## PERSONS AND THINGS.

Ex-Postmaster General Thomas L. James has joined the Prohibition party.

John Ruskin is recovering from his serious illness, and is announced to be convalescent.

Col. Frank A. Burr is to edit the personal memoirs and war correspondence of Gov. Curtin.

Miss Anna L. Dawes has written and will soon publish in Boston a book on "The Modern Jew."

John Russell Young while at Pekin had "Poor Richard's Almanac" translated into Chinese.

Dr. Andrew Clarke declares there is not an unsound spot in all Mr. Gladstone's physical being.

Mrs. Mackay is known to many who regularly accept her hospitality abroad only as Mme. Bonanza.

Senator Wade Hampton is writing a paper for the *North American Review* on the industries of South Carolina.

Colored men propose to raise $1,000,000 to erect monuments in Washington to the benefactors of their race.

The first volume of Major Ben: Perley Poore's "Social Reminiscences" of Washington will be published Aug. 25.

M. De Lesseps is said to have tendered to Colonel A. L. Rives, of Virginia, a position worth $25,000 a year on the Panama Canal.

Thomas W. Robinson, the "oldest Masons" of Pennsylvania, is lying at the point of death at his home in Wilkesbarre.

The Peanut Club is a social organization in New York. The badge of membership is a peanut, and it must be worn on every occasion in metal, jewelry, or carved wood.

There is a movement on foot in Ohio to remove the body of ex-President William Henry Harrison from North Bend, Ind., to Spring Grove Cemetery, at Cincinnati.

Louis Deervers followed a bear into the mountains near Butte City, M. T., and found in the animal's lair valuable silver ore, which led to the location of a mine of great value.

Gospodin Lubimoff, the Russian tragedian, has been created hereditary honorary citizen of St. Petersburg, a title conferring distinction and certain social privileges upon its owner.

Miss Kate Greenaway is to make the pictures for Bret Harte's new Christmas story. "The Queen of the Pirate Isle" is the title of the little book forthcoming in chestnut time.

Prof. John Dickinson, a brother of Miss Anna Dickinson, has accepted the chair of geology and mineralogy and curator of the museum in the University of Southern California at Los Angeles.

Lord Iddesleigh is to be foreign secretary, *The London Daily Telegraph* says, because he is almost the only member of the conservative cabinet who can talk French.

It is proposed by Texans to raise a monument to General Thomas J. Rusk, who was Secretary of War, Commander-in-chief, and Chief Justice of the Texas Republic, and afterward United States Senator.

Lieutenant A. L. Howard, of Connecticut, who commanded a Gatling-gun platoon in the war against Louis Riel, has received from the Canadian Government several medals commemorative of his services.

Eben F. Pillsbury, who was for fifteen months collector of internal revenue at Boston until the senate rejected his nomination, has been presented by the employes of his office with a set of oak furniture.

It was due to the efforts of Secretary Lamar that the additional appropriation of $35,000 to pay for the library site got through the house before congress adjourned and became a law. He headed off the objections of Mr. Tucker and Mr. Holman.

Joseph W. Tayor, of Alabama, one of the most gifted orators of the south, died at Okalona, Miss., last week. In his early life he wielded a powerful influence in his state. His speeches are praised for their classic style and the patriotic spirit which they breathed.

Charlotte Woeter, the famous Viennese actress, has a villa at Heitzing, near Vienna, which is described as a marvel of elegance and luxury. Its greatest gems are two wall paintings done on the spot by Hans Makart. One of them represents Frau Woeter in her famous role of Messalina.

They tell this story in Boston of Gilbert Stuart, the great painter. He was once met by a lady on the streets of that city who said to him that she had just seen his likeness and had kissed it, because it was so much like him. "And did it kiss you in return?" he asked. "Why, no," was the somewhat startled answer. "Then it was not like me," was Mr. Stuart's answer, but the lady didn't venture to try again.

There was a peculiar fitness in the recently unveiled memorial to the late Mr. Fawcett, on the Thames embankment, being erected exclusively by the contributions of women. He not only opened postoffice and telegraph appointments to women and made himself a leader in the cause for their higher education, but he was their spokesman in a thousand instances where his voice was of authority and where theirs could not be heard.

The expenses connected with Mr. Gladstone's election for Mid-Lothian are announced to be as follows: Returning officers' expenses, £7 11 shillings; personal expenses, £29 10 shillings; election agents, £63; clerks, £18 10 shillings; printing, advertising, postage, stationery, and telegrams, £20 5 shillings 5 pence; meetings and committee-rooms, £31 11 shillings 6 pence; miscellaneous, £20 12 2 pence; total, £191 3 shilling 1 pence.

## A CONSCIENCE STILL.

"So George Burton's had a bit of good luck," said Martin Hale, as he hung his hat and coat behind the door and drew up to the fire. "We heard of it up at the foundry. Fifty pounds from that old aunt of his who died last week. Well, it'll help him to pay off his scores and get a fair start."

"Scores, indeed," said Mrs. Hale, who, with her daughter Maggie, was busied about the supper. "Why the first thing Mrs. Burton did was to go and buy a baby carriage. Probably she'll want one for herself next," she added with a laugh. "Think of her setting up with a baby-carriage."

"The baby's sickly, mother," said Maggie "and too big for little Nellie to carry in her arms. I've often heard Mrs. Burton wishing for a carriage in which the baby could be drawn about comfortably."

"They're as delighted as if the fifty pounds were a thousand," continued the mother. "It isn't much to be proud of—fifty pounds."

"Well, I only wish I had half as much," said Martin with a sigh. "We're owing two month's rent, now, and what I made down at the furnaces won't go far, to say nothing of the chandler's score. I think George is in good luck."

They had always been good neighbors, the Hales and the Burtons. The two men worked at the iron mills in the town, and were known as two steady, honest fellows; but it often happened that work was slack, or even at a standstill, and then those who were turned off had to be idle or look for a "job" at the furnaces, some thirty miles up the railroad.

Both Hale and Burton had returned from one of these expeditions—the latter to claim the good luck that had befallen him, and the former to repine that no such luck ever came to himself.

About a week after this, Martin Hale, on his way home from work, overtook George Burton, who had paused outside the window of one of those "variety shops," where anything is sold, from a box of matches to a suit of clothes, or a set of cheap jewelry.

He was gazing at a girl's jacket of dark cloth, neatly trimmed.

"Thinking of buying your wife a diamond ring, George?" said Martin stopping beside him.

"Not yet a while," he replied good humoredly. "I was looking at that little affair," nodding toward the jacket—"and thinking I would like to buy it for Kitty, if it isn't too dear. I know she needs something warm for winter, and to-morrow's her birthday."

"Suppose you go in and ask the price?"

The two stepped into the shop. The women who helped to keep it were eloquent in setting forth the merits of the garment and its wonderful cheapness.

When Burton hesitated at sixteen shillings she brought down the price to twelve, and he pulled out a leathern purse and paid the money.

"You're spending your fortune pretty freely, George, remarked Hale, as his companion closed his purse.

"Well, yes, in this instance; but you see Kitty's seventeen to-morrow, and girls like to be nicely dressed. Besides, I've cleared off my little debts, and this ten pounds that's left goes into the bank to-morrow.

The woman, anxious to get as much as possible out of her customer, produced some woolen socks, and Burton, on examining them, laid his purse on the counter, where it was speedily covered with goods.

Concluding not to purchase the socks, he took the bundle containing the jacket, and with never a thought of his money, left the shop.

Martin Hale took the purse from under the goods, unseen by the woman who had turned to replace the things on the shelf.

"I will give him a little scare," he thought. "The lesson won't hurt him."

When Burton reached his own door, and paused to wish his companion good-night, the latter raised his hand to his breast-pocket. But suddenly a dark thought whispered to him. Burton had not missed the money; Burton would never suspect him. And while he hesitated, his companion had gone into the house and closed the door.

"I'll give it to him to-morrow—yes certainly to-morrow," said Martin to himself, and explain that it was a joke, he will see that none of the money is missing."

But next morning when alone, he opened the purse, just to see that the money was all safe.

He counted it out, exactly ten pounds. With that amount he could clear off his score, and pay his month's rent; and it so happened just at this time Martin Hale was more in need of money than ever he had been in his life. He had made but little the past summer, and winter was coming with its manifold needs.

That day the workmen were all talking of George Burton's loss. He must have placed his purse containing the money, in coat-pocket, he said, for upon reaching home he found it gone, and a hole at the bottom of his pocket.

He was so absent-minded at times, and he remembered that he had forgotten to tell his wife of that torn pocket. He offered a reward to the finder, but no one came to claim it.

This seemed a turning point to George Burton's "good luck." Next day his children were taken with the measles, and a doctor had to be called in. One little domestic trouble after another came upon him, and at last he received his dismissal from the iron mills, where there were, the proprietor exclaimed, more workmen employed than were necessary.

The same fate befell Martin Hale, and as he walked gloomily homeward, he thought of the ten pounds laying in the secret place where he had hidden it. Never once again had he looked at it, and not a day had passed that he had not shrunk from the thought of it and from the sense of his own guilt; and yet, by a strange inconsistency, he could not bring himself to part with the money.

A haunting dread of poverty and want tempted him to keep it, and people who noticed that he had changed, that he had become nervous and morose, attributed it to his poverty.

George Burton wondered that his old neighbor shunned him, and Martin's wife grew anxious and harrassed in witnessing her husband's changed temper—he who had hitherto been always kind and considerate to her and the children.

One evening Martin took the purse from its hiding-place and opened it.

There were a few pieces of small change, and these he slipped in his vest pocket and started down the street.

He was not accustomed to drinking anything stronger than beer, but now he thought to drown his bad feelings he would take a glass of spirits.

Walking briskly down the street, one of the small coins, slipping from his vest pocket, fell upon the pavement. He did not notice it, but the little boy beyond him did.

The coin rolled into the gutter, and it was a moment or two before the child could find it. Then he ran after the man who had dropped it, and after a good chase came up with him as he was about entering a public house.

"Oh, Mr. Hale, is it you?" he exclaimed, breathlessly. I've chased you ever so long."

Martin looked down, and saw a pale little face, and form thinly clad for such a cold evening.

A pang shot through him. It was Eddie, George Burton's little son.

"What do you want?" he said, gruffly.

"The—the money," he gasped.

Martin turned white.

"What money?"

The boy held up the coin.

"I saw it fall. It must have slipped out of your torn pocket, like my father's did."

"Why didn't you keep it sonny?" asked a man who stood by.

"Because it wasn't mine," answered, Eddie, stoutly. "'Twould have been stealing."

Martin took the piece mechanically, and shrank away from the boy's gaze. This child had honestly returned to him the money which he, Martin Hale, had stolen from the boy's father.

Martin walked on with downcast eyes and pale compressed lips until he reached his own door.

Over the way a dim light burned in George Burton's window and crossing the street, he knocked on the door, and called to George.

Burton came out looking a little surprised.

"George, you lost a purse and ten pounds some time ago?" said Martin, abruptly.

"Yes."

"Here it is. I am the meanest and most despicable wretch alive; but I've a conscience still, thank heaven."

And then he told how he had got possession of the money, and how he had kept it, and it had been through the honesty of Burton's little son that he had come to restore it.

"You'll never speak to me again," he said huskily, "and I own that I don't deserve that you should. But the burden is off my soul now, and with God's help, I will be an honest man hereafter."

Burton held out his hand.

"We will be friends still, Martin," he said. "I shall be no man's judge; for none of us can know but that we, too, might fall if tempted."

And then Martin Hale folded his arms on the top of the fence, and bowing his face upon them, shed the first tears that he had known for years.

Before he left, Burton said to him:

"I was just going over to your house with good news. I was at the furnaces yesterday looking for work, and Mr. Bosterwick offered me a good permanent situation which will require an assistant. I spoke for you, and he agreed to take you. So there are better days in store for us, and I don't fear, Martin"—putting his hand on his shoulder—"but that we'll both try to do our duty in the future.

### As to Long Pastorates.

From the Lewiston Journal.

Long pastorates are eminently desirable, if the pastors do not get into intellectual ruts. The advantages secured by long and happy acquaintance and friendship are eminent, in moral and religious work. To get the hang of the school house takes time; but to get the hang of a parish is a greater feat. But some men get hung up in both before they get the hang of either, and their tenure of office needs to be short because it cannot otherwise be sweet.

One reason why pastorates are now shorter than they used to be lies in the intense demands made on the clergy by an intense age. The people ask a great deal, emotionally, also. The pastor is the man for almost all occasions where speeches are in request, and what with parochial work and the calls of sorrow and of death which it is his peculiar function to meet, if the pastor is both brainy and hearty, he has abundant opportunity to tax both brain and heart to the utmost. If he keeps abreast the sympathy as well as the intellectual life of his day, his pastorate will be long, if to these energies he adds tact and depth of Christian character.

But the clergy are men, and we require that they be better and wiser than any of us is able to get to be, on the score that he who leads must be further along and higher up than he who follows. Hence, in the way of long pastorates stand both the weakness of the pews and the imperfection of the pulpit. Time was when to be in white neckcloth was to be in authority. The clergy of the lang syne, by virtue of their office were authenticated. The children fled to cover and laughter shied into immaculate sobriety as the parson lifted the doorknocker. He refrigerated the very chair in which he sat. Had he smiled his parochial dicky would have made punitive incisions in his throat. These ecclesiastical bigwigs helped the pastoral relationship to fixedness, with artifices which ecclesiastical councils have not yet allowed wholly to fall into innocuous desuetude, but which now are far less potent. In these things such progress has been made that now it is the people of the congregation who in almost all cases are really self-governing.

### The Romance of a Model.

New York Journal.

"One of the most remarkable incidents happened to an artist friend of mine who has since moved to Boston," said a prominent painter. "He had just opened a studio on Fourteenth street and not knowing the ropes very well advertised for a model. They came in shoals from all quarters of the city—old, young, and indifferent—but none of them seemed suited for the figure he had in view.

"One day when he was getting about tired out hunting around for a subject a young woman dressed entirely in black applied to him for work. She said she had never posed before, but was very destitute and would gladly work for most anything to support her little girl.

There was something about her face that pleased him, so he engaged her on the spot, though not half believing the story she told him. But he grew interested in her case any way, and decided on making use of her services.

"The subject of the picture was 'night' and represented a female figure with black draperies reclining on the moon with stars on either hand. The picture was completed and was a fine piece of work. It hung in a Broadway dealer's store for several weeks and then sold for $1,500 to an Englishman. The purchaser came around to see the artist a few days later to give him an order for a companion picture to represent 'morning.'

He remarked casually that the first work interested him strangely, inasmuch as the face reminded him strongly of a friend he had known some years ago. He asked the artist if the face was taken from life, and being assured that it was, and getting the address of the model, set out to find her.

"Well, the upshot of the matter was the purchaser of the picture turned out to be none other than her husband, who had deserted her in South America some years ago, and who, repenting of his desertion, had been hunting high and low for her several years. I think this story is good enough for a novel," said the artist, as he lit a fresh cigarette. "Some facts in the lives of our best artists would make excellent pictures."

### The Physical Differences.

Now, can any one seriously argue that, on the physical side, divergence of pursuits and habits is not indicated for the sexes? The common sense of mankind has long ago answered the question, and even our female reformers, I believe, admit that plowing and driving cattle, soldiering and sailoring are not appropriate to women, nor feeding and rocking children, nursing the sick, and keeping house, to men. Not that women have not so much physical strength and energy in their own kind as men in theirs, but that energy appears to have a different scope. Men would find the common tasks of women desperately fatiguing and irksome; a man, for instance, would certainly not cultivate manly strength and energy as a child's nurse; yet the nurse exercises a great deal of strength, carrying and nursing a heavy child. The ignoring of this differentiation of physical energy in the two sexes is always the note of barbarism or degradation among mankind. Where you find women put to tasks which do not suit with their physical constitution and functions—a prac... lways evidenced by premature dec... ude—there you have a people low in the scale of humanity. Now, human nature being all of a piece, it is but reasonable to think that a divergence as between the sexes in pursuits and habits, which is strongly indicated, and admittedly wise on one ... of it, is likely to be wise on the oth... The energy of women, as it differs in kind and in scope from that of men in physical matters, so differs in moral and intellectual matters. No doubt it is not so easy to discriminate between the intellectual and moral powers of men and women as between their bodily powers; but there is a real difference throughout their being, and it ought to be (as at present it practically is) recognized in the scope of their action as members of the commonwealth.—The Nineteenth Century.

## Farm and Household.

### Farm Notes.

Dr. Greenfield, of Guthrie, Ky., recently sold a hog weighing 1,329 1-2 pounds, which is probably the largest hog of which there is any knowledge. It is being exhibited.

The United States imported in past nine months 170,069 pounds of butter, valued at $25,932.

Mr. A. J. Wilkinson, agricultural editor of The Whitewater Register, who attended about one-third of the winter series of farmers' institutes of Wisconsin, remarks that "'Theory' was in light demand. 'What are you doing?' and 'How do you do it?' were the questions which a man was expected to answer."

The cough of an animal is always suspicious, indicating disorder of the respiratory organs. When cough is started or increased by pressure on the throat it indicates bronchial disorder, which often precedes or accompanies disease of the lungs. The cough of bronchitis is short, sharp and hacking, while that of lung disease is deep and hoarse. In purchasing any animal, the presence of a cough should be a serious objection, as there is a great risk of a fatal ending.

Prof. P. D. Penhallow concludes that the "annual rings" of growth in trees, in cold climates, are an approximately correct but not always certain index of age. In warm climates, however, the rings are of no value in this respect, as the growth is more likely to mark a period of rainfall than the yearly hot season of summer.

The kitchen garden cannot be considered complete without at least a few rows of sweet corn. It is not very many years ago that a few messes of green corn from the field were considered a great delicacy for the dinner-table. That time has passed and now the farthest backwoodsman scarcely thinks of doing without sweet corn during its season. By planting those varieties that will ripen in succession, it can be had fresh from the garden from the first of August until frost.

Let your sitting hen come off the nest daily. Allow her to roll in a dust box near by. Give her food and drink regularly. In cold weather see that she goes back before the eggs chill. Cover her sitting box with coarse bagging, if she seems inclined to give up her work. Mix a little powdered charcoal with the soft feed and it will assist digestion and prevent disease.

### Farmers, Plant Small Fruits.

That the mere setting out and occasional hoeing of a few strawberry plants where formerly corn, potatoes or other staple crops have grown would insure for the following year enough of this luxury for family use is true, but acceptance of the fact requires a faith possessed by comparatively few of the farming public. If only one variety is wanted, the Cumberland, all things considered, will be found a most desirable kind, though to extend the season it is well to plant one of the favorite later sorts. That choice blackcap raspberries can be planted and cared for the first season with about the same labor and skill necessary for an equal number of hills of corn or potatoes is yet to be learned by a vast number; and that to insure successive years of fruitfulness ordinary care and culture is all that seems to be required; of course, condition of soil as regards fertility and drainage having much to do with quality and quantity.

Grapes also should be found on every farm. To economize space the vines may be planted and trained alongside of outbuildings, thus affording a constant source of enjoyment during the fruiting season. A large Brighton on my grounds, trained to the side of the carriage house, is regularly yielding delicious fruit, and by being allowed to reach off into the branches of a near-by sugar maple still greater results are looked for. In view of these facts, should we as farmers continue to deprive our families of these luxuries so healthful; so easily prepared for the table; and always so highly appreciated by the ladies of the household, whose duty it is to prepare palatable, inviting and healthful food each day the year round? Let us avail ourselves of all means so easily at hand, to alleviate their manifold cares and anxieties—often more numerous than the sterner sex are aware of.

### Earth Floor for Horses.

Mr. J. W. Waywick favors earth floors for horses, as preferable to plank, which afford a harbor for disease-breeding secretions of filth none the less dangerous to health because unseen. As evidence of his position he cites the following facts, in The Western Agriculturist:

"At many of the stock exchange and livery stables where horses are kept for sale or trade, a part of the floors are nicely and purposely prepared for the improvement of the condition of horses that have been badly injured in the feet, limbs and shoulders. What is the remedy these men employ and rely on? The earth floor, that has stood the test of all ages. It acts as a preventive of the many evils that necessarily originate wherever the plank floor system is brought into use. It requires little more labor to keep an earth floor in good condition, than to keep the plank floor in repair."

### Lice on Chickens.

The American Rural Home.

Thousands of young chickens die annually simply because they are lousy; and the cause is not apparent owing to the smallness of the parasites that bury themselves in the down of the little chicks and are not seen, and many times not even suspected, even after the whole brood is destroyed by them. Various means have been recommended for this difficulty, some of which are more destructive to the little creatures than the lice themselves. Sulphur and lard mixed, and applied to the hen, under the wing, will destroy the insects, but needs care in applying, else it will prove fatal to the brood. A strong tea of wormwood, or tanzy, made by steeping either of these herbs in hot water, and when cool applied to the heads of the little chicks, and to the breasts and under the wings of the old hen, is very effectual. But perhaps the best remedy, and the safest withal, is a solution of carbolic soap. Take an ounce of carbolic toilet soap and dissolve it in one quart of warm soft water; with this thoroughly wet the head and neck of the chick. It kills the lice immediately, and soon dries off, leaving the chick all right and free from the destructive insect. Old fowls that are lousy may be thoroughly and easily washed with this solution with marked benefit. Try it, and be free from one of the worst evils of chicken-breeding.

### Earth Beds for Hogs.

The Farmers' Journal, in an article on the care of swine, has some nuggets of truth. Correct as to sanitary conditions are those relating to the sleeping place. The article will repay perusal, and is as follows:

In the first place, hogs for successful feeding must be strong in bone and muscle, produced by grass and little or no corn. We never feed green corn to hogs, because we consider it unhealthy, and grass is just as beneficial and much cheaper. A full feed of corn should not be given before it is dry enough to crib. Another very important matter is the sleeping apartment; in fact, it is of essential importance. Our hog house, a cheap board shed without floor, the highest part on the south, with boards hung to raise and lower to make an opening for the sun to shine in. The rest is composed of pure surface ground that is soon worked into fine dust, which will frequently remain so all winter and needs no replenishing. Experienced stockmen have sometimes raised their hands in horror at this—Nature's bedding. In order to preserve the bed well it is necessary that the hogs should fill the house comfortably full. This can be arranged by fencing off part and enlarging as the hogs fatten. The dirt should be replenished every fall, and it is a good plan to have some stored to add at times during the winter. This kind of bedding never gets hot or cold and is conductive to the health of the hogs.

### Farming a Noble Occupation.

"Farming is something beyond mere hoe exercise." A good text that, from the Rural New-Yorker. Farming is more, far more, than digging, shoveling, hoeing, chopping, sawing, plowing, harrowing, planting and the myriad of mechanical operations which go to make up the routine of every-day work which often becomes severe toil and drudgery. Farming is brains put to use. Farming is the life with the most healthful, most beautiful, most ennobling surroundings. Farming is the highest phase of manufacturing, for it deals with life as the most potent factor in the processes of the art. Farming is commerce, and the good buyer and seller is the most successful farmer, who must watch the markets of the world, the course of supply and demand, and shape his operations accordingly. Farming feeds all the world, and furnishes material for its clothing. Farming may control the world in commerce, politics, legislation, education, social and moral status, for the farming population controls the ballot boxes and with its health and good blood added to educated brains, its path to power were easy. To the farmer the best and greatest in life is possible.

### Lack of System.

It is astonishing how much people lose for want of system. A girl rises, dawdles about dressing, gets late for breakfast, and then the best part of the day is gone. A young fellow has finished his work; he idles about with a few friends, and before he knows it it is half past nine o'clock, and the first part of the evening is practically wasted. Any quantity of work can be crammed into a lifetime if there be only organization and application. No matron or maid, sitting down, for instance, to make a counterpane, could do the whole at one sitting; but a quarter of an hour's work every day would accomplish the whole task, long as it is, in the course of a few weeks. The minutes, too, have an odd trick of slipping away so swiftly that if they are not caught and applied to a good purpose, they are wasted in a manner which leaves the years periodically blank. The young husbands who come home in the evening and grow sulky because their wives are untidy, and find the fireplace with the day's ashes in it, and who are told by their spouses that there has been so much to do that time for tidying up could not be found, may be sure that system is lacking somewhere. The heaviest day's work can be got through, either by the fireside on the wife's part or out of doors on the husband's side, if time is only taken by the forelock, everything begun early, and everything, too, systematically carried out.

### Thinks Love is Pay Enough.

A Wife, in Boston Globe.

In all our marriage services, if I remember rightly, some such stipulation is made that we shall "love our husbands." It is, as I understand it, the principal part of the contract. Let those wives who are clamoring for pay ask themselves if they understand this part of their obligation. Let them ask their woman's hearts if they know what love is. If they do not they are not wives, and if they do they will be patient. Tennyson says in "Locksley Hall:"

Love took up the harp of life and smote on all its strings with might;
Smote the chord of self that trembling passed in music out of sight.

The wife who values her labors for her husband at so many dollars and cents has not lost self in her love for him. She has not yet experienced the holy joy of giving all and asking nothing. When his mind and body are alike wearied and overcome by the toil and care, the disappointments and injustice, the never-ceasing conflicts of life, he will never be refreshed and strengthened by the society of such a woman. He will have to turn to the wineroom, the poolroom, or still worse (having no one to remind him that he is better than an animal), he will finally seek distraction in some form or other, for there are very few men who can quietly eat their heart out in silence as we women do. The wife who allows her husband to seek these distractions will find they cost something, too. She will get less and less money from him in consequence. It will be wiser in every way to love him out of them. Save him from his very faults—it is easier than many think. Be his better, nobler self. Even if she cannot succeed—alas! there are men whom an angel cannot reclaim—verily she will have her reward, in that she shall be an angel. In nearly everything I think we are the equals of men, but let us remember that in our capabilities of serving and suffering we are far higher. Just so long as women become wives for any consideration of money or ease, or anything less noble than a pure love, just so long there will be miserable, disappointed and ill-paid wives.

### How to Keep Eggs.

To keep eggs.—1. Three gallons water, one pint freshly slaked lime, one-half pint salt. Use perfectly fresh eggs with sound shells. Put them in carefully. If more lime is put in it eats the shell; if more salt it hardens the yolk. If the recipe is strictly followed the eggs will keep good for a year or more. 2. Hold perfectly fresh eggs in boiling water while counting six. A wire basket can be used for this purpose. Be sure to have water enough to entirely cover the eggs. Let them dry and cool, then pack in oats. Put a layer of oats on the bottom of the keg or barrel sufficient to support the eggs; pack them closely small end down, cover with a layer of oats and proceed till the barrel is full. Shake it gently to settle oats and eggs firmly. This method has given eggs a year after packing in as good a state of preservation as when first placed in oats.—New York Tribune.

The biggest oil gusher in Pennsylvania produces 3,000 barrels of oil per hour.

### A Sensible Girl.

New York Sun.

This is a letter from a very sensible young woman of North Carolina, and we give it prominence the more gladly because it comes from the South, where labor, according to a frequent accusation, is held in less esteem than here at the North:

"I am an unmarried young woman, have finished the course in one of our Southern female colleges, have good health and character, but, unhappily, have been thrown upon my own resources for a livelihood, and, not having been fitted for any special calling I am at a loss what to do, for I do not wish to be a burden on my family. Teaching school seems to be the only thing the average Southern woman ever thinks of doing for a living. I would prefer the place of a servant—that of nursery or lady's maid—in a refined family, to the position of teacher in our public schools, but our wealthy families will not employ white servants. I spent one year studying art at Cooper Institute, and though I have earned something by the knowledge of drawing acquired there, I cannot make that support me. I am quite willing to do anything for a living that a virtuous christian woman would do, and can give the best of references."

The handwriting of this letter is that of an educated and cultivated woman, and yet the writer does not feel that she would suffer any degradation in going into domestic service, which she wisely perfers to the occupation sought after by most girls of her training, associations and antecedents. The ordinary American young woman who has her living to make, even when she has none of the advantages of training which have been enjoyed by our correspondent, rejects with scorn any proposition that she shall go out to service in a family.

"I a servant?" she exclaims. "I will starve first!"

The very term is odious to her, and yet, all the same, if she is to earn her living, she must be a servant of some sort—in a shop, a factory, a school, a telegraph office, or elsewhere. She will not be an independent being, for nobody can be who has to work for a living. She must be under orders, must obey discipline, must submit to much she does not like, and daily and hourly subordinate her will and her wishes to those of others. Whatever she may be called, or whatever she may call herself, she is a servant.

A domestic servant, too, is no more under subjection than any other kind of servant, and, as a rule, the authority is exercised more considerately in domestic service than outside of it. The shop girl and the factory girl must ordinarily yield unquestioning obedience to laws which take no account of sentiment; but the household servant, one of few in a family, can generally obtain treatment which regards her feelings and her condition, and which often is careful to the point of affection. She has a home, suffers from no lack of food is paid wages which are higher than those obtained by women in almost every other employment and is sure of a place if she is of good disposition, trustworthy and competent. She is not obliged to be out in all weathers to fight her way against male competition, but is under shelter and is working at a business of which her sex have in large part the monopoly.

Therefore we applaud the resolution of our North Carolina correspondent to seek domestic service in preference to any other. If she is strong and healthy, has been properly trained in household duties, and is ready to occupy her thoughts with her work rather than herself and the inevitable drawbacks of the lot of everybody who has to work under the orders of others, she will be sure of steady employment and wages which will enable her to put by money against a rainy day. Such a girl as she ought to make an admirable nurse for children, an occupation of which women have the complete monopoly. The more intelligent and refined the nurse the better for the child and the mother. The demand for women like her to perform that especial and peculiarly feminine duty is always great, for the injury done to morals and manners of children by coarse and rude nurses is incalculable. Of all servants, the one to be chosen with the greatest caution is the nurse of children, and it is a noble occupation, in which the proudest of women may take satisfaction, and the most intelligent and cultivated of women can find an opportunity for the full exercise of their best qualities.

We do not doubt that if the North Carolina girl, evidently so well trained, can show her fitness to be a nurse, she will not be long in obtaining employment in the North at good wages. It will only be necessary for her to advertise for the place and show her qualifications.

### New York's Lady Lawyer.

New York Herald.

Miss Kate Stoneman, who was recently admitted by special act of the Legislature, approved by the Governor, to the bar of New York State, is about thirty-five years old and is a member of a family well known in the Western part of the State. One of her brothers is Governor Stoneman, of California; another is Judge Stoneman of Iowa, and one of her sisters is the wife of Judge Williams, of Buffalo. She is a leading member of the faculty of the State Normal School. Being a law copyist, she has copied for the printer many of the decisions of the Court of Appeals. For three years she was regularly articled in the law office of John T. McDonough, at Albany. She has always taken interest in the condition of women, and was six years Secretary of the Woman Suffrage Society of Albany county. She was the first woman in Albany to cast a vote under the law allowing her sex to vote at school elections. She has made public addresses and is a member of the choir of St. Peter's Episcopal church at Albany. In appearance she is tall and well proportioned, of light complexion, with dark brown hair and eyes.

The story of her struggle to have the door of the bar opened to lawyers in petticoats is interesting. She passed a creditable examination before the committee appointed by the General Term, and a report was made in her favor, but the Court declined a short time ago to take the responsibility of allowing a woman to practice. So she applied to the Legislature. The bill had been introduced three months before by Assemblyman Platt of Steuben, and was slumbering quietly. All alone Miss Stoneman canvassed the Assemblymen, with the result of having the bill passsd. Two days later it was passed by the Senate. Accompanied by Mayor Thatcher, of Albany, and Assemblyman Platt, she went to the Governor and had it signed; then to the Secretary of State and made him promise to have a certified copy in the Supreme Court at 10 o'clock the next morning. Then she was admitted to the bar as stated.

Gen. Benet, of the army, holds that a repeating shot-gun capable of delivering six rounds of buckshot in something like ten seconds is an excellent mob-queller when in the hands of disciplined troops. A Gatling gun arranged to play "Hail Columbia" on the hand-organ principle is also said to be a valuable implement in hastening the retreating quickstep of a crowd of superheated Anarchists.

...ty hinges along the borders of con-...pt, and love—liable to become either.

The pitcher, the batter, and the catcher are the trio about whose heads the chivalry of the age gathers.

The girl that is not afraid of a ghost spells it *beau*! She says she wishes she had a ghost of a show

Louisiana must be a duck of a state, as half a million ducks killed in the state are marketed in New Orleans.

Gray or sandy beards are colored brown or black by Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

One bottle of Ayer's Ague Cure will eradicate malarial poisons from the system.

A horse thief should never be sent to the legislature. He might be induced to steal a less noble animal than the horse.

I am selling considerable of your valuable medicine, Athlophors. My sales are increasing every day. It is curing one case of severe rheumatism of years' standing in which all doctors had failed. J. M. Evans, druggist, Evansville, Wis.

It is better to be the king of pig killers than to be a king without a bank account.

**Rupture, Breach or Hernia** permanently cured or no pay. The worst cases *guaranteed*. Pamphlet and references, 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

First wells were of water; second wells were of oil; third wells were of gas. Next.

**"Consumption Cure"** would be a truthful name to give Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," the most efficacious medicine yet discovered for arresting the early development of pulmonary disease. But "consumption cure" would not sufficiently indicate the scope of its influence and usefulness. In all the many diseases which spring from a derangement of the liver and blood the "Discovery" is a safe and sure specific. Of all druggists.

There is more danger from politics in the saloon than from the saloon in politics.

How often is the light of the household clouded by signs of melancholy or irritability on the part of the ladies. Yet they are not to be blamed, for they are the result of ailments peculiar to that sex, which men know not of. But the cause may be removed and joy restored by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which, as a tonic and nervine for debilitated women, is certain, safe and pleasant. It is beyond all compare the great healer of women.

The young lady who wouldn't be a typewriter! No, she was not going to be dictated to!

Sure Cure for Rheumatism.—Cure guaranteed in all cases Use Perry Davis' Vegetable Pain Killer according to directions, and it will cure ninety-nine cases out of every hundred. Try it, it surely will not hurt you.

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If afflicted with sore eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

To get relief from indigestion, biliousness, constipation or torpid liver without disturbing the stomach or purging the bowels, take a few doses of Carter's Little Liver Pills, they will please you.

Girls like fish because it requires smacks to catch them—the more smacks the more fish.

**Boils**

And pimples, and other like affections caused by impure blood, are readily cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. While it purifies, this medicine also vitalizes and enriches the blood, and builds up every function of the body. Scrofula, humors of all kinds swellings in the neck, hives, ringworm, tetter, abscesses, ulcers, sores, salt rheum, scaldhead, etc., are also cured by this excellent blood purifier.

"I was troubled with boils, having several of them at a time. After enduring about all I could bear in suffering, I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. Four or five bottles entirely cured me, and I have had no symptoms of the return of the boils. I cheerfully recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all like afflicted, being sure they will find speedy relief." E. N. Nightingale, Quincy, Mass.

"Last spring I was troubled with boils, caused by my blood being out of order. Two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me, and I recommend it to others troubled with affections of the blood." J. Schoch, Peoria, Ill.

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**100 Doses One Dollar**

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Mr. W. D. Wagner, Williamstown, Mich., says: "For the last four or five years I have been in poor health, caused by impoverished blood. I used Brown's Iron Bitters with much benefit. I now enjoy A No 1 health."

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