

UNCLE DICK.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

When Charlie Hollingsworth first met his Susy, she was a blue-eyed blonde of sixteen who came as near his preconceived ideas of female perfection as it was possible to come. He told her so in looks before he said as much in words. He neglected his business to dance attendance on her when she went on shopping excursions. He wanted to shoot himself when any other young gentleman exchanged a dozen words with her, and was known by all the maid-servants in the block where she resided as "That young gentleman what's in love."

Susy was rather a sensible girl and did not quite believe that the whole world looked upon her as a superior being; but she felt sure that Charlie did, and thinking so married him, in the firm belief that they were the happiest couple ever mated, and that none of those things which occur to trouble the lives of other married folks could occur in theirs. This delirium lasted until they had had four weeks at the sea-side and two at home.

A month of extatic bliss and a fortnight of amateur housekeeping and a raw Irish domestic. By that time (perhaps it was the tough beefsteaks) something began to alter Mr. Hollingsworth's ideas.

He had a mother—one of those worthy old ladies who look and act as though they had never been young. Nobody who ever saw her could believe she had not been born in a front and cap and black alpaca. And in all domestic arrangements she was a perfect dragon of perfection.

With this notable specimen of her sex Mr. Hollingsworth began to compare his young wife, just emancipated from boarding-school, and finally resolving to make just such another of poor Susy, he began at breakfast:

"I'm glad my mother cannot taste this coffee," he said. "It's disgusting. I'm sure there's rye in it."

"The grocer may have mixed it," said Susy. "I ordered the best."

"Did you examine it?" asked Mr. Hollingsworth.

"What good would that have done? I don't know anything about coffee," said Susy.

"Ah! cried her spouse, drawing a long breath, my mother never neglected matters so; my mother inspected and still inspects every grain of coffee or sugar that enters the house. She makes it herself too."

"But Biddy had this made before we were up," said Susy.

"My mother always rose at five, said the gentleman, as he put on his overcoat and walked out of the house, leaving his wife to her first cry."

"She was a loving little thing, and after she had wiped her eyes determined to follow the example of her mother-in-law."

"That very morning she proceeded to the grocery and insisted on chewing a berry of the best Java, and finding it bitter, declared it must be rye. Finally she yielded to the asseverations of the shop-man, bought a pound, took it home herself, studied the cookery-book all the afternoon and laid awake half the night in order to be able to rise at five."

"She managed to concoct a tolerable pot of coffee; but, alas! this morning the beefsteak was burnt."

"My mother never had burnt beefsteak upon her table, said the gentleman; but then she attended to it herself. Ah, there are not many such women on earth. I'm afraid you are determined to be her exact opposite."

"Poor little Susy. This time the tears came before her husband left the house. But she cooked the steak herself the next morning, and was rewarded by comments on the bread."

"My mother always set warm biscuits before us," said Mr. Hollingsworth. "Ah, it was her best endeavor to make home comfortable."

"The next morning there were warm biscuits."

"Mr. Hollingsworth took note of all these things, and began to hope that his plan was a successful one. In a year or so Susy would be remodelled to his pattern, and, rejoicing, he went on as he had begun, until the words "my mother" were repeated on an average every fifteen minutes."

"My mother never forgot a button. My mother never wasted an hour in dressing for church. My mother was always there in time. My mother wore the same black silk five years, and my mother never felt nervous, etc., etc., until even poor Susy's admiration for that elderly piece of perfection and her great wish to please her husband, could

scarcely prevent her from giving utterance to her weariness of the perpetual song.

Once, indeed, she shut herself tight in the pantry with the pickles and preserves, all made after "mother's" receipts, and said in a whisper:

"Mother, mother, mother—bother, bother; I wish he'd never had any."

But she repented the rebellion so heartily afterwards, that she had serious thoughts of putting on a cap, and tried to shut her rosy mouth up, hard and grim, in imitation of the old lady, and even prayed in church next Sunday to be made exactly like old Mrs. Hollingsworth.

At last, however the climax came. After Bridget had been sent away, and little Dinah had followed, and Susy was chambermaid and cook herself, in imitation of her grand model, there came a morning, when, for the first time, she appeared before her husband with rough tresses and a grease spot on her apron, to hear the following scathing speech:

"Ah, I never expected to see you looking so, Susy. My mother, whatever her occupation, was always neatly dressed. Indeed, my father insisted upon it, as I shall. I can't have my wife a sloven."

"I've made two fires, and swept and dusted the dining-room, and cooked breakfast, and been out to milk, and I haven't had time to look in the glass," said Susy, crying.

"My mother never would have made such excuses," said Charlie. "At her age she superintended the household work of a large farm-house in caps with white satin ribbon. She wears but one a week, and they are never soiled. In fact, she might go to church without preparation at any moment. Upon my word, you have no cuffs on."

"Susy said nothing, but this time she did not cry. Conscious of having done her best, she felt strong enough to bear a good deal. Besides, if you can imagine the feelings of—say the Great Grand Llama of Thibet, should he be suddenly dragged from his throne by his prostrate worshippers, and made to run errands and clean knives, you can in a measure understand the emotions of Mr. Charlie Hollingsworth's former idol, angel and empress."

"I'm exactly what I was then, she said to herself, as she stood before the fire after his departure, and if he adored me then, he ought at least to speak to me as if I was a lady now. Uncle Dick said a gentleman should always treat his wife exactly as he would any lady he was visiting."

As she murmured these words, a thought flashed into her mind, and she grew merry in a moment. She laughed, clapped her hands, and repeated over and over again, the very thing to cure him; and finally set to work at her thousand and one household duties with an energy which could not have been more than equalled by that notable personage, her mother-in-law.

Charlie came home early that night, and in a pleasant humor. In fact he intended to take his wife to some place of amusement, and cheer her up a bit.

He ran into the house with his usual negligence of mat and scraper, and was advancing to salute Mistress Susy, when that lady gave a little scream.

"You haven't wiped your boots, she said."

"Haven't I? Oh, well, mud will brush off," said Charlie.

"Ah, sighed Susy, you should have seen poor Uncle Dick. He rubbed his feet ten minutes on the mat before he came in, on the brightest day, and on muddy ones he waited until my aunt sent slippers out to him before he would cross the threshold. He was one in a thousand, though."

"Ridiculous old fogey, muttered Charlie. Well, is dinner ready?"

"Yes, and, Charlie, do hang your hat on the hall rack. Uncle Dick never left his hat on the table and chairs—never once while I knew him."

"If Uncle Dick didn't do as he chose in his own house, he was an idiot," said Charlie, growing wrathful.

"He was the most sensible man I ever knew, said Susy, and so amiable. When aunt spoke to him about any little thing, he always tried to please her, and said, Very well, my love, in such matters I always defer to you."

"I never will be henpecked," said Charlie.

"How vulgar, replied Susy. Uncle Dick never uttered a vulgar expression in his life. He said vulgarity was next to profanity."

"What on earth has made Susy so cross?" thought Charlie. Aloud he said: "One of my dear mother's rules is always to keep her temper. Come—it's nearly seven; don't you want to go to Wallack's."

"I'm not sure but that theatres are

wicked, said Susy. Uncle Dick thought so, and he was a very sensible man."

"Confound Uncle Dick," said Charlie. "What intemperate language, said Susy. Ah! Uncle Dick always controlled his tongue."

Charlie took his hat, banged out of the door, and went to Wallack's by himself; but Susy did not cry about it.

The first sentence which welcomed him on his return was:

"My dear Uncle Dick never kept late hours, Charlie."

The next day it began again. It was Uncle Dick who never leaned his head against the wall; who wore night-caps, not to grease the pillows; who would not smoke in his wife's presence; who never read and idled at home instead of going to church; and who was (take him all in all) a model of perfection.

Charlie was so much astonished by the sudden appearance of this pattern man, and so thoroughly occupied in defending himself, that by degrees he forgot his remodeling system, and actually had not mentioned his mother for three days, when one morning Susy came to his bedside saying:

"Come, Charlie. It's a bad habit to lie abed. Uncle Dick was always up with the lark."

"Was he, yelled Charlie. Look here, Susy, I've borne it long enough. I won't hear that ridiculous old beast of an uncle of yours thrust into my face at every turn. If he chose to act like a book of proverbs, I don't. Why didn't you look out for such a piece of stultified perfection instead of accepting me? It's more than flesh and blood can bear to hear his name on all occasions. I wonder you don't know it, Susan."

"I do, said Susy; I always thought so. You know you began it, Charlie."

"Yes, you. I heard so much of your mother that I found it necessary to defend myself by introducing my pattern relation. I'm willing to stop if you are."

"Susy, Susy, cried Charlie, I'm sure I never intended any harm. I only hoped to make you like my mother, who is a model."

"Ah, said Susy, that's just it. I want to make you like Uncle Dick, who is a model, too."

Charlie groaned. "Come, said Susy, we'll sign a treaty of peace. Stop forming my character and I'll stop forming yours. Put up with me as Susy, and I'll take you for better or worse as Charlie."

Mr. Hollingsworth said nothing; but the treaty was silently made, notwithstanding.

The worthy relatives were not alluded to for many weeks, and it was not until near Christmas time that Charles ventured to observe:

"My mother—"

"Uncle Dick," said Susy.

"I only intended to say that mother was coming to see us on Christmas Day. Very well, said Susy. I'm sure I shall be glad to see her; and in serious earnest, I know she can give me a great many valuable hints about housekeeping. And since that was all, I might as well tell you that Uncle Dick—"

"Is not coming too?" gasped Charlie.

"No, laughed Susy. The fact is he couldn't well come, for there never was such a person."

"Hey?" cried Charlie.

"Never, indeed. I never had an Uncle Dick. I invented him for your model."

"And he certainly had."

UNIVERSALISM.—A meeting of prominent Universalists, clergymen and laymen, was held in New York one evening lately, for the purpose of taking measures to raise \$100,000, for a denominational missionary fund. The sum of \$1,249.50 was subscribed, of which Horace Greeley gave \$100. He was the principal speaker, and expressed himself surprised at the small attendance, considering that "there are in New York and Brooklyn 10,000 persons who call themselves Universalists."—[Stockton Independent.]

LIGHT PEACH CROP.—From all we can learn the crops of peaches in the Valley this season will be unusually light, which is caused, to a great extent, by the prevalence of curled-leaf in the orchards. The curled-leaf damages the fruit, while it does not seem to kill the trees.—[Stockton (Cal.) Independent.]

A CHRISTIAN HOSPITAL IN PEKIN.—At Pekin, China, a heathen temple has been purchased, the idols have been removed, and the building turned into a missionary hospital.

BRICKS.—The Dubuque Times speaks of a brick machine in that place which, with two-horse-power, turns out 35,000 splendid bricks per day.

FLOUR, BUTTER & EGGS,

TAKEN FOR

GOODS

AT

CHISLETT & CLARK'S

A Splendid and complete stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

On hand, which will be sold as CHEAP as they can be bought at any store in the city. w25-1m

THE UTAH PRODUCE COMPANY

ARE now prepared to receive Subscriptions and Deposits on stock. Also,

Flour, etc., on Commission.

WHEAT AND FLOUR PURCHASED.

WE WISH TO ENGAGE FREIGHT TO THE NORTHERN MINES.

Apply at our Office at Eldredge & Clawson's.

A. O. SMOOT, Agent.

w20-1ff

AN ORDINANCE

Creating the Office and defining the duties of City Stock Inspector, and to establish a General Stock Market.

Sec. 1. Be it ordained by the City Council of Great Salt Lake City: That the office of City Stock Inspector is hereby created, which office shall be filled by appointment of the City Council.

Sec. 2. Said Stock Inspector shall, before entering upon the duties of his office, take an oath for the faithful performance of the duties thereof, and execute bonds in the penal sum of five thousand dollars, said oath and bonds to be filed with the City Recorder; and he shall report monthly, or oftener if required, to said Recorder, all matters of record pertaining to his duties as defined in this Ordinance.

Sec. 3. It shall be the duty of the said Inspector to take charge of the City Stock Market and to receive all stock that shall be taken thereto for inspection or sale; and he shall keep a book in which he shall record a faithful description of all stock inspected by him, together with the marks and brands thereon, also the names of persons bringing such stock to said Market for inspection or sale; and from all persons requiring a certificate of inspection he shall be entitled to receive for one animal the sum of twenty-five cents, and for every additional animal in the same certificate the sum of ten cents, one half of which shall be paid into the City Treasury quarterly, or oftener if required.

Sec. 4. Said City Stock Market is hereby established at Faust and Houtz's premises on Second South Street, between East Temple Street and First East Street, until otherwise provided.

Sec. 5. All persons are hereby prohibited from selling or offering for sale any beef cattle in any of the streets, lanes, alleys or other public place within the limits of the City, without first having the same inspected by the Stock Inspector, under penalty of not less than one nor more than one hundred dollars for each offence.

Sec. 6. All butchers or other persons keeping a slaughter house within the limits of said City, shall have inspected, by the said City Inspector, all beeves slaughtered by them, and shall obtain a certificate of inspection; and any butcher or slaughterman killing animals for beef, without first obtaining said certificate, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be liable to pay a fine in any sum not less than five nor more than one hundred dollars for each offence.

Sec. 7. All persons having license to sell horses, mules and cattle at public or private sale shall, before offering said animals for sale, have them inspected by the City Stock Inspector, who shall record a general description of the same, together with any marks or brands that may be upon them; and any animal so offered for inspection or sale, having any recorded mark or brand of any resident of this Territory and not in possession of the owner of said mark or brand, it shall be the duty of said Inspector to report forthwith to some Police officer the facts relating thereto.

Sec. 8. Any person refusing or failing to comply with any of the provisions of this Ordinance, shall be liable to pay a fine in any sum not less than one nor more than one hundred dollars for each offence.

Passed May 11th, 1866.

DANIEL H. WELLS, Mayor.

ROBERT CAMPBELL, City Recorder.

This certifies that the foregoing is a true copy of the Ordinance passed May 11th, 1866.

Given under my hand and the Corporate Seal of Great Salt Lake City, this 15th day of May, A.D., 1866.

ROBERT CAMPBELL, City Recorder.

w25 3f