

From Household Words.

## THE TWO NEPHEWS.

At the parlor window of a pretty villa near Walton on Thames, sat, one evening at dusk, an old man and a young woman. The age of the man might be some seventy; whilst his companion had certainly not reached nineteen. Her beautiful, blooming face, and active, light and upright figure, were in contrast with the worn countenance and bent frame of the old man; but in his eye, and in the corners of his mouth, were indications of a very self-confidence, which age and suffering had damped, but had not extinguished.

"No use looking any more, Mary," said he; "neither John Meade nor Peter Finch will be here before dark. Very hard that, when a sick uncle asks his two nephews to come and see him they can't come at once. The duty is simple in the extreme—only to help me to die, and take what I choose to leave them in my will! Pooh! when I was a young man, I'd have done it for my uncle with the utmost clerity. But the world's getting quite heartless."

"Oh, sir!" said Mary.  
"And what does 'Oh, Sir!' mean?" said he. "D'ye think I shan't die? I know better. A little more and there'll be an end of old Billy Collett. He'll have left this dirty world for a cleaner—to the great sorrow (and advantage) of his affectionate relatives! Ugh! Give me a glass of the doctor's stuff."

The girl poured some medicine into a glass, and Collett, after having contemplated it for a moment with infinite disgust, managed to get it down.

"I tell you what, Miss Mary Sutton," said he, "I don't by any means approve your 'Oh, sir!' and 'Dear sir,' and the rest of it, when I've told you I hate to be called 'sir,' at all. Why you couldn't be more respectful if you was a charity girl and I a beadle in a gold-laced hat! None of your nonsense, Mary Sutton, if you please.—I've been your lawful guardian now for six months, and you ought to know my likings and dislikes."

"My poor father often told me how you disliked ceremony," said Mary.

"Your poor father and you are quite right," said Mr. Collett. "Fred Sutton was a man of talent—a capital fellow! His only fault was a natural inability to keep a farthing in his pocket. Poor Fred! he loved me—I'm sure he did. He bequeathed me his only child—and it isn't every friend would do that!"

"A kind and generous protector you have been!"

"Well, I don't know; I've tried not to be a brute, but I dare say I have been. Don't I speak roughly to you sometimes? Haven't I given you some good, prudent worldly advice about John Meade, and made myself quite disagreeable, and like a guardian? Come, confess you love this penniless nephew of mine."

"Penniless indeed!" said Mary.

"Ah, there it is!" said Mr. Collett. "And what business has a poor devil of an artist to fall in love with my ward? And what business has my ward to fall in love with a poor devil of an artist? But that's Fred Sutton's daughter all over! Haven't I two nephews? Why couldn't you fall in love with the discreet one—the thriving one? Peter Finch—considering he's an attorney—is a worthy young man. He is industrious in the extreme, and attends to other people's business only when he's paid for it. He despises sentiment, and always looks for the main chance. But John Meade, my dear Mary, may spoil canvas forever and not grow rich—He's all for art, and truth, and social reform, and spiritual elevation, and the Lord knows what. Peter Finch will ride in his carriage, and splash poor John Meade as he trudges on foot!"

The harangue was here interrupted by a ring at the gate, and Peter Finch was announced.—He had scarcely taken his seat when another pull at the bell was heard, and Mr. John Meade was announced.

Mr. Collett eyed his two nephews with a queer sort of smile, whilst they made speeches expressive of sorrow at the nature of their visit. At last stopping them,

"Enough, boys, enough!" said he. "Let us find some better subject to discuss than the state of an old man's health. I want to know a little more about you both. I haven't seen much of you up to the present time, and for any thing I know, you may be rogues or fools."

John Meade seemed rather to wince under this address; but Peter Finch sat calm and confident.

"To put a case now," said Mr. Collett: "this morning a poor wretch of a gardener came begging here. He could get no work, it seems, and said he was starving. Well, I knew something about the fellow, and I only believed he told the truth; so I gave him a shilling to get rid of him. Now, I'm afraid I did wrong. What reason had I for giving him a shilling? What claim had he on me? What claim has he on anybody? The value of his labor in the market is all that a working man has a right to; and when his labor is of no value, why, then he must go to the devil, or wherever else he can. Eh, Peter?—That's my philosophy—what do you think?"

"I quite agree with you, sir," said Mr. Finch "perfectly agree with you. The value of their labor in the market is all that laborers can pretend to—all that they should have. Nothing acts more perniciously than the absurd extraneous support called charity."

"Hear, hear!" said Mr. Collett. "You're a clever fellow, Peter. Go on, my dear boy, go on!"

"What results from the charitable aid?" continued Peter. "The value of labor is kept at

an unnatural level. State charity is state robbery; private charity is public wrong."

"That's it, Peter!" said Mr. Collett. "What do you think of our philosophy, John?"

"I don't like it; I don't believe it!" said John. "You were right to give the man a shilling; I'd have given him a shilling myself."

"Oh, you would—would you?" said Mr. Collett. "You're very generous with your shillings. Would you fly in the face of all orthodox political economy, you Vandal?"

"Yes," said John, "as the Vandals flew in the face of Rome, and destroyed what had become a falsehood and a nuisance."

"Poor John!" said Mr. Collett. "We shall never make anything of him, Peter. Really, we'd better talk of something else. John, tell us all about the last novel."

They conversed on various topics, until the arrival of the invalid's early bed time parted uncle and nephews for the night.

Mary Sutton seized an opportunity, the next morning, after breakfast, to speak with John, Meade alone.

"John," said she, "do you think more of your own interest—of our interest. What occasion for you to be so violent, last night, and contradict Mr. Collett so shockingly? I saw Peter Finch laughing to himself. John, you must be more careful, or we shall never be married."

"Well, Mary, dear, I'll do my best," said John. "It was that confounded Peter with his chain of iron maxims, that made me fly out.—I'm not ice-berg, Mary."

"Thank heaven, you're not!" said Mary; "but an iceberg floats—think of that John. Remember—every time you offend Mr. Collett you please Mr. Finch."

"So I do!" said John. "Yes; I'll remember that."

"If you would only try to be a little mean and hard-hearted," said Mary; "just a little to begin with. You would only stoop to conquer, John, and you deserve to conquer."

"May I gain my deserts, then!" said John.—"Are you not to be my loving wife, Mary? And are you not to sit at needle-work in my studio, whilst I paint my great historical picture? How can this come to pass if Mr. Collett will do nothing for us?"

"Ah how indeed?" said Mary. "But here's our friend Peter Finch, coming through the gate from his walk. I leave you together." And so saying, she withdrew.

"What, Meade!" said Peter Finch, as he entered. "Skulking in doors on a fine morning like this! I've been all through the village.—Not an ugly place—but wants looking after sadly. Roads shamefully muddy! Pigs allowed to walk on the foot-path!"

"Dreadful!" exclaimed John.

"I say, you came out pretty strong last night," said Peter. "Quite defied the old man! But I like your spirit."

"I have no doubt you do," thought John.

"Oh, when I was a youth, I was a little that way myself," said Peter. "But the world—the world, my dear sir—soon cures us of all romantic notions. I regret, of course, to see poor people miserable; but what's the use of regretting! It's no part of the business of the superior classes to interfere with the laws of supply and demand; poor people must be miserable. What can't be cured must be endured."

"That is to say," returned John, "what we can't cure, they must endure!"

"Exactly so," said Peter.

Mr. Collett was this day too ill to leave his bed. About noon he requested to see his nephews in his bedroom. They found him propped up by pillows, looking very weak, but in good spirits as usual.

"Well boys," said he, "here I am, you see; brought to anchor at last! The doctor will be here soon, I suppose, to shake his head and write recipes. Humbug, my boys! Patients can do as much for themselves, I believe, as doctors can do for them: they're all in the dark together—the only difference is that the patients grope in English, and the doctors grope in Latin!"

"You're too sceptical, sir," said John Meade.

"Pooh!" said Mr. Collett. "Let us change the subject. I want your advice, Peter and John, on a matter that concerns your interests. I'm going to make my will to day, and I don't know how to act about your cousin, Emma Briggs; Emma disgraced us by marrying an oilman."

"An oilman," exclaimed John.

"A vulgar, shocking oilman!" said Mr. Collett, "a wretch who not only sold oil, but soap, candles, turpentine, black-lead, and birch-brooms. It was a dreadful blow on the family. Her poor grandmother never got over it, and a maiden aunt turned Methodist in despair. Well, Briggs the oilman died last week, it seems; and his widow has written to me, asking for assistance. Now I have thought of leaving her a hundred a-year in my will. What right had she to marry against the advice of her friends? What have I to do with her misfortune?"

"My mind is quite made up," said Peter Finch, "no notice ought to be taken of her.—She made an obstinate and unworthy match—and let her abide the consequence!"

"Now for your opinion, John," said Mr. Collett.

"Upon my word, I think I must say the same," said John Meade, bracing himself up boldly for the part of the worldly man. "What right had she to marry—as you observed with great justice sir. Let her abide the consequences—as you very properly remarked, Finch. Can't she carry on the oilman's business? I dare say it will support her very well."

"Why, no," said Mr. Collett; Briggs died a bankrupt, and his widow and children are destitute."

"That does not alter the question," said Peter Finch. "Let Briggs' family do something for her."

"To be sure!" said Mr. Collett. "Briggs' family are the people to do something for her. She mustn't expect any thing from us—must she, John?"

"Destitute, is she?" said John. "With children, too! Why this is another case, sir. You surely ought to notice her—to assist her. Confound it, I'm for letting her have a hundred a year."

"Oh, John, John! What a break-down!" said Mr. Collett. "So you were trying to follow Peter Finch through Stony Arabia, and turned back on the second step! Here's a brave traveler for you, Peter! John, John, keep to your Arabia Felix, and leave the sterner ways to very different men. Good bye, both of you. I've no voice to talk any more. I'll think over all you have said."

He pressed their hands, and they left the room. The old man was too weak to speak next day, and, in three days after that, he calmly breathed his last.

As soon as the funeral was over, the will was read by the confidential man of business, who had always attended to Mr. Collett's affairs.—The group that sat around him preserved a decorous appearance of disinterestedness; and, the usual preamble to the will having been listened to with breathless attention, the man of business read the following in a clear voice:

"I bequeath to my niece, Emma Briggs, notwithstanding that she shocked her family by marrying an oilman, the sum of four thousand pounds; being fully persuaded that her lost dignity, if she could ever find it again, would do nothing to provide her for food, or clothing, or shelter."

John Meade smiled, Peter Finch ground his teeth—but in a quiet, respectable manner. The man of business went on with his reading.

"Having always held the opinion that women should be rendered a rational and independent being—and having duly considered the fact that society practically denies her the right of earning her own living—I hereby bequeath to Mary Sutton, the only child of my old friend, Frederick Sutton, the sum of ten thousand pounds, which will enable her to marry or remain single as she may prefer."

John Meade gave a prodigious start upon hearing this, and Peter Finch ground his teeth again—but in a manner hardly respectable.—Both however, by a violent effort kept silent.

The man of business went on with his reading.

"I have paid some attention to the character of my nephew, John Meade, and have been grieved to find him much possessed with a feeling of philanthropy, and with a general preference for whatever is noble and true over whatever is base and false. As these tendencies are by no means such as can advance him in the world, I bequeath him the sum of ten thousand pounds—hoping that he will thus be kept out of the workhouse, and be enabled to paint his great historical picture—which, as yet, he has only talked about."

"As for my other nephew, Peter Finch, he views all things in so sagacious and selfish a way, and is so certain to get on in life, that I should only insult him by offering any aid that he does not require; yet from his affectionate uncle, and entirely as a testimony of admiration for his mental acuteness, I venture to hope that he will accept a bequest of five hundred pounds towards the completion of his extensive library of law-books."

How Peter Finch stormed, and called names—how John Meade broke into a delirium of joy—how Mary Sutton cried first, and then laughed, and then cried and laughed together; all these matters I shall not attempt to describe. Mary Sutton is now Mrs. John Meade; and her husband has actually begun the great historical picture. Peter Finch has taken to discounting bills, and bringing action on them; and drives about in his brougham already.

SIGNS AND WONDERS.—When will signs and wonders cease? Not till the destroying angel shall clip the thread of time, and the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll. Not a day passes but what we see good and bad signs, as the following will show:

It's a good sign to have a man enter your office with a friendly greeting—"Here's a dollar and a half for my paper."

It's a bad sign to hear a man say he is too poor to take a paper—ten to one, he carries home a jug of "red eye" that costs him half a dollar.

It's a good sign to see a man doing an act of charity.

It's a bad sign to hear him boasting of it.

It's a good sign to see the flush of health in a man's face.

It's a bad sign to see it concentrated in his nose.

It's a good sign to see an honest man wearing old clothes.

It's a bad sign to see them filling holes in his windows.

It's a good sign to see a man wiping the perspiration from his face.

It's a bad sign to see him wipe his chops as he comes out of a saloon.

It's a good sign to see a woman dress with taste and neatness.

It's a bad sign to see her husband sued for her feathers and foolery, gems and jewelry.

It's a good sign to see a man or woman advertise in the paper.

It's a bad sign to see the sheriff advertise for them.—[Ex.]

A SICK LAWYER.—A lawyer, being sick, made his last will and testament, and gave all his estates to fools and madmen! Being asked the reason for so doing, he said, "from such I got it and to such I return it again."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Deseret News.

MR. EDITOR:—One element of real Mormonism is, "mind your own business," and another, to take care of yourself; but I seriously doubt whether all of the Latter Day Saints in Utah, let alone the balance abroad in the earth, live up to this motto and to good sense. Instead of economy—by counsel and revelation, as should be, if you watch closely, you see waste of provisions, waste of wood, waste of time, and more than all, in the midst of the Lord's anointed, waste of wise counsel.

It is useless to refer to burnt bread, frozen potatoes and 'split milk,' with that consoling conclusion—"O, never mind that trifle, there is more where that came from!" Or, "my dear little honey can't eat that hard crust, throw it into the swill-pail." So go pennies to hunt dollars.—Suppose there were but twenty thousand inhabitants in Great Salt Lake City—then at the ordinary calculation, for each individual, of a pound of flour per day, there would have to be consumed daily ten tons of flour, which, with little meat and vegetables, is about the ratio. Then, again, suppose that there is burnt or wasted, out of this pound allowance, but one ounce a day, it insures the destruction of 625 pounds of bread or flour daily—or eight thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds a month—enough to bread the whole city a day. Mark that, cooks. While hundreds of dollars' worth of bread stuff, may be thus carelessly wasted monthly, who will stop to consider the whines of those who have so foolishly reduced thousands to want? Let reason rule, and wisdom will teach her children to take care of ALL that God gives, grants or lets grow to sustain life. It is a blessing to be good, wisdom to be just; and it is Mormonism, pure Mormonism, TO BE CAREFUL, and take care of yourself,—for the world will not, and if the devil does he will exact a mortgage on your spirit and body, and never cancel it "till you have paid the uttermost farthing."

It is to be hoped that the saints will learn economy by experience, and when plenty lingers in the lap of years, that patience may possess sense enough to prepare for a rainy day. There being no law against guessing I will venture to guess, that 1856 will be a year of plenty; i. e. if the saints are united, prayerful, and industrious.

PHELPS.

Answer to "Ned's" Enigma of last week.  
Your first and fourth seems to be  
Hyson, Imperial, or Bohemian;  
Your second and third you clearly show,  
To be "endless as time," and double o.  
Your last, third, second and first,  
Is the "shoot" of an owl, I think "the worst;"  
A tooth is often "used at a feast,"  
And is surely of "service to man and beast."

Feb. 7, 1856. CHARLIE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TAKEN UP.  
ON OR ABOUT THE 1st of Dec. last,  
A red and white, 3 year old, branded on the left hip—not visible, horns straight. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take him away.  
49-2t A. & WM. H. SMITH, Sugar Works.

BROKE INTO MY ENCLOSURE.  
A RED HEIFER, about the 1st Dec.,  
A branded on the left hip—not known, line back, under-bit in the right ear. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take her away.  
59-2t HENRY THOMAS, 6 ward.

CAME INTO MY ENCLOSURE.  
ABOUT the 20th Jan., one yellow  
A and white CALF, fork in left ear. One white  
Calf, grey neck, no brands.  
Also one red OX, some white on belly, no brands visible. The owner is requested to pay charges, and take them away.  
49-3t ZERAH PULSIPHER, 16 ward.

AUCTION.  
CALICOS, FACTORY, HATS, &c.,  
&c.—In order to close out the balance of our Stock, we will sell off by public auction, beginning on Thursday, 21st inst., at 10 o'clock. The goods are well known to be first class, and present a favorable opportunity for family purchases. TERMS CASH.  
J. AITKEN & CO.  
at Mr. Joseph Cain's, opposite Blair's. 49-2t

FIRE IN THE MOUNTAINS  
HAVING ABATED—IN CONSEQUENCE  
of snow and ice carrying out Jordan Mill-dam on the 1st day of January, causing the mill to stop a few weeks, which gave a good opportunity to repair the Machinery and put the Grist mill in complete order.  
Their numerous friends, and customers can expect a better quality of flour, and a bigger turn out. Bring in your grain if you want to go home rejoicing.  
A. GARDNER & G. A. SMITH.  
D. R. ALLEN, Miller.  
49-5t

MILITARY.  
THE 3d REGIMENT "THE INVINCIBLES" are hereby notified that an entertainment will be given at the Union Hall, on Tuesday 19th inst., commencing at 2 o'clock p.m. Tickets, \$1 per couple, may be had by application to the committee, on or before Saturday evening, 16th inst., as none will be issued after that date, owing to the limited accommodation.  
Committee, R. H. ATTWOOD, Major,  
W. EDDINGTON, Capt. & Adj.,  
D. WILKIN, Capt.,  
A. TAYLUM, Lieut.  
The officers are requested to communicate with the committee as early as possible for instructions. 49-7t

LEVI STEWART & CO.  
HAVE NOW ON HAND A FULL  
and general assortment of Merchandise consisting of Dry Goods and Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Hardware, Queensware, and Clothing, which they will sell at as low rates as can be afforded in this market. Wheat, corn, and flour taken in exchange, and for which we will pay par cash. We will take a few yokes of work oxen in exchange for goods; give us a call if you want Bargains!  
N. B. No trouble to show goods.  
49-3t LEVI STEWART & CO.  
All those indebted to Levi Stewart & Co. had better call and settle their accounts immediately, and save cost and trouble.  
L. F. & CO.