

## MY OLD HOME.

BY ALLIE MEADE.

The pump is broken, the chain is rusty,  
And the water, once pure, is fetid and  
musty;  
The robin that sang in the nodding spray  
Grew weary of silence and flew away;  
The brambles have covered the ivy vine,  
And in through the shattered windows  
twine.

The stoop is broken and fallen down,  
And covered with moss is the threshold  
brown;  
The storm sweeps wild through the open  
door,  
And the rank weeds spring through the  
broken floor;

The roof is fallen, and out and in  
The swallows flit in the twilight dim;  
The apple-tree stands by the garden wall,  
And in its dead branches, knotty and tall,  
Hangs the red we threw in childish glee,  
To knock the apples from the tree.  
The tree is dead, and on the hill  
The restless feet in death are still.

And in this home that once was mine,  
When I was young and in my prime,  
There's nothing to me that seems the same  
But the babbling brook at the foot of the  
lane,  
Which, as it murmurs, seems to say,  
You and your home are old and gray.

O faces fair! O hearts so strong!  
Ye in the grave have lain so long,  
And yet I almost seem to hear  
Your merry voices ringing clear.  
Happy and glad, and full of joys,  
Were the days when we were girls and  
boys.

Good-by, old home; in the shadows dim  
I'll sadly sing my evening hymn—  
That we sang together when we were  
young;

And the path of life had just begun.  
The path is ended by all save me,  
And I with my lost ones soon shall be.

BETTER THAN NOTHING.—A good  
old Methodist lady, very particu-  
lar and very pious, once kept a  
boarding house in Boston. Staunch  
to her principles, she would take no  
one to board who did not hold to  
the eternal punishment of a large  
portion of the race. But the people  
were more intent on carnal com-  
forts than spiritual health, so that  
in time her house became empty,  
much to her grief and alarm.

After some time a bluff old sea  
captain knocked at the door, and  
the old lady answered the call.

"Servant, ma'am. Can you give  
me board for two or three days?  
Got my ship here and shall be off  
soon as I load."

"Wa'al, I don't know," said the  
old lady.

"Oh, house full, eh?"

"No, but—"

"But what, ma'am?"

"I don't take any unclean or car-  
nal people in my house. What do  
you believe?"

"About what?"

"Why, do you believe that any  
one will be condemned?"

"Oh, thunder! yes."

"Do you?" said the good woman  
brightening up. "Well, how many  
souls do you think will be in  
fire eternally?"

"Don't know, ma'am, really—  
never calculated that."

"Can't you guess?"

"Can't say—perhaps fifty thou-  
sand."

"Wa'al, hem!" mused the good  
woman; "I guess I'll take you; fifty  
thousand is better than nothing."

DISADVANTAGES OF CIVIL  
RIGHTS.—"Marse John, gimme four  
bits, please sir; you aint treated dis  
nigger sence de war," said Si to the  
son of his old owner, yesterday.

"What do you want with it, Si,"  
queried the young man.

"Want ter go to de circus, Marse  
John. You knows how a nigger  
is."

"But, Si, fifty cents won't take  
you in now. The civil rights bill  
made you as good as a white man  
at the shows, and you will have to  
pay a dollar, as I do."

"Is dat true, Marse John?"

"Just as true as preaching."

Si scratched his head for a full  
minute, then looked up with  
mournful eyes and said:

"Dar it is agin! I tole dem nig-  
gers dey was spilen de horn when  
they wanted dem sibil rights, and  
hyar's de truf of it p'int blank? I  
alluz wuz a mighty up-spoken nig-  
ger ez you knows, Marse John, and  
twixt us I say dam de sibil rights,  
speshilly when de circus is around!"  
—Ex.

Canova chose 500 beautiful women from  
whom to model his Venus, and among them  
all could not find a decent set of toes.

## Raising a Family.

About the year 1700 one Lady  
Elphinstone died the mother of  
thirty-six bairns, of whom twenty-  
seven were living at one time. The  
late Bishop Bathurst, of Norwich,  
was the twentieth-sixth child of Mr.  
Bathurst, youngest brother of the  
first Lord Bathurst. But this is  
only part of the story; for Mr. Bath-  
urst, who had had twenty-two chil-  
dren by his first wife, was destined  
to have fourteen by his second,  
making a good round three dozen  
altogether. Rather distinguished  
in this way were the Bathursts, for  
two brothers and a sister of his had,  
during their respective married  
lives, sixty-four children, which,  
with this thirty-six, made just an  
even hundred. Another married  
couple, Thomas and Helen Urquhart,  
are ranked among those who  
have had thirty-six children. The  
parents lived at Cromarty Castle, in  
the early part of the sixteenth cen-  
tury; their twenty-five sons all  
grew up to manhood, and many of  
them became distinguished, while  
the eleven daughters all lived to be  
married, and many to be the moth-  
ers of large families. The Urquhart  
blood, therefore, must have been  
rather extensively diffused in Scot-  
land by the end of the century. An  
authenticated case of thirty-nine  
brothers and sisters was afforded by  
the Greenhill family in the closing  
year of the seventeenth century.  
Thomas Greenhill, a surgeon, after-  
wards author of a treatise on the  
"Art of Embalming," addressed, in  
1698, a memorial to the Duke of  
Norfolk, in his capacity as Earl  
Marshal of England: "That, in  
consideration of your petitioner be-  
ing the seventh son and thirty-  
ninth child of one father and  
mother, your Grace would be pleas-  
ed to signalize it by some particular  
motto or augmentation in his coat  
of armor, to transmit to posterity so  
uncommon a thing." The College of  
Arms, or Herald's College, of which  
the hereditary Earl Marshal is the  
official head, assented to the appli-  
cation of Thomas Greenhill, by  
granting an addition to the armor-  
ial bearings of the family. In the  
language of heraldry, which is not  
very intelligible to our ideas, the  
addition was in the form of a demi-  
griffin, powdered with thirty-nine  
mullets.—All the Year Round.

## No Matter the Style.

Dr. Mary Walker, innocent soul,  
thinks her style of clothing would  
induce matrimony, because the  
present style frightens men away  
from matrimony by its enormous  
expensiveness. The honest crea-  
ture has never reflected that the  
women would make it just as ex-  
pensive as what they wear now.  
The idea that Mrs. Brown would  
wear pants of broadcloth while that  
ridiculous Mrs. Jones wore pants  
of velvet! Never! Perish the mis-  
erable thought! Or that Mrs. Smith  
would appear in public wearing a  
pair with common illusion ruffles  
down the seams, while that absurd  
old fright of a Mrs. Green had real  
lace stripes and a gold embroidered  
waist-band! My stars! Did you  
ever hear of such a thing! No, I  
thank you. Mrs. Brown's father  
could have bought and sold Mrs.  
Jones' father a dozen times, and  
Mrs. Smith remembers too well  
how the parents of Mrs. Green had  
to pinch and scrape to make that  
scrawny daughter of theirs look  
decent, and why should she go  
giving herself airs now, when some  
folks were a good deal her betters  
and could show her so? Alas! Mrs.  
Dr. M. W. does not know her sex.  
If the styles were reduced back to  
the original verdant apron, the  
dear creature would make that one  
single article of dress cost enough  
to make her husband shabby and  
indigent for life. It is in them.  
What is bred in the bone will come  
out in the flesh, and no reformer  
can prevent it.—Chicago Inter-  
Ocean.

## That Sensational Charge.

SALT LAKE CITY,  
October 19, 1875.

Editor Bee:

The event of the past week has  
been the delivery, by Judge Bore-  
man, of his sensational charge to  
the grand jurors of The Third Judi-  
cial District of this territory. In it  
he pitches right and left into every-  
thing Mormon, more particularly  
striking out at polygamy and the  
union of Church and State. I no-  
tice in your columns a telegram

from this city which gives a very  
correct idea of both the spirit and  
matter of the charge. The course  
the Judge has taken in delivering  
this charge is sustained by the radi-  
cal Gentile party, who applaud any  
action, which in their estimation,  
would take the power out of the  
hands of the Mormon people and  
place it in theirs. By conservative  
citizens it is thought that such re-  
ligio-judicial tirades do not add to  
the dignity of the bench, but tend  
rather to defeat in advance the ob-  
ject in view; whilst the Mormons  
denounce the whole charge as a tis-  
sue of falsehoods, misrepresentations  
and ungrounded insinuations, man-  
ufactured for outside effect, and de-  
livered with the direct intention of  
creating a public opinion that will  
force congressional action on Utah  
affairs during the coming session.  
"What right," said a Mormon in  
the hearing of your correspondent,  
"has Judge Boreman to decide for  
me what is or what is not my re-  
ligion? Is that any part of his of-  
ficial duties? It is not what Judge  
Boreman does not believe, but what  
I believe, that forms my religion."  
There is no doubt but that Judge  
Boreman intended his charge as a  
counter-blast to a sermon which  
Brigham Young delivered on the  
last day of conference, in which he  
very strenuously maintained the  
Divine Origin of Mormonism and  
the principle of polygamy, and  
urged the necessity of his people  
receiving and practising it. The  
Judge evidently thought that he had  
an opportunity, too good to be lost,  
of replying to the sermon by a  
charge from the bench.—WINDSOR.  
—Omaha Bee.

## Death in the Dishcloth.

A lady says, in the *Rural World*,  
that during this month and the  
next, when some of you are sure to  
be down with typhoid fever, when  
neighbors are neglecting their own  
work to nurse you; when doctors  
are hunting in cellars and old  
drains for the cause, let me whisper  
in your ear, look to your dishcloths.  
If they be black and stiff, and smell  
like a "boneyard," it is enough—  
throw them in the fire, and from  
henceforth and forever wash your  
dishes with cloths that are white,  
cloths that you can see through,  
and see if you ever have that dis-  
ease again. There are sometimes  
other causes, but I have smelled a  
whole houseful of typhoid fever in  
one "dishrag." I had some neigh-  
bors once—clever, good sort of folk;  
one Fall four of them were sick at  
one time with typhoid fever. The  
doctors ordered the vinegar barrels  
whitewashed, and threw about forty  
cents' work of carbolic acid in the  
swillpail, and departed. I went  
into the kitchen to make gruel; I  
needed a dishcloth, and looked  
about and found several, and such  
"rags!" I burned them all, and  
called the daughter of the house to  
get me a dishcloth. She looked  
round on the tables. "Why," said  
she, "there was about a dozen  
here this morning;" and she  
looked in the woodbox and  
on the mantelpiece, and felt in  
the dark corner of the cupboard.  
"Well," I said, "I saw some old,  
black, rotten rags lying round, and  
I burned them, for there is death in  
such dishcloths as those, and you  
must never use such again." I  
"took turns" at nursing that family  
four weeks, and I believe those  
dirty dishcloths were the cause of all  
that hard work. Therefore I say to  
every housekeeper, keep your dish-  
cloths clean. You may wear your  
dresses without ironing, your sun-  
bonnets without elastics—but you  
must keep your dishcloths clean.  
You may only comb your head on  
Sundays, you need not wear a col-  
lar unless you go from home—but  
you must wash your dishcloth.  
You may only sweep the floor  
"when the sign gets right;" the  
windows don't need washing, you  
can look out at the door; that  
spider's web on the front porch  
don't hurt anything—but, as you  
love your lives, wash out your  
dishcloth. Let the foxtail get ripe  
in the garden (the seed is a foot  
deep anyway), let the holes in the  
heels of your husbands' foot rags  
go undarned, let the sage go un-  
gathered, let the children's shoes  
go two Sundays without blacking,  
let two hens sit four weeks on one  
wooden egg—but do wash out your  
dishcloths. Eat without a table-  
cloth, wash your faces and let them  
dry, do without a curtain for your  
windows, and cake for your tea,  
but, for heaven's sake, keep your  
dishcloths clean.

## The Health of Cities.

The report of the San Francisco  
Health Officer for the year ending  
June 30th, 1875, has just been pub-  
lished. The rate of mortality in  
each thousand of population, was  
as given below, in the American  
cities named, in the year 1874:

New York.....	27.6
Brooklyn.....	24.4
Chicago.....	20.0
Boston.....	23.6
New Orleans.....	32.8
Providence.....	19.2
Philadelphia.....	19.6
St. Louis.....	14.5
Baltimore.....	21.1
Cincinnati.....	20.5
San Francisco.....	19.2

In certain English cities, it was  
as follows:

London.....	22.5
Glasgow.....	31.0
Birmingham.....	26.7
Leeds.....	28.6
Edinburgh.....	23.6
Newcastle.....	29.2
Liverpool.....	31.9
Manchester.....	30.3
Dublin.....	26.0
Sheffield.....	26.8
Bristol.....	22.7

In various other cities on the  
European continent and elsewhere,  
it was as follows:

Paris.....	22.3
Vienna.....	24.2
Naples.....	37.2
Turin.....	26.0
Florence.....	33.7
Berlin.....	32.6
Bombay.....	23.4
Rome.....	34.3
Brussels.....	23.9
Venice.....	31.4

The lowest rate of mortality is in  
St. Louis, where it was 14.5. Next  
are San Francisco and Providence,  
the rate in each being 19.2. It is  
the highest in Naples, being 37.2.  
The significance of the latter figures  
will be more apparent when we  
observe that if that were the rate  
here, we would have 930 deaths per  
annum, instead of 316. The death  
rate in Oakland, for the year under  
review, was 12.65 per thousand, far  
below the rate in the healthy city  
of St. Louis.

We think it capable of demon-  
stration that these figures do not  
furnish conclusive evidence of the  
superior healthfulness of different  
localities. In mortuary tables it is  
usually observed that about fifty  
per cent. of the decedents are chil-  
dren under five years of age. Eli-  
minate that element, and the rate  
for those above that age becomes  
wonderfully diminished. Other  
things being equal, the death rate  
should be largest where there is the  
largest proportion of children. The  
male population of San Francisco  
is largely in excess of the female,  
and the proportion of children to  
the total population must be less  
than if there were an equilibrium.  
The rate of death should be cor-  
respondingly lower. The ostensible  
rate is the same in Providence,  
Rhode Island, where, it is to be  
presumed, the natural proportion  
of children will be found, so that  
this would be really healthier than  
San Francisco. As half of man-  
kind never live to reach the age of  
five years, it is obvious that the  
ratio between that class and the  
total population should be consid-  
ered in determining the relative  
death rates in different cities.—  
Oakland, Cal., Transcript.

## Texas Courtship.

He sat one side the room in a big  
white-oak rocking-chair. She on  
the other side in a little white-oak  
rocking-chair. A long-eared deer-  
hound, snapping at flies, was by  
his side; a basket of sewing by hers.  
Both rocked incessantly, that is,  
the young people, not the dog and  
basket. He sighs heavily and looks  
out the west window at a crape  
myrtle tree; she sighs lightly and  
gazes out the east window—at the  
turnip patch. At last he re-  
marks:

"This is mighty good weather to  
pick cotton."

"Tis that, if we only had any to  
pick."

The rocking continues.

"What's your dog's name?"

"Coony."

Another sigh-broken stillness.

"What is he good for?"

"What is who good for?" said he,  
abstractedly.

"Your dog, Coony?"

"Fur ketchin' 'possums."

Silence for half an hour.

"He looks like a deer dog."

"Who looks like a deer dog?"

"Coony."

"He is—but he's kinder bellowsed  
an' gettin' old an' slow now. An'  
he ain't no count on a cold trail."

In the quiet ten minutes that  
ensued she took two stitches in her  
quilt; it was a gorgeous affair, that  
quilt was, made by the pattern  
called "Rose of Sharon." She is  
very particular about the nomen-  
clature of her quilts, and frequently  
walks fifteen miles to get a new  
pattern, with a "real putty name."  
"Your ma raisin' many chick-  
ings?"

"Forty odd."

Then more rocking, and, some-  
how, after awhile, the big rock-  
ing-chair and the little rocking-chair  
were jammed side by side.

"How many has your ma got?"

"How many what?"

"Chickens."

"Nigh on to a hundred."

By this time the chairs were so  
close together that rocking is im-  
possible.

"The minks has eat all ours."

Then a long silence reigns. At  
last he observes:

"Makin' quilts?"

"Yes," she replies, brightening  
up, "I've just finished a 'Roarin'  
Eagol of Brazel,' a 'Sittin' Sun,'  
and a 'Nasion's Pride.' Have you  
ever saw the 'Yellow Rose of the  
Parary'?"

"No."

More silence; then he says:

"Do you love cabbage?"

"I do that."

Presently his hand is accidentally  
placed on hers. She does not know  
it—at least does not seem to be  
aware of it. Then, after a half  
hour spent in sighs, coughing and  
clearing of throats, he suddenly  
says:

"I see a great a-mind to bite you."

"What you great a-mind to bite  
me fur?"

"Kase you won't have me."

"Kase you ain't axed me."

"Well, now, I ax you."

"Then, now, I has you."

Then Coony dreams he hears a  
sound of kissing.

The next day the young man  
goes to Tigerville after a marriage  
license. Wednesday the following  
week. No cards.—Ex.

A CHILD BORN TO A MOTHER  
76 YEARS OLD.—Truly this is an  
age of wonders, of big bonanzas,  
rich discoveries and remarkable  
events, and Clay County is destined  
to be not among the least noted  
places, upon the pages of future  
history, for the wonderful events  
which have transpired within her  
borders. To the wife of Judge  
Thomas J. Gunn, who resides three  
miles south of Smithville, in this  
county, on the road leading from  
Smithville to Liberty, was born a  
boy baby, on the 29th day of Sep-  
tember last, the mother being in  
the 77th year of her age. The baby  
weighed eight pounds at the time  
of its birth, and is a hearty, well  
developed child.

Judge Gunn is an old, well-  
known, and highly respected citi-  
zen of Clay County, and gave us  
this piece of information from his  
own lips, which was corroborated  
by one of his nearest neighbors,  
who was present at the time and  
weighed the child.

We have known Judge Gunn for  
several years, having served in the  
same regiment with him in the  
late war, and can vouch for the  
truth of the above.—Liberty, Mo.,  
Advance.

"John M. Thayer, Governor,"  
directs the sheriff of Carbon Co.,  
Wyoming, to arrest and bring to  
justice the authors of frequent ruf-  
fianism and robbery in those parts.

Rhode Island offsets its superfi-  
cial diminutiveness by the boast  
that it is deeper than any other  
state in the Union, and in proof  
thereof adduces a little pond near  
Watch Hill, in which the longest  
sounding line can reach no bottom.

The recent high water in the  
Tennessee river laid bare the skele-  
tons in a populous but hitherto  
concealed ancient cemetery in  
Blount county, Ala. The "oldest  
inhabitant" had no knowledge of  
its existence.

The "New Woman" does not  
please the Springfield Republican,  
which says that "it is a fact that  
the new woman, the woman of  
refinement and independence, mak-  
ing her way in the world, has not  
yet generally brought her attire to  
represent the modesty, sobriety  
and culture which are hers, nor  
adapted it to the serious purposes  
which she has in view."