

## Southern Women of Yore.

The one person on a Southern plantation whose life was no sinecure, was the genial, stately, and simple-hearted mistress. Hard-working New England housewives and energetic Middle-State women used to fancy their Southern sisters languid, elegant, and inefficient. "Lying off in a rocking-chair, with a servant to fan her," came about as near the usual description of a Southern lady as anything that occurs to me. No mistake could be greater. With a numerous household to supervise and control, it was necessary that the mistress should possess some executive ability to keep everything going smoothly. There was the store room and the "giving out" of provisions. Living on plantations remote from town, as many did, and purchasing supplies in large quantities, the key-basket was a necessity. Who ever saw a Southern housekeeper without that badge of authority? It stood by her on the breakfast-table, or was at hand on the sideboard. It went with her on her daily rounds, and its bunch of keys locked up many a thing besides food. That had to be apportioned to the mouths that were to eat it—so much meal and bacon weekly to the people who lived in the quarters and worked in the field, so much to the house servants, and so much daily measuring for the table of the family. The hot bread which smokes on the Southern breakfast board was measured into the cook's kneading bowl the night before. Coffee was given out, not the uncertain variety, half chickory or two-thirds rye and molasses, which we drink who buy it ground, but the best Java, bought green, browned over the fire in a spider, and ground as it was wanted. The eggs were counted for the batter cakes or the pone, and to the least minutiae of salt and spice, every condiment was distributed under the mistress's eye. This was the only way under that system of affairs, for with the easy-going shiftlessness of Chloe and Dinah, had they been as honest as a pane of glass, things would have melted away like snow in a March sun. All the clothing, for winter and summer, for men, women and children, had to be cut out and made under the direction of the ladies of the family. And at any hour of day or night, if anybody was sick, the mistress was the person to be called upon. The medicine chest was always well supplied with potent remedies, especially with the calomel and quinine which frightened Northerners, but which seem to have a blessed affinity for those who live south of Mason and Dixon's line.—*Ex.*

**THE POTATO BUG.**—Now and then I hear of a field taken by the bugs. We are beginning to understand that to get rid of them, they have to be destroyed like vermin. If one begins early to use the remedy, the job is not so great even for several acres. The remedy, and the only sure one is Paris green one part to twenty or thirty parts of calcined plaster or flour. When the bugs are thick, the plants should be dusted just as soon as they break through the ground. The first crop of bugs disposed of, there will be little difficulty with the second or third. But if the first crop is allowed to mature these second crop will overwhelm you. If compulsory laws were proper, and suited to the temper of the people, one of the first should be, one compelling the destruction of the potato bug, the codling moth and the curculio. I have heard of a method of making a crop of potatoes after the leaves have been all eaten from the vines. Even after denuded of foliage the potato stems will remain green some days in dry, hot weather, and eight or ten days in cool and wet weather. Then in order to make a crop, the vines are completely plowed under and covered up. These vines, so protected, push new roots and stems, and sometimes a good crop of potatoes is made.—*Champaign county (Ill.) letter to Country Gentleman.*

A. P. Fulkerson writes to the *Missouri Republican* to insist that he is the hero of "the sketch on a 'Little Vulgar Boy,'" from the pen of Bret Harte, and that the sketch is a base slander. He says he "does not know who writes under the nom de plume of 'Bret Harte,'" but whoever he is, he must retract or fight. Mr. Harte must either get on his knees or get up and get his pistols.

—Ann Jones, of Providence, Rhode Island, fell to the floor dead, on seeing the undertaker's hearse drive up for the burial of her infant child.

—*Minneapolis Tribune:* "Andy Johnson has had the cholera, but it didn't last him long nor bother him much. It had about the same effect on him as the impeachment trial. He has now 'left it in the hands of the people.'"

—A young New Yorker, whose pugilistic tuition under Jim Maco has cost his father some hundreds, was knocked into a week's retirement from business by a raw young painter from the country, the other day.

—Count Joseph Poniatowski, the "distinguished operatic composer," who has been so long an ornament of Parisian society, is dead. The Count was an expatriated Pole, and his chief distinction as an operatic composer was that nobody ever wanted to hear any of his operas.

—A convention of all the Shaw family scattered through the New England States is shortly to be held, for the purpose of determining whether they are descended from the Shahs of Persia, and, if so, whether they cannot rake up a claim to proprietorship in the pearl fisheries of the Persian Gulf.

—Gen. D. H. Hill has been heard from again—this time in an address before the literary societies at a South Carolina University. He contrasted the condition of South Carolina before and since the war, comparing it to Poland, and asserts that he "glories in the South and despises the North."

—Esquimaux Joe's wife declined to go back to the Polar regions, and was left at New London. Both she and her husband are entirely satisfied with temperate latitudes, and will settle as peaceful fishermen and wife in Massachusetts when the former gets back.

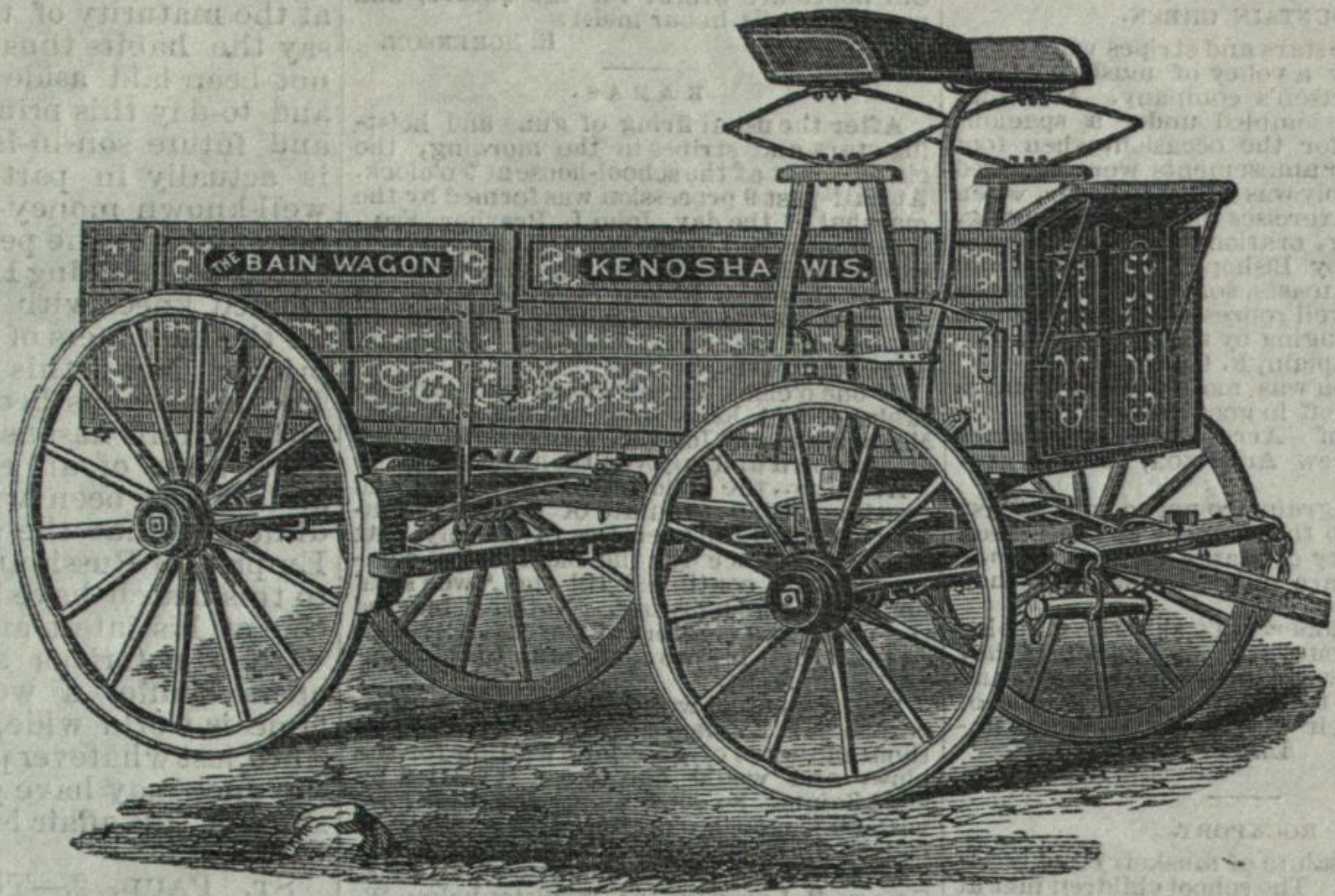
—They are complaining in one of the interior counties of New York of illness brought upon several persons recently present at a wedding party in the daytime, by their being kept in a close room and almost suffocated, in order that, through the aid of artificial light, the occasion might seem more "brilliant."

The press of Vienna, which is very important and influential, is largely worked, owned, written and influenced by Jews. In Vienna there are to-day more Jews than crossed the Jordan with Joshua, and in the Austrian empire there are as many Jews as there were in Judea at the time of Titus. The Jews of Europe play a most important part in music, in money-making and in politics. They have taken possession of much of the goods of Europe without striking a blow in battle or sustaining the burdens of national life. If ever there was a race specially favored by Providence, it is the Jewish race, for it is the wealthiest, most counted and most influential in Europe.

—Meet a fellow man when the thermometer is up among the nineties and you see him mopping the sweat from his face, digging the dust from his eyes, his paper collar wilted, his linen coat streaked with sweat, and he exclaims, "Hot! why I never saw such weather." He tells you how the rubber in his suspenders has melted and run together; how he could wring pints of water from his clothing; how he has lost five pounds of flesh in ten days; how the sun has crisped his boots and ruined his eyesight, and he starts off with the remark: "Never saw anything like it." Now meet a lady, and what do you see? Clean white dress, dainty collar, jaunty tie, hair nicely combed; eyes bright and smiling, no dust—everything a-tidy and orderly as if the weather was October. She doesn't hurry a bit, stops now and then right in the sun, cuts the air with her parasol as if she had no use for it, and always manages to just escape the furious cloud of dust coming up or down the street. There are no inquiries about the state of the thermometer, no longing looks at soda water signs and ice wagons, and no application of the handkerchief. She does not hurry, does not dash for the shade of a six-foot awning and hang to the spot waiting for a cloud to pass over the sun, and when she takes a car it seems to matter little whether all the windows are up or down. How on earth do they manage it?—*Detroit Free Press.*

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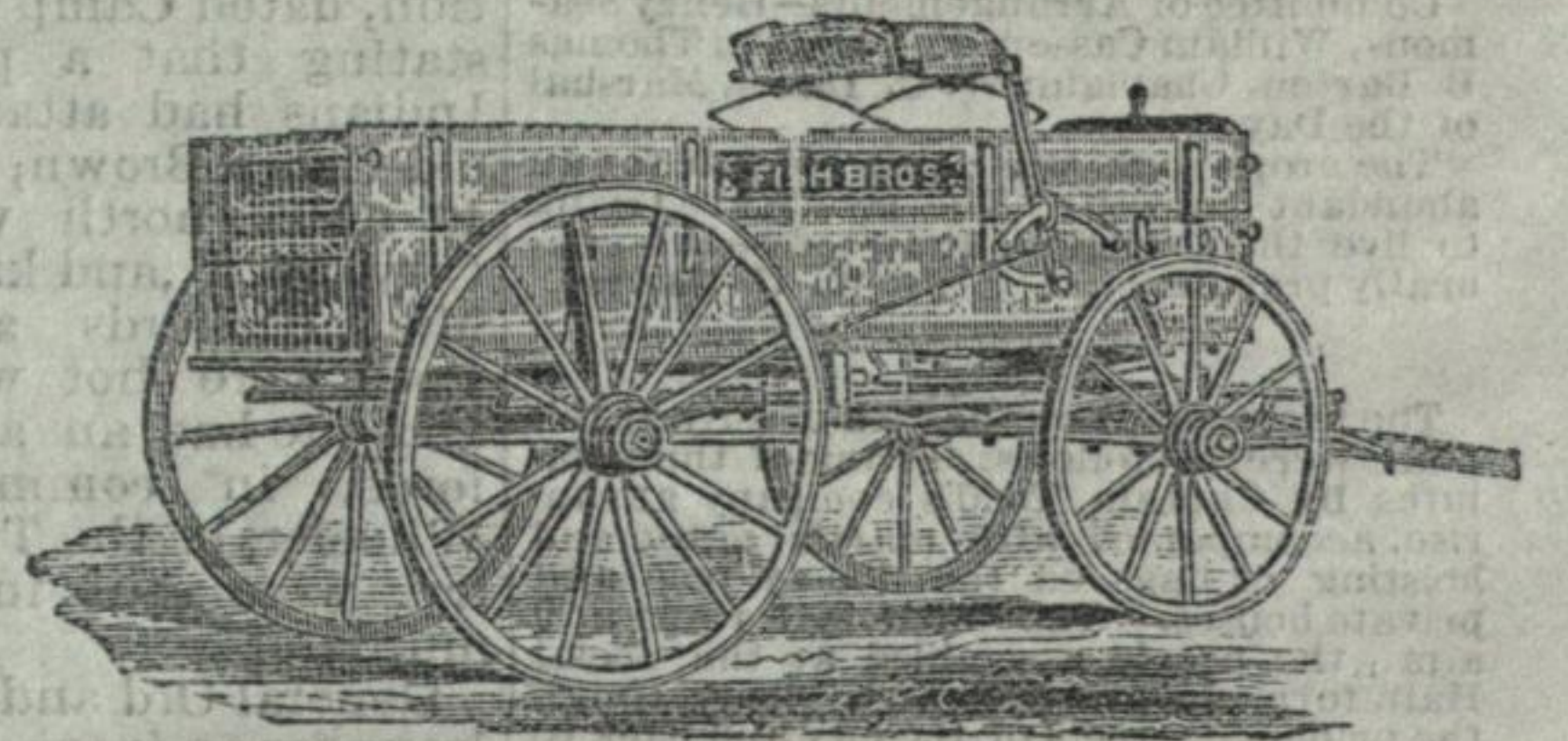
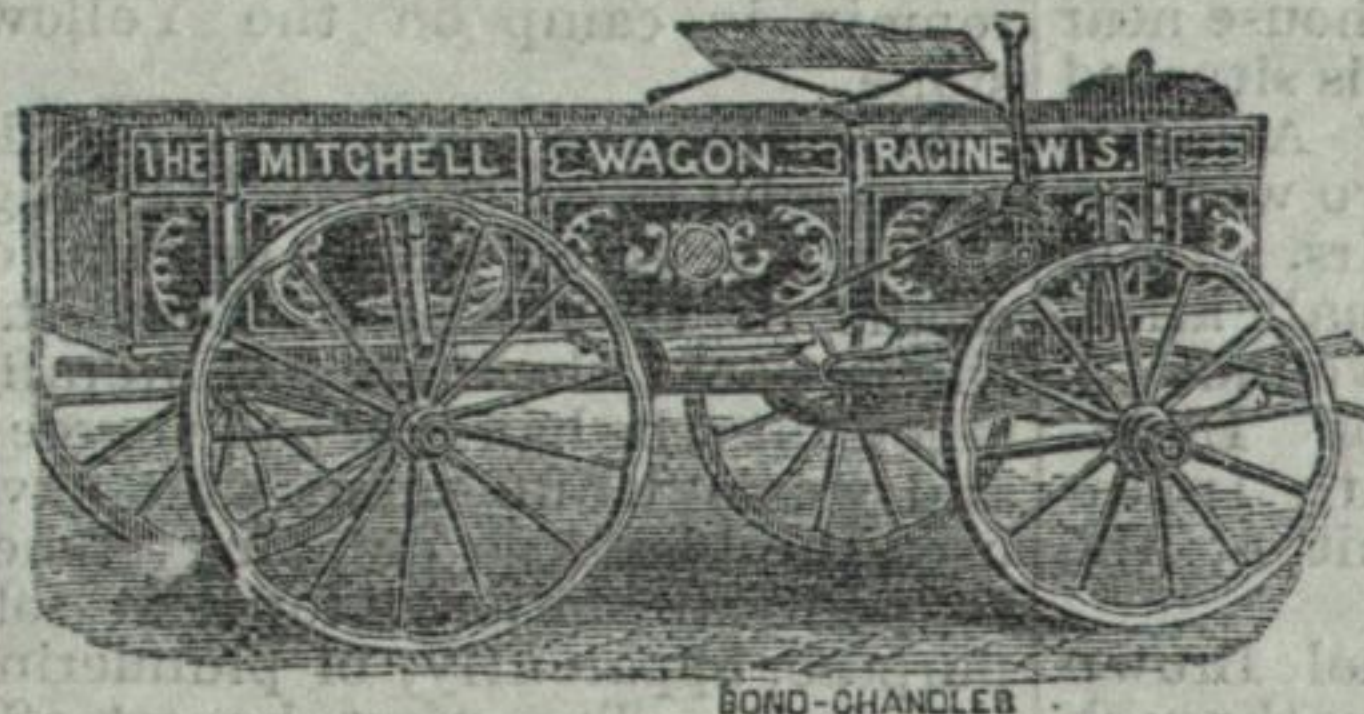
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NOTICE is hereby given to the Tax payers of said Tooele County, that there will be held on Monday the 1st day in September 1873, at 10 a.m., at the Court House, Tooele City, Tooele County, U. T., a session of the County Court of said County, when all complaints against the Assessment for 1873, will be heard and adjudicated. Parties interested will please take notice.

By order of the County Court of said County this 8th day of July 1873.

RD. WARBURTON, Clerk.

w24 1m

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And Manufacturer of Upholsterv, Mattresses, &c., GROESBECK CORNER, opposite the White House, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

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