

## CUI BONO.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

What is hope? A smiling rainbow  
Children follow through the wet.  
'Tis not here—still yonder, yonder:  
Never urbin found it yet.  
What is life? A thawing iceboard  
On a sea with cunning shore.  
Gay we sail. It melts beneath us:  
We are sunk, and seen no more.  
What is man? A foolish baby,  
Vainly strives and fights and frets:  
Demanding all, deserving nothing,  
One small grave is what he gets.

## Beautiful Stanzas.

There is no heart but has its inner anguish:  
There is no eye but hath its tears been wet:  
There is no voice but hath been heard to languish  
O'er hours of darkness it can ne'er forget.  
There is no cheek, however bright its roses,  
But faded bud beneath its hues are hid,  
No eye that in its dewy light reposes,  
But broken starbeams tremble 'neath its lid.  
There is no lip however with laughter ringing,  
However bright and gay its words may be,  
But it hath trembled at some dark uprising  
Of stern affliction and deep mystery.  
We all are brothers in this land of dreaming,  
Yet hand meets hand and eye to eye replies;  
Nor deemed we that below a brow all beaming  
The flower of life in wasted beauty lies.  
Oh, blessed light, that glids our nights in sorrow,  
Oh, balm of Gilead for our healing found;  
We know that peace will come with thee to-morrow,  
And the affections spring not from the ground.

## Novel Reading.

DEAR EDITOR: I have been very much interested in the discussions in your paper on the subject of "woman's rights," and also the very important one of "What girls should read," and as I am only a girl, I would like some information on this subject. I have read a great many trashy novels, when I should have been poring over my school books, but I do not entirely condemn novels, for I think there are some which are beneficial. They feed the imagination and give one thoughts on something else besides the tiresome rounds of household duties. By good novels I mean standard works whose authors have a world-wide reputation.

## ONE OF THE GIRLS.

## SATURDAY NIGHT.

FRIEND ROSE: Your communication is still unanswered. What Girls shall read, and what they shall not, has filled the Home Circle with woman's rights, one overtaxed (faultfinding) husband, ticks, etc. Now the girls will still read that which pleases their fancy most, (if they can get it), despite all the numerous discussions on that subject. I am a girl myself; a country schoolmarm, at present not employed. Teachers abound in this county. If there is a scarcity in Lane please send us word.

You want some lady (or gentleman) to tell you how to do the work for a family of six, and from two to four hired men, and to keep it done, and to do it properly and at proper times, also when shall I read, and what shall I read. The work required of you is too much for any one woman to do. "Our mothers used to do as much and weave and besides." If so, I pity them, and am glad I was not my mother or grand-mother. I hope they have found rest at last. And when we have toiled from Monday morning, till Saturday night, have "put tired to tired and added it again," and still have work to do, how kind and thoughtful in some one to remind us of the fact. It almost rests us to think how tired our poor mother must have been. Saturday night have patience. Sunday the day of rest for all is coming. Nothing to do from morning till night, only something a little extra to cook for dinner; our home, ourselves, and our children to be dressed in our Sunday best; our house full of company (if we live in the country, one of the charms of a country life) and we are expected to fill the place of hostess, cook and nurse. To have a bright smile, and kind word for each and all. Our dinner complete, and our hair smooth, our children's faces clean, our baby asleep, and our "lord and master" in a happy humor. Dinner over we must sit down and entertain our company, forgetful that the fires going out, and our dishwasher cooling. When all are gone, wash the dishes, then sit down—the only rest during the day—and remember that to-morrow is wash-day. Thus the week of toll begins, or rather never ends. Country "school-marms" that board around, have eyes and ears, if they are expected to see and hear nothing. I like company, but don't want them to come on Sunday. My sympathy is with you, Rose. My advice for your husband. I am aware

which no man or woman of mature years would submit to.

Woman has a higher social position than man, in our land, and it is claimed by a large majority of Christendom that she owes this high social position to the Bible, and therefore numberless fathers, mothers, and guardians think the Bible is the only book for young people, especially young ladies, to read. There are a few persons in existence who are so far gone as to know of nothing but the Bible, and they are as ignorant concerning the world and people as you can possibly expect to find one. No, the idea that woman owes her position in the social scale to the Bible is untenable, for both the Old and New Testaments throughout speak of her as man's inferior, in short regard her as his property.

I want to take a broader view of the case than some of your correspondents, who seem to think that girls are to be led around the same as a pet dog, and told to do this or that, without any thought as to whether they are inclined that way or not. Among our Indian tribes, where there are no books or papers woman is little better than a slave, being compelled to do all the hardest work in or about the wigwam, while her lordly husband spends his time in hunting, fishing, smoking, or making war upon some weaker tribe. That nation is said to be most civilized where woman is held in the highest estimation. Now, what places woman in the highest estimation of man? It is her knowledge of the world, gained only such associations and books as men are accustomed to. Men like to see that in a woman which they can appreciate, and to deprive her of any literature that men use, even in the smallest degree, is to make her lacking of so many essential points that go to make up the sum total of woman's existence and influence.

Victor Hugo has said, and wisely, "To civilize a man you must first civilize his grandmother." I think it high time that not only were some grandmothers civilized, but fathers and mothers as well. In fact all who oppose giving girls the same path they allow to boys, are in danger of barbarism and need civilizing. Let the aforesaid parents read more themselves, let them take newspapers that give the news of the world, let them not be afraid of the *New Northwest*, but read it and they will find that their boys will be as good as they are, and their girls as good as the boys.

There is a kind of literature that is not fit to be read by any one: I allude to the yellow backed kind known as dime novels, etc. It is best not to let these get the upperhand of a person's mind, especially a young person's, boy or girl. There are many who will read them, and not a few who are harmed by them, as the tales tend rather to excite the passions than to elevate or teach minds. Let all such be kept away from the household, and place within reach good wholesome books and papers of all kinds, and you will find the girls will know as well as the boys or parents how to take care of and behave themselves at any time and in any place, and be fit companions for each other at all times.

E. L. THORP.

ED. HOME CIRCLE: For the benefit of some of your readers I will state that Mrs. Duniway was not the originator of woman's suffrage, that it did not "get its start in Yamhill," and that her paper is not the only woman's journal in existence. The writers on "woman's rights" in your paper seem to labor under that impression. Mrs. D. and such as she, are to blame (?) if women are any better off than they were fifty years ago. Don't let your girls read her paper, although it is full of pure and elevating thought, and not a record of the crimes and sins of the world, unless you wish them to know that getting married is not the only end and aim of woman's existence, and that they are possessed of equal talents with their brothers, together with, perhaps, a delicacy of perception and refinement which would make them superior to men.

E. R.

## TABLE MANNERS.

The table is a place at which the family meet, and where there should be the freest and most unrestrained social intercourse. We eat to live; but the mere animal necessity is lifted up and glorified when the charms of pleasant conversation and of mutual courtesy surround the custom. So far as the sustaining of life is concerned, that object might be reached if each took his bread and meat and retired to a closet to eat it alone. But there is a spiritual life that is to be fed and sustained, and it is starved where there is no grace, not only before, but during a meal. The great trouble with our American life is, that it is too gloomy. We take

no time to entertain other. Not seldom some houses a meal progresses in silence, except when it is speak about the dishes, or to one to potatoes or pie. This is most as bad as rudeness or quarreling. There ought to be bright, genial, sparkling talk, in which the children should be allowed to join. There is no sense whatever in compelling an intelligent child to sit like a deaf mute at the table; though on the other hand, children should not monopolize the conversation, nor be allowed to ask strings of irrelevant questions. Every one should prepare for the table by some simple process of dressing. The hair should be smooth, the hands washed, the general appearance of each individual inviting, and each should try to be as agreeable as possible to every other. It is quite wonderful how a little freshening of the toilet freshens up the soul as well as the face. So far, we ought to be luxurious. If the mother sees to it that her school-boy sons always come to dinner with clean hands and nails, and that her daughters never dawdle into the room in tawdry finery or soiled wrappers, she will do more than she dreams of in the work of making them grow into real gentlemen and ladies.

The table itself ought to have a festive look. Flowers have a special grace on the breakfast board. A dish of fruit nicely arranged pleases the eye as well as the palate at dinner. Clean linen, though coarse, and whole plates and cups, with bright glass and silver, help appetite along. A few well-cooked dishes, however plain, nicely served, will promote health and happiness better than a great variety ruined in the preparation.

Some housekeepers, with an eye to saving trouble on washing day, have adopted the marble oil-cloth, but a buff or crimson one occasionally for breakfast or tea, will furnish forth the family feast much more beautifully.

BUSINESS WOMEN.—The idea still prevails, though not to so great an extent as it used to, that women have no concern with business affairs, and that business habits and qualifications relate to men only. There never was a greater mistake made, we need hardly say. To possess a capacity for business is not only compatible with true womanliness, but it is in a measure indispensable to the comfort and well-being of every properly governed family.

The management of family and household is as much a matter of business as the management of a store or an office, and requires method, accuracy, organization, industry, economy, discipline, tact, knowledge and capacity for adapting means to ends.

All this is of the essence of business; and hence business habits are as necessary to be cultivated by women who would succeed in the affairs of home—in other words who would make home happy—as by men in the affairs of trade or commerce, or of manufacture.

Method, which is the soul of business, is of essential importance in the home. Work can only be got through by method. Muddle flies before it, and huggemugger becomes a thing unknown. Method demands punctuality, another eminently business quality. The unpunctual woman, like the unpunctual man, occasions dislike, because she consumes and wastes time, and provokes the reflection that we are not of sufficient importance to make her more prompt. To the business man, time is money; but to the business woman, method is more—it is peace, comfort and domestic prosperity. Hence it is important that our girls should receive a practical business training as well as our boys. Its benefits will be apparent every day throughout their lives.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

SINGLE VS. MARRIED.—They were pretty, and there was apparently five or six years difference in their ages. As the train pulled up at Bussy, out on the A. K. D., the younger girl blushed, flattened her nose nervously against the window, and drew back in joyous smiles as a young man came dashing into the car, shook hands tenderly and cordially, insisted on carrying her valise, magazine, little paper bundle, and would probably have carried herself had she permitted him. The passengers smiled as she left the car, and the murmur went rippling through the coach, "they're engaged." The other girl sat looking nervously out of the window, and once or twice gathered her parcels together as though she would leave the car, yet seemed to be expecting some one. At last he came. He plunged into the door like a house on fire, looked along the seats until his many gaze fell upon her upturned, expectant face, roared, "Come on; I've been waiting for you on the platform for fifteen minutes," grabbed her basket and strode out of the car, while she followed with a little valise, a hand box, a paper bag full of lunch, a bird-cage, a glass jar of jelly preserves, and an extra shawl. And a crusty-looking old bachelor in the further end of the car, croaked out in unison with the indignant looks of the passengers, "they're married."

TACT.—People cannot help having been born without tact, any more than they can help having no ear for music; but there are occasions when it is almost impossible to be quite charitable to a tactless person. Yet people who have no tact deserve pity. They are almost always doing or saying something to get themselves into disgrace, or which does them an injury. They make enemies where they desire friends, and get a reputation for ill-nature which they do not deserve. They are also continually doing other people harm, treading on metaphorical corns, opening the cupboard doors where family skeletons are kept, angering people, shaming people, saying and doing the most awkward things, and apologizing

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