Easley Messenger.

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

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BILL ARP.

The Philosopher Talks on Every Day Subjects.

The crops are laid by, but there is no rest for thrifty farmer, and it is a blessed thing that the thrifty farmer don't want any. A change of work is all the rest he wants. Some folks are constitutionally lazy and work only when they are obliged to, and they are actually glad of any excuse to stop. They like to go to mill and they like to go to town, but they don't like to work. I know a farmer who is a good, clever man and behaves himself decently, but he loves to talk so well he can't work. He will talk about the weather for half an hour without stopping. He came to my house the other day to borrow a spade and said that he was in a powerful hurry to get back. Without thinking of the consequences I just asked him if the storm damaged his corn any, and that started him. He told me about storms and hurricanes from away back to his boyhood, and how a man hung to a sapling and never got nary bruise, but the wind blew his breath away and didn't give him time to draw another, and so he died for want of breath, just like a cow dies when she loses her cud. He couldn't work his bellows in such a wind. And he told of another storm blew an old cow head foremost against a poplar tree and stuck both her horns in it so deep they couldent pull her out by the tail, and had to saw her horns off and leave 'em in the tree and they are there now. And so he kept on until I told him I had to go, for I was in a hurry too. That man has lost half his life talking. It always scares me to see him coming.

But there is plenty to do between laying-by the crop and gathering time. August is the best month to cut winter's wood. It will burn freer, and even the red oak that sometimes burns black and goes out, will burn well if cut down in August and seasoned awhile. I've got the boys cutting my winter's wood now and will haul it up and stack it. Two of the fire places want wood two and a half feet long and the others will only chamber two foot sticks, so I have the wood cut four feet and five feet, and then we cut in two as we need it. Fifty cords will run us through a winter. Then there is the stove wood to get up, and that is a careful job for I never let my wife or the girls have any cause of complaint about wood or water in the kitchen. The wood must be dry and split up fine and not too long. I saw up hickory and ash with the cross cut and after splitting it up put it away under shelter, and I haul up the chips from the woods to sprinkle in. It is not much trouble to prepare a frugal meal if everything is handy. The boys catch the chickens and fix them all ready. I won't let my women folks do that. It is not a sightly job, and nobody ought to have it to do but niggers nohow, confound 'em. But I believe in independence. I like to see a family independent and self-reliant. I know families who are always alarmed for fear their cook will quit, and they don't know where they will get another. And the young married folks nowadays are in the same fix about nurses for their babies; well, nursing is hard work, I know—nursing a fretful child is the hardest work I know of. I've had a hand in that business for thirty years and I wouldent go through it again for a house full of gold. Many a night have I walked the floor in my long white garment, with a baby, singing a little monotonous song, while I was so sleepy I could hardly walk straight. Mrs. Arp had done her share over and over and when she had tried and tried to quiet the little thing, and worried over it, and patted it, and nursed it on both sides, and at last, in a fit of desperation, straightened up and said, "Here, William, take your child." I always understood her, and took her advice promptly; she always said "your child" on such occasions, but whenever I ventured to punish one of 'em she looked indignant and said "my child." She will let me own 'em sometimes. I am sorry for these young folks who have about two on hand and are just beginning to get a fair taste of the consequences of connubial bliss. I saw one the other night trying to quiet a little two year-old and after long and patient efforts, he exclaimed in mortal agony; "Oh please, Rosa, do please stop crying for the Lord's sake." I was sorry for him, I was, but I couldent keep from laughing to save my life, and I wanted to exclaim; "Stand up to the rack my boy, fodder or no fodder, for its your child." There are inventions, but nursing children and raising them has to be done in the same old way, and happy are they who can go through it with a philosophic smile. It is great business of life and can't be dodged, and it has its comforts and its rewards—rewards that are sweeter and purer and richer than any, for they come to man when he is old and needs them. Good children who honor and love their parents are treasures that gold cannot buy, and they make sweet and pleasant the way that leads us to the grave. There is no prettier sight in all nature than an aged couple who live in harmony and have their children and grandchildren around them to give them comfort. Burns never wrote a tenderer verse than

"Now we must totter down, John—
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep together at the foot,
John Anderson, my Joe."

Woman's rights and man's rights have nothing to do with such partners. In fact, all human laws are dead letters to the good. They do not need them. Laws are made for the bad, and the frail, and the envious, and the jealous. I was thinking about this the other day in your town when I paid a friendly visit to a good man—a courteous gentleman—away up in the third story where he kept his insurance office, so as to have quiet and time for work. But he can't dodge the callers and importuners even there. I never visit him but what somebody comes and wants something, for they know that he is generous and he is kind. There was a strong-minded woman there who had come all the way from Chicago with a petition for womans rights. She talked pathetically about woman's insignificant condition before the law. She declared that woman was a nonennity, a creature without a soul, an incorporeal thing, a slave, a serf a nothing, and she had prepared a bill for the legislature to pass for woman's relief and protection. She talked about nonentity so much that the colonel stopped her for a moment and said, with emotion: "My good woman, that may all be so up in Chicago, but it is not so at my house—by no means. My wife is an entity—a veritable living, moving creature. She has all the rights she wants, and I have all I want. We are a mutual protection society. It is my right and happy privilege to keep my wife in money, and it is hers to keep me in a state of sweet humility and devotion. Really, madam, we do not need your law, and you must excuse me."

The strong-minded woman did not subside or wilt, but proceeded with her philanthropy with more vigor than ever, and her black eyes flashed as she expatiated upon her own unfortunate alliance with a preacher who imposed upon her and had her put into the lunatic asylum. Finally the gallant colonel hinted that his time was precious and said he would take her pamphlet and refer it to his lawyer, and if his lawyer said sign it he would sign it. Then she turned her attention to me and asked me to sign it and I said I was away from home and didn't live in the country and never signed such papers until I got Mrs. Arp's consent and so I took a pamphlet to look at when she opened her gripsack and pulled out two books on woman's rights and wanted to sell them at $1.50 apiece, but we respectfully declined. I dident want to be buying Chicago books from a Chicago woman without consulting Mrs. Arp about it, for Chicago is a bad place for such literature to come from, and I was afraid that the book might work up a divorce in my family. Lastly, she asked us for a dime for the pamphlets, and we gave her a dime and a blessing, and the colonel intimated that if she would depart those coasts she might find more congenial victims.

What a comfort it is that we have not got such women down South, nor such preachers to marry 'em. When I told her we did not need such laws in Georgia, that our wives were all happy and contented, and when they did not have laws enough they made them at home, and when my wife wanted anything she simply said, "Be it enacted" and it was enacted straightway and forthwith. The woman looked astonished and said: "It is not that waw where I came from." Maybe it aint.

As she seemed reluctant to go the beneficent colonel took an idea that she was tired and sick, and needed refreshment, and so he rung a little bell and ordered a punch for the philanthropic lady; but she respectfully declined by saying that she was by no means old enough to need a stimulant. She was smart, that woman was—and as reasonably good looking as a Chicago woman can be. She would make a good wife for John Jenkins, who said, "I want a wife old enough to have sense, and ugly enough to stay at home." She is going to take the war path anyhow.

BILL ARP.

—There is a factory in Green Island, N. Y., where nice coffins are made of paper.