

trimmed and bright. Hester brought forth a large pan of rosy-cheeked apples (Baldwins) to pare for the last batch of mince pies. The keen knife glanced and shone, and pretty red rings slid down from her comely hands. Mrs. Preston was at work on a long gray sock, a sock anybody might know belonged to the old Squire if they had seen it in China. Joel had taken from his pocket the joints of his flute, and was screwing them tightly together, and as the old man opened the door he heard his dame say:

"Come, now, Joel, give us General Greene's March, or Yankee Doodle. There's the Squire coming in, and he's fond of music, too."

"You can't eat it or drink it," growled the Squire, as he took his own particular arm-chair, and drew it up to the fire, and, pulling off his heavy boots, held up his stocking-clad feet to the genial blaze.

"But your ears can drink it," responded the old lady, not knowing she had made a pretty speech.

Joel played one old air after another, and the walls echoed the strains pleasantly which seemed trying to bring the different heart-beats there under the roof-tree into consonance and harmony. When the music ended, the old man, who had been pondering with his chin sunk in his stock, drew back a little, and laid his hand rather heavily upon the table, and said, breaking out suddenly:

"I s'pose the up-shot of the business is, young man, you want to marry my girl. You've kep' running here pretty nigh a year and a half, and the matter must end some time or other. Tain't my fashion to daub much with untempered mortar, and I tell you plainly what I've got against you is your want of stiddiness and propensity to fool away your time, and live on other folks. I don't propose to support no son-in-law with my hard earnings. Everybody round me must use his own hands and feet, and put in as much as he takes out. Now that's the long and the short of it, and I'm prepared to hear your views."

Joel, thus summoned, looked as if he would much rather run away, but he stood his ground and spoke with his eyes cast down, and his face slightly pale, while the Squire's shrewd, keen countenance was turned attentively toward him.

"I do want to marry your daughter," he began, "and I should have asked for your consent long ago, but I knew you were prejudiced against me, and opposed to taking me into your family. It don't seem quite fair to condemn a man before he has had a trial. Hester shall not repent if she marries me."

"Fine promises never raised a hill of potatoes," said the old man sarcastically. "I know good clean timber when I see it, and I know a crooked stick. I tell you, young man, you've got to put by your fine airs and buckle down to hard work before you earn a living for a family. I'm agin shiftlessness, tooth and nail, and always was. But, Hester, what have you got to say?"

Hester had held the apple she was paring suspended in her hand. The color varied in her cheeks, and now a tide of crimson swept over them. Her voice faltered, and almost broke at first, but it gathered strength and went on, so clear and distinct, that it seemed as though the old clock in the corner even stopped to listen. "Father," said she, "I hope you won't oppose us till the last. I have tried to please you, and be a good daughter, but there comes a time when a girl must listen to her own heart. I have faith in Joel, and so I am willing to go with him any where in the world. Whatever is against him now will all come right. We will make our way together, and what he has to bear and suffer I will bear and suffer with him. You never shall hear any complaints, father, from me. If our cupboard is empty, it won't keep you awake nights; but don't ask me to give him up. I am too much like you, father, I hold on till death."

"There it is," said the old man in a heat, "you are obstinate, and wilful, and headstrong, and mean to have your own way if the sky falls. You'd a little rather get the consent of the old man that's clothed ye, and schooled ye, and kep' ye ever since you was born; but if you can't get it, no matter; take the bit between your teeth, and ride right over the feelings, and ideas, and wishes of them that brought you into the world, and then see where you'll be."

Hester covered her face with her hands, and the hot tears began to make their way through her fingers. The old man got up, and sternly took his boots in one hand and a long tallow candle in

the other, and marched away to bed without another word.

Mrs. Preston, who had been mixing emptyings in the buttery, with the door on the crack, came out now, brushing the dust of flour from her apron.

"La, children," said she, "the old Squire is more dangerous when he don't say nothing, and sets in a brown study. It looks to me as if the wind was changing a few p'int's. It has been blowing north-east about long enough, and I shouldn't wonder if it got round south'ard. You see, I come from down the coast way, and there ain't much about a weather-cock and the old Squire's disposition that I don't understand."

The next morning was cold and windy, but the vernal sun sent a feeling of gladness over the world. Nobody but Mrs. Preston would have detected that her husband was more placable than he had been the night before.

"You heard him scold about his coffee," she whispered to Joel; "it's a good sign. I always heard say jest as long as a child cries out hearty it aint agoing to die, and jest as long as the old Squire can find fault with his victuals he aint agoing to do bloody murder."

Joel's horse was at the door. The old man got into his big top coat. "I guess I'll ride up to the village with you, Joel," said he; "it will save tackling my horse, and then I'll chance it to ketch a ride back with one of the neighbors."

Hester stood at the window and watched them drive away up the creek. She knew how it would all end. She knew she should never falter. Having put her hand to the plow, it was not Hester's way to turn back. She was brave and strong, but a kind of mistiness crept up over her dark eyes, as the wonder rose in her mind why the course of true love never did run smooth.

The village was just one long street for stores, flanked by the Town-hall and "First Church." It was full of gardens and neat cottages, and, in Summer time, very shady and pleasant.

"Drive me to the Judge's office," said the old man, as they got down on Main St., "and I'd like to have you step in and witness to a little business I'm going to transact."

They drove up to a small building, displaying a conspicuous sign. The Judge met them at the door. He was a tall, stiff man, well dressed, with heavy watch seals. His small eyes were keen and inquisitive, and the iron-gray hair was scrupulously brushed around his temples.

"Good day, Squire," said he "I'm sorry I haven't had time to make out the papers in that cow case."

"O, 'taint a cow case, Judge; it's a love case," responded the old man, with a species of snort which made Joel's heart sink. "You're a lawyer, Judge, and if there's a knot-hole in any subject you'll be sure to take a squint through it. I don't expect to pull the wool over your eyes. Set right down, Joel; I want you to pay particler heed to what I am going to say. You see there are several p'int's to this here love case. In the first place, Joel is your brother, and you naturally want to see him do well. You've tried to help him forward, I know. Love is a cur'us kind of distemper, specially when it's took the natural way. Joel has got it pretty bad. He's been coming round my place now for a considerable spell, and I don't know but he would go on courting forever if I didn't feel called upon to put in a stay of proceedings. You see, Judge, Hester, my girl, means to marry Joel. When she's once got her heart set on a thing, there ain't no whoa. Hester is tidy, and snug, and economical, and you know a good wife is sometimes the saving of a young man like Joel. Now, come to sum up, you see how it is, Judge. You make ten dollars where I do one. I'm an old man, and what little I have scraped together must be divided equal among my children. You're right in the prime of life, and hain't got a child in the world. I'll give Hester a good setting out, and if you want to help Joel, you can step right over there to your desk and draw up a paper to the effect that you'll never see my girl come to want. Your bond is as good as gold. Put your name to it, have it all legal and reg'lar, and you shall never hear another word of opposition from me."

Joel sprang to his feet, his face fairly quivering with indignation: "Do you mean to insult me?" he cried. "I won't have this wretched bargaining over my affairs. Hiram, if you draw up that bond, I'll never touch another dollar of yours as long as I live. I'll show you I can support a wife without anybody's help, even if I have to do it by days' works."

"That's right, that's the kind of talk I like to hear," said the old man, chuckling. "Hope you will stick to that mind. Nobody's going to hender; but just draw up the bond, Judge. It won't do a mite of harm."

"If you draw that bond," broke out Joel furiously, "I shall consider everything over between us. You have no right to shame me in such a way as that. It sounds as if you thought me an idle, shiftless, good-for-nothing fellow, and as if Hester was going to throw herself away. I'll let you know what there is in me. I'll show you that I can stand on my own feet and hoe my own row without the help of anybody."

"That's right," shouted the old Squire. "Spoken like a man—shows real grit. But don't mind him, Judge; just you make out the bond. I like to see things down in black and white."

The Judge had reluctantly put pen to paper, and he now handed the document to the old man, who scanned it through his silver-bowed specs. "That'll do, Judge," with a complimentary nod, and then he drew out a great leathern wallet, and folding the paper slowly, put it away with an air of entire satisfaction.

For a long time Hester and Joel Selfridge have lived in a pretty cottage in the village, embowered in roses and honeysuckles. When the windows are open in Summer time, what with music, and laughter, and the sound of children at play, it seems like a veritable music-box. The old Squire has grown garrulous and a little childish within these years. He often goes to this son-in-law's store, and watches the merchant's brisk motions and quick eye with peculiar pride. "Made every dollar of it himself, Sir," he is apt to say to any stranger who happens to be about, and more than once, much to the annoyance of Hester, he has opened his wallet and shown a paper, old, yellow, cracked at the creases. This is the Judge's bond. There are people who say that this same bond gave the needed spur to Joel's rather easy nature, and made him the man he is; but there are others, with clearer eyes, who perceive that the un-failing love and encouragement of a true wife laid the foundations of his best prosperity.—N. Y. Tribune.

#### Training Girls.

Training girls for household duties ought to be considered as necessary as instruction in reading, writing and arithmetic, and quite as universal. We are in outhouses more than half of our existence, and it is the household surroundings which affect most largely the happiness or misery of domestic life. If the wife knows how to "keep house," if she understands how to "set a table," if she has learned how things ought to be cooked, how beds should be made, how carpets should be swept, how the furniture should be dusted, how the clothing should be repaired, and turned and renovated; if she knows how purchases can be made to the best advantage and understands the laying in of provision, how to make them go farthest and last longest; if she appreciates the importance of system, order, tidiness, and the quiet management of children and servants, then she knows how to make a little heaven of home—how to win her children from the street; how to keep her husband from the clubhouse, the gaming-table, and the wine-cup. Such a family will be trained to social respectability, to business success, and to efficiency and usefulness in whatever positions may be allotted to them.

It may be safe to say, that not one girl in ten in our large towns and cities enters married life who has learned to bake a loaf of bread, to purchase a roast, to dust a painting, to sweep a carpet or to cut and fit and make her own dress. How much the perfect knowledge of these things bears upon the thrift, the comfort, and the health of families may be conjectured but not calculated by figures. It would be an immeasurable advantage to make a beginning by attaching a kitchen to every girl's school in the nation, and have lessons given daily in the preparation of all the ordinary articles of food and drink for the table and how to purchase them in the market to the best advantage, with the result of a large saving of money, and increase of comfort and higher health in every family in the land.—Hall's Journal.

A clergyman who thought it very wicked to play croquet, it is said, has just been sent to jail in Massachusetts for forgery.

"Chambers' Encyclopaedia," revised edition, in 10 Vols., now being published, Mr. R. May of the firm of Henry Keller & Co., 543 Clay St., San Francisco, is again in the city making another distribution to subscribers of this valuable work and their various standard publications.

The circulation of their works calls him to the more northern and southern settlements of the Territory, where he hopes to meet with that success in extending their circulation which these valuable books so justly merit.

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#### NOTICE.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. That cash entry for the Townsite of Minersville, Beaver Co. Utah Territory, made April 6, 1872, embracing the following described lands, to wit: E 1/4 of N W 1/4 and N E 1/4 of S W 1/4 of Section No. 12, Township No. 30 South Range No. 30 West, containing 120 acres, has been made in trust for the inhabitants thereof, and is now ready to be disposed of in lots to any person or persons entitled thereto.

All persons claiming to be owners or possessors of any portion of said entry, will take due notice and make the application as provided in the statutes of Utah. J. R. MURDOCK, Probate Judge.

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#### NOTICE!

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. That cash entry No. 2527, for the Townsite of Washington, Washington County, Utah Territory, made February 10, 1872, embracing the West 1/4 of Sec. 14 the N W 1/4 of the N E 1/4 of Sec. 14 and the S W 1/4 of the S E 1/4 of Sec. 11, Township 44 South of Range 15 West, containing 40 acres, has been made in trust for the inhabitants thereof and is now ready to be disposed of in lots to any person or persons entitled thereto. All persons claiming to be owners or possessors of any portion of said entry, will take due notice and make the application as provided in the statutes of Utah.

Salt Lake City, Feb. 10, 1872.  
w 23m WM. SNOW, Probate Judge

#### NOTICE!

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. That cash entry No. 2526 for the Townsite of Harrisburg, Washington County, Utah Territory, made February 10, 1872, embracing the S W 1/4 of the N E 1/4 and S E 1/4 of the N W 1/4 and the N E 1/4 of the S W 1/4 of Sec. 23, Township 41 South of Range 14 West, containing 120 acres, has been made in trust for the inhabitants thereof and is now ready to be disposed of in lots to any person or persons entitled thereto. All persons claiming to be owners or possessors of any portion of said entry will take due notice and make the application as provided in the statutes of Utah.

Salt Lake City, Feb. 10, 1872.  
w 32m WM. SNOW, Probate Judge.

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#### NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN that I Daniel H. Wells, Mayor of Salt Lake City, U. T., did on the 21st day of November, 1871, enter in the Land Office at Salt Lake City, U. T., for the several use and benefit of the owners and inhabitants thereof the following described land, namely: Lots 1 and 2 and S 1/2 of Sec. 30, all of Sec. 11, S 1/2 of Sec. 32 T. 1 N. R. 1 E, also E 1/2 of Sec. 25, the E 1/2 of N E 1/4 S E 1/4, and Lots 3 and 4 in Sec. 37, all of Sec. 36, T. 1 N. R. 1 W, also Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, in Sec. 4, all of Sec. 5, all of Sec. 6, N 1/2 of Sec. 7, N 1/2 of N E 1/4, and N W 1/4 of Sec. 8 and Lot 5 in Sec. 9 T. 1 S R. 1 E, also all of Sec. 1 Lots 1 and 2 and the S E of N E 1/4 and E 1/2 of S E 1/4 of Sec. 2, the N E of N E 1/4 of Sec. 11 and N 1/2 of Sec. 12, T. 1 S R. 1 W, containing in all 5,730 acres and 45 hundredths.

Any person or persons having claims in the above survey of land will file the same with the Clerk of the County Court of Salt Lake County before the 21st day of May, 1872, as prescribed by law.

DANIEL H. WELLS, Mayor.  
Salt Lake City, Nov. 24, 1871.