



# THE



# UNION.



INDUSTRY MAKES THE DESERT BLOOM, WHILE IDLENESS LEADS TO RUIN.

C. P. Vol. 7.]

Bloomington, Wash. Co., Utah, February, 1887.

[No. 13.]

## The Workman's Happy Home.

BY L. U.

'You wonder that I am so cheery,  
As I pass you, day after day,  
with a workingman's cumbersome outfit,  
And his ill-fitting garments of grey;  
And you think such a life must be barren  
Of the songs and the blossoms of joy;  
That it reaps but the thistles that rank  
And garners the cares that annoy.

Ah! the smiles on my face are the token  
Of home-love that never grows cold;  
Of the clinging white arms of my children,  
More precious than silver and gold.  
And to them, the plain, rugged father  
Is as dear as a father can be;  
For beneath the frank, homely features,  
A spirit of kindness they see.

So I sing as I bend to my labor,  
And singing I go to my home,  
And the toil of the day is forgotten  
In those hours when no longer I roam;  
In those hours when the silvery moonlight  
Makes the lanes and the hedges all fair,  
And lightens my children's sweet faces,  
And brightens my baby's soft hair.

So I rise with the lark in the morning,  
And like him I keep trilling my song;  
His joy is the morn's fleeting pleasures;  
Mine the treasures that last the year long;  
In my youth for a home I was planning;  
In my prime that home is my own;  
And thus will life's evening be pleasant,  
By the toil that my manhood has known.

The working-man's path may be shadowed,  
But the heart in his breast will be light,  
If the toil of the day is enlivened  
By the rest and the peace of the night;  
And the home where a welcome awaits him,  
As surely as evening draws nigh,  
Is a bliss none would change for a kingdom,  
And a wealth that gold cannot buy.

—N. Y. Weekly.

## THEY SAY:

They say—ah! well, suppose they do,  
But can they prove this story true?  
Suspicion may arise from naught  
But malice, envy, want of thought;  
Why count yourself among the  
"they," [say?

Who whisper what they dare not  
They say—but why the tale rehearse,  
And help to make the matter  
worse?

No good can possibly accrue  
From telling what may be untrue;  
And is it not a nobler plan  
To 'speak of all the best you can'?

They say—well, if it should be so,  
Why need you tell the tale of woe?  
Will it the bitter wrong redress,  
Or make one pang of sorrow less?  
Will it the erring one restore  
Henceforth to 'go and sin no more'?

They say—O! pause and look within;  
See how thy heart inclines to sin;  
Watch, lest in dark temptation's  
hour, [power!  
Thou, too, shouldst sink beneath its  
Pity the frail, weep o'er their fall,  
But speak of good, or not at all.

Do what is right—be generous.

## Seven Wonders of the World.

The seven wonders of the world were; The pyramids; the temples and hanging gardens of Babylon; the statue of Jupiter Olympus, formed of gold, 70 feet high; the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, 220 years in building, and supported by 127 marble columns 60 feet high; the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, erected to Mausolus by his wife, Artemis, 353 B. C.; the Pharos, a lighthouse, 450 feet high, at the Harbor of Alexandria; the Colossus of Rhodes; the image of Apollo, 105 Grecian feet in height, at the entrance of one of the harbors of Rhodes.

## In the Country Lawyer's office.

He wanted justice. You could see that in his eyes afar off. He didn't want a little bit of justice weighed out in a gingerly manner and done up in a coarse brown paper, but he wanted justice by the car load and at wholesale rates. He hitched his old white horse and dilapidated buggy in front of the drug store, mounted the stairs running up outside to the second story, and his eyes brightened as they rested on the tin sign on the door: George Boxem, Attorney-at-Law. The lawyer was in. So were a two dollar desk, two fifteen cent chairs, a huge cuspidor, and a rusty stove.

"Morning."

"Morning."

I'm Jim White, sir. Live out by Gray's Corners. Bought Tompkins' farm, you know."

"Ah!"

"Skinner jines farm with me. His steers get into my corn. I want damages, but he laughs at me. I turn my hogs into his 'tater patch."

"Good! I like a man of spunk."

"And he kills one of 'em."

"What!"

"He kills a hog worth two dollars."

"You don't say! Well, that man ought to be made to understand that he doesn't own this country. What an outrage! Have you demanded pay?"

"Oh yes, and he said he'd like to shoot me."

"Is it possible? Why, he's a dangerous man, very dangerous."

"I came to ask you if—"

"Why, of course you have the best kind of a case against him, and it is your duty to push it."

"Yes, I want justice, but how—how much will—"

"Oh the cost will be nothing. Just leave me \$5 as a retainer and we'll make Skinner sweat. I haven't heard such an outrage for years. He probably reasons that you are chickenhearted and afraid of him."

"Well, he'll find that the Whites have as much grit as the Skinners."

"And as much to law with?"

"You bet!"

"That's the talk! We'll make him a very sick man. Your case appeals to me as a citizen as well as a lawyer. Now, we'll secure a warrant as a starter."

Skinner visits the other lawyer in the same village, and the conversation is about the same. White gets a warrant for Skinner, and Skinner gets a warrant for White.

First year—Two adjournments, a disagreement, twenty-four days lost time, and a cash expence of \$58 to each farmer.

Second year—Three trials, one disagreement, four adjournments, one appeal, and cash expence of \$150 to each farmer. Time lost, thirty-five days.

Third year—Two trials, two appeals, two decisions, two farms pass into the hands of two lawyers.—N. Y. Sun.

## Legal Note.

A young man of about eighteen years of age had occasion to shoot a friend with whom he had a personal difficulty. He was arrested and brought to Austin for trial. As he had no money to hire a lawyer, the court appointed a member of the Austin bar to defend him. As the jury was being selected, the lawyer asked his client if he knew of any cause why any of them should be challenged. "Not yet," was the whispered reply; "but if they find me guilty, I've got a brother who will challenge the last one of them. You can challenge the judge, if you want to, but I want to attend to the sheriff myself."—Texas Siftings.