

## BE HAPPY AS YOU CAN.

This life is not all sunshine,  
Nor is it yet all showers,  
But storms and calms alternate,  
As thorns among the flowers;  
And while we seek the roses,  
The thorns fall off we scan,  
Still let us, though they wound us,  
Be happy as we can.

This life has heavy crosses  
As well as joys to share,  
And griefs and disappointments  
Which you and I must bear;  
Yes, if misfortune's lava  
Entombs hope's dearest plan,  
Let us, with what is left us,  
Be happy as we can.

The sum of our enjoyment  
Is made of little things,  
And oft the broadest rivers  
Are formed from smallest springs;  
By treasuring up small waters,  
The rivers reach their spans,  
So we increase our pleasures,  
Enjoying all we can.

There may be burning deserts  
Through which our hearts must go,  
But there are green oases,  
Where pleasant palm trees grow,  
And if we may not follow  
The paths our hearts would plan,  
Let us make all around us  
As happy as we can.

Perchance we may not climb with  
Ambition, to its goal,  
Still, let us answer "Present,"  
When duty calls the roll,  
And what'er our appointment,  
Be nothing less than man,  
And cheerful in submission,  
Be happy as we can.

## THE AESTHETICS OF LABOR.

Labor is not all drudgery. Some of its phases are of the most elevated character. Some of its conceptions rise above the lower grade of sturdy toil into the realms of sublimity. Some of its productions attain the most exquisite perfection. It does not always cling to the absolute of necessity; it reaches at times to the accomplishment of man's bestitude. It is not always a deliver; it assumes when requisite the embodiment of the highest portraiture of excellence. It visits the toiler in dreams of marvelous felicity and presents to him visions of enchanting loveliness. It bears him from the harsh discipline of earth to the soothing freedom of celestial liberty. Under its aesthetic influence he is no longer a being of flesh and blood; he is transformed to an angel of light, and leaving his toil-strained muscles and thoughts upon earth he soars into the realms of ecstatic bliss and harmonious repose. In moments like this the materialization of his wildest dreams gives to his fellow men such dazzling gleams of supernal bliss, or such proofs of beneficial utility, as they had never before experienced, and opens to them a wide expanse wherein is ever to be found a solace for the harsh fatigue of strenuous toil. In proof of this, the delineations upon the canvas of the idealistic sentiments of the world's most renowned painters; or the creation from the quarry's rough block of the entrancing forms of beauty by the hands of sculptors of renown; or the soul-stirring thoughts of the poet's most harmonious song; or the swaying influence of the orator's exciting and well balanced words; or the almost vital machinery which the inventor has commanded into existence as the slave to perform tasks of utility for mankind; each and all, and even more than have been mentioned, can be cited without apprehension of rebuttal.

In the lone cabin of the solitary laborer where only desolation and privation are evinced, there hangs upon the rough and smoke-dimmed wall the artist's little sketch of a sunny landscape, in which the shadows of flowers and foliage fall lightly upon the bosom of the unrippled stream. As he looks upon the picture his somber home seems lighted by gleams from the view before him, and wafted by memory back to by-gone hours, his soul rejoices awhile in the glad presence of loved ones never to be forgotten.

In the scantily apportioned home of the daily

toiler there rests upon a little shelf a plaster copy of some form of loveliness, which erst the sculptor's hand had wrought from inanimate marble. In the contemplation of this portrayal of beauty, he forgets his own rough life and this delineation of attractiveness holds him awhile entranced.

Upon the soiled table of the over-worked man there lies the poet's volume with its ennobling and soothing lines of sympathetic thought. In the rhythmic words and congenial sentiments he finds repose from his weariness and a balm for his sorrows and his griefs.

With his day's task performed and lingering on his homeward way, the artisan finds his very being stirred to its inmost depths and lifted out of this sphere of muscular exertion, as he listens to the eloquence of the orator whose sentences fall upon his ear.

In the din of the factory there ever rises a pean to the honor of labor in the hum of the tireless and faithfully-working machine. Wherever the son of toil or even the slave of idleness may chance to be, there are to be found irrefutable proofs of the aesthetics of labor, for the producers of all these harmonious results have been and are diligent workers. What other of human efforts save those of labor could produce these wondrous effects; could awaken sensations of such pure unalloyed delight, or arouse the better moods of soul life, that under the harsh pressure of the vicissitudes of existence were suppressed and forced into apathetic quietude?

In the wide field of labor there are those whose destiny is to delve and struggle, while others of their fellow workmen find their allotted tasks in the higher plane of aesthetic productions, whose harmony and elegance are intended to soothe, elevate and adorn their seemingly less gifted brethren. There is a grandeur in labor which elevates it at times to the higher grade of true aestheticism.—*Mining and Scientific Press.*

LADIES WEARYING OF MONOGRAMS.—The whirligig of fashion is bringing round an old-fashioned decoration, which has its merits. Ladies are wearying of monograms, and are adopting emblems and mottoes. The 14th and early 16th centuries were the time when mottoes and fanciful emblems flourished most abundantly. Besides his hereditary bearings, every knight had some emblems of fantasy, and every lady her symbol which might be changed at pleasure. When these were embroidered on dresses the effect was quaint and variegated, and gave each costume a kind of originality. Parisians have re-discovered this, and birds and mottoes are embroidered all over dresses. A well-graced (and well-puffed) actress who is the reverse of stout in figure, appeared lately with the device of ravens on her array. Her rival, who is not slim, observed that "where the skeleton is, the ravens are gathered together." Swallows are more common than the somber bird of the Danish banner—perhaps to indicate that the wearer intends "flying, flying south." Gold swallows are worn on a blue satin ground, though a naturalist might prefer to reverse colors. Ladies of fashion, if the fashion prevails, will soon look as quaint as did Jacqueline de la Grange in her costume embroidered with pink eagles and black ducks, or Anne of Bohemia, with the crowned ostrich.

THE METRIC SYSTEM.—It may not be generally known that we have, in the nickel five-cent piece of our coinage, a key to the tables of linear measures and of weights. The diameter of this coin is two centimeters, and its weight is five grammes. Five of them placed in a row will, of course, give the length of the decimeter; and two of them will weigh a decigramme. As the kilogram is a cubic meter, the key to the measure of length is also the key to measures of capacity. Any person, therefore, who is fortunate enough to own a five-cent nickel, may carry in his pocket the entire metric system of weights and measures.

## JUDGING WOMEN BY THEIR DRESS.

Mrs. Harbert has in the *Inter-Ocean* a stirring protest against the modern style of "society journalism," which measures its heroines wholly by the styles of their costumes. We quote:

In the name of womanhood, we protest, and for the sake of American girlhood, we beg the editors of our representative journals to put a premium upon something in the world beside dry goods.

Not much of a compliment to a beauty when the "soul-full eyes" even are surpassed by "a faultlessly artistic toilet of black satin, embroidered in rosebuds and pansies and sprays of filmy green, and a white opera hat, whose hints of color matched the flowers, and evening gloves completed a toilet whose beauty attracted one like some rare picture."

So long as women are content to be judged only by the amount of expensive dry goods they wear, so long will they receive such criticism as the following, which appears in a recent popular book: "For is it not, let me ask you—to take, for instance, a man's sublime faculty of reasoning and logical comprehension—far more wonderful than a reasoning man should have the same parents as a woman, than that they should both have the same parents as a monkey?" And just so long as our women make no protest against thus being described and valued as so much lace or so many yards of velvet, will thinking men dare to address them in the following strain. I quote from a recent publication: "In a girl, however pretty, what is there to interest a man, if he reads nothing in her face from night to night but that she is getting daily more worn and jaded in the search for a rich husband? Or even, to go a step higher, in the unthinking, uncultivated flirt, so common in every class of society—what is there in her that a man will not soon discover to be insipid and wearying? But give her one genuine, one disinterested taste, and all is changed. Try to win for yourself one taste of a truer and deeper sort. Study Wordsworth and some parts of Shelley; open out your sympathies, by their aid, in just one direction. Learn to love the sea and the woods and the wild flowers, with all their infinite changes of scent and color and sound, the purple moor, the mountain stream, the rolling mists, the wild smell of the heather. Let these things grow to 'haunt you like a passion,' \* \* \* and then, by and by, go and look in the looking-glass, and study your own face. Hasn't some new look, child, come into your eyes and given them expression, a something they wanted before?"

Aye, more and more, dear girl friends, to-day intoxicated, enervated by the strange passion for dress, begin to study humanity; determine to do some one thing toward making life brighter for other people, if it is nothing more than amusing a little, restless, disappointed child, and get in the habit of sometimes studying the old gold and crimson, the lovely rose and dreamy blue, or the pearl-tinted gray of God's sunset clouds; lift your eyes just above the shop windows, and honor the young woman whose conversation is filled with pearls of thought and rubies of wit and diamonds of suggestion, and then shall you have filed one claim to a place in the record of America's true women.

We have just tossed aside a recent number of one of the most influential journals of the East, twelve pages of which are filled with what purports to be a record of "American society, past and present." Long lists of names are given of women in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Cincinnati and Louisville, who are to be handed down to posterity as famous—for what? For their helpfulness to the age in which they lived? For patriotic endeavor? For earnest work for the future? For unselfish hospitality? For having developed and consecrated to friends their best gifts of songs or conversation? No! but for the quality of the dry goods they wore.