

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

The happiness of home depends in a great degree upon the way in which the marriage relation is regarded. If, as old Rutherford has it, a man considers that the woman was not taken from his head to be his superior, or from his feet to be his slave, but from his side, to be his companion and equal; if so regarding her he confides in her judgment, looks to her in perplexity, considers that she has an interest in his business affairs, consults her on all important matters, lets her share in his pleasures and pursuits, and also in his purse, he lifts her at once to the place God designed that she should fill, her heart is fully satisfied, and he finds in her all he asks for. Such women were Mary Somerville, Mrs. Agassiz, Mrs. Prof. Hitchcock, and many others we might mention. But let his idol fall from the pedestal where she was enshrined before marriage, and become simply the household drudge, nurse-maid, and sempstress, without the wages; having to ask for all she needs, and often preferring to go without rather than to ask; thought too little off to be conversed with, read to, or confided in; the love to the husband dies out, or is transferred to the children, happiness is sought outside of home, and the heart is left bitter and desolate. With many men the great charm in a woman is to have her clinging and dependent. So they take the "child wife" Dora, and find too late it was an Agnes whom they needed. Men and women are essentially different—two distinct halves of humanity, making one perfect whole. Something must be sacrificed to make that whole perfect. If, in the process of growing alike there is some attrition, it is worth the pain. Women gain in strength and fortitude; men in depth and tenderness. "Why did you never marry?" asked a married lady of her charming friend. "Because I never found so splendid a man as you did." "Ah, but I took him in the rough, and have helped make him what he is." There it is; each takes the other in the rough. And whether they become more rough and jagged, or polished corner-stones in the sacred temple of home, depends upon the spirit of mutual love and forbearance which each brings into daily life.

The mother, occupied with her children and household cares during the day, finds heart and brain heavy at its close. Yet it is a great mistake to meet her husband on his return from business with a sorrowful face, or to pour her vexations and annoyances into his wearied ear. Neither should the husband bring the gloom of the counting house to sadden the fireside. That is a sorrowful home where the children stop their sports when the father appears, when he orders them at the least noise to be seated in different corners of the room, when he lies down on the sofa and all must be perfectly hushed, or sits before the fire and never speaks.

But if in closing his front door, he shuts out business cares, how is home gladdened by his presence. The children rush to meet him, they climb his knees, or sit beside him and their pleasant prattle and frolic that follows, divert his mind effectually. The weary mother escapes for a quiet half hour, and returns refreshed, to preside with grace at the tea table. This is the time for telling all the pleasant occurrences of the day, or laughing over its mishaps; reading such family letters as may be shared in common, and telling such items of news as may interest and divert the mind of each. Thus living out of self, and for each other, life takes on added sweetness year by year, and home is a heaven of rest.—*Congregationalist*.

A woman in Omaha recently swallowed a garter button, and was choked nearly to death. "We have said a thousand times," says the *Burlington Hawkeye*. "that some serious trouble would yet come of this custom of Omaha women unbuttoning their shoes with their teeth."

ANNA DICKINSON'S NEW BOOK.

Miss Dickinson tells of some of the adventures she has had in keeping her lecture engagements. One night she was drawn across a river on a sled by two men—the ice was too thin for horses and a sleigh—in a driving storm. The journey took three hours. She arrived at the institute, "teeth chattering, fingers stiff, feet like wooden clogs, winter cold through and through me." Miss Dickinson has heard that somebody once asked Mr. Beecher whether a man would have gone through that to have kept a lecture engagement, and that he answered, "No; no man would have been such a fool." And was "justified in saying it," says she; "only he should have remembered that the world, in reasonable fashion, demands of a woman that she do twice as much as a man, to prove that she can equal him."

Miss Dickinson is an undaunted traveler, and would climb the steepest mountain for a view. She met a woman on the top of Mount Washington once, who seemed very much disgusted with herself for having made the ascent, exclaiming, "Well, what in the world people do climb all this way up this nasty mountain to get dinner for when they can feed a great deal better down to one of the hotels, beats me!"

Western scenery is Miss Dickinson's delight. Out there she met a man whom she describes as a "horrid little scrub," who was bound on a lengthy tour of the Pacific slope, his wife lecturing, he managing, and an adopted daughter singing, the whole made to "go" by a gift enterprise. To make herself agreeable, Miss Dickinson said something about the marvelous Montana region. "A beastly country!" he cried; "a beastly country! We did not take \$500 in it." In traveling through this country, if in stages, she rode on the seat with the driver; if by railroad, on the locomotive with the engineer. Her dress for crossing the mountains on horseback consisted of a soft felt hat, loose coat, skirt to the knees, Turkish trousers, woolen stockings and stout shoes. Thus arrayed, she bestrode her horse like a man, notwithstanding the sneers of a lady who joined their party, and in an audible whisper told her companions to "look at that vulgar creature." The "vulgar creature," from her comfortable and secure seat, looked at the long skirts and twisted bodies of the other ladies, and, thinking of the twelve hours' ride over the mountains, said to herself, "Look at those idiots."

Sitting alone on the platform, Miss Dickinson has often had hard work to keep from laughing at the manner of her introduction by pompous chairmen of a lecture committee. One presiding officer in New England, instead of introducing her, offered up a prayer of twenty-seven minutes' duration, in which he interposed with the throne of grace in Miss Dickinson's behalf. A Western chairman with an eye toward Congress spoke of her reputation as a lecturer. "In fact," said he, "wherever the English language is spoken, wherever the American stars and stripes wave, her name is like household words. Listen to her, then, and I know—yes, fellow-citizens, I know you will listen to her, since she always addresses herself to the poor, the maimed, the halt and the blind. You will listen to her since she always addresses herself to the ignorant, the downtrodden and the oppressed of every color, clime and tongue."

Audiences are thus cleverly described by Miss Dickinson:

"Some audiences are stone. You strike again them and rebound—angered by their hardness. Some are sponge—absorb, and absorb, and absorb, and give nothing back, till you feel as though you had enjoyed six hours of the Turkish bath and then been put under an exhausted receiver—and some are like champagne, or vigorous tea, or clear cognac, or aggressive coffee, or whatever it may be that the most quickly and enchantingly stimulates your brain and nerves."

In Chicago she met "that jewel of a girl, Kate Field," and they compared notes. Miss

Field is described as "witty, pungent, concise of speech, abrupt of manner, bating shams with a royal hatred; with beautiful brown eyes that penetrate deep while they reveal depths, and firm mouth." There at this time she met Bret Harte on his way East, and she found him "satisfying." He said "rare things in a rich, clear voice, and laughed a 'mellow sort of laugh' that was 'yet not gay.'"—*N. Y. Herald*.

KEEPING ON THE FARM.—The census tables suggest serious thoughts to every true patriot. In the older States the cities are growing rapidly, while the country population is diminishing. The young men leave the farms and crowd the stores of the city. Many farms are deserted, and houses are going to decay, while in the cities thousands of young men are vainly seeking for employment. One reason for the desertion of the country is that young men grow weary of a monotonous life. Farms have few papers and fewer books; no public libraries are within reach, and there are no lectures or concerts. It is all work and no play, and the young men long for more variety in life. A farmer of superior intelligence and refinement, who has kept all his boys at home, tells how he has done it. "My eldest is near 21, and the other boys in the neighborhood younger than he have left their parents. Mine have stuck to me when I most needed their services, and I attribute this result to the fact that I have tried to make their home pleasant. I have furnished them with attractive and useful reading, and when night comes, and the day's work is ended, instead of running with other boys to the railroad station and adjoining towns, they gather around the great lamp, and become interested in their books and papers."

TYPHOID FEVER FROM DISHED MEAT.—An epidemic of typhoid fever, interesting in its etiology, followed a musical festival at Zurich, in May, 1878. Out of some 700 assistants, 500 were attacked by the disease, of whom 100 died. The symptoms could not be mistaken, and the autopsies confirmed the diagnosis. A minute inquiry into the circumstances left but little doubt that the epidemic was due to the use of bad real furnished by an innkeeper of the place. It may be claimed by those who attribute to general causes the power of originating specific diseases, that the typhoid fever was due to a septic poison present in the real, depending possibly on a beginning fermentation, which was not destroyed by the cooking to which it had been submitted. On the other hand, as the animal from which the meat was taken was sick, it may be asked whether it might not have been suffering from typhoid fever, although this disease has never yet been recognized among animals. It is a remarkable fact that in 1839 a similar but much less fatal epidemic occurred in a neighboring locality. After a reunion that took place under similar circumstances, 440 persons were taken sick with all the symptoms of typhoid fever. It is probable that in this case also the meat of a sick calf gave rise to the disease.—*Journal de Médecine*.

THE MELODIORAPH.—Several contrivances have been invented to record the notes of melodies played on a piano, organ, or other key instrument, but were all more or less useless on account of their complexity, imperfection, or expense. Zigliani's melodiograph is very simple, usable and cheap. A double flat spring placed under each key is connected with a battery and with a recording apparatus, which consists of a comb provided with insulated teeth gently resting on a copper cylinder. A strip of ruled and chemically prepared paper is drawn over this roller by a clock-work, and receives the impressions or marks of the teeth of the comb. This clockwork can be regulated so as to cause the paper to move in conformity with the time kept by a person playing the instrument. Every time a key is depressed the circuit is closed, and the electricity, passing through one of the teeth of the comb, makes a mark corresponding to the key that has been depressed.