

## EXCESSIVE LABOR OF HOUSEKEEPERS— CLEANING HOUSE, &c.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

DEAR MRS. BATEHAM:—Permit me through the housewife's department of the *Cultivator* to renew my acquaintance with its numerous readers. After three months of sickness and suffering, I am joyful and thankful to be able to use my pen again, and feel very much like shaking them every one by the hand, and earnestly entreating them to give attention to your suggestions with regard to health. Fresh air and out-door exercise, will produce more rosy cheeks than all the doctors pills ever advertised in the newspapers. I have a word of advice to give to the farmers wives and daughters about exercise, they are apt to exercise too much—to work too hard, mothers especially, and to "break down," as they term it, too early in life. This sometimes is a matter of necessity, but more frequently a want of care and economy of time and labor. This is the season of house cleaning, and a word of caution may not be amiss. Let me tell you what Mrs. Jones thinks about it.

Now, girls, says the old lady, (she's not so very old, either,) I shall let you younger ones, clean the house this spring; I think it's time for me to stop and let you take the lead; if I don't you will never learn how. There's Mrs. Thomas' girls—they scarcely know how to get a meal of victuals—sprightly, willing girls too, they are, all three of them. But their mother never thinks they can do any thing right, and always complains that she is tired and "clean worked down," and never sees a bit of comfort, because she has to work so hard; while I 's all her own fault and she ought to know it. Of course she can't expect every thing done just as nice as she should do it, the first or the second time. But there must be a first and second time, and the daughters have got to learn—and if the mother had a thimble full of sober thought, she would see that the sooner they learnt the better. What's that you say, Kate? "If father will let Dick help shake the carpets you can get through all the house cleaning in two days?"

I shall not consent to any such arrangement—take it soberly and calmly and do it well. There is no need of half killing yourself one week—to gain time to be idle the next. All the time there is passing belongs to us, and if we use it right it will suffice. I know from experience just how you feel about it; can't bear to be in a "muss" and have things turned upside down, so you'll go to work and do three days work at house cleaning in one—take a hard cold, or something worse, when if you would use a little patient industry all might go right.

I remember how I used to do. When you was a baby, Kate, about four months old, I had to clean house; not such a house as we have now, nothing but a log cabin, with one room for kitchen, dining, parlor and best bed-room, besides; and a little room built on back, where father and the children slept. But it had to be cleaned and whitened as well as larger houses. So one fine spring morning I went at it, moved the beds and every thing else out of doors so I should have nothing in the way. Just as I had got every thing out of the house, Mr. Jones came along. "Why Mary," said he, "what on earth are you going to do—where are we all going to stay to-night?" "Stay," said I, quite in a pet, "stay at home to be sure." "You don't expect to get all this work done to-day yourself, do you?" said he. "Yes I do," said I. "Well," said he, "go ahead." I had forgotten to get things ready be-

forehand, and had to run a quarter of a mile up the creek in the warm sun to get white clay for white-wash—for in those days we could not get lime. Well, I worked away—white-washed the house pretty near all over, inside and out, took every thing back again, and had all put to rights, before sun-down, and when your father got home from mill, had his supper ready and tried to look cheery. But I was so tired I could'n't but just move one foot before the other. Well, I went to bed, and the baby cried and fretted, as it would of course, when its mother was in such a plight. At last I fell asleep, but not till I had taken a good cry—because I had to work so hard and had no body to help me, and all that. Before morning I awoke with a dreadful pain and in a high fever, and your father posted off after the doctor. He didn't scold, but as he went out I heard him say, "no more than might be expected!" Well, girls, I had to lie four weeks, suffering intense pain most of the time, and your father had twenty dollars doctor bill to pay, and a hired girl's wages and board, besides losing a good deal of time himself, which put the farm behind, and all just because I didn't like to be in a "muss." Now, take my advice, girls; work moderately, steadily, and you will be the gainers in the long run; and always keep in mind that your health is of more importance than a clean house."

So thought Mrs. Jones, and so think we. There is much sickness and ill health produced by want of exercise and much by injudicious labor and over exertion.

Mount Airy, April 2, 1851.

[Ohio Cult.]

NO MORE CORNS.—There is no doubt some quackery in the corn doctor's trade, but there is more ignorance. For the benefit of both him and his patients, we will now disclose a secret which will relieve humanity from a load of misery, not the less difficult to bear than it is unpitied or ridiculous. The cause of corns, and likewise the torture they occasion, is simple friction; and to lessen friction you have only to use your toe as you do in like circumstances a coach wheel—lubricate it with some oily substance. The best and cleanest thing to use is a little sweet oil rubbed upon the affected part (after the corn is carefully pared) with the finger, which should be done in getting up in the morning, and just before stepping into bed at night. In a few days the pain will diminish, and in a few days more it will cease, when the nightly application may be discontinued. The writer of this paragraph suffered from these horrible excruciations for years. He tried all sorts of infallible things, and submitted to the manipulations of the corn doctor, but all in vain, the more he tried to banish the more they wouldn't go; or if they did go, (which happened once or twice under the strong prevalence of caustic,) they were always sure to return with ten fold venom. Since he tried the oil, some months ago, he has had no pain, and is able to take as much exercise as he chooses. Through the influence of this mild persuasive, one of the most iniquitous of his corns has already taken itself off entirely; the others, he still pares at rare intervals; but suffering no inconveniences whatever from them, he has not thought it necessary to have recourse to caustic—which sometimes, if not carefully used, and vinegar and water applied at once to the toe, causes almost as much smart as the actual cautery.—*Chambers' Journal.*

CHAIN OF BEING.—Bitumen and sulphur form the link between earth and metals—vitriols unite metals with salt—crystallization connects salts with stones,