

# IDAHO WORLD.

## THE MONEYLESS MAN.

This beautiful poem was composed years ago by Henry Stant in Mayville, Ky. Such gems of poetry are not often met with, written by authors whose names are never known in history.

Is there no place on the face of the earth  
Where charity dwelleth, where virtue has birth?  
Where beams in kindness and mercy will heave,  
And the poor and the wretched shall ask and receive?  
Is there no place on earth where a knock from the poor

Will bring a kind angel to open the door?  
Ah! search the wide world wherever you can,  
There is no open door for the moneyless man.

Go look in the hall where the chandelier light  
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night;  
Where the rich hangings velvet, in shadowy fold  
Sweep gracefully down with its trimming of gold.  
And mirrors of silver take up and renew  
In long lighted vistas the "wandering view";  
Go there in your patches, and find if you can  
A welcoming smile for the moneyless man.

Go look in your church of the cloud-reaching spire,  
Which gives back to the sun his same look of fire,  
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,  
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin;  
Go down the long aisle—see the rich and the great,  
In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate,  
Walk down in your patches, and find if you can,  
Who opens a pew for a moneyless man.

Go to your Judges, in dark, flowing gown,  
With the scales wherein law weigheth quietly down  
Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on the strong  
And punishes right while he justifies wrong;  
Where jurors their lips on the bible have laid,  
To render a verdict they've already made,  
Go there in the court room, and find if you can,  
Any law for the case of a moneyless man.

Go look in the banks, where Mammon has told  
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold;  
Where, safe from the hands of the starving and poor,  
Lies pile upon pile of the glittering ore;  
Walk up to the counter—ah, there you may stay,  
Till your limbs have grown old and your hair turned gray,  
And you'll find at the bank not one of the class  
With money to lend to a moneyless man.

Then go to your hotel—no raven has fed  
The wife who has suffered so long for her bread;  
Kneel down by her pallet and kiss the death frost  
From the lips of the angel your poverty lost—  
Then turn in your agony upward to God,  
And bless while it smites you, the chastening rod;  
And you'll find at the end of your life's little span,  
There's a welcome above for the moneyless man.

**DYING FOR OUR COUNTRY.**—In times of war we hear much said about the duty and glory of dying for our country. Orators who are careful to keep their precious selves out of the bloody fray, will harangue audiences by the hour on the nobleness and reward of other people laying down their lives to save their bleeding country. So meritorious is this sacrifice considered by some, that they are ready to promise eternal happiness in heaven to those who make it, whatever may be their characters or other deeds while here on earth.

But the religion which prepares men for heaven is not manifested by imbruing our hands in the blood of others and the act of rushing into the cannon's mouth will not atone for other sins which have been committed throughout a lifetime.

Dying for one's country generally means, when stripped of its sophistry, dying for those who wish to govern the country. It is dying for kings and nobles and other great men who quarrel among themselves and then, too selfish to do their own fighting, meanly call on their subjects to do it for them. And when thousands or hundreds of thousands of these subjects have "biten the dust," how soon they are forgotten and left to molder in unremembered graves, while their poor families and friends are suffering for the want of their care and support. What has been the gain of dying for the countries during the many centuries whose history has been written in blood? In many cases where men have died for their country, their country has died with them. This was the case with ancient Greece and Rome, and has been also with many modern nations. They have resorted to the sword to avenge some fancied insult or secure some unlawful end, and mightier ones have paid them in the coin of their own choosing and blotted them from the map of the continent.

How much more wise and noble to live for one's country instead of dying for it. When dead there is an end to all efforts to promote the welfare of our friends and neighbors. But while we live we may daily perform deeds, and exert an influence that shall bless not only our friends and our country, but the world.

Let then this false maxim, that it is our duty to die for our country, be relegated to oblivion along with that equally false one, that the way to preserve peace is to prepare for war. Both had their origin in times darker than our own and are unworthy to be cherished or believed by enlightened people.

**THINK OF "LIVING"** Thy life, wert thou the "pitifullest of all the sons of earth," is no idle dream, but a solemn reality. It is thy own; it is all thou hast to front eternity with. Work, then, like a star, unshaking, yet un-resting.—*Carlyle.*

**THE REASON** is that wherever the confidence of circumstances calls for great energies, the energies are ready to the call. Men are equal to their destiny, and as Schiller finely says, grow with the circle wherein they move.—*Leavis.*

**WILLIAM PENN.**—Some of us, down on the Delaware, are preparing to celebrate in November the anniversary of the arrival of William Penn and the signing of his famous treaty with the Indians. The treaty particularly deserves to be celebrated, for under it William gouged over three million acres of land out of the savages in exchange for a couple of hundred dollars' worth of hatahata, plug tobacco and tenpenny nails. That was the beginning of our present Indian policy. We carry on the same noble system yet, I have been burnishing up my antiquarian studies for the anniversary, and among other things I have resurrected a legend of William which may be valuable. Never mind where I dug it up. Here it is.

Soon after landing Penn is said to have inspired a tender passion in the breast of beautiful Indian maiden, and for some time it was considered probable that the two might possibly be joined together in matrimony; but this was not to be, and the reason why it was not to be is explained in the following conversation which occurred between the lovers one evening while they were sitting together upon the bank of the river. The maiden said to him:

"Dearest, I long to have you become as one of my people, and I want you now to let me adorn you with ear-rings and to fasten this ring to your nose, so that you may appear as noble as the other braves."

"Excuse me, darlin'," he said, but I darsn't wear jewelry. The yearly meetin' won't allow it."

"But you will come to our council fire to-night, dear, will you not? and join with our chief and warriors in dancing about our captives, who will be tied to the stake. I know you will come."

"Well, if it makes no difference to you, I believe I won't. I don't dance. It's agin our discipline."

"Ah, then, I will tell you what you shall do. You shall sit by the great tree and beat the war drum, and make the fierce music of battle. You can surely do that?"

"Upon the whole I really don't think I can. You see I'm down on the fierce music of battle. I'm opposed to music of any kind, and particularly to that which is hammered out of a war drum. No, I'll have to beg off."

"But at least you will go with me to the lodge of the medicine man, and see him perform his wonderful feats of magic?"

"I'm afraid I'll have to contradict you agin, my love. Our folks have testified agin goin' to places of amusement. I'd be disciplined, as sure as fate, if I was to do it. Can't do it, sweet, anyhow you fix it."

"Too bad! Too bad! But you will not object, I know, to letting me toy with your tresses, and twine them into such a crest as our braves wear proudly upon their heads. This you cannot refuse me?"

"Now, see here, my dear, do be reasonable. You know I can't let you do that. You certainly must know I ain't allowed to take off my hat. Why, it's absurd."

"I do not understand the ways of your people. But I am willing to submit to you, if I know that you love me. You do love me, William, do you not? Swear that you love me. Swear by your moon—no, the moon is not out yet—swear by your stars that you will never cease to love me."

"I'm afraid I'll have to get our book of discipline and read it to you. When you've perused it a couple of times may be you'll understand that I never swear; I affirm."

Then she arose, looked at him a moment with ineffable scorn, and fled into the trackless forest; so that match was off and William Penn was left disconsolate. This is as much of the legend as I have scared up thus far. If it seems to interest antiquarians, may be I can extricate the rest of it.—*Max Adler.*

**WRONG ANTHO.**—If an editor omits anything, he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are, people get angry. If he glosses over or smooths down the rough points, he is bribed. If he calls things by their right names, he is unfit for the position of an editor. If he does not furnish his readers with jokes, he is a mullet. If he does, he is a rattlehead, lacking stability. If he condemns the wrong, he is a good fellow but lacks discretion. If he lets wrongs and injuries go unmentioned, he is a coward. If he exposes a public man, he does it to gratify his spite—is the tool of a clique, or belongs to "outs." If he indulges in personalities, he is a blackguard. If he does not his paper is dull and insipid.—*Akron (O.) Argus.*

**A WORD OF COMFORT.**—"Send me a word to comfort me for the death of my baby," writes a broken-hearted mother to me.

My dear friend, I might tell you that there are thousands of childless mothers all over the land, who, like you, are looking for comfort here and there, and find none, but that would not help you. I might tell you, too, that if you knew all the sad stories that have been told me by tongue and pen, for many years, you would be glad that your baby has gone where there is "no more pain;" but that would not cause you to shed one tear the less, or keep you from telling that your sorrow was harder than theirs. I could tell you that God was good even in this affliction; but your vision is so dimmed that time only can enable you to see it. It is because I know that nature must have her way, or you could not live and bear it, that I can only say to you now, that I am so sorry for you. I know just how you go about listening for the little appealing cry that you may never more hear; touching listlessly the little clothes that you fashioned with your heart so full of love and hope. I, too, have done all this. I have lain with my cheek close to the grass upon my baby's grave, lest she should be lonely without me, though I know she was not there. And yet I have tried to thank Him who took her so early, that the storms of life which afterward overtook me, did not burst over her little head. So, as I say, I shall not reason with you now, for that were worse than useless. I only reach out my woman's hand and clasp yours in sympathy, although we never may meet in this world.

But one thing I know, that in the other world your baby and mine will know us, their mothers, else God were not God. By the strong love that came with them, this must be; we could not be so cruelly mocked if this were not to be the end.

Now, do not sit down and brood over your grief, if you can help it. Do not close your blinds and shut out the sunshine. Let it warm you, though your baby is cold. You would rather have felt its little warm clasp even for that brief time, than not to have known the bliss of motherhood, would you not? Well, then warm your poor heart with that bit of comfort. Now, there is a ladder reaching to heaven, only seen by you, only used by you. Heaven is not now to you the misty land it used to be. You see it clearly. By-and-bye you will hear its music, and one little voice your mother's ear will detect; and none who see the peace which illumines your face will know wherefore, save "He who doeth all things well." And so with my love, I leave you.—*Fanny Fern.*

**BARBAROUS.**—A dyspeptic wag, who shaves on Heneracker street (three tickets for a quarter) describes his barber as follows:

"He is always in a state of perspiration and is greasy; he wears a paper collar; fingers are pudgy and his nails are in mourning, evidently for some near relation; he snips and snips away, pinching your ears, nipping your eyelashes and your jaw until you think he must have cut off enough hair to fill a mattress. He always says, 'Shampoo sir?' to which you reply, 'No,' two octaves higher. 'Head's very dirty, sah,' to which, if you have experience, you respond, 'I always have it so,' and cut off further debate. But he has his revenge. He draws his fingers in a pot of axle grease, scented with musk and age, and before you can divine his fearful intent, smears it all over your head and rabs it until you look like an animated gun-swab. Then he showers weak bay rum down your back and over your shirt, ingeniously arranges your locks in a way that would make Socrates look like a thunder-blasted idiot and collects his stipend with an air of virtuous condescension. As you put your hat on you are assaulted by a small boy with a large brush, who punches you in the abdomen with the straw end, raps your ribs with the handle, and conducts his movements with such masterly strategy that you must fall over him or pitifully bribe him with ten cents to let you out. Now, we wish it distinctly understood that our tonsorial artist has no perfumery except the 'attar of roses' and 'bergamot,' and never uses either cod liver oil or eel grease.—*Richmond Whig.*

How fast time flies when you are working against it; how slowly when you are working to fill it up! What a difference between trying to get your work done before your dinner hour, and trying to fill up your hour before dinner with work.

Books are embalmed minds.

**JOHNNY AS A SCALPER.**—Mr. Fizzle-top was in the habit of romping and playing with his son Johnny, who had been importuning him to play circus. He wanted his pa to be clown, and let himself be scalped by Johnny acting as a circus Indian. On Sunday morning Fizzle-top, sr., was walking in his garden, his soul full of emotions, and absolutely slopping over with Sunday thoughts. He had a half grown testament under his arm, and was bending over to see if the tender vegetation had been injured by the frost when Johnny appeared from behind a rose bush. His face was painted, and resembled that of the zebra and tiger combined. In his belt was the kitchen hatchet and the large carving knife while his hands were employed in holding a pitchfork with one prong in the most approved Comanche style. Like the clown in the circus, Fizzle-top did not suspect the approach of the wily savage, so he was surprised when he heard a yell that would have intimidated Santanta and Big Tree. Before he could rise to ask an explanation Johnny gave another yell, and simultaneously planted the prong of the pitchfork with fearful directness in the identical place that the clown was in the habit of receiving such favors. Now, in order to carry out the programme Johnny was to have given another yell, make another hole or so in his parent, then the old gentlemen was to beg for his life, and lie down on his stomach, while Johnny, after pounding his head with the hatchet, was to scalp him with his carving knife. But Fizzle-top, sr., placed both hands on the afflicted part, jumped up and down a few times, yelling "murder," and some choice profanity that would have made a stage driver envious. As soon as the pitchfork came out, Johnny wished that the river was between them and the bridge washed away. The Testament missed Johnny's head but crippled the watch-dog. Mackenzie's raid into Mexico was slow compared with the pursuit of that Comanche. Neighbors living 300 yards off say the subsequent proceedings sounded like beating a tough beefsteak with the flat side of the meat ax. Fizzle-top accounts for his peculiar gait by hinting at a painful ail, while Johnny says he wants to be an angel.—*San Antonio (Tex.) Herald.*

**CARLYLE ON JOB.**—"I call the Book of Job, apart from all the theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written with a pen. One feels, indeed, as if it were not Hebrew; such a universality, different from noble patriotism or sectarianism, reigns in it. A noble book! All men's book! It is our first, oldest statement of the never ending problem, man's destiny, and God's ways with him here in this earth. And all in such free-flowing outlines; grand in its simplicity, and its epic melody, and repose of reconciliation. There is the seeing eye, the mildly understanding heart. So true every way; true eyesight and vision for all things; material things no less than spiritual; the horse—'hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?'—he laughs at the shaking of the spear! Such living likenesses were never since drawn. Sublime sorrow, sublime reconciliation; oldest choral melody as of the heart of mankind; so soft and great; as the summer midnight, as the world with its seas and stars! There is nothing written, I think, in the Bible or out of it, of equal literary merit."

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—*Emerson.*

It is because we are dissatisfied with ourselves that we are so anxious to have others think well of us, and were we conscious of meriting their good, we would care less for their opinions.

Music, of all the liberal arts, has the greatest influence over the passions, and is that to which the legislator ought to give the greatest encouragement.

The most powerful of machines is the locomotive in good order, on the track; the most impotent and useless is the same machine off it. It is thus with some people.

Men will strive after what seems to them happiness; and to raise the ideal of individual happiness, to make men really love better things, is the object at which we are directly to aim, if we would benefit and save our country.—*Prof. Whitney.*

In a sound sleep the soul goes home to recruit her strength, which could not else endure the wear and tear of life.

## THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.—1.

Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.  
2. If any subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.  
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the office to which they are directed, the law holds them responsible until they have settled the bills, and ordered them discontinued.  
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.  
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.  
6. The postmaster who neglects to give legal notice of the neglect of a person to take from the office the newspapers addressed to him, is liable to the publisher for the subscription price.

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