

Troubles in High Life.

Two miniature mothers at play on the floor
Their wearisome cares were debating,
How Dora and Arabelle, children no more,
Were twice as much trouble as ever before,
And the causes each had her own cares to deplore
Were, really, well worth my relating.

Said one little mother: "You really don't know
What a burden my life is with Bella!
Her extravagant habits I hope she'll outgrow.
She buys her kid gloves by the dozen, you know,
Sits for *cartes de visite* every fortnight or so,
And don't do a thing that I tell her!"

Those stylish young ladies (the dollies, you know,)
Had complexions soft, pearly and waxen,
With arms, neck and forehead, as white as the
snow,
Golden hair sweeping down to the waist and
below,
Eyes blue as the sky, cheeks with youth's ruddy
glow,—
Of a beauty pure Grecian and Saxon.

"Indeed!" said the other, "that's sad to be sure;
But, ah," with a sigh, "no one guesses
The cares and anxieties mothers endure.
For though Dora appears so sedate and demure,
She spends all the money that I can secure
On her cloaks and her bonnets and dresses."

Then followed such prattle of fashion and style,
I smiled as I listened and wondered,
And I thought, had I tried to repeat it erewhile,
How these fair little Israelites, without guile,
Would mock at my lack of their knowledge, and
smile
At the way I had stumbled and blundered.

And I thought, too, when each youthful mother
had conned
Her startling and touching narration,
Of the dolls of which I in my childhood was fond,
How with Dora and Arabelle they'd correspond,
And how far dolls and children to-day are beyond
Those we had in the last generation!

Does Her Own Work.

Does she? What of it? Is it a disgrace to her?
Is she the less a true woman, less worthy of re-
spect than she who sits in silk and satin and is vain
of fingers who never knew labor? We heard this
sneer a few days ago, and the tone in which it was
uttered betokened a narrow, selfish, ignoble mind,
better fitted for any place than a country whose
institutions rest on honorable labor as one of the
chief corner-stones. It evinced a false idea of the
true basis of society, of true womanhood, of genu-
ine nobility. It showed the detestable spirit of
caste, of rank, which a certain class are trying to
establish; a caste whose sole foundation is money,
and so the meanest kind of rank known to civiliza-
tion. Mind, manners, morals, all that enter into
a grand character, are of no account with those
social snobs; position in their stilted ranks is
bought with gold, and each additional dollar is
another round in the ladder by which elevation is
gained.

In matter of fact, is it more dishonorable for the
merchant's wife to do her own work than for the
merchant to do his? For her to look after her
house than for him to look after his store? Or is a
woman for nothing only to be "pleased with a
rattle, tickled with a straw?" It seems to be the
height of ambition in some circles to be, or profess
to be, not only "above" work, but even ignorant
of how work is to be done; and if the table is
poorly spread, and if the housekeeping is at sixes
and sevens, the "help" receives maledictions
without stint, but the "lady" takes none of the
responsibility upon herself. She look into the
kitchen! She know how bread should be made, or
steak broiled! She know when the flour is out or
the sugar in! Absurd! "Help" may be had
enough, but what interest can the girl in the
kitchen feel in the household economy, if the lady
in the parlor has none? If mistress neglects all
domestic duties, will maid be thoroughly con-
scientious? Will the husband's business go on
well if he neglects it? And why should that of
the wife prosper under her lack of responsibility?

Always leave the draft of a stove open when
there is no fire in it; by this means a room can be
cleansed from impure air, as the open draft acts as
a ventilator.

Good Cheer.

Why sit you down at sighing
Because 'tis dark, my friend?
A light is underlying
The gloomiest shades that blend.

That life is more complete
If it embraces all;
The sweet is always sweeter
If you have tasted gall.

Then bravely bear your crosses,
Nor closely clasp your pains,
And hid among your losses
Perhaps you may find gains.

Think Truly.

Think truly, and thy thought
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and thy word
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

What Most Women Need.

Discussing the difficult problem of female edu-
cation, the *Nation* pertinently remarks that what
most women need next after health and power of
acquisition, and the confidence which springs from
having acquired something, is a tolerable amount
of administrative capacity. House-keeping is ad-
ministration on a small scale. It includes the
faculty of getting the most for one's money, and
managing servants and children. If it were likely
to be a man's vocation to the extent to which it is
likely to be a woman's, he would undoubtedly be
prepared for it by some sort of apprenticeship.
He would have to learn in some subordinate ca-
pacity the proper mode of buying and preparing
food, and of procuring and taking care of furniture
and clothing, and of ruling servants. He would
be trained to receive company by some experience
of the art of entertaining, both in its material and
its æsthetic aspect. No one would ever guess,
however, from an inspection of an average school
course, that a girl was to be the head of that most
complex result of civilization, a modern house-
hold, with its thousand duties, responsibilities and
relations.

The Tuberosc.

BY MARIES LADD.

Some one had placed, that summer hour,
In the small hand we loved so well,
A tuberosc's waxen bell—
The hand looked waxen as the flower.
Though then a child, yet as each year
Its summer hues and scents resume,
To me returns that moment dear—
With this pale flower's rich perfume.
The awful picture scarce is dimmed;
I almost hear the rustling wings
Of hovering angels, and it brings
The lisping words our hearts have hymned
To mind, and swift the eye o'erflows
At odor of the tuberosc.

HUMOROUS.

SILK DRESSES.—"James, my love, perhaps—
what do you think?—perhaps, maybe, you know,
dear—it has just occurred to me that it might be
cheaper to get a couple of silk dresses this sum-
mer—because, you see, the mulberry has blighted
the silk in the south of France, and the crop will
be short, and dress silks awful high next year."

"What a strain is that!" said Mrs. Partington,
as she heard an air from "Lucia" sung in the
highest style by a young lady where she was visit-
ing. "Yes," was the response, "it is operatic."
"Upper attic, is it?" questioned she; "I should
think it was high enough to be on the top of the
house."

"Maria," said a lady to a colored servant,
"that's the sixth silk dress you have worn since
you came to me; pray how many do you own?"
"Only seven, missus." "Seven! why I don't
own so many even as that." "Spect not, missus,"
said the smiling darkey; "you doesn't need 'em
so much as I does. You see you quality folks
everybody knows is quality, but we bettermos.
kind of culled pussons has to dress smart to dis-
tinguish ourselves from common niggers."

Et Ceteras.

STOVES.—It is a great mistake that many house-
keepers make—the putting away stoves early in
the season. More people die in the spring than in
the fall on account of changes in the weather, and
the reason is obvious. In the fall, expecting the
cold to increase steadily, we wrap ourselves warm-
ly and have fires in our houses as soon as they are
needed. In the spring, continually hoping for
warm weather, we lay aside too soon our furs and
flannels, put away our stoves, and act as though
summer had come. But not until the 21st of June
(according to the almanac) does summer begin.
Not until about that time is it safe to put on sum-
mer clothing. Those who live along the seaboard,
the lake shore, and in mountainous and hilly
regions, need facilities for warming their rooms
during the entire summer, and for want of them
often suffer serious illness. It is safe to wear
flannel the year round—to invalids, elderly people
and children it is indispensable. A cold contract-
ed in summer is the hardest of all colds to cure;
but one is almost assured against it by wearing
flannel.

Don't wash your vegetables until just before you
are ready to cook them. At least one-quarter of
the value in sweetness, vivacity and aromatic ele-
ment is lost by the too common practice of having
washed clean of the natural earth adhering to its
fibres and surface during the growth, and which,
when roughly dug, is put into the cellar or pit of
the countryman for winter keeping. Did that
countryman wash each beet, carrot, potato, etc., as
is generally practiced for sale to the dealer, and by
the consumer desired, he would never be able to
keep his produce a single month. The receiver of
a clean-washed vegetable, according to the new
established law of refinement, never yet ate of a
good natural flavor, and these same people, if once
they leave their city homes and go into the coun-
try farm-house, rarely fail to notice the superiority
of vegetables. It is not because of the better
knowledge of cookery, but it is from the fact that
the earth is a preservative and absorbent of the
volatile element of the root, which, as soon as
washed, evaporates rapidly into the air and is lost.

Children, what do you do to make home plea-
sant? Children are too apt to regard the keeping
of a home as a duty incumbent upon their parents,
without realizing that they have as much to do
with its formation almost as the parents them-
selves. Home is not perfect without the help of
every member of the household. It has been
beautifully likened to a harp—if all the strings
are attuned in harmony, sweet melody is the re-
sult; but if one is out of tune, it jars harsh dis-
cord upon the senses. The parents' duty is to
furnish a home where the comforts of the body are
provided, where the mind is educated and the soul
is trained and guided by pure teachings and holy
example. The children's duty is to respond to the
efforts of their parents—to echo, as it were, the
attention and affection shown them.

ASPIRATION is no enemy to contentment. A
man may aspire, he may hope to advance in worth,
power, wealth and knowledge, and yet be quite
content meanwhile. A bird that sits patiently
while it broods its eggs, flies bravely afterwards,
leading up its timid young. So he who desires to
be a better farmer, citizen or individual, may work
and toil, may study and plan in that direction,
yet remain content so long as he is doing justice to
present opportunities. There is a wonderful
difference between true contentment and laziness;
the one seeks the legitimate use of all its faculties,
the other sinks mind and soul in animal ease and
pleasure.

To prevent dust rising from a carpet when being
swept, sprinkle coarse dry salt over it. If the
carpet is much soiled, rub the salt well into the
fibers with the broom; then give a thorough
sweeping, going over the work several times. The
result will be satisfactory, as it gives a fresh look
to colors dimmed by dust, and a sweetness most
desirable. We consider salt far ahead of tea-
grounds or a wet broom in cleansing a dusty carpet.
The salt can be gathered up after it has served its
purpose, and with the dust can be cast on to the
asparagus bed. As asparagus requires salt for
food, we "kill two birds with one stone."

To keep insects out of birdcages tie up a little
sulphur in a silk bag and suspend it in the cage.
For mocking-birds this is essential to their health,
and the sulphur will keep all the red ants and
other insects from the cages of all kinds of birds.
Red ants will never be found in a closet or drawer
if a small bag of sulphur be kept constantly in
these places.