

**Six Little Feet on the Fender.**

In my heart there liveth a picture  
Of a kitchen rude and old,  
Where the firelight tripped o'er the rafter,  
And reddened the roof's brown mold,  
Gilding the steam of the kettle,  
That hummed on the foot-worn hearth,  
Throughout all the livelong evening,  
Its measure of drowsy mirth.

Because of the three light shadows  
That frescoed that rude old room—  
Because of the voices echoed  
Up 'mid the rafters' gloom—  
Because of the feet on the fender,  
Six restless, white little feet—  
The thoughts of that dear old kitchen  
Are to me so fresh and sweet.

When the first dash at the window  
Told of the coming rain,  
Oh, where are the fair young faces  
That crowded against the pane?  
While bits of firelight stealing,  
Their dimpled cheeks between,  
Went struggling out in darkness,  
In shreds of silver sheen.

Two of the feet grew weary,  
One dreary, dismal day,  
And we tied them with snow-white ribbons,  
Leaving them by the way;  
There was fresh clay on the fender,  
That dreary, wintry night,  
For the four little feet had tracked it  
From the grave on the bright lull's height.

Oh, why, on this darksome evening,  
This evening of rain and sleet,  
Rest my feet all alone on the hearthstone?  
Oh, where are those other feet?  
Are they treading the pathway of virtue,  
That will bring us together above;  
Or have they made steps that will dampen  
A sister's tireless love?

**THE ROYAL PRINCESS.**

A GOOD mother, not long ago, anxious to train her little daughter in domestic duties, gave her instructions to sweep and dust her own chamber, and knowing that "the hope of reward sweetens labour," said to the child—

"If she will come to me after her work is done I will show her a picture."

The little bedroom was at length put to rights, and Emma came to her mother, reminding her of her promise about the picture.

"What do you see, my child?" her mother asked, as she laid the picture before her daughter.

"I see a young girl with her dress fastened up, an apron on, and a broom in her hand."

"Can you tell me what kind of a place she is in?"

"I do not know. There are walls and arches of stone, and a bare stone floor. I do not think it can be a pleasant place."

"No, it is not. It is a prison, and the young girl is a king's daughter."

"A king's daughter!"

"Yes; and her story is a very sad one."

"Please tell me about her."

"More than eighty years ago the King of France was Louis XVI. and his wife was Marie Antoinette. They were not a wicked king and queen, but they were thoughtless and fond of pleasure. They forgot that it was their duty to look after the good of their people, so they spent money extravagantly in their own pleasures

while the whole nation was suffering. The people became dissatisfied; and when finally Louis and Marie Antoinette saw the mistake they had been making, and tried to change their conduct, it was too late. The people, urged on by bad leaders, learned to hate their king and queen. They were taken with their two children and the sister of the king and shut up in a prison called the Temple.

"There were dreadful times in France then, and every one who was suspected of being friendly to the royal family was sent to prison and to the guillotine. The prisoners in the Temple passed the time as best they could. The king gave lessons to his son and daughter every day, or read to them all, while Marie Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth, and the young Maria Theresa sewed.

"After a time the angry people took away the king and beheaded him, and shortly after the little son was separated from his mother, sister, and aunt, and shut up by himself in the charge of a cruel gaoler. Next it was Marie Antoinette's turn to ascend the scaffold, which she did in 1793. Her daughter Maria Theresa was then left alone with her aunt, the Madame Elizabeth.

"But it was not long she was allowed even this companionship. Madame Elizabeth was taken away and beheaded, and then the poor young girl of fifteen was left alone in a dismal prison, guarded by brutal soldiers. For a year and a half she lived thus, leading the most wretched existence, and not knowing whether her mother and aunt were alive or dead.

"Years afterward, when she was free, she wrote a book about her life in prison. In that we read: 'I only asked for the simple necessities of life, and these were often harshly refused me. I was, however, enabled to keep myself clean. I had at least soap and water, and I swept out my room every day.'

"Is that a true story, mamma?"

"Yes, Emma, every word of it; and there is much, much more that I cannot tell you now."

"What became of her at last?"

"She was finally released from prison, and sent to Austria to her mother's friends; but it was a full year after she reached Vienna before she smiled, and though she lived to be more than seventy years old, she never forgot the terrible sufferings of her prison life.

"But, my child, what I wished to teach you is, that though it is sometimes very pleasant to be a princess, it may be most unfortunate at other times. Yet there are no circumstances in life, either high or low, in which a woman will find the knowledge of domestic duties to come amiss, and in which she will not be far happier and more useful for possessing that knowledge.

Little children do not always comprehend everything at once; so I will not say that from that time forth

Emma took delight in dusting and sweeping. But, my little readers, bear in mind that that woman is the most quietly—not the one who is most ignorant and the most burdensome to others, but the one who is wisest in small things as well as great—who uses her wisdom and her strength for the benefit of those around her, shrinking from no duty that she should perform, but doing it cheerfully and well.—*E. B. Duffey.*

**AN EXCITED FOREIGNER.**

A PARTY of Frenchmen who were out sailing were caught in a sudden squall and compelled to stay overnight at one of the small hotels at Rock-away Beach. One of them, a late arrival, was greatly exercised over the discomforts of the place, and complained bitterly about the lack of elegance in the fittings and inadequacy of the supper to satisfy a refined palate. A member of a fishing club, who had been out crabbing, courteously gave up his room to the foreigner, and shared the bed of one of his companions; but in vacating the apartment he left behind his fishing-tackle and a basketful of the crabs he had caught.

The Frenchman sought the chamber rather late, and retired at once. During the night he awoke and fancied he heard a noise that was not the murmur of the surf on the beach beneath his window. He sat up and listened. Yes, he was sure of it then. A strange, scratching sound, and in a moment he was out of his bed, for it came from the floor underneath his feet, and from different parts of it, too. In a fright he groped for his matches and struck a light. Then with a yell he made for the door. The basket in the corner had upset, and the released crabs were straggling about all over the floor. In the gloom the frightened foreigner could hardly make out the appearance of the odd-looking creatures, and he never stopped to investigate.

It was midnight, and a few stragglers were going out of the office down-stairs, when he burst into it in brief apparel, "Zee proprie-ataire!" he shouted. "Show to me zee proprie-ataire?"

"What's wrong, sir?" asked that gentleman, coming forward.

"Wrong, sare?" cried the other. "Every sing is wrong! Zees is one situation diabolique! I cannot of zee souper eat. I cannot of zee beer drink. I asked for my chambre, and you show him to me. Zee bed so hard is I cannot upon him sleep. Zee peelow so small is I lose heem in one moment. But I no mind zat. I try to myself compose, zen zere is one seretch, seretch, seretch, and one clack, clack, all zee chambre over. Zee candel I been illumine. Ciel! What you tink I see? Boogs, zare, monstair boogs. Beeg as my head. Go zare. Take zee chambre. I do not heem no

more want. Zere is not room in heem for me and three or four boog like zat."—*Exchange.*

**DOMESTIC TRAINING FOR GIRLS.**

NOTHING is more significant of the social condition of a people than the training of its girls in domestic life. In Germany the daughters of the nobleman, of the prince, and of the small shop-keeper learn alike to cook, to sweep, and to keep house. After the training in books is over, Fraulein Lena and her Royal Highness Princess Sophie both begin this home education.

There are establishments where they are taken by the year, as in a boarding-school. In one month they wash dishes and polish glass and silver; in another they cook meats; in another bake; in the next "lay down" meat for winter use, or preserve fruit, make jellies and pickles, sweep and dust. Plain sewing, darning, and the care of linen are also taught and taught thoroughly. The German "betrotthed" is thus almost always a thorough housekeeper, and spends the time before marriage in laying in enormous stores of provisions and napery for her future home.

In France a girl begins at twelve years of age to take part in the household interests. Being her mother's constant companion, she learns the system of close, rigid economy which prevails in all French families. If there be but two sticks of wood burning on the hearth, they are pulled apart when the family leave the room, even for a half-hour, and the brands are saved.

English girls of the educated classes seldom equal the German and French in culinary arts, but they are early taught to share in the care of the poor around them. They teach in the village school or they have industrial classes; they have some hobby—such as drawing, riding, or animals—to occupy their spare time with pleasure or profit.

These facts are for the girls. They can draw the lesson for themselves.—*Selected.*

**MARK THE DIFFERENCE.**

THE baker exchanges his bread for money; the bread is the staff of life. The butcher's meat invigorates the body and sustains life. The grocer sells his goods that he may be benefited. The merchant's goods shield the body from the wintry blasts. All these are necessary. But what of the saloon-keeper's merchandise? The very angels of the bottomless pit stand aghast at the awfulness of the misery which the traffic engenders. His business is a curse to the community and death to every one who touches it. Discourage it. Work against it in every possible way.

WHAT is sadder in our reflection, and yet what more frequent, than our unconscious farewells?