

# THE EVENING NEWS.

Monday, November 21, 1872.

## THE NICEST WIDOW IN THE BLUE GRASS REGION.

Not far from the Forks of Elkhorn lived the pretty little widow Fauntleroy, and one of her nearest neighbors was General Peyton. The General had looked upon the little widow very much as he did upon his blooded horse Powhatan—"the finest horse, sir, in the Blue-grass region."

The pretty Mrs. Fauntleroy had been a widow more than a year, while the General, having a great regard for quietude, had waited patiently for the time to elapse, in order to declare himself. But the widow, with her woman's art, kept her lover at bay, and kept him in her train.

He had escorted her to this barbecue, and when returning had expressed his satisfaction at the prospects of General Combs, and the success of the White party.

The widow took sides with the Democracy, and offered to wager her blooded horse, Gipsy, or anything else on her place against Powhatan, or anything else she might fancy on the General's place.

The General's gallantry would not allow him to refuse the wager, which he promptly accepted. By this time they had reached the Forks of Elkhorn, and were about to ford it. (bridges were not plentiful in those days,) when John Peyton, the General's only son and heir, came up at a sharp gait behind them.

The widow turned and bowed to John, and rode on into the stream, but a little behind her companion. The east bank was very steep, and required the horses to put forth all their strength to reach the top with their loads.

A widow's girdle broke just at the commencement of the steep bank, and the lady still seated on her saddle, slid swiftly back into the water, while her horse went up the bank like an arrow. John Peyton leaped from his horse, and in an instant caught the floating lady and saddle, before the General had moved away from his command, was at the top of the bank with his burden. The little widow was equal to the occasion, for she begged the General to ride on and stop her horse, which had now begun to understand his part in the mishap, and was beginning to increase his gait toward home.

The General did as he was bid, and so continued with the horse. In the meantime John Peyton had secured his own horse, and when the General had back with the widow's horse, she and John were laughing merrily over the ridiculous accident, but what further passed between them is only known to themselves.

John Peyton repaid the broken girdle, and the widow again on the horse, placed the lady in her seat, bade her good evening, mounted his horse, and taking another road down the Elkhorn, rode rapidly home, leaving the General to escort the widow.

It is not necessary to relate how he entertained his fair companion with ponderous anecdotes of Mr. Clay and other famous public men; but when he reached the Fauntleroy place, he accepted the lady's invitation to dismount and take tea with her.

After having changed her wet clothing the pretty widow entertained her guest with her brightest smiles and some new songs. The General was delighted, and expressed his delight as Kentucky gentlemen of that day would have done. "You are the finest songstress, madam, in the Blue Grass region."

When he had her good night and shook hands with her on the porch, the wicked little widow gave his hand a little squeeze—only a little—but it thrilled like an electric shock through his great ponderous frame, while she smilingly rewarded him of his wager. That night, in his dreams, the little widow Fauntleroy was repeated so often, and in such a manner, repeating forms, that he resolved to propose to her at their first meeting, nor did he dream that he could be beaten.

The next morning a letter from his tobacco factory called General Peyton to Louisville, and before his return, the political contest in the Ashland district was over, and wonderful to relate, John C. Breckinridge, the young Democrat, was elected to Congress.

General Peyton was both surprised and indignant. "Mr. Clay's district, sir, the first Congressional district in the Blue Grass region, he disgraced it, sir," said John, in his first remark to his neighbor Col. Breckinridge.

To his son John he communicated his intention of bringing Mrs. Fauntleroy to adorn the head of his table.

"Sir, she is the finest lady in the Blue-grass region, and I hope, sir, you will always respect your future mother." John with a quiet smile, assured him that he was pleased with his choice. This pleased the General highly, for he had been a little afraid John would object to a step-mother younger than himself.

The next morning the General ordered Powhatan brought out and led over to Mrs. Fauntleroy's. Calling John he requested him to go with him to call upon Mrs. Fauntleroy.

The ladies, who were disgraced itself in Mr. Clay's district, sir, and I am compelled to part with the finest blooded horse in the State to pay my wager with that lady, sir."

The black boy had led Powhatan to the hitching rail in front of Mrs. Fauntleroy's yard, and having tied him, had gone into the quarters to tell his brother and sisters of their mistress' great good luck in having won the same horse Powhatan.

When General Peyton, and two lady friends, in the John armchair, were admiring the usual scene in the yard admiring the "goss," the ladies invited them to take seats on the porch, which they did.

"Madam," said the General to Mrs. Fauntleroy, "I have come, like a true knight errant, to seek you, to pay the wager I have lost. Powhatan, madam, is rightfully yours."

"But, General," said she, "I believe the wager was conditional. If it was the horse or anything else on the place, was it not?"

"Madam, you are correct," he replied, "but there is nothing on my place one-half the value of Powhatan. I cannot permit you to select an inferior animal."

The pretty widow blushed to the tips of her fingers when she said:

"You have another and superior animal here—your son John; if he will but use his tongue, I think I shall choose him."

There was a moment of dead silence, then a laugh, in which the General did not join.

He rose, and in the blandest manner, made the ladies good morning. To John he said: "She will remain."

And that is the way John Peyton came to marry the pretty widow Fauntleroy.

General Peyton never forgave his pretty daughter-in-law her practical joke. In after years he used to say:

"Sir, she is the finest lady in the Blue Grass region, but she eats taste, sir."

Quinine now sells for three dollars an ounce. It is now in general use and high price. It is said that a number of physicians and druggists have come to set up in business in the specific domain for the cure of quinine. The Sierra Nevada mountains have been selected as most closely resembling the soil and climate of the Andes, where it is now grown.

## RAILROADS.

### UTAH SOUTHERN RAILROAD!

### ON AND AFTER SEPT. 23, 1872, MIXED TRAINS WILL RUN DAILY.

GOING SOUTH:  
Leave Salt Lake City at 7 a.m. and 2:30 p.m.  
Arrive Sandy at 8:10 a.m. and 8:30 p.m.  
Arrive at Lehi at 9:10 a.m. and 4:30 p.m.

GOING NORTH:  
Leave Lehi at 6:30 a.m. and 4:30 p.m.  
Arrive Sandy at 10:20 a.m. and 4:30 p.m.  
Arrive Salt Lake City at 11:40 a.m. and 7 p.m.

FARES:  
Salt Lake to Cottonwood Station 50cts  
Sandy " " 1.00  
Draper " 1.25  
Point " 1.75  
Lehi " 2.25

Passengers will please purchase tickets at the office.

M. H. DAVIS,  
General Freight and Ticket Agent.  
FERRAMORZ LITTLE,  
Superintendent.

### UTAH CENTRAL RAILROAD

#### Pioneer Line of Utah.

ON AND AFTER  
MONDAY, JULY 17th

Trains will leave Salt Lake City daily at 5 a.m. and 2:30 p.m.; arrive at Ogden 7 a.m. and 4:45 p.m.; leave Ogden City at 8 a.m. and 5:30 p.m.; arrive at Salt Lake City 10 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

In addition to the above

### MIXED TRAINS WILL RUN

DAILY, SUNDAYS EXCEPTED

Leaving Salt Lake City at 5:30 p.m. and Ogden at 5 a.m.

Passengers will please purchase their tickets at the office. Fifty cents additional will be charged when the fare is collected on the train.

For all information concerning Freight or Passage, apply to

M. H. DAVIS,  
Ticket and Freight Agent.  
JOHN SHARP,  
Superintendent

### REDUCTION IN MEAT,

JOHN PAUL'S MARKET,

opposite

BISHOP JOHN SHARP'S RESIDENCE.

Families supplied with the

CHOICEST MEATS.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

Cheaper than the Cheapest:

Mr. John Paul is back in his old position in the City Meat Market, stall No. 7.

Orders taken and delivered.

JOHN PAUL'S MARKET,

opposite

HARDWARE

C. H. BASSETT,

HAVING made extensive additions and alterations to his premises, is now prepared to show the

Largest and Best Assortment

of

HEAVY and SHELF HARDWARE

Every house

in this Territory, and

as the Cheapest!

Steel, Nails, Tinner's Stock, Farm Tools, Plows, Miner's Outfit, Rubber Belting, Steam Piping,

Timber, Shoes and

Tinware always on hand.

C. H. BASSETT.

### BATHS!

W. J. SPRING BATHS

Private and Public.

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