

A married man can always be trusted in intrigue, when a single man can not. A married man will not compromise himself by divulging his love affairs, while the bachelor delights to boast of his conquests. But tell me, truly, sir, are you really married?"

"I am, madam, and better than that, I am a father. Here is the picture of my first born."

"Well, really, I like your candor; and now since you show me I can confide in you, I will tell you more of myself. I have two children; my eldest daughter is now, at sixteen years, about graduating at Rutgers College. This is my true name (drawing out her card case), and there is no doubt of my respectability. Do you know Mr. —, one of the proprietors of the — Hotel?"

The hotel she named is one of the largest in the city, and I suspected what was coming. I replied:

"I am not acquainted with him, but I have seen him."

"Then you have seen my husband. I am his wife! And here (opening her watch and exhibiting the case) is his picture. Are you satisfied of my respectability, now?"

I was indeed surprised at the confidence reposed in me on so short an acquaintance, and for a moment hesitated what to say.

"You do not seem pleased to know this, sir. Pardon me; I yearn so for a dear, warm-hearted male confidant, I may have been imprudent, but I know you will not expose me if you decline my friendship."

"Your secret is safe; rest easy on that score; but tell me, madame, do you live in the hotel?"

"Oh, no, my husband stays there most of the time, while the girls and I live at our private residence in — avenue, in the winter. In the summer we usually go to the mountains. My husband neglects me. While he provides princely for us, he scarcely spends a night at home, and we rarely see him except when we run over to the hotel. Indeed, I fear he has some lady in the house who has weaned him from home."

"But think a moment at the danger of me visiting you at your residence. If we enter into this confidential friendship we must meet often, and your daughters would suspect something wrong."

"That is very true. We would have to exercise great caution; but I have a plan to suggest."

"And what may it be?"

"I could have you call as my family physician. The servants would suspect no wrong."

"But I'm not a physician."

"But you can be one to please me, can you not?"

"I might, but how could you arrange it?"

"Very easily. You can rent an office, and put out a sign as a physician. Whenever I am indisposed I can send a servant for 'Dr. Worley.' I suspect you will be called often to prescribe for me."

"That is indeed an ingenious device," I said; "but—"

"Never mind, I know what you would say. It is the rent. I'll attend to that. I have an ample income of my own, and a young doctor who has only one patient should make that patient pay his rent."

This was uttered with a fascinating smile, and I again attempted to speak.

"It is not the rent; I fear you will be detected."

"Nonsense, nonsense, if that is all, trust me for that. I fear you think me too old. You will find that I am as young as many at twenty."

I did think so, but I dared not confess my feelings. I had to dissemble in the presence of this haughty woman, who arose, closed the door, and, reaching up, placed her arms about my neck and kissed me passionately, remarking, I cannot bear your hesitation. Come, say we shall be friends."

"So let it be," I said, as I quietly disengaged her arms from my neck. "Be careful; the waiter will be in with my bill, as I have called for it."

She withdrew her arms none too soon, for the door was pushed open by the waiter, who returned.

We at once left, and as we proceeded leisurely through East Thirty-fourth street, she made me promise that I would at once rent an office. Giving her my address as "Dr. W. H. Willandar," we separated, with the understanding that I was to write to her the moment I secured an office. The next day I received a note inclosing a check for fifty dollars.

DEAR FRIEND—I hope you have secured the office, as I am ailing and desire to call my physician at once. You will find check enclosed to pay rent for first month, and I will attend to that part regularly.

Cousin Carrie.

I returned the check with the letter informing this anxious invalid that I would prefer not venturing upon the practice of medicine until I was assured of more than one patient. Two weeks after I saw my patient partaking of the Communion in a fashionable up-town church.

"FIDELITY," THE FEMALE FRAUD.

I complied with the request of this correspondent, and sent the photograph. Several letters passed, and finally the ladies' parlor of one of the leading hotels as the place of interview. It was 4 p.m. when I took a seat beside her and listened to a glowing description of her social standing, her wealth and prospects. She mentioned glibly the names of a number of well-known ladies in metropolitan society as her friends, and minutely inquired into my income. I had prepared, with the connivance of a well-known lawyer, a receipt, in which he acknowledged receiving for investment for me \$206,000 in cash, and this I exhibited with pride to the widow, who was certainly very prepossessing, if not fascinating, in form and feature. After much hesitancy and assumed concern, she stated that she was the daughter of a prominent physician, whose name she gave, but she could not consent to receive me at her home. We parted, after another interview had been set for the following evening.

On this occasion she received me with manifestations of warmth, and explained that her affairs were so situated that, if she married within two years, the bulk of the property left her by her deceased husband would revert to his family, and hence if she married it must be kept a secret. She proposed that we should unite our fortunes by a secret marriage, and we parted with the understanding that two days after we were to settle the preliminaries and fix the time. I had my suspicions all the time that the widow was a cunning little fraud, and was personating a reputable lady; hence when we parted I "shadowed" her up Broadway to University street, to West Eighteenth street, and saw her enter a house near Sixth Avenue. As she tripped lightly up the steps I observed her give a sign to a police officer across the way. Approaching him I enquired her name and the character of the house. The officer was an acquaintance of mine, and he readily answered, with a laugh—

"Why, is it possible you don't know Jennie Williams? She is the 'friend' of the captain of our precinct. The old man's got a good thing there, isn't he? You'd better steer clear of her, as she'll pluck you as sure as fate. Did she signal you to follow?"

"I? no," I replied; "I merely thought I knew her, and was curious to find out if I was right."

Of course that ended our negotiations, and I left her and her \$20,000 as the undisputed property of a married captain of police, who neglects his own family for her smiles and caresses.

CECELIA, THE BLACKMAILER.

I have but one more adventure to record in this letter. I opened an interesting correspondence with the "Southern Lady," who proved to be a petite brunette, with a profusion of raven black hair, and a face full of intelligence and desire. We met in one of the art galleries, and by request I accompanied her at three in the afternoon to the residence of a lady friend of hers in East Sixteenth street. We were shown into the parlor, and were enjoying an animated chat when the parlor door was rudely pushed open and a man stalked into our presence, with a heavy cane in his hand. We were sitting upon either ends of a sofa, when she uttered a scream and sprang to her feet in well-assumed terror. He cast a terrible glance upon us and exclaimed:

"I've caught you at last, you d—d huzzy; keeping assignations, eh? with other men, have I?"

Then turning to me, he yelled: "G—d— you! what are you doing in this house with my wife? I'll knock your infernal head off, d—n you."

This was uttered as he strode

around a large centre table, stick in hand, to strike me. An adventure of this kind in a city where there are so many blackmailers, I had expected and prepared myself for, and quickly drawing a little Sharp's revolver, I presented it at his head, and coolly said:

"O, I guess not; stand back; I have been in just such scrapes before. The meeting was of this woman's seeking, and I guess you can't bleed Charley Watters."

The appearance of the pistol disconcerted him, and enabled me to reach the door leading to the hall. Wheeling about, I went out backwards, luckily found the key on the outside, and locking them in the parlor, I quickly opened the front door and made my escape to the street. Taking refuge in a Second Avenue car, I saw him soon after rush down to the corner of Second Avenue and Sixteenth Street and look up and down in search of me. I subsequently ascertained that the residence was a bad house, and that the "Southern Lady" was a notorious blackmailer.

There, you have my experiences in the "matrimonial" business during two weeks. From them the reader will learn something as to the class of persons who advertise and answer matrimonials. It is a very dangerous business, and the only wonder is that respectable ladies, moving in good society, will venture to risk their reputation in any such adventures. It is lucky for "Mrs. Densmore," alias "Cousin Carrie," that she fell into the hands of so honorable a party as your correspondent, who returned her letters. Scores of these "cards" are inserted for no other purpose than to blackmail just such indiscreet women as the wife of the hotel-keeper.

VIDETTE.

—Cor. St. Louis Globe.

CURE FOR CONSUMPTIVES.—The following simple remedy we find in the Oxford (N. C.) Leader. It is a receipt of Mr. John Satterwhite, for the cure of consumption: One pint of liquor, three table-spoonful of old lightwood knot dust. Dose, one table spoonful three times a day. Instead of drinking coffee he drinks mullen tea. The Leader, which is edited by reliable and responsible gentlemen, remarks that Mr. S. has suffered severely from lung disease up to 1874, getting worse. Since trying the above remedy for a while he has improved steadily until he is now in perfect health. Although sixty-three years of age he plows every day.

PARSON NEWMAN'S PRIVILEGES.—The Kind of Man who did the Official Praying of the United States Senate.—While the Rev. John P. Newman, the ex-chaplain of the United States Senate, was junketing in the East, at the Government's expense, with a roving commission in his pocket from President Grant to inspect the American consulates, he availed himself of the opportunity to collect a large assortment of the wondrous wares and products of Japan and China. They were sent in a vessel from Yokohama to this country to the care of the aged Colonel T. B. Thorpe, a weigher in the custom-house, and of a gentleman friend of Parson Newman, who lives at 60 Morten street.

There were sixteen packages, one of which was a chest of rare old tea. The goods arrived six months ago, and by some hocus-pocus process they were sent to the seizure-room of the custom-house, instead of going to the general order store, and thence to the public stores for appraisement and assessment of the duties. This was done seemingly to get out a free permit for the goods and thus escape the payment of duties. This could not be done without a fuss and annoyance to the parson's friend, and the boxes were permitted to lie in the custom-house.

Mr. Newman returned a few weeks ago, and since then the happy idea has been conceived of persuading the Secretary of the Treasury to order the goods to be transported in bond to Georgetown, the home of the ex-chaplain, where they can be released on a free permit without any one being the wiser. They were sent yesterday. A revenue clerk, who gets \$1,500 a year, spent a week in getting ready the necessary papers for their transportation.—New York Sun.



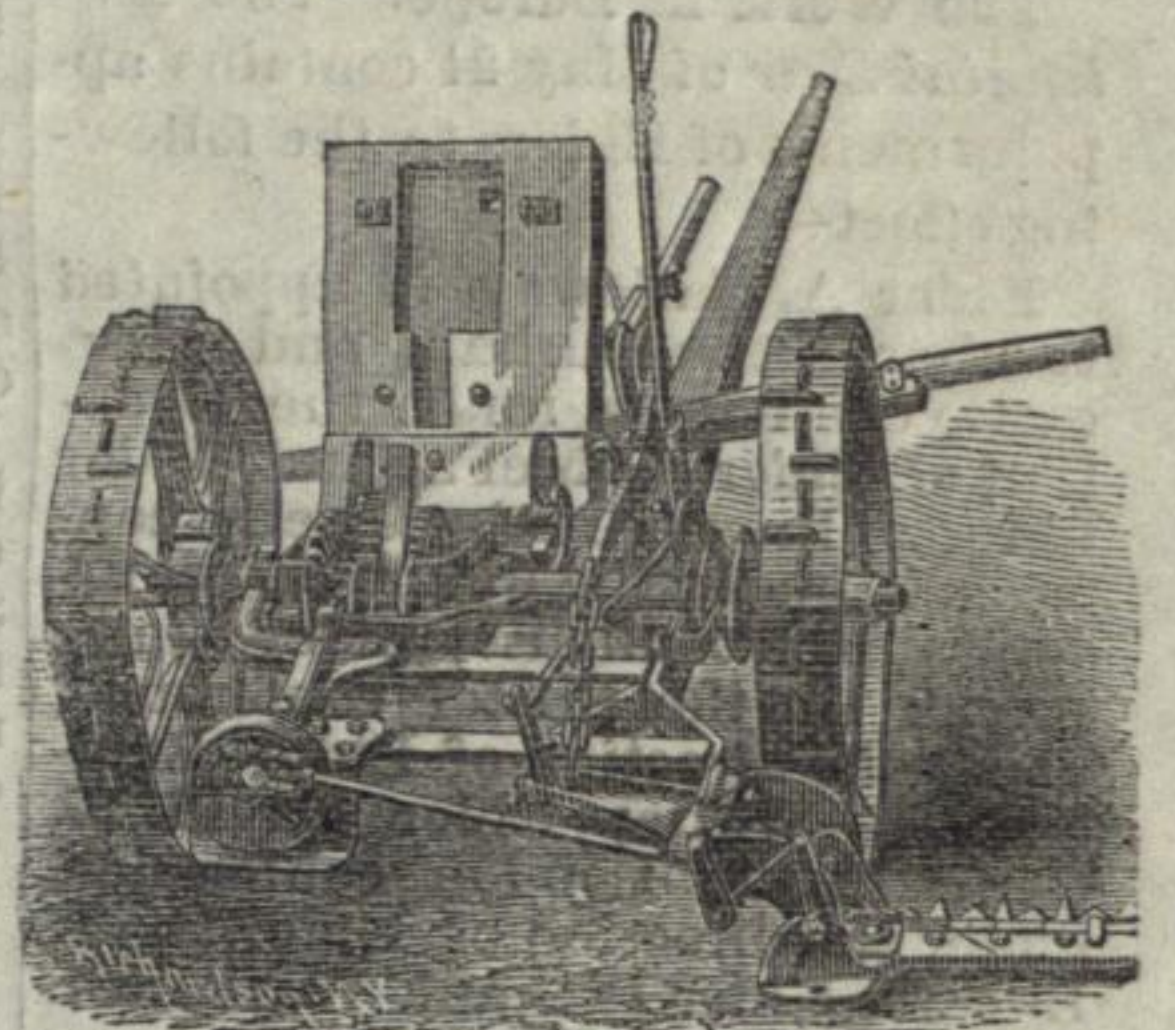
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Self-Rake Reaper at Work.



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### CAYUGA CHIEF,

And recommendations from the farmers of Utah more than verify our position, giving the farmer the assurance that he can rely upon it to go through his harvest without failure or delay. Look well to it when you are offered Machines that claim all these advantages that are found in the celebrated CAYUGA CHIEF, that they do not fail in some essential point. What the farmer wants is a machine that will meet all his requirements, and after close examination of the points of superiority which we claim for the CAYUGA CHIEF, if he will purchase one, he will find he has made no mistake.

The lifting devices for the Finger Bar are the most effective. The Cutting Apparatus is cushioned, having ledger plates, which can be taken out and sharpened at pleasure, and with this improvement you always have a sharp cutting knife. Besides the Chief has a joint in the frame of the machine, allowing it to pass over uneven surfaces, where no other machine can go.

**RAKES.**—We also have one of the finest Sulky Rakes ever on exhibition in this Territory.

The CAYUGA CHIEF is on exhibition, three doors south of J. W. Lowell & Co's Wagon Shop, Main Street.

L. B. MATTISON, Agent Salt Lake City.

A. J. JOHNSON, Agent, Ogden.

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### NOTICE.

TO BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, or to whom it may concern, take notice: That I, M. T. Gisborn, have done work on the Silver Tail Mine, Ophir Mining District, Tooele County, Utah Territory, to the amount of sixteen hundred (\$1600) dollars, and your share amounts to four hundred (\$400) dollars, and if you fail to pay your portion within ninety days, your interest in the said mine will be forfeited by operation of law.  
MATT. T. GISBORN.  
Dated Ophir City, March 3rd, 1875. w6

### NOTICE.

TO John Sullivan, George T. Henry, J. H. Walker, Daniel Driskel, Charles Adler, or to whom it may concern, take notice: That we, Frank Worthing, Michael Enright and John Gillooly have done work on the Harrington Mine, Ophir Mining District, Tooele County, Utah Territory, to the amount of four hundred and sixty (\$460) dollars, and your several shares amount to two hundred and twenty-five (\$225) dollars, and if you fail to pay your portion within ninety days, your interests in the said mine will be forfeited by operation of law.

FRANK WORTHING,  
MICHAEL ENRIGHT,  
JOHN GILLOOLY.

Dated Ophir City, Feb. 25th, 1875. d84