



My Well Spent Summer.

This story is for the "common people," so if you are one of the uncommon people, or think you are—which is just the same—turn the leaf and pass on. This is not for you. "Kitty, I'd give the world if I only knew how to keep house like you. I feel so discouraged and disheartened that it seems as if I'd just like to give it all up and die. With the children, and the housework, and my ignorance, life is a great burden to me!" Poor cousin, Belle! a dim suggestion of a plan by which I might help her out of her trouble had been floating through my brain for several days, and this pathetic appeal brought my ideas to a focus. For I know how to keep house. Why? Because I had a New England mother; and if there are any better housekeepers in the world than New England housekeepers, there ought to be a separate department in Barnum's for exhibiting them to an admiring world. My mother had a "faculty." She was a gentle woman, but when she walked through a room, the chairs, tables, etc., used to marshal themselves into place, as if a general was giving the word of command to his soldiers. All her daughters were instructed in housewifely duties. I not only served an apprenticeship as "second girl," but was "chief cook" as well, and when my father said: "Kitty, this bread is just as good as your mother's," I thought I had graduated with the highest honors. This was my good fortune. Poor Belle had never been taught anything but piano, and as she sagely remarked, "they couldn't eat music." This was her ill-fortune, and so it came about that poor Belle, a thousand times prettier and brighter than I ever thought of being, gotten the threads of her web of life all in a tangle, where I could have woven without let or hindrance. Now this was my plan. Belle was naturally very quick and bright, and I could stay six months, and train her in housekeeping. All that she needed was to be taught. But—alas for the "buts" in this world—we had planned for a lovely summer at home. We had talked about it all winter. We were going up the St. Lawrence to see the Thousand Isles; to visit Montreal and Quebec; then to Mount Desert, and on to the White Mountains, then to finish up the summer at Newport. Could I give it up and stay at this little "pokey," unfinished Western village, teaching cousin Belle what was as easy to me as Mother Goose's melodies and the alphabet? That night when I went up to my room, I put on my "thinking cap," and sat down to make my decision. All at once the true question at stake flashed across my consciousness. My pleasures against another's need. And so this is my Christianity, said I to myself, this is the "enthusiasm for humanity" which you talk about so loftily! Whereupon I gave myself as sound a flogging, morally, as ever monk gave himself physically with a knotted cord, and, the question being settled, retired to sweet slumber and pleasant dreams. "Belle," said I, next morning at breakfast, "I think there is a way out of your trouble." "Oh!" said she radiantly, "if you only help me." "But, Belle, if we find a way out you will have to abdicate and let me be a kind of absolute Empress of China for a few months. How would you like that?" I said, a little doubtfully, for Belle was several years my senior, and a matron's dignity must be very tenderly approached. "Kitty, you have no idea how heavenly it would be to me to have some one to tell me each day just what to do, again. That is one of my worst troubles. To think every morning when I get up that I must tell myself and everybody else what to do, when I don't know what I want done myself." "Well, then, we will commence now," said I. "Listen, Harry and children," said she, clapping her hands gleefully, "you must all mind cousin Kitty, and so must I. We will all be young together. I begin to feel restored already." "Very well," said I, judiciously, "to day is Thursday. We will devote the remainder of the week to getting the house in perfect order. We must have a clean basket to put our jewel of a home in." Talk about gymnastics! There may be great pleasure in throwing out a pair of wooden dumbbells and then drawing them back again, but how can it possibly compare with flying round a room and putting it in exquisite order, that those you love may be comfortable in it. To enjoy your work thoroughly, you must idealize it, and who could idealize a pair of dumbbells? Saturday night came, and the house was like a bandbox. Then I put my finger on a "tender spot" in the household economy. About one-fourth of the needless work was caused by the lack of order. The Lord of Misrule was sovereign, and it sometimes looked as if hats and coats, dresses and playthings rained down. "Now," said I, quoting my mother's words, "the house cannot be untidy if every person puts his or her things in place." "Hear! hear!" shouted cousin Harry, Belle's husband, mischievously. "You may laugh, Harry," said I, shaking my head at him, "but it is true." "That's so," he replied, there's considerable sense in that curly head of yours, after all." "Very well," said I, "what's the use of sense if it won't help us out of our trouble? Now I am going to draw a—what do you call it—an agreement, by which each member of the family binds himself to keep his or her things in perfect order. All entered nuzzly into the arrangement. Harry drew up a formidable looking document. He and Belle signed first; underneath the children wrote in regular order, and one of them gleefully put the pen between the baby's chubby fingers and guided them to make "his mark." Then we reduced the regular routine of the work to a perfect system, and every day cousin Belle was to devote her spare time to learning some one thing. Monday morning came. The house was in perfect order. Belle says, cheerily: "Well, Kitty, what is the juvenile pupil to learn to-day?" "What would you like?" "If I could only make such bread as you used to have at your house! It was the very poetry of food! Mine is sour, or it won't rise, or something is the matter with it, so that half the time it is not fit to eat." "Belle," said I, profoundly, "haven't you

learned from Tyndall and Huxley and Maria Mitchell and the Popular Science Monthly that making bread is a chemical process, and that every chemical process is governed by certain fixed, unchangeable laws?" Belle looked a little bewildered; then smiled archly, and said: "I haven't devoted much time to chemistry for the past ten years." "Yes, that's the trouble," said I, "it hasn't been chemistry but something else beginning with C, viz: chance. Now, given your ingredients combined in a certain manner, and as an absolute result your bread is as sure to rise as the sun is to rise in the east. You can't keep it down unless you put a mill stone on it. I suppose you have wasted some food in your experiments?" "Some! If you could see the pies and cakes and bread I have thrown away you would be horrified. I sometimes think we shall come to want as a punishment." "Well, we won't waste any more. In six lessons you can learn to make as good bread as anybody, or you are not the bright woman I think you are. So this week we will make bread every day. Of course we cannot eat it all, but what we don't want we will give to the poor." And so every day I sat by the table and gave Belle instructions, while the pretty hands, which even hard labor could not deface, moulded the bread which came out of the oven snowy within and a delicate brown without,—the sweet and odoriferous staff of life. Saturday I left her to her own devices, and I don't believe she blushed more when Harry proposed to her than she did when he gave her that highest praise a man can offer—"This is just as good as my mother's." Poor Harry! what a digestion he must have had to begin with, and what a *bete noir* "my mother's bread" is to many a young housekeeper! So here was one great trouble disposed of. Like many other troubles in life, it needed only to be grappled with, and it disappeared. But how, in the mean time, did it fare with the order of the house? Disorder is a chronic trouble, and like many other chronic troubles, sometimes needs a sharp alternative to break it up. Thursday afternoon I saw something in the parlor which made me sit down and think a little. The result was a note, thus: "DEAR HARRY, will you come down to the house as soon as you can conveniently? In great haste, KERRY." Down came Harry at a pace like the lobe of a California horse. Breathless he rushed in. "Is Belle sick?" "No," I replied; "but come into the parlor a moment." Now that he was here, I confess I was a little afraid of the result. Men have so much *amour propre*, and do so hate to be made ridiculous, that I felt as if I had drawn the elephant in a raffle and didn't know what to do with it. "Harry," said I severely, "you remember our compact, and the duty of parents to set a good example?" I could see a glimmer of suspicion in his face. Then I made a desperate plunge. "Look on the sofa. I only sent for you to hang up your overcoat." Pause, awful to me, while Harry vibrated between anger and merriment. Finally, good fellow that he was, he sat back in his chair and laughed heartily. "Kitty, I'll pay you for this, if I live. The idea of getting a man home from his office to hang up his overcoat! What will you bet that you don't catch me again?" "Bet! you are demoralizing! I have lived in New York, and seen Jerome Park, I have been in Saratoga, and heard about the races, but I never made a bet. However, just to make up with you, I'll bet the price of that new China set which Belle looked at so longingly the other day." "Very well," said Harry, "but you see if she gets it!" After this it was a source of much amusement to Belle and myself to see Harry every morning sauntering carelessly around the room as if he had no object whatever in view, but, slyly looking out of the corners of his eyes to see if anything of his was astray, and then pointing upon the offending article, like the eagle upon his prey. I lost my bet. Now, a New England house-keeper is a labor saving institution; so, one day, I took a basket and disappeared. When I returned with it full, Belle looked up aghast. "My goodness! are we going to have a regiment for dinner?" said she. "No," I replied, "this is for the week. One journey for fourteen." Belle's eyes sparkled with a new thought. Once plant the gem of forethought in a woman's mind, and it will blossom out in a thousand unexpected ways. But there is one thing in housekeeping before which the most New England-like faculty must stand abashed: there is no "laying that specter," who is continually asking for "clean dishes." The gods of Olympus, it is said, toss aside their goblets and take fresh ones every time, but we poor mortals cannot do that, so comes the inevitable soap and water. But one can be helped through the process, and so one day I walked to the shop of a kind of half-way Hoosier carpenter and gave him directions for making a dish-drainer, a thing he had never heard of. He brought it to us the next day, and we found it a source of solid comfort; but alas! I lost my standing with the Hoosier. That evening when he went home to "bacon and greens" for the third time that day, he told his wife, who, with kind consideration, managed to send it along to me, that "Them Yankee girls was powerful cute, but he didn't think he should want one for a wife. He'd rather have one of 'ornary' kind. For a woman to be telling a man how to make things, somehow seemed to him agin' natur'." And yet this man had never heard of Bushell's Reform Against Nature, and didn't even know there was such a question as women's rights. One more experiment, and that is all. The rest were like unto them. Good coffee is a drink fit for the gods, I believe it is the original nectar; but poor coffee, alas! if the deities, in that other place, have anything to assuage their thirst, it must be that, it is such a punishment to drink it! "Now, Belle," said I one morning, "coffee's a little more chemistry, but I spared her. Given, good coffee, properly roasted and ground, plus boiling water, and a subtle something which Sambo called 'de know how,' and the result must be nectar." So this week we will have coffee for our "nectar," and the result was, as it must be, nectar. So it went on, and before the expiration of six months, I formally abdicated, and Belle took the reins again, because she knew just how to manage them. And did things go on in this smooth way, and bread, and coffee and all the necessities of family comforts come without any slips or mishaps? My dear friend, I will be confidential. There are "spots on the sun," there are erratic wanderings among the stars, there are clouds as well as sunshine, and this little household was human. There were days when things were very wrong indeed. When the children were cross, and Belle was tired, and I—well I had "nerves," I believe that is a nice way of saying it. There were days when letters came from my party of friends, enjoying the summer trip, which filled me with hateful discontent. Hot days when the waters of the St. Lawrence sparkled before my eyes; Thousand Isles arose out of the mist of my vision like the Isles of the Blest; days when the velvet lawns, the exquisite flowers, the

spreading beach, and the festive throngs of Newport, mocked me in the distance, and above all the sunny summits of the White Mountains lifted themselves like a dazzling mirage. But those days were few. There is nothing like a sense of duty to curb the wandering fancy. Belle, like many another troubled housekeeper needed only a little instruction and writes me that she has now a happy, well ordered home. As for me, it is certainly a very deplorable and mournful thing for a woman to be called "cute"—but then if one has managed to help another by it, the odium is more supportable. I have had my gay summer since, but this I still call.—My Well Spent Summer.—Kate Payton, N. H. Statesman. A Remarkable Operation. Benj. Franklin made his name famous when he flew his kite and brought down lightning from the clouds, which had been flying around without paying their way. Now we not only flash through on wires, but science has crippled electricity and used it to perform miracles. The Times' readers will remember when General Kilpatrick returned from Chili, three years since, of his having a remarkable operation performed on him by a physician in New York, who removed a large fleshy formation from the General's neck by filling it full of needles and then attaching a galvanic battery to it. Ten minutes after the current of electricity was let on the bunch had entirely disappeared. A remarkable operation was performed by a Whitehall physician a few days ago. A gentleman who had been suffering from a superabundance of adipose tissue consulted a physician, asking for relief from its burden. The doctor told him he could relieve him if he would consent to a painful operation. The gentleman consented, and when the medical practitioner entered the telegraph office at this place, the fat man was requested to remove his coat and vest, after which the physician surrounded him with wires, attaching the ends to a powerful battery. At a signal from the doctor, manager W. B. Eddy let on the current. The patient writhed and twisted when he felt the current passing around him, still he stood it like a martyr. Presently he began to shrink; he grew smaller and smaller, his clothing hung in bags about his diminishing form; the doctor felt much pleased at the result of his experiment, while the formerly fat man's joy was very great, although he seemed to be suffering acute pain. All of a sudden there was a loud clicking at an instrument, as if Pandemonium's great hall had been let loose. The operator spring quickly to answer the call. He ascertained it was from the New York office. He quickly asked, "What's up?" An answer came back as if some infuriated demon was at the other end of the wire, "What in thunder are you about? Cut off your wires quick—you are filling the New York office with soap grease.—Whitehall Times. Inexpensive Happiness. The most perfect home I ever saw, was a little house into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. A thousand dollars served for a year's living of father, mother and three children. But the mother was the creator of a home; her relations with her children were the most beautiful I have ever seen; even the and enabled to do good work for souls dull and commonplace man was lifted up by the atmosphere which this woman created; every inmate of her house involuntarily looked into her face for the key note of the day; and it always rang clear. From the rose-bud or clover-leaf, which, in spite of her hard house-work, she always found time to put by our plates at breakfast, down to the story she had on hand to be read in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She has always been and always will be my ideal of a mother, wife, home-maker. If to her quick brain, loving heart and exquisite face had been added the appliances of wealth and the enlargements of wider culture, hers would have been absolutely the ideal home. As it was, it was the best I have ever seen.—Helen Hunt. THE COMPLAINT OF THE PEOPLE.—"When the people complain," said a wise man, "the people are always right." The long-suffering of the poor under the inequalities of fortune is a phenomenon which, as long as it lasts, shows that the spring of all the virtues which have at any time done honor to humanity is still flowing among us. Cold, hunger, nakedness,—they bear them all with preternatural patience. Even injustice they endure till it becomes insolent. So long as masters condescend to be courteous, the drudges of society accept their inferiority, and honor and respect those whom Providence seem to have set over them. Only when the human relations are at an end, when they find themselves treated as if they were made of other clay, as if they were machines to extract wealth from the soil, and were rewarded sufficiently in being permitted to exist,—only they begin to ask the meaning of the word gentleman, and for what purpose the lord and lady are robed in silks, and housed in palaces, while the peasant does the work, shivers in soiled fustian, and is worse lodged than his employer's cattle.—Annals of an English Abbey, in Scribner's. FAME.—Much do men love fame. Much do they seek after it. But is this an object truly worthy to man? No. He who lives for fame alone is as likely to be a demon as a man. He is a beggar, asking that which others may give without asking, if they give at all. He lives for the shadow, and not the reality. Fame that is lived for is a bubble, hollow and thin, which bursts in attempting to secure. To live for fame, is to miss it. To make this the object of life is to fail. Real fame is that which follows, not that which is run after; that which comes, not that which is sought. He who lives nobly because he loves what is true and good, secures fame as the free gift of those who know him. Honest speech, brave deeds, heroic sacrifices, saintly lives, bring true fame. Nothing else can.—The Nation. AS A MEANS OF AVOIDING EXPLOSIONS IN THE use of hydrogen apparatus, Frobenius says the gas may be passed through a tube containing a number of small discs of fine wire placed between cotton.

Young Folks' Column.

Strange and Curious Reptiles and Fishes. Nothing is more wonderful than the endless variety of forms observed in fishes and reptiles, and of these two classes of animated nature, we here present the Torpedo and the Iguana, which are amongst the most strange and curious. In THE TORPEDO We find a living electrical apparatus which might have led men to the discovery of that wonderful agent and to the method of producing it, even had the celebrated savans who have investigated its properties, never had an existence. And indeed, it may with some be a matter of doubt whether the discovery was not thus made. Our illustration represents the *Naracina Californica*, which has a flat, cartilaginous body, which is very smooth, and which presents nearly a circular disc. The anterior border is formed by two prolongations of the snout which go on each side to join the pectoral fins, leaving between these organs and the head and gills, an oval space in which is placed the electrical apparatus. This is composed of a number of membranous vertical tubes pressed against one another like the cells of bees, and subdivided by horizontal partitions into small cells, filled with mucous matter. The apparatus is supplied with veins by several very large branches from the pneumo-gastric center. The powerful nature of the electricity generated in the apparatus may be better understood when it is known that a single medium discharged from the *gymnotus* is equal to the maximum one from a battery of 3,500 square inches. The *gymnotus*, or electric eel, is a different species which is found in the rivers of South America, and is the most powerful of the genus. It is from five to six feet long and can kill a horse by repeated discharges. In South America, when the Indians want to catch these fish, they drive a number of horses and cattle into the water. This rouses the eels, which, gliding in among the animals give such shocks as speedily to expend their force and render them capable of being easily captured. The torpedo proper is found in the largest numbers in the seas of Europe. THE IGUANA. One of the most formidable looking, though in reality, one of the most harmless of reptiles. Their distinguishing peculiarities are the long flap or fold of skin under the throat, similar to the dewlap of oxen; two series of small palatal teeth, the long compressed tail, and the serrated rest that runs along the back. Its very formidable appearance seems to protect it from animals that would otherwise prey upon it. It is very nimble, being able to run along the ground or climb trees with surprising dexterity. It lives in warm climates, being chiefly found in South America, the West Indies, and Australia. Some iguanas live on animal, some on vegetable food. They are arboreal in their habits, generally living in trees. Their flesh is very delicate, said to resemble chicken, and is much sought after as an article of food by the natives of the countries in which they are found. They are principally hunted in spring. The species found in Australia differs from the American in having neither dewlap nor scales, in being much longer (some being twelve feet long), and is said to be poisonous. Specimens of the above may be found at Woodward's gardens, to the courtesy of whose manager, Mr. Henry Andrews, we are indebted for the illustrations. AN UNEASY BOY, whose mother tried to quiet him on the Des Moines Valley train the other day, by telling him that the conductor sometimes swallowed naughty boys, astonished her a few moments after, as the portly form of the conductor appeared at the door, by creeping behind her and exclaiming in a whisper: "Ma, I guess that conductor has swallowed one already!" THE DETECTION OF DEATH.—The late Marquis d'Orche, one of whose friends was buried alive, left a sum of 20,000 francs to the French Academy of Medicine, to be given to the inventor of a simple process of ascertaining when death has really occurred, and a further sum of 5,000 francs to be awarded to the discoverer of a scientific method of verifying death. Altogether 102 essays were sent in for adjudication. Most of the papers contained such absurd suggestions that the list was practically limited to 32 competitors. The large prize was not awarded, but the 5,000 francs were divided between four competitors. No new facts, likely to enlarge the domain of forensic medicine, have been elucidated by these investigations.—Sc. Am. A NEW MATERIAL FOR INK.—Moigno states that the juice of the *coriari thymifolia*, or inkplant of New Granada, resists most chemical agents better than ordinary ink. When used fresh, the writing is reddish, but it becomes black in a few hours. It does not corrode steel-pens, and cannot be removed from paper by sea-water, on which account it was used for all public documents when New Granada was under Spanish dominion, under the name of ENCHIL. ENGLISH LEAD AND SILVER.—The keeper of mining records reports, in the year 1872, 83,968 tons of lead ore, of the value of £1,146,165, were raised and sold in the United Kingdom; and that there was produced from these ores 60,455 tons, 15 cwt. of lead, of the value of £1,269,115, and 628,920 oz. of silver, of the value of £157,230. Therefore, in 100 tons of ore there were 72 tons of lead, and in a ton of lead 10.4 oz. of silver.

Good Health.

Law of Transmission. The Herald of Health, in answer to a correspondent, republishes Dr. Hough's observations, with comments, as follows: 1. In general, children of both sexes resemble their mother more than their father in physiognomy, habits, constitution and temperament. 2. Usually boys resemble their mother more than their father, in physiognomy, habits, constitution and temperament. In the same relationship girls resemble their father more than their mother. 3. As to whether there is any constant relationship between the physiological resemblance and a predisposition to the diseases of the person resembled, it is very difficult to decide from the data at hand; but it would appear from the few facts in which any observations were made in this direction, that there was a large percentage of cases in which inherited diseases were exhibited where there was such physiological similitude. In other words, children have resembled one parent in general physiognomy, while they have inherited the constitutional peculiarities and diseases of the other more frequently than where they have derived both these conditions from (one) the same parent. In general, then, hereditary and acquired diseases and defects are more likely to be transmitted to offspring of the sex in which they originated, and thereafter to be subject to the principle of sexual limitation, either directly from the parent to child, or by interrupted or atavistic descent, from grandparent to grandchild. Though sons are usually best able to follow the advocacy of their fathers, it is undoubtedly true that men inherit the genius, talent and intellectual excellence and morality of their mother or mother's father, while daughters inherit the same quality from their father or paternal grandmother. Females more frequently transmit hereditary diseases and defects than males, though they less frequently exhibit them. Males less frequently transmit, and more frequently exhibit, inherited diseases and defects. The reason that females do not exhibit hereditary disease as frequently as males is because of a higher degree of vitality in them which gives them greater power to restrain the appearance of the predisposition, and an inferior degree of development evolution, retaining in their constitution as germs what in men become fully developed diseases and defects. Topical Application of Heat. A correspondent of the Boston Journal of Chemistry recommends the topical application of dry heat instead of cloths moistened with hot water, fusions of hops or other plants, in cases where these remedies are usually employed. He considers this application much better than moist applications, as the latter, when they become cold, often chill the parts, and require to be frequently renewed and re-applied. In making the application of dry heat he has sought for the best medium, and instead of sand and other substances, of which the weight is objectionable, he proposes to substitute ordinary Indian meal, which is of very light weight and not unpleasant in odor, and holds heat for a very long time. In regard to the heat-holding qualities of the meal he speaks as follows: "This latter fact I noticed when a mere boy, finding that corn meal would, after grinding, bear several miles' transportation, and, after delivery and deposition in the bins of the granary, would for hours still be warm from the friction of grinding. When, therefore, it is desired to apply dry heat to any person, it is only required to place a quantity of the Indian meal in a baking pan on a heated stove, and stir constantly till thoroughly warmed. It should not be burnt. It can now be put into woolen sacks and tied up and applied as a hot bottle usually is, or into large flannel bags, if for the abdomen. In a case of successful resuscitation of a new-born child, the heated meal was poured into an oblong chopping tray, a flannel cloth laid over it, and the infant in it. The cloth yielded, and the child was partly buried in the warm meal. It is found that the meal retains its heat long, and when it cools it does not chill, which is a very important consideration. Two sets of bags or wrappers may be provided, so that while on its being applied the other may be heated. The meal is not weighty. The aroma of it when heated is rather agreeable than otherwise." Diseases of Artisans and Mechanics. A careful investigation has been made of the special diseases incident to the occupation of artisans and mechanics, and the following are some of the most interesting among the mass of facts and data brought to light: It appears that gliders are subject to mercurial affections. They suffer from giddiness, asthma, and very frequently from partial paralysis, which often induces a peculiar kind of stammering; they also frequently suffer from unpleasant ulcers in the mouth. Miners in the quicksilver mines suffer from vertigo, palsy and convulsions, and the occupation cannot be pursued a long time. Pottery glazers, who use lead largely, get into a condition very similar to that described above, with the addition of droopy, loss of teeth, and enlarged spleen. Palsy of the limbs, especially of the arms, is a common disease among them, as also is consumption. Glass-blowers are the victims of those affections produced by sudden vicissitudes of temperature—rheumatism and various inflammations. They are apt to become thin and delicate, and their eyes get weak. Stone-cutters inhale the sharp particles, which tend to produce disease of the lungs, while plasterers suffer from the gases disengaged and from excessive moisture—they are also troubled with labored breathing, and they digest badly. PHYSIOLOGY.—Prof. Garrou has set up a hypothesis that nerve force is generated by thermo electricity, generated by the difference in temperature of the inside and outside of the body. The experiments of men exposed for a long time to a temperature equaling the blood heat appear not to favor this hypothesis, because notwithstanding it must be acknowledged that such a temperature is not promotive of health or comfort, the simple fact that man can live in an atmosphere of which the temperature equals that of the interior of the body, is a proof that nerve force does not depend on this. It depends of course on the consumption of food, absorption of oxygen by the act of respiration, and the continual repairs of all the tissues, nervous and muscular, by the materials contained in the blood. POISONING BY PLANTS AND INSECTS.—A standing antidote for poison by oak, ivy, etc., is to take a handful of quick-lime, dissolve it in water, let it stand half an hour, then pour the poisoned matter with it. Three or four applications will never fail to cure the most aggravated case. Poison from bees, hornets, spider-bites, etc., is instantly arrested by the application of equal parts of common salt and bicarbonate of soda, well rubbed in on the place bitten or stung.—Boston Journal of Chemistry.