

themselves in love. Music is courted and music is married, and so on through the catalogue of fancy; what wonder that such a partial marriage cannot stand the test of constant companionship? Playing only one strain in the Psalm of life, they imagine all the rest must chord. No wonder the frail bond of union is soon broken. They did not pause to see if step by step they could walk together harmoniously or not. Wretchedness, recrimination, sorrow, and abuse, is the result of such a union. "Incompatibility" is pleaded and divorce ensues—carelessly united and carelessly separated. Blighted lives, and chilled affections, with all their attendant evils, curse the world as a consequence. Only one life to live, and that life a failure! Oh! there is a great wrong done somewhere, and where is the remedy? Sundering ties which should be sacred will not correct the evil, and should be a last resort. If disorganizing "Reformers" would spend more time in seeking to harmonize those who are unhappily bound together, and less in creating and fostering in undisciplined minds a restless desire to throw off all restraint, the world would be better for their having lived. Let the eyes be withdrawn from wandering to the ends of the earth, in search of "affinities," to rest upon the blessings awaiting recognition at home, learning that happiness is only found by those who have an affinity for duty. Society is no better, homes are no happier, since these wonderful "Social Reforms." It is like trying to set a light-house upon the waves of the foaming sea. We must build upon a firm foundation, and that is where the earliest years of life are spent.

Since society is only a home on a larger scale, the only way to have a truly good society is to have our homes truly good. Man goes through life blind to the blessings his wife and children are capable of being, because his sternness or indifference establishes the iron rule of "Repression." Let him encourage spontaneity in his children, lest in after years it find vent in some wild escapade. Let him forget that he is owner and proprietor of his wife, and pay the same respect that he did before marriage to her feelings and opinions. Let him remember that he only possesses her in proportion to the heart sympathy that links them soul with soul. There can be no union where woman's individuality is lost; difference there may be, but difference makes the harmony more complete if justice and kindness touch the chords, and Love be the teacher. The design of marriage is "Till death shall part," and is a type of that marriage which death itself cannot sever. "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," where the happy spirit greets the coming of those who make the eternal home complete. Home, sweet home, the fruition of all holy joys, though the refrain is often sung in lonely sadness, a choir of responsive hearts echo the strain till the world is better for the sweet pictures the tender words suggest.

Home, sweet home, God grant it may be,
A home of true joy, pure, tender, and free.
CLARA F. EASTLAND.

FROM OUR SHOP.

AT LUNCH TIME.

PEOPLE think it is fun to run a dress-making shop, they make money so, too; yes, it is fun. There comes Mrs. Pincher now.

"How do you make little boys' sacks, now?" she asks. "We don't make any boys' wear; Mrs. Smith across the way does that," you answer. Then you ven-

ture to point the way, as her ladyship does not seem to comprehend where "across the way" is.

"Yes, I *knew* you didn't make any," replies your customer, "but one of my neighbors bought a lady's house sack pattern here, and cut it down for her boy, and I thought I'd like to look at something suitable for the same thing."

Hereupon, she asks so sweetly, "Please show me some sack patterns," that you hand out half a dozen, wondering why she does not prefer to go across the street and get just what she wants. She takes one, pays for it and goes away. Just at evening she steps in again, and says it does not answer for her little boy at all, and wants to exchange it for something else. Her eyes wander around as if deciding what she shall take. She never sees, "No patterns exchanged," although he who runs at telegraphic speed could never fail to catch that notice. She looks as if she felt hurt, and by her expressions you feel that she expects justice at your hands. She hasn't a bit of use for house sacks, and she knows you will accommodate her just this time. You are in a great hurry, and must put the finishing touches to Mrs. Grandee's dress, for her "man" has been waiting a full half-hour, and the girls are all leaving, for it is growing late. But there is no stop to your day's work, and Mrs. Pincher seems inclined to take her leave slowly, so you give her what she says she can make use of, namely, a little girl's over-dress, and she leaves.

Sometime next week you walk along Pincher avenue, and see a lady with something on her shoulders cut after that first pattern. You elevate your nose forty-five degrees—but then, it wouldn't be circumstantial evidence in court! Oh, no! wouldn't any lawyer say there were patterns in other places besides yours? The hurt-like look has vanished from her face, and you wear it instead. Yes, it is fun, and money too.

You remember making a traveling suit and party dress for a lady once who was going on the Monday morning train? You were full of work—had orders for the dozen—but this lady was an old customer. Well, you detailed your swiftest and best workers, and finished it at the hour, Saturday night, six, exactly. Seven o'clock came; she was going early on Monday, you dare not leave, she had always been on time before. Eight o'clock—maybe she did not know you left the shop, and was busy getting ready; nine o'clock—she had instructed a servant who was playing by the way. The clock struck ten, and you ran home as though you were located in the wilds of Oregon, and bears, wolves, and catamounts were after you. The middle of the next week Mrs. Traveler comes sailing in, and says she supposes her work is done. The Airtops were not to go until next week, and so—she had postponed her journey. Of course, you smiled and told how long you waited; she hoped it made no difference with you, and you—you said, "Oh, no!" Yes, it was fun, and money too. You saved your supper.

Women of toil—I would not mock your trials. I know how the world has assailed you, how you have been accused of taking yards of cloth, lace, and trimmings. I know you have worked hours, turning and twisting to get a garment out of a scant pattern. Pity you? yes, when you have racked your brains to find something new for Mrs. Novel, and your patience is well nigh exhausted over customers that will not be suited. Pity you? yes, when your head is nearly split open for want of rest, and can only keep the little brains you have in with a handker-

chief. Yes, I pity and sympathize when you are worn and weary, and I rejoice when years of toil have brought their reward, and you have a competence for the down-hill of life.

LITTLE HOME BODY.

A WORD ABOUT HUSBANDS.

The wife is in the husband's power. She belongs wholly to him, and has he not a right to do with her as he may please? This is the view that too many husbands take of the marital relation, embittering the lives of their wives, and making shipwreck of their own happiness. Man's promises are very fair as he stands with his young bride before the altar, where she, with all of a woman's trust, has implicit confidence in his vows of eternal fidelity. The first blandishments of conjugal love are soon over, reality takes the place of the fancy pictures that were painted in the courting days. Temperament and faults exhibit themselves—the veil is lifted from the heart of each—its true nature showing itself, comes disappointment, sometimes disgust. In some cases, the beautiful traits of character that show the touch of God's hand, reveal themselves, and the fond ones find that, at least, their "match was made in Heaven." One of the greatest reasons that so many wives find their married life a yoke—a burden—is that husbands do not sufficiently study the nature of woman. They forget her delicate organization, around whose heart cling tendrils of deep-rooted love, whose eye is ever ready to shed the sympathizing tear. Man was God's first earthly embodiment of His nature—woman was made and looked upon afterwards; perhaps the Son breathed His spirit into hers, to make her good and gentle like Himself.

Husbands forget all of the peculiarities which belong to their wives' characters, dealing with them as if they were strong and able like themselves. Many a wife whose confiding nature craves that love which Southey writes about, "that never dies," who could be guided by the hand of kindness, is made to feel the scorching words of a husband's sneering tongue, or the thralldom of his tyrannical power. Perhaps his exacting temper may demand of her more than her feeble health can accomplish, never allowing that she ought to be sick or miserable—thus taking away from her life every vestige of happiness, leaving her with nothing but disquietude and sorrow. Still there are men who really mean no intentional unkindness, no lack of tenderness to their wives, yet do not comprehend the strange workings of a woman's soul; thus, know not how to deal with her wayward moods; seeing their own errors when it is too late to repair the mischief they have done. Husbands are full of pride of the authority they exercise over their wives. They dread an exposure of their faults or home failings; these are seldom known beyond their own firesides. One peculiarity of wives is that they seldom reveal, even to their bosom friends, the shortcomings of their companions in life; they take a special pride in concealing them for their own sake. Think you not, dear reader, there are many men in this world who assume in public a placid, dignified mien, apparently full of the milk of human kindness, who are the very reverse in the family circle; whose presence there diffuses fear and awe?

In the silent hours of night may their wives be found, weeping over outraged love; a want of congeniality; or over habits that have rendered them ob-

noxious to them. Woman's love and woman's pride seldom leave her. She locks up faithfully in her own breast her bitterness and her woe. As I look around me, seeing many erring, straying wives, I confess to a pity for them, blaming the husbands more than them for their derelictions from duty. Woman's nature is a dependent one. She must be caressed, admired, or respected. Love is the food she daily requires to sustain her life; disappoint her in her affections, desert her, visit her with neglect and indifference, she will in too many instances seek for her happiness from forbidden sources. Her lot is one of toil, never-ending care—but the light of a sweet approving smile, a fond endearment, will give her strength to bear patiently the little worries and frets of life, and pour balm into a disheartened spirit. If she has a large family her head and her feet know no rest, for her there must be no time, no giving out of the mental powers; clear must be her brain to guide and control many wayward wills. When night cometh it still finds her employed, no time for recreation, no leisure to indulge even in a little innocent amusement; work she must, verifying the old adage "man's work is done at night, but woman's work is never done." I have often wished that men could truly feel all their wives endure, for the pleasure of being with them; to daily be worn out with the annoyances of stupid servants, the peevishness of irritable childhood, or the never-ceasing attention to the wants of a family, the ten thousand demands that are made upon a mother's time and strength; sick or well, she must, if she does her duty, be day and night waiting upon those whom God has given her as her special care. Worn-out and worn-out, she awaits the coming of her husband; believing that his gleam of love will smooth her every difficulty, and take away from many a daily trial its sting and its bitterness. Alas! how often does his presence only make her cover before him, venting upon her his direst vengeance for allowing tired nature to refuse to do his bidding; knowing she is helpless, only makes her a flatter victim for his scorn. If of a quiet turn of mind, he rid himself of her presence, shrinking from his own duty by leaving her to fret still more in his absence, thus adding fuel to the flame that already burns within her heart.

Girls before marriage will not believe the experiences of their mothers. Marriage is to them a beautiful vision of the acme of human bliss. Try it they must for themselves. Like a dear old maid, who looks upon man as next to "Divinity Himself," talk as you will, you cannot convince her that he is more allied to a fallen angel; so with girls; experience will teach them that much mutual forbearance, much yielding on their parts, will alone produce the fulfillment of the dreams that they now indulge in of conjugal bliss. Have you never found that old bachelors were very different in their nature to married men, and far more preferable. How nicely they take the place of delinquent husbands! Undoubtedly the reason that they have never been trampled by marriage, is that their natures are too woman-like thus to be fettered. Generally they are kind, considerate, respectful to the weaker sex; being compelled to wait upon themselves, sew on their own buttons on their shirts, mend their own clothes, take care of the arrangements of their own rooms, they get their temper seldom ruffled if anything goes wrong, have no unfortunate woman called wife to vent their spleen upon.

Knowing a little of woman's work, they have for her some sympathy and forbearance.

How many mourning husbands, standing over the grave of a departed wife, might write with an iron pen her epitaph, I caused her death "by my unkindness," and as every breath of wind passes over that grave is the sad requiem, that she might have lived longer if love and sympathy had sheltered her from the storms of life. O ye husbands! be more tender of your wives. Feel for them more sympathy, when you see them drooping day by day with wearing cares; when you find care furrowing their brows or paling their cheeks, throw around them the great arms of your love, thus bringing back to them health and happiness. You men are very selfish, very self-complacent, so be not forgetful that they too want air and exercise, something to vary the never-ending monotony of their lives. Above all, protect them from the sneers of your friends, be their guides as well as their masters, and you will find that in weal or woe, they will cherish you, love you, and their last words as their spirits leave their bodies, will be a blessing upon you. In life or in death they will be yours.

S.

A SHORT STORY.

BY F. A. S.

HERE came to my dwelling one day,
A bird with a sweet, sweet song;
And as my heart echoed its lay,
I questioned, "Where does it belong?"

BUT the bird kept singing away,
My thoughts divining meanwhile;
It seemed to ask, "Shall I stay?"
I answered but with a smile.

AND then with a flutter it came,
And nestled down close to my heart;
And though I can't tell its sweet name,
I pray it may never depart.

A GOOD IDEA.—A temperance orator recently delivered himself as follows: "Now, boys, if you want to be generous and treat each other, why not select some other place beside the liquor shop? Suppose, as you go by the post-office, you say 'I say, my dear fellow, come in and take some stamps.' These stamps will cost you no more than drinks all round. Or go to the haberdasher's and say, 'Boys, come in and take a box of collars.' Walk up to a grocer's, free and generous, and say, 'What kind of coffee will you have?' Why not treat to groceries by the pound as well as liquor by the glass? Or take your comrades to a cutler's, and say, 'I'll stand a good pocket-knife all round.'"

HEALTH AND WEALTH.—There is a great difference between the two temporal blessings, health and wealth. Wealth is most envied, but least enjoyed; health is frequently enjoyed, but the least envied; and the superiority of the latter is still more obvious when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with his health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with his money for health.

DOUBLE TEMPERANCE ACROSTIC.

The cool clear water makes the faint heart glad,
Heightens the color in the cheek of rose,
Enlivens thought, where'er we chance to roam.

Out in the desert where the Arabs go,
Living in tents; they shout for joy whene'er,
Deep in the sand they spy a streamlet pure.

Old oaken bucket! what fresh childish lips,
Artless and eager, to thy brim is pressed,
Kissing the bright and emerald moss that clings
Even in winter to thy nude gray form;
Never in age does draught delight us so!

Beautiful water everywhere is seen,
Useful and ornamental, clear and bright,
Coursing along through all the gladsome earth.
King of all liquids! Water, hail! all hail!
Even reign king in strength and majesty
Till from intemperance all men are free!

Diamonds of Thought.

THE most noble feeling of the heart is true love.

ART has little power to teach, but it is a faithful index of what has been taught.

I WILL listen to any one's convictions, but pray keep your doubts to yourself. I have plenty of my own.—Goethe.

"YOUNG married people," says a Chinese proverb, "should have their house built round, so that discontent can find no corner in it."

HAPPINESS.—He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more happy who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

EXTRAVAGANCE is not by any means the willful and determined fault some of its censurers declare it to be. People drift into it far oftener than they set sail purposely in that direction.

SOLITUDE IN THE CROWD.—It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion, it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

LET YOUR CHILDREN HAVE PETS.—The young should be taught to regard animals with affectionate interest. All repugnance to animals of any kind should be struggled with, if it exists, and every effort should be made to prevent its being implanted, as a feeling calculated to occasion much evil.

AMUSEMENT.—The habit of dissipating every serious thought by a succession of agreeable sensations is as fatal to happiness as virtue; for when amusement is uniformly substituted for objects of moral and mental interest, we lose all that elevates our enjoyments above the scale of childish pleasures.

GOOD MANNERS.—Good manners are the blossoms of good sense, and, it may be added, of good feeling, too, for if the law of kindness be written in the heart, it will lead to that disinterestedness in little as well as great things—that desire to oblige, and attention to the gratification of others, which is the foundation of good manners.—Locke.

BE PLEASANT AT HOME.—A loving heart and a pleasant countenance are commodities which a man should never fail to take home with him. They will best season his food, and soften his pillow. It were a great thing for a man that his wife and children could truly say of him, "He never brought a frown or unhappiness across his threshold."

A CHEERFUL TEMPERAMENT.—In the old nursery stories the fairies used to be represented as going to the christening of favored children and bestowing gifts upon them, such as beauty, wealth, health, and the like. But, of all bestowments, the one which must have been worth the most was the inestimable boon of a cheerful temperament. To look upon the bright instead of the dark side of every event is in itself to be born to good fortune.

CASH PAYMENTS.—The value of money is largely increased by its prompt disbursement. The payer derives more advantage from it in this way than he could by any investment, while open accounts harass him. The "cash basis" is, especially in the ordinary expenses of living, the only sound and safe one; and he only against whom no man has a claim is truly independent. Especially in personal and household expenses should the cash system be adhered to. If everybody, rich and poor, followed this safe course, the "fluctuations of trade" would be diminished in a wonderful degree. The best investment is in the payment of debts.

BEAUTY SLEEP.—Sleep obtained two hours before midnight, when the negative forces are in operation, is the rest which most recuperates the system, giving brightness to the eye and a glow to the cheek. The difference between the appearance of a person who habitually retires at ten o'clock and that of one who sits up until twelve is quite remarkable. The tone of the system, so evident in the complexion, the clearness and sparkle of the eye, and the softness of the lines of the features, are, in a person of health, kept at "concert pitch" by taking regular rest two hours before twelve o'clock, and thereby obtaining the "beauty sleep" of the night. There is a heaviness of the eye, a sallowness of skin, and absence of that glow in the face which renders it fresh in expression and round in appearance, that readily distinguishes the person who keeps late hours.

Our Spice Box.

OLD ENGLISH PROVERBS.

You should never touch your eye but with your elbow.

The head and feet keep warm; the rest will take no harm.

When the wind is in the east, it is neither good for man nor beast.

The air of a window is as a stroke from a cross-bow.

The child is too clever to live long. The best physicians are Dr. Diet, and Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman.

LONDON NEWSBOY.—"Jimmy, what's a 'stall' at the hopera?" "Well, I can't say, not for certain; but I suppose it's where they sell the happles, horanges, ginger-beer, and biskits."

SEVERE.—A gentleman was complimenting a pretty young lady in the presence of his wife. "It is lucky I did not meet Miss Hopkins before I married you, my dear." "Well, yes; it is extremely lucky—for her," was the dry rejoinder.

"DOCTOR," said a lady to her physician, "don't you think the small bonnets that the ladies wear nowadays have a tendency to produce congestion of the brain?" "No, madam. Where you see one of those bonnets there is no brain to congest."

Two gentlemen calling at the house of one who bore the name of Fish, and observing the portraits of the children of the family on the walls, one of them remarked to his companion, "Sardines." "Yes," replied the other—"little fishes done in oil."

POOR MARIA!—Upon the arrival of a train an old lady affectionately greeted a stylish young lady as follows: "Why, how'd do, Mariar? Why how funny ye look! Didn't hardly know ye! Got new teeth, ain't ye?" Maria changed the subject.

CAUSES AND EFFECTS.—"It is a settled principle, your honor," said an eminent lawyer, "that causes always produce effects." "They always do for the lawyers," blandly responded the judge; "but I've sometimes known a single cause to deprive a client of all his effects."

A GOOD DEFINITION of the difference between the "old school" and "new school" was given by the Hon. J. B. Grinnell, of Iowa. "As near as I can understand," said he, "the children of old school Presbyterians sin as soon as they are born, and the children of new school Presbyterians as soon as they know how."

A LESSON FOR LADIES.—The brilliant glow of a September afternoon lay upon the sparkling waters of the river at Neversink. A pleasant party in a little boat went merrily trolling about, and all was harmony and fish. But, alas! a fearful catastrophe approached. One beautiful girl, of fifty summers or so, whose bright young soul had anticipated nothing but joy from the excursion, suddenly found that a fish had taken her hook. Sweetly smiling in her glee, she bent to lift her victim into the boat, when, to her inexpressible dismay, her gold plate, teeth, etc., gently fell into the waves. What did that strange fish do but shake the hook from its mouth, seize the shining prey, and disappear in the deep, deep water, while a wild scream rang from shore to shore, piercing the very hearts of all who heard. What the fish will do with his investment remains to be seen; as for the young lady, she never smiles now.