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The New Northwest.

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Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

ELIZABETH AND JOHN.

A LITTLE STORY IN VERSE BY PROFESSOR H. W. LONGFELLOW.

"Elizabeth" was a homely maiden of the Quaker faith who lived by the banks of the Delaware in the primitive Colonial days. She receives a message from the Lord to love a young man named John Estaugh, whom she had known in England years before, and accidentally meets in her new home. She confesses her love to him in these blunt verses:

But, as they started, Elizabeth lingered a little, a leaning
Over her horse's neck, in a whisper said to John Estaugh:
"Tarry a while behind, for I have something to tell thee,
Not to be spoken lightly, nor in the presence of others:
Them it concerneth not, only me and thee it concerneth."
And they rode slowly along through the woods, conversing together.
It was a pleasure to breathe the fragrant air of the forest;
It was a pleasure to live on that bright and happy May morning!
Then Elizabeth said, though still with a certain reluctance,
As it impelled to reveal a secret she fain would have guarded:
"I will no longer conceal what is laid upon me to tell thee;
I have received from the Lord a charge to love thee, John Estaugh."

But the young man, instead of meeting her half way, promises to take the matter into consideration, and seek Divine counsel:

And John Estaugh made answer, surprised by the words she had spoken:
"Pleasant to me are thy converse, thy ways, thy meekness of spirit;
Pleasant thy frankness of speech, and thy soul's immaculate whiteness,
Love without dissimulation, a holy and inward adorning.
But I have yet no light to lead me, no voice to direct me.
When the Lord's work is done, and the toil and the labor completed
He hath appointed to me, I will gather into the stillness
Of my own heart awhile, and listen and wait for his guidance."

He whispers a formal good-bye, crosses the ocean to England, waits for the proper guidance, which comes at last, and he seeks her anew:

Then John Estaugh came back o'er the sea for the gift that was offered,
Better than houses and lands, the gift of a woman's affection.
And on the First-Day that followed, he rose in the Silent Assembly,
Holding in his strong hand a hand that trembled a little,
Promising to be kind and true and faithful in all things.
Such were the marriage-rites of John and Elizabeth Estaugh.

John's Promise.

A PATHETIC STORY OF WESTERN LIFE.

Sumner was a mushroom city which had sprung up on the banks of a ravine that cut through the western bluffs of the Missouri. In a thicket of oak saplings, high up on the side of one of those bluffs, stood a hastily-built house, sided with rough, upright, cottonwood boards, as are many of its wetsern neighbors—a rusty stove-pipe sticking through the roof; a small window, curtained by a scalloped-edged newspaper, and a white door taken from a sunken steamboat, whose nicely-finished panels contrasted strangely with its surroundings; completing the exterior.

One pleasant May evening, just as the shrill whistle of a steamboat echoed among the hills, this door was opened by a pleasant young woman, who was followed by a crying child.

"Oh, Sammy, quit your noise; that's pappy's little man; see the great big boat 'way yonder;" lifting him up; "don't you see? look sharp now, close ag'in the bank. Does Sammy want to go and see the big boat, and see pappy?" The willing feet toddled down the path; but the mother called, "Wait a bit, and mammy'll pack Sammy;" and tying on a pink sun-bonnet, she took him in her arms and started down the steep, crooked path.

It was a picturesque scene that lay before her. The sunlight, sifting through the trees that shaded the western hills, glinted the windows here and there, and reached, like a golden bar, just across the top of the forest on the low, eastern shore. Scattered through the hollows and up the sides of the bluffs, were divers houses, from the pretentious gothic dwelling on the northern hill, and the brick business houses down the street, to log cabins and cottonwood shanties; while the road that wound up the bed of the ravine was lined with a long, white train of Denver-bound freight-wagons.

She reached the steep main street to find it filled with wagons, that had been turned crosswise of the street, to rest the teams. But edging her way close to the clay bank, she reached the river just as the steamer was leaving the wharf. The snorting of the engine and the shouting of the deck-hands, together with the puffing of the mill near by, was too much for baby-bravery, and Sammy's lip began to quiver. Catching him in her arms, his mother sat down on a saw-log, saying, "There, there, honey, don't be afeared, be pappy's man, now."

The tide-waves of the receding boat sank lower and lower on the sand; the gay crowd that leaned over the guards grew indistinct, and she peered more eagerly in among the tall cottonwood trees on the opposite shore. At length four men came out of the woods, and entering a skiff, started across the river. She watched the skiff anxiously, for it frequently disappeared between the waves that were raised by the strong south winds—such winds belong as proverbially to Kansas springs, as whooping-cough to children, or gapes to chickens.

Four rough-looking men, in red woolen shirts—for lumbermen did not pretend to wear coats—except in the roughest weather—jumped out of the skiff, and with boisterous laughter, and rude jests, entered the mill. Presently one of them spied her and came toward her saying, boisterously, "Hoorah for you, Nancy! Whatever brought you 'uns down 'ere this time of evenin'? Mighty fine doins when you oughter to be to home gettin' your old man a bite o' supper. Packed that young'un down, too, I'll bet! Reckon you'd as well get back right quick, now!" He snatched the baby from her and tossed him on his shoulder, shouting, "Hoorah for pappy's man! Peertest boy in this 'ere town! Mighty proud to see his pap!"

Poor Nancy! Her husband was drunk again.

She hurried up the street, pinning her deep sun-bonnet more closely about her face, that passers might not see the tears that would come. He had kept sober so long that she had hoped he would come home sober again. She had anticipated so much pleasure in meeting him, after his week's absence. How often she had thought of it in these long, lonely nights, when she had only her child and her thoughts for company!

It took but a few minutes to put supper on the table. Then she sat down on the door-step to watch for her husband, worrying all the time lest he let something happen to Sammy. When at last he came, the effects of the liquor were wearing off, and he ate his supper and smoked his pipe in sullen silence. She could not eat a mouthful, but she dared not let the tears come, for she knew that would make him angry. So she fed Sammy, laying her face on his head once in awhile, to force back the choking lump that kept rising in her throat; then she hastened to rock him asleep, lest his fretfulness should disturb his father.

The first peep of dawn found her busily preparing breakfast, for she knew that John wanted an early start. The sound of the coffee-mill awoke him from his heavy sleep, and he lay quietly watching her by the light of the dim grease lamp, as she moved quickly back and forth from table to stove; from thence to the little row of shelves, in lieu of a cupboard, setting on the dishes, watching the bacon, and taking the crisp corn-dodger from the oven. "She is a dear, good wife," thought he; "what a scoundrel I was to make her feel so badly!" He knew that he had been rough to her the night before. He wished that he could remember what he said. Of course he never got dead-drunk, but he wished that he ever could let whisky alone.

His breakfast was just to his liking, and his wife as cheerful as if he was the best man in the world. He wanted to say something pleasant to break the awkward silence, but he did not know how to begin. He had an uncomfortable feeling that he ought to beg her pardon; but being a man, of course he did not condescend to that. At length he began by saying: "You was right peert about your breakfast this morning, Nancy."

"Oh, I allowed most likely you'd want to get off early," she answered.

"Yes, Jones wants us there ag'in sunrise. It's only a fifty-log raft; reckon we can get it down to Leavenworth ag'in the night train starts, and I'll get right on, and be back to Atchison afore day. Don't catch me foolin' away another day 'round that old fort."

"Oh, John! I'm so proud"—she paused abruptly, for his eyes dropped with a look of conscious shame. What mood was he in? Would it do to speak then? He had moved back from the table, and there was a serious, far-away look in his eyes, but nothing sullen or forbidding. She went around and dropped on her knees beside him, slipped her arms about his neck, saying: "Oh, John, I wish you'd promise me you'd never drink no more whisky!"

"That's most too hard on a fellow; but I'll promise not to—not to drink too much a'gin," he answered.

"But I am afeared that wouldn't do no good."

"You talk like you thought I hadn't sense enough to stop when I've got enough, if I try," he exclaimed.

"Oh, John, don't talk so! You know you promised me that nigh onto a year ago; but you think you'll just take one dram, and then just one more, and afore you know it, it's too much. If you'd only promise now, that you'd never taste nary drop ag'in."

Still he kept his eyes steadily turned away from hers.

"Don't you mind now," she went on, "how your mother said one time, 'I reckon, Nancy, you count John a mighty rough chap, but he's all right at the core;' and don't you mind how she used to pray for you in them old times? Don't you mind the evenin' we heard her praying down by the old spring? If she's watching you among the stars, how proud she'd be to hear your promise! And John," she continued, dropping her voice to a whisper, "I pray, too, sometimes. I haven't never told you, but I've been feeling right serious here of late. I've taken to readin' my Bible, and I've made up mind to live better'n I used to; and pray for you, too, and it seems like God hears me." And she laid her head on his shoulder to hide her tears.

His arms slipped around her, but he still kept his eyes turned stubbornly away from hers. At last, laying his face against hers, he spoke earnestly, "Yes, Nancy, I promise."

Presently, starting up, he exclaimed, "If I havn't stayed plum till daylight!"

"Oh, John! come and kiss baby afore you go—he looks so sweet. Sammy! Sammy! wake up, honey, and kiss pappy."

"Bless his sleepy eyes! Pappy's little man! I'll bring him some candy when I come home ag'in."

All day Nancy went about with such a light, cheery heart as she had not carried in her bosom for many a day; singing snatches of old hymns, and thinking happy, hopeful thoughts of him who, all those long hours, was working his rudder against the strong current of the Missouri.

That evening the stars shone brightly down upon her when she knelt by the little window, and asked God's blessings on her husband and his good resolutions.

But she was awakened, a few hours afterward, by a rush and confusion, a shower of glass and hail across her bed; and catching her baby in her arms, she sprang up frightened and bewildered. It was a terrible storm—one long to be remembered by all who felt its terrors. The deafening roar of the wind and hail almost drowned the loud thunder-claps. A blinding flash of lightning showed the trees almost bent to the ground, and the house rocked to and fro like a cradle. She suddenly felt a new, strange feeling, as if she was flying, floating through the air. She thought she was dizzy, and caught hold of the bed. A terrible crash—she never knew how it happened! Her baby's cries aroused her. The wind and rain chilled her through. She started to spring up, but something held her down. A shock of pain darted over her, and putting out her hand she felt a great beam lying heavily across her limbs. It seemed as though it was crushing her. Something struck her, then another, and another. How they stung! O! was her child unsheltered from that pitiless storm? His screams grew louder. O! she must see him! She could see nothing through the thick darkness, but she knew that he was not far off. What if he, too, was fastened, crippled! She stretched out her arms; every movement made her pain more excruciating. She strained every nerve; she could almost reach him. What if he was free, and could come to her? "Oh! Sammy! Sammy!" she called; "come to mammy." The child ceased crying. She heard him move. His warm body touched her hand that was grooping in the darkness. She cought him in her arms and hugged him to her breast. She felt of his head, his arms, his feet; sound and whole. How thankful she was for that. But how those cruel hailstones must have bruised him. She rested him on the ground and crouched over him; she could move just enough for that. The frightened child ceased crying and put his arms about her neck. If she could only find something to shelter them from the storm. She reached around, but could touch only cold mud.

Oh! that terrible pain! She had almost forgotten it in her anxiety for her child. It grew more and more intolerable. It seemed as though the hailstones struck through her brain. What if they killed her! Was she afraid to die? Visions of eternity, of the heaven of her faith, rose before her. Should she dwell with God and the angels forever? Was it possible that there would never be an end? No, she was not afraid of death. But her child, her husband—how could she leave them? Not yet! No, no, when life had just opened before her! She must live to help John keep his promise. God would spare her for that. How long it would be until morning. How could she bear the pain so long? Oh! it would be terrible if John should come and find her lying there cold and stiff. John did love her, oh! so well. He had loved her so long. It seemed so many yeaes since he first told her that he loved her; it was on the mountain side, in dear old Tennessee. How far away it seemed! How the sun shone and the birds sang! How dreamy and bewildered her thoughts were! How still the bay was! Yes, she could feel his heart beat. She no longer felt the pelting of the storm; had it ceased?

Her thought was answered by a rush of wind from a new direction. She felt the great weight lifting off from her. She was free! Then—something struck her.

* * * * * *

The train went snorting into Winthrop just at daylight. John jumped off, and was the first to reach the ferry. He had never seen Atchison so quiet. With the exception of those who had crossed on the ferry, and a few early risers who were hurrying up the street, the town seemed asleep; but as he passed Commercial street, he saw a man who was riding a mule, coming down in great haste, who cried out, "How d'y, John?"

"Why, Jake," he replied, "is that you? I allowed you was half way to Denver afore now."

"We started yesterday, but we had a powerful storm on the prairie out here, last night. We chanced to be right near to a house, and they let us in; but it sent our old wagons rolling over and over across the prairie, like a patch of tumbleweeds, and our oxen all stampeded. I'm on the hunt of 'em."

"It don't look like it had reached Atchison."

"No; I reckon it just took a streak."

John hurried on down the river. The road ran so near the bank that the steady swash of the water seemed under his feet. The birds were singing in the trees, and the sunshine came creeping down the bluffs overhead. How eager he was to get home that morning! His heart was full of new plans and new purposes. He could keep his promise, and he would; he would never make Nancy's heart ache again by breaking that promise. He stopped suddenly—had the storm reached Sumner? The tall buildings along the wharf were leaning roofless, one this way, another that; as if the wind, coming over the bluffs, had reached just low enough to unroof them. He hastened around the foot of the hill; there lay the brick hotel, the boast of the town, in scattered fragments over the ground, like a wasp's nest scattered by the house-keeper's broom. He looked around; three-fourths of the town lay in ruins. How was it with his home? He ran up the street until he could see where it stood. Gone! Not a vestige of it left. Perhaps they had escaped before the storm; perhaps—Scarcely knowing what he did, he hurried to the nearest house that was yet standing, and without ceremony opened the door. There was no one in the room, but on a couch in one corner, a white sheet "sunk to the still proportions" of two silent forms. Moved by some strange impulses, he turned back the covering that shrouded the faces—Nancy and the baby! Shocked, stunned, he sank on his knees and laid his head on that dear form. Who can describe, who can comprehend the utter desolation of that hour? Oh! the thoughts and memories that crowded upon him—many of them bitter, regretful thoughts. But there was one memory for which he was thankful: that he had not listened to the tempter which had whispered to him yester-morn, that it would be weak and unmanly to yield to her request.

They found him there an hour afterward, but he asked no questions, made no reply to their attempts at consolation, and they left him alone with his dead.

There was "hurrying to and fro" in Sumner that day, for many were left homeless; many bruised and crippled by the storm. And the mourners who wended their way up the long hill to the burying-ground, were as silent as though the silence had been broken by the tolling of solemn bells.

In her recent "Outlines of Men, Women and Things," Mary Clemmer Ames writes this paragraph, which is only too true:

"The sister is taught, whatever her temptation may be, that she must be good; the brother is left to believe that, however he tries, he cannot help being bad. It is expected of him that he will grow to be a respectable man some day, but before that event, through the law of his nature, he must necessarily be very wicked. The sister is taught she must preserve herself blameless for the future husband to whose life she is to be the crown; the brother is left to spend the same time in 'sowing his wild oats.' To his wife he is to bring no virginity of heart, no purity of person, no record of a stainless past. Many a man looks into the eyes of the wife who trusts him as she does her God, into the faces of his daughters who believe him to be scarcely lower than the angels, with a secret remorse which cannot be measured, as memory forces in upon his thought what he has been—perhaps what he is. With what shame he is conscious that if they know his secret history, he would stand transformed before their eyes!"

Talks by the Fireside.

BY MERITABLE MOSS.

At our last talk we had the servant girl question up. Jennie Baker came late and out of breath, and her puffs and ruffles, and ribbons and frizzes a little less elaborate than usual.

"It's too provoking," she cried; "here I've lost your delightful tea-table chat, and Mrs. Moss' warm gems, and am tired to death, just because our girl took a tantrum and left after dinner, and I had to go into the kitchen and work like a plantation slave, and my hands are as rough as nutmeg graters."

"Well, well, Jennie," said Mrs. Sullivan, "such experiences won't hurt you a bit; it will prepare you for housekeeping."

"I've had sufficient experience," answered Jennie, bridling, conscious that George Claypool, a poor but rising attorney, was listening; "I know how to keep house as well as anybody, but then when we hire a girl and pay for her services, why can't she do her work decently and not fly off at a tangent whenever her mistress dares assert that she is mistress. Now Jane Jones had a good easy place at our house, but mamma could not get her to do the work as she wished. We tried to endure all delinquencies, but for the past week everything has been unusually slack. The dishes were greasy and dingy, the knives half scoured, the bread sour, and nothing fit to eat. After dinner mamma told her the bread had stood long enough, and to bake it before it soured, and the pert thing snapped out, 'Mrs. Baker, if I can't do the work *my way* here, I'll just go where I can. There's plenty of places where they'd be glad to have me.' 'Very well,' said mamma, 'you can go.' But where in the world we can find another girl is beyond my knowledge. Girls are scarce."

"They are that," said Mrs. Nelson. "I've been trying to find one for a month. But then one might as well not have one, for they will not do as you want."

"The trouble is right here," said Mrs. Sullivan, "when women have to make their living, housework is the last resort. They teach a subscription school, or take boarders, or make dresses, or bonnets, or do plain sewing, anything rather than housework. Society puts a stigma on the hired girl. Ladies consider washing dishes, sweeping, etc., beneath them, and feel disgraced should the force of circumstances compel them to roll up their sleeves, and work in the kitchen. You, Jennie Baker, thought it a fearful imposition on your ladyship to act Bridget for a single afternoon."

"So it was," pouted Jennie, "it spoiled my hands for drawing and music practice."

"Yet is not the preparing of good wholesome food for ourselves and families just as important as drawing and music?"

"Of course it is," answered Jennie, "and I believe every woman ought to know how to do housework, but then I hate it. I don't think that the kitchen is every woman's sphere any more than the blacksmith's shop is every man's. There is a diversity in woman's talents; some are fitted for one thing and some for another."

"I concede all that," said Mrs. Sullivan; "you know I believe in a woman doing whatever work she is best fitted for by nature and education. What I am warring against is the notion that housework is low, degrading. Why, there is as much science and art in housekeeping as in anything under the sun."

"I know that," said Mrs. Nelson, "but how are you going to make hired girls understand that? Look at Mrs. Moss' table; everything is cooked in the best and most palatable manner, but how are you going to teach servants to thus cook? They won't learn, they won't do as you tell them, and they feel insulted because you do want them to learn. Now when a man hires a man to do certain work, he tells him what to do and how to do it, and he does it."

"I don't like to testify against my sex," said Dr. Blair, looking amused, "but I hired a blundering fellow last spring who washed the carriage inside as well as out, who blacked my boots with the stove polish, and who, despite all I could say, would never close the barn door. Moreover, he was always ready to swear that he knew everything and a little more. After he planted the peas with the corn, and my flower bulbs in the onion bed, and pruned my dwarf pear-trees to a single withe so that they would grow 'bigger,' I concluded to dispense with his services."

"O, men are not a whit more efficient in the long run, than women," retorted Mrs. Sullivan. "I've seen women go ahead and make boxes, and mend chairs, and do five hundred other things where a man would have twirled his thumbs, and said he couldn't without tools. The demand for good kitchen girls is much larger than the supply. And it is but human nature to take advantage of that fact—not by striking for higher wages as men do—they are too ignorant for that—but by annoying their employers. Girls know too that they are considered inferiors, that their work is deemed of low rank, and that tends to make them disagreeable. To strike at the root of this matter, we must elevate kitchen work, talk of it as something noble and important, as it is, and then we must be willing to pay more for skilled labor than for poor; that will induce girls to take more pride in their calling, and to feel more real respect for themselves and their employers. I do not know that my plan would work with every one, but Carrie Briggs has lived with me for three years, and she is now as careful, faithful and painstaking as one could wish. When she came, she was inclined to be pert, supercilious and shiftless. I told her at first that I had always managed my household and should continue to do so, that each one had their own ways of working, but that while she lived with me I wanted her to adopt my ways, that I should try to be pleasant, kind, agreeable and just to her, and to act toward her as I should wish a mistress to act were I in her place, and I hoped she would treat me in the same manner. I did not tell her these things in a haughty, disagreeable manner, but during a long, pleasant chat which we had at first; they all come out and somehow impressed the girl just right, and she resolved she would try to suit me, and I strengthened her resolution by the promise of higher wages when she should learn to manage and work as I wished. We have never had any difficulty, and she is a most capable, efficient worker. True we have our failings and times of impatience and irritability, but I always strive to not infringe on her rights or to impose on her good nature."

"Mrs. Sullivan," said Dr. Blair, "the philosophy of your success with your hired girl lies in the fact that you respect her rights as you would have her respect yours. The best of us get out of sorts occasionally, and we vent our ill-nature upon our inferiors. We scold and find fault with our children and servants as we dare not with an equal, and if they resent or attempt to explain, we complain of impudence. We accuse unjustly, or blame unreasoningly, and if they try to defend themselves, we tell them to shut up, that we don't want any of their sauce."

"That's so," rejoined Mrs. Sullivan, "we say just what arouses their combativeness and makes them want to talk back and then we stop their talking back."

"We are too selfish to our employes, in many respects," continued Dr. Blair. "We ought to be their friends, to interest ourselves in their concerns, and be their advisers. There are a hundred little courtesies we can bestow, and many kindly words we can give which will give encouragement to and help them. If they are ignorant, rude and uncultured, we should strive to inform and refine them by our daily association. If we want good, faithful servants, we must treat them not as slaves, animals or machines, but as human beings, with good and bad streaks, and possessing bodies, hearts, souls and brains. Young men who work for wages have their stated hours, and their regular times for rest, but hired girls have no noon, and toil from early morn until time to sleep. Each day they go over the same monotonous routine in a dingy kitchen, feeling that they are menials, and envying the mistress in the bright parlor."—*Your Home Magazine.*

ELEMENTS OF A HOME.—I never saw a garment too fine for man or maid; there never was chair too good for a cobbler, or cooper, or king to sit upon; never a house too fine to shelter a human head. These elements above us—the gorgeous sky, the imperial sun, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools of house-keeping a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a home for the mahogany we would bring into it? I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or a sit on a block all my life, than consume myself before I get a home and take too much pains with the outside, that the inside of it was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing; but beauty of garments, house and furniture is tawdry ornament, compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love than for whole shiploads of furniture, and all the gorgeousness that all the upholsters in the world could gather together.—*Theodore Parker.*

The routine of necessary domestic duties, with all its boasted beauty, becomes dwarfing to the mind, not because it is a routine of degrading duties, but because it is a *routine*. It is no disgrace to work worthily in the kitchen, but it is a disgrace to have no thoughts higher than the kitchen. And yet this is the precise condition toward which some of our purest and best housewives are tending. The serpent of care gradually throws its folds about the mind, till under the pressure of our complex civilization, the mind yields its very life. Because ambition and interest in the great world outside the precincts of home have been killed by these little cares, many minds stagnate and shrivel into dwarfishness. While we would give the first place to the high ministries of charity and religion, we would not despise a due attention to civil science as a powerful mode of counteracting the narrowing tendency of daily routine. And this grand outlook toward natural and general intent, rather than unfitting the mind for home and homes duties, gives new power and zest for home life.—*Woman's Journal.*

A few years ago, when a number of ladies in San Francisco became interested in the subject of the advancement and elevation of women in both a political and business sense, two sisters—Miss Lelia and Miss Mary Curtis—made up their minds to prepare themselves for active business life. With the consent of their parents they came to New York to acquire the art of wood engraving, and remained at the Cooper Institute, until they considered themselves prepared to engage in business. They then returned to San Francisco, and, under the name of Lelia Curtis & Co., opened an engraving establishment. They had devoted themselves to their business with industry, fidelity and skill. Their work has increased on their hands, and they have now several other young ladies associated with them. Their establishment stands in reputation second to none in San Francisco. In the meantime both ladies have been married, which incidents in their lives have not been permitted to interfere with their business.

A CURE FOR CANCER.—The following has been handed in for publication: Take a piece of sticking plaster; cut a circular hole in the center thereof, a little larger than the cancer, so as to have a small circular rim of healthy skin next to the cancer exposed. Then make a plaster of chloride of zinc, bloodroot, and wheat flour. Spread on a piece of muslin of the size of the circular opening, and apply to the cancer for twenty-four hours. After it is removed it will be found that the cancer will be burnt, and have the appearance, in color and hardness, of an old shoe sole, and the circular rim outside will appear white and parboiled, as if scalded with steam. The wound must be dressed. The cancer will come out a hard lump and the place will heal up. The remainder sloughs out like dead flesh, and new flesh grows instead. Thus a perfect cure is completed.

POTATO LEMON PUDDING.—Three ounces of potatoes; the peel of two large lemons; two ounces of white sugar, and two ounces of butter. Boil the lemon peel until tender, and pound it in a mortar with the sugar; boil and peel the potatoes, mix together with a little milk and two eggs; bake slightly.

CRACKERS.—Eight cups of flour; two cups of cold water; one cup of butter; one egg, and three tea-spoonfuls of baking-powder. Bake twenty-five minutes and then dry them.

Talmage on Sin.

Sin comes to the young man. It says, "Take a game of cards—it won't hurt you. Besides that, it is the way men make their fortune." It is only a small stake. See how easy it is. The young man plays, and wins a horse and carriage and a house—wins a fortune. "See how easy it is," says sin; "it don't cost you anything. Look at those young men who stick to their salary, away down to the foot of the ladder, while you are in great prosperity." The young man is encouraged. He goes and plays larger and larger; the tide turns against him, he loses the horse, the carriage, the house, loses the fortune. Crack! goes the Sheriff's mallet on the last household valuation. Down lower the man falls, until he pitches pennies for a drink, or clinches for devils that trample him in wild delerium. "The way of the transgressor is hard."

Sin comes to a young man and says, "Take this glass—it won't hurt you. It has a very fine flavor. Take a glass in the morning; it will be an appetizer. Take a glass at noon; it will aid digestion. Take a glass at night; it will make you sleep well." You are in a glow while others are chilly. How bright it makes the eye—how elastic the step! One day you meet him and you say, "What are you doing here at noon? I thought you were at business." "Lost your place?" God have mercy upon the young man when, through misdemeanor, he loses his place. Every temptation of hell takes after him. Hoppled and handcuffed at thirty years of age by evil habit! Save that young man; he is on the express train that stops not until it tumbles over the embankment of perdition. "The way of the transgressor is hard."

Sin comes to a young man and says, "Take a dollar out of your employer's drawer; he won't miss it; you can put it back after awhile. Take another! take another! Don't you see how easy it is? Hundreds of dollars added to your income in a year!" One day the police knock at the door, and say, "I want you." Discovery has come; disgrace, imprisonment, loss of the soul. "The way of the transgressor is hard."

But you need not look through the wicket of the prison to learn this, and to find the frozen feet, and the bruised brow, and to hear the coughing lungs, resulting from crime. Every man has found out by his own experience that the way of the transgressor is hard. Sin demeans us; sin is desperate—it lacerates, mauls the soul, it chains you like a dog, it whips you with innumerable stripes like a dog. There is a legend abroad of some one of whom it was foretold that she would die of a serpent's bite. The father to keep her away from that, built a castle far out in the sea. He said no serpent could crawl there; but one day a boat came under the castle, and the daughter saw grapes in it, and letting down a rope, she got the grapes and was eating them, when she found a serpent entwined in the cluster. It stung her and she died. Sin may seem luscious and ripe, and to have all the wealth of the vineyard, but at last "it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Oh! have nothing to do with its approaches. It promises you a robe; it will cover you with rags. It offers you a chalice of luxurious beverage. It will fill you with wormwood. It promises you a throne. It will drive you into a kennel.

GOOD NIGHT.—How tenderly and sweetly falls the gentle "good night" into loving hearts, as members of a family separate and retire for the night. What myriads of hasty words and thoughtless acts, engendered in the hurry and business of the day, are forever blotted out by its benign influence. Small token indeed; but it is the small courtesies that make up the sun of a happy home. It is only the little courtesies that can so beautifully round the square corners in the homes of laboring men and women.

The simple, "I thank you," for the favor received, will fill with happiness the heart of the giver. True wealth is not counted by dollars and cents, but by the gratitude and affection of the heart. If a home be happy, whether the owner possesses a patch of ground, one or one thousand acres, they are indeed wealthy beyond a mathematical calculation. If a home be happy, it is of Heaven the nearest earthly symbol. Then how much more lovingly are the sable folds of night gathered around the happy home; how much more confidingly do its members repose their weary bodies in the care of Divine goodness, soothing their overtaxed mind to the living realities of a beautiful dreamland; awakened, refreshed and invigorated for the coming day's labor, by their having bid their loved ones an affectionate "good night." And if, during this life, we have faithfully attended to all these little courtesies, these little soul-needs, if we have carefully guarded all "God's hearts" placed in our keeping, at the close of its brief but eventful day, how much easier to bid all our loved ones a final "good night."

Who can read without emotion the story of the two little girls in Green Bay, Wisconsin? The eldest was seven years of age, the youngest only five. A drunken father left them alone in their room for six days, with only a small loaf of bread for food. When the children were found, the eldest was nearly dead, having refused to eat of the bread so that her little sister might not suffer. We hear a great deal of heroines. Does history furnish an example equal to this?

A little girl, probably six years of age, appeared at one of the juvenile balls held recently at Long Branch in an entire dress of lace of the most valuable description. It was made the style of the day, and worn over pink silk. The lace being white, the effect was most beautiful. The dress was valued at $900. The little child also wore diamond ear-rings, necklace and rings. Five years ago, says Grundy, this same child's father was a barkeeper in California.

It is stated that the costs of the recent law-suit to establish the claims of women to medical education at Edinburgh University amount to $4,241, and that these costs have been thrown on the lady students.

When a person feels sick at the stomach, vomiting can be prevented by holding the hands in water as hot as can be borne, letting it extend over the wrists. If very sick keep a reclined position.

A LIFE SCENE.—You know her. She lives on your street. Her features are either pinched, or full and frowsy. Her dress is wet, ill-fitting, and no particular pattern; her slippers are broken down; her hair is uncombed; her voice is either coarse or shrill. You have seen her stand out in the back yard, and put a bare arm up to her eyes, and under it peer out to the fence or barn, where a man in an ill-fitting coat is searching for something, and heard her shout:

"John! can't George bring me some water?"

And you have heard him cry back:

"If he don't get the water I will take every inch of flesh from his bones."

And when you have looked at her again, does it seem possible that those angry eyes have drooped in maidenly reserve or raised in coquettish light to the face in the ill-fitting coat. Can you by any possible wrench of the imagination conceive of his tenderly passing peppermints to her; of his taking that hand in his and bashfully squeezing it. But it was so. Many a "God bless you" has been uttered above that bare head, many a kiss pressed on that uncombed hair. The tightly compressed lips have lovingly framed tender invitations to him to take another bite of cake and pickle. The hands that are now parboiled and blistered and marked with scars from the bread knife and scratched from the last setting hen, were once twined lovingly about his neck, and the nose which is peaked and red, and looks as if it would stand on its hind legs and scream with rage, once followed the once lovely figures of his new vest pattern, or bore heavily against his jugular vein. As little probable as this seems to you, it seems less to her. She has forgotten it. She won't hear it talked of by others. She cannot bear to see it acted by others. Two lovers are to her "a passel of fools." And—but George is rubbing his head, and we turned aside while our heroine re-adjusts her slipper.—*Danbury News.*

ENERGY.—It has been said that energy is the mind's hammer, hatchet and plow. It is a goodly weapon to hammer down all obstacles in the pathway; it cuts away all difficulties; it plows the roughest soil. Did ever a nation achieve renown without energy? Was there ever a person of note who was not energetic? No, the attainment of eminence is only reached by diligent study, close observation and unwavering energy. He who has a thirst for knowledge and resolves in the language of the good old Roman adage to "find a way to make it," will be sure to succeed in any undertaking. He has the will—the way can be found. Look at that man in pursuit of "worldly wealth." He pauses not to consider his own enjoyment or ease, but straining every nerve to obtain that boon which his heart is set upon.

Energy is the key to success. It unlocks the secret of heroic deeds of those great and grand ones whose names are illustrious upon the pages of history, or as Longfellow expresses it, have left their "footprints on the sands of time." Energy is firm. It shrinks not from labor; it faints not at danger. The irresolute may, after a few vain attempts give up, in despair, but not so with the energetic man. He will labor and persevere until his efforts are crowned with success.

LINCOLN MONUMENT.—The Lincoln monument, which will consist of the central figure of Lincoln surrounded by four groups, representative of the navy, the infantry, the cavalry and the artillery, is designed ultimately for his tomb at Springfield, Ill. The statue of Lincoln, modeled in Italy, has been cast in bronze in Chicopee, Mass., and has been paid for by the Lincoln Monument Association. The national coat of arms to accompany it has been also cast and its cost paid. The group representing the navy is now being modeled by Mead in Rome. The money for this group, $13,700, was raised by Governor Morgan in New York city, and was contributed by 137 citizens. The infantry group, which is also being modeled by the same sculptor, is to be paid for by the citizens of Chicago; for this $4,566 was raised by the Hon. J. Y. Scammon, of that city. The group of cavalry will be the contribution of the city of Boston; it is not yet modeled. Then remains the artillery group, which was to be previded by the city of Philadelphia; its cost will be about $13,000, of which $3,500 only has been subscribed.

SHORT-HAND WRITING.—One of the most valuable accomplishments that a man or woman can possess is the art of short-hand writing. There are many studies taught in our public and private schools, and considered essential to a good education, that are not half so useful or important as this. It is not an exceedingly difficult thing to learn. A boy or girl of average intelligence and aptness at the age of fourteen or sixteen, can, with competent instruction, comprehend the principles of phonography, and by the same degree of application that is given to ordinary branches of learning, can master it. Of course, some would become much more proficient than others, and probably only comparitively a few would ever become extremely expert, but a knowledge of the art and ability to apply it in the practical concerns of life would be of great benefit.

A Cape Cod clergyman one Sabbath had prayed most earnestly for rain. He entreated the Lord to "uncork the bottles of Heaven and send down the refreshing showers." The drouth had lasted through August and a part of September. Tuesday morning the line storm began, and continued with great violence till Friday, flooding the country and sweeping off bridges in every direction. Saturday night it set in to rain again, and Sabbath morning it was still pouring down. This time the prayer was as follows:

"O Lord, we recently took occasion to entreat Thee to uncork the bottles of Heaven and send down the refreshing showers, but we *did not mean that the corks should be thrown away.*"

SILVER CAKE.—The whites of four eggs; one-fourth cup of butter; one cup of sugar; one-fourth cup of sweet milk; two tablespoonfuls of sour milk; one-half tablespoonful of soda, and one and a half cups of flour.

BAKED DUMPLINGS.—Pare and core as many apples as you wish, and roll them up separately in crust made as for pies, but not too rich. Bake one hour, and eat with hot sauce or with sugar and cream.