

only a thick, dark stump around her eyes, which stump has remained ever since, for the fringe never grew again. Childhood is the time for cropping, not womanhood.

And what about the eyes themselves? There is but one thing that can beautify them, and that shall be my last word on the subject. The eye now looks upon the most prominent feature of the face, but not all the ingenuity of thought can alter; and it is fortunate, perhaps, that it is so, for, whether it be eagle-shaped, or vultured, or aquiline, or snub, we may be sure it is the most becoming to the face, and therewith be content!

A firm mouth in a man betokens character, and, as such, is often beautiful; but in woman, a firm mouth is most ungainly; firmly compressed lips, drawn-down corners of the mouth, repel rather than invite social intercourse. Smiles, on the contrary, render the ugliest mouth pretty; therefore, ladies, maidens, and matrons, smile not only in society; but also at the homely fireside; not only in the palace, but also in the cottage. Smile, and from the heart! Smiles are the true secrets of beauty of the mouth.

If a sculptor was asked, "What is beauty?" he would say the figure. But his explanation of a beautiful figure would somewhat startle our modern girls with "waspy" propensities. He would say that the waist should be twice as thick as the neck. A fashionable girl would say it should not be so thick, but should be drawn in as tightly as strong cord will draw. Speaking from my own experience, I must confess that the finest figures I have ever seen, were those which never had had a corset round them. There was the small, round, elastic waist, bending itself to every movement of the body, and the full bust, unconfined by steel and whalebone—but firm, though pliable within its bodice. It is my opinion, that if corsets were never begun they would never be required, and our women would have better figures. Italian models, who sit for painters in Italy, are not allowed to wear corsets during any portion of the day, for fear of *spoiling* their figures—*ergo*, corsets cannot be improvers. However, as the age requires such things, let them be of the very best description. They are necessary evils at the best, then let the evil be as small as possible. All that is absolutely required is to give a firmness to the waist, which, it appears, is now deemed essential to a well-fitting dress, and the short French corset is the best adapted for that purpose. It is scarcely more than a wide belt, but it braces the waist, since the waist must be braced, while it leaves the rest of the figure comparatively easy and free of action. I am sorry that the stiffest looking figures are the English. Why? Because they have too much corset. English ladies, as a rule, like their corsets to be very high and very long—they also like them well boned and tightened in an equal degree from top to bottom; consequently, they often look straight, stiff, and unshapely, whereas I do not believe that there are in reality better made women anywhere than in England, only they spoil themselves with iron cases. But now that France is shut for fashion, and that London is looked to for new models (as it was in the early years of the present century), why not break through the trammels which have so long disguised our women—why not discard the corset altogether? Comfort and beauty would be the reward. But as not all the preachers in England could once prevail on Englishmen to curtail the length of their shoes, I cannot hope that my poor feeble words will be noticed otherwise than by a derisive smile. And yet, if a celebrated beauty *any monde*, were but to inaugurate the fashion, how soon every other beauty of *every monde* would follow in the wake. But time is flying, and space is filling, and yet I find I owe you still a word before concluding. What is the one thing that can beautify the eyes—ay, can beautify the whole person and render the plainest woman pleasant to look upon? Without it every other beauty is spoiled—with it, ugliness is lost. What was the belt which rendered Venus without her peer in Olympus? What was, what is, and what will ever be the greatest of all "Secrets of Beauty?" *Good temper and amiability.—Land and Water.*

A bright and beautiful bird is Hope; it will come to us mid the darkness, and sing the sweetest song when our spirits are saddest; and when the lone soul is weary, and longs to pass away, it warbles its sunniest notes, and tightens again the slender fibres of our hearts that grief has been tearing away.

The Farmer's Wife.

The farmer came in from the field one day;
His languid step and his weary way,
His beaded brow, his sinewy hand,
All showed his work for the good of the land;
For he sows,
And he hees,
And he mows,
All for the good of the land.

By the kitchen fire stood his patient wife,
Light of his home and joy of his life,
With face all aglow, and busy hand,
Preparing the meal for her household band:
For she must boil,
And she must broil,
And she must toil,
All for the good of the home.

The bright sun shines when the farmer goes out;
The birds sing sweet songs, lambs frisk about;
The brook babbles softly in the glen
While he works so bravely for the good of men;
For he sows,
And he mows,
And he hees,
For the good of the land.

How briskly the wife steps about within,
The dishes to wash, the milk to skim;
The fire goes out, the flies buzz about;
For the dear ones at home, her heart is kept stout;
There are pies to make,
There is bread to bake,
And steps to take,
All for the sake of home.

When the day is o'er, and evening is come,
The creatures are fed, the milking done,
He takes his rest 'neath the old shade tree,
From the labor of the land his thoughts are free;
Though he sows,
And he hees,
And he mows,
He rests from the work of the land.

But the faithful wife, from sun to sun,
Takes her burden up that's never done;
There is no rest, there is no play,
For the good of her house she must work away;
For to mend the frock,
And to knit the sock,
And the cradle to rock,
All for the good of the home.

When autumn is here, with its chilling blast,
The farmer gathers his crop at last;
His barns are full, his fields are bare;
For the good of the land he ne'er hath care,
While it blows,
And it snows,
Till winter goes,
He rests from the work of the land.

But the willing wife, till life's closing day,
Is the children's guide, the husband's stay;
From day to day she has done her best,
Until death alone can give her rest;
For after the test,
Comes the rest,
With the blest.
In the Father's heavenly home.

Spring Cleaning.

BY A SUFFERER.

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
Of cleaning paint and scouring floors, and scouring far and near;
Heaped in the corner of the room, the ancient dirt lay quiet,
Nor rose up at the father's tread, nor at the children's riot;
But now the carpets all are up, and from the staircase top
The mistress calls to man and maid to wield the broom and mop.

Where are those rooms, those quiet rooms, the house but now presented,
Wherein we dwelt, nor dreamed of dirt, so cosy and contented?
Alas! they're all turned upside down, the quiet suite of rooms,
When slops, and suds, and soap, and sand, and tubs and pails, and brooms,

Chairs, tables, stands are standing round at sixes and at sevens—
While wife and housemaids fly about like meteors through the heavens.

The parlor and the chamber floors were cleaned a week ago,
The carpets shook, the windows washed, as all the neighbors know;
But still the sanctum had escaped, the table piled with books,
Pens, ink and paper all about, peace in its very looks;
'Till fell the women on them all, as falls the plague on men,
And then they vanished all away, books, paper, ink and pen.

And now, when comes the master home, as come he must o' nights,
To find all things are "set to rights" that they have "set to rights,"
When the sound of driving tacks is heard, tho' the house is far from still,
And the carpet woman's on the stairs, that har-binger of ill;
He looks for papers, books or bills, that all were there before,
And sighs to find them on the desk or in the drawer no more.

And then he grimly thinks of her who set this fuss afloat,
And wishes she were out at sea in a very leaky boat.
He meets her at the parlor door with hair and cap awry,
With sleeves tucked up and broom in hand, defiance in her eye;
He feels quite small, and knows full well there's nothing to be said,
So holds his tongue and drinks his tea, and sneaks away to bed.

Small Talk.

Small talk is no mean acquirement; a lady or gentleman who can descant eloquently on a torn glove or withered flower, is sure to be expert in breaking those awful pauses which sometimes occur in the most finished society. Silence should always be observed when any professional performer is kind enough to give his services in playing or singing, to amuse the company; but the first note struck on the piano, however fine the musician may be, seems to be a signal for the confusion of tongues. Be careful to make no remarks on those who surround you; even a confidential whisper may be heard by some one standing at your elbow, and who is possibly related or connected with the object of discussion.

Content and Discontent.

If we estimate things wisely, rich men are more liable to discontent than poor men. It is observable that men of the highest fortune are apt, most easily, to resent the smallest things; a little neglect, a slight word, an unpleasing look, doth affect them more than reproaches, blows, or wrongs do those of a mean condition. Prosperity is a nice and squeamish thing, and it is hard to find any thing able to please men of a full and thriving estate, whereas a good meal, a small gift, a little gain, or good success of his labor, doth produce in a poor man a very solid pleasure; whence contentedness hath place, and is needful in every condition, be it in appearance ever so prosperous, so plentiful, so pleasant.

Good Sense.

Good sense, or what is usually common sense, is the basis of good taste. It teaches a man, in the first place, that more than two elbows are highly inconvenient in the world; and, in the second, that the fewer people you jostle on the road of life the greater your chances of success among men or women. It is not necessary that a common sense man need be an unimaginative one; but it is necessary that his imagination should be well regulated.

Good taste springs from good sense, because the latter enables a man to understand at all times precisely where he is, and what he ought to do under the circumstances of his situation. Good taste is a just appreciation of the relationship and probable effects of ordinary as well as extraordinary things; and no man can have it unless he is in the habit of considering his own position, and planning his own actions with coolness and accuracy.