### UNANOINTED.

We know that through the viewless air,
Though not a mote seems floating there,
There may be crossing, everywhere,—

Beings of an ethereal guise,
Betwixt our earthly-holden eyes
And the far reaches of the skies,—

A realm within a realm; yet we
With unanointed vision see
No token of its mystery.

God's messengers—they come and go
Unfelt, unheeded by us, though
They touch us passing to and fro.

In mystic circles they enwreathe
Us all around, above, beneath,
And fan the very air we breathe.

What respite in our wild despair
The thought would bring us, did we dare
Believe our darling dead were there!

What consolation, heavenly bright,
Would hush our anguish if we light
Still hold their deathless care in sight!

So near they may be—ah, so near!—
And yet we bend no conscious ear
The folding of their wings to hear.

*—Margaret J. Preston, in Bazar.*

## THE HOME.

### "Getting Help."

Margaret Paget was a young girl of no especial mental force, nor, on the other hand, of any decided stupidity, who was blessed, if one may regard it so in this case, with a mother of exceptional ability. The mother had written many brilliant literary papers.

Margaret's father was dead. When the child went to school, her mother began to perform her tasks for her. As the time went by, therefore, the girl became more and more dependent upon her mother. Through the failure to develop her own powers, she seemed to be able to do nothing on her own account.

All this, of course, left Margaret very ill grounded in all her studies, and reflected upon her standing in her examinations, so that she made slow progress. At last the mother, ashamed to see her lag behind, took her out of school, and made a weak pretence of instructing her at home.

Margaret was pretty and amiable, and when she had become eighteen years old, her hand was asked in marriage by a worthy young man.

The mother gave a conditional consent; and as the young man lived at some distance, a correspondence was begun, of course under the eye of the mother.

It was then that the mother realized how defective her daughter's education had been. She was unable to write a creditable letter. Her messages, as she showed them to her mother, were ill-thought, ill-expressed, even ill-spelled.

"This will never do," said the mother. She began to write her daughter's responses to the letters of the young man to whom she was betrothed. Her own wit and felicity of expression characterized them, and the young man was charmed. Once embarked upon such a course of deceit, the mother dared not make a confession. The young man himself was an excellent writer, and his efforts spurred the mother to her most brilliant efforts as a correspondent.

After this charming correspondence, the young people were married. Neither the mother nor the daughter dared confess the fraud. Neither had "meant much" at the beginning, but both had gone very deep into a course of deception.

The young husband was soon astonished to find that his wife was an ignorant person, incapable of writing even a sensible letter. He questioned her sharply, and she confessed her fault.

"Mamma always does things for me," she said, helplessly.

The husband found his wife also incapable of caring for a household. She presently sent for her mother to come and live with her; though the husband, having had so forcible a lesson as to her deceitfulness, could only regard her with suspicion and dislike.

The marriage was an unhappy one. The whole lives of two young people had been utterly spoiled by this tendency on the part of a mother to spare her child unpleasant tasks and deprive her of the nourishing, inspiring wear and tear of self-help.

### Sleeplessness.

That the amount of sleep required by different individuals is decidedly different has almost passed into an axiom. Persons who are very energetic naturally require a great deal of sleep, and children and young people who are growing, require at least nine or ten hours of sleep. Invalids or people advanced in life should sleep as long as they can, as there is no restorer of tired nature like sleep. To get a refreshing sleep the brain must cease to act. Sleepers who dream incessantly do not receive their requisite amount of rest. It would be curious to trace how many cases of nervous irritability, or of functional diseases of the nerves, are due to lack of proper sleep in childhood. Little children should literally go to bed with the chickens. They should have an early supper, at half-past five, and should be put to bed directly after. Such a regime as this should be kept up till the child is seven or eight years old, when the bedtime hour may be changed from six o'clock till seven. A growing girl should certainly go to bed as early as eight o'clock, and should continue this bedtime hour until she arrives at an age when she judges for herself. The old Norman law which commanded that all fires should be covered and lights put out at the ringing of the curfew bell, though looked upon as a tyrannical measure, was, from a hygienic point of view, one of the most goodly rules that could have been ordained. Considerable harm has been done by arbitrary rules in the matter of sleep. The fact that Napoleon was able to exist with six hours' sleep, if it were true, proves nothing but his exceptional endurance. It is said that General Grant once said that he could do nothing without nine hours' sleep. There are very few people of great nervous energy and force, who do not require a great deal more sleep. A person who does very little work, and whose brain is not very actively engaged in any way, can afford to take eight hours' sleep.

There has been considerable discussion as to what is the best position to lie in, in sleep. Most physicians will tell you that it is on the right side, but here no definite directions can be given. A weakness of the lungs may cause the sleeper to rest more comfortably on the left side. Again in depressing illness, the patient usually lies flat on his back, and this position seems, in general, to contribute the greatest amount of rest to the muscles, yet few people would find it comfortable to sleep in this position. A position which has been advocated with considerable show of reason, is that of lying partly on the face. All these positions have been advocated and probably no healthful person sleeps all together in either one of them, but varies his position to all of them during his resting hours.

The best bed coverings are light woollen blankets. The impervious cotton comfortables so much used are the most unwholesome of any covering. A hair mattress, as is conceded now, is the very best bed and a single mattress with a set of good springs is all sufficient. Where there are two mattresses over the springs they are not as likely to be well aired, and therefore are more likely to retain the exhalations of sleep. A good hair bolster is the most wholesome head rest, but many persons prefer a feather bolster because they are not used to it. Sleeping with a number of pillows under the head is certainly injurious, as it tends to raise the head into a cramped unnatural position. The fashion of double beds is one greatly to be deprecated, and two single beds placed side by side are taking their place in many cases. So high an authority as *The London Lancet* says, in discussing the question: "Nothing will so derange the nervous system of a person who is eliminative in nervous force as to lie all night in bed with another who is absorbent of nervous force. The latter will sleep soundly all night and arise refreshed in the morning, while the former will toss restlessly, and awake in the morning fretful, peevish, faint-hearted and discouraged. No two persons, no matter who they are, should habitually sleep together. The one will thrive, the other will lose."

### The Paste-Pot and Glue-Kettle.

The good housekeeper is one who is ready for emergencies, and in every family there are bound to be breakages. Things get out of order, pieces of furniture warp apart, the metal lamp becomes loosened from its metal socket, valuable china is broken, or some similar accident occurs which requires the use of glue, cement or plaster-of-paris paste. Like a stitch in time, prompt attention to such matters saves the housework from drifting into a state of disorder. With ricketty chairs, disabled tables, incapacitated lamps and all the mischief they can cause, imminent at any time, no household is safe. The glue-pot should be a family fixture. It is an inexpensive utensil consisting of two kettles, one fitting inside the other, something like double boilers. The outer part is filled with water, but not enough to flow into the inner one, which contains the glue. For the matter of this a common tin-saucepan and a cup to hold the glue will do very well if you have not the more elaborate glue-pot made for the purpose. Purchase the very best glue from a trustworthy druggist. The best is light in color and translucent. Break it in fine pieces; put it in a perfectly clean glue-pot or earthen jar; pour enough cold water over to cover the glue, and let it stand twenty-four hours. At the end of this time pour off any water that may have remained. Fill the outer vessel of the glue-pot with boiling water, and set the one containing the glue in it. Let the water boil around it until the glue is thoroughly melted. If you melt the glue in a jar set in a tin saucepan, a covering of pebbles should be put on the bottom of the saucepan to make a space between the bottom of the jar and the bottom of the saucepan. Apply the glue to wood with a soft brush, while it is hot, pressing the parts of wood firmly together, or tying them together if necessary with a cord, or in some cases pressing them together with a vise or with clamps. It is very convenient to have a little china cement to mend china or glassware. Although no cement has ever been invented which will successfully stand boiling water, yet a piece of china which is intended for decorative use, and not for hard service in the kitchen, where it will be frequently washed, will be as good as new when it is once mended. When the handles of steel knives and forks come off they can be easily mended with rosin. Pour a little powdered rosin into the cavity in the handle. Heat the part of the knife that fits into the handle until it is red hot and thrust it into the handle. It will become firmly fixed by rosin when it becomes cool. In heating the handle protect the blade carefully with wet cloths, for if the blade becomes heated beyond a certain point, it loses its temper and the keenness of the steel once lost cannot be recovered. Plaster of paris should be kept in the house to mend lamps, where the metal socket has become loosened from the reservoir, to mend holes which have been chipped out of the plaster, or to fill in various crevices where it may be painted over. Few things are more slovenly than a hall with holes in the plaster, yet such disfigurements are very likely to occur from the blows of heavy furniture, hammering of picture nails in wrong places and from various other causes. Such places should be mended at once with plaster of paris, mixed to a thin paste with water. It is best to mix only a little at a time as it sets so rapidly that it becomes too hard to handle in a few moments. Apply it and smooth it down with the blade of a knife and cover up the spot with a piece of wall paper matching the pattern on the wall as you paste it on and the spot will never show. When you mend the socket on a lamp, fill the sides of the socket with plaster of paris and press the reservoir in place. Rub off any plaster of paris that may overflow before it dries.

— An eminent French physician claims that raw oysters are the most nourishing food in existence. They are excellent for all cases of impaired digestion, exert a strengthening influence upon the nervous organs, and the liquor they contain is a valuable tonic.

—Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

## THE FARM.

### Points of Cows that Pay.

Professor Robertson, Canadian dairy expert, specifies five points for judging a cow that will prove profitable instead of being that detriment to many herds—a "mere boarder." But uncomfortable conditions of keeping, as to stable or defective feed, will neutralize even the best equipment:

"A long udder lengthwise of her body; and it should be very elastic in quality; the elastic quality means room to make milk. A soft skin—a mellow skin covered with mossy, silky hair; a cow has only one skin—one skin around her body and clear through by way of her stomach. The skin, if coarse or harsh, means sluggish digestion inside, and that means an expensive cow that does not digest her food or thrive well. Then, a cow should have a large roomy barrel with broad ribs wide apart, for holding plenty of good, rough, bulky, cheap feed; it should be filled up twice a day. See that the milk-veins under the cow's belly are prominent; prominence is a far more important indication than actual size would be. Firm muscles in the abdomen mean good constitution; they are one of the best evidences of endurance and thrift that you can find in a cow; and endurance to stand the strain of giving milk continuously is what you want. A cow should have broad loins with long rumps. A rather long, lean neck, with clean-cut face and prominent eyes. These points indicate enduring power to stand the strain of a long milking season. If a cow has these five points she will usually have the power of serving a man well."

### Sweet Treatment.

The agricultural editor of the N. Y. *Tribune* had, in the South, an experience almost parallel with that noted in the appended excerpt from *Our Dumb Animals*. In his case the pretty and spirited Mexican pony soon became, by reason of candy, apples and kindness, so attached to his rider that it was with much reluctance he would permit himself to be led away to the stable after a half-day's outing, though he must have been hungry, and knew that a good feed awaited his return:

"Many years ago we rode a very beautiful, swift and high-spirited horse, that had become so accustomed to receiving an apple occasionally, that when riding him he would frequently, if permitted, stop under an apple tree overhanging the road, and look up and around to us, asking as plainly as though he had said it: 'Please give me an apple.' He never failed to get one. Some people found it very difficult to mount and ride that horse. We never had to touch the bridle-rein until seated. He was as glad to have us in the saddle as we were to be there."

— Pushing the growth of pigs and poultry from the start has possibilities and potencies that truly justify its application, and it offers pockets full of profit for its faithful observance in the bringing up of every kind of stock. We all know the result when we see even a vegetable—as a wheat or a corn plant—making a stunted start; and in our own human race it is the well and regularly fed that develop into men of noble proportions, and vice versa.

— A Massachusetts writer is surprised to find that cordwood sells for lower price now than it brought forty years ago; and more acres are covered with trees than before the war. And another observer says, in comment, that there is scarcely a locality in New England of which the same statement cannot truthfully be made. Nevertheless, the professional forestry alarmists continue to agitate for flagpoles and appropriations.

— Professor J. P. Stelle, of the *Mobile Register*, says he was near those Department of Agriculture "rainmakers" during much of their "heaviest" work; and he pronounces it to have been "simply the most childish kind of nonsense from beginning to end." This accords with the report of the Smithsonian Institute agent on the ground, who declared in effect that the Dyrenforth balloons, kites and rackarook "experiments" had absolutely nothing to do with the drops of water that fell, some of them hundreds of miles from the scene of the trial. But it was a pyrotechnic Fourth-of-July kind of an outing for the noisy crowd running the business, and all at public expense.

— A farmer had a set of broad-tired wheels made to fit the axles of his narrow-tired wagon; they were also made much lower. After use one season he wonders how he ever got along with the "narrow, tall things." In loading hay, grain, manure and all heavy articles, much weight-elevating is saved, and the broad tires do not cut into soft ground so much. The narrow-tired wheels are only used when he drives far on the road, and this to avoid attracting attention. Low-down wagons with four-inch tires are probably best for the farm—trouble often ensues by wagons slipping sideways on icy hill roads higher at one side than the other. This was obviated in one instance by having diagonally across the faces of the tires projections like those on the tires of traction engines.

— A farmer who has kept an annual average of 100 fowls during twenty years, part of which roosted under a roof, the rest in a clump of Norway spruce trees, and no disease in all this time, except an attack of so-called cholera, naturally favors oxygen for poultry, saying, in the Germantown *Telegraph*: "I am not oblivious to the fact that a current of fresh air blowing on a fowl in a warm room will give it roup, but a hurricane of wind will not do the same for a fowl in a clump of evergreen, or it would have done it to ours. I have no doubt that roup is caused by microbes, but these are not bred by outdoor roosts. Foul, confined air is no better for fowls than for the home-pullet or cockerel. You say ventilate and so say I ventilate, as thoroughly as possible, so thoroughly that no draught through a knothole can be possible. I favor for protection an open shed, boarded on the cold side, with the roost so high up in front as to be protected from a change of wind to the south or east, but no clustering and no roup to be stamped out by cutting off the head. It is not a healthy practice."

— Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

## TEMPERANCE.

### A Trudge Through the Rain and What Came of It.

"Talk about raining cats and dogs and pitchforks down'ards! if this ain't something like it, I should like to know what is. I'm thankful I've got a stunning pair of boots on, and a proper good coat, and this old basket makes a fine 'gamp,' on a new and improved patent ventilating principle and don't keep more of the wet off than is healthy for you. Come on, Snips! I s'pose you couldn't let go that precious old mutton bone if you was a runnin' away from an earthquake, eh?"

This latter remark was addressed to a little terrier dog, who, with the wet streaming from ears and tail, trotted after his master through the rain. And that master was Rob Rushton, who, I am sure, Snips would say was worth following through water or fire either, if that were possible, to the ends of the world.

"Hallo!" quoth Rob presently. "If that ain't Tim Barker coming along! What a drowned rat he does look to be sure. There's plenty of cracks in *his* jacket for the rain to get in, and he ain't too fond of cold water, neither. Ah, well! If I'd had such a father as his, I dessay I sh'd have been just the same, or worse. Shall I offer him a bit of my 'gamp'? Half a loaf's better than no bread. He's bound to say something nasty about my liking plenty of water, and hoping I enjoy it, or something; but there, my feelings ain't made of puff-paste. Hi, Tim! It ain't every gentleman as'll offer you the loan of a fashionable umbrella; but you're welcome to half mine!"

"Oh, thank ye!" responded Tim, with quite a cordial grin. "Any port in a storm, and I'm most as wet as I care to be already."

Arm in arm the boys trudged along for some distance in silence, then suddenly Tim burst out with—

"L-say, Rob! I believe you are a real good fellow, and that's a fact. If I'd known the sort you were, I'd never have plagued about that Band of Hope of yours as I have."

"Oh, as to that—" answered Rob, and laughed."

"Well, do you know, I've been thinking, and it seems to me that pledge business ain't half a bad thing after all. When I look at you and your home, with father and mother and all of you tectotalers, and then at us and our home—"

A significant blank completed the sentence.

"Half a bad thing, indeed! It's a whole good thing; you may take my word for that," said Rob, warmly. "And I've belonged to it ever since I was a little chap, so high.

"I say! When is your next meeting?"

"To-night, at eight," replied Rob, promptly. "And a prime time of it I reckon we're going to have; singing and pieces, and p'raps a gentleman is coming with some talking dolls. Will you come?"

"I rather think I will."

"That's the ticket; and won't you sign?"

"Well, if you'll be there to—to sort of back me up, and stand by me."

"Of course I will, and downright glad."

"Then I think maybe I will. I sh'd never have the cheek to go in by myself after all the things I've said, and the way I've chaffed 'em all; but if you'll sort of be a chum to me—well I will."

That this good resolution delighted Rob I need scarcely say, and the next five minutes was spent by him in giving Tim glowing details of the numerous delights and advantages enjoyed by the members of *his* Band of Hope.

As they talked, they were overtaken by a horse and trap.

"Hah, Rob!" said the occupant, reining in his horse; "are you going my way? Would you like a lift?"

"Thank you, sir," answered Rob. "But I'm afraid there ain't room for my chum here, as well."

The driver's eyebrows went up a little, and it was on the tip of his tongue to say, "How long has Tim Barker been a chum of *yours?*" but he wisely forebore, and only said, "Oh, yes; I think we can squeeze him in. Jump up."

Willingly enough the boys obeyed, for Mr. Turner's brown horse would carry them to the village in a quarter the time which their own legs would take; and soon Rob communicated to his adult friend the good news with which he was bursting—"Tim Barker is going to take the pledge. He's coming to the Band of Hope with me to-night."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Turner, much interested, "I am rejoiced to hear it, especially to hear it just now. It's a strange thing," he continued, "but I'm just on the look out for a boy of your age, Tim, for my shop. I think you've not got into anything yet, have you?"

"No, sir. I'm on the look out, too. I ain't so lucky as Rob here. He's been in his place nearly two years."

"Well, I've often had my eye on you, Tim; but I've never yet taken a boy who was not an abstainer, and I thought you were quite set against that sort of thing. So as I couldn't see my way to breaking my rule, I've never mentioned it to you; but when you can show me your pledge card it will be quite different."

"That'll be to-morrow morning, sir," said Tim, looking jubilant. "That is, if convenient to you, sir."

"Quite convenient. The sooner the better," Mr. Turner replied.

Before a week was over, assisted into tidy clothing by the secretary of the Band of Hope, Tim Barker was fairly installed in Mr. Turner's service, the first regular and decent employment he had ever obtained. And strengthened by his good friend, Rob, he succeeded in standing against the sneers of former companions, and the unsympathetic treatment of his friends at home, until he was able to practically prove to them all that the choice he had made was good.

This was when he presented his mother with a new gown, purchased out of the money which might have been spent in daily dinner beer. How radiant with mingled smiles and tears she was when she saw it, and how bonny and bright and almost young again she looked when she wore it, Tim never forgot.

And Tim's father never forgot it, either. Within a month he, too, was a pledged abstainer, and has kept faithful ever since.


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