

## TO THE GIRLS.

What are you doing, my dear girls, to help along this great, bright world of ours? Toward what path are your feet tending? To what goal in the far distant future do your thoughts turn? What is your aim in life? There have been earnest-souled women who have done great and good deeds in humanity's cause, or have won with pen, pencil and chisel, undying honors, and written their names in never-fading letters upon fame's glittering page; and these, not scions of noble stock, but honest, self-made women of the soil, who, through long days of labor and nights devoid of ease, have raised themselves to a high position by the mere force of their sterling qualities with native energy and strength of character. It cost something! Ah, yes. Fortune seldom comes at your beck; if you sit down with folded arms to woo the fickle goddess, you will very likely sit there to the end of the chapter. Rouse yourselves, gird on your armor, go forth with confidence and hope, make up your mind to work, and work with a will, throw mind and soul into your pursuit, for whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well; the reward may be long in coming, you may sometimes grow faint and weary, and may fail more than once, twice or thrice, but never give up, try again and again; let every defeat nerve you to fresh contest. Girls, whatever your lot in life, do your best; whatever your work, it is worthy of best efforts. In climbing the mountain's rugged side, take care that there be no unwary steps, no sudden fall from rectitude into chasms of moral vice; lend a helping hand now and then to lead a weaker companion along the rough places, improve each golden moment of opportunity, catch the good within your reach. Do not spend your time in vain regrets for any mistakes you have made, but set yourselves to work to repair it; she who waits for an opportunity to do much at once may breathe out her life in vain and idle wishes, and regret at the last moment of her life her worse than useless endeavors in not accepting the present instead of looking into the far future, for a more glorious and exalted sphere. Let every stroke tell, let every step be a firm mark along your onward journey, footprints that will remain long after you have passed to the other shore; and let whatever will be your aim, above all else, strive to make your life strictly upright, pure and honorable; be everything that is thoroughly womanly, helpful, charitable, tender toward your fellows; a living, breathing lesson to all around; and a golden anthem that shall ring golden chimes of joy and love throughout all eternity.—Mrs. F. G. Church, in *Western Rural*.

## HINTS FOR WRITERS.

Write one side of the sheet only. Why? Because it is often necessary to cut the page into "takes" for the compositors, and this cannot be done when both sides are written upon.

Write clearly and distinctly, being particularly careful in the matter of proper names, and words from foreign languages.

Don't write in a microscopic hand. Why? Because the compositor has to read it across his case, at a distance of nearly two ft.; also, because the editor often wants to make additions and other changes.

Never roll your manuscript. Why? Because it maddens and exasperates everyone who touches it—editor, compositor and proof-reader.

Always write your full name and address plainly at the end of your letter. Why? Because it will often happen that the editor will want to communicate with you, and because he needs to know the writer's name as a guarantee of good faith. If you use a pseudonym or initials, write your name and address below it; it will never be divulged.

A story is told of a German shoemaker, who, having made a pair of boots for a gentleman of whose financial integrity he had considerable doubt, made the following reply to him when he called for the articles: "Der poots ish not quite done, but der beel ish made out."

## MIND AND BRAIN.

Aristotle regarded the heart as the seat of the "rational soul." The brain was looked upon by this prince of philosophers as a comparatively useless organ, whose only function was to cool the heart. According to the latest opinion of scientific authorities, the functions of the mind are performed in the rim of gray matter of which the outermost layer of the brain consists. There sensation ends and thought begins. There are the "end-stations" where the messages from the outside world are delivered, and where volitions originate. But though anatomists have succeeded in following the trail thus far, and have, so to speak, cornered the mind and driven it into close quarters, they seem as far as ever from seeing the mind itself or from learning what it is.

Mental science is as distinct from physical science to-day as it ever was. The nerves are excited by motions. These motions are delivered to the brain, and there become transformed into things as different from the motions in which they originate as light is from darkness. The nerve of the eye when excited causes the sensation of light. This excitation may be produced by undulations of the luminiferous ether, by electricity, by congestion, or by a blow on the head; in every case the message along the nerve is, in the brain, translated into the sensation of light. The messages delivered by the nerve of the ear are translated into the sensation of sound. But these various sensations are altogether different from the physical excitations producing them. So also are the thoughts and volitions radically different from the sensations.

USE OF DRESS.—No matter what men may write or say upon the subject, the womanly woman will always pay considerable attention to her dress, as she should. Indifference, and consequent inattention to dress, often shows pedantry, self-righteousness, or indolence. It is not a virtue, but a defect in the character. Every woman should study to make the best of herself with the means at her command. Among the rich, the love of dress promotes some degrees of exertion and displays of taste in themselves, and fosters ingenuity and industry in inferiors; in the middle classes, it engenders contrivance, diligence, neatness of hand; among the humbler, it has good effects. So long as dress merely interests, amuses, occupies such time and such means as we reasonably allot to it, it is salutary; refining the tastes and the habits, and giving satisfaction and pleasure to others. Sensible men like to see their wives and daughters well dressed, and take pride in their appearance. The woman who has not some natural taste in dress, some love of novelty, some delight in the combination of colors, must be deficient in a sense of the beautiful. As a work of art, a well dressed woman is a study. Consistency in regard to station and fortune, is the first thing to be considered. A woman of good sense will not wish to expend in unnecessary extravagance money wrung from the hands of an anxious, laborious husband; or, if her husband be a man of fortune, she will not encroach upon her allowance. It will be her duty to dress well with as little expense as possible—for it is unbecoming to no woman's dignity to be careful of the clothes she wears, and to economize in her expenditure. When love of dress is indulged in beyond the compass of means, it cannot be too severely condemned. But it is the duty of every woman to dress as well as she can.

This people of a Western town are so fearfully lazy that when the wife of a minister who had just settled in that town asked a prominent citizen if the inhabitants generally respected the Sabbath and refrained from business, he replied: "Confound it, ma'am, they don't do enough work in a whole week to break the Sabbath, if it was all done on that day."

## THE ORPHANS' LOVE.

A boy, not over 11 years old, whose pinched face betrayed hunger, and whose clothing could scarcely be called by the name, dropped into a carpenter shop on Grand river avenue the other day, and after much hesitation explained to the foreman.

"We want to get a grave-board for ma. She died last winter, and the graves are so thick that we can't hardly find her no more. We went up last Sunday and we came awful near not finding it. We thought we'd git a grave-board so we wouldn't loose the grave. When we thought we'd lost it, Jack he cried, and Bud she cried, and my chin trembled so I could hardly talk!"

"Where is your father?" asked the carpenter.

"O, he's at home but he never goes up there with us, and we shan't tell him about the board. I guess he hated ma, for he wasn't at home when she died, and he wouldn't buy no coffin nor nothing. Sometimes, when we are sitting on the door step talking about her, and Jack and Bud are cryin', and I'm remembrin' how she kissed us all before she died, he says we'd better quit that or we'd get what's bad for us. But we sleep up stairs, and we talk and cry in the dark all we want to. How much will the board be?"

The carpenter selected something fit for the purpose, and asked.

"Who will put it up at the grave?"

"We'll take it upon our cart," replied the boy, "and I guess the grave-yard man will help us put it up."

"You want the name painted on it don't you?"

"Yes, sir, we want the board white, and then we want you to paint on that she was our ma, and that she was 41 years old, and that she died on the 2d of November, and that she was one of the best mothers ever was, and that we are going to be good all our lives and go up where she is when we die. How much will it cost, sir?"

"How much have you got?"

"Well," said the boy, as he brought out a little calico bag, and emptied its contents on the bench, "Bud drewed the baby for the woman next door and earned 20 cents; Jack he weeded in the garden, and earned 40 cents, and found five cents in the road; I run two errands and made kites, and fixed a boy's cart, and helped carry some apples into a store, and I earned 65 cents. All that makes a hundred and thirty cents, sir, and pa don't know we've got it, cause we kept it hid in the ground under a stone."

The carpenter meant to be liberal but he said:

"A grave-board will cost at least three dollars."

The lad looked from his little store of metals to the carpenter and back, realized how many weary weeks had passed since the first penny was earned and saved, and suddenly willed out.

"Then we can never, never buy one, and ma's grave will be lost."

But he left the shop with tears of gladness in his eyes, and when he returned next day little Bud and Jack were with him, and they had a cart. There was not only a head board, but one for the foot of the grave as well, and painter and carpenter had done their work with full hearts and done it well.

"Ain't it awful nice—nicer than rich folks have!" whispered the children, as the boards were being placed on the cart; "won't ma be awful glad!"

Ere this the mother's grave has been marked, and when night comes the three motherless ones will cuddle close together and whisper their gratitude that it cannot be lost to them even in the storms and drifts of winter.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A STEAMER is building at Linkville for Big Klamath lake. It will be a screw propeller of 35-horse power, 60 ft. long and 12 ft. beam.