The Rapides Gazette.

"LET US HAVE PEACE."

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THE WORLD AND I.

WHETHER my heart be glad or no,
The summers come, the summers go,
The lanes grow dark with dying leaves;
Icicles hang beneath the eaves;
The asters wither to the snow.
Thus doth the summer end and go,
Whether my life be glad or no.

Whether my life be sad or no,
The winters come, the winters go,
The sunshine plays with baby leaves;
Swallows build about the eaves;
The lovely wind flowers bend and blow;
Thus doth the winter come and go,
Whether my life be sad or no.

Yet mother nature gives to me
A fond and patient sympathy;
In my own heart I find the charm
To make her tender, near and warm;
Through summer sunshine, winter snow,
She clasps me, sad or glad or no.

—*Harper's Monthly.*

AUTUMNAL AIRS.

LEAVES are falling though coal is not,
And pumpkins are yellow, and maids are blue,
Potatoes and apples begin to rot;
There's many a liver congested, too.

The dew stays late on the cabbage leaf,
And the red red beet forsakes the ground,
And lovers' wanderings grow more brief,
And fewer loafers are loafing around.

The celery rivals the turnip fair;
There's new delight in the tender steak;
And boys go munching the chestnut rare,
Without one thought of the stomach-ache.

The last of the cattle shows is seen;
The monster squash to the cows is fed;
Everything's brown that once was green,
Except tomatoes, and they are red.

The drowsy citizen hates to rise;
The hash may be cold, but so is the air;
'Tis heaven to slumber, for now the flies
Are less affectionate and more rare.

And who is the business man we see?
'Tis the doctor dashing by in his chaise;
And well may he hurry, you will agree,
For it isn't every patient that pays.

'Tis a rare rare season, so breezy and bright,
The daisies, and even the squashes are gay;
One wouldn't regret the cold at night,
If it wasn't so deucedly cold by day.

A wondering shiver inspires the doubt
Whether Indian summer will come this year;
But its warmth can be felt when you don't go out,
And some look for its haze through a glass of beer.

THE PIKE'S PENANCE.

Where they came from no one knew. Among the farmers near the Bend there was ample ability to conduct researches beset by far more difficulties than was that of the origin of the Pikes; but a charge of buckshot which a good-natured Yankee received one evening, soon after putting questions to a venerable Pike, exerted a great depressing influence upon the spirit of investigation. They were not bloodthirsty, these Pikes; but they had good reason to suspect all inquirers of being at least deputy sheriff's, if not worse, and a Pike's hatred of officers of the law is equalled in intensity only by his hatred of manual labor.

But while there was doubt as to the fatherland of the little colony of Pikes at Jagger's Bend, their every neighbor would willingly make affidavit as to the cause of their locating and their remaining at the Bend. When humanitarians and optimists argued that it was because the water was good and convenient, and the Bend itself caught enough drift-wood, and that the dirt would yield a little gold when manipulated by placer and pan, all farmers and stock owners would freely admit the validity of these reasons; but the admission was made with a countenance whose indignation and sorrow indicated that the greater causes were yet unnamed. With eyes speaking emotions which words could not express they would point to sections of wheat fields minus their grain-bearing heads; to hides and hoofs of cattle unslaughtered by themselves; to mothers of promising calves, whose tender bleatings answered not the maternal call; to the places which had once known fine horses, but had been untenanted since certain Pikes had gone across the mountains for game. They would accuse no man wrongfully; but in a country where all farmers had wheat and cattle and horses, and where prowling Indians and Mexicans were not, how could these disappearances occur?

But to the people owning no property in the neighborhood—to tourists and artists—the Pike settlement at the Bend was as interesting and ugly as a Skye terrier. The architecture of the village was of original style, and no duplicate existed. Of the half-dozen residences, one was composed exclusively of sod, another of bark, yet another of poles, roofed with a wagon-cover, and plastered on the outside with mud; the fourth was of slabs, nicely split from logs which had drifted into the Bend; the fifth was of hide, stretched over a frame, strictly Gothic from foundation to ridgepole; while the sixth, burrowed into the hillside, displayed only the barrel which formed its chimney.

A more aristocratic community did not exist on the Pacific coast. Visit the Pikes when you would, you could never see any one working. Of churches, school-houses, stores, and other plebeian institutions, there were none, and no Pike bemeaned himself by entering a trade or soiling his hands by agriculture.

Yet unto this peaceful, contented neighborhood there found his way a visitor who had been everywhere in the world without once being made welcome. He came to the house built of slabs, and threatened the wife of Sam Trotwine, owner of the house; and Sam, after sunning himself uneasily for a day or two, mounted a pony and rode off for a doctor to drive the intruder away.

When he returned he found all the men in the camp seated on a log in front of his own door, and then he knew he must prepare for the worst—only one of the great influences of the world could force every Pike from his own door at exactly the same time. There they sat, yellow-faced, bearded, long-backed and bent, each looking like the other, and all like Sam, and, as he dismounted, they looked at him.

"How is she?" said Sam, tying his horse and the doctor's, while the latter went in.

"Well," said the oldest man, with deliberation, "wimmin's all thar, if that's any sign."

Each man on the log inclined his head slightly but positively to the left, thus manifesting belief that Sam had been correctly and sufficiently answered. Sam himself seemed to regard his information in about the same manner.

Suddenly the raw hide which formed the door of Sam's house was pushed aside, and a woman came out and called Sam, and he disappeared from his log.

As he entered his hut all the women lifted sorrowful faces and retired; no one even lingered, for the Pike has not the common human interest in other people's business—he lacks that, as well as certain similar virtues of civilization.

Sam dropped by the bedside and was human; his heart was in the right place, and, though heavily intrenched by years of laziness and whiskey and tobacco, it could be brought to the front, and it came now.

The dying woman cast her eyes appealingly at the surgeon, and that worthy stepped outside the door. Then the yellow-faced woman said:

"Sam, doctor says I ain't got much time left."

"Mary," said Sam, "I wish ter God I could die fur yer. The children——"

"It's them I want to talk about, Sam," replied his wife. "An' I wish they could die with me, rather'n hev 'em live ez I've hed to. Not that you ain't been a kind husband to me, for you hev. Whenever I wanted meat yev got it somehow; an' when yev been ugly drunk yev kept away from the house. But I'm dyin', Sam, and it's cos you've killed me."

"Good God, Mary!" cried the astonished Sam, jumping up; "yu're crazy—here, doctor."

"Doctor can't do no good, Sam; keep still and listen, ef yer love me like yer once said yer did; fur I hevn't got much breath left," gasped the woman.

"Mary," said the aggrieved Sam; "I swow to God I dunno what yer drivin' at."

"It's jest this, Sam," replied the woman. "Yer tuk me, tellin' me ye'd love me an' honor me, an' pertect me. You mean to say now yer done it? I'm a-dyin', Sam—hain't got no favors to ask of nobody, an' I'm telling the truth, not knowin' what word 'll be my last."

"Then tell a feller where the killin' came in, Mary, for heaven's sake," said the unhappy Sam.

"It's come in all along, Sam," said the woman. "There is women in the States, so I've heerd, that marries fur a home an' bread an' butter, but you promised more'n that, Sam. An' I've waited, an' it ain't come. An' there's somethin' in me that's all starved and cut to pieces. An' it's your fault, Sam. I tuk yer fur better or fur wuss, an' I've never grumbled."

"I know yer haint, Mary," whispered the conscience-stricken Pike. "An' I know what yer mean. Ef God'll only let yer be fur a few years, I'll see ef the thing can't be helped. Don't cuss me, Mary—I've never knowed how I've been a-goin'. I wish there was something I could do 'fore you go, to pay yer all I owe yer. I'd go back on everything that makes life worth hevin'."

"Pay it to the children, Sam," said the sick woman, raising herself in her miserable bed. "I'll forgive yer everything if you'll do the right thing for them. Do—do—everything!" said the woman, throwing up her arms and falling backward. Her husband's arms caught her; his lips brought to her wan face a smile, which the grim visitor, who an instant later stole her breath, pityingly left in full possession of the rightful inheritance from which it had been so long excluded.

Sam knelt for a moment with his face beside his wife—what he said or did the Lord only knew, but the doctor, who was of a speculative mind, afterwards said that when Sam appeared at the door he showed the first Pike face in which he had ever seen any signs of a soul.

Sam went to the sod house, where lived the oldest woman in the camp, and briefly announced the end of his wife. Then, after some consultation with the old woman, Sam rode to the town on one of his horses, leading another. He came back with but one horse and a large bundle; and soon the women were making for Mrs. Trotwine her last earthly robe, and the first new one she had worn for years. The next day a wagon brought a coffin and a minister, and the whole camp silently and respectfully followed Mrs. Trotwine to a home with which she could find no fault.

For three days all the male Pikes in the camp sat on the log in front of Sam's door and expressed their sympathy, as did the friends of Job—that is, they held their peace. But on the fourth their tongues were unloosed. As a conversationalist the Pike is not a success, but Sam's actions were so unusual and utterly unheard of that it seemed as if even the stones must have wondered and communed among themselves.

"I never heard of such a thing!" said Brown Buck; "he's gone and bought new clothes for each of the young 'uns."

"Yes," said the patriarch of the camp, "an' this mornin', when I went down to the bank to soak my head, 'cos last night's liquor didn't agree with it, I seed Sam with all his young 'uns as they wus awashin' their faces an' hands with soap. They'll ketch they death and be on the hill with their mother 'fore long, if he don't look out. Somebody ort to reason with him."

"'Twon't do no good," sighed Limping Jim. "He's lost his head, an' reason just goes into one ear an' out at t'other ear. When he was scrapin' around this front door t'other day, an' I asked him what he wuz a-layin' the ground all bare and desolate fur, he said he was done keeping pigpen. Now, everybody but him knows he never had a pig. His head's gone, just mark my words."

On the morning of the fourth day, Sam's friends had just secured a full attendance on the log, and were at work upon their first pipes, when they were startled by seeing Sam harness his horse in the wagon and put all his children into it.

"Whar ye bound fur, Sam?" asked the patriarch.

Sam blushed as near as a Pike could, but answered with only a little hesitation:

"Goin' to take 'em to school to Maxfield—goin' to do it every day."

The incumbents of the log were too nearly paralyzed to remonstrate, but after a few moments of silence the patriarch remarked, in tones of feeling, yet decision:

"He's hed a tough time of it, but he's no business to ruin the settlement. I'm an old man myself and I need peace of mind, so I'm going to pack up my traps and mosey. When the folks at Maxfield knows what he's doin', they'll make him a constable or a justice, an' I'm too much of a man to live nigh any sich."

And next day the patriarch wheeled his family and property to parts unknown.

A few days later Jim Merrick, a brisk farmer a few miles from the Bend, stood in front of his own house, and shaded his eyes in solemn wonder. It couldn't be—he'd never heard of such a thing before—yet it was—there was no doubt of it—there was a Pike, riding right towards him, in open daylight. He could swear that Pike had often visited him—that is, his wheat-field and corral—after dark, but a daylight visit from a Pike was as unusual as a social call of a Samaritan upon a Jew. And when Sam—for it was he—approached Merrick and made his business known, the farmer was more astonished and confused than he had ever been in his life before. Sam wanted to know for how much money Merrick would plow and plant a hundred and sixty acres of wheat for him, and whether he would take Sam's horse—a fine animal brought from the States, and for which Sam could show a bill of sale—as security for the amount until he could harvest and sell his crop. Merrick so well understood the Pike nature that he made a very liberal offer, and afterward said he would have paid handsomely for the chance.

A few days later and the remaining Pikes at the Bend experienced the greatest scare that ever visited their souls. A brisk man came into the Bend with a tripod on his shoulder and a wire chain and some wire pins, and a queer machine under his arm, and before dark the Pikes understood that Sam had deliberately constituted himself a renegade by entering a quarter section of land. Next morning two more residences were empty, and the remaining farmers of the hamlet adorned not Sam's log, but wandered about with faces vacant of all expression, save the agony of the patriot who sees his home invaded by corrupting influences too powerful for him to resist.

Then Merrick sent up a plow-gang and eight horses, and the tender green of Sam's quarter-section was rapidly changed to a dull brown color, which is odious unto the eye of the Pike. Day after day the brown spot grew larger, and one morning Sam arose to find all his neighbors departed, having wreaked their vengeance upon him by taking away his dogs. And in his delight at their disappearance Sam freely forgave them all.

Regularly the children were carried to and from school, and even to Sunday-school. Regularly every evening Sam visited the grave on the hillside, and came back to lie by the hour watching the sleeping darlings. Little by little farmers began to realize that their property was undisturbed. Little by little Sam's wheat grew and waxed golden, and then there came a day when a man from 'Frisco came and changed it into heavier gold—more gold than Sam had ever seen before. And the farmers began to step in to see Sam, and their children came to see his, and kind women were unusually kind to the orphans; and, as day by day Sam took his solitary walk on the hillside, the load on his heart grew lighter, until he ceased to fear the day when he, too, should lie there.—*California Exchange.*

Uses of Carbolic Acid.

Possibly, there are few drugs which have lately been adopted into general use, that are applicable to so great a variety of uses or are so efficient as carbolic acid. A correspondent of the *Journal of the Farm* gives these particulars about its efficacy as an insect destroyer and as an antigangrenous application to wounds:

Having heard of its noxious influence on various species of insects that infest gardens, a lady of this place was induced to try its effects upon the cabbage worm. For this purpose she procured a cake of soap that had been strongly scented with tha acid, and having made a quantity of suds therefrom, she transferred it to a watering-pot, and in the early part of the day, when the green worm is most vigorous in its movements, she gave several garden plots of cabbage a sprinkling. These were examined soon after, and a number of dead worms were picked from the leaves. The operation was repeated next day, and from careful observations made, it is believed that the leaves of the plants, wherever the solution has been fairly tried, have been cleared of these pests.

As a cleanser and purifier, this valuable drug has been remarkably distinguished. It has been used with marked success by the keepers of livery stables, and those who have cattle subject to infectious diseases. Many reports of such cases have been given, showing the disinfecting power of this drug. It is, however, as a dressing in some loathsome skin diseases, and as a wash for running sores, carbuncles and boils, that the efficacy of this article is particularly distinguished; and where it has been once tried, in any of this kind of complaints, its use will not be willingly relinquished. On its first application, a marked change has been observed in the removal of unpleasant odors of every kind, and a few repetitions will be found to produce an entire change in the atmosphere surrounding the putrid matter or diseased surface.

Having experienced very decided benefit from the cleansing and disinfecting power of this drug, I have felt free to offer the above suggestions. It is not expensive, and may be obtained at any of the drug stores of the city or country.

Right Use of Certain Words.

Balance, in the sense of rest, remainder, residue, remnant, is an abomination. *Balance* is, metaphorically, the difference between the two sides of an account, the amount which is necessary to make one equal to the other. Yet we continually hear of the *balance* of this or that thing, even the *balance* of a congregation or of an army!

Bountiful is applicable only to persons. A giver may be *bountiful* but his gift cannot. It should be called plentiful or large. "A *bountiful* slice" is absurd.

Get means to obtain, not to possess. "He has *got* all the numbers of the paper." "Have you *got* good molasses?" "They have *got* bad manners." Why will people persist in introducing the word in such sentences as these, where it is so evidently superfluous?

Couple applies to two things which are bound together or united in some way. "A *couple* of apples" is incorrect; two apples is what is meant.

Dirt means filth, and is not synonymous with earth or soil. Yet people sometimes speak of a *dirt* road, or of packing *dirt* around the roots of trees they are setting. They mean earth.

Expect looks always to the future. You cannot expect that anything has happened or is happening, but only that it will happen.

"DAR are," said a sable orator, "two roads through dis world. De one am de broad and narrow road dat leads to perdition, 'an de udder am de narrow an' de broad road dat leads to sure destruction." "If dat am de case," said a sable hearer, "dis cullud individual takes to the woods."

Some Billings Biographies.

ADAM BILLINGS waz the fust ov the Billingses. He waz verry phatt. Little did he dream ov the glorious krop that waz a going tew spring up from hiz sowing. He waz born, az near as i kan figger, about the year 1200, more or less. Hiz temper iz represented az being az even az the figger 2. Hiz habits were az pure az the mountain dew; he never drinkt any spiritous rum, nor root elevators. He went barefutt untill hiz 32d year, and ever afterwards luved the naked futt. He waz a good danser, and realized thoze blessed old shake downs, now gone and fled. He was named after the original Adam, and iz sed, bi them who remember them both, tew resemble him much in the kast ov hiz face. He waz too fond ov the marvelous, he wouldn't tell a lie exackly, but he could cum az near tew it, az a swallo kan to a frog's noze, when they skim a mud puddle. Adam Billings iz now ded, i beleave, but if he aint, and this should meet hiz eye, he kant, i think, but admire the square manner in which his luvely relik haz handled his case. Adam Billings didn't leave much reputashun behind him, but what he did leave, is fair tew middling. We ne'er shall see him more. Probably not. Too true. Rather melankolly than otherwise.

ZEPHENIAH BILLINGS waz a phiddler bi birth and purswashun. He also had another gift, and that waz tew owe everyboddy. Late in life he quit phiddling, and took up shumaking; but the world lost a good phidler bi the operashun, and got a kussid poor shumaker. Oh! 'tis ever thus. At hiz final deth he owed upwards ov 70 dollars, and hiz leavings konsisted ov one old phiddle, and a pint ov basswood shupegs. He would travel on foot 7 miles tew a kuntry tavern, and phiddle all nite at a kuntry bawl for 75 cents, and owe the landlord two dollars and a half nex mornin for vittles and drink. Zeph' was an unprofitable man to know, for he couldn't tend an evening meeting, on Sunday, without running into det to sumboddy. It waz sed ov him, that he waz never known tew shed a tear or pa a det. He died finally, and i presume he was saved; but he may hav bin lost, for accidents will happen in the uppermost familys. He had a cool hed, and a warm harte. Bless Zepheniah Billings, he was a ripe skollar on the phiddle, and could pla "*Tare her down, Sal,*" and sich dear old sweet-savoured things, klean up tew perfekshun. He haz gone now, allass! allass! but i am prepared tew say, in the language ov another, "Bully for yu, Zephania!" All flesh iz grass. So i've bin told. Funny. Mutch.

JEHOSSIPHAT BILLINGS wuz a very kluss man; he never wuz known tew waste enything, by giving it away. The grate extravaganse ov hiz life, and the one he never forgot tew speak ov, waz giving 3 dollars towards building the Pordunk meetin hous. After he giv the munny, he took such a deep interest in the work on the meetin hous, that the kommitty wuz obliged tew giv him bak the munny tew git shut ov him. He swore he'd sue them for the interest on the munny, but he never did. Jehoss' Billings wuz one ov them kind ov men who mistake avarice for ekonemy. He died at the age ov 63, if i hav sarched right, from an overdose ov klam chowder drank at a free lunch. Jehossiphatt Billings had his phailings, but reckless extravaganse want among the lot, he also had his virtues, but blind and irrepressible generosity want among this lot neither. He wuz buried, without eny fuss, in the year 1286. What has bekum ov him I kan't state. Sleep on, Jehossiphat, in thi slumbers. I would like tew say sum more about Jehoss', but i kant without telling the truth. Truth iz sumtimes like a hot pertato, the only way tew handle it eazy, is tew drop it. I wall dri up here. The end. Hush! Lay low.

MELKISIDEK BILLINGS waz a dandy ov the old skool, and also a lover. He loved the whole entire femail populashun. He parted hiz hare in the middle, and did it unkommon even. He had one grate weakness which grew on him, and that waz the length of hiz little finger-nale. Historians say that this finger-nale gru tew be a yard in length, but it strikes me that this must be a profound lie. He waz a very punktillious man, in hiz every-day wear, and drest chuck up tew the fashun. Melkisidek hadn't mutch branes, but he didn't need much, for hiz bizzness thru life wuz the lover bizzness. Just before he died he marrid, and left one dauter, a sentimental offspring, who afterwards run away, at the age ov 16, with a dansing master. Mel' Billings waz ov the nuter jender, he hadn't karakter enuff to do enny hurt, and ov kourse kouldn't do enny good. He died about the right time, anno dominoze, 1695, and waz buried comfortably in the graveyard, at lower Pondunk town. Melkisidek Billings waz mi ansesstor, and that waz kind in him. He had an epitaff on hiz stone which i dont rekolekt ov ever seeing in print before, and for the benefit of those who studdy theze memorandums i will translate it. "*An honest man iz the nobless work ov God.*" Good, aint it? Rather!

SOLOMAN BILLINGS waz born the 26th ov May 1322, old stile. He waz knone fur and near for hiz chunks ov wisdum, but, like Soloman ov old, he could talk wisdum better than he could do it. This iz the way with all the wize men i hav met lately. Soloman Billings waz a leetle slippery, but he managed tew git thru life without slipping down much, and died reazonably well. He waz sed, bi all who knu him, tew be chuk full ov wisdum; he could tell, bi looking at the egg, how mutch a goslin would weigh before it waz born, and when the best time waz tew set a hen or a gatepost. Sol's mouth waz full ov wisdum; litening couldn't strike a tree, just for fun, but what he would preach a moral sermon from the tex. He waz dredful sertain ov what he did kno, and want the least bit unsertain ov what he didn't kno. I find in digging down tew the hard pan ov Soloman, mi ansesstor, that he had a grate deal ov vanity, a large amount ov impudense, a good supply ov inkredulity, just the things, for all the world, tew make a wize phool out of. He died az aforesed, and i look bak upon him az one who haz departed this life. Adew, Soloman, mi ansesstor. Deth iz tuff. Sumwhat! I will add, quite.

DUTERONOMY BILLINGS waz a square man. He waz az square az the bloks on a checker-board. He waz just the same kind ov a man in the fall, az he waz in the spring ov the year; yu didn't hav tew winter him tew find out who he waz. He alwus did az he agreed, but waz dredful bakward about agreeing. Duteronomy waz immense in one thing, and that waz the length of hiz noze. He had more noze ackordin, than enny man in history. One writer ov the eleventh sentury, sez hiz noze waz 8 inches in length, and another makes it a frackshun over 10 inches; i will split the difference, and call it 7. If Dute' waz alive now, i think he would sustain mi figgures. In writing theze details ov mi ansesstors, i am guided bi a luv tew do a square thing, and if i er, it will be all owing tew mi luk. I never waz right lucky since i had the meazles. They took place in the 14th year ov mi age, when i lived with mi unkle. I had them too thik. Duteronomy Billings waz named after old Duteronomy ov bible times, and az ansesstors run, he waz a very good kind ov a one tew hav. He died az he had lived, exackly square. In konklusion i will say lie still dear Dute', yu hav got a square thing. Thare iz force in the idee. I may add, grate force. Very. Indeed.—*Josh Billings' Almanac.*

How to be Happy.

Every man should bring to the affairs of life so much of himself, should associate with outward things so much of his inner being that the outward should be transfigured and transformed. Great is the power of association.

How the wilderness blossoms like a rose to those who look at it through their affections! How cold and cheerless is the palace where there is no love, no hope, no transport, no joyful experience! It is stately, brilliant, beautiful, but desolate. The old brown house where you were brought up, and the old barn where, from day to day, you did duty with stubbed fingers and bare feet, and the old field over whose hills you have climbed—homely as these scenes are, is there anything so beautiful to you as they are in their homeliness, when you go back to them? It is what you have put on to these old things that makes them so dear to you. It is that memory of your own life which has grown in connection with them. It is that part of yourself which you see in them.

So, the duties of life become more agreeable by reason of their association with ourselves and that which is dear to us. It is not always the most comely offices that are the most tolerable. The service of a mother to a child involves something more than the mere act. It is invested with a feeling which makes it to the mother one of the most delightful of occupations. What mother does not know that it is a privilege to tend her own babe? What sick mother does not look sadly and enviously upon the nurse that performs the functions that must be performed for the child? And yet they are often functions which, if they were performed for any other than the mother's own child, would be odious to her.

And that which we see in the mother extends more or less through every part of life. That to which you bring diligence, and conscience, and taste, and cheerfulness, and gladness, and sympathy, becomes transformed. Whether a man be in the stable, or in the colliery, or in the stithy, or on the ship; wherever a man is, if he has a manly heart, and can bring to his affairs real manliness—their duty becomes to him blossoming, and that is sweet which otherwise would be bitter.

Let not men, therefore, mumble their business, as unhungry boys do their unwelcome bread. Let not men say, "Oh, you have a good time preaching; but if you were a blacksmith you would find it different." I sometimes wish I were one. I have hammered as much cold iron in the pulpit as ever a blacksmith did hot iron on the anvil. Let not men say, "Ah! if you were poor and had to drudge, you would not see things as you do now." I have been poor, and I have had to drudge. I have been through the various stages between adversity and prosperity, and I have found that some functions require less and some more moral elements than others; but I have also found that a kingly, noble-spirited man can redeem many duties which are in themselves unattractive and repulsive, and make them honorable and beautiful and agreeable.

There is no place where God puts you, where it is not your duty to turn round, and say, "How shall I perfume this place and make it fragrant as the honeysuckle and the violet, and beautiful as the rose?" In this world you are to perform the great duties of spiritual, moral and physical life, in the place where you are.—*H. W. Beecher.*

Winter Care of Horses.

Considerable is written nowadays about false economy in various ways. My observation leads to the conclusion that one important item is almost entirely overlooked, and that thousands of dollars are lost each year by the careless wintering of farm horses. For instance, farmer A owns a fine span of horses; he is not much of a horseman, but in the summer he works them, and keeps a man who takes good care of them. In the fall, after work is over, the horses are put into the stable and fed all the hay they will eat (be the same good or bad); are left perhaps a week or two weeks at a time, with little or no exercise, and, when they are driven, are let go at the top of their speed. Fast driving, with stomachs full of undigested hay, is the very worst of treatment. The result is that, in a year or two, the horses have the heaves badly, are spoiled for market, and are unable to do the usual amount of service on the farm or road; and this alone causes a loss each year so long as the team is used.

This could in some degree be avoided, by building a shed with a yard for exercise, and by feeding food of sufficient strength to keep the muscles in full strength. Some say that wintering horses in the field on hay alone, will cause a falling away of muscles and strength difficult to regain. No doubt, being chilled by standing in a cold barn is very injurious to horses.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

A FORMER Attorney-General of Massachusetts, James Sullivan, was at once an able lawyer and a hearty, dignified gentleman of the old school. To a friend who was complaining at the age of sixty that he felt one's days must be few, and the capacity for usefulness well-nigh exhausted, Mr. Sullivan felicitously replied: "You mistake there. At sixty a man in fair health may enter upon a series of years equal in usefulness and happiness to those of any period, provided proper precautions are taken and proper habits formed. Employment without labor, exercise without weariness, and temperance without abstinence are the rules of life for a man of three-score years." The advice probably contains as sound sense as could easily be compacted in the same number of words.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

WHY is a young lady like a bill of exchange? Because she ought to be settled when she arrives at maturity.

HO MUG-GIN, ho mug-gin, from a forrin' sho-ore," is the way a Topeka belle renders the words of a popular song.

WARNER, in his "Backlog Studies," says there are still attempts made to bring up a family round a "register," but you might just as well try to bring it up by hand as without the rallying-point of a hearth-stone.

Two young ladies and Thaddeus O'Grady were conversing on age, when one of them put the home question, "Which of us do you think the elder, Mr. O'Grady?" "Shure," replied the gallant Irishman, "you both look younger than each other."

AT a hotel a short time since, a girl inquired of a gentleman at the table if his cup was out. "No," said he, "but my coffee is." The poor girl went away considerably confused, but determined to pay him back in his own coin. While at dinner the stage drove up, and, several coming in, the gentleman asked: "Does the stage dine here?" "No, sir," replied the girl in a sarcastic tone, "but the passengers do."

A MILWAUKEE paper having published "Rules to govern persons who are drowning," a cotemporary suggests that the idea should be followed up by "Directions for ladies and gentlemen blown up in a steamboat;" "Guide for the victims of a railway collision;" "The course to be pursued by æronauts when they fall from a balloon to the earth;" "Regulations to be adopted by persons struck by lightning," etc.

THE strongest expression is generally the briefest and best. Take the old ballads of any people, and few adjectives will be found. The singer says, "He laughed; she wept!" Perhaps the poet of a more advanced age might say, "He laughed in scorn, she turned away and shed tears of disappointment." But nowadays the ambitious young writer must produce something like this: "A hard, fiendish laugh, scornful and pitiless, forced its passage from his throat, through the lips that curled in mockery at her appeal; she covered her despairing face, and a gust and whirlwind of sorrowing agony burst forth in her irresistible tears."

Something New in Life Insurance.

There is growing evidence of an inclination to effect radical changes in the conduct of life insurance, and to abandon to some extent the tables which have heretofore been adopted in regulating a company's course in the adoption of risk and in estimating the reserve necessary to meet liabilities. Heretofore all insured have been classed together. Of course of two men upon whom risks are taken, one will be a better risk than the other, yet no difference is made in the rate of premium demanded, and the man who can pass the medical examination pays as much for his policy as the one whose bodily condition is such as to barely enable him to reach the grade adopted by the company. It is now proposed in some quarters to adjust rates in life as in fire insurance, so that the premium paid shall be in some degree commensurate to the risk incurred by the company, and the obvious advantage of such a course will be that it will enable insurance by all, while it will not render insurance less safe. The *Deutsche Verricherungs Zeitung*, Berlin, says: "There is no reason why life insurance companies should not use judgment and discretion in reference to the circumstances of each particular case, and adjust the premiums charged in accordance with such circumstances. This is what is done by fire and marine companies. They modify their terms, making them larger or smaller, according to the nature of the risk. In life insurance, also, the liability incurred by a company in assuming various life risks which are widely different in their nature (as the risks usually incurred as sound, really are), cannot, in the nature of things, be correctly estimated by any fixed and inflexible rule."

One obvious result of the adoption of the new system of insurance proposed will be the necessity which will at once arise for better informed medical examiners who shall do their work carefully and scientifically. Here will be a reform at once, since the medical examination is now with some companies little more than a farce and productive, from its carelessness, of the worst results. The other advantages of the new system are apparent, while the only argument against it seems to be its complexity and the necessity which its adoption would cause for a general change in the policy of companies.—*St. Louis Journal.*

A MORMON HUSBAND'S MISERIES.—Brother George Q. Cannon says the sisters have borne a great deal. So they have; but if they could only stand in the shoes of their husbands, who are good, true, and faithful, they would know that they are by no means free from perplexities. Just fancy a man with two, three, or half a dozen of his beloved wives catching him on one side, and before he can take three steps more catching him on the other, and "I want this," "I want that," and "This is not right," and "That is not right," and so on, their minds just pulled to pieces. I say if the hair is spared on their heads they may consider that they have got blessed good wives. I have as many wives as any other man, and I keep my hair yet. But as to trials, why, bless your hearts, the man or woman who enjoys the spirit of our religion has no trials; but the man or woman who tries to live according to the Gospel of the Son of God, and at the same time clings to the spirit of the world, has trials and sorrows acute and keen, and that, too, continually.—*From a Recent Sermon of Brigham Young.*

WE read that 5,000 boxes of tea were recently fished from beneath the sad sea waves, where they had lain and soaked for five months. After undergoing this process of curing, this tea was brought to New York and sold for nine cents a box. Here it has been washed and ironed and curled and teased into a sort of shape and 500 barrels of it sold. It is said that it is but slightly salt, but otherwise of no objectionable flavor after its bath in the ocean. Now it is pretty certain that this tea will go into consumption, be sold and bought and brewed and drank, and many a pair of lips will be suspiciously pursed and smacked over the "slightly salt flavor;" but whose lips will those be is a conundrum which probably no one can ever find out.