

"THE DIFFERENCE IN THE TEACHINGS"

Journalists Should Labor to Promote Happiness, not to Increase the Threat for Wealth.

One of the great lessons taught on almost every page of the New Testament, is the infinite worth of the human soul; that even the weakest and the worst is an object of our heavenly Father's care—a being for whom Christ died. Yet even now, in the midst of the much-boasted morality and intelligence of the latter part of the nineteenth century, we find men and journalists who have so far forgotten this truth that they consider it but little consequence that "many died by land and sea; many hearts were broken, and lives wrecked; hopes dashed to earth and fortunes scattered;" if only in the eager scramble for wealth, a little more of the shining dust is gathered.

In the judgment of many, a man is valuable only in proportion to his power. In ancient times, men who had strength, and capacity to use that strength, were the demi-gods, the first heroes and first leaders. Even now men are generally valued in proportion to the effects they produce. If a man is powerful he is princely; if he is weak he is despised. If a race is not able to hold its own against aggressive races, people too often say "It is a pity, but they must go, they must be swept away." Nations of men that are dull, and quiet, and gentle, and kind, with what superlative contempt the stronger nations look down upon them. In many respects they may be more skillful and ingenious than we are; and yet what a Pagan spirit too often goes out from us against them.

When men think of society, they think of its influential parts. When men think of their country and are proud of their race, it is the memory of the strong ones that subtly affects their imaginations and their judgments. How few carry in their sympathy or contribute from their means for the poor, the weak, the outcast, the neglected. After all, in measuring men as they are now, we mismeasure, we under-estimate in every conceivable way, since we leave out the period of fruition in the great hereafter.

There are many plants of our northern climate, which come up quickly, grow fast, and are soon in the full bloom of their flowering periods; but after all they are coarse and rank. And there are other plants that grow beside them, which, in the first summer, only grow a few leaves high. But if we take them and put them in some sheltered hot-house and preserve them through the frost and death of our northern winter, and then, when the sun begins to warm the earth next summer, we put them out once more; they gather strength by this second planting, and lit up their branches and spread out the abundance of their blossoms, and are the pride and glory of the garden. The plants that grew the quickest the year before are now but weeds by their side. So doubtless there is many a man who rushes up to a rank growth in the soil of this world, and of whom men seeing him say, "That is a great man." And doubtless there are many who are considered poor, feeble creatures here, who will be carried up and on and rooted in a better climate; and then lifting up their whole nature, they will come out into the glorious bloom of a perfect life in heaven, where they will be more majestic, more transcendently beautiful in blossoms, and more exquisitely sweet in fruit, than those who appeared to so far surpass them here.

When we meet a man now how seldom does any thought arise in our mind other than of his physiological structure, his age, his comeliness or his relation to society. Unconsciously as we pass men, we look at their garb, and at their movements, and at their faces; we study them too often only as how they may affect us, or rather to what extent we may be able to use them to promote our own selfish purposes.

Now, we have no right to disregard, much less to hinder the welfare of any human being. We have no right to go tramp, tramp, tramp, according to the law of our physical strength, among little children. If we are where they are we are bound so to walk as not to tread on or injure them. There is not a man born in France or Italy, in Russia, China or Ethiopia, on whom God's sun does not shine—who is not linked to us in the ties of human brotherhood. But how Paganism lingers in modern society. How men sneer at that which they do not understand. How they love to lash with their tongues men who do not believe as they do.

In these days of commercial excitement a man may fleece a hundred men during the week, and then go to a fashionable church and take the communion on Sunday, and nobody seems to think there is any violation of the rules of propriety. He would not put a pin in a man, oh no; but he would put a pin through him and pierce him to the heart. He will lay his plans, well knowing they will lessen the value of a poor widow's estate; well knowing they will ruin the prospects of a dozen young men who are struggling on the threshold of their first enterprise. Thus he goes as a monster might go through a foundling hospital, giving no heed to the infantile creatures among which he stalks. If one is crushed here and another there, no

matter, it is only his idea of the development theory—the survival of the fittest. He would not put his hands into a man's pocket, but he would buy stocks and then so influence them as to commercially ruin 500 men, without even saying, "Stand from under." Such men are not producers—they are confusers. In spite of all their boasting, they are not building up the community in any way. They may answer, that all this is "legal," it is all "allowable." Yes so far as the letter of the law is concerned; but who ever heard of a law broad enough and specific enough to measure honor? The man who hugs the letter of the law hugs damnation. A man that has not more truth, more purity, more honesty than the law requires is scarcely fit to live among his fellow beings.

We see commerce extending and bringing the countries of the world together. This land is going to be the battle-field of the world in the conflict of truth and error, of right and wrong. We are going to have here the poor, the weak, the uncultured of every nation on the globe, and for each one of these vice and fraud and violence will make a grasp. Around such a one, it is the genius of our government to throw its mantle, to keep the vulture from him and let no man despoil him. Arrogant pride must be bent down; nor must any combination of men be permitted to tyrannize over him. And the weaker he is, the more these combative must be made to stand off. He belongs to the brotherhood of man. Christ died for him. He is the child of Providence, the infant of the ages.

We have heard of somnambulists, that rose in the night, and sat down at their easels and painted with that mystic fidelity and skill, which belongs to abnormal, or rather unknown conditions of power. And when the morning light came, they rose and looked upon their easels and said: "Who hath wrought this?" It was their own work in the hours of the unknowing night; and they wondered at it.

We are somnambulists walking in the darkness and by every act we are painting a portrait. If there are acts of kindness, to the weak, the suffering and the erring, the portrait will be beautiful. When the morning of the resurrection comes, we shall rise and gaze at the picture and behold its loveliness.

Is it not time for selfishness to cease; and for journalists to no longer advocate "that hearts be broken, and hopes crushed, and lives wrecked," in the mad scramble after money.

J. H. W.

BE CAREFUL WITH FIRE-ARMS.

A SENSIBLE MAN NEVER FOOLS WITH EITHER A GUN OR A PISTOL.

Never handle firearms carelessly. I used to do it, but of late years it makes me boil to have anybody point a gun or pistol toward me. Two events in my life have done more to inspire within me a wholesome respect for firearms than anything else that ever happened to me.

When I was about 15 years old, I borrowed a shotgun of a chum. "Is it loaded?" was the first question I asked.

"No," was the reply, and I, like a goose, believed what he said. On the way home with it, I met another boy who began dodging behind the shade trees as I approached, Indian fashion. I, of course, must do my part of the tragedy, so cocking the gun, I began to skulk too, until, when we finally met, to show that he was playful in my power, I put the muzzle of the gun up close to his nose and pulled the trigger.

I thought no more of the circumstance until evening, when I began cleaning the gun, and found that it was clogged up, so I could not blow through it. Procuring a cap I placed it on the nipple, and going to the front door, pulled the trigger, and away she went, with a report that awoke the neighbors for blocks around, and filled the leaves of a cherry tree near by as full of holes as a skimmer.

Then I thought of Tom, into whose face I had snapped the gun. The fact that the cap had become damp alone prevented the gun from being discharged, and blowing Tom's head into smithereens.

Though his after life was a fizzle, and he filled a drunkard's grave at an early age, yet how my life would have been blighted if, through my boyish carelessness, he had been killed. I vowed a vow at that time never to be careless with firearms.

One more circumstance occurred after I had grown to manhood. I was standing on a pile of lumber, busily engaged in measuring lumber, when, hearing a "click" behind me, I turned, and there stood a boatman pointing an army musket squarely at my head, and sighting along the barrel. The muzzle of the gun was only six feet from my head, and he had just snapped it at me. He was a man 50 years old, and, under the first angry impulse that came over me, I said: "You old fool, you ought to know better than to snap a gun at a fellow's head in that careless way." "Aw, pshaw!" said he, "it isn't loaded." "How do you know that?" "Because it has been lying around my boat for more than six months, and I know it isn't." "That's just the reason you don't know anything about it," said I.

"Well, now, you're making such a fuss about it, I'm going to get a cap and show you. Here hold the gun till I come back."

While he was gone I ran the ramrod down the barrel and found that it was loaded. When he returned with a cap I removed the old and replaced it with a new one. Pointing the gun upward I pulled the trigger, and a report followed, the recoil from which nearly knocked me off the lumber pile and raised the boatman's hair on end.

"What do you think now?" I asked. "Well," said he, "that's the last time I shall point a gun at anybody if I live 100 years."

A damp cap alone saved me that time, and though I should not have been to blame, yet this event would have blighted my life still more effectually than the first one, for it would undoubtedly have blown my head off my shoulders, and a man who finds himself in that condition can but acknowledge that his life is, in a measure, blighted, and his future plans and prospects somewhat interfered with.

Don't fool with firearms. If a gun is loaded, and everybody knows it is loaded, there is little danger. It is the gun and the revolver which is not loaded that goes off and kills folks, or maims them for life. So the only safe way is to handle them at all times as though they were loaded.

Get into the habit of so doing, then it will become natural and easy to you, and you may be spared the agony of gazing upon the mangled form of some friend through whom you have let daylight.

Always keep behind a gun yourself, and point the muzzle away from other people.—Sunshine.

Cork Oak in California.

The growth of cork oak in California is not a matter of experiment; its success was demonstrated long ago. The distribution of cork acorns by the patent office about twenty-five years ago may not have accomplished much in other parts of the country, but it gave us a start, and there are now trees yielding cork and bearing acorns at a number of different places in the state. There are trees growing on Mr. Richardson's place at San Gabriel. There were samples of cork and acorns shown at the Sacramento citrus fair by H. A. Messenger, of Calaveras County. There are trees of similar age in Sonoma, Santa Barbara and Tulare, and perhaps other counties. The state university is growing seedlings from California cork acorns, and will be likely to have the trees for distribution next year. There is no doubt about the adaptation of the tree to the state, as the widely separated places named above all furnish proper conditions for its growth. It is of course a crop of which one has to wait some time to gather, and therefore needs patience in the planter.

All the corkwood of commerce comes from the Spanish peninsula, where the trees abound not only in cultivated forests, but also grow wild on the mountains. The tree is like an American oak, with leaves similar to the oak, and acorns. It takes ten years for the bark to become a proper thickness to be manufactured into bottle stoppers, life preservers and seine corks. When stripped from the tree it is to be boiled for two hours, cured in the sun for a week and pressed into flat pieces for baling and shipping. The decayed trunk, like a hen robbed of her eggs, does not sulk and quit the business, but throws out a fresh covering for a fresh spooling. One tree has been known to yield half a ton of corkwood. One pound of cork can be manufactured into 144 champagne corks. The baled cork bark is sold to cork manufacturing centers.

The most extensive manufactory in America is at Pittsburg. Besides the ordinary demands for cork bark, a good supply of the buoyant material, after being burned, to make it still lighter than the original bark, is shipped to Canada and New England, where it is made into seine corks. The average annual importation of corkwood into this country, entirely at the port of New York, is 70,000 bales a year. A bale weighs 160 pounds, and is worth on this side of the water \$20, making a total value of the importations of \$4,000,000. It comes in duty free.—Pacific Rural Press.

October 13, James and Edward Tewkesbury, of Tonto-basin notoriety and principals in the Tewkesbury-Graham emerald, arrived in Holbrook, A. T. They are under \$3,000 bonds each. They seem confident of final acquittal.

It is said that the soda works at Laramie, Wyo., are now doing good work and make a daily product of 4,800 pounds of concentrated lye, 8,000 pounds of caustic soda, 1,500 of soda ash and 4,000 pounds of salt cake, or about ten car loads of merchantable goods per week.

The Laramie Boomerang of the 14th says: A meteor which fell in the vicinity of one of the large buttes in the northern portion of the Silver Crown mining district, on the night of Aug. 27, 1886, was discovered about 10 days ago by Edward J. Sweet, a resident there and by him taken to the assay office of W. C. Knight, of Cheyenne. Mr. Knight describes it as having a rough exterior, marked with deep pits, being of nearly pure iron and as soft and malleable as naitrod. It contains chromium and one or two other constituents besides the iron.

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT.

COMING TO THE NEW WORLD.

To-day there came an iron steamer from Liverpool to New York, bringing besides a few who had crossed the ocean before, hundreds of persons who had not. They were a chosen lot of men, women and children, selected because of their habits of temperance; their disposition to peaceful religion; their good health; their faith in the future; their willingness to labor and thus from the soil to bring wealth, as various kinds of property required for the support of man and his attendants is called. These persons come here, not to sit on the shore on the borderland of their new home, but to go on, following the course of the sun till they reach one of the territories or embryo states of the west, there to anchor, earn their support, build their homes, erect temples, and in obedience to the positively spoken commands of the All Father, to multiply in numbers, and by labor, replenish the waste that must go on that man may live and gain his foothold to place in the greater procession, the more active field of which is Over There.

We watched the immigrants, as they are called, come from the vessel to the land. There were men, women and children, each with a heart, a hope, a life, a courage to walk straight ahead into the realms of destiny. How they were hurried, hustled, pulled, hauled, sworn at and abused by here and there a brutal, coarse, drunken employe of the government or its officers in charge at Castle Garden. How miserably the new comers are treated. They are driven into rooms whose floors are carpeted only with dirt, and whose walls hold old stinks, and here robbed of a good portion of what they bring with them; overcharged, underfed, systematically gouged and treated with less consideration than ordinary farmers show to the cattle that form a portion of his wealth, as each resident and new coming immigrant is one more of the props, supports and actual components of our country.

And still, the new comers are benefited after they have gone inland. After they have been subjected to the pangs of departure from the old and arrival in the new. They go to the west and there meet friends who came over before them and who, in this country and that, in this town or settlement, or stake, or locality, or that one, will find their old friends who preceded them, not all tramping around a band wagon, a throe or a playfellow, singing and making themselves sick on milk and honey, but at work. Here on a new farm, there in a shop, over there on a ditch or in the subjugation of the wilderness, that home, health, happiness, harmony and heaven may follow, as the natural sequence of honest effort, charity to all, malice to none, and each individuality protected and encouraged as was the original design.

How the new comers are welcomed. Enquiries made of the parents and relatives of those who were left behind. And how quickly, cheerfully, courageously the new comers enter upon their work. How soon, after they arrived on our shores, were they moved on. No time nor need for weeping and wailing because others who are to come are not yet here. Baton, and away to the west, to have homes and rest and welcome against the arrival of those who are to follow, all in good time when the conditions are ready.

Faith that there is a land of better opportunities. Courage to move on, never stopping to doubt, and thus proving the possession of the germs of the power to accomplish, in proportion to the will to dare.

To-night, as the week is being rolled up to be packed away with its records of worth, work, weakness and wickedness, to stand for or against us, we read a letter from an old friend who appears to have lost his head and courage in a wallow of grief. He writes us that his son is dead and that his heart is broken. That there is little or nothing left for him to live for. That he mourns, mourns, mourns. That he doubts the life over there. That he has no proof that his son lives in another world, and fears that he will never see him more. He asks a plain-spoken friend what to do and how to do it.

Be a man, and all things will follow you. Man has no right to live for himself. God does not live for Himself. Christ did not live for Himself, nor did those who walked, worked and suffered with Him. Not one of the benefactors of mankind and helpers of God, and the good angels ever live for himself or herself alone. No man has a right to dismount from himself and to mount his son and ride behind, as the two journey along. Men have no right to live, labor, think, plan and deprive themselves of the means to growth, and opportunity to meditation, in order to prove that their son is not able to care for himself. No man has a right to be selfish in person, or by proxy to worship anything on earth, but a principle. Our duty is to helping humanity into the world and then teach manliness, independence, self-reliance, industry, courage and labor as the only honest means to accomplish.

Men go down into doubt, gloom, weakness, worthlessness, because they have no faith to keep on crossing the ocean and geting there. Life is immortal, or it is not. If not, you make a mistake in bidding yourself into another so that you cannot

see out, feel out or get out without travail. If not, what sense is there in kicking? Crying over spilled milk does not improve the milk. It only adds more water to its weakness.

But life is eternal. It has existed from the first, till by process of begetting and birth it is thrown off as an entity, and sent on its eternal way. There is no such thing as death, if thereby we infer or hold out that life has ceased to live. From birth, forever, the way is onward and upward in all that is good and completing in knowledge. We are all immigrants on the way to the Over There country. The well-bred soul knows that it has a higher work and a more pleasant mission than to wait on the shore, dig its knuckles into its eyes and weep, because it is a little in advance of those who are to follow; nor does it sit on the shore from which the ship sailed, and weep, weep, weep, and spill itself out in tears till the ship returns for more voyagers.

Your boy grew weary of being coddled. He has passed on to take a higher degree of lessons in manly independence. He had no need to be considered as a baby, and he was making you weaker the longer you carried him, as if doubting his ability to walk. He has simply crossed the ocean, to be your senior in the world Over There, as you were his senior while here. You and your wife, his mother, gave him a good start, the foundation of his integrity, but you have never lifted your eyes from him, and, at last, he speeds away on his work.

You will not find him in the tows, books or other articles he left. Do not keep them as tear-starters. Give them all away to the children of the poor, and that will be your first step in the right direction. The grave is not a junk shop, and in the next world the tools and playthings are not of the kind used here.

His body came to you by process of materialization, so slow that you could not see its growth till it had grown. Your son used the body till it was time for him to move on and away. He is busy in the other life. In his work over there in the new country, the new life, do not compel him to drag a pitcher of tears along after him, or to be pointed at as the new comer whose father is riding him, because of his inability to see, and to endure, and to walk.

We have lost relatives and friends, but shall never find them in the grave, nor reach them by a raft floating in tears. We shall find them home-steaded all over the promised land—the promised life. We will be welcomed by our friends who have gone before, as we entertain those who find us here.

In a room above where we write, are three bright little children, that came into this life at our call. We love them dearly. While they are our guests here they will be well-used, carefully protected, encouraged to think, to act, to care for themselves. If we go first into the Park, or if we go together, or if they go first we shall meet there all the same. If they go to the other life before us, they will shout for joy when they see papa coming there, as they now run and shout when they see us coming home.

Our best and busiest work is yet to be done, Over There. So with your son, and all other sons. We know that life is immortal. The testimony that convinces us may not convince others, but it satisfies us. We have no tears to shed when a friend is promoted to a better life and a better position; when he moves on, we will consider him as doing better than ever before, and instead of weeping over his good fortune, will get right to work making sunshine and doing good to others, so that when we join him on the other shore, or journey on to his new home, further in the interior, we shall have to totter along as a tramp, or have our son, or our friend come and carry us in a market basket and to be exhibited as one to be pitied for his weakness.

Monday we shall leave our home and be absent for a day. Because there is much work for us to do. We shall not go out with tears soaking our face, nor weep, because we are to be absent for a time, nor will our children weep when we go, but they will dance, and shout, and sing on our return. We leave them in good hands we trust, while we are away, and shall not come back, when half way to our office, to tell their mother or the nurse to be sure to keep the children's faces gleed to the window and to keep them weeping till our return, so we can then join in and weep the night away. The poor immigrant comes to this shore. He had faith. He had courage. Though he had never seen America, he did not sit in the water up to his eyes and deny the existence of this land of beautiful homes, this life on the other side of the ocean, nor shall we.

Get up, good friend, and come along. There is work to be done, and we commence our share of it this blessed Saturday night. Why blessed? Because we have made several hearts happier during the week.

BRICK POMEROY.

October 12, Ed. Dalton stabbed and killed Thomas Griffin at Winslow, A. T. in a drunken row. It is said that Dalton was justified. Dalton who is an old man, has the reputation of being an inoffensive citizen. Both were railroad laborers. Dalton had an examination before a justice of the peace, and was bound over to await the action of the grand jury.