

FARMACOPEIA.

THE DOCTOR, LOQUITUR.

Good folks ever will have their way—
Good folks ever for it must pay;
But we, who are here and everywhere,
The burden of their faults must bear.
We must shoulder others' shame—
Fight their follies and take their blame;
Purge the body and humor the mind;
Doctor the eyes when the soul is blind;
Build the column of health erect
On the quicksands of neglect.
Always shouldering others' shame—
Bearing their faults and taking the blame.

Deacon Rogers he came to me,
"Wife's goin' to die," said he.
"Doctors great an' doctors small,
Haven't improved her any at all.
Physic and blister, powder and pill,
And nothing sure but the doctor's bill!
Twenty old women, with remedies new,
Bother my wife the whole day through;
Sweet as honey, or bitter as gall—
Poor old woman, she takes 'em all:
Sour or sweet, whatever they choose,
Poor old woman, she daren't refuse.
So she pleases whome'er may call,
An' Death is suited the best of all.
Physic and blister, powder and pill—
Bound to conquer, and sure to kill."

Mrs. Rogers lay in her bed,
Bandaged and blistered from foot to head.
Blistered and bandaged from head to toe,
Mrs. Rogers was very low.
Bottle and saucer, spoon and cup,
On the table stood bravely up;
Physic of high and low degree;
Calome', catnip, boneset tea;
Everything a body could be r,
Excepting light, and water, and air.

I opened the blinds, the day was bright,
And God gave Mrs. Rogers some light.
I opened the window, the day was fair,
And God gave Mrs. Rogers some air.
Bottles and blisters, powders and pills,
Catnip, boneset, syrup and squills;
Drugs and medicines, high and low,
I threw them as far as I could throw.
"What are you doing?" my patient cried:
"Frightening Death," I coolly replied.
"You are crazy!" a visitor said;
I flung a bottle at her head.

Deacon Rogers he came to me—
"Wife is comin' around," said he.
"I re'ly think she'll worry through;
She scolds me just as she used to do.
All the people have pooled and slurred;
All the neighbors have had their word;
'Better to perish,' some of 'em say,
Than be cured in such an irregular way."

Said I, "Your wife had God's good care,
And his remedies, light, and water, and air.
All the doctors, without a doubt,
Couldn't have cured Mrs. Rogers without.

The Deacon smiled and bowed his head;
"Then your bill is nothing!" he said,
"God's be the glory," as you say;
God bless you doctor! Good day, good day!"

If ever I doctor that woman again,
I'll give her medicines made by men.
—Farm Ballads in Detroit Tribune.

—Rather than die without a groan,
let me groan without a die.
A. Ward.

—A Chicago college wants to confer a degree on Gilmore, the concert man. We suggest fiddle—D. D.—Ex.

—The Overland Monthly says, "The Modocs were a chained tiger, tampered with by fools."

—"Can you name the four seasons?" asked a school visitor of a class that was on exhibition. "Yes, sir," said a bright-looking little boy. "What are they, my little man?" "Salt, pepper, vinegar and mustard," was the reply.

—When a Chicago man starts out of the theatre between acts, his wife rises and yells, "That was not a fire alarm, John—where are you going?" John does not reply, as a general thing, until he gets home; then —

—A Detroit paper says that "since the passage of the stringent temperance law in Massachusetts, barbers use more rum than ever. It filters through the scalp." Slanderous.

—In the late editorial convention in North Carolina, Captain William Biggs gave in his experience as follows: He had been several years conducting a newspaper, most of which had been spent in raising the means of doing it.

—By an extraordinary coincidence the very identical plot of ground which General B. F. Butler lately purchased in the suburbs of Washington when nobody else thought it had any particular value, has been pitched upon by a Congressional commission as just the most desirable situation in the world for the proposed Executive Mansion.

Wars Now Going On.

Despite the efforts of the Universal Peace Alliance, there are now a number of wars going on. Men have not yet even begun to beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks. We could wish that the Peace Alliance could have its way, but unfortunately see as yet no sign of such an occurrence. There are now going on—

1. An internecine war between the Republican Government of Spain and Don Carlos, the legitimate heir of the Bourbons to the throne. This war has continued for some time, with varying success. At present there seems no hope of a decided victory by either army.

2. The war between Cuba and the mother country. This struggle has continued for years. It has been prosecuted with vigor on both sides and ferocity on one. The end is not yet.

3. The war between Russia and Khiva. The telegrams have informed us lately that Khiva was captured and the Khan conquered. Our morning despatches contradict this rumor. Russia, though she will doubtless ultimately be successful, will have to earn her conquest of the Khanate of Khiva by marching over the deserts of the Khan and fighting his soldiers.

4. The war between Captain Jack and his Modocs and the military power of the United States. This unequal struggle, unequal more especially on the part of the United States, has continued for months. It has cost us a Brigadier-General of the army, a number of officers of lower grades, and not a few non-commissioned officers and privates, not to mention the great expenses of war in Oregon. Captain Jack, too, has lost, if the telegrams are to be believed, a number of redskins equal to more than double his original force, unfortunately for us, without diminishing his ardor or lowering the efficiency of his corps of sharpshooters. The Universal Peace Alliance has not yet, we regret to say, converted Captain Jack from the ends of his martial ways. *Hinc illa lachrymæ.* [This was written before Jack was captured.]

5. The war between the Dutch and the Sultan of Atcheen. This conflict will, after the close of the present armed neutrality, break out before many more months with renewed fury.

6. The war between Sir Samuel Baker and his forces and the slave-dealers of the White Nile. Late dispatches show that the painful rumor of the death of this hardy explorer and his accomplished wife has no truth in it. Sir Samuel is therefore now executing his mission in the very heart of Africa.

To all these wars must be added the occasional conflicts that occur on the banks of the Rio Grande between the Mexicans and the Texans; the chronic revolutions of Central and South America; the difficulties between the English in India and the wild tribes on their northern frontier—difficulties finally to be settled only by force of arms; and the internal struggles, leading to occasional bloodshed, in most countries of the world, not excepting our own. Peace may come, but it has not come.—*New York World.*

A Very Airy Costume.

The latest French-made dresses are dresses no more, they are mere drapings, with fearfully low necks, absence of all sleeves, a mere strap going over the naked shoulder, joining the dress at the small of the back and the pit of the stomach. The skirt is strangely and wonderfully hung. It caps the folds, it is caught high in the hip, or in the back, and is shaped tight about the entire figure. From beneath the drapery streams out a two-yard train. Out-door costumes are made, as far as the drapery is concerned, in the same style.

These fashions demand revolving pedestals, and what dancers term the "slow movements." No dress of this kind could be taken on its owner's back in a hurry anywhere. Of course, corsets and a good many other articles of underwear hitherto deemed indispensable will have to be taken off from the "Empire" waist. At a very swell wedding reception lately, the lightened belles held their arms like trussed fowls to prevent the silk and lace suspenders that did duty as dress waists from falling off their shoulders. The same bridal party were,

to the number of a dozen photographed, and if I were to send a copy up to Connecticut I'd not only be prayed for as one lost, but I'd be liable to indictment for sending indecent pictures by mail.

No gloves! That's dreadful for nice looks. No corsets! That's bad for comfort. And no waists to our dresses! and that's going to be cool for summer, if it possesses no other decided advantage.—*N. Y. Cor. Mo. Republican.*

Perihelion and Pestilence.

If there is anything in "astrological etiology," we are approaching one of the most pestilential periods in the earth's history. Since the commencement of the Christian era, the perihelia of the four great planets of the solar system—Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune—have not been coincident. But this is about to occur, and in the language of Dr. Knapp, who has traced the history of the greatest epidemics that ever afflicted the human race to the perihelia of these planets, there will soon be "lively times for doctors." The theory is that when one or more of the large planets is nearest the sun, the temperature and condition of our atmosphere are so disturbed as to cause injurious vicissitudes of the weather, extreme heat, excessive cold, terrible rains, prolonged droughts, etc., resulting in the destruction of crops and fruits, famines in many places, and pestilence among human beings and domestic animals.

Dr. Knapp has collated a mass of statistical data, all going to show that perihelion periods have always been marked by unusual mortality, and that sickness and deaths have invariably corresponded with the number of planets in perihelion at the same time. The revolution of Jupiter around the sun is accomplished in a little less than twelve years; of Saturn in less than thirty years; of Uranus in about eighty-four years, and of Neptune in about one hundred and sixty-four years. If it be true, therefore, that the perihelia of these planets occasion atmospheric conditions unfavorable to life, pestilential periods should occur once in a dozen years, and aggravated and still more widespread epidemics at longer intervals. In tracing the history of epidemics for more than two thousand years, Dr. Knapp finds the facts in all cases to validate the theory. Thus, in the sixth and again in the sixteenth century, three of these planets were coincident in perihelion, and those were the most pestilential times of the Christian era.

But soon we are to have, for the first time in two thousand years, all four of these planets against us. They will be at their nearest approach to the sun in or soon after 1880, so that, for a few years, say from 1880 to 1885, the vitality of every living thing on the earth will be put to a severe and trying ordeal. Some persons think they see, in the signs of the times, evidences of great disaster in the immediate future. The excessive heat of last summer; the unexampled cold of last winter; the prevalence of floods and disasters at sea; the general failure of the potato crop; the widespread chill-fever among human beings, and the equal prevalence of epizooty among animals, are mentioned as among the premonitions of the rapidly approaching perihelion.

Well, "to be forewarned is to be forearmed." Accidents excepted, we know very well that the persons of more vigorous constitutions and more hygienic habits will have the better chance to survive whatever adverse influences the extraordinary perihelia will occasion. It is well known to physicians that, in all pestilences, plague, typhus, small-pox, cholera, influenza, pleuro-pneumonia, murrain, etc., the intemperate, the dissipated, and those whose sanitary conditions were bad, furnished the great majority of victims.

We do not write to alarm any one, nor to make a sensation. We state the facts which all history attests. The readers of *The Science of Health* can judge for themselves what importance to attach to the subject. That the conjoint perihelion of all the large planets of our solar system, one of which, Jupiter, is a thousand times as large as the earth, must disturb our atmosphere and temperature very considerably, is probable; that this disturbance must be injurious to health and life is certain; and that these periods have heretofore been pestilential, is

a matter of record. How much we shall suffer during the next dozen or fifteen years, depends very much on how nearly we live a life in accordance with the laws of life.—*Science of Health.*

A Queer Cup of Tea.

Not long since we called attention to some of the vile drugs retailed in London under the name of tea. Dr. Letheby, the medical health officer of that city, has now, however, revealed an entirely new system of adulterations of a different sort. The beverage is known as "iron filing tea," and is less than a thousand boxes of it were actually sold before Dr. Letheby interfered. Samples, however, had been taken, and the names of the purchasers obtained. He found that the samples contained from forty to forty-three per cent. of silica in the form of fine sand, which had been mixed with the leaves before curling, evidently with a view to increase their weight. After the leaves were curled they were covered with green pigment, and when infused in boiling water they produced "a very turbid solution, offensive to the smell and nauseous to the taste." In another instance Dr. Letheby was warned that a large quantity of unsound tea was hawked about in the city, and, on inquiry, he found that it was salvage from a wreck. The tea, after having been well soaked in salt water, was dried and otherwise manipulated to give it a decent appearance, and then packed in old tea chests and stored in a bonded warehouse. All the samples were composed of "exhausted and putrid leaves, utterly unfit for human consumption." Of this latter delectable composition a million and a half pounds had been sold, while as we have said, of the green tea, which contained sixty per cent. of iron filings and fine sand, and which was advertised as "extra fine, new season's, Mayne gunpowder green tea," a thousand boxes had been disposed of. These quantities ought to be enough to keep the tea-drinking population of London supplied for some time. It would be perhaps an agreeable change to drink the "extra fine" sand and iron filings one evening, and the next to try the "green pigment of putrid leaves," while on a third might be essayed the still more elaborate London mixture, having the appearance of tea, which we described in a previous article.

For such a cup of tea the proper kind of milk would be the London article, which contains twenty-five per cent. of milk and seventy-five of water. Out of no less than sixty-two different specimens of milk examined lately by Dr. Whitmore, twenty-five contained these proportions of water, while fifteen others were described as "deteriorated." If, however, this should be too plain a compound to go with the teas just described, there is plenty of other London milk containing chalk, annatto, tragacanth and starch.—*Ex.*

Re-arming the German Troops.

The German War Department has ordered some of the new Krupp field-guns, which have been subjected to various trials during the past eighteen months, to be distributed among certain batteries of the regiments of field artillery. A horse battery of these guns has been selected for field artillery of the guard. The new gun is described as very manageable, and it has lately been provided with an iron gun-carriage of novel construction. Those troops of the cavalry and artillery which have not been armed with the new rifle, such as the Cuirassiers, the Uhlans, the Landwehr, cavalry, and the sub-officers of the artillery, are to be provided with a new pistol, the old smooth-bore cavalry pistol being quite out of date.

A series of experiments are to be made this summer with a view of ascertaining the best system of construction to be adopted for this new pistol, it being considered that the revolvers lately introduced into the English, Austrian and French armies are much too complicated in construction and limited in range. The arm which is believed to be best adapted for the purpose is a breech-loading pistol with a Remington lock; and the same ammunition as that used for the Manser rifles. The construction of these rifles is proceeding with great rapidity in the government factories, and it is expected that by the end of 1875 not only the whole of the German infantry of the line and of the guard, and of the reserve troops which would have to be called up in the case of war, will be provided with the new arm, but also that it will be possible to lay in a sufficient stock to provide for all contingencies in the artillery depots. The converted needle-guns would then be issued to the infantry of the Landwehr. It is

Why Prices are High.

Mr. Ruskin, in a recent paper, says:

"The weekly bills are double, because the greater part of the labor of the people of England is spent unproductively; that is to say, in producing iron plates, iron guns, gunpowder, internal machines, internal fortresses floating about, internal fortresses standing still, internal means of mischievous locomotion, internal lawsuits, internal parliamentary eloquence, internal beer, and internal gazettes, magazines, statues and pictures. Calculate the labor spent in producing these internal articles annually, and put against it the labor spent in producing food! The only wonder is that the weekly bills are not tenfold instead of double. For this poor housewife, mind you, cannot feed her children with any one, or any quantity, of these internal articles. Children can only be fed with divine articles. Their mother can, indeed, get to London cheap, but she has no business there; she can buy all the morning's news for a half-penny, but she has no concern with them; she can see Gustave Doré's pictures (and she had better see the Devil) for a shilling; she can be carried through any quantity of filthy streets on a tramway for threepence, but it is as much as her life is worth to walk in them, or as much as her modesty is worth to look into a print shop in them. Nay, let her have but to go on foot a quarter of a mile in the West End, she dares not take her purse in her pocket nor let her little dog follow her. These are her privileges and facilities in the capital of civilization. But none of these will bring meat or flour into her own village. Far the contrary. The sheep and corn which the fields of her village produce are carried away from it to feed the makers of Armstrong guns. And her weekly bills are double."

Correspondence.

BEAVER CITY, Beaver Co., }
June 10, 1873.

Editor Deseret News:

The semi-annual conference of Beaver Stake of Zion convened in Beaver City, on Friday morning, June 6th.

Conference was called to order by President Murdock. Beaver choir sang the first hymn.

The opening prayer was offered by Bishop James McKnight, of Minersville.

After the choir had sung, "How are thy servants blest, O Lord!" President Murdock requested the Elders who might be called upon to address the conference, to speak upon tithing, donation, education and public improvement.

During the Conference, Elder Robt. L. Campbell, Territorial Superintendent of Common Schools, arrived from Parowan, and Hon. Z. Snow and Elders J. D. T. and Richard McAllister, arrived from your city, and addressed the conference. The Rev. Mr. Pierce, also of your city, held service on Sunday afternoon the 8th.

Some excellent instructions were given during the conference. The Spirit of the Lord prevailed.

The speakers seemed to feel perfectly free, and advanced many precious truths upon the plan of salvation.

I should have mentioned, also, that Elder Charles Pulsipher, agent for the St. George Temple, spent Sunday with us. From him we learned of the death of President Joseph W. Young. The general murmur of regret that passed through the congregation at the announcement, attested the high regard in which Brother Young was held.

The general church authorities and our local officers were unanimously sustained by the people. I do not know that I ever attended a conference at which elders spoke with greater freedom, plainness and power.

The conference was well attended, the house being entirely too small for all to convene who wished to attend. The Saints of Beaver are fully alive to their duties, and seem determined to "press on," notwithstanding the great opposition here.

RICHARD S. HORNE,
Clerk of Conference.

—A correspondent of the Boston Globe, closing a notice of life in Vienna, expresses his deep admiration of Viennese girls: "In fact, under twenty-five there are no ugly ones; while for every third young lady one meets, one's heart jumps down into one's boots. They are mostly fair with the clearest of complexion's, beautiful hair and killing eyes; and the same remarks apply equally for the servants. I have been in many capitals, but I have never so completely prostrated by appearance as I am here."