

THE NEWS' SUPPLEMENT.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1865.

[CONCLUDED.]

CONSTITUTIONALLY BASHFUL.

I scrambled up and gave the animal a blow that sent her to the other side of the room—and hatless and bloody, made for the door. With frantic haste I seized the handle—it did not yield; the door was fastened by a spring lock, and I was a prisoner.

Imagine my dismay. Florence stood looking at me, and there was a smile on her face that she with great difficulty restrained from breaking into a decided ha! ha! Just then I would have sold myself to any reliable man for a sixpence, with thirty days credit.

Mortified and crestfallen, I was strongly tempted to follow the example of the heroines in the sensation novels, and burst into tears; but crying, it is said, makes the nose red, and remembering this, I forebore.

I suppose Florence pitied me; she must have seen from the woe-begone expression of my face that I was in the last stages of human endurance, for she came to my side and laid her hand on my arm.

"Come in Roy," she said kindly—almost tenderly, I thought—and drew me into a small boudoir opposite the sitting room. Things in the latter apartment were too nearly wrecked to make it pleasant for occupation, I suppose.

"There," she said seating me on a sofa by her side, and speaking in a consoling tone that one would use to a child who had burnt his apron or broken the sugar bowl, "don't think anything more about it. She was wiping the blood from pussy's autograph on my face with her handkerchief—"Accidents will happen, you know."

She was so close to me—her sweet face so very near mine—and the temptation so great, I trust I may be excused, especially as I am a bashful man and not in the habit of committing such indiscretions.

I threw my arms around her and paid back the kiss I had kept so long. A burning blush overspread her face.

"Oh, Roy, how could you!" she exclaimed, reproachfully.

I had gone too far to retreat; the word which for years had filled my heart struggled up to my lips and clamored for utterance.

"Florence!" I cried, passionately, "I love you, and I want you to be entirely mine! Take me, and cure me of the bashful folly which has been the bane of my life."

She did not reply, I was in a tumult of fear and hope, but a sort of desperate courage kept me firm.

"One word, Florence, only one word! Am I to be consigned to Hades or Paradise? Do not keep me in suspense!"

She nestled closer to my side her soft cheek rested against mine; her breath swept my lips. She spoke but one word in accents of deepest tenderness and that word was my name—

"Roy!"

"Florence, my darling!"

I trust that everybody will forgive, and feel charitably toward me when I declare, on my honor, that I was happier at that moment than I had ever been in my life before. Popping the question has always been acknowledged to be a serious piece of business, and if ordinary men find it a serious business, how much more terrible must it be to a bashful individual like myself!

A silence fell between Florence and me; perhaps I was holding her so close to my heart that the effect of speaking was difficult. I should not wonder. By and by she lifted up her face and said, quietly,

"Did you mean for me to marry you, Roy?"

"Marry me? Yes, dearest, and that,

too, before many days have elapsed. I have been a fool so long that I cannot afford to wait."

"Yes, but if I promise myself to you, how can I be sure that on the way to the altar you will not jump over the fence and leave me to fate and Will Richardson?"

"Confound Will Richardson! Florence, forgive me, I was little less than a brute! Is there peace between us?"

"Both peace and love," she whispered softly; and my heart was at rest.

My mother was overjoyed at the turn affairs had taken. Everything had happened just as she wished; and to this day the good lady idolizes tomatoes, insisting upon it that it was through the agency of those preserves that Florence and I came to an understanding. It might have been—I cannot tell—great events sometimes originate in small causes.

Florence—dear little wife!—for she has sustained that relation to me for five years; and if she has not cured me of my bashfulness, she has at least broken me of its extreme folly. To other men afflicted as I was with constitutional shyness, I can conscientiously recommend my course. Don't be afraid; the ladies admire courage and, "none but the brave deserve the fair."

UNCLE GODFREY.

I. TODMORTEN RECTORY

It was the day before Christmas-day, and the Rev. Mr. Latimer was busy finishing his Christmas sermon, or rather, if we must confess it, "heel-tapping" an old one.

The reverend gentleman had just settled the coal club accounts; and that excellent work of charity had warmed his heart, and made him at peace with all the world. The frost was feathering the window-panes; in the ruts of Todmorton lanes, the ice lay like fragments of shattered plate glass; the twigs of the laurel bushes at the rectory window were furred with crystals; and the robin, puffing out his little crimson breast till it looked like an alderman's waistcoat, sat on the standard rosetree at the study-window, watching with interest Mr. Latimer as he put the new piece into the old garment.

The sermon completed, Mr. Latimer went headforemost into the blanket-club accounts, and soon discovered the pleasing fact that there was an overplus of seven pound ten. All this conduced to make the worthy young rector extremely cheerful, and in a proper Christmas frame of mind. He hummed a carol to himself, and prepared to go out to superintend the clerk, who was busy decorating the church with holly.

But young rectors with large families, if they have their pleasures, have also their alloys. The monthly wash had just begun, and a large screen of steaming sheets is by no means a conductor of heat, especially when placed between yourself and the fire; nor does the necessity of turning these square acres of linen at fitting intervals conduce to the concentration of mind that accounts require.

A cook must have unceasing pleasure in the savory chemistry of his profession; but to watch a large sauce pan, and stir its

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Business Cards

MERCHANTS.

JNO. CHISLETT.

JNO. CLARK.

CHISLETT & CLARK,

East Temple Street, Great Salt Lake City,

GROCERIES AND DYE STUFFS, CUTLERY
Glass & Queensware, Staple & Fancy
DRY GOODS.

Business Cards.

GEO. BOURNE.

JAS. NEEDHAM.

BOURNE & NEEDHAM,

STORAGE & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
East Temple Street, Great Salt Lake City.

—DEALERS IN—

Groceries and General Merchandise.
11-†

WALKER BROTHERS,

East Temple Street, Great Salt Lake City,

—AND AT THE—

OLD STAND OF STAINES & NEEDHAM.
Also, FAIRFIELD, FORT CRITTENDEN.

Importers and Jobbers of Foreign and
DOMESTIC GOODS.
11-†

RANSOHOFF & Co.

East Temple Street, Great Salt Lake City.

—DEALERS IN—

DRY GOODS, READY MADE CLOTHING,
Hats, Boots, Shoes, Groceries, Cutlery,
11-† Tobacco, Cigars, &c., &c.

GEORGE CRONYON.

WILLIAM CLAYTON.

CRONYON & CLAYTON,

West Side, East Temple St., Great Salt Lake City.

DRY GOODS' MERCHANTS,
AND DEALERS IN

Groceries and General Merchandise.
11-†

C. H. BASSETT.

BOLIVAR ROBERTS.

BASSETT & ROBERTS,

East Temple Street, Great Salt Lake City.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Notions,
—AND—
11-† MILLINERY GOODS.

ELLIS & BROTHERS,

East Temple Street, Great Salt Lake City.

STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS,
READY MADE CLOTHING,
Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hardware, Cutlery,
Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors,
11-† Paints, Oils, Cigars, &c.

J. M. ALLEN & Co.,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS IN
STOVES & TINWARE.

East Temple Street, Great Salt Lake City.

11-3m

COOPERS.

J. H. VAN NATTA.

L. P. HOWE.

VAN NATTA & HOWE,

MANUFACTURES OF COOPERWARE,

East of the NAIL FACTORY BLOCK, 19th Ward.
116m G. S. L. CITY.

DENTISTS.

DENTISTRY.

JOHN V. LONG, DENTIST;

OFFICE AT RESIDENCE:

One Block East and Half a Block South of Theatre.
11-3m

BANKERS.

BEN HOLLADAY.

W. L. HALSEY.

HOLLADAY & HALSEY,

BANKERS,

EAST TEMPLE STREET, G. S. L. CITY.

11-†

W. B. FARR.

SCOTT, KERR & CO.

J. F. NOUNNAN,

Leavenworth,

G. S. L. CITY.

Kansas.

SCOTT, KERR & Co.,

BANKERS,

East Temple Street G. S. L. City, at Godbe's Old
13-6m† Drug Store.

MISCELLANEOUS.

L. P. FISHER,

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING
AGENT,
No. 620 Washington Street, San Francisco.

Is our authorized Agent in San Francisco, to
receive Advertisements and Subscriptions, and
receipt for the same.

Business Cards.

FIRST WARD TANNERY.

To the Citizens of Utah Territory.

We are prepared to

TAN LEATHER ON SHARPS.

One third LEATHER, first class, returned
for HIDES.

Bring on your Hides and be accommodated.
COLE & BRIM, 1st Ward, G.S.L. City.
11-6m†

P. MARGETTS,

CARRIES ON

GENERAL BLACKSMITHING BUSINESS.

Next to Faust's Livery Stables.

Horse and Ox Shoeing done on short
notice. 16-6m.

JAMES MCGHIE,

WEAVER AND DYER,

20th Ward, G. S. L. City.

Cloth of every kind wove to order. A
BROAD LOOM in operation for weaving
BLANKETS & SHAWLS, full width.
15-3m† Terms Moderate.

W. J. SMITH,

Chair and Furniture Establishment,

11th Ward,

6½ Blocks East, ½ Block South of Temple
Block.
15-12m† TERMS MODERATE.

CHARLES F. JONES,

Half Block South of Court House, G. S. L. City.

Possesses every facility for Manufacturing
First Class

Stoves, Tin, Sheet Iron, & Copper Ware.
13-2m† TERMS REASONABLE.

BASKET MANUFACTORY,

Wholesale and Retail.

JOB SMITH, AT THE SIGN OF THE BIG BASKET,

EAST TEMPLE ST., G.S.L. CITY.

Baskets of every description, and best
15-6m† Workmanship.

JAMES LINFORTH,

COMMISSION MERCHANT

208 BATTERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

Sight Drafts on Salt Lake City, Utah Territory
Austin, Nevada Territory.

* PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO PUR-
CHASES FOR UTAH. 23-4

J. MECHLING, M. D.

LATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

OFFICE, AT MRS. KAY'S FAST TEMPLE

STREET, G. S. L. CITY, UTAH.

18-4

E. B. TRIPP,

Has on hand and for Sale CHEAP, a large as-
sortment of BOOTS and SHOES,

GENT'S FRENCH CALF BOOTS,

LEATHER.

School Books and Stationery, Groceries, Shoe
Makers Findings, &c., &c.

WANTED:—FLOUR, BUTTER, EGGS,
FISH & HORSE OIL, & GREENBACKS.

One Door North of Kimball & Lawrence's.

17-4m†

W. F. ANDERSON, M.D.,

SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN.

OFFICE and RESIDENCE, 13th Ward, two doors
South of Match Factory.

Persons knowing themselves indebted to
me for professional services for the last two
three and four years, are respectfully invited to
settle their accounts.

ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE TAKEN.

1-1†

W. F. A.

CITY LIQUOR STORE,

OPENED AGAIN!!

Highest Price Paid for Wheat.