

### How a Lazy Man was Reformed.

Mr. Easy was one of the most good-natured, idle, happy, don't care sort of a man, that the sun ever shone upon. It didn't trouble him an iota whether there was a war in the kitchen or the Crineea, if he had but a newspaper, a cigar, and a lounge as tall as himself, whereon he could recline at full length and see the blue smoke curl up and waft away—he didn't care where—if Mrs. Easy wasn't in the mood of talking. The whole family of little Easies might dance around, spin tops, play ball, over-turn the coal-hods and take his best hat for an ottoman without his ever turning his eyes in that direction.

But a very different kind of person was Mrs. Easy; she cherished the idea that nature intended her to be somebody, and that the only obstacle to her rapid rising in the estimation of mankind generally, was the supineness of her slothful and easy husband. When the thermometer indicated less than seventy degrees, the house was comparatively quiet; and if Jimmy did pull Benny's hair and set him to crying, and then in his effort to run away, fall over his father's boots and upset his mother's work-basket, why Mrs. Easy never pursued him farther than the door, and then on her return would make him place the newspaper a little closer to his face to conceal his merriment.

On Wednesday afternoon, just after the dinner table had been cleared and everything arranged orderly, Mr. Easy was occupying his favorite place on the lounge, and his wife was engaged sewing the last button on a garment for Jimmy, when Mrs. Easy suddenly exclaimed:—

"I wish I could go to the sewing circle this afternoon; Mrs. Ray and Mrs. Holbrook and almost everybody I know is going, and they are to choose officers, too, and I heard they talked of nominating me for president."

"Well, do go," said the husband, laying down his paper; to her utter astonishment having noticed her remark without her repeating it.

"I don't feel very well, and I will stay at home and see to the children and have everything first rate when you get back."

"First-rate!" repeated the wife, a little excited; "you have kept house before, and when I got home it looked as though there had been a fire here, and I said then I would never leave you again with the children."

"Well, my dear, you know experience is a good teacher; so just try me this once, and see if you don't find things in good shape when you get back."

The wife hesitated a few moments, and then the desire to spend the afternoon with her friends, and the idea, too, that when she returned she might be an officer in the society, prevailed over her fears of household disorder. So, after giving her husband various instructions how to proceed for the next six hours, (of which he heard not a word, though a nod now and then caused his more ambitious half to believe that he treasured up the whole of them) she went to her chamber to dress for the occasion.

Half an hour afterwards Mrs. Easy entered the sitting-room, and her husband thought he never saw her look more attractive than she did in her closely fitting bodice and brocade skirt, and he firmly resolved to do his best to merit her approbation when she returned.

"I want a piece of bread and butter," said Jimmy, about half an hour after his mother had left. His father was still on the lounge with the newspaper before him, and not being accustomed to attend to the wants of the children, he already forgot the responsible trust he had assumed; so Jimmy, finding his request unheeded, proceeded to help himself, and going to the closet he climbed to the top shelf in search of the articles he desired, but making a mistep, down came Jimmy, bread, butter, Mrs. Easy's favorite souptureen, and several other dishes.

"Come down Jimmy!" said his father, the crash having brought him to his senses.

"I am down," replied the boy, trying to extricate himself from among the fragments.

"I should think you were down, and all your mother's china with you!" said Mr. Easy, with sorrow depicted on his countenance; "but there, there, Jimmy, don't cry; I'll buy some more before your mother gets back—so you be a good boy and run out to play; here's a cent for you," and the father took his pocket handkerchief and rubbed the butter either in or off the boy's face and left it shining like an apothecary's bottle by gas light; then gathering up the broken ware and putting all into the swill pail, he swept the remains of the butter into the dust-pan, and again seated himself on his favorite spot. But his troubles were not yet ended, for Jimmy's mishap and outcry had awakened Ella, the youngest, who had been sleeping in the cradle. She vociferously demanded where was ma.

"Oh, Lord," said her father, half musingly, "she's gone down to Mrs. Norwood's to the sewing circle. If it was a man who invented them, I hope he will have to keep house every Wednesday afternoon as long as he lives."

"Gone down to Mrs. Norwood's," repeated Benny to whom Jimmy had told the story of his misfortunes, and who was now viewing the ruins.

"I'll go right straight down and tell her that Jimmy's broke a whole lot of dishes, and the baby's crying, and pa won't give us nothin' to eat."

"Come back!" shouted the father, while the perspiration stood in drops on his face. But the boy knew that his pa never used the rod, so the call had no other effect than to make him increase his speed in the direction of Mrs. Norwood's house. The parent did not wait to give a second call, but started in pursuit of the fugitive. He was just descending the steps that led from the outer door to the pavement, when owing to the butter on the soles of his boots, he slipped and fell, reaching the street without any muscular effort on his part. Mr. Easy groaned aloud, but he had

no time to ascertain if any of his bones were broken, so away he hobbled, much to the amusement of a group of shavings-boys, who were on the corner opposite. In spite of all his exertions, the distance widened between him and his undutiful son; so he hired one of the boys to overtake Benny and bring him back. Away went the boy on his errand, while the housekeeper forgetting he had left the baby at home alone, stepped in the nearest shop to rest. Presently he heard an outcry in the street, and on going to the door, he beheld his son, (who had some of his mother's blood in his veins) in mortal combat with the boy who was trying to force him home against his will. Benny had already received a black eye, the blood flowed freely from his nostrils, and his clothes were considerably the worse for the afternoon's wear. Away went Mr. Easy to the rescue and triumphantly captured son, whose garments fluttered in the wind. The group of shavings-boys voluntarily escorted them to their threshold and made the air resound with vocal music, thus giving publicity to the affair, and increasing Mr. Easy's troubles, which seemed to have no end.

Ella, who had seen between two and three years of life, was of a very inquiring mind; and when she saw herself the occupant of the room, and found that if she did cry there was no one to hear her, she climbed up the side of the cradle, tipped it over and started on a voyage of discovery on her own account. Her first attempt was to obtain a drink of water, in doing which she upset a brimming pail and then stooped to quench her thirst from the brook she had made. Next she proceeded to investigate an escutcheon upon a small table in the corner of the sitting-room. The large black marks the ink made on the paper pleased her very much, but in continuing this occupation, the ink bottle was soon upside down on the carpet, the dark liquid spreading rapidly. Though Ella's education was limited, she had learned to discriminate somewhat between right and wrong; her last act she concluded must be of the latter class, and to make amends, she endeavored to scrape up the ink with her hands. At this moment a fly lit on her nose, and with the same hand she routed him. After this it would have been difficult to determine to which of the five races she owed her origin. The next scene of action was the kitchen closet, when a pitcher of milk was partly drunk and the remainder poured into a pan of flour Ella began to knead the contents, but she preferred more room, so she dragged the pan into the centre of the parlor, the door of that apartment being ajar.

A few moments after, Mr. Easy entered with his sons, determined to shut them up for the rest of the afternoon. But what was his horror to find his kitchen afloat, the sitting room carpet stained beyond all probability of restoration, and the parlor strewn with flour and literally covered with paste. His first idea was of a voyage to Australia, and of leaving each one to his fate; but then came the thought of his poor wife.

"If I have such a hard time in taking care of the children for a few hours," said he, "what must be poor Susan's trials, staying here all the time and not only taking care of them, but attending to all her other duties; I always thought women had a very easy time, but I give up that idea now, and only wonder that so few are in the insane asylums. From this time forth I am easy no longer, but I will be industrious and frugal; and if at home the domestic whirlwind blow Olympus-high, I shall not attribute it to her—but remembering this day, seek for the true cause."

After musing and resolving what to do, he set himself about restoring order once more; but it seemed to him to look worse when he had done, than when he began, for as he hadn't thought to wash the children's hands and remove their soiled clothes, they had been going about leaving their marks. Neither did his brain suggest to him that if he let the paste dry on the carpet, it could be removed without injury; but he undertook to wash up the flour in the same manner as he had done the water and the ink from the other rooms, and with the same cloth too. As he thought hot water might be the best, he went to considerable trouble to obtain it; and, after carrying into execution his threat of shutting up the boys, he went on with his work. We leave the reader to judge how much the beauty of the carpet had increased an hour afterwards, when with tired muscles and aching heart he arose from his humble position.

But we will not follow Mr. Easy too minutely through all his troubles, on that eventful afternoon. While Jimmy and Benny were prisoners in the bed room, they amused themselves by playing ball around the room, and circus on the white counterpane. In a short time the wash bowl and pitcher were in fragments, the looking glass cracked, and the counterpane dangling on the floor!

Mr. Easy in his anxiety to keep the youngest one quiet, gave her whatever she desired. As he found she was Mrs. Easy in miniature when thwarted, he gave her bread and butter to spread for herself, silver spoons to drum with, scissors to cut a newspaper—and when his back was turned, she cut her curls and strewed them about the floor.

Then she called for the sugar bowl, which he considered perfectly harmless, but the room was soon thronged with flies. By this time, Jimmy and Benny, after promising good behavior, had gained their liberty, and wished for a drink of molasses and water. This request was granted, and they were permitted to mix it for themselves; their father having taken a seat in despair, and made up his mind to await patiently the result of all this chaos, when his better-managing half should return. But a scream from the kitchen brought him to his feet again, to behold Ella dripping with molasses, a large vessel of which Benny had upset.

Ella, with blinded eyes, grasped the first object that came in her way, which happened to be her

father, with his Sunday pants on. Alas! poor Mr. Easy! on finishing his cleaning operations, he found his pants so bedaubed with flour, paste and ink, it would have been hard to tell if he were a baker or a printer; so as his best ones were the nearest at hand, he doffed his floured garb, and now what a misfortune! Mr. Easy, was mad! stark mad! and at that moment he caught a glimpse of the rod of correction which lay on the shelf, and which he had often thought it was all nonsense to use; but he was now of a very different mind, and applied it dexterously until it became too short; and then ended the tragic farce by putting them to bed superfluous. As he had not much appetite himself, it did not occur to him that they might not be similarly inclined.

After the children had cried themselves to sleep, and the house was once more still, Mr. Easy pondered in his mind whether it would be best for him to see his wife, or his wife to see the house first; and he came to the conclusion that the former would be the better mode of proceeding. He knew she intended to stay in the evening, so as it began to grow dark, he crept softly down stairs, went to a clothing store near by, and purchased a new pair of pants and a few other articles to match; then, going to his room, he made an entire change of apparel. "I will lounge about no longer in a thread-bare coat," he mentally exclaimed, as he surveyed himself in the glass, and saw the change in his appearance; "but I will throw off these idle habits I have indulged in, and be a man among men; nor will I burden my wife with so many cares, until from necessity she is compelled to neglect the culture and habits of our children."

With thoughts like these, he again went into the street, and stopping at the next door, rang the bell, which summons was answered by a young girl.

"Nancy," he said, "my wife has gone out, and I am going too. Will you sit with the children's little while? They are asleep, and will be no trouble to you."

Nancy was a great favorite with the Easy family, and they were with her, so mutual favors were often done by each to the other. In a moment more, Nancy was ascending the stairs that led to the Easy family, while the husband was on his way to the sewing circle.

"Ladies, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Easy," said Mr. Norwood. Mrs. Easy, who was really a pretty smart woman, and who now held the highest office in the gift of the ladies present, looked up to see who this namesake of hers was. But who can picture her astonishment when she beheld her own masculine property in a suit standing before her. It was the first time since their marriage that he had ever voluntarily entered company to spend a social evening with her; she longed to ask him a thousand questions:—How he had got along—who was taking care of the children—why he came—and what made him buy those clothes. But Mrs. Easy had too much good sense to manifest the commotion within, and when he took a seat by her, she treated him with that respect which is ever due from a wife to her husband. But when all eyes were turned in another direction, she whispered in his ear:—

"Did the children behave good?"

"Can you go home pretty soon, Susan?" was the reply. "I have something to say to you."

At first Mrs. Easy felt alarmed, and then she thought it could not be anything serious, or he would not be there. But Mr. Easy seemed so different from what he generally was, she was puzzled as well as pleased. He was so polite and gentlemanly, and he had so many new ideas to advance, she thought he hadn't read so many newspapers for nothing, and she really felt proud of him, and wondered if the fault hadn't always been hers; and she resolved not to scold so much in future, nor try to convince him of her superiority, but on the other hand make him believe he was somebody and she was his wife.

As soon as etiquette would allow, Mr. and Mrs. Easy took their way home.

"Come to your chamber, Susan," said the husband, as he saw her place her hand on the knob of the parlor door, and he remembered the scenes of the afternoon. "I wish to tell you something," and he led the way to their room, while the wife marvelled more than ever what all could mean.

"Susan," he began, "I want to talk with you, if you will listen."

She bowed assent and then placed the lamp she had lighted on the table. Mr. Easy had the next twenty minutes' conversation without interruption from her; at the end of that time Susan did not know whether to shed tears of joy or of sorrow, whether to speak no word of reproach or to so far insex herself as to curse him for the loss of carpets, and for the ruin and chaos that met her vision when she looked around on her suit of rooms. A few moments of silence, and she obeyed the better voice within, and only put her arm around her husband's neck, laid her head upon his shoulder and said weeping:—

"I will believe you, and trust this afternoon's experience will prove no loss. If you will but become industrious and energetic, it is all I ask; I shall then be able to have leisure time to teach the children in such a manner they will remember the lessons, when I am not here to enforce them."

Mr. Easy was up with the sun the next morning, and away to his business; and when some neighbors entered after dinner, they were surprised not to find him on the lounge as usual, but a frown from the wife will put a stop to all enquiries, and so the matter dropped.

In a few years Mr. Easy became a landlord instead of a tenant; but to this day the neighbors have not discovered the secret of his reform, and she wouldn't tell even me; but I overheard them talking about it the other evening, and discussing the expediency of getting their now meaningless surname changed. How ridiculous in her not to tell all she knows! and now I have found it out, I'll put it in the paper out of spite: which I suppose is the most effectual way of informing all

my friends of the cause of the rise and progress of the Easy family.

### MARRIED:

In this city on the 18th inst., by Prest. Brigham Young, Mr. JOHN S. HOUTZ, of Springfield, and Miss MARY ELLEN PALMER, of this city.

With hearts and hands united,  
Be always kind and true;  
With wisdom's ways delighted,  
Her peace shall follow you.

### DIED:

In this city, June 6, 1886, of consumption, SUSAN JANE, wife of Nelson W. Whipple, aged 28 years and 2 months.

She was born in Elyria, Lorain co. Ohio; was baptized at the age of 14, and shortly after gathered with the Saints. She died in full faith, leaving 5 children under 9 years of age.

In Mantli city, May 27, 1886, of inflammation, WILLIAM A., son of William M. and Orpha A. Miles, aged 2 years and 2 months.

At Kaysville, Davis county, of inflammation of the liver, on the 7th inst., ELIZA KING, daughter of Edmund and Elizabeth Robbins, late of Lower Allstone, near Cheltenham, England.

In Springfield, of inflammation of the lungs, JOSEPH THEODORE, only son of Joseph W. and Anna Catherine Bissell, aged 10 months and 7 days.

### NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

#### 4th of July Celebration.

**WANTED**—a few pounds of powder to celebrate the fourth of July. Persons having it to spare, will please leave it with Livingston, Kinkead & Co., Hooper & Williams, and receive pay for the same.

#### To your Tents.

**PERSONS** in this city having tents in their possession, will confer a favor by loaning them to the Committee of Arrangements for the 4th of July, to be used for military purposes.

#### Military Notice.

**THE** commissioned and non-commissioned officers of G. S. L. Military District, will meet at the Council House on Saturday, June 28, at 4 o'clock p. m. precisely.  
By order of Major General Grant, Commanding N. L. J. C. Little, Division Inspector of G. S. L. Military District, N. L.

### Jennings & Winder's Quarter.

**JENNINGS & WINDER'S**  
DESERET MEAT AND PROVISION STORE,  
One door south of Hooper & Williams.  
**FRESH MEAT EVERY MORNING.**  
**JENNINGS & WINDER**  
want Bark at their Tannery; will give \$20 per cord in good pay.  
A large stock of **BOOTS, SHOES and LEATHER** on hand. Provisions taken in exchange.  
**PATRONIZE HOME MANUFACTURE.**

#### Tax payers of Davis County.

**NOTICE** is hereby given that I will be at my residence in Farmington, every Saturday, from July 1 to Sept. 1, to receive Territorial and County taxes.  
**MILTON D. HAMMOND,**  
Ass'r and Col'r for Davis co.

### STRAYED

**FROM** Horner & Hanks' herd, a red and white COW, branded L H on hip, and L O H on high horn. Whoever will bring said cow to the subscriber at the Historian's office, will be suitably rewarded.  
16-1  
**LEO HAWKINS.**

### TAKEN UP

**IN** the Big Field south of this city, a claybank colored **MARE PONY**, heavy built, shed all round, has a white face, about 9 years old, a brand on the left hip not legible. The owner will please pay charges and take her away.  
16-2  
**JOHN M. MOODY,**  
16th ward.

### TAKEN UP

**BY** the subscriber on the lower cross-bing of Weber, a three year old small red COW, with a calf; has slim wide horns, branded S S on left horn, and J S on left hip. The owner can have them by paying expenses.  
16-2  
**ROBERT GRAHAM.**

### \$10 Reward.

**STRAYED** or stolen from Provo ranch, a black **MARE**, about 8 years old, stands about 18 hands high, star in the forehead, one white foot, and saddle mark. Any one who will give such information as will lead to the recovery of said mare to Joseph Westwood, of Provo, will receive the above reward.  
16-3

### LOST.

**FROM** Horner & Hanks' herd last winter, near Bear river, 1 red COW, some little white, branded Y D H on the hip and BOLTON on the horn.  
Also 1 yearling heifer branded BOLTON on the horn. I will reward liberally any one who will give me information of them so that I get them alive, or if they will deliver one or both to me.  
16-1  
**CURTIS E. BOLTON,**  
12th ward.

### NOTICE.

**ALL** persons in Great Salt Lake county having stray animals in their possession, or who know of any stray animals roaming at large in said county, are hereby required to bring all such animals to the Estray Pound in G. S. L. City, on Monday, the fourteenth day of July next. And all such estrays not claimed out by Tuesday the 15th of July, will be sold as in law provided. By order of  
16-3  
**J. W. CUMMINGS,**  
Poundkeeper.

### ESTRAYS.

**I** HAVE in my possession, a pale red **OX**, 6 years old, branded G on right and L on left hip.  
Also one dark red **STEER**, 3 years old, notch under the right ear, no brands visible; some white in forehead.  
Also a pale red COW, 4 or 5 years old, white under the belly, white face, and red round the eyes, branded B on right hip.  
The owners are requested to prove properly, pay charges and take them away.  
16-3  
**WM. G. PAINE,**  
Poundkeeper, Ogden City.