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DECKER'S REWARD.

"The days are shortening," sighed Friend Decker, as he folded up his spectacles and replaced them in their tin case, "or else my sight isn't what it used to be. Wednesday, one can't expect to be young always. Is it thee, Leah? I did not look for thee so soon."

Leah Decker came into the room like a breezy young whirlwind. She had some of the repose of manner at present so much in vogue. Born and bred a Quakeress, there was nothing of the Quakeress about her except her quaint Scripture name.

"Yes, it's me!" said Leah shortly.

"Did thee go to Friend Anastasia?" gently inquired the old man, readjusting the big pine logs so that they should burn brighter for Leah's benefit.

"Oh, yes, I went there."

"I hope she is better of her rheumatism."

"Yes, she is better. But—but she will not buy the apples, father. Mean, stingy old thing!" cried Leah wrathfully, flinging her coal scuttle bonnet on the table. "She says she can buy all she wants at fifty cents a barrel of old Jacob Joyce; so she can, perhaps, wretched, knurly, worm knots, not fit for pigs! Ours are apples! She says thee asks an exorbitant price."

Friend Decker slowly shook his head.

"Friend Anastasia is under a misapprehension," said he. "Eighty cents a barrel is what they are paying at the cider mill. Only one does not like to see such beautiful, rare colored fruit ground into baleful spirits to set men's brains on fire."

"Much she would stop to think of that," said Leah, still ruffled.

"I am sorry," said Friend Decker mildly. "I read the money much, and I think she would have been better satisfied with my apples than with Friend Jacob Joyce's."

"And after all that," flashed out Leah, the spirit of indignation rife within her, "she had the impudence to ask me for a jar of plum sauce I made. She says Friend Mary told her how nice it was and——"

"And," quietly interposed her father, "thee said, I hope, that thee would be glad to oblige her."

"No, I didn't," bluntly answered Leah. "I said that I gathered the wild plums myself in the Creek road, and cooked them after Aunt Mahala's recipe, and that there were four jars, and I wanted to keep them for thee, especially since thy health was so poor and thy appetite so variable."

"I am sorry, dear," said Friend Decker. "Friend Anastasia is very old, and old people are apt to be fanciful about trifles. Moreover, she's our kinswoman, a degree or two removed, perhaps, but——"

"Then why don't she do something for us," flashed out Leah, "besides giving us good advice and tormenting us with her fault finding. I didn't mean to mention it, father, but she told me out and out that she had adopted Moses Sawyer, and that she meant to make him her heir."

"Well, daughter, why should she not?" composedly questioned the old man.

"Because he is no relation to her at all," cried Leah, "and the property all came from our great-grandfather Lennox, thee knows."

"Thee attaches too much importance to mere dross, Leah," said Friend Decker. "Thee must study the text of the lilies of the field in the Bible. 'We shall all be provided for if only we can have patience to wait.'"

Leah bit her full, red under lip as she glanced around the scanty furnished room, and settled her father's drooping figure and rapidly whitening head, but she made no reply as she took up the coarse pile of vests on which she had been working button holes for a neighboring clothing contractor.

"Father's a saint," thought she, "but I am not, and I am afraid I never shall be. I should like to cut off Anastasia Akerly's ears. If every one had their rights, half of that big Lennox farm would be ours. She gained possession of it by the merest legal quibble, and if father was like any one else he would have gone to law about it long ago and got back his own. And now it is definitely willed to some one else!"

And Leah's needle flew vindictively in and out of the cloth like a miniature javelin piercing the heart of an unseen enemy.

But the next morning when Leah had gone to carry her bundle of vests home and get another batch of work Friend Decker put on his hat and bottomed his great coat, which was getting worn at the elbows and shiny at the seams.

"It is a bright, clear morning, albeit a little frosty," said he. "I think I may walk as far as the Lennox farm without aggravating my cough."

And under his arm he carried a neat parcel.

Old Anastasia Akerly was winding blue yarn before the fire when he came in. She greeted him not without a shadow of suspicion.

Had he come like a spy into the enemy's quarters?

"I hope thee is well, Friend Anastasia," said he. "I have brought thee a jar of my daughter's wild plum sauce. Perhaps it may tempt thy appetite."

Anastasia Akerly relented.

"I isn't of no consequence," said she, "I dunno as I care so much about sweet things. Only there used to grow a wild plum bush on the hills at home, and mother used to boil the plums with sassafras. They were dreffful sour, but there was a flavor about 'em I hadn't never since tasted. And when Mary Moses told how good Leah's was, I kind o' noticed I'd like a taste o' you. But Leah said she hadn't none to spare."

"Leah was mistaken," said Friend Decker. "In our house there is always something to spare for an old friend like thee."

"I don't know that you looked on me as a friend," she said sharply.

"Thee ought to have been certain of that."

"There were ugly things said about the way the Lennox property was managed," said Miss Akerly.

"Nothing was said by me, Friend Anastasia," observed the Quaker. "And as far as in me lies I am anxious to be at peace with all the world."

"Humph!" said the old woman. "Well, there ain't no use making up to me; my will was drawn up long ago, and Moses Sawyer is my heir."

"This is welcome to do as thee likes with thy own," said Friend Decker mildly, setting down the jar of wild plum preserves and glancing wistfully toward the cushioned armchair by the fire, for his limbs were enfeebled by age, and he had walked a considerable distance.

But Miss Akerly did not ask him to sit down and rest, so he took a fresh grip of his knotty cane and started on his homeward tramp.

"Good morning to thee, Friend Anastasia," to which the old lady only responded with an articulated grunt.

But when he was out of sight she unscrewed the lid of the jar, and with an old silver spoon, worn thin with long usage, she tasted the sweetness of its contents.

"Just like them mother used to boil down with molasses when I was a gal," said she. "I could most fancy I was a gal agin, in the old plum time, a-settin' across the lots with my sun bonnet hitched to my one string and the old dog experin' at my heels. Wasal, wasal! It don't seem like I was close on to seventy years of age."

Miss Anastasia had some of the wild plum sauce with her scanty dinner. It gives it a relish. She ate some more with bread and cheese for her supper.

"I never did taste nothin' that went to the right spot like them plums," said she. "It ain't 'cause they're relishin'. It's 'cause they make me feel like I was out in Wisconsin, with the sassafras leaves tumin' yaller and the wind blowin' to my face."

Leah did not know until a neighbor's boy brought back the jar, neatly wrapped in a newspaper what a treat she had afforded her neighbor.

"What is it, Willie?" she asked the boy.

"'Tis the jar that had the wild plum sass in it," said Willie. "Miss Akerly says she's much obliged, and she gave me a ginger cookey for bringing it back, she did."

"Father," said Leah reproachfully to the old man, "this is thy doings. Thee is always thinking of some one else."

"It has done me more good than if I had eaten it myself, Leah," said Friend Decker apologetically.

Leah ran to him and gave him a hug.

"Thee is an old darling, father," said she; "and thee makes me ashamed of my own temper sometimes."

She put the jar on the top shelf of the little pantry, and never thought anything more about it till one day when she wanted a jar to put some fresh cranberries in. She was in a hurry, for Miss Anastasia Akerly was to be buried that afternoon. She died as she had lived, sitting alone before the fire, and this was the day they had appointed for her funeral.

Friend Decker had expressed a desire to attend the obsequies of the kinswoman who had been so little to him, and Leah was hurrying through her work so that she might brush the well worn suit and take a much needed stitch in the coarse worsted gloves.

As she tore off the newspaper wrappings she stopped suddenly.

"Father," she cried, "here is a piece of thick, yellowish paper rolled up and put inside this jar that came from Friend Anastasia's. What does thee suppose it is? Father, it is a will!"

She ran eagerly with it to Friend Decker. He looked dubiously at the outside.

"Thee is right, Leah," said he. "Friend Anastasia's heart was softened toward us. This is doubtless the will she mentioned—will in favor of Moses Sawyer. She has sent it to us to destroy. Nay, daughter, nay," as Leah eagerly caught it up and hastened toward the fire. "Give it to me. It is left for us to make or meddle. If Friend Anastasia wished the will destroyed she should have done it herself. I shall take it back to Friend Johnson, the executor."

"Father," cried Leah, "thee would not give him the will?"

"Does thee think it would be an honorable thing to destroy it, Leah?"

"If she wanted us to do so, father."

"But we have no right to presume anything of the sort, daughter," reasoned Friend Decker, buttoning it up under his coat. "Nay, nay, do not fret." For Leah, awestruck by the sudden blaze of hope and the after blackness of despair, had burst into a flood of tears. "It will be well with us, never fear."

Judge Johnson, the great man of the neighborhood, received the paper with some surprise.

"December 26th," he read. "Hum! This is the latest document she has executed. Oh, yes! I remember it very well. I drew it up myself. But why did you bring it here, Friend Decker?"

The old man briefly related the circumstances.

"Old people are apt to be capricious," said he. "Doubtless the trifling matter of the plum sauce pleased her and she meant to reward us. But I should never take advantage of Friend Moses by burning the will."

"But why in the name of common sense should you burn it?" said the judge. "Are you in the habit of having estates left to you every day that you dispose of them so readily?"

"I don't think I quite understand thee, Friend Johnson," said Decker.

But Leah's face brightened like a rose.

"I see! I see!" she cried. "Father, Friend Anastasia has done right, late though it be. She has willed the Lennox farm to thee."

And Leah spoke truly. The dead woman made tardy reparation in her last days, and Friend Decker and his daughter had at last legal possession of what should long ago have been their own. No amount of remonstrance or remorseless had availed, but one of those sudden touches, which, "striking the electric chain wherewith we're darkly bound," sent the soul, with disproportionate force, had induced her to perform an act of justice at last, and the jar of wild plums with its train of associations, had been the most eloquent pleading of all.—Louisiana Journal.

He Dug for Gold.

A tin peddler offered to fill Farmer Davis, of Ohio, where $5,000 in gold was buried on his farm if he would hand over $500. Farmer Davis sold two horses and paid over the money, and although he has rooted up about ten acres of ground for him thus far missed the iron bound box.—Detroit Free Press.

It Is Good Enough.

In the last ten years no less than sixteen different patents have been issued on umbrellas, and yet none of them has been accepted by maker or buyer, because the umbrella as it is is good enough and can't be made any better. It is like old wine.—Detroit Free Press.

He Was Right.

"What is the business of Brier?" asked a teacher of his class. First Boy—Hasn't any. "Next?" Second Boy—Non. "That's right," said the master. First Boy (in an bellicose tone)—That's just what I said.

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SALE OF SALT LAKE CITY WATER-WORKS BONDS.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT ON the 4th day of June, A. D. 1891, at the office of the Treasurer of Salt Lake City, Summit County, Utah Territory, twenty bonds of said city, of the issue of 1889, to A. D. 1911, will be sold to the highest bidder, for cash, the said bonds are of the denomination of $500 each, and bear interest at the rate of five per cent per annum, payable semi-annually, on the 1st day of January and July of each year. Bids will be received by me for the purchase of said bonds, from the 20th day of May, A. D. 1891, until noon of the 4th day of June, A. D. 1891.
By order of the City Council of said city.
ALEXANDER BENNETT,
City Treasurer.
Salt Lake City, April 20th, 1891. 418

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.
THE FIRM HERETOFORE EXISTING under the name and style of Ottinger, Fisher & Carroll, consisting of Henry Ottinger, Jr., Jos. Fisher and Thomas Carroll, Salt Lake City, Utah, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Dr. Martin Ottinger retires from the firm. Henry Ottinger, Jr., will pay all bills and receive all bills and accounts of the late firm.
Dated April 10th, 1891.
HENRY OTTINGER, JR.
THOS. FISHER.
THOMAS CARROLL.
Witness: HUGH J. CANNON.

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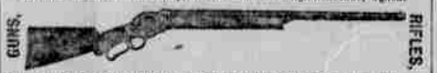

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