

PREVENTION OF SHRINKING IN FLANNELS.

A correspondent of the *London Field* says :
 " In washing flannels, or other woolen articles, have the suds ready prepared, by boiling up and so dissolving small pieces of soap in rain water, without soda ; but do not use the suds when boiling ; let them be lukewarm only when the articles are put in. The flannels should not be rubbed with a large piece of soap, nor should the material itself be rubbed, as in washing linen, &c. ; the fibres of the wool contain numberless little hooks, which the rubbing knots together ; hence the thickening of the fabric, and consequent shrinking in dimensions. Well sluice the articles up and down in plenty of suds, which afterwards squeeze (not wring) out. The American clothes-wringers (consisting of a pair of india rubber rollers, between which the clothes pass) are a great improvement upon hand labor, as without injury to the fabric, they squeeze out the water so thoroughly that the article dries in considerably less time than it otherwise would do. After rinsing, squeeze out the water, and dry in the open air, if the weather is such as to admit of the articles drying quickly ; if not, dry in a warm room, but avoid too close proximity to a fire. Let any dust or mud be beaten out or brushed off prior to washing."

Poetry.

MAUD MULLER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
 Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
 Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
 The rick-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
 White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
 And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
 For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
 Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
 Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
 Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
 And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down,
 On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
 From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
 Of the singing birds and the humming bees ;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
 The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
 And her graceful ankles bare and brown ;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
 Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
 Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed : " Ah, mo !
 That I the Judge's bride might be !

" He would dress me up in silks so fine,
 And praise and toast me at his wine.

" My father should wear a broadcloth coat ;
 My brother should sail a painted boat.

" I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
 And the baby should have a new toy each day.

" And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
 And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
 And saw Maud Muller standing still.

" A form more fair, a face more sweet,
 Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

" And her modest answer and graceful air
 Show her wise and good as she is fair.

" Would she were mine, and I to-day,
 Like her, a harvester of hay :

" No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
 Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

" But low of cattle and song of birds,
 And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
 And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
 And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
 When he hummed in court an old love-tune ;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
 Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
 Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
 He watched a picture come and go ;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
 Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
 He longed for the wayside well instead ;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
 To dream of meadows and clover-blooms,

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain :
 " Ah, that I were free again !

" Free as when I rode that day,
 Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
 And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
 Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
 On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
 Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again,
 She saw a rider draw his rein.

And, gazing down with timid grace,
 She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
 Stretched away into stately halls ;

The weary wheel to a spindle turned,
 The tallow candle an altar burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney-lug,
 Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
 And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
 Saying only, " It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
 For rich repiner and household drudge !

God pity them both ! and pity us all,
 Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
 The saddest are these : " It might have been !"

Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope lies
 Deeply buried from human eyes ;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
 Roll the stone from its grave away !