure you. If you are going into business you should endeavor to make friends and not enemies. Let me assure you, my son, you had better break yourself of this bad habit. Just look at it in this light, and you ought not to look further: It is a habit from which no good can possibly flow, but from which much evil must result. Is not that reason enough for giving it up?"

While they were yet speaking, the door bell rang, and the servant handed in a letter for Luke Wharton, saying, the postman had just left it.

The young man broke the seal and read as follows:

"Friend Wharton—

I am very sorry to be obliged to inform you that our plan for purchasing the store in partnership cannot be carried out. I had so arranged to have the money from my uncle, Samuel Lovejoy, whom you know, but he will not allow me to move as I intended. I may as well be frank with you as not; he says he will purchase the whole store for me, or he will allow me to take such a share as I wish. A week ago he had resigned all his previously formed plans in my favor, but he has met with something which has suddenly and strangely changed his mind. He simply tells me that he will not trust you where my money will be at stake. He says further (pardon me, for I must speak frankly), a man who uses his tongue as you use yours, would be sure to ruin a business sooner or later.

Will you see him and talk with him? I may see you this week.

Yours, &c.,
THOMAS LYON."

The hand that held the letter sank by Luke's side, and a smothered groan escaped him.

"What is it?" asked his young wife springing to his side.

"Nothing—nothing now," he whispered; and then he seized his hat and hastened out of the room.

What a blow was this! How high had he built his hopes upon the flattering promises of the future—and how heavy was the fall! He paced to and fro in the garden, and finally he reasoned calmly on the subject. At first he muttered deep imprecations upon the head of Samuel Lovejoy; but when he came to read the letter again, he was forced to think and feel differently.

"A week ago he had arranged plans in my favor," he read.

"I was mistaken," he said to himself.

"While I thought he was trying to work me out, he was really trying to help me. He was ready to let Thomas have \$4,000 to be my partner. What a fool I have been!—Why couldn't I have known that he was Lyon's uncle and my friend?"

"My son!" Luke started—turned and beheld his mother.

"What is this?" she asked.

He handed her the letter, and she read it!

"What shall I do?" he asked.

"What have you proposed to do?"

"Nothing, I know not what I can do."

"You can give up the store and all the bright hopes you have based upon it."

"Oh, I cannot do that mother."

"Then you can do better. Go to Mr. Lovejoy and tell him frankly that you have been at fault, and that henceforth you will do so no more."

"I cannot."

Then you must do the other thing—give up all. You have done very wrong, and if you have not the courage to acknowledge it to him against whom the wrong has been done, then you deserve no favor that he can grant. Think of it, my son; and as you think remember this: If you come honorably out of this, it may be the best lesson you ever received. God be with you Luke, and may good sense and reason prevail."

She left him and he remained alone in the garden for half an hour. Then he went to the stable and got a horse, and rode away to see Samuel Lovejoy. He found the old gentleman at home, and after he had overcome his embarrassment, he stated the object of his visit.

"You thought I meant to work against you, eh?" said Samuel Lovejoy.

"It makes no difference what I thought," frankly returned Luke. "I did wrong, for I had no right to question your motives; nor had I any right to speak as I did. It was spoken thoughtlessly, and I am sorry for it."

"Sorry that I heard it, eh?"

"No, sir. I am glad you heard of it, for it has opened my eyes to the greatest fault of my life. But I am sorry I said it because it was wrong."

"Well, well," said the old gentleman, "come in. If you really feel in that way perhaps we can talk."

They went into the house and the matter was freely discussed. In the end, Luke had pledged himself that he would cast off the evil practice of a loose tongue forever; and Samuel Lovejoy had promised that he should have half of Mr. Green's store, with Thomas Lyon for a partner.

Once more was Luke Wharton happy. He went home with his resolution firmly fixed, and when he told his wife and mother what had transpired they were happy with him.

Within two weeks the great store bore above its entrance the names of "Lyon & Wharton," and business flourished, and the new firm prospered. Luke wrote a few words upon a slip of paper, and placed it where his eyes fell upon it daily. It was a life lesson which he wrote there—a lesson which thousands of us should learn and practice.

"Suffer no word to escape thee of thy neighbor which thou wouldst not have thy neighbors know."—Potsdam Courier and Farmer.

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NOTICE.
In the Supreme Court for the District of Utah.

In the matter of HENRY L. SOUTHWORTH, In Bankruptcy.

TO THE CREDITORS of said Estate. You are hereby notified that a second general meeting of creditors will be held before R. H. Robertson, Esq., Register in Bankruptcy, at his office in Salt Lake City, on the 13th day of May, 1899, at eleven o'clock, a.m., for the purposes specified in the 27th section of the Bankrupt Act of March 2, 1867.

HENRY W. ISAACSON, Assignee, &c.
Dated Salt Lake City, the 4th day of May, A.D. 1899. w13-2

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It offers a nice business to any person with little capital. Any farmer, mechanic or laboring man could successfully manufacture bricks by one of these Machines; it would be a profitable business for any one, and could soon pay for itself.

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