

THE HOME.

The Foot's Death Song.

The recent death of Paul Hamilton Hayne, the noblest poet that the South has produced, lends peculiar interest to his life in the May number of *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Hayne early devoted himself to literature, and his name is associated with nearly all the best American magazines, especially the Southern ones, several of which, though short-lived, rose to eminence under his editorship. When he was deprived of his fortune he continued true to his standard. His picturesque little home near Augusta, furnished with what ancestral goods he managed to save in the destruction of Charleston, has been the scene of his labor for twenty years. Having experienced all the phases of prosperity and adversity, his lingering decline with consumption made him a calm and fearless student of the coming change. The result is beautifully shown in this poem, which, though written two years ago, by a strange coincidence was published just before the writer was permitted to verify its truth. We repeat it for those who may not have seen it in *Harper's Magazine*.

Face to Face.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

Sad mortal! couldst thou but know
What truly it means to die,
The wings of thy soul would glow,
And the hopes of thy heart beat high;
Thou wouldst turn from the Pyrrhonian
School,
And laugh their jargon to scorn,
As the babble of infantile fools.
Ere the hour of Truth be born,
But I, earth's maddest slave,
In a kingdom of torments breathe—
I gaze on the glory of Death.
In the unveiled face of Death.

I tell thee his face is fair,
As the moon's face in amber rings,
And the gleam of his unbound hair
Like the flush of a thousand springs;
His smile is the fairest of them,
Or the sunshine's sacred light,
When the Summer of Southern dream
In the lap of the holy Night;
For I, a kingdom's blindness above,
In a kingdom of halcyon breath—
I gaze on the marvel of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

In his eyes a heaven there dwells—
But they hold few mysteries now—
And his pity for earth's farewells
Halt furrows that shining brow;
South taken from Time's cold tide
He holds to his fluttering breast,
And the tear of his grief are dried
Ere they enter the courts of rest;
And I, earth's maddest slave,
In a kingdom of stormless breath,
I gaze on the marvel of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

Through the splendor of stars impaired
In the glow of their far-off grace,
He is seen—his face is fair,
With the gleam of his unbound hair;
Lone others, scattered by a wind,
At the passage of Death grow sweet,
With the fragrance of flowers behind
The flash of a sainted retreat;
And I, earth's maddest slave,
In a kingdom of stormless breath,
I gaze on the marvel of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

But beyond the stars and sun
I can follow him still on his way,
Till the pearl white gates are won
In the calm of the central day.
Far voices of soul and angel
Thrill down from the place of souls,
As Death, with a voice like flame,
Unlocks the gates of souls;
And from heaven of heavens above
God speaketh with a voice like flame,
My angel of perfect love
Is the angel men call Death!

A bright little piece, revealing the sunny spirit of the invalid singer, suggested by the advice given him by a friend to "cultivate cheerfulness," appeared in the June *Harper's*, as follows:

"Cultivate Happiness."

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

Is happiness a plant of mortal birth,
Which, shrewdly cultured, grows in gracious earth?
Rather a heavenly glory, or bright dew,
Slipped from the bosom of the cloudless blue?
On some fair morning, to the soul's surprise,
Fresh with the fragrance born in Paradise.

Making Her Things Last.
Every housekeeper knows how careful treatment keeps table linen and household furniture. Girls do not always know or remember that great care of their own little possessions will often enable them to save nicely on a very little money. A lady says: "When I was a girl there was one of my young friends who was distinguished for making her things last. Her dresses, hats, gloves, and ribbons were a marvel of durability. I used to wonder how she used to make them last, and she would look shabby, but I ceased to do so after I had visited her at her own home. The reason why her clothes wore so long was that she took much good care of them. Her dresses were brushed and folded away carefully, and the slightest spot on them was removed as soon as it was discovered. Her hat was wrapped in an old pocket-handkerchief, and put away in a box as soon as done with the strings and lace being straightened and rolled out most symmetrically each time. Her gloves were never folded together, but were put out straight and laid flat in a box, one upon the other, each time they were used, the tiniest hole being mended almost before it had time to show itself. But the thing that impressed me most was the care she bestowed upon her ribbons. When making up boxes she used to line the upper part of the ribbon with white paper, and this not only prevented the ribbon from becoming limp and creased but kept it clean, so that when the box was soiled on one side she could turn the ribbon, and the part that had been covered came out looking new and fresh. Thus her husband had to fight his way, and did so bravely, and was usually successful, for he became wealthy. But his property was due quite as much to his wife's care and economy in saving money as it was to his in making it.—Good Cheer.

Her Household Care and Anxiety.
You think, O man of the world, that you have all the cares and anxieties. If the cares and anxieties of the household would be put upon you for one week, you would be a fit candidate for Blue Devils—I mean insane as you. The half-trained

housekeeper arises in the morning. She must have the morning breakfast prepared at an irrevocable hour. What if the fire will not light? What if the clock has stopped? No matter; she must have the morning breakfast at an irrevocable hour. Then the children must be got off to school. What if their garments are torn? What if they don't know their lessons? What if they have lost a hat or shoe? They must be got ready. Then you have all the diet of the day, and perhaps of several days, to plan. But what if the butcher has sent meat unmarketable, or the grocer has sent articles of food adulterated? And what if some piece of silver be gone, or some favorite chalice cracked, or the roof leak, or the plumbing fail, or any one of a thousand such things occur.

You must be ready. Spring weather comes and there must be a revolution in the family wardrobe; or autumn comes, and you must shut out the northern blast. But what if the moth has preceded you to the chest? What if, during the year, the children have outgrown the apparel of last year? What if the fashion has changed? Your house must be an apothecary's shop; it must be a dispensary; there must be medicines for all sorts of ailments—some to loosen the croup, something to cool the burn, something to silence the jumping tooth, something to soothe the earache. You must be in half-a-dozen places at the same time, or you must attempt to be. If, under all this wear and tear of life, Martha makes an impatient rush upon the library or drawing room, be patient, be patient—*Mr. Dr. Pillsbury*.

Common Sense for Young Girls.

It should be the pride and ambition of every girl to develop into a true woman; or, in another form, it should be the pride and fixed determination of every girl to be true to her womanly instinct, to resist the approach of evil, to be true to her sex and to the race. No higher encomium can be given you after your earthly race is run, than that you are a true woman. What ever else is desirable for you to have, to enjoy, to attain, is nothing in comparison with the halo of glory belonging to any one of your sex—that gives greater lustre to character—who is a true woman. The foundation for this is laid in your girlhood period—during the years of youth called the "blushing period" of your days.

The first essential to attain to true womanhood is to commence the work at home. The home circle is the place for you in which to lay a solid foundation. No place on earth must be as dear and sacred to you as home—the friends be it ever so lonely. The father's fireside is the safest spot on which to spend your leisure hours. Appreciate it aright and you will not have cause for sighs and reproaches and bitter lamentations in after life.

Be a good daughter. Honor your father and your mother above every other duty on earth. Do so because it is right and eminently proper in itself. It is best to do so. Try day in and day out to do something to gladden the heart of your mother and draw the eye of your father in admiration upon you. Consult your parents before taking any important step in life. No girl loses by making the wishes of her parents the law by which to act. Remember that they know far better what is for your true interest than you possibly can know.

THE FARM.

Muck for Manure.

By careful manuring, a large addition of manure—the richest resource of the farm—may be made at the cost of some labor and little money, out of pocket. A considerable bill for fertilizers is an eye opener, and sets one thinking how he can save the large lot of money for so small a lot of manure. An excellent way to make a big manure heap is as follows: Dig from the swamp—and if the farmer is so unfortunate as to have none, let him dig in the more fortunate neighbor to dig drains in his swamp for the muck he throws out; but, in some way, get lot of swamp muck; 200 or three hundred loads. Make a heap—a big one, in a field; spread a foot in depth of the muck, roughly, when it is over with fresh lime from the kiln; add more muck and more lime, and so on, until the heap is five feet high. It will soon get hot, and keep hot, and in the spring will be a sweet, dark, rich mass of valuable fertilizer, having from twenty to fifty pounds of nitrogen, worth fifteen to twenty cents a pound in artificial fertilizers, in every ton of it. More muck may be put in the cow-yard, in the stable gutters, and especially in the pig-pen, along with the horse manure, which will all be turned over and over, and worked up to a rich compost with the manure of the pigs. Making manure is a fine art for too little studied by farmers. Where swamp muck cannot be procured, leaves, straw, chaff, and any or all other vegetable matter, may be gathered for the purpose.

An Ohio onion planter says that he sowed half an acre to onions a few years ago. They came up splendidly, but soon the maggots commenced to prey on them, and continued to do so until he became discouraged, and he thought if they continued to eat one week longer his prospect for a crop of onions would be ruined. He sent and got five gallons of tar and put one gallon into 40 gallons of water, and stirred it up thoroughly so as to give it the tar scent. He sprinkled his onions over once with this tar water, doing it with a common watering pot. He saw no more effects of the maggots, and had a nice yield of onions. He thinks that the scent of the tar water drives the fly away, and it was by this means that he saved his crop of onions.

—Carefully cut off the pickles when of the desired size. Pulling or twisting them off injures the rind.
—If the soil is dry, the early matured potatoes may remain in the hills, but if wet, they had better be dug or stored, or they will surely rot.

—STRAWBERRIES.—The best time to set new plantations is in early spring. But where this work has been omitted, it may be performed at the present time, it may be performed at the present time, it may be performed at the present time. Good plants which have been rooted in small pots, will not be checked in growth by the removal; but where they may be taken short distances, or from beds in the same garden, the best way is to take up a mass of earth with a spade, and carry it on the foot to the new plantation. Where the earth is removed from the roots they will make a good growth before winter, if the larger leaves are cut off, the roots will spread, the fine, moist earth will pressed upon the roots, and a mulching of inch, thick of this measure spread around them.

Two Farmers.
Two farmers we know, own two farms which join. One farm contains 50 acres, the other 110. The farms are in New England. Farmer A, with his 50 acres has time to go to church, to the picnic and Grange. Time and again, while out riding with his family, he passes by Farmer B, toiling in the field, never a thought for anything but labor. Farmer A's wife has a horse of her own, which she can drive as she likes. The boys and girls have books and magazines and the time to read them. Mrs. B. has to beg for days for a horse, and then must take the old mare that can only be induced to hasten out of her slow walk by a thorough application of the stick.

Every rod of the smaller farm does its work. Manure is a respected friend. The crops raised are sold for all the cash. The soil does not rot out because the farmer makes a business of keeping it up. On the larger farm there are weeds pastures. The manure is put into small strips of the best land. The grass is never fertilized. The soil is expected to make up in area what it lacks in quality. Farmer B. makes money, for he never spends any. He looks across at his neighbor and sneers. Do these extra horses, these books and papers pay? Not a cent in cash. Farmer A. puts it like this: "Neighbor B's idea of true profit is different from mine—that's all. He wants his in hard cash; I'm ready to spend a part of mine in comfort. I can't spend my money to a better advantage than in making my family contented. I could save this money and buy more land, but I like my little farm. I feel it and it keeps its strength. Why should I spend the best part of my life in continually grubbing for money that will never benefit me?" Now friends, which plan do you like best? Which are you following? What is your idea of true profit? Is your money in the bank, or is it invested in order to receive it over—*R. N. Yorker*.

—It is pleasure to have a clean garden, free from weeds, and comparatively easy work to keep it so. If once given up to the approach of weeds, it is spoiled and may as well be abandoned.
—Fly net on your horse, when being driven, saves feed, speed and the steed.
—When the early apple begins to drop, it is time to turn sheep or hogs into the orchard. If this is not practicable, pick up every apple as soon as it drops. The worm is in it. "Let no guilty one escape!" it is advisable to "fight it out on that line, if it takes all summer."

TEMPERANCE.

Temperance Coffee Houses.

The effort now making throughout Great Britain to provide coffee-houses as substitutes for the numerous palaces is proving a financial as well as a moral success. In Birmingham, a city of about 300,000, there are twenty such houses. In Wolverhampton, a much smaller city, there are four, and in Leeds, a single company. In London and Liverpool there is a large number. The prices are very low. A large cup of good coffee or tea and a good sandwich, 2d. (4 cents). If taken upstairs at a table, one-half more. There is no need of wine, places a steady crowd with newspapers, a bagatelle-table, and comfortable sitting room; also ladies room and a lavatory, and cigars, tobacco and all non-alcoholic drinks are provided. Men go there all right to read and play games. These are operated for the most part by companies, and are a paying investment, some of them yielding a dividend as high as ten per cent. per annum, others seven, few less than five. The business is increasing steadily. We are satisfied that it is along this line a great reformatory work is to be done.

—It is a common saying among the rum men that Providence is a failure in Maine. It is worthy of note that those who wish to sell rum there have a pretty hard time and have to resort to strange ways. The Portland *Herald* gives the following case:
"On Thursday of last week the sheriff visited a house where they suspected beer to be sold. They heard a shuffling and scurrying up stairs. On going up, they saw a very sick woman in bed. Very sick, another woman present said she was 'couldn't live twenty-four hours, the doctor said.' 'Oh! the woman groaned, 'I'm very bad.' 'Oh! what dreadful pain I'm in,' if you please, the other woman said, 'I'm working-dress, lying on a mattress put upon some chairs, imperfectly covered with a coarse rug, leaving shoes and lower part of dress exposed. The sheriff said: 'I think you can stand it if I lift up this corner of the mattress.' 'No! no! I can't lift entirely if you touch that!' the officer raised, and uncovered a barrel of beer. 'O you thavin', mother's villain! I'll have the damages of yer for murthering a poor dying woman, who hasn't hardly the breath of life in her body!'"

Young Man and Tobacco.

The use of tobacco puts a serious obstacle in the way of the success of a young man. There is no employment in which it recommends him; but many employments in connection with which it is a formidable or a fatal difficulty. The use of tobacco is, rarely, indeed, a predisposing term in favor of a young man with anybody, while in many cases, even with those who themselves use it, it is a positive objection when any position of delicate trust is under consideration. It injures, both directly and by association, in very many instances, the sense of soundness and strength which they wish to connect with a young man whom they are to encounter constantly in important relations.

Early, indeed, would any man, himself addicted to the pernicious use of tobacco, recommend the habit as a wise and judicious one to a young man in whom he was interested. How many fathers would give this counsel to sons? How many sons, on the other hand, out of their own experience, would give with great urgency the opposite advice? A man of good judgment, having reached mature years without the habit, very rarely takes it up. It is fastened on boys and young men in that period of erudition and greenness in which they are mistaking the views of their elders for their virtue, the errors for their excellences. A boy, once gotten beyond this unripe age, so susceptible of moral malaria, without that habit, grows pushing in it, so to speak, to his growing judgment, and experiences the expense of this habit as an important and uncompensated burden on any young

man. A wise economy is a universal condition of success. Here is an economy large enough to be of itself of considerable importance; one which in no way interferes with progress and self-improvement; and one which tends to remove the temptations to indolence and wastefulness in many directions.
The funds which a young man addicted to the use of tobacco devotes to this end, are quite sufficient, if he is without wealth, to reduce seriously his chances of success in business; while this form of expenditure will often anticipate for him very desirable outlays for social and intellectual improvement. He often chooses between this one habit, with its unfavorable associations, and a large variety of truly valuable attainments to be won at much higher rate.
—President John Bascom.

—Says The Sunday School Times: "It is better to have one's wits quickened by a lack of wealth than to have them dulled by its possession; and too often it would seem as if this must be one's choice, with the world as it is. The late Edwin P. Whipple of Boston, it is said, once asked by a friend what would be his idea of a public library if he had half a million to build it with. 'If I had half a million,' said Mr. Whipple's quick response, 'I shouldn't have the idea.' And there was plainness, if not reasonableness, in that statement of the case."

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