

PRIDE IN WOMAN'S WORK.

It is the glory of American manhood that a Robert Collyer can point with pride to his anvil, or the title of rail-splitter be worn as a regal one by our great, noble man, Lincoln; and it is a shame upon American womanhood that the very women who will crowd with eager haste to laurel the "beloved Collyer," or the idolized Lincoln, will shrink back and whisper of some woman poet or philanthropist as though she deserved eternal disgrace. "Did you know she was a milliner in her younger days?" or, "I have heard that Mrs. Kindheart's mother kept boarders;" and perhaps these same women are cooking and scrubbing and millinery and tailoring in their own homes. Nothing has so forcibly portrayed the almost universal prevalence of moral weakness in this direction as the miserable subterfuges to which people have resorted during the recent financial distress. The family income was reduced, through no one's fault but the shrinkage in values, etc., expenses must be lessened, the mother and daughter bravely decide to discharge the cook, and "do the work themselves," but they have not the bravery to admit this fact to the world; and so we hear from the mother that she had "lived in the dirt just as long as she could endure it," and that "she and the girls had determined to see if they couldn't have a clean home for once." And the father is not quite brave enough to even compliment this attempt of his wife and daughters to come to his rescue, and when a friend asks: "Any one sick at your house; have not noticed your wife and daughters out for some time?" there is an unmanly blush and explanation—something like the following: "Well, no; the fact is our girls were growing up without any practical knowledge of house-keeping, and my wife has decided to give them a few lessons."

Matters grow worse. The father's burdens grow heavier to bear, and then in apologetic whispers it is noised around among a few friends that Miss — is so anxious to keep up her music and so fond of teaching that she could, with a proper amount of urging, be induced to take a few music scholars; then possibly, after a while, another friend is in such delicate health that she needs exercise, and hence is persuaded to take an agency of some kind; "not, of course, for the sake of making money," but as a kind of health-life; or, some lady suddenly discovers that she is suffering from loneliness and decides to take a few boarders for company, and so the masquerading goes on, truth and honor are sacrificed, and yet nobody is deceived.

Just here is a great and important work for the social scientist, the work of impressing upon women, to convince our glorious young women, that labor is honorable and aimless idleness dishonorable. Everywhere this hydra-headed pride asserts itself. How much philanthropic endeavor is retarded by the desire on the part of many to secure in their organization persons of social distinction for officers, and, what is far worse, to exclude some earnest, wise, enthusiastic workers because their clothing may not be of the latest style, or their names not very familiar to the society reporter.

Do not understand me to intimate that high social position is at all antagonistic to wise, philanthropic endeavor, for I think the facts will prove that a majority of the efficient, active workers in the charitable and other philanthropic institutions of Chicago are men and women of wealth and high social position; but I also believe that there is a vast reserved force of royal men and women in the great middle class who have not been called into the service, persons of refinement and culture who have oftentimes been overlooked and—shall I whisper it, noble woman!—avoided because their dresses were home-made and their milliner somewhat outre. So long as women engaged in philanthropic work turn aside to criticize the

"style" of some efficient worker, so long will our work be retarded. Let us cease this childish search for women in stylish clothes, and only consider the style of the woman.—*Mrs. Harbert, in Inter-Ocean.*

THE MORAL STORY.

"I haven't anything to do," said Ned, gravely, as he sauntered down the walk leading to the grape-vine arbor. Ned had been having a furious game of tag with Christopher Lee, but Christopher had gone home now, and Ned looked very much aggrieved as he took hold of the edge of the hammock wherein was Aunt Ellen reading, and began to swing it back and forth.

Aunt Ellen closed her book, and reached her pretty white hand out to meet Ned's.

"Poor boy," she said, "you do look forlorn enough. Don't you want me to tell you a story?"

"Will you, truly?"

"If you say so, yes. Where's Sadie?"

"Sewing a sheet for mother. She's got to do twice as much as her middle finger before she goes to play."

"Well, ask mother if she can't come out here to sew and listen at the same time."

Off ran Ned to obtain the desired permission, and Aunt Ellen lay looking up at the grape-vines, wondering what she should say to these children. Sadie and Ned came back together in triumph.

"Now I wonder if I can't make room for you up here; it will be so much pleasanter. Give me your hand, Sadie; that's right. Now we will sit here three in a row, while I watch Ned listen and Sadie sew."

"Oh, Aunt Ellen," shrieked Ned, in delight, "what a rhyme! I could make better poetry than that."

"I don't doubt it. Now are we ready? Once there was a poor fisherman who lived down by the sea. Poor, did I say? No, he would have been poor but for one thing. Long, long ago, when he was a tiny baby, he had a gift from a great king who loved him very much—a gift which he had kept all these years, and which he had valued very highly now that he had come to the years of discretion. It was a long string of priceless pearls—so long that he had never been able to count them all. Every night he told off 24 as he sat in the door of his cottage, and they slipped down the chain and disappeared with those already counted."

"One night, as he sat counting his pearls, an old man, plodding along by the sea-shore, stopped and spoke to him."

"Friend," said he, "what have you here?" and for answer the fisherman held up his string of pearls. "That is a beautiful and priceless chain," said the old man. "Where is the other end of it?"

"The fisherman turned to lift it up, and lo! not a pearl was to be seen on it; the string lay in a long, bare coil about his feet. Could you believe a man would be so careless? He had never stopped to see where the end of the coil lay as he counted off the pearls. They had dropped off, one by one, and the waves washing up to his door, had carried them all out to sea."

"Wasn't there one left?" asked Sadie, forgetting to sew.

"Yes, those that were still uncounted, he had, but, oh, how he regretted losing all the long, beautiful chain! He felt poorer now than ever, for he knew that he could never hope to receive another such gift, and he resolved to watch carefully the pearls still left him, to see that not one of those should slip away."

"Aunt Ellen," said Ned, at this point, "I believe that is a moral story."

"Well," said Aunt Ellen; "don't you like 'moral stories'?"

Ned shook his head decidedly. "If you're coming to the moral now, I think I'll go."

And Ned began to turn summersaults in the

freshly cut grass, whistling very loudly, so that he might not hear the "moral" which he felt sure Aunt Ellen was telling to Sadie.

But Ned was not so thoughtless a boy as he liked to appear, and I think he traced the moral out in his own mind, and in heart echoed Sadie's words as she folded up her sewing to carry in; "Aunt Ellen, I'm going to be very, very careful to watch where my 'pearls' go as they slip down the string. Thank you for the story." And here Ned was quite willing to echo with his lips as well. "Thank you, Aunt Ellen."—*Little Star.*

A BIT OF MARRIED EXPERIENCE.

I married my wife about 35 years ago. The ceremony was performed about seven o'clock in the morning. Before retiring that evening we had a good talk with each other, and the result has sweetened our entire lives. We agreed that each should always be watchful and careful never, by word or act, to hurt the feelings of the other. We were both young, hot-tempered, both positive in our likes and dislikes, and both somewhat exacting and inflexible—just the material for a life of conjugal warfare. Well, for a few years we found it hard work to always live by our agreement. Occasionally (not often) a word or look would slip off the tongue or face before it could be caught or suppressed; but we never allowed the sun to go down upon our wrath. Before retiring at night on such occasions there was always confession and forgiveness, and the culprit would become more careful in future.

Our tempers and dispositions became gradually more congenial, so that after a few years we came to be one in reality, as the marital ceremony had pronounced us nominally. In looking back we find that for more than 20 years our little agreement has been unbroken, and there has been no occasion for confession and forgiveness. In business we have had adversity and prosperity, failure and success. We raised a family of children, and now have our grandchildren about us; and we are simple enough to believe that we have better children, and better grandchildren because of our little agreement. Under such a contract religiously kept, no ill-natured children will be reared, and no boys will find the streets and bar-rooms more pleasant than home. To make a good wife or a good husband requires the co-operation of both.—*Anon.*

HAPPINESS OF OLD AGE.—Age often displays gentle and holy affections, deep as the foundations of the soul, that diffuse benignant sunshine throughout the circle of their influence; radiant, celestial hope sometimes cheers the declining path, and creates a delightful composure of the heart, altogether unlike "comfortless despair;" deserved honors crown a useful life, and attract veneration and love, for not always is transcendent merit, though retiring from high stations in the world, made the sport of "bitter scorn and grinning infamy." Manhood has magnanimous virtues, as well as degrading vices; victories nobler than war's grandest triumphs, as well as tempestuous temptations; worthy, as well as ignoble, ambition. What sight is more sublimely beautiful than friendship, whose corner stone was laid by the hand of youth, growing up in majestic simplicity, as every year adds materials to the enduring fabric, until at last the sunset of age gilds the structure with a grace like that of Paradise? Yes, it is true that age may meet the smile of faithful regard, as well as the "altered eye of hard unkindness." "Amid severest woe" a hopeful, quiet, uncomplaining temper, alive to the keenness of sorrow, yet wearing the look of heavenly patience, is sometimes seen, as well as "moody madness laughing wild." And, finally, age, though "slow consuming," very often reaps the earnest of immortal life, and spiritually ripens for the skies.—*Literary World.*