

MINE VAMILY.

Dimpled cheeks, mit eyes off blue,  
Mout like it vas moist mit dew,  
Und leetle teeth shut peekin' droo—  
Dot's der baby.

Curly head, und full of glee,  
Drowsers all out at der knee—  
He vas been blaying horse, you see—  
Dot's little Otto.

Von hundred soexty in der shade,  
Do oder day ven she vas veigled—  
She beats me soon, I vas avraid—  
Dot's mine Gretchen.

Bare-footed bed, und pooty stoudt,  
Mit crooked legs dot vill bend outt,  
Fond of his pier and soukrout—  
Dot's me himself.

Von smal' young baby, full off fun,  
Von leetle prite-eyed rognish son,  
Von frau to greet when vork vas done,  
Dot's mine vamily.

GRANDMOTHER.

Happy are those reminiscences of childhood which include among their treasures pleasant recollections of "Grandmother's house." A grandmother is the image of universal lenity, unstiffened by the strictness of discipline necessary to immediate parents in the conduct of a family. Grandmother has seen generations of boys and girls grow up to maturity, and has learned a wise, or at least tender, toleration for the weaknesses and failings incident to childhood. Less extreme in neatness than the maiden aunt, who is an institution only second in value to herself, she has a lenient eye for the traces of muddy little boots on the stairs, looks mildly upon a pile of whittlings on the front porch, and allows toy horses to be stabled and fed under the sitting-room table. If—thrice blessed chance!—grandmother's house is in the country, there are abounding joys for the children so fortunately endowed. Grandmother has had so many boys of her own, pulling through all kinds of scrapes with comparative impunity, that she has outlived the Martha-like anxiety about many things which burdens young mothers and makes their tender restrictions also a burden to unsentimental childhood. Grandmother does not expect a boy to drown himself every time he goes to bathe in the creek; she does not forbid jumping in the haymow for fear of broken limbs, nor even object to rides above the sharp scythes of the mowing-machine; tree-climbing does not appall her and the consumption of green apples is not inquired into too closely, for she has learned that the omnivorous capacities of a boy are not to be gauged by the limitations of mature digestion. Supposing, in Hibernian fashion, that the boy is a girl, grandmother is less eager than mother to abridge for her the period of hobble-de-hoyhood common to both sexes. She does not stigmatize the long limbed girl as a "Tomboy" because she joins with the boys in a hearty game of "prisoner's base," or "stone-tagger," or "ticky-over," and is but moderately severe on the subject of torn frocks.

Girls who are continually reminded that they must behave like ladies, and that this or that employment or enjoyment is only fit for boys, are often consumed with a burning envy of the less trammelled sex, and the mild ruler who reduces feminine restrictions to a minimum is a benefactress whose influence for good extends beyond present enjoyment.

But the joys of grandmother's house in the country are connected with the idea of a comparatively young and vigorous grandmother, not yet withdrawn from active participations in the work of the world. Beyond all that hurly-burly lies the still haven of grandmother's room; the abode of quiet, the habitation where those whose works do follow them rest from their labors even in this life. Quietly old-fashioned is the furniture of that room, not as a matter of fashionable revival, but of loving preservation. The high-post bedstead, the corner cupboard, the round candle-stand, the roomy arm-chair, are the most cherished remnants of the modern house-plenishing of sixty years ago, when the placid silver-haired knitter in the sunny corner was the young woman of faculty, whose household achievements are traditions striking awe to the hearts of her degenerate descendants. Grandmother is always ready to talk of the past; many genealogical tangles are smoothed out by her explanations, and old nursery jests and stories are made by her as household words among younger generations; but one particular subject always most arouses her energy. Though neither arrogant nor fault-finding, she cannot suppress mild scoffs upon the limited and easily exhausted vitality of her granddaughters, and will often point a moral by the narration of what a day's work used to mean in her youth.

The comparison of a housewife's labor, in those days and in these, is indeed a striking one; if we carry it back a generation to the grandmothers of those now accounted elderly, the difference is immense. Let us contrast some salient points in the functions of Grandmother Elder's life upon a Chester county farm at the close of last century, with those of Mrs. Young, who succeeds her in the same place to-day. To begin with the dairy, which was in ante-railway days a subordinate and inconsistent branch of farming, its distance from market precluding a frequent sale of its products. Not being directly a money-making part of the farm business, its miscellaneous labors of milking, straining, skimming, butter and cheese making, fell into the category of

"women's work," and were chiefly performed by Grandmother Elder's own hands. In winter these labors were not great, but in summer the surplus of milk compelled much making and tending of cheese and potting down of butter, to use the ephemeral product to best advantage. To-day, the railway which has made of city and farm near neighbors, has raised the dairy to a much more important position than of old, and the shining array of milk-cans, carried from the door each day, have been prepared and filled by masculine labor, the extent of the work having placed it beyond the scope of household duties. Heavy-handed "Patricks" take the place of idyllic milkmaids, and, though such poetry as may have hung about the dairy is quite gone, its labors are, if not lightened, at least transferred from Mrs. Young's shoulders.

Grandmother Elder did not weave, as did her mother before her. The old loom stood silent in the out-door lumber-room, and while grandmother spun at the "little wheel," rapidly working the treadle, and drawing out the thread with deft and skilful fingers, keeping meanwhile a sharp eye upon the doubling and twisting, for which younger muscles were deputated to the "big wheel," which was turned by the hand and involved the constant advance and retreat of the worker, she commented on the wonderful progress of the age which had not only taken the weaving out of her hands, but almost superseded flaxen fabrics by cotton, thus delivering her from the tedious processes of breaking, hackling, combing, spinning and bleaching the flax. Still, in the intervals of her most active work, her wheel was never idle, though the dozen "cuts" which were her self-appointed day's work were drawn only from her duly divided heap of woollen "rolls." Blankets and coverlets, cloth and flannel, and calamanco and linsay for the family clothing, were all supplied by that spinning. The hum of the wheel was the accompaniment even of social converse, and spinning matches, to which the spinners came, carrying their wheels before them upon sober hackneys, were of not infrequent occurrence. Sewing occupied a comparatively small place in the family plan, and knitting was but play-work, to be plied in twilight, by dim fire-light, and even in walking.

Mrs. Young certainly does not spin, and, as it happens, has never learned to knit. She is skilful in the use of the sewing machine, on which she performs a wonderful amount of tacking and other works of supererogation, besides the less interesting works of necessity; and she crochets beautifully (if art needle-work has not put an end to it), which may be considered the last flicker of the Pallas-kindled flame of the weaver's art. She is, according to her era, no less thorough a house-keeper than her predecessor by three generations, and her last Christmas dinner had almost as much solid merit as the "Quarterly Meeting" dinners which called forth Grandmother Elder's chief sacrifices to the culinary deities, combined with much more elegance and variety. But what does the younger lady reckon of the preliminary processes which were the burden of the day to the elder? What chopping, what pounding, what grinding, and sifting, and pressing, and straining, were necessary then to provide the materials of the feast, which now, in compact forms of air-tight cans and pack-g's of gelatine, rice-flour, spices, hominy, prepared fruit, and the like, come from their various manufactories to stock the shelves of Mrs. Young's store-room. The very starch which stiffened Grandmother Elder's cap of state, as well as the soap which brought it to its state of snowy whiteness, were of household manufacture. In fact, those days, near as they are to us in years, are whole ages away from the present era of diversified industries, with their constantly increasing differentiation; are far back toward the uniformity of function, when "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker," and all the rest of the industrial fraternity, could wear the same cap at once.

Grandmother Elder wonders what the women of to-day manage to do with their time, now that they are superseded in nearly all the functions which were the staple of her own life. A more puzzling question for her descendants is how the women of her day could possibly accomplish all that their hands found to do; but grandmother's reminiscences go far to explain that. The life—such life as has been depicted—was arduous, but it was simple and uncomplicated. There were few luxuries, few pressing social claims, small thought of the necessity of self-culture and the need of making up one's mind on the problems of the age. If the fabrics used by the family were wrought at heavy cost of time and labor, they served their purpose for an immensely longer time. One good paduasoy gown or coat of specially fine cloth would be worn for a life-time, and be passed to the next generation as an inheritance. No cutting and carving, to suit the changing fashions of every year, could be ventured on with those precious garments; as the tree fell so it lay, so far as the cut of the cloth was concerned. A like monotonous simplicity in cuisine and table appointments was maintained, except at times of special festival. Grandmother's anecdotes sometimes refer to the breakfasts and suppers of her youth as a regular succession of bowls of bread and milk or mush and milk; the luxuries of tea and coffee and wheaten bread were for the older members of the family only. She tells how she, then a child, was entrusted with the preparation of the simple meal, not always to satisfaction, since Caleb entreated their mother "to give Becky one good whipping to teach her

to put enough salt in the mush." On one occasion the same Sybarite stealthily smuggled a lump of butter into his bowl, which was discovered by the next brother and an adroit exchange effected, leaving no apparent cause of complaint to the baffled gourmand. "Mother, make Sam give me my bowl." "Nay, my son; is not one bowl of mush and milk as good as another?" There is a rich old merchant who would be glad to find anything one-tenth part as good now, with or without butter.

Whether such a life was or was not a better one than the modern life of to-day, it is at least gone past recall—no more to be called back than last year's snow to the meadows. Where one branch of grandmother's vocation has been lopped, a dozen shoots seem to have sprang from the same root. It may be questioned whether there is as much good timber in the dozen as in the one, and it is for Mrs. Young and her sisters to see to it that the question is answered in the affirmative. The specialization of functions still goes on with unceasing rapidity, and we hear to-day that its progress has invaded the kingdom of the bees, who feel a part of their vocation, too, slipping from their *antenne*. The waxen hexagonal cells, so long the admiration of mathematicians and the despair of imitators, are now being perfectly reproduced, by human skill, in snowy paraffine, and the toiling sisters of the hive, relieved of the grosser part of their labors, are henceforth to be at liberty to devote themselves to the finer art of gathering honey, which they are expected to do in a style hitherto unparalleled. The point now to be determined is whether the yield of honey will really be increased. If not, it will be bad for the bees to have lost one function without corresponding gain in another direction. "Comparisons are odorous," says sage Dogberry.

STEAM FROM THE STREETS.

The summer heat in the streets of New York is comparatively cool to any one who comes from the receiving-vault of the New York Steam Company at Nos. 172, 174 and 176 Greenwich street. The steam from four two hundred and fifty horse-power boilers pours into it now continuously. Day and night all the year round the fires are burning, the immense blowing machines are whirling around, and the smoke is curling from the huge chimney, which rises to a height of two hundred and twenty-five feet. When the building is completed, and steam from sixty-four boilers of two hundred and fifty horse-power each is led into the receiving-vault, this part of the premises might as well be fitted up for a Russian bath establishment. Yet the steam from this vault runs an ice factory.

The building will, when completed, have a front of seventy-five feet, a depth of one hundred and twenty feet, and a height of one hundred and twenty feet. Sixteen boilers will be placed on each of four floors, so that sixteen thousand horse-power will be distributed over the place. Another chimney as high as the one already mentioned will be erected. The coal goes on elevators to the top floor, is run from the elevators on cars to huge bins, whence it falls through chutes on to the fires, while the ashes fall through similar chutes to the basement.

To guard against danger from explosion, the boilers are constructed on the pipe system. Each consists of a bundle of pipes. Should one of them explode, the others are not affected; and if any damage at all should result, it would be very trivial. Croton water is used. As there is a contrivance which allows the waste water to run back, the same water is used over and over again.

Out of the receiving-vault the steam passes into pipes laid under the roadway of the streets. These pipes vary from eleven to fifteen inches in diameter, the return water pipes being of about half the diameter of the steam-pipes. The latter are surrounded by brick work or wood, between which and the pipe is a packing of spun glass, which is a non-conductor of heat. This non-conductor resembles fine soft cotton. As iron pipe expands and contracts lengthwise with variations of temperature, a clever contrivance, called the variator, or compensator, is placed every ninety feet along the line. It consists of two pieces of iron pipe so arranged that they move from and toward each other like the sides of an accordion. Then there are service-boxes from which steam is served into the houses. The amount of pressure for each house is regulated by a valve, just as a locomotive engineer regulates the amount of pressure in his engine by a throttle. To avoid danger of explosion along the mains, there is never more than eighty pounds of pressure in the pipes, although they are tested for double that amount.

Difficulty is experienced in laying the mains on account of the numerous lines of pipe which already undermine the city. A diagram in the company's offices, at 16 Cortlandt street, of the under-ground work at the intersection of Nassau and Wall streets, shows twenty-seven systems of pipes, sewerage, and catch-basins. It is obviously difficult to penetrate the net-work at such points. And for this reason the company must work more slowly than the demands upon it would warrant. For although it has only four boilers working, orders are coming in from all over the district—from river to river between Chambers and Morris streets—to be served from the Greenwich street station. The company already supplies a number of factories with motive power, as well as office buildings with

motive power for elevators. These buildings will want more steam for heating purposes in the winter. In several restaurants the cooking is done over stoves heated by the company.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THERE are now several buildings in Paris in which one may read on all the floors, "Telephone laid on."

M. BAUDRY is to have the job of designing the 500-franc notes. He is an able artist, as all who have given attention to the ceiling of the Opera House will admit.

THE eldest daughter of Richard Wagner has been married to Count Gravina. The ceremony took place on the 25th of August, at Bayreuth. The young couple have gone to Italy to pass the honeymoon.

GREAT regret is felt in Paris that Cetewayo is not to come and see the natives there. They do not seem to know his exact state of civilization, and say that "in his native skin he would have fait-fureur."

THE great French railway companies have for some time employed women as ticket and audit clerks, as also have the Credit Foncier and several banks and public companies in France. The Corporation of the City of Paris mean also to employ women in their offices, and 300 situations are offered in the 20th arrondissement.

PARISIANS always take their fashions with them *en voyage*. They savour of their city in distant foreign climes, or by their own sad sea waves. A financier of renown, fancying that the lady whom he adores (who is on the stage) was dropping an eyelid over the eye at the handsome Marquis de C—, who was on the sands of the sea near her, administered a good caning to the lady then and there, and, being strong, caned three gentlemen who wanted to interfere.

ON a party of English tourists entering the gallery of the Bourse in Paris recently they were, according to the *Gaulois*, greeted with a storm of hisses from the brokers. The visitors at first supposed that this was a portion of the regular proceedings of the crowd of noisy bulls and bears, and looked on quietly, whereupon a broker raised a shout of "Vive M. de Lesseps." This was taken up with many insulting cries against England, and the visitors withdrew in deep disgust at the ingratitude of French bond-holders. Last year a few Englishmen were, on the contrary, received by "God save the Queen" and cheers.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

- REV. Dr. Pusey died on Saturday.
- It is rumored that Arabi Pasha will be sent to England.
- STORMS and floods have done much damage in the South of Spain.
- THE Thames crew beat the Hillsdales by four lengths.
- THE Khedive has issued a proclamation dissolving his army.
- AN international electric exhibition is being held at Munich.
- NUMEROUS arrests have been made of Egyptian rebel leaders.
- EMIL PLANTAMOUR, the Swiss astronomer, is dead.
- It is estimated that the present campaign will cost Egypt £70,000,000.
- HENRY CLAYE, an English railway carriage builder, has failed for £200,000.
- THE British Foreign Secretary has declined the proposal of the Porte to land Turkish troops at Port Said.
- HANLAN has accepted Ross' challenge to row for \$2,500 a side and the championship of the world.
- RIAZ PASHA threatens to leave the country if any lighter sentence than death is passed on the rebel leaders.
- THE victory at Tel-el-Kebir, it is said, practically ends the campaign in Egypt.
- ARABI was before the Khedive recently, and is described as presenting a "loathsome picture of grovelling servility."
- MR. GLADSTONE requested the Archbishop of York to direct that thanksgiving services should be held throughout England on Sunday.
- FRANCIS HYNES was executed at Limerick last week. There was no demonstration by the populace. The authorities had a military guard in readiness in case of disturbance, and 700 extra police were brought to Limerick for the occasion.
- THE London *Times* and the New York press (excepting the *Herald*) are lavish in their praise of Wolsley and the British troops for the brilliant victory in Egypt.