Don't Take it to Heart.

There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did we not rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow,
Were we but willing to furnish the wings;
So sadly intruding,
And quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming,
Of looks that are beaming,
Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor;
Eyes bright as a berry,
Cheeks red as a cherry,
The groan, and the curse, and the heartache can cure.

Resolved to be merry,
All worry to ferry
Across the famed waters that bid us forget,
And no longer fearful,
But happy and cheerful,
We feel life has much that's worth living for yet.

—*Georgiana C. Clark.*

Chad and Seth.

Chad and Seth were great cronies, though Chad's father was a lawyer, and Seth's was a blacksmith. But, then, the one was a very good blacksmith, and the other a very poor lawyer, and this lessened the social gap.

There was an opinion floating about the village, that Chad and Seth were bad boys. But the evidence for this was very intangible. People were ready enough to pronounce them "a pair of precious young rascals," but when a man was asked for an instance of their rascality, he could assert nothing more definite than that they were always up to some mischief.

The truth of the matter was that Chad and Seth were two young democrats, full to the brim of life and spirit, who liked fun better than anything else. Indeed, they considered fun the chief end of boys. They sometimes pursued it thoughtlessly, perhaps recklessly, and often violated the properties in its pursuit. But there was nothing mean about these two boys. To use Chad's favorite word, they were not sneaks. They were fair on the play-ground, often generous, and, Seth especially, had a soft spot under his sooty jacket. He was tender with all the weak. Little boys and "them girls" knew very well their knight.

Chad and Seth were near the same age —just turned thirteen.

The worst thing I knew about Seth was that he didn't keep his hands and face clean. As for Chad, the greatest fault I found with him was that he persisted in his companionship with Seth, when he knew that his mother would have preferred him to look higher for a friend.

His mother had raised no serious objection to the association, but Chad knew her preferences, and should have respected them. But Seth had a great fascination for Chad. He was a more important factor in Chad's enjoyment than all the other boys in the village combined.

"But his father's a blacksmith," Chad's mother said one day.

"How can Seth help what his father is?" Chad asked warmly. "If we boys had the bossing of our fathers, Seth might have had his a lawyer, and I'd had mine a blacksmith. I'd rather be a blacksmith any day than a lawyer. A lawyer don't do anything that I know of except to read old papers, and then go to the court-room and speak his piece. I hate to read writing, and I don't like to speak pieces, any way, if there are girls. But a blacksmith's work's jolly—blowing his big bellows till the forge is red and splendid. I love to see the red-hot irons, and to hear the hammer ring on the anvil, and to see the sparks fly, and the strong iron bend just the way it's wanted to. It's better 'n fire-crackers and rockets; makes a fellow feel like giving three cheers and a tiger. And a blacksmith works with horses. My sakes! I just wish I could be a blacksmith. Say, may I go, mother?"

Chad was teasing to go and play with Seth.

"Why, Chad, I should think you'd feel mortified to be seen with Seth. His clothes are dirty and sometimes ragged," the mother said.

"I ain't goin' back on Seth for that," said Chad, stoutly. "He can't help it. His mother's the one to haul over the coals for that. Any way, I'd like to wear dirty clothes myself sometimes, 'stead of being kept all the time starched and ironed. I could play lots better in old clothes. You ought to see Seth play; he just pitches in,—rumblety-tumblety. He can turn the jolliest somersaults that ever I saw. I've seen him turn 'em, one after another, all the way from the top to the bottom of that big red sand-hill—don't you know?—by Squire Bowers's. Tell me, mother, if I may go."

"I'm afraid Seth's a bad boy; people say he is."

"He ain't bad," said Chad, warmly. "He ain't any sneak. Folks think if a fellow don't stay in the house and read all the time, he's bad. Seth ain't any of your sickly kind. He's the jolliest boy in this town, and I can't have any fun without Seth. That's all there is about it. There isn't another boy to play with. Now!"

"There's Frank Finley," the mother suggested.

"Frank Finley!" exclaimed Chad, with a tone of contempt. "Why, mother, he's the spooniest, the dumbest, the finnikiest, the chickenest milksop that ever I saw. He parts his hair in the middle, and wears curls stringing down his back. All the fellows call him Fanny,—all except"—and Chad's cheeks flushed and his eyes brightened with the triumphant vindication of his friend,—"all except Seth, mother; Seth never calls him names; he always stands up for Frank. He takes Frank in his lap on the sled, just like a baby, to keep him from tumbling off. And Seth's the best skater on the pond; but he often loses the race, when we boys race, because he's got Frank Finley, tugging him along. And Seth always chooses Frank on his side in toss-up, 'cause the other fellow won't have him. I tell you, Seth's a high old trump. Mayn't I go, mother?"

"Yes, I suppose so; but I don't see why boys have to catch all the slang that's floating around," said the mother.

But Chad did not hear the remark. With the first word of his mother's reply, he had rushed for the street, slamming and banging the doors after him.—*Sarah Winter Kellogg, St. Nicholas for October.*

The Hayes Family.

The visit of President Hayes to Brattleboro and Newlane has revived deep interest in every object and locality in the remotest degree associated with the families of Birchard and Hayes. In the neighboring town of Dummerston, upon a plateau which commands a charming view of the fertile valley, are several interesting mementos of the family. On the south side of the common, connected with a large wooden structure of modern construction, stands the little store in which Rutherford Hayes, father of the President, first embarked in business as a member of the firm of Noyes, Mann & Hayes. The partners came from West Brattleboro, and set up a country store, where they continued to do business for several years. The firm was dissolved, and John Noyes and Rutherford Hayes united their fortunes and opened a store in a large, two-story building, painted red, which still stands on the east side of the green, and is now occupied by a venerable cordwainer and his family. A part of the second story was fitted up as a ball-room, and there, in the olden time, the rustic belles and beaux were wont to trip the light fantastic toe to the music of the violin. The ceiling, from which great patches have fallen, is arched, and along the sides of the hall are permanent slats, innocent of paint, which have grown brown with age. The place is destitute of ornament or furniture, and contains a spinning-wheel and several old chests and trunks.

In this building Mr. Hayes carried on business between the years 1812 and 1817. His wife, the mother of the President, lived a part of the time in a house standing adjacent to the little old store which was built by her husband, and there were born a daughter and a son. The latter was drowned while skating on the Ohio river a few years after the family emigrated to Ohio. The house is now owned and occupied by Mrs. Asa Knight, whose son, John Knight, Esq., of Des Moines, Iowa, is now on a visit to his venerable mother. The kitchen and porch of this house were built by Mr. Hayes, and are still standing in a good degree of preservation. On the road from Brattleboro to Dummerston stood, a few years ago, the store of Richard Birchard, an uncle of the President, which was destroyed by fire, and the owner perished in the flames.

Notwithstanding the visit of the President to the village of Fayetteville last Friday was unexpected by the community generally, still a considerable number greeted him upon his arrival, and assembled at the residence of Austin Birchard, where they were presented to the distinguished visitor. A cordial welcome was accorded the family by their venerable relative, and several hours were spent in the revival of memories pleasant and sad, and congratulations upon the high honors conferred upon the favorite nephew, and the grand old age of the uncle.

Mr. Birchard, who is now in the eighty-fourth year of his age, has been a merchant in Fayetteville many years, and has been one of the most public spirited and useful citizens of the country and State, occupying various public offices—Senator, Councilor, and Presidential Elector. He is a man of sterling integrity and highly respected by all classes. Mr. Birchard and Mrs. Bigelow are the only relatives of the President living in Vermont, from whence his father moved some six years before Rutherford, as the citizens familiarly call him, was born. His grandfather settled in West Brattleboro, where he built a large square house, which is now occupied by Mrs. Bigelow.—*Rutland (Vt.) Herald.*

Colonial Relics.—There lies in the Stone River, near Church Flat, four stone anchors, which are supposed to have been cast there when the British first landed on Carolina soil. These four stone anchors are square, and weigh about five hundred pounds each. An iron is run through the stone and riveted at the bottom, and at the top are fastened iron rings for the purpose of making them fast to a vessel. On the stones are cut the coat-of-arms of great Britain. Those four stones are separated from each other not more than twenty-five feet. A gentleman from this city came across them the other day, and made an effort to raise one, but without effect, as it was too deeply imbedded in mud.

—"Oysters unwholesome," said he, with a contemptuous sniff. "I ain't got any patience with these new-fangled ideas. Oysters can't hurt nobody. Why, I give um to my grandfather, old man of ninety, sir, give him a dozen raw oysters —they wasn't particularly fresh, either—give um to him a half an hour before he died—'n' they didn't do him no harm. Oysters, sir, is wholesome."

The Author of "Paul and Virginia."

I suppose that this author gave a great deal more of study and care to his book on nature than he did to the little story of "Paul and Virginia." Yet it was this last—which was published some two years or more before the capture of the Bastille—which gave him his great fame.

Where there was one reader for his other books, there were twenty readers for "Paul and Virginia." In those fierce days when the Revolution was ripening, and a gigantic system of lordly privileges was breaking up and consuming away—like straw in fire—this little tender, simple story, with its gushes of sentiment and its warm, tropical atmosphere, was being thumbed in porter's lodges, and was read in wine shops and hidden under children's pillows, and was sought after by noble women—and women who were not noble—and by priests who slipped it into their pockets with their books of prayer. Even the hard, flinty-faced young officer of artillery, Napoleon Bonaparte, had read it with delight, and in after years greeted the author with the imperial demand—"When, M. St. Pierre, will you give us another 'Paul and Virginia?'"

Do you not wonder, as you read it, that so simple and slender a tale could take any hold upon people who were engulfed in the terrors of that mad revolution?

Why was it?

Partly, I think, because the dainty and tender tone of the story-teller offered such strange contrast to the fierce wrangle of daily talk; partly also because, in the breaking down of all the old society laws and habits of living in France, it was a relief to catch a sweet glimpse of the progress of an innocent life and innocent love—albeit of children—under purely natural influences.

It is worth your reading, were it only that you may see what tender and exaggerated sentiment was relished by this strange people at a time when they were cutting off heads in the public square by hundreds.

It is specially worth reading in its French dress, for its choice, and simple, and limpid language.—*St. Nicholas.*

"Safety Matches."

A gentleman who had been employed in the manufacture of safety matches expressed it as his opinion that they are the most dangerous matches made. For, in the majority of cases, when a match is struck, some of the phosphorus on the box flies off, and, being highly inflammable, if it meets with any combustible substance, it always gives rise to a dangerous fire. If lighted where the phosphorus can fall on the carpet, the result is the same as though the carpet was exposed to the sparks of a fire. There is also a certain degree of temptation offered to those who manufacture these matches. This consists in putting a small quantity of phosphorus into the heads to make them ignite more easily when brought in contact with the phosphorus on the box. This fraud has actually been carried into effect in Northern Germany, and although nothing of the kind has been discovered in this country, the fact that it may be will probably increase their unpopularity. The safety match has certainly had time to win its way, as an old variety of it existed in Switzerland at a period when other parts of the world were still occupied with the flint and steel. It has been claimed for these matches that they are better able to resist moisture than other varieties. The reason, however, is not apparent, as the heads are composed of salts, which are affected by water in the manner of all saline substances. It may be stated as a general rule that those matches are safest which require considerable friction for ignition and which, when lighted, furnish merely heat enough to kindle the splints. The safest, probably, are those in which a considerable part of the compound is formed of sulphur, as it requires more than usual friction to light them. They are also a quiet match, and in lighting do not scatter any part of the head about. But they kindle slowly, and the sulphurous fumes always render them objectionable. They can also be lighted so conveniently rubbing them on the wall that a great temptation is held out to servants to disfigure the appearance of a room in this way.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

The Great Wall of China.—Kalgan commands one of the passes through the great wall of China. It is there built of large stones cemented together with mortar. It tapers toward the top, being twenty-one feet high and twenty-eight feet wide at the foundation. At the most important points, less than a mile apart, square towers are erected, built of bricks. It winds over the crest of the mountains, crossing the valley at right angles, and blocking them with fortifications. The Chinese estimate its length to be about eighty-three hundred miles; but in parts more remote from Peking the wall is of very inferior construction. There is nothing but a dilapidated mud rampart, as Col. Prejevalskr saw it on the borders of Alr-shan and Kansu. It is said to have been built upward of two centuries before Christ, to protect the empire against the inroads of the neighboring nomads; but the periodical eruptions of the barbarians were never checked by the artificial barrier.

A good character is in all cases the fruit of personal exertion. It is not created by external advantages; it is no necessary appendage to birth, wealth, talents or station; but it is the result of one's own endeavors, the fruit and reward of good principles manifested in a course of virtuous and honorable actions.

Cucumber Pickles.

The pickles or small cucumbers should be carefully assorted as they come from the field, and all large ones salted by themselves or thrown away. The large ones need more salt; are harder to keep and to prepare for sale, and sell for much less. A cucumber that begins to grow yellow, or is too large to count 100 to the bushel, should not be salted at all. The medium sized ones, counting about 300 to the bushel, are the sizes mostly wanted. As soon as assorted, they should be placed in empty beef barrels or molasses hogsheads and covered with brine; the brine is made strong enough to float a potato, and the pickles are kept under by a head fitting the barrel loosely, and loaded with one or two stones of about 20 pounds weight each for a hogshead. The brine soon becomes weak by absorbing the fresh juice of the pickles, and will need to be drawn off and poured on again in order to thoroughly mix the stronger brine at the bottom of the package with the portion at the top, which is weaker. This should be repeated two or three times at intervals of two or three days, and if the brine is on large pickles a few handfuls of salt added each time. If carefully kept under the brine and the surface of the brine kept equally mixed with what is below, there will be no trouble in keeping them.

They are taken out of the brine several days before wanted for sale, and placed in fresh, cold water, which must be changed as often as convenient—say two or three times a day—and after four or five days they will be fresh enough to receive the vinegar. The strongest of white wine (whisky) vinegar is used, and allspice and pepper added to taste. There is no need of scalding either the pickles or vinegar; if the latter is strong enough they will keep. Cider vinegar is of uncertain strength, and is often too weak to keep pickles after warm weather begins. If the vinegar is not strong enough, scalding will do no good. Pickles thus prepared are known as English pickles, and have a dull yellowish-brown color, imparted by the brine. The bright green color often seen in the pickles in market is imparted by scalding them, when taken out of the brine, in a copper kettle; they absorb enough verdigris from the kettle to give them the desired color, and yet so little that copper poisoning from eating pickles is a thing unknown. Still it is one of the signs of increasing knowledge of what is done in preparing our food, and of care in rejecting anything suspicious, that the green pickle, so universally used a few years since, is fast becoming unpopular, and giving place to the English pickle, prepared without copper. Peppers, beans, cauliflowers, unripe melons, and martynias are prepared in the same way as cucumbers.—*Country Gentleman.*

To Girls.—Be cheerful, but not gigglers; be serious, but not dull; be communicative, but not forward; be kind, but not servile. Beware of silly, thoughtless speeches; although you may forget them, others will not. Remember God's eye is in every company. Beware of levity and familiarity with young men, a modest reserve, without affection, is the only safe path. Court and encourage conversation with those who are truly serious and conversable; do not go into valuable company without endeavoring to improve by the intercourse permitted to. Nothing is more unbecoming when one part of a company is engaged in profitable conversation, than that another part should be trifling, giggling, and talking comparative nonsense to each other.

Ripe Tomato Preserves.—If red preserves are desired, choose small, red, plum-shaped tomatoes; for yellow preserves, the round yellow or egg tomatoes; scald with boiling water to take the skins off. Put five pounds of the tomatoes with four pounds of sugar, and let them stand one night. In the morning drain off the syrup and boil it, skimming carefully. Put in the tomatoes and boil slowly for half an hour, with the juice of two lemons and a little bag of ginger root. Take out with a skimmer and set in the sun to harden. Boil the syrup down until it thickens, add the white of an egg and skim well. Put the fruit into the jars and fill up with the hot syrup. Seal or tie up when cold.

Tomato Vinegar. Take one bushel of ripe tomatoes, mash them in an open tub, add one quart of molasses, and thoroughly mix the whole together. Let the tub stand several days, frequently stirring the mixture. When a decided vinegar odor is given off the juice should be strained from the pomace and put into casks. Vinegar thus made is equal to the best.

To Preserve Corn.—Take good corn, boil until the milk is killed; when cold cut from the ear and put in a stone jar; allow one pint of salt for three pints of corn; put in a layer of salt and one of corn until the jar is full; when opened for use remove the top; soak till fresh; then season as you would fresh corn; add one tablespoonful of white sugar, and cook in milk or cream.

Chile Sauce.—Two large onions, twelve large ripe tomatoes, four green peppers, two tablespoonfuls salt, two tablespoonfuls brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls ginger, one tablespoonful cinnamon, one tablespoonful ground mustard, one nutmeg, grated, four cupfuls vinegar. Chop peppers and onions fine, peel tomatoes, and boil altogether until done. If boiled too long it will be too thick.

Breakfast Relish.—Cut into small pieces one-quarter of a pound of cheese, place in a spider with a small piece of butter; pour over it one cup of milk and one egg well beaten; season high with salt and pepper.

Striking Back.

The strike of the male cigar-makers of Cincinnati, on the ground that females were employed in the business, might be regarded with some anxiety by all classes of working-women, as the inauguration of a more decisive attemt to drive women from the labor field, were it not for the action of the female shirt-ironers of Newark, New Jersey. These women have shown themselves fully adequate to the occasion and the times, having given an illustration of equal courage and perseverance with men as strikers on the principle of the exclusion of the "other sex." As the story goes, the firm of Marley, Evenson & Co., of Newark, manufacturers of shirts, recently engaged four male ironers. Previous to this transaction, the ironing in this establishment had been done entirely by women, who, by working by the piece, were able to make from $1.50 to $2.00 a day. About 50 women were required to put the finishing touches to these garments, before they are ready for market; and so, when the announcement came that the firm had introduced four men into the business—albeit two brick floors and two brick walls intervened between them and the intruders—they valiantly threw down their flat-irons and vowed they would polish no more shirt-bosoms until the male "carpet-baggers" were discharged. The number of shirts manufactured by the firm amounts to 2,000 dozen weekly, or 288,000 annually, and the action of the women ironers was a serious matter for the proprietors. At first, the firm concluded to supply the place of 50 women strikers with 100 (!) men ironers, from Patterson, but finally, thinking better of the matter, they agreed to cast out the offensive element. A compromise was effected—the four men to be allowed to work until the present press of business is over, when they are to be discharged, and women, as before, will be exclusively employed. Strikes based upon sex, is hereafter not to be monopolized by man. Woman has shown herself capable of this kind of proceedings, which hereafter will be simply a question of numbers.

There are some curious and interesting facts in the Cincinnati strike, that are quite worthy of mention. The firms struck against are Krohn, Feiss & Co. and Newburger Brothers. The former firm employed about 200 men and only a few women, while in the Newburgers' establishment about one-fourth only of the employés are women. In two other Cincinnati firms, however, the proportion of women employés is much larger than the men—Weil, Kahn & Co. employing nearly 140 women, while the number of female employés at Lowenthal's is quite large. It is said in these rival firms, it would make but little difference whether their male employés struck or not. They have female hands enough to go on with the business, and could easily fill up the places of male operatives with other female workers, as cigar making is an easy trade to learn. Another curious fact is, that the firms struck against cannot afford to discharge their girls, as the other firms would give these ready employment even if they discharged their male employés, as they could afford to reduce rates and undersell firms employing men only. The strike has been the work of the Trades' Union, which refuses to allow women to be employed in factories it proposes to control. As matters now stand, it seems as though the Trades' Union had a job on hand that would last it until the millenium, as there are strong indications that women will soon enjoy a monopoly of the cigar business as they do now of the shirt-ironing industry.—*Toledo Blade.*

Military Ballooning a Failure.

It appears from a report of the result of a series of experiments to determine the utility of ballooning for reconnoitering purposes, recently carried on in Germany and extending over a considerable length of time, that, after repeated trials, a balloon was constructed that could be packed up in a comparatively small space and carried about without being damaged or rendered in any way unfit for immediate use. A second difficulty arose providing a portable apparatus capable of supplying a sufficient quantity of gas for the inflation of the balloon whenever and wherever it might be required to use this latter. But this impediment was likewise overcome, and an apparatus was designed which could generate in from two to two and a half hours enough hydrogen to raise a balloon carrying three persons. Unfortunately, however, there has been found to be yet another obstacle in the way of using balloons for reconnoitering purposes, for which no remedy can as yet be devised. From the height to which the balloons must ascend, useful observations can only be made by the aid of telescopes. The balloon must, however, necessarily be "captive," that is, they must be confined by a rope and prevented from drifting away, perhaps only to fall into the hands of the enemy; and it is found that when there is the slightest current of air such a captive balloon begins to rotate about its vertical axis, and this so rapidly as to prevent observations being made with the necessary accuracy and detail. Consequently the conclusion has been arrived at that captive balloons can not at present be used for reconnoitering purposes, and that therefore the employment of balloons in war must be limited to carrying dispatches and information.

"Have you 'Goldsmith's Greece?'" was asked of the clerk in the store in which books and various miscellaneous articles were sold. "No," said the clerk, reflectively, "we haven't Goldsmith's grease, but we have some splendid hair-oil."