



Plain Talk to Rural Readers.

[From the PACIFIC RURAL PRESS.]

EDITORS PRESS:—What delightful entertainments your correspondents are getting up for your rural circle! Picnics, indeed! Who ever guessed there was so much to inspire, in brown bread, roasts rare, murrhy—in or out of his brown, torn jacket—"bean porridge hot" and turnips?

Mr Berwick gives us a capital sermon; may it not be the last. But whether Mary Mountain's "gems" or Mr Olden's turnips furnished the text and the inspiration, I'm in doubt. And, further, I want him to explain how it is, that he disclaims the woman's (?) ambition of obtaining the last word, provided it be a good, true word. He "don't believe in conceding to prejudice even the value of a turnip!" Then why should he throw a corky old turnip at us—women—until he can "demonstrate," that to have the last word is more a woman's than a man's ambition? He is a freeman

Whom the Truth Makes Free.

Wrote Pollock. And yet, brother B., our antecedents or our associations are such, that prejudices, like tobacco smoke, lurk in the skirts of the freeman who eschews them. Why, my dear sir, it will be a long time before, with our best endeavors, we will cease to stumble over our own small prejudices. But bravo! how we struggle for the mastery, and lo, one after another, they fall from us, loosed probably by some iconoclast we have turned our back upon.

The San Joséans scented a prejudice in the

Hired Man Question.

And two conscientious Grangers' wives—why are they not themselves Grangers?—have been worrying the poor thing, which has, most likely, as oft before escaped to cover, to be again and again unearthed till all men are tidy and all women kindly considerate. It was told of the wife of one of our Vermont Governors, that once on a time company from town made them a flying visit and partook of the mid-day meal with the Governor, his wife and hired harvesters. One of the lady visitors expressed her astonishment, that Mrs. Galusha should "sit at table with hired help."

Silly Ambition

To stand head and shoulders above somebody, let down our own standing place, made respectable, self-respecting young women averse to house service, burdened the hardworking farmer with the support of daughters competent and willing to support themselves, or induced them (the daughters) to marry for homes? Has it not, to some extent, imbued the present generation of young women with low ideas of domestic occupations and economics, as involving menial service, and resulted in a ruinous inefficiency? Excuse me, Mr Editor, but I was "brought up"—a westerner would say "raised"—among the Green Mountains of Vermont, where to be inefficient in one's sphere of duties was to be "a good-for-nothing." To be "lazy" was the unpardonable sin. One might outlive the theft of a lean sheep, but the suspicion of laziness was more damaging to a pretty face, than malignant small pox.

With Equal Rights, "Honors Are Easy."

God, who instituted labor and made it a condition of physical and mental health, also instituted the family as a normal school for the discipline of young men and women in the duties of mature life. And so far from the prompt payment of fair wages vacating our contract with such helpers, I believe we still owe them the sympathy, the influence, the watch-care of a home, while in our employ. These are conditions from which neither we nor they can release us. I am not speaking of moral lepers or filthy livers. For such, society should provide reform labor schools and "sweat houses." Sins of ignorance and uneducated manners are certainly subjects of family discipline. "Equal rights and honors" is it? Why, my dear Mountain, you will raise a breeze! Less "will do us."

Give us equal rights and we may trust to our worth or wit to win equal honors. Ah! who is that suggesting, that to be submissive and forbearing are womanly virtues and incompatible with a demand for equal rights? Forbearance in men has allowed the grasping few to rule and rob the many; forbearance in woman, was, no doubt, a very saving quality when fathers, husbands and brothers were barbarians enforcing their demands by brute force. But in an era ruled by moral forces, forbearance has ceased to be a universal panacea for aggressive tendencies in man or woman. My friend L., who humorously related to me the following incidents of

His Courtship.

Has found out a better womanly quality than submissiveness, *alias* passivity. Let me tell you the story and suggest that a "Dora D." is a good person to have in our circle,—good for the "E. E. A's." My friend L. had been bereft of an excellent wife and having several children, some of them nearly grown, he thought it wise to choose for a second companion a stranger to the community in which he lived and accordingly wrote to an old friend, a clergyman, some hundreds of miles distant, inquiring if there were a suitable person in his vicinity, etc. The reply being in the affirmative, my friend made the journey and found a maiden lady of very agreeable manners spending some time in the family of his friend—the clergyman. After a pleasant visit of two or three days, being about to return home, my friend mentioned to the lady, that he was in quest of a companion and being pleased with her society, would like her to tell him frankly if there existed in her mind any objection to a more intimate acquaintance. The lady having confessed that, so far, she had discovered no insuperable bar to a more intimate acquaintance, he entered upon preliminaries and with a view to hasten the desired understanding, "made a clean breast" of his faults, the principal being "a hot temper that wouldn't bear provocation, but soon cooled," etc. The lady listened but made no remark and my friend—eager to win a response—finally added, that as he "had confessed his besetting sin, he would like her to be equally frank." Looking up with a mischievous twinkle in her eye, she replied—"Well, Mr. L. I am not a puffy woman; you can make the fire fly." "And," said my friend, in concluding his story, "the possibility of making the fire fly, has effectually prevented any exhibitions of my hot temper to the little woman at home." N. B. The world has no further use for puffy women or puffy men.

And now, my dear Mrs. M., as the mountain cannot be expected to come to me, allow me to come to the mountain with my brown loaf. But first let me ask, why do you hide behind a mountain? Why use a *nom de plume* at all? Is it to escape personal responsibility for the printer's blunders? And can we hit him hard from such an ambush?—pelt him into the *amende honorable* with whole-souled forgiveness? Very well. If he spoils the point of my "love story" by substituting *pretty for puffy, or lightning-bug for fire fly*, there is a nice foot hill at hand. And now my

Brown Bread.

When I am out of unbolted wheat meal—and often when I am not—I mix, in bulk, 3/4 bran to 1/4 fine flour or middling. For two 3-lb loaves I use one cup potato yeast, 1/2 teaspoonful soda and two spoonful molasses, not to make it appreciably sweet, but to correct the raw taste of the wheat; add water and stir in the meal till it can be turned (not poured) in a mass from the dough pan. I like this bread better than gems or fine unbolted; it has the flavor of the famous brown bread of New England—the old fashioned "rye and Indian bread," of those conceited Yankees who—as one of their own poets hath said—"Would shake hands with a king upon his throne, and think it kindness to his majesty." C. I. H. NICHOLS. Potter Valley, Feb. 14, 1874.

DOGS GOING TO BED.—What is the reason a dog will turn around several times before lying down on his bed?

Dogs are governed by certain instincts, and in the wild state they are liable to lie down on sharp stubs or stones unless they turn around to survey the ground. A horse rarely lies down in field to roll, or to rest, without turning around, sometimes five or six times, in the same manner that a dog does. You may ask, then, why the dog, that has a sheep-skin with the wool on it, or a buffalo-skin, or any other nice, soft bed should thus turn around. The reply is, that he follows the instincts of his nature. He does not know why he does it, but is impelled to do it by instinct, because, in the wild state, it is necessary. The same instinct teaches the dog to scratch vigorously, as if he were covering up something though he may be on a hard floor or a flat rock. His labor accomplishes nothing, but it answers the demands of his instinct, and perhaps may be regarded as a token of neatness. The squirrel will pretend to bury walnuts in the corner of a clean, tin cage; will go through all the ceremony of poking dirt on it, and putting it down, and having finished, will retire contentedly.—*Phoe. Jour.*

NATURE'S DECORATION.—Beautiful flowers! No work of art can compete with them, a truth which is now fully recognized, though the introduction of natural ornaments into our houses is of comparatively recent date. Fashion in her changing moods has willed it, and the conventional and artificial have had their day. Rustic baskets of trailing ivy, stands of gaily tinted growing flowers, mimic ponds teeming with finny life, and vases of autumnal leaves and grasses have replaced the cumbersome china or queer old ornaments of buhl and marqueterie; and even in art, the graceful negligence of nature is imitated in the decoration of our modern dwellings, in showy contrast to the geometrical embellishments and prim finery of the houses of half a century ago. And this is true in public as well as in private edifices. A recently built theater, in place of the meaningless frescoes surrounding its proscenium arch, substitutes huge palm trees with their broad leaves (of tin) drooping from their summits; another fills its lobby with vases of flowers and trailing plants, while a third arranges similar ornaments in conspicuous places in its auditorium, and rumor says a fountain is to be constructed in the center of the parquet.

TWO PERSONS who have chosen each other out of all the species, with the design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have, in that action, bound themselves to be good-humored, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections, to the end of their lives.—*Addison.*

The Woman's Dress Question.

Mrs. Lester was in this afternoon, and we discussed the much-mooted topic of woman's dress. She thinks there need be no conspicuous reform inaugurated. If the sensible women all over the country, who are doubtless in the majority, will each in her own way attire herself simply and appropriately with suitable regard and disregard for fashion, the movement will result, she thinks, in all that can reasonably be desired. Women who have no brains are well enough employed in ruffling their skirts; those who have, can afford to wear them plain—rather a sharp remark for Mrs. Lester to make, but containing a kernel of truth.

The flowers get themselves up beautifully in all rich and harmonious coloring, in miraculously fine texture and with most elaborate garniture; how they adorn our houses and our tables! What would the earth be without them? Corn and cabbage, beans, pumpkins and potatoes, are very useful in their way, but hardly appropriate for bouquets; we must have roses and violets and dabbis and tulips, both for color, form and fragrance. This was my friend's view of the case.

The fact is, when a lady is simply and tastefully dressed, in neither extreme of the fashion, and thinks nothing of it herself, scarce any one can remember, after having been in her society, what she had on. It seems to me that one's dress should by all means correspond with one's age, personal appearance, circumstances and character. Diamonds on coarse hands lose half their lustre; gay ribbons about cadaverous and wrinkled faces excite mirth or derision in people of taste; and expensive clothing on poor people starts questions that should never be raised.

When the summer solstice of youth is past and we should begin to think longingly of the robes of white worn by the saints, what a pity to be occupied with the vanities and fripperies of ephemeral fashion.—*Howth and Home.*

Fact and Fancy.

An enterprising farmer of Essex county gives a chromo to every purchaser of a load of manure.

When you see a bare-headed man following a cow through the front gate and filling the air with garden implements and profanity, you may know that his cabbage plants have been set out.

A Vermont youth who desired to wed the object of his affections, had an interview with her parental ancestor, in which he stated that although he had no wealth to speak of, yet he was "chock full of day's works." He got the girl.

"FELLOW travelers," said a colored preacher, "if I had been eaten dried apples for a weeks, an' then took to drinkin' for a mon't I couldn't feel more swelled up than I am dis munit with pride an' vanity at seein' such full 'tendance har dis evenin'."

HOW SUCCESS IS ACHIEVED.—When Prof. Agassiz was asked to become a member of a firm, with the assurance that he could make "any amount of money" he replied "I have no time to make money." The principal of this doctrine is the secret of success in life. If a man could multiply himself, issue himself in many copies and each copy apply itself to some business, he would, if he were a capable man, like Agassiz, succeed in all. But each man can apply himself only to his own business, and there he must use his energy if he would succeed. This is the secret—concentration upon one business. Agassiz had no time to make money, to make love, to be a statesman, lawyer, mechanic, anything but what he was, a scientist, whose speciality was ichthyology. All his energy was devoted to this purpose, and he succeeded. The concentration was intense and long continued, and not even the great Cuvier was his equal.

THE FUTURE is always fairy-land to the young. Life is like a beautiful, winding land; on either side bright flowers, and beautiful butterflies, and tempting fruits, which we scarcely pause to admire and to taste, so eager are we to hasten to an opening which we imagine will be more beautiful still. But, by degrees, as we advance the trees grow bleak, the flowers and butterflies fail, the fruits disappear and we find we have arrived, to reach a desert waste; in the center, a stagnant and lethargic lake, over which wheel and shriek the dark-winged birds, the embodied memories of the past.

IDLE GIRLS.—It is a painful spectacle in families where a mother is the drudge to see the daughters elegantly dressed, reclining at their ease with their drawing, their music, their fancy work, and their reading, beguiling themselves of the lapse of hours, days and weeks, and never dreaming of their responsibilities; but as a necessary consequence of neglect of duty, growing weary of their useless lives, laying hold of every newly invented stimulant to arouse their drooping energy, and blaming their fate, when they dare not blame their God, for having placed them where they are. These individuals will often tell you with an air of affected compassion (for who can believe it real) that poor mamma is working herself to death, yet no sooner do you propose that they should assist her than they declare she is quite in her element, in short that she never would be happy if she had only half so much to do.

A RURAL gentleman standing over a register in one of our stores attracted general attention to himself by observing to his wife, "Mariar, I guess I'm going to have a fever, I feel such hot streaks a runnin' up my legs."

GOOD, kind, true, holy words, dropped in conversation, may be little thought of, but they are like seeds of flowers or fruitful tree falling by the wayside.

A PHOTOGRAPHER requested that his sign, "taken from life," should be his epitaph.

"SPIRIT OF THE PRESS."—A glass of cider.

Odd Minutes of Waiting.

While you are arranging the parlor, just have a thought for the visitors who must sometimes wait to see you, and carefully refrain from putting every object of interest beyond their reach. Of course, as a careful hostess, you never mean to keep callers waiting; but if they come when the baby is on the eve of dropping to sleep, or you are in the midst of planning dinner with the cook, you must wait a little, while they are reduced to staring out of the window, or to an involuntary effort to penetrate some insignificant household secret. The family photograph album is usually regarded as a sufficient resource in moments like these, but is there not something akin to indelicacy in allowing strangers and ordinary acquaintances to turn the likenesses of our nearest and dearest; perhaps to criticise them with the freedom of unfamiliarity, or the unsympathy natural to a lack of personal appreciation?

The late magazines a book of good engravings, a household volume of poetry, a stereoscope and views, photographs of foreign scenes, and a dozen other things, are all good aids to the occupation of stray minutes. Moreover, they often suggest to the visitor and the host topics of conversation more profitable and interesting than the state of the weather or the history of the kitchen.—*Scribner.*

A FOE OF HER SEX.—A Massachusetts woman, it is said, has lately patented a self-fastening button, which needs no button-hole, which holds as fast as the most desperate person can desire, and which yet can be unfastened by a simple touch. The time will come when that unhappy, too ingenious woman will be denounced as one of the worst foes of her sex who has ever existed. Nothing is a greater provocative to connubial ideas in the mind of a forlorn bachelor than the difficulties which he has with his apparel on the subject of buttons. How these useful fastenings leave his wristbands and collars and vests and pantaloons every man who has been single can sadly tell, and how he himself has made absurd attempts to repair the damage by sewing on buttons himself he would be ashamed to tell. Despair at inability to conquer this annoyance of single life has made many a man double, reduced the wild bachelor to the discipline of a home, taught him his duties as a citizen, and made him in time respected as a husband and father. And this Massachusetts woman, who undertakes to emancipate the male sex from the social influence of buttons, will become in after years a scorn and byword to her sex, especially among single sisters.

THE NEW BABY WASHER.—"You simply insert the begrimed and molasses-coated infant in an orifice, which can be made of any required size by turning a cog wheel with electric attachments. The child glides gently down a highly-polished inclined plane; his lips are met at its termination by an India-rubber tube, from which it can draw lacteal nourishment. While in this compartment, which is lined with plate-glass mirrors, the perturbed spirit of the infant is soothed by its frantic efforts to demolish its own image, reflected in the glass, with a nickel plated combined teeth-cutter, nail-knife, rattle and tack-hammer, which are thrust into the baby's hands by an automaton monkey. Fatigued by its destructive efforts, the infant falls asleep, while the organ attachment plays softly the melody of "Put me in my little bed." Then it slips into the third compartment. Here the baby is washed. Another small tube administers a dose of soothing syrup, and the infant glides from the machine, its nails pared, its hair combed, ready for the habiliments rendered necessary by the fall of our first parents."

THE ART of being happy lies in the power of extracting happiness from common things. If we pitch our expectations high, if we will not be happy except when our self-love is gratified, our pride stimulated, our vanity fed or a fierce excitement kindled, then we shall have but little satisfaction out of this life.

A MUSIC-TEACHER was tried in the "scales" and found wanting.

FISH AND TEA AS FOOD.—The London Times sharply controverts the assertion made by Dr. Edward Smith to the British Association, that fish is rather a relief than food, and contains little more nutriment than water. As opposed to this statement the investigations of M. Payden are cited, who proves that the flesh of fish on the average does not contain more water than fresh beef, and has as much solid substance as the latter. For instance, the flesh of salmon contains 75.50 per cent. water and 24.296 per cent. solid substance, while beef (muscle) contains 75.89 per cent. water and 24.12 per cent. solid substances. The flesh of herring contains still less water than that of salmon, and even flat-fish are as rich in nitrogenous substances as the best wheaten flour, weight for weight. Another statement made by Dr. Smith, that the amount of nutriment contained in an ounce of tea is infinitesimal, is met with the assertion that, while tea is no "nutriment" in the ordinary sense, the individual who takes tea after his meals feels, without being able to define it, that tea has a favorable effect upon certain highly important functions in his body, that digestion is accelerated, and facilitated, and his brain work benefited thereby. Though not nutriment, tea is thus alleged to possess a really higher value, in medical properties of a peculiar kind.

HOT SAND BATHS.—One of the most attractive therapeutical novelties for some time past in London—recently introduced from the continent—consists in the erection of establishments for administering hot sand baths as a remedy for rheumatism, recent cases of nervous disorders, affections of the kidneys, and all cases where heat is needed as the chief remedial agent. The advantages claimed in behalf of this method of treatment are, that it does not repress respiration, like the hot water bath, but rather increases it, and does not interfere with respiration after the manner of the steam bath or the Turkish bath. It is found that the body can endure the influence of this kind of bath for a much longer time, and a much higher temperature can be applied.

Young Folks' Column.

Matties' Wants and Wishes.

I want a piece of tallo
To make my doll a dress;
I doesn't want a big piece,
A yard'll do I guess.
I wish you'd mend my needle,
And find my fiddle, too—
I has such heaps a sovins,
I don't know what to do.
My R-py tored her apron
A turn'din down the stairs,
And Oessa's lost his pantaloons,
And needs a nuzzar pair.
I want my Maud a bonnet,
She hasn't none at all,
And Fred must have a jacket,
His uzzer one's too small.
I want to go to grandma's,
You promised me I might;
I know she'll like to see me—
I want to go to-night.
She lets me wash the dishes,
And see in grandpa's watch—
Wish I'd free, four pennies,
To buy some butter-scotch.
I want some newer mittens—
I wish you'd knit me some,
'Cause most my fingers freeze,
They leak so in the fun.
I wored it out last summer
A pullin' George's sled;
I wish you wouldn't laugh so—
It hurts me in my head.
I wish I had a cookie—
I'm hungry! I can't see;
If you hasn't pretty large ones
You'd better bring me free.
—*Noria Texas Enterprise.*

A LITTLE HERO.—A gentleman, while passing through a street in New York heard a child's voice, from a basement, crying "Help! help!" He ran in and found a little five-year old boy holding a blanket around his sister, two years younger, who had caught her clothes on fire, and the little hero had succeeded in putting out the flames.

The boy, in answer to the question why he wrapped the bed-blanket around his sister's burning clothes, said his ma had told him that was the best way to put out fire, and to why he cried "help! help!" that he was afraid that he could not do it, and wanted some one to help. He was then asked why he did not leave his sister and run into the street, and cry for help. He answered with tears in his eyes, "No, I would never have left her, she was my sister. Had she burned up, I would have burned too."—*Child's World.*

MIND YOUR P'S AND Q'S.—The leader of this game addresses the party with the remark, "My mistress is dainty, she does not like peas—what shall we get her for dinner to-day?" One may suggest, "Roast beef, potatoes, and plum-pudding." The leader gives a shake of the head, demands a forfeit, and turning to the next, repeats, "My mistress is dainty and she does not like peas—what shall we give her for dinner?" "Roast pork and parsnips!" cried another. "She does not like them, pay a forfeit;" and the same question is repeated. The third, perhaps, suggests "Boiled mutton and cauliflower, and dry bread." "These will please her," replies the leader, and he pays a forfeit. If only two or three are in the secret, the game may proceed for some time, to the intense mystification of the remainder, who have no idea what they have said to incur or escape the penalty. It depends merely on a play of words. The mistress not liking "P's," the players must avoid giving answer in which that letter occurs. As the same proposition must not be repeated twice, those even in the plot are sometimes caught; as the reply they had prepared for themselves is occasionally forestalled by another player, and they have no time for consideration.

A CAT AND DOG STORY.—A tradesman, owner of a dog and cat, had been in the habit of letting his dog go to market and buy his own meat. The dog would bring the meat home and deposit it somewhere in the store, and when hungry would go and get it. The cat had a habit of stealing his meat, and the dog would lie down near it, and watch for the thief, and when the cat came would drive her away. But at last he became tired of this business, carried the meat down the cellar, and covered it up in the sand. One day the owner of the dog thought he would get the meat, and bring it up-stairs, and see what the dog would do. After taking a nap, the dog went down the cellar in search of his meat and commenced digging as usual, but there was no meat to be found. He laid himself down a minute, as if in thought, and then rushed up stairs, and, spying the cat, "went for her," and chased her all around the store, as closely as a police officer in pursuit of a thief. Can a dog reason?

DIFFERENCE IN HUMAN EXHALATIONS.—It is a well-known fact that the human body contains in itself various humors and acids similar in action and having the same tendency toward the baser metals, as nitric and sulphuric acids; namely, to tarnish them, these acids varying in quality in different persons. No better proof need be given in support of this than in noticing the effect which different persons have on the jewelry which they wear. There are thousands who—of fancy or economy's sake—wear continually the cheaper kind, known under the name of "fancy jewelry," having brass ear-wires to the drops, without any ill effect, while many others, after wearing them a few days, are troubled with sore ears; in other words, the acids contained in the perspiration of some persons are sufficient to act upon the brass. There are persons by whom jewelry of any grade below 18 karats fine would be tarnished in a few days, and if such persons were to contend all jewelry they thus tarnish as brass, they would do great injustice to the jeweler. These are extreme cases, it is true, but there are *v* persons who cannot even wear iron or steel, about them without causing it to rust by the acidity of their perspiration.—*Exchange.*

TO REMOVE BOILS.—Dr. Simon, a physician of Lorraine, gives a new cure for boils, by treating them with camphorated alcohol. As soon as the culmination point of a boil makes its appearance, he puts a little of the liquid in a saucer, and dipping the ends of his little fingers in it, rubs the inflamed surface, especially the central part, repeating the operation eight or ten times for about half a minute. He then allows the surface to dry, placing over it a slight coating of camphorated olive oil. He says that four such applications will, in almost all cases, cause boils to dry up and disappear. The application should be made at morning, noon and evening.