

Farmer Heath Determines to cut off an "Extra."

WHAT CAME OF HIS EFFORT AT RETRENCHMENT.

The old farm house wore a quite, pleasant look, as the setting sun gilded its small window, over which the luxuriant grape vines were carefully trained. In the open door sat the farmer, with a little morocco-covered book in his hand, on which his attention had been fixed for the past hour. He was a man of method and order—old Richard Heath—and aside from his regular account books, which he always kept with scrupulous care, he always set down in his little book, in the simplest manner possible, all his expenses, (no very complicated amount, by the way,) and all he had received during the year in the metal, as he said, not by the way of trade.

The last account he had just reckoned up, and the result was highly satisfactory, if one might judge from the pleasant expression of his face, as he turned to his wife and addressed her by her pretty, old-fashioned name.

"Millicent," said he, "this has been a lucky year. How little we thought when we moved to this place twenty-five years ago, that we should ever get five hundred dollars a year out of the rocky, barren farm."

"It does pay for a good deal of hard work," said she, "to see how different things look now from what they did then."

"Now, I am going to figure up how much we have spent," said Mr. Heath; "don't make a noise with your knitting-needles, 'cause it puts me out."

The wife laid by her knitting in perfect good humor, and gazed over the broad, rich fields of waving grain which grew so tall around the laden apple trees, that looked like massive piles of foliage. Hearing her own name kindly spoken, led her own thoughts far back to the past; for after the lapse of twenty-five years, the simple sound of the name she bore in her youth means more to a wife than the pleasing epithets of "dearest," and "darling," so lavishly offered in a long past courtship.

Very pleasant was the retrospect to Millicent Heath. The picture of the past had on it some rough places, and some hard trials, but no domestic strife or discontent marred its sunny aspect. There were faces on it—happy children's faces—without which no life picture is beautiful. Soft blue eyes shone with unclouded brightness and wavy hair floated carelessly over unwrinkled foreheads. She forgot, for a moment, how they were changed, and almost fancied herself again the young mother, and tiny hands stole lovingly over her bosom, and young heads nestled there as of old.

The ill vision vanished quickly, and she sighed. She thought of her younger born, the reckless boy who had left her three years before, for a home on the sea.

Only once had tidings reached her of the wanderer. The letter spoke of hardship and homesickness, in that light and careless way that reached the mother's heart more surely than repining and complaint. To know that he suffered with a strong heart, with noble and unyielding resolution, gave her a feeling of pleasure, not unmingled with pride.

"He will surely come back," murmured the affectionate mother to herself; "and I read the paper so carefully every week, that if it said anything about the ship Alfred sailed in, I should be sure to see it."

"Mrs. Heath," said her husband, interrupting her meditations somewhat rudely, "we have spent thirty dollars more than usual this year; where can it have gone to?"

"The new harness," suggested Mrs. Heath; "that don't come every year, you know."

"Well, there's twenty dollars accounted for."

"We had the carriage fixed up when you bought the harness," continued his wife.

"Well, that was eight dollars; that's twenty-eight we don't spend every year; but, the other two, where can they have gone?"

Glancing his eye over the pages of the memorandum book, he exclaimed—

"I tell you what 'tis, the newspaper costs just two dollars, and we can do without it. It isn't anything to eat or drink, or wear. I don't do anything with it, and you only lay it away up chamber. It may as well be left out as not, and I'll stop my subscription right away."

"Oh, said his wife, you don't know how much I set by the newspaper. I always have a sort of glad feeling when you take it out of your hat and lay it on the kitchen mantelpiece, just as I do when some of the children come home; and when I am tired I sit down with my knitting work and read—I can knit just as well when I am reading—and feel so contented. I don't believe Queen Victoria herself takes more solid comfort than I do sitting by the east window on a summer afternoon, reading my newspaper."

"But you are just as well off without it," answered her husband, for want of anything else to say.

"I never neglect anything for reading, do I?" asked Mrs. Heath, mildly.

"No, I don't know as you do," answered her husband; "but it seems an extra, like; I shall stop it;" in a tone that showed plainly enough he wished to stop the conversation.

"I shall take the paper," remarked his wife, "if I have to go out washing to pay for it."

This was not spoken angrily, but so firmly that Mr. Heath noticed it, though by no means remarkable for discernment in most matters. It sounded so different from her usual quite "as you think best," that he actually stopped a moment to consider whether it was at all likely she would do as she had said.

Mr. Heath was a kind husband, as that indefinite description is generally understood, that is, he did not beat his wife, and always gave her enough to eat. More than that, he had a certain regard for her happiness, which already made him feel half ashamed of his decision. But like many other men who have more obstinacy than wisdom, he could not bear to retract anything, and above all, to be convinced he was wrong by a woman.

However, with a commendable wish to remove the unhappiness, he suggested that as the papers were carefully saved, and she had found them interesting, she could read them over again, beginning at January, and taking one a week clear through the year—they would just come out even he concluded, as if it were a singular fact that they should do so.

Notwithstanding this admirable proscription, he still felt some uneasiness. It followed him as he walked up the pleasant lane to the pasture; and it made him speak more sharply than was his wont, if the cows stopped while he was driving them home, to crop the grass where it was greenest and sweetest on the sunny slope. It troubled him till he heard his wife call for supper in such a cheerful tone, that he concluded she didn't care much about taking the newspapers after all.

About a week after, as Mr. Heath was mowing one morning, he was surprised to see his wife coming out dressed as if for a visit.

"I am going," said she, "to spend the day with Mrs. Brown; I have plenty for you to eat;" and so saying she walked rapidly on.

Mr. Heath thought about it just long enough to say to himself "she don't go a visiting to stay all day once a year, hardly, and it's strange she should go in haying time."

Very long the day seemed to him; to go in for luncheon, dinner and supper, and to have nobody to speak to; to find everything so still. The old clock ticked stiller than usual, he thought the brood of pretty white chickens that were almost always peeping around the door had wandered off somewhere, and left it stiller yet; he even missed the busy click of the knitting needles that was apt to put him out so when he was doing any figuring.

"I am glad," he said to himself, as he began to look down the road at sunset, "that Millicent don't go a visiting all the time as some women do—there, she is just a coming."

"How tired you look," said he as she came up; "why didn't you speak about it, and I'd have come after you?"

"I am not very tired," she answered; but her looks belied her; indeed, her husband, declared she looked tired for a day or two after.

What was his great amazement to see her go away the next Tuesday in the same manner as before.

To his great dissatisfaction everything seemed that day to partake of his wife's propensity for going away. "A man don't want cold food in haying time," said he, as he sat down to dinner. In the same grumbling mood he recounted the mishaps of the morning which seemed to have been much in the manner set forth in a certain legend of old time; for he embellished his recital by allusion to

"The sheep's in the meadow,
The cows in the corn."

adding that they wouldn't have been there if Mrs. H. had been at home, because she'd have seen them before they got in, and halloed. She would have seen the oxen before they got across the river, and saved him the trouble of getting them back. But after tracing all the untoward events to her absence, he said to himself, consolingly, "I guess she won't go any more, she always was a home-body."

Mrs. Heath did go again, though, and again, and the day she went for the fourth time, her husband took counsel with himself as to what he should do to "stop her gadding." Seated on the door-step, in the shade of the old trees, he spent an hour or two devising ways and measures, talking aloud all the while, and having the satisfaction of hearing nobody dispute him.

"It is hard to think of her getting to be a visit woman," he said, "and it's clear it ain't right to keep her at home. I've read in the Bible, (old Richard's Bible knowledge was somewhat confused, his quotations varied slightly from the scripture phrase, "keepers at home;" but it says, too, he added, with the true, sincere man, "that husbands must set great store by their wives and use them well." I won't scold Millicent; I'll harness up and go for her to-night, and coming home I'll talk it all over with her, and tell her how bad it makes me feel, and if that won't do, I'll—something else."

In accordance with his praiseworthy resolution, he might have been seen about sun-set, hitching his horses at Mr. Brown's door; for strangely enough, Mrs. Heath's visits had all been made at the same place. Going up to the door, he stopped in amazement at seeing his wife in the kitchen, just taking off a great wash-apron, and putting down her sleeves, which had been rolled up for washing. He listened and heard her say, as she took some money from Mrs. Brown, "It won't be so that I can do your washing again."

"It has been a great favor to have you do it while I have been so poorly," said Mrs. Brown, "and I'm glad to pay you for it. This makes four times, and here's two dollars. 'Tis just as well that you can't come again, for I think I shall be well enough to do it myself."

"Two dollars, just the price of a newspaper," exclaimed Mr. Heath, as the truth flashed across him. Rather a silent ride they had home, till at last he said—

"I never was so ashamed in my life."
"Of what?" asked his wife.

"Why, to have you go out washing; I ain't so poor as all that comes to."

"Well I don't know," replied his wife, "when a man is too poor to take a newspaper, his wife ought not to feel above going out a washing."

Nothing more was said on the subject at that time, though some ill feeling lingered in the heart of each. The making up was no mawkish scene of kissing, embracing and crying, such as romance writers build their useless fabrics with; but as Mrs. Heath was finishing her household duties for the night, she said quietly:

"I don't think I did quite right, Richard."

"I don't think I did, either," responded the husband, and so the spark was quenched, which might have become a scathing flame, blighting all the domestic peace under their humble roof.

The sequel shows that Millicent paid her two dollars and continued to take the paper and by it heard of the return of the ship her son sailed in. She immediately proceeded to the city at which it arrived, and there, after diligent search, found her son Alfred prostrate upon a bed of sickness, among strangers, apparently neglected, and near unto death's door. By the kind attentions and untiring watchfulness of a fond mother, he was restored to health and to his beloved home.

From that time forward the farmer appreciated the value of, and always took the newspaper, and paid for it, and considered the two dollars which he thus paid yearly, the most valuable investment he made of his money.

—A planter named Kelly was lately killed in Columbus, Miss., by one of his slaves, who stabbed him with a bowie-knife. Another planter on the same place undertook to chastise a negro when the latter drew a bowie-knife upon him, and a search disclosed twenty of these ugly weapons on the persons of his chattels. A secret society called the "Z society," has been discovered in Choctaw county, Ala., supposed to have an abolition object, and a Lynch court has been organized for the trial and punishment of conspirators.

—Lynn is at the present time the largest morocco manufacturing city in the United States, with one exception—Philadelphia, and its location near Boston, and in the heart of the shoe trade, together with its admirable facilities for carrying on the business, must make it hereafter, at no distant time, as noted for making morocco as it is for ladies shoes.

—One of the "Down East" inventions of the past year is a machine for making curled hair for mattress-filling, out of wood, much resembling white horse hair.

—While the census taker was collecting statistics in Searsport, Me., he found a girl 13 years old, who was the mother of a child of ten months.

The best Remedy for Rheumatism—Hall's Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock and Iodide of Potass. 8-6m

Save your Paper Rags.

The inhabitants of Utah are requested to gather up and save their worn out wagon covers, and every description of cotton and linen rags for paper making, and deliver them, from time to time, to the Bishops of the several Wards, or the 'News' and 'Mountaineer' Offices or their agents, for which, when clean, they will be allowed five cents a pound. The rags can be sufficiently cleansed in pure water, without soap.

It is expected that, in a few months, all who wish can receive paper in exchange for rags.

9-11 EDWARD HUNTER, Presiding Bishop.

Hall's Sarsaparilla Yellow Dock and Iodide of Potass is prepared from the finest red Jamaica Sarsaparilla and English Iodide of Potass—admirable as a restorative and purifier of the blood, it cleanses the system of all morbid and impure matter—removes pimples, boils and eruptions from the skin—cures rheumatism and pains of all kinds—All who can afford should use it, as it tends to give them strength and prolong life. Sold by Druggists generally, at \$1.00 per bottle.

R. HALL & CO.,
Proprietors, Wholesale Druggists, 143 and 145
8-6m. Clay street San Francisco.

General Notices.

STOLEN.

FROM the pasture on West Jordan, about the last of September, a light red COW, with blue back, white face, short horns and branded I S on left hip. Any one giving information to John Swenson, 7th Ward, G. S. L. City, or the Subscriber, shall be liberally rewarded.

32-2 JOHN SKOU, West Jordan.

IN TRAN VAST.

THE undersigned, having had a long experience in the business, would respectfully inform his friends and the people of Utah generally that he is on hand to make out

POWERS OF ATTORNEY, LEASES, ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT

and all other documents of like character.

Also—Applications for

PENSIONS, BOUNTY LAND

and other claims on Government made out on the short-est notice.

He is connected with responsible persons who will promptly attend to the

COLLECTION OF MONEY

in the United States and in Europe.

No charges made for any information he may be able to communicate on these subjects to any person who may favor him with a call.

By a strict and rigid attention to business he hopes to receive a liberal share of public patronage. For reference in regard to competence, integrity and just dealing, refer to any person who has been acquainted with him for the last ten or fifteen years.

OFFICE—in Geo. Cronyn & Co.'s Store, sign of the big T, East Temple Street, G. S. L. City.

34 1y W. CLAYTON.

PREMIUM SUGAR MILL.

RICHARD B. MARGETTS wishes to inform the Public generally that his SUGAR MILL will run for the season at R. M. Cast's Water Power, directly north of the lime kiln, in the 20th Ward. Those wishing a superior article, and a good turn-out, can make application on the premises.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

GEORGE GODDARD has just received, on commission, a quantity of READY-MADE CLOTHING, DRY GOODS, BOOTS and SHOES, HATS, CHILDREN'S FANCY HATS, &c., &c., which he is determined to sell VERY, VERY CHEAP for Cash.

For instance:

Good Pants, lined, \$2.00 a pair and upwards.

Plush Vests - 2.25 each

Over Coats - 8.25 each

Good Strong Hunting

Shoes - 2.50 per pair.

Every thing else in like proportion, and lots of things for Ladies, equally cheap.

My store is one door north of Thomas Box's.

N.B. Those who wish for Bargains had better come quick.

CITY MARKET.

I have now opened a market in this city, on First South Street, where I will endeavor to keep for sale all articles in the

MEAT AND PROVISION

Line, and by strict attention to business and accommodation to customers will endeavor to merit a share of public patronage.

WANTED:—

BUTTER.

CHEESE.

EGGS.

BEEVES.

SHEEP.

PORK.

J. R. CLAWSON.

PANTECHNICON.

FRESH ARRIVAL OF NEW GOODS!

GILBERT CLEMENTS begs leave to state that, owing to the increased patronage of his friends and the public generally he has been induced to purchase another

LARGE STOCK OF GOODS,

which renders his assortment general and complete. It affords him much pleasure also to state that he will be enabled to make still further

REDUCTION IN THE PRICES

of goods, the quality of which will compare favorably with any ever imported into the Territory.

The stock consists in part of Prints of the finest brands, Denims, Hickory, Blue Drillings, Cottonades, Flannels, Shirtings, &c., &c., which have been selected expressly for this market. An extensive assortment of Boots and Shoes, Hats, ready-made Clothing, which will be offered at the lowest figures.

Groceries of all kinds at the lowest prices. Paints, oils and varnishes. A large stock of School Books, Stationery, Cutlery, locks, screws and butts, nails, glass, tinware, brass kettles, queensware, &c., &c.

Those visiting the State Fair will do well to avail themselves of the opportunity to lay in their winter supply at the above establishment, situated on west side of East Temple street.

31-3 Town Clock in front of building.

G. CLEMENTS.

CALL AT

WALKER BROTHERS

FOR New and excellent qualities of CALICOES, Fine Dress Goods—summer, fall and winter styles; Shawls, Blankets, &c., &c., &c.

Call at WALKER BROTHERS

For GOLD JEWELRY, comprising plain gold sets, mosaic, gold stone, fancy, lava, cameo, coral, onyx, pearl, stone and enamelled sets.

Ear knobs of every pattern, plain ear rings, lava and cameo ear rings, breast pins plain, flagee, stone and fancy sets.

Gold finger rings of every size, quality and price; Bracelets, plain, fancy, stone, and flagee; Gold fob and guard chains.

Gold lockets of every size. Gents' bosom pins, Sleeve buttons, Studs, gold pencils and pens. Gold and silver watches.

&c. &c. &c.

Call at WALKER BROTHERS

For BOOTS and SHOES, CLOTHING, HATS and CAPS, GROCERIES, notions, hardware, hosiery, stationery, cutlery, crinoline, &c.

Call at WALKER BROTHERS,

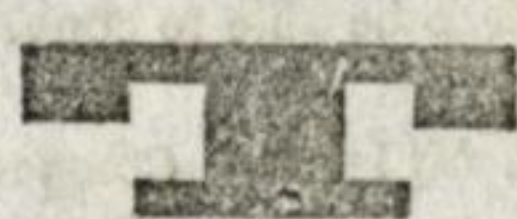
East Temple street, G. S. L. City.

Call at WALKER BROTHERS,

31st Main street, Fairfield, Camp Floyd.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

SIGN OF BIG



HOOPER, ELDREDGE & CO.

HAVE received and are NOW OPENING a Magnificent Assortment of New, Fresh and

BEAUTIFUL GOODS,

CONSISTING IN PART OF

Ladies' and Gents' DRESS GOODS; staple and domestic Dry Goods, well selected, GROCERIES, Hardware and Queensware, Glass, Nails, paints, oils, varnish and putty.

—ALSO—

A Complete and Well-Selected Stock of

LADIES', GIRLS & INFANT BOOTEES

AND SHOES;

GENTS' BOOTS, SHOES & GAITERS, HATS, &c. &c.

Dress Trimmings, Bonnet Ribbons, Hosiery, Gloves, and a full stock of notions, &c.

They are determined to SELL THEM

LOW FOR CASH OR READY PAY,

and will take pleasure in showing them. Please call and see us.

Remember the Sign of the BIG T.

G. S. L. City, Oct. 1, 1860.

31M