

## Tales and Sketches.

## Another Fellow's Blacksmith.

Under a spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy stands;  
The smith a lazy man is he,  
And idle are his hands;  
His hair is rough, uncoumbed and long,  
His face is brown as tan;  
The least exertion makes him sweat,  
He drinks whenever he can;  
And he cannot look you in the face  
For he pays not any man.

Week in and week out, from worn to  
night,  
He'll to the ale-house go;  
You can hear him coming home quite  
"tight."

With staggering step and slow,  
With the crier who carries the village  
bell,  
When the evening sun is low,  
And children coming home from school  
Look in at his open door;  
They love to see him roll about,  
They laugh to hear him roar,  
And catch the stammering words that  
fly  
Like chaff from the threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to no Church,  
To sit among "the boys";  
He hears no parson pray or preach,  
He loves no choir girl's voice.  
Sitting in the public-house—  
A tankard cold as ice  
In summer, and in winter hot—  
Is his sole paradise.  
He with the landlord has a row,  
And tells him that he lies;  
Then, with a hard rough hand, he gets  
A punch between the eyes.

Drinking, quarrelling, sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes;  
Each morning sees debauch begin,  
'Tis night before its close;  
One thing attempted, one thing done—  
He's got a redder nose.

—Echo.

## The Romance of a Glove.

"Does it please you, Katy?"  
"Oh, it is splendid! I could not  
have suited myself half so well had I  
been left to choose."

"But you have not seen the wine-  
celler yet. It is a treasure of its kind.  
Let's go down again."

They went down the stairs together,  
he talking gaily, she with a troubled  
look on her face. After duly admiring  
the place she put a timid hand on his  
arm and said:

"But, Arthur dear, let us have no  
wine in it."

"Why?" he asked in surprise.  
"Because I have resolved, if I am  
ever the mistress of a house, there shall  
be no liquors kept in it—no 'social  
glasses' for friends."

"Why, Katy, you are unreasonable.  
I did not know you carried your tem-  
perance opinions so far as that. Of  
course I shall keep wine in my house,  
and entertain my friends with it, too."  
She raised her face appealingly.

"Arthur!" she said, in a tone of  
voice which she knew how to interpret.  
Arthur's brow clouded.

"But you cannot fear for me," he  
said, with half-offended pride.

"I must fear for you, Arthur, if you  
begin. And I fear for others besides  
—for the sons and husbands and fathers  
who may learn at our cheerful board to  
love the poison that shall slay them."

They went up the steps again, and  
sat on a sofa in the dining-room for a  
few moments, while Katy put on her  
hat and drew on her gloves.

The argument was kept up. It is  
unnecessary that we should repeat all  
that was said on both sides. It ended  
at last as similar discussions have end-  
ed before. Neither was willing to  
yield—Katy because she felt that her  
whole future happiness might be in-  
volved in it; Arthur, because he  
thought it would be giving way to a  
woman's whims, and would sacrifice too  
much of his popularity with his friends.

He had bought this house, paid for it,  
and furnished it handsomely, and in a  
few weeks was to bring Katy as his  
mistress. All the afternoon they had  
been looking over it together, happy as  
two birds with a new finished nest.

But when Arthur closed the door and  
put the key in his pocket in the chill,  
waning light of the December after-  
noon, and gave Katy his arm to see her  
home, it was all "broken up" between  
them; and a notice, "To Let," was put  
over the door of the pretty house the  
very next morning.

It was the most foolish thing to do;  
but lovers can always find something to  
quarrel about.

They parted with a cool "good even-  
ing." She went up to her room to cry;  
he went home hurt and angry, but  
secretly resolving to see her again, and  
give her a chance to say that she was  
in the wrong. That chance never came.

When he called again she had left town,

and he could find no trace of her.

All this happened more than a year  
before I saw Katy; but we three "fac-  
tory girls" who lodged at Mrs. How-  
ell's with her, of course know nothing  
about it. She came to the factory and  
applied for work. The superintendent  
thought her delicate for such labor, but  
she persisted; and, in fact, she im-  
proved in health, spirits and looks after  
she became used to the work and sim-  
ple fare of the factory girls.

She was a stranger to us all, and it  
seemed likely that she would remain so.  
But one day Mary Bascom's dress  
caught in a part of the machinery, and  
before anyone else could think what to  
do, Katy had sprung to her side and  
pulled her away by main strength from  
the terrible danger that threatened her.

After that Mary and Lizzie Payne  
and I, who were her dearest friends,  
were Katy's sworn allies.

We all lodged together in the big  
"Factory Boarding House," but Katy  
took it into her head that we should  
have so much nicer times in a private  
lodging to ourselves, and when she took  
anything her head she generally carried  
it through. In less than a week she  
had found the very place she wanted,  
arranged matters with the superintend-  
ent, and had us sheltered under Mrs.  
Howell's vine and fig-tree. We four  
girls were the proud possessors of a  
tolerably large, double-bedded apart-  
ment, with a queer little dressing-room  
attached, "and the liberty of the par-  
lor to receive callers in"—a proviso at  
which we all laughed.

This was "home" to us after the  
labor of the day. Indeed and in truth,  
Katy made the place so charming that  
we forgot we were "factory girls"  
when we got to it. She improvised  
cunning little things out of trifles that  
are usually thrown away as useless,  
and the flowers growing in broken pots in  
our window were a glory to behold.  
She always had a fresh book or peri-  
odical on our table; and better than  
this, she brought to us the larger cul-  
tivation, and the purer taste, which  
taught us how to use opportunities  
within our reach.

"What made you take to our style  
of life, Katy?" asked Lizzie one even-  
ing, as we all sat in the east window,  
watching the outcoming of the stars,  
and telling girlish dreams.

"Destiny, my child," answered Katy,  
stooping to replace the little boot she  
had thrown off to rest her foot.

"But you might have been an autho-  
ress; or a painter, or a— a bookkeeper,  
or—"

Lizzie's knowledge of the world was  
rather limited. Katy broke in upon  
her—

"There, that will do. I was not  
born a genius, and I hate arithmetic."

"But you did not always have to  
work for a living, Katy," said Mary.

Katy laughed a queer, short laugh.  
"Yes," she said, "and that's why I  
don't know how to get my living in any  
way but this. So behold me a healthy  
and honest factory girl."

She rose, made a little bow and a  
flourish with her small hands, and we  
all laughed, although she had said no-  
thing funny.

"Milly," said she, "please light the  
lamp and get the magazine, while I  
hunt up my thimble and thread. Lad-  
ies, I and myself under the necessity  
of mending my gloves this evening.

Oh, poverty, where is thy sting? In  
a shabby glove, I do believe, for no-  
thing hurts me like that, unless it be a  
decaying boot."

She sat and patiently mended the  
little rents while I read aloud; and  
when she had finished the glove looked  
almost new.

The next day was Saturday, and we  
had a half-holiday. Katy and I went  
to make some trilling purchase, and on  
our way home stopped at the big board-  
ing house to see one of the girls who  
was ill.

When we came out Katy ran across  
the street to get a magazine from the  
news-stand, and came hurrying up to  
overtake me before I turned the corner.  
She had the magazine open, and one of  
her hands was ungloved, but it was  
not until we reached home that she  
found she had lost a glove. It was too  
late then to go and look for it. We  
went and searched the next morning,  
but could not find it.

Katy mourned for it. "It was my  
only pair, girls," said she, tragically,  
"and it is a loss that cannot be re-  
paired."

What people called a "panic" had oc-  
curred in financial circles in the spring  
after Arthur Craig had lost his Katy,  
and almost without a day's warning he  
found himself a poor man. He left  
his affairs in the hands of his creditors,  
having satisfied himself that they could  
gather enough from the wreck to save  
themselves.

He had been educated for a phys-  
ician, though fortune made a merchant  
of him. Learning from a friend that  
there was an opening for a doctor in

Fenwick, he came here and began to  
practice.

Dr. Sewall had gone off on a visit,  
leaving his patients in charge of the  
new doctor, and so it came about that  
on that Saturday evening he was on his  
way to visit Maggie Lloyd, the sick girl  
at the lodging-house, when, just after  
turning the corner near the news-shop,  
he saw a brown glove lying on the  
pavement. He was about to pass it  
by, but a man's instinct to pick any-  
thing up of value that seems to have no  
owner, made him put it in his pocket.  
He forgot all about it the next minute.

But when he had made his call and  
returned to his consulting-room, in  
taking a paper from his pocket, the  
glove fell out, and he picked it up and  
looked at with idle curiosity. It was  
old, but well preserved. It had been  
mended often, but so neatly as to make  
him regard mending as one of the fine  
arts. It had a strangely familiar look  
to him. Little, and brown, and shu-  
pely, it lay on his knee, bearing the very  
form of the hand that had worn it.

As he gazed at it there came to him  
the memory of an hour, many months  
past, when he had sat by Katy's side  
on the green sofa in the dining-room of  
"their house" (alas!) and watched her  
put her small hands into a pair of  
brown gloves so much like this one.

Ever since that never-to-be-forgotten  
day the vision of his lost love, sitting  
there in the fading light, slowly draw-  
ing on her glove, her sweet eyes filling  
as they talked—quarrelled, we should  
say, perhaps—had gone with him as an  
abiding memory of her, until he had  
come to know each side of the picture  
—the color of the dress, the ribbon at  
the throat, and the shaded plume in her  
hat.

He looked at the little glove a long  
time. He had thought it might belong  
to one of the factory girls, as he had  
found it near the lodging house. But  
it did not look like a "factory hand's"  
glove. He would ask Maggie Lloyd,  
at any rate; so he put it carefully in  
his pocket until he should make his  
call the next morning.

He had suffered the glove to become  
so associated with the memory of a past  
that was sacred to him that he felt his  
cheek burn and his hand tremble, as he  
drew it forth to show it to Maggie, who  
was sitting in the comfort of convales-  
cence, in an arm-chair by the window,  
watching the handsome young doctor  
write the prescription for her benefit.

"By the way, Miss Maggie, do you  
know whose glove this is?"

Maggie knew it at once. It was  
Miss Gardiner's glove.

"Miss Gardiner!" The name made  
his heart beat again.

"Is she one of the factory hands?"  
"Yes; but she lodges with Mrs.  
Howell, quite out of town almost. She  
was here to see me yesterday."

"Oh, I see," said he, not the most  
relevantly. "And could you tell me  
how to find Mrs. Howell's house? I  
suppose I could go by and restore this  
glove to its owner?"

Maggie thought this unnecessary  
trouble, but she gave the required di-  
rection, and he went out, saying to  
himself, "It can't be my Katy, of  
course; but the glove shall go back to  
its owner."

Mary and Lizzie went to church that  
Sunday morning. Katy declared she  
couldn't go, having but one glove. I  
stayed at home with her, and offered to  
keep Mrs. Howell's children for her,  
and so persuaded that worthy woman  
to attend worship with the girls.

And this is how it came about—that  
while we were having a frolic on the  
carpet with the children in Mrs. How-  
ell's room, we heard a ring at the door,  
and Bridget having taken herself off  
somewhere, there was no help for it but  
for one of us to answer the summons.

"You go, Katy," whispered I in dis-  
may, "I cannot appear." Katy  
glanced serenely at her own frizzy head  
in the looking-glass, gave a pull to her  
overskirt and a touch to her collar, and  
opened the door.

Immediately afterwards I was shock-  
ed by hearing her utter a genuine femi-  
nine scream and seeing her drop on the  
floor, and that a man, a perfect stranger  
to me, gathered her up in his arms, and  
began raving over her in a manner that  
astonished me. He called her "his  
darling," and "his own Katy," and ac-  
tually kissed her before I could reach  
her.

I was surprised at myself afterwards  
that I hadn't ordered the gentlemen  
out, but it never occurred to me at the  
time, and when Katy "came to," and  
sat up on the sofa and heard his  
speeches, she seemed so well pleased  
that I left them, and took the children  
up to our room, feeling bewildered all  
over.

What shall I say further? Only that  
Katy lives in the pretty house in the  
town known as Dr. Craig's residence,  
where we three "factory girls" have a  
home whenever we want it. And there  
are no liquors found on her sideboard,  
nor at her table, and there is no wine-  
celler to the house.

One day I heard Arthur say, "You  
were a silly child, Katy, to run away  
from me. I should have given you the  
point at last, I know."

"But there would have been the  
splendid cellar and the thousand a  
year," answered she, "it would have  
been such a temptation. We are safer  
as it is, my dear husband."—C. W. B.,  
in *British Women's Temperance Journal*.

## Domestic Department.

## How to Avoid Coughs and Coughs.

It will certainly help us to avoid  
catarrhs if we keep the skin warm by  
sufficient clothing, and the mucous  
membrane of the upper air passages  
cool by avoiding hot and impure air.  
And we ought to remember that, while  
changes of temperature contribute,  
with other causes, to determine and to  
aggravate catarrh, it is the change  
from breathing cold to breathing hot  
air that does the mischief, and not the  
reverse, as is commonly believed. As  
regards the proper amount of clothing,  
it is impossible to lay down a rule that  
shall apply to all cases. It is sufficient  
to say that the garments worn next  
the skin should be of wool, at least for  
persons who are not in sound and vigor-  
ous health, and generally that in cold  
weather there ought to be just enough  
to prevent a feeling of chilliness when  
sitting or standing still. A daily or  
frequent cold bath (or warm followed  
by cold), with plenty of dry rubbing and  
active exercise after, will be of benefit  
to many people indiminish their sus-  
ceptibility to the effects of changes of  
temperature. Lastly, take as much  
active outdoor exercise as you can.  
The sedentary habit undoubtedly pre-  
disposes to catarrh.—*Magazine of  
Health*.

## Contagiousness of Consumption.

The most recent investigations upon  
this subject have developed and con-  
firmed the following facts:—

The disease is not contagious through  
the breath. Experiments have been  
made, by causing animals to breathe  
air contaminated by the breath of con-  
sumptive persons; but it has been  
found impossible to communicate the  
disease in this way, as the expired  
breath contains too few of the germs,  
or tubercule bacilli, to set up the dis-  
ease, when breathed by another person.

The disease is communicated through  
the expectorated matter, either by in-  
haling the sputa when dried and re-  
duced to powder, or by taking food or  
drink which has been contaminated by  
the expectorated matters.

Contamination may also occur  
through the medium of clothing, espe-  
cially by means of handkerchiefs which  
have been contaminated by a consump-  
tive person.

There are no facts which show that  
the disease is ever propagated in hos-  
pitals through the association of con-  
sumptive patients with those not af-  
fected with this disease; and the con-  
tagious nature of this malady simply  
requires that precaution be taken to  
thoroughly disinfect the expectorated  
matters of consumptive patients, and  
prevent the contamination of clothing,  
air, food, or drink through this means.

This may be done by pouring boiling  
water into spittoons, or adding a five-  
per-cent. solution of carbolic acid  
Consumptives, instead of using ordi-  
nary handkerchiefs, should employ  
cheap cloth, which may be burned after  
being soiled.

It is found that flies may commu-  
nicate consumption by feeding on the ex-  
pectorated matter of consumptive pa-  
tients; also that the flies, after feeding  
upon such matter, frequently die in a  
short time, and on examination their  
intestines, as well as the excreta, is  
found full of the germs, or bacilli, of  
this disease.

It is thus apparent that food may be  
contaminated with the germs of con-  
sumption by means of flies, which de-  
posit their excreta upon everything  
with which they are allowed to come in  
contact. It is possible, also, that after  
the death of a fly, its body may be  
dried and broken, and the germs scat-  
tered and communicated to air, water,  
or food.

Experiments show that the germs of  
consumption are not destroyed by dry-  
ing, putrefaction, nor by exposure to a  
temperature of 140° F.

It is entirely possible that consump-  
tion is communicated by the inhalation  
of atmospheric dust, which may often  
contain the dry sputa of consumptive  
patients.

The idea advanced in the preceding  
paragraph is confirmed by the fact that  
consumption occurs more frequently  
among those who live continually in a  
warm climate than among those who  
live in cooler climates, or who seek a  
cool climate during the summer months.

It is also found that consumption  
occurs most frequently after a period of  
excessively hot weather. Heat un-  
doubtedly stimulates the development  
of these germs, and increases their ac-  
tivity. It also increases the amount of  
dust.—*Good Health*.

## Paper a Comforter.

In a climate where artificial warmth  
is essential to life, and where so many  
people are too poor to buy proper cloth-  
ing, it seems strange that the non-con-  
ductive qualities of paper are not better  
appreciated. Chinese paper-windows,  
so long as the material is intact, keep  
a house quite warm, and the natives  
are in the habit of inserting a sheet of  
paper between the skin and the silk in  
their fur-lined clothing in order to in-  
crease its cold resisting power. A  
sheet of paper between the blankets, if  
free from holes and large enough to  
"tuck in" and prevent the circulation  
of air, is said to form a most effective  
bed covering, quite equal to an extra  
blanket. And it is light.

## The Ventilation of Sleeping Rooms.

Dr. Brown-Squard, who has been  
preaching that bad ventilation of sleep-  
ing rooms and poor and monotonous  
food are great causes of phthisis, dis-  
cussed the subject at the last meeting  
of the Academy of Science, Paris, tak-  
ing many of his examples from Eng-  
land. Wherever population is dense  
and sleeping rooms ill-ventilated and  
overcrowded, consumption prevails. A  
room in which a consumptive person  
sleeps is reeking with contagion if the  
air he exhales is not carried off.

## How to Keep Warm.

It may not be generally known that,  
when exposed to severe cold, a feeling  
of warmth is readily created by repeat-  
edly filling the lungs to their utmost  
extent in the following manner: Throw  
the shoulders well back, and hold the  
head well up. Inflate the lungs slowly  
the air entering entirely through the  
nose. When the lungs are completely  
filled, hold the breath for ten seconds  
or longer, and then expire it quickly  
through the mouth. After repeating  
this exercise while one is chilly, a feel-  
ing of warmth will be felt over the  
entire body, and even in the feet and  
hands. It is important to practise this  
exercise many times each day, and  
especially when in the open air. If  
the habit ever becomes universal, then  
consumption and many other diseases  
will rarely, if ever, be heard of. Not  
only while practising the breathing ex-  
ercise must the clothing be loose over  
the chest, but beginners will do well to  
remember, in having their clothing  
fitted, to allow for the permanent ex-  
pansion of one, two, or even three  
inches, which will eventually follow.

## KITCHEN RECIPES.

## Eggs Baked.

Lightly butter a small oval dish,  
upon which break two, three, or more  
eggs, without disturbing the yolks,  
season lightly with a little white pepper  
and salt. Put a few small pieces of  
butter here and there upon them, and  
then place the dish in a small oven  
where let it remain until the whites  
become set, but by no means hard, and  
serve hot, if the oven is moderately  
hot the eggs will take about ten  
minutes. They may also be cooked on  
a dish before the fire, turn it round  
now and then until the eggs are regu-  
larly set.

## Eggs Battered.

Beat up six eggs thoroughly in a  
basin, set two ounces of fresh butter to  
melt in another basin placed in boiling  
water. Stir the eggs and butter to-  
gether, add pepper and salt, and a  
finely minced onion, if liked. Pour  
the mixture into a small caucepan, and  
toss it over a slow fire for a few seconds  
then pour it into a large basin, and  
continue pouring it backwards and for-  
wards several times, setting it on the  
fire occasionally, and keeping it briskly  
agitated till it thickens. Serve on  
toast, or as an accompaniment to salt  
fish, or herrings.

## Tender Cakes.

Thicken one pint of boiling milk or  
water with a tablespoonful of  
flour, rub smooth with one tablespoon-  
ful of butter. Pour the boiling mix-  
ture slowly into two eggs—whites and  
yolks beaten separately. When cool,  
add one and one-half cupful of flour,  
into which is sifted two teaspoonfuls  
of baking powder and one-half tea-  
spoonful of salt.

## Imitation of Ginger Beer.

A pleasant imitation of ginger beer  
is made by dissolving thirty grains of  
tartaric acid, with a quarter of an  
ounce of white sugar, in half a pint of  
water. With these solutions are to be  
mixed six or ten grains of finely pow-  
dered ginger and afterwards twenty-  
four grains of bicarbonate of soda in  
finest powder. The whole is instantly  
to be well mixed up and drunk while  
effervescing.