

THE COUNTY PAPER.

By DOBYS & WALLER. BEGON. MO

BRAMBLE.

The corn is reaped, the bare brown land is sleeping in the sunshine blind...

Red tints of autumn touch the trees That rustle in the freshening breeze...

The busy wild bee flits by, Where honeysuckle waves on high, And late clematis grows...

A fair brown butterfly floats round A bramble branch that on the ground Its dainty tangle throws...

White flowers like pearls-tinted snow, Fair foliage red with autumn's glow, Ripen fruit—on one fair spray...

Alas! my heart, what beauty shows In lowly things that Nature gives To blossom on our way...

We meet them in our daily path These humble daisies, and each one hath A beauty of its own...

And when the frosts of death fall chill On these fair flowers, that blossom still: Though summer time is past...

A MORMON TEMPLE.

The Grand and Imposing Structure Being Erected in a Wilderness.

The construction of the grand temple of worship now being erected by the Mormon Church, at Manti, Utah, is being pushed ahead with as large a force of workmen as convenience will permit...

The Girl has pretty Eyes and Red Lips. She is Going to Take a Walk in the Star Lit Glen, where the Cricket chirps in the Hedge and the Jiggers play in the Grass...

Oh, how nice and Black the Coal Hod is! Run, children, Run Quick and put your Little, Fat hands in it. Mercy my, your Hands are as Black as the Coal Hod now! Hark, Mamma is Coming...

Here is a Statesman. He makes Speeches about the poor Tax Payer and Drinks Whisky. His Pants are too Short for him. He must Have Stood in a Puddle of Water when he got Measured for them...

How nice Papa looks sitting by the Fire reading the Police Gazette. He is very fond of Literature. See how absorbed he is. There is a Torpedo on the Mantle Piece. Take it Down and Throw it at Papa's bald Head...

Is this a Chignon? No, it is a Plate of Hash. But where are the Brush and Comb? We cannot use the Hash unless we have a Brush and Comb. The Comb is in the Butter and the Baby has put the Brush in the Cider...

The Mud is in the Street. The Lady has on a pair of Red Stockings. She is Trying to Cross the Street. Let us give Three cheers for the Mud.

The Man has a Baby. The Baby is Three weeks Old. Its Mamma Died Two Years ago. Poor little Baby! Do you not Feel Sorry for it?

It is located at the foot of the east side of the Wasatch Mountains, in one of the most fertile valleys in the territory, which is dotted its entire length with well-stocked farms and large orchards.

THE DENVER TRIBUNE PRIMER.

Tales for the improvement of the Nursery Brigade.

The cat is Asleep on the Rug. Step on her Tail and see if she will Wake up. Oh, no; She will not Awaken. She is a heavy Sleeper. Perhaps if you Were to Saw her Tail off with the Carving knife you might Attract her attention. Suppose you try.

The Well is very Dark and Deep. There is Nice Cool Water in the Well. If you Lean way Over the Side, maybe you will Fall in the Well and go down in the Dear Water. We will Give you some Candy if you will Try. There is a Sweet Little Birdie in the Bottom of the Well. Your Mamma would be Surprised to find you in the Well, would she not?

Poor little Mouse! He got into the Flour Barrel and Made Himself Dead. The Cook baked him in a Loaf of Bread, and here he lies on the Table cut in two by the Sharp bread Knife. But we will not Eat poor Mousie. We will Eat the Bread, but will Take the Mouse and Put him in the Cistern.

The Boy is Sitting Down eating Jam. His Mamma is coming through the Door. The Boy will stand up the Next bowl of Jam he Eats.

Here we have a Game of Croquet. Henry has just Hit Nellie with a Mallet and Nellie is calling Henry naughty Names. Their Mother is not Much of a Croquet player, but in a minute she will Come out and Beat them Both.

This is a Gun. Is the Gun loaded? Really, I do not Know. Let us Find out. Put the Gun on the table, and you, Susie, blow down one Barrel, while you, Charlie, blow Down the other. Bang! Yes, it was Loaded. Run quick, Jennie, and pick Up Susie's head and Charlie's lower Jaw before the Nasty Blood gets all over the New Carpet.

The Girl has pretty Eyes and Red Lips. She is Going to Take a Walk in the Star Lit Glen, where the Cricket chirps in the Hedge and the Jiggers play in the Grass. William is Going to Walk in the Glen, too. He will Meet the Girl and they will Talk about the Weather. We wouldn't Give a Cent for that Piece of Court Plaster on the Girl's chin by the Time the Girl gets Back home.

Oh, how nice and Black the Coal Hod is! Run, children, Run Quick and put your Little, Fat hands in it. Mercy my, your Hands are as Black as the Coal Hod now! Hark, Mamma is Coming. She will Spank you when she Finds your Hands so Dirty. Better go and Rub the Black Dirt off on the Wall Paper before she comes.

Here is a Statesman. He makes Speeches about the poor Tax Payer and Drinks Whisky. His Pants are too Short for him. He must Have Stood in a Puddle of Water when he got Measured for them. He picks his Teeth with a Fork and Wipes his Nose on the Bottom of Sofas and Chairs. If you Neglect your Education and Learn to Chew your Tobacco, maybe you will Be a Statesman some time. Some Statesmen go to Congress and some go to Jail. But it is the Same Thing, after all.

How nice Papa looks sitting by the Fire reading the Police Gazette. He is very fond of Literature. See how absorbed he is. There is a Torpedo on the Mantle Piece. Take it Down and Throw it at Papa's bald Head. That is right. Papa is not as Absorbed as he was. He seems to be Hunting for a Strap.

Is this a Chignon? No, it is a Plate of Hash. But where are the Brush and Comb? We cannot use the Hash unless we have a Brush and Comb. The Comb is in the Butter and the Baby has put the Brush in the Cider. Don't cry; Children, we will give you some nice Molasses with Pretty, green Flies in it.

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It is suggested that the best way to get the fashionable tangle in a lady's hair is for her to fill it full of Indian meal and set a lot of small chickens to scratching the meal out.

Railroads and the Farmers.

Colonel W. F. Vilas, the famous Wisconsin orator, delivered the annual address before the Minnesota State Fair, and chose for his theme the "Railroads and the Farmers," and tried to point out their reciprocity of interests.

Before railroads were devised, there was no extensive freight communication but by water. And that was valueless unless conveniently accessible. From this the agriculture of past ages gathered around the seas and lakes, or lined the river's margin. It girt the Mediterranean, and made famous the valley of the Nile.

The Well is very Dark and Deep. There is Nice Cool Water in the Well. If you Lean way Over the Side, maybe you will Fall in the Well and go down in the Dear Water. We will Give you some Candy if you will Try.

But while we do them justice, let us not forget there are doubtless many faults to be corrected and abuses to be reformed in the administration of these highways. Corporate powers and corporate values have advanced with a more rapid step than the invention of our statesmen and law-makers.

But I must not protract this weary hour to discuss this problem foreign to my subject. Important as it is, we need not fear it. The railroad, rightly used, is the friend of the farmer and the whole people. It is the paramount interest of its owners that it should so remain.

Teaching the Young Ideas. "Attention, children!" said the principal entering the class room, followed by a stranger; this gentleman will ask you a few questions in arithmetic. He is the superintendent of schools at Mule Gulch, Nevada, that great western state of which you have so often heard.

It is now the choice season of the year when the man of the house proceeds to get a barrel of apples down cellar alone. He always swears he will never do it again, but when the year rolled round, he forgets his promise and rashly shows off his muscle, just the same as he did the previous autumn.

He gets around behind the barrel on the cellar stairs, so that if anything breaks he will get the best of it. Then he asks his wife to stand at the head of the stairs with a light, ostensibly so that he can see, but in reality so that he can show her what a young Hercules he is.

With the light of his genius he glorified "the banks and braes" on his native land, and, speaking for the universal human heart, has set his sweetest thought to music: "Whose echoes roll from soul to soul, And grow forever and forever."

Some journalistic scribes of America speak at times of our "upper classes." What constitutes our upper classes? Who are they? Is not the phrase comparatively new? Was it ever in use forty years ago?

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And when it strikes him across the stomach the low, sad grunt that he pours out on the silent air sounds like the remarks made by the baby elephant when the trix mule kicks him just below the throat and about due south of the liver pad.

Five years ago a maiden fair, whose home was at a little town near Macon, Ga., anxiously awaited an important letter from her absent lover. Days passed wearily. The sighing lass haunted the post-office, but the Postmaster's face always wore that look of exasperating quietude common to those from whom expected things never come.

Lord Kenyon thus addressed a dishonest butler, who had been convicted of stealing large quantities of wine from his master's cellar: "Prisoner at the bar, you stand convicted, on the most conclusive evidence, of a crime of infamy—a crime that defiles the sacred springs of domestic confidence, and is calculated to strike alarm into the breast of every Englishman who invests largely in the choicer viaticates of Southern Europe."

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Advice To Those Using Glasses. Men engaged in literary pursuits should read most by day and write most by night. It is worthy of note that reading causes more strain to the eye than writing, and that copying work in writing makes a greater demand upon the organs of vision than off-hand composition.

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James A. Garfield. To appreciate the genius and achievements of Robert Burns, it is fitting to compare him with others who have been eminent in the same field. In the highest class of lyric poetry their names stand eminent. Their field covers eight centuries of time, and the three names are Horace, Bernanus, and Burns.

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DOMESTIC RECIPES.

GOOD APPLE JELLY.—Take apples of the best quality, good flavor, not sweet; cut up and stew till soft; strain out the juice, let some of the pulp go through; boil to the thickness of molasses, then weigh, and add as many pounds of crushed sugar, stirring until all is dissolved.

GRAPE JAM.—The common wild grape is best for this. Boil 3/4: strain through a sieve; add one pound of sugar to a pound of pulp; boil twenty minutes, stirring often. The wild grape has a pleasant flavor after frost. They may be kept all winter, and will be found good when other fruit is scarce.

YEAST.—Pare and boil one dozen mealy potatoes; as soon as you put the potatoes on to boil, put a handful of hops into another kettle containing three quarts of cold water, cover and boil. When the potatoes are boiled, drain and mash fine; then strain the hops through a fine sieve on the potatoes, and be sure the hops are boiling; stir well. Then add one half cup of sugar, one-fourth of salt, and one pint of flour; mix this well and strain through a colander, then let it stand until it is milk-warm, and then stir in one cup of good yeast; set it to rise where it will be warm.

YEAST BREAD.—Take four good sized potatoes; peel, boil and mash, and pour over them one quart of boiling water; strain the whole through a colander. Let this get blood warm and then stir in one cup of yeast, one tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of salt and three quarts and a pint of flour. Beat well with a spoon and set in a warm place to rise. In summer it will rise in four, but in winter it will take five hours.

A GOOD DESSERT DISH.—A dish which is good for dessert and is so easily and quickly made that in case of an accident happening to the unexpected dessert, or in the event of unexpected company, it may be prepared at a moment's notice. Take slices of bread, dip them in well-beaten eggs, and fry in butter; serve with a sauce made of one cup of sugar, a small lump of butter, one egg, and water enough to dissolve the sugar and make the desired quantity of sauce.

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FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

The fewer words, the better prayer. History is a kind of Nowgate calendar, a register of crime and misery that man has inflicted on his fellow-man.

There are some men in this naughty world who would be worth a million if a hundred per cent were taken off for cash. Dreams may serve as monitors, by indicating our present moral state; but must not be relied upon as forerunning future events.

Mental pleasures never cloy. Unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment. We are taught to clothe our minds as we do our bodies, after the fashion in vogue; and it is accounted fantasticalness or something worse not to do so.

What sunshine is to flowers, smiles are to humanity. They are but trifles, to be sure, but scattered along life's pathway, the good they do is inconceivable. Politeness is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, while the opposite quality exercises as quick a prejudice against him.

Courtesy is the crowning grace of culture, the stamp of perfection upon character, the badge of the perfect gentleman, the fragrance of the flower of womanhood when full blown. We are ruined not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore, never go abroad in search of your wants. If they are real wants, they will come home in search of you.

Life is divided into three terms—that which was, which is, and which will be. Let us learn by the past to profit by the present, and from the present to live better for the future. Those passionate persons who carry their hearts in their mouths are rather to be pitied than feared; their threatenings serving no other purpose than to forearm him that is threatened.

Adhere rigidly and undeviatingly to truth; but while you express what is true, express it in a pleasing manner. Truth is the picture; the manner is the frame that displays it to a vantage. Addison defines good nature "as one of those blessings of a happy constitution which are implanted in a man at his birth, and which must necessarily be improved, but cannot possibly be introduced by process of education."

It is always profitable to talk with a conceited person. He always talks about the one thing that interests him, viz., himself; so you are sure to get the whole story. As this subject is naturally circumscribed, you do not lose a great deal of time in listening to it. For a few days the orchards are white with blossoms. They soon turn to fruit, or else float away, useless and wasted, upon the idle breeze. So will it be with present feelings. They must be deepened into decision or be entirely dissipated by delay.

There are ways enough of advantageously helping our fellow men, provided we keep in view the grand leading principle not to paralyze or deaden their faculties by withdrawing the stimulus to action, but to improve and develop them by every effort we make in their behalf.

The American Poultry Yard has this to say about Bronze Turkeys: American breeders can justly be proud of having such a fine breed of turkeys as the bronze are everywhere acknowledged to be. The large size as well as the brilliant plumage, is due to the wild turkey, with which they have been crossed to maintain the size and markings. Many flocks, having been closely bred for several years, diminish in size while the color so highly prized gets paler every succeeding year.

Some of our prominent breeders have recourse to the wild stock for the breeding males, every two or three years, and thus keep up a high standard for their flocks of Bronze turkeys. The march of civilization is fast taking out the wild turkey, and it will not be long ere they will be difficult to procure. There are several western parties who make quite a business of breeding and shipping wild turkeys to eastern poultry-breeders to cross their flocks with. There are many who doubt whether they can show a one. The nearest approach they saw was one weighing about a half pound. If he had weighed \$25 was it to him? He was it to November. He was it to ing, and instead of extra pounds which he had gained, he had lost. This proved as well as the fact that turkeys must be of range and their liberty must be proved profitable. A Canada blackwoodman used to send his minister fifty pounds of maple sugar or carrying him. Time passed and no maple sugar arrived or sweetened the minister's household. Some months later he saw the newly married husband in the town, and ventured to remind him: "My friend, you did not send the maple sugar you promised. With a saddened countenance he looked up and replied: "To tell you the truth, govern'r, she ain't worth it!" Irish Epitaph: "Erected to the memory of John Phillips, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brothe;