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UTICA STEAM ENGINE CO. Stationary & Portable Steam Engines.

When you see the leaves falling, do not hastily conclude that the fall is leaving.

Be kind to the little foundlings, for you don't know how soon you may be a foundling yourself.

Why is the earth like a school black board? Because children of men multiply upon the face of it.

Employment is said to be like a window; the higher it is the worse it hurts to be thrown out of it.

A circus elephant, wintering at Louisville, is on the watch for the man who tossed him an apple full of catarrh snuff.

A chiropodist announces on his business cards that he has "removed" corns from several of the crowned heads of Europe.

A youthful correspondent wants to know what magazine would give him the highest position the quickest. A powder magazine would hurry him a few.

When you want to get rid of the rheumatism, persuade a wild steer to chase you. A Savannah man, who gave it a fair trial, had a hot race of forty rods to a tree and up it, certifies that he had not a rheumatic twinge since. This cure has not been patented, and any one can try it without fear of prosecution for an imitation of patent right law.

Poetry.

The Manliest Man. The manliest man of all the race, Whose heart is open as his face.

His words are warm upon his lips, His heart beats to his finger tips.

He lifts the fallen from the ground, And puts his feet upon the round.

He strikes oppression to the dust, He shares the blows aimed at the just.

Hail to the manly man, he comes, Not with the sound of horse and drums.

These hungry eyed wretches, who sit in the unprosperous circle of parents, spying their weakness, misin

terpreting the innocent liberties of the household, and then run from house to house with their shameless

news, are worse than poisoners of wells, or burners of houses. They poison the faith of man in man.

These respectable listeners are the patrons of tattlers. It is the ready market that keeps tale-bearing brisk.

It is a shame to listen to ill of your neighbor. Christian benevolence demands that you do not love ill news.

A man may lose friends, home, position, fortune. They are different from an umbrella. He may lose them; he is sure to lose that. But he keeps on buying or borrowing them.

He buys one some one borrows it and returns it to the wrong man without knowing it. If he borrows one some one steals it outright, and he has to borrow another from another source to make it good.

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It raps you on the head in the stairway, and trips you up in the hall, and falls down on your head from the garret, and when it ain't doing anything else it stands up in a corner and wrings its hands and swears at society.—Danbury News.

RESCUES IN HIGH LIFE.—About a fortnight ago a room in the U. S. Treasury Department, at Washington, in which internal revenue warrants, ready for issue, on United States depositaries are kept, was mysteriously entered by burglars, who forced a skylight, descended, packed up \$75,000 worth of warrants, and got out by climbing back through the skylight. It was evident that the thieves knew the place well and were perfectly able to select such warrants as were negotiable and suited their purpose. The matter was kept very secret, but detectives were employed to work up the case, who succeeded in arresting a son of Judge Williams, of Washington, and one Moore, a clerk in the Treasury Department, against whom the proofs are almost unquestionable, a large proportion of the missing warrants having been found amongst their baggage.

Ministers of the Interior.—The cook and the doctor.

Title-Tattle.

The disposition to pry into the privacy of domestic life is, unfortunately, very common, and is always dishonorable. The appetite for such knowledge is to be regarded as morbid, and the indulgence disgraceful.

A family have a sacred right to privacy. In guarding the delicate relations of the household secrecy, becomes a virtue. Even if by chance the private affairs are laid open to a stranger, honor would require him to turn from them, and if a knowledge of them were forced upon him, they should be locked in a sacred silence.

A double obligation of silence and secrecy rests upon one who is a guest in a family. The turpitude of a betrayal of family history by a visitor is far greater than theft could be. It is a thing so scandalous that it should degrade a person and put him out of society. To betray the secrets of the household is not only an odious immorality, but it is a sin and a shame to be on good terms with those who are known to commit such outrages. They put themselves out of the pale of decent society. They should be treated as moral outlaws.

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Ministers of the Interior.—The cook and the doctor.

SENTIMENTS OF A FARMER'S WIFE.

How many farmers there are who own hundreds of acres of land, hire five or ten men to assist them in farming, with ten or twenty extra men during the harvest—having five blooded stock, thrifty, choice orchards, and conveniences of every description for their work, who yet live in a tumble-down house, leaving all over the roof, and whose overworked wives have to go a hundred yards or more for a pail of water, when a little extra labor would have placed the water in a convenient sink in the house. The farmer's wife has to rise at four or five o'clock in the morning, while all the family are sleeping, and cook breakfast for ten or twenty men; and not one of the family ever thinks of filling the wood-box or getting a pail of water at night. She must do it all, and when breakfast is ready is too tired to enjoy the meal. And she often has to set the table and wash the dishes, with a baby on one arm and another little one clinging to her skirts. Then comes the cleaning up, washing dishes, sweeping, chamber work, churning, baking, cooking dinner, and cleaning up again; and one pair of hands do it all. Perhaps she has about an hour to sit down and rest her aching body in the afternoon. She casts longing glances at the solitary newspaper lying on the table, but baby must have a new dress, husband's stockings need darning, and an overflowing work basket stares her in the face. She has no sewing machine, as her husband said that he could not afford it; but that same day he bought a new fashioned reaper, notwithstanding he already had two or three. She loves music, reading and flowers, but he grumbles that they all cost time and money, and so she travels in the same road, year in and year out, with nothing but the cradle, kitchen and washboard to occupy both mind and hands.

The farmer often goes to town and hears people talking about past, present and future events, and comes home refreshed, wondering why his wife is always so still and never talks about anything interesting. How in the name of common sense can a woman be simply a drudge and then talk about politics and so forth. Put a man in her place and he would be almost crazy in a week, as the daily routine of dish washing, baby tending, and cooking is not calculated to enliven any true woman's spirits.

Now, let the farmer sell off some his superfluous acres and build a convenient house, furnishing it comfortably; have a large flower garden, but not leave the spading, etc., to his wife; buy a sewing machine, washing machine, wringer, and every machine he can think of that will save manual labor. Subscribe for half a dozen papers, religious, agricultural and local, and purchase a few good books. Let his wife select them, as then they will be sure to be both interesting and useful. Get a small, light carriage, and a steady, gentle horse, so that his wife can take the children and occasionally drive about the country, and he has no idea how it will brighten her up. Let her have necessary help in the kitchen, so that she may have a resting spell during the day. Instead of sitting by the stove in the kitchen in the evening, go to the cosy sitting room, where she or should be, books and papers for the older members of the family, and toys and picture books for the children.

Brigham Young on Life Insurance.

This great prophet of the Latter Day Saints is opposed to life insurance on polygometical principles. In one of his late discourses in the Tabernacle, he gave vent to his saintly feelings in the following strain: Brethren, I am down on life insurance. It is the invention of the same evil one who tempted Eve in the Garden of Eden. He promised to give woman the upper hand of her husband, and life insurance does the same. A life insurance agent has more brass than a dozen Yankee clock peddlers. One had the impudence to ask me to take out a policy for the benefit of my wives and children, and before I could recover my breath he commenced to draw up an application, and I verily believe would have filled it out if he could have crowded in the names. Now I ask you, brethren what would most likely become of your Prophet if insurance on his life were effected to the amount of \$50000 for each wife? I have only thirty, and that would make the chances thirty to one that I should enter the realms of glory before the end of the year. As a father of Israel, I have the Gospel privilege of sealing the daughters thereof, but I have no wish that they should seal my fate. I am ready to ascend to my seat on high, but I do not want to be sent up in an insurance balloon. The wives of the faithful are too much tempted already and how could they resist the ingenious device of the Gentiles. Touch not, taste not, handle not, my brethren. Let the Gentile insure his life in the biggest sum for his wife, and when she is a widow, let one of our apostles make love to her and bring her on this side of Jordan. I want no life companies in Utah of which I am not the presiding spirit. Life insurance makes the wife independent of the husband. She feels that, if she should by accident drop some strychnine in his gruel, she has something to fall back upon to keep her children from want. Women should be kept under. They should trust in the Lord, and not in life insurance. If they have a bad husband and an insurance policy on his life, they are always praying secretly for his death, and if their prayers are not answered readily, they hurry up to his predestination. Beware of life insurance. It is satan in disguise. Turn your back upon it, shut your eyes against it, flee from it as from a pestilence, for verily it could bring rebellion into the land of Mormon.

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Try this plan, and in less than a year's time the pale, faded wife will be a blooming, happy woman. Hard work with no pleasure has laid hundreds of farmer's wives beneath the sod who might be living now if their happiness and comfort had been consulted.—Eliza E. Anthony.

EXCELLENT INTEREST RULE.—For finding the interest on any principal for any number of days, the answer in each case being cents, separate the right hand figures to express it in dollars and cents:

Four per cent.—Multiply the principal by the number of days to run; separate the right hand figure from the product and divide by 9.

Five per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 72.

Six per cent.—Multiply by number of days; separate right hand figure, and divide by 6.

Eight per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 45.

Nine per cent.—Multiply by number of days; separate right hand figure and divide by 4.

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Eight per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 45.

Nine per cent.—Multiply by number of days; separate right hand figure and divide by 4.

Ten per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 36.

Twelve per cent.—Multiply by number of days; separate right hand figure and divide by 3.

Fifteen per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 24.

Eighteen per cent.—Multiply by number of days; separate right hand figure and divide by 2.

Twenty per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 18.

A country clergyman in Illinois succeeds in living on ninety cents a week.

A Kansas preacher has had his salary increased \$50 a year for thrashing three men who disturbed his congregation.

A veteran observer thinks that a good many men are valiant in advance, who would not be in the advance when the fighting is over.

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