# Easley Messenger.

*TRUTH, LIKE A TORCH, THE MORE IT'S SHOOK IT SHINES.*

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## MY LITTLE WIFE.

BY HENRY AUSTIN.

She isn't very pretty,
So say her lady friends;
She's neither wise nor witty
With verbal odds and ends.

No fleeting freaks of fashion
Across her fancy run;
She's never in a passion—
Except a tender one.

Her voice is low and cooing;
She listens more than speaks;
While others talk of doing,
The duty near she seeks.

It may be but to burnish
The side-board's scanty plate,
Or but with bread to furnish
The beggar at the gate.

So I, who see what graces
She sheds on lowly life,
To fashion's fairest faces
Prefer my little wife.

And though at her with pity
The city dames may smile,
Who deem her hardly pretty
And sadly out of style.

To me she seems a creature
So musically sweet,
I would not change one feature—
One curve from crown to feet.

And if I could be never
Her lover and her mate,
I think I'd be forever
The beggar at the gate.

## BILL ARP.

### Bill Arp talks of the Comfort of Being Rich.

Money is a right good thing and no sensible man will turn up his nose at it. Money brings comfort and leisure and Solomon says in leisure there is wisdom. A man who has to be digging away every day for a living don't have much time to read and reflect and ruminate. It don't matter whether he is a merchant or mechanic or a farmer or a professional man, if he works hard all day he wants to rest at night.

Money promotes domestic tranquility and that is the best and biggest thing I know of. But money ought to be hard to get, so that its real value may be appreciated—money has to be earned to be prized. If it is inherited or drawn in a lottery or won at games of chance or found round in the road or obtained by lucky speculations in stocks or bonds or cotton futures, it goes at a discount. It is undervalued and don't stick to a man long. A fortune gained in a year rarely sticks to anybody. Luck is a right good thing when it follows along with labor and honesty, but luck by itself is a deceiver. "Trust to luck" is the devil's maxim. I know a hard working man who was so anxious to get ahead that he stinted his family and invested part of his earnings in the Louisana lottery for five years and never drew but ten dollars. He told me he had lost five hundred dollars that way, and every time he saw the list published of the lucky numbers and read about the lucky men who drew the prizes it fired him up and he tried it again. Sometimes I wish Uncle Jubal and General Beauregard would tote fair and publish a list of them fellows who didn't draw anything, But I reckon that would be so long and occupy so many columns in the newspapers they couldn't afford it.

It is just human I know to want more money than we have got, especially if we are hard run and living on a strain. I want more myself, and if I was to find a hundred dollars in the road I couldn't help hoping that the owner would never miss it, and never call for it. Just like a boy who finds a pocket knife and feels like it is his, but that sort of money is not as solid and satisfactory as money we work for. I know an old preacher who had ten dollars and his son had ten dollars and the young man went down to Atlanta and took all the money to buy some things and he came across a wheel of fortune and saw a fellow win ten dollars just as easy, and so he was persuaded to try his luck, and shore enough he won ten dollars, and it hope him up mightily and he tried it again and won some more, and he kept on until he had fifty dollars and become a fool, for right then his luck changed and he lost it all and his ten dollars and his daddy's ten besides, and he had to borrow a dollar and a half to get home on, and like to have perished to death in the bargain. Well, he belonged to the church and they had him up and tried him and he made a clean breast and told how he was overtaken and tempted and how he went on and on until he had made fifty dollars clean. "And right there" said the old man, "is whar John's sin begun. If he had stopped right there it would have been all right, but like a fool he went on and on to destruction." Well, John wasn't such a dreadful sinner after all for he wanted the money to buy something to please the old folks. But money don't come that easy very often. I know a man who has been kept on a strain for five years working out of his losses on cotton futures. Sometimes luck runs along with a man for ten years and more and that makes him vain and he thinks his judgement is infallible and suddenly he collapses like Seney and Eno Keene. No money is safe except that made by honest men.

The rewards of labor are mighty good and sure. Here I set in my piazza and look over my farm and see the wheat and the oats all in a strut and waving so beautiful in the breeze and I feel proud and serene for I sowed that wheat myself and helped to prepare the land and it is my wheat and my oats and come honestly and wasn't made out of somebody else, and it does me good to cut a few choice heads and bunch 'em and take 'em to town and show the folks what I can do. It beats money made by luck all to pieces, and so does walking in my garden and digging the potatoes I planted and working them ever so nice and bringing them in the house to show to my wife and hear her say, "they are very fine." She never says much on that line, she don't, but a little goes a great way with me. She never indulges in rapture, she never uses adjectives to any excess, such as lovely, exquisite, splendid and the like, but I know what she thinks about anything just as well as if she did. I'm going to get her a mess of raspberries to-day, the first of the season, and I'll surprise her with 'em at dinner time. She likes that. Women like these little thoughtful attentions. They are like oil on the axeltree, and makes the machinery run smooth. But then there ought to be a little money to mix up with such things. Money is a good domestic lubricator itself. A man feels more like a gentleman with some change in his pocket, and he ought to always have a dollar or so just to feel of. It stiffens him up and keeps him from feeling like a vagabond. And women wants some too. When a pedlar comes along with tinware or a wagon load of jugs or the Gypsies come along with lace or the book agent comes along with pictures, and besides it is such a dignified comfort to have a little hid away for the children when they are just obliged to have something to wear and don't want to ask papa for the money, for he is so hard run and talks so poor all the time.

This is the kind of money that goes for all it is worth. Money that comes hard, money that is earned. Even women does not prize money when she has oodles of it and has every want supplied. Folks must be cramped to be happy. They must have something to stimulate them. Something to provoke economy and industry, and I'm thankful we've always had these stimulants at my house.

BASE BALL AS SEEN BY A GIRL.—A girl's notion of the national game is called off pretty accurately by the letter of a young city lady to her girl chum in the country. 'You must visit me,' she wrote, 'when the base ball season opens. There is so much skill and grace displayed. The pitcher, I think—but, my! you never saw a game, I will explain it to you. The pitcher—a dear little thing—stands in the middle and throws a ball at another who stands in front with a long stick in his hand. The thrower tries to hit his stick, and the other young man, who is called the knocker, tries to swing the club that it will be impossible for the thrower to hit the stick with the ball. Some of the knockers become very good at this, and some of the darlings could stand there and never have their clubs hit once. The catcher stands behind the knocker, and is just too brave for anything. We girls think he is the nicest one in every club. I think the catchers are very cute and heroic.—Merchant-Traveller.

—The New York Herald insists that the proposed repeal of the brandy excise tax is a delusion and a snare. It attempts to reason with the farmer thus: It is not only proposed to free from tax brandy that is made from peaches, plums and such fruits, but also that which is made from grapes—the chief source of this liquor; so that for every farmer who might be relieved of six or seven dollars of tax there would be a wine-maker who would be saved his thousands. That is to say, the repeal of the tax would build up a few very large establishments and create monopolies, but give no real benefit to the farmer himself.—There would be offered many opportunities for fraudulent practices, and this reason alone ought to be sufficient to condemn the proposition.

—Republican leaders say they will make a strong fight for Blaine in Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, Florida and Tennessee.