Home Makers.

There are very few persons in the world, and those few not to be envied, who are insensible to the delights of a happy home. Those who are fortunate enough to possess it are generally wise enough to prize it; while those who have it not make it the nucleus of many an air castle, and the chief figure in many a future prospect. It is, however, far easier to enjoy, or to hope for this inestimable blessing, than to secure the various elements that must combine in order to form it.

It is a prevalent idea that woman, and she alone, must always be the home maker. This is her business, it is affirmed, while that of a man necessarily lies outside. It is his part to provide the means of support; hers to supply a well-ordered, gladsome, refreshing, peaceful home. There is much truth in this view, but, like many other truths, it has been run into the ground from the failure to perceive the other side. A home, like a person, has a dual existence; it has an outer and an inner life; it is formed by the circumstances that surround it, and the characters that dwell within it. There is the house with its appurtenances, its opulence or poverty, its comforts or inconveniences, its loaded table or frugal board, its neatness and thrift or disorder and waste. This is the outer life of the home. To this both man and woman equally contribute. The division of labor, as usually maintained, is, upon the whole, equitable. His lies outside the home, hers within; but both are equally important, equally remunerative in the true sense of the word. Neither his earnings nor her care would alone make and keep the home, even in its outer life, while united they supply all its needs. Any shirking on either side is fatal. If the man, through self-indulgence of any kind, fails to do his part, the woman will be overburdened, and the family comforts curtailed or destroyed. If, on the other hand, she, through love of pleasure or lack of discretion, neglect the wise ordering of her household, or slide into fashionable extravagances, the result will be equally disastrous. Whatever be the resources, or the style of living they adopt, it requires all the abilities and painstaking of both in their respective spheres, to maintain this external domestic life, with prudence, comfort, and consistency.

It is, however, to this inner life of the home that we must look for its purest and most permanent happiness; and here, also, do we find man and woman to be equally necessary and equally responsible. Not the house, however richly furnished and judiciously arranged; not all the labor and thought of the man in earning and the woman in managing, however praiseworthy each may be, can alone secure a happy home. They are, indeed, indispensable, but not sufficient. Not only must hand and brain construct the home, but heart must inspire it. There must be love, patience, self-sacrifice, sympathy, contentment, courage to bear, firmness to endure, in a word, all the qualities that go to make up character. If these be absent so is happiness, however congenial and satisfactory may be the external home.

Just here a fatal mistake is frequently made. The busy man, wearied with toil, and harassed, perhaps, by the events of the day, comes home to find rest and refreshment. He feels that his labors abroad should be recompensed by comfort, ease, and freedom from care at home. This is, perhaps, natural; but he forgets that the wife and mother, if earnest and conscientious, has had her trials and labors also, and is probably in need of rest and sympathy quite as much as he is. The truth is, that home happiness is not a harvest for which one part of the household is to labor, that another part may enjoy. Each one must plant the seed, and water the ground, and destroy the weeds, and then each one will partake of the bounteous crop. As the husband and wife both contribute to form the external home, they must equally unite to fill it with the living presence of unselfish affection and thoughtful kindness. If either fail in this, if one be always striving to make the home, and the other only to enjoy it, disappointment is inevitable.

The children, too, should be encouraged and trained, from their earliest years, to contribute their share towards the home. Every boy and girl can add to the family joy in a multitude of ways, which will open rapidly to view when they are sought. The little kindnesses to one another, the willing deference to parental wishes, the plans laid for cheerful winter evenings, pleasant surprises, and gleeful reunions, small gifts of handiwork to grace the familiar rooms, with hundreds of other natural outpourings of affection and gratitude, will bind children to their homes and make them centers of happiness far more than can ever be the case when they are merely recipients. It is the good we do much more than that which is done for us that promotes our highest enjoyment; and each member of a household who would taste the keenest delights of a happy home must constitute himself or herself, in the best sense, a "home maker."—*Public Ledger.*

IN DEFENCE.—As a race, bachelors are abused, and why? Simply because they are bachelors. Married men are continually boasting of their happiness. If they are so happy, why not keep more quiet about it? But they are always talking of the loneliness of bachelors. Loneliness indeed! Who is petted to death by ladies with marriageable daughters? Invited to tea and to evening parties, and told to drop in just when it is convenient? The bachelor. Who lives in clover all his days, and when he dies has flowers strewn on his grave by the girls who couldn't entrap him? The bachelor. Who strews flowers on the married man's grave? His widow? Well, not always. Who goes to bed early because time hangs heavily on his hands? The married man. Who gets a scolding for picking out the softest part of the bed, and for waking up the baby when he turns out in the morning? The married man. Who has to split wood, house-hunting and marketing to do, the young ones to wash, and lazy servants to look after? The married man. Who is taken up for whipping his wife? The married man. Who gets divorced? The married man.

"WHAT's the use of making such a fuss about a little water?" said a judge before whom motion after motion had come in a case where a small spring was the object of contention. "The parties are both milkmen," quietly said one of the lawyers. "Oh! I see," said the judge.

HERBERT SPENCER says George Eliot is the greatest woman who ever lived. Guess he never saw Barnum's fat woman, says the *Post.*

An Elephant in a Rage.

Gilmore's Garden was in an uproar yesterday morning, and a curious throng gathered in the streets near by. A big elephant named Borsen, which arrived from Liverpool on Saturday for Barnum's menagerie, was assigned to a place where three other elephants were chained, and being unaccustomed to stand otherwise than alone, he became very belligerent. He walked in front of his companions as far as his chain would permit, struck them on their heads with his trunk, and seemed determined that they should acknowledge his superiority. Always when several elephants are together one masters the rest, before peace is established. Mr. Hale, the keeper of Borsen, gave him blows with a stout stick, and aided by several other men, watched the beasts throughout the night. Borsen entertained a consequent grudge against his keeper, and as the latter, about 7 in the morning, was giving him water, hit him a blow with his trunk on the side that knocked him twenty feet away. Hale ran at Borsen with his stick, but was seized and thrown over the railing. On returning to the charge, he was again seized, and this time the beast was on the point of plunging his tusks into him, when Mr. Chas. McLain, the boss canvasman, went to his rescue and dragged him out of reach. Borsen then became furious. He broke his chain and started through the premises with his trunk elevated and his tail standing stiffly in a horizontal position. He tore down the wooden railing as if it were a thread, and went to the lion's cage, which he knocked over. There was then a pandemonium of roars from all the beasts, including the seals and sea-lions. Over twenty fled, but soon rallied, and, under the leadership of Messrs. McLain and McDonald, prodded the elephant with pitchforks and tore his ears with hooks until he was secured. This was done by first lassoing one of his legs as he stepped, and then twining the rope around his other legs, which caused him to fall heavily. Then, being helpless, his fore and hind legs and his tusks were chained. In this condition, after tremendous beating, he was allowed to rise, and was led to one of the posts of the garden, to which he was attached. His ears were badly lacerated, and blood streamed from wounds on his sides and belly.

An elephant, after being conquered, rarely attempts a second rebellion, and Borsen was quiet last evening, obeying the commands of the attendants. It took six hours to subdue him, and men were afterwards occupied for hours washing away the constant flow of blood. Mr. Hale was badly, but not dangerously hurt. Charles Rivers had a very narrow escape, for the elephant at one time held him with his trunk, and was on the point of driving his tusks into him when a violent blow of a club caused the trunk to loosen. Borsen is now so well chained that he can not break loose.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Habits of the Swedes.

These settlements consist of two, or perhaps four, houses, with the necessary out-buildings, and seem generally inhabited by the several members of the same family. Some of them have existed a considerable time, and are occupied now by the grandchildren or great grandchildren of the original settlers. Originally the government granted free gifts of land, but they have now ceased to do this, and the number of the settlers does not appear to be receiving many additions from outside. The houses usually consist of two or more large rooms on the ground floor, with lofts above, and vast chimney hearths in one corner, in which the logs of pine, some two or three feet in length, are piled upright when a fire is wanted; being lit, they burn up in a few minutes into a roaring fire, which gives out an intense heat.

The family live chiefly in the kitchen, and this and the guest-chamber are about twenty or thirty feet square, and furnished with a kind of sofa bedstead which pulls out so as to afford a sleeping accommodation of about five feet six inches by three feet. The kitchen itself is not over-clean, nor are the personal habits of the people without reproach in this respect; yet the guest-chamber, the linen and the crockery, leave nothing to be desired.

The houses are surrounded by a small clearing, where the settlers cultivate for their own consumption sufficient oats and other grain, hay and potatoes. They sow their corn in June, and so rapid is the growth under the influence of the lengthened days that they reap the harvest in six or seven weeks afterward, and sometimes get two crops in their short season. The cultivation is restricted to the actual wants of the settlement, as the difficulty of transit precludes the possibility of a market for the surplus. Cattle and ponies, and sometimes sheep and poultry, are kept at each station, but the food of the family is limited to fish—which is dried for winter use—milk, black or rather brown bread and reindeer flesh, with an occasional change in the shape of game or wild fowl killed on the hills or lakes. Everywhere, even in the poorest houses, the most excellent coffee is obtainable, the green berries being roasted over the fire and ground whenever a cupful or more is wanted.

LIVELY RIDING IN BALTIMORE. — A new and fashionable diversion is becoming popular in Baltimore among young ladies and gentlemen fond of horseback riding. It is called "Hare and Hounds," and is now played every Saturday, the meeting-place of a large party being the intersection of Charles street and Boundary avenue. A young gentleman and a young lady well-mounted are chosen to represent the hares, and all the rest play the hounds. The brace of hares are given fifteen minutes' start, and have satchels of white paper cut in small pieces with which they are expected to mark their course. The ride is sometimes five miles and back, by various roads and lanes, and the first couple that overtake the hares have the privilege of playing that part in the next performance. It is an exhilarating and amusing sport, and promises to be much engaged in during the coming summer. When the riders become sufficiently skilful it is proposed to engage in an extensive fox hunt.—*Baltimore American.*

FEARS are expressed that the Presbyterian and other Protestant missionaries may be greatly disturbed by the military movements in Eastern Turkey. Erzerum is one of the stations of the American Board, which has other stations at Narpoot, Sivas, Marsovan, and Broosa. Should the war be protracted it may become necessary for the missionaries at some points to retire for a time to safer places.

ILLINOIS has fifty-two railways, with 7,275 miles of track.

In a Tauist Temple.

Passing along the streets [in China], we heard sounds on the right which were semi-musical, and through a narrow opening we saw candles burning, and turned aside to see what it might mean. Brother Allen, who is an invaluable cicerone, soon saw that it was in a Tauist temple, and that the ceremonies going on were for the release of a soul from purgatory—for the Tauists, as well as the Boddhists and Romanists, have their purgatory, which yields a good revenue. In the hands of skillful priests, there is no better paying institution. Upon a little inquiry, we learned that the man for whose benefit these ceremonies were performed had been dead about six months; that his children had employed the priests to get him out of purgatory; that he had been out for three days, but that after his release from the lower regions, it required a further lift to get him up through the intervening spaces into paradise. This was what they were at now. The temple was gorgeously decorated with images, tablets, and gilt haugings. One priest stood in an inner recess, and two others, with a servitor, were out in the larger space in front, the whole being confined to rather a small area, the temple not being a large one. Off in one side were some three others, one beating on a sort of bell, another on a metallic plate, which gave rather a short, dull sound, and the third playing on a flute. Occasionally a few sentences were intoned responsively. The robes of the priests were very gorgeous; that of the one who seemed to be playing the chief part was of bright red ground, with a blue border, three or four inches wide, around the bottom of it, which extended down to the feet, and faced down the front, on each side, with white. On the red ground at the center of the back, or a little above the center, was the gilt figure of a pagoda, and scattered profusely over it were gilt spangles and dragons. He and another priest were generally *vis-a vis* with each other, and often changed places with each other, as if they were dancing; indeed they came together quite actively at times. One of them held in his hand a piece of wood, about six inches long, and an inch and a half square, hung about with pieces of paper covered with writing, on which his eyes were intently fixed. His *vis-a-vis* retired after a time, smoked his pipe for a few moments, and then seated himself with a flute, and helped the music. The principal actor continued gazing on his strips of paper, and posturing about on a piece of coarse cloth, which had a few mysterious characters on it, in a certain relation to which he seemed to place himself at every change of position, now and then bowing himself quite down to the earth, and touching his paper-covered wand with his forehead; and so the performance was still going on when we left.

During the whole scene, spectators came and went at pleasure, some even passing between the officiating priests, while children romped around unchecked. One man, who stood within four feet of the chief priest, gave Brother Allen the history of the case in a very loud voice, while some of the priests looked around curiously at the foreigners. I should have been filled with disgust at the nonsense of the whole affair if it had not been for the horror I felt, that the great enemy of God and man should have acquired such control of countless millions of our race, and that by means even of their religious instincts. How readily they spend their money under his inspirations, and how eagerly they accept the silliest theatricals by which he, through his priests, pretends to manage their eternal destinies. What slaves of superstition they are! and from this fearful bondage nothing can ever free them but the gospel of the grace of God.—*Bishop Marvin.*

Vanity of Men.

The late Harriet Martineau effects, in her autobiography, the vanity of men against the vanity of women. She says that during a visit to London, where she saw the first men of the nation, she saw exhibitions of vanity in high places that women could not surpass.

There was Brougham, wincing under a newspaper criticism, and playing the fool among silly women. There was Jeffrey, flirting with clever women in long succession. There was Bulwer on a sofa, sparkling and languishing among a set of female votaries.

There was Campbell, the poet, obtruding his sentimentalities, amid a quivering apprehension of making himself ridiculous. He darted out of our house and never came again, because, after warning, he sat down in a room full of people (all authors, as it happened), on a low chair of my old aunt's, which went very easily on castors, and which carried him back to the wall and rebounded, of course making everybody laugh.

Off went poor Campbell in a huff, and, well as I had long known him, I never saw him again; and I was not very sorry, for his sentimentality was too soft, and his craving for praise too morbid to let him be an agreeable companion.

There was Edwin Landseer, a friendly and agreeable companion, but holding his cheerfulness at the mercy of great folks' graciousness to him. To see him enter a room, curled and cravated, and glancing round in anxiety about his reception, could not but make a woman wonder where among her own sex she could find a more palpable vanity; but then, all that was forgotten when one was sitting on a divan with him, seeing him play with the dog.

Then there was Whewell, grasping at praise for universal learning—omniscience being his foible, as Sydney Smith said—and liking female adoration, rough as was his nature with students, rivals, and speculative opponents.

THE Hollanders invested largely in our government bonds during the war of the rebellion, and while the English were wasting their money on Confederate securities, gained rich returns for their confidence in the ability of our government to maintain its integrity. Now that the five-twenties are being called in, the shrewd Dutchmen think they do better than to reinvest in the four-and-a-half per cents. at more than double the price they paid for the loan that is now being called in. They think they can realize a larger profit by purchasing the greatly depreciated bonds of Russia. It is possible that they may be too sharp for their own good this time, but Russia, thus far, has always paid the interest on her debt, and if she comes off victorious in her war against Turkey, all her securities will materially enhance in value.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

CASTLE GARDEN authorities state that a large number of Germans are emigrating to America, fearing a general European war. The London *Times* will have to revise its reasons for a cessation of the European exodus, or make peace speedily.

Disease is an Antagonist

That should be attacked the instant he shows himself. Don't wait. At him before his nails are grown, and wipe him out. The great alterative and invigorant of the age, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, will speedily infuse such healthful tone into your organism that it will be enabled to successfully resist future attacks. The Bitters prevent and remedy chills and fever and bilious remittents, and eradicate dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint, rheumatic ailments, urinary and uterine difficulties. It is particularly beneficial when the system has been drained of its vitality or is inherently deficient in strength. The nerves gather from it both vigor and tranquillity. But while it imparts strength and gives a wholesome stimulus to the animal economy, it does not unduly excite it like the cheap exhilarants sometimes resorted to under the erroneous impression that they can invigorate.

Luxury on the Rail.

THE DIFFERENCE.

We have been frequently asked: "What is the difference between a railroad dining car and a Pullman Hotel car?" That there is a vast difference is well known by those who have had occasion to use either, but the untravelled public are not fully advised as to the points of difference. The old-fashioned railroad eating-house is, alas! too well known; its peculiar, hastily eaten meals have been partaken of by too many thousands to be forgotten. The dining car, then, is this well-known eating-house placed on wheels, attached to the train at the usual meal hours, and hauled along for 30, 40 or 50 miles, until the meal has been served, when it is set off on a side-track, and is by the next train hauled back to its starting point, and so it runs a few miles for each meal. To get meals in this car the passenger has to work his way through the train while it is under full motion—pass from car to car, running the risks of falling between the platforms, and finally finding the car at the rear of the train. Then comes the meal, which must be hurried through with to give chance for other hungry passengers to take your place, and you must force your way back to your seat, and again run the risks of your platform passage while the train is at full speed. In such cars you pay 75 cents for each meal, even if you take or need only a cup of coffee and a cracker. Bear in mind, in no case do these dining cars accompany the train from starting point to destination. They are always "cut off" and taken on as we have described. With the Pullman Hotel car the case is different in every respect. These cars are 60 to 66 feet long, have 16 wheels under each, are built strong, so as to insure steady, quiet running, without the usual unpleasant side motion. Each Hotel car contains, in the order named, the following compartments:

1st. A cosy, neat and clean little kitchen, fitted up with a range, ice box and meat box, rows of shelves covered with bright silver and glass ware, and all the appliances needed for preparing a sumptuous meal.

2d. A compact china and glass closet, in which is kept the table ware and table linen, cutlery, etc.

3d. A passage way, cutting off the kitchen and china closet from the rest of the car, and forming an air chamber to prevent the smell of the cooking victuals from reaching the saloon portion of the car.

4th. The grand saloon. This is fitted up with 12, 14 or 16 sections, with space for tables between each, and in these the meals are served. You, while on this car, own the space you occupy as much as you do your room at home, and no one can hurry you while at meals, nor are you forced to give it up to allow any other person to occupy it. At night, as if by magic, this saloon is changed into a boudoir, and here your couch is prepared, and here you rest yourself, isolated and as separated from your fellow travelers as you would be in your own bed-chamber.

5th. An elegant drawing-room, with room for six or eight persons. This is found alone in these magnificent cars. In it you and your family or party of friends may be as secluded as you please, or you can slide open the end and have the company of those in the grand saloon.

6th. Charmingly arranged lavatories are partitioned off, and arranged in two distinct compartments for the separate use of ladies and gentlemen. These lavatories are supplied with pure water, clean towels, combs, brushes, and, in fact, everything the most dainty may desire for the perfect performance of an elaborate toilet.

7th. Then follow conductor's and porters' rooms, linen closets, etc.

It will thus be seen that this car is, as its name implies, a perfect modern hotel, with all of its appliances and comforts complete. This car is taken on at the commencement of the journey, and is part of the train to its destination. In it you get your sleeping compartments and your meal accommodations, while neither encroach upon the other. Environ dining-car employees, who are paid to decry this form of hotel car, combined, with anything like truth on their side, give any vivid or conclusive reasons for preferring the dining to the hotel car, and they only shatter in favor of their dining car because they are paid to do so. These hotel cars have run from New York to San Francisco and back with the Emperor Dom Pedro—with Jarrett & Palmer's party, that traveled at almost lightning speed—with many a party of California bonanza kings; and all join in pledging their honor that the cars are incomparable.

Two lines of these celebrated cars run between New York and Chicago, and one line only between Chicago and Omaha. It may be needless to say that this last named line runs over the steel track of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway. Had these cars are attracting a large share of the California travel, both ways, might easily be conjectured. Any road deserves to be patronized that is enterprising enough to give the traveling public such facilities as are freely tendered by the Chicago and Northwestern Railway on its California line.

We have neglected to say that, in these hotel cars, the meals are a la carte—you pay for what you get, and nothing more, and this at very reasonable rates.—*The Tribune, April 1st, '77.*

A Card.

I wish to inform my friends, all my old patrons and the public that I have re-established my old business at No. 423 Kearny street, between California and Pine. I have personally selected from all the principal Eastern publishers and importers a beautiful and varied stock, well suited to the wants of my customers. New Engravings, new Graphos, new Permanent Autotypes, new Photo-Engravings, new Water Colors, new Velvet Frames, new Passepartouts for Cabinet Pictures, new styles of Mouldings for Portraits and Picture Frames; in fact, everything new, fresh, beautiful and desirable. Please call and examine the same. AMOS CURRIER.

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