

The Homes of Our Poets.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Her summer home at Gloucester is a two story brown cottage with doors and windows opening out upon a piazza facing the sea. Upon the interior Miss Phelps has bestowed much of the artistic taste which distinguishes her. The parlor is a long narrow room tinted with a delicate green shade, not a sea green, but the green our eye catches in the opal of a wave as the sunset light it. In the other rooms of the house the same taste has directed that one should be rose pink another robin's egg blue, another delicate shades of buff, another the native colors of the wood. The house is filled with the remembrances of those who love her; and with the books and pictures that she loves and with the constant society and sympathy of friends, the lady whom you know as the author of "Gates Ajar" and the "Story of Avis" here draws into her quiet days and invalid life the courage and calm of the summer sea.

Nora Perry.

Miss Perry's home is in Providence, in little Rhode Island, though she was a Massachusetts girl, and is so much in Boston that many persons have an idea that her fixed residence is there. To reach her home we go up over one of the beautiful hills for which Providence is noted, and entering a quiet street, stop at last before a modest little house shaded by two branching elms. But it is not the exterior, it is the interior in which we are most interested, for it is there that Nora Perry's individuality has opportunity to express itself. Admitted to this interior we are shown into a charming room of which we take fascinated observation while we await the coming of its fair mistress. The heavy drapery of the windows gives the room a soft, subdued light, but quite sufficient to enable us to discover its artistic arrangement. If it is winter a bright open wood fire is burning before us. On the walls, all about, are pictures—pictures everywhere; bits of paintings, beautiful engravings, and choice specimens of photographic art. In a corner stands a wide writing table, and close beside it a book-case filled with books. This corner is our lady's work-shop, the nook where our sweet singer's songs are penned.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

It is a sweet, sunny place, in Milton, midway between the Mill village and the Center; and the pleasant south windows look away to Blue Hills, which bound the horizon. It is a brown, double house, with an L and veranda at the back, a broad piazza in front, with woodbine climbing luxuriantly around its pillars and up the side of the house—a root of woodbine which her little children brought from Milton woods years ago and planted here. Roses grow about the place in summer, and the turf is very green. Gnarled old apple trees and dwarf pears abound at the back, and plenty of singing-birds have their habitation among the branches, and in the bird houses, which are perched high up above the tree-tops for their accommodation. Lovely old elms give the place a name—"Elm Corner," and I will just whisper a secret to you: that quaint old house, across the road, is where "Faith Gartney" used to live.

J. T. Trowbridge.

The home of J. T. Trowbridge, the poet and the story teller, is a neat brown wooden house, two and a half stories high, situated in a garden of fruit and flowers, on Pleasant Street, in Arlington, Mass. Close behind it, Arlington Lake, the S. y Pond of historic fame, winds like a broad river for a distance of a mile or more. A drawing-room furnished with elegance and taste, occupies the front half of the house, behind which a large dining-room overlooks the pond. From the east window in the upper hall, Bunker Hill monument and the City of Charlestown can be seen, with

a glimpse of old Boston itself. From the south-east window of the study, Mount Auburn, the city of the dead, Cambridge observatory, surmounted by the hills of Brighton and Brookline, form an interesting prospect. Arlington Lake, which can be seen from all the windows on the side and rear of the house, affords a scene of ever changing variety.

Richard Henry Stoddard.

The Stoddards live in New York, as I have said, in an unpretending little house in East Fifteenth Street. If I should attempt to characterize their home in a few words, I should say that it was nearly such a home as all authors ought to have. It is plainly furnished, but is full of good books and good pictures, most of which were painted by their artist friends. The books are all English, of course, for the Stoddards have only such education as they have given themselves; but they are all good, "books which are books," as Charles Lamb used to say.

Mr. J. J. Piatt and Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

The Piatt house itself is built at the centre of many beautiful landscapes, the Ohio River being the commanding feature. The cottage stands on the river-line of hills, on the northern (Ohio) side, nearly three hundred feet above the river-level. Every window of the house gives charming river-views—the Ohio southeast and southwest, the Great Miami to the northward, while from the heights above the house there is a lovely glimpse of the meeting of the White-water with the Miami, reminding one of Tom Moore's song of "the Vale of Avoca where the bright waters meet." These gay, sunny waters encircle in their gleaming arms the most green and fertile of valleys. In summer the whole country below the dark wooded heights seems one vast, unbroken, level corn-field. Across the Ohio to the southward there are also some delightful Kentucky views—rich and extensive bottom lands, with farm-houses, orchards, pastures, wheat-fields and corn-fields, bounded by a line of wooded hills, so that the scene from the upper windows is a delightful mingling of the idyllic and the romantic.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter.

The cottage at Appledore Island is perfectly plain. No bay-windows, balconies, or other pretty appendages; no fanciful gables, or gothic points; no newness of paint; no vines or trees. Only a plain two storied house, with dormer-window attic. A homely house built on the rock, and perched in severe relief against the sky. At the front of the cottage is a small yard, enclosed by a picket fence. It is full of flowers. I do not mean prim and decorous beds, and flowers staying where they are put, within their well-clipped borders. But a yard full of flowers—full to the fence-top and covering every inch of ground with luxuriance. Not a weed anywhere—quite crowded out by these burning, glowing, glad some creatures. Somehow, by reason of the soil and air, all flowers have a freedom of growth and brilliancy of hue not elsewhere found—an intense loveliness!

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford.

The dwelling is one of those grand, old-fashioned farm houses, built to last as long as the island, and when folks had plenty of room and plenty of timber to put round it. It used to be a tavern, also, and it actually seems to laugh, as we come up to it, with memories of the jolity it has seen in days gone by. But there is a different air about it now. It has been remodeled somewhat, without and within; and while there is no lack of laughter around it, it stands with a stately grace. There is a store of joy there now, but it is different; as the song that steals out into the hushed night from the poet's lattice is different from that which makes the rafters ring over the bowl of cider. The staircase is broad and quaint; and

and above, it is open clear through the house, giving it an air of spaciousness and grandeur. Below, too, it is wide and cool, a most delicious retreat in the heat of the day, a perfect temple for quiet, unspoken worship in the hush of the evening. To the left of the hall is the parlor; and once within, it is hard to get away, there is so much to feast the eye, and if I may say it, so much to charm the mind; for here the family sit and make the home.

Thomas Bally Aldrich.

Mr. Aldrich lives at Ponkapog, a part of the town of Canton, in Massachusetts. Although a very charming place, Ponkapog was never noted for its enterprise and the location of a railroad some two or three miles distant has left it very much in the condition of Bailey's Four Corners, described by Mr. Aldrich in his story of "Miss Mehetable's Son." The house is an old-fashioned, two-story house, built at the beginning of the present century, and is partly screened from the road by cherry trees and by a hedge or arbor vitae, presided over by two ancient and shiftless looking buttonwoods. Back of the house, the grounds fall away gently to a stream and an old mill-pond, on which stands a deserted and decaying mill, which was utilized during the late war for the weaving of the soldiers' cardigans. Along the margin of the stream which after wandering all round the grounds finds its way out on the Neponset meadows, and so to the ocean, great quantities of water-cresses, ferns and curious wild flowers grow, the early cowslip and the pitcher plant among them.—"Poets' Homes," D. Lothrop.

A Chance for Women.

Some days since, three young women entered the office of the Brooklyn Eagle to work as compositors, whereupon thirty men "struck," and refused to work another hour unless the women were sent away. One of the strikers, speaking for the rest, said they quit because it was degrading to work with women at the printing trade, a remark which he afterwards modified by saying they meant it was degrading for women to work with men. Of course this explanation was an after-thought, as the real cause of the strike was a selfish desire to keep women out of an important department of industry, and maintain a monopoly of it based on sex or class distinctions. But either way it was a direct slur on all women, emphasized by the refusal of the men to work with them. Woman is not an inferior being, to be put off with lowest employments. She is not on a level with the Chinaman, and her competition therefore does not degrade the noble white man. The men who refused to work with women in the Brooklyn printing office simply affected the "Big Injun" style. This is one of the cases which are constantly occurring to weaken and destroy that beautiful theory that men represent women and take care of their interests. It is one of the instances that go far to prove that while men in their after-dinner remarks and set speeches, in song and story, may wax eloquent, and in glowing phrases exalt women as superior beings and endow them with angelic qualities in the highest degree, yet when they come down to real practical every-day business do not allow women who in any way come into competition with them any kind of fair play. All such say in effect that women should not be allowed to choose their own way of making a living, nor allowed a chance to make it. The assumption is based on the mean instinct surviving from the times of barbarism that women should be kept as a drudge in a limited range of employments at small pay, and that if she wants to do anything else she is "getting out of her sphere." The Brooklyn incident is but one among a multitude of similar ones of daily oc-

currence in which this chivalrous and knightly protest against giving woman a chance to help herself is made. On morning papers, where endurance and highest physical efficiency are required, it is but rare that a woman can be found able to endure the continued strain of a compositor's work; but on afternoon and weekly papers women can very well fill all requirements in this line. In all parts of the country large numbers of them are engaging in it. One of the great needs of social reform is enlargement of the field of independent employment for women. If young women were shown how they could support themselves decently and in independence, fewer of them would be driven to marry worthless young men. Half the marriages entered into by young women who take this step because they can't do anything else, are imprudent and foolish in themselves and evil in their results. Were young women taught to support themselves and shown ways to do it, there would be fewer precipitate and inconsiderate marriages, a proper restraint upon which would be the greatest of all possible social reforms.—Oregonian.

The Geology of Oregon.

The geology of Oregon is unique and interesting, and the geologist will find no richer field for his researches than in Oregon. Cenozoic along the coast; Metamorphic in the range and region of Coast Mountains; Cenozoic again throughout the Willamette valley; Volcanic throughout the Cascade Mountains and along the Snake River country; while the rest is a varied combination of the above.

Formerly the Pacific extended far to the eastward, and lashed the borders of the Rocky Mountains, and nothing appeared to the westward save a few of the highest peaks of the Blue Mountains; perhaps none but the huge volcano which formerly occupied the spot where Grande Ronde valley is now situated. In course of time, however, the coast was elevated until the Cascades projected above the surface, then the waters between them and the Rocky Mountains formed a great lake with the Blue Mountains forming an island in the center, and thus it remained until the gorge was cut through the Cascades where the Columbia now runs, when the water was gradually drawn off and formed what is now called the Columbia Basin. Immense deposits of marine shells found on the several sides of the Blue Mountains, and deposits of the same age found on the top of the Cascades, prove the above theory to be correct.

Subsequently, when the coast was higher elevated, the Coast Mountains made their appearance and there was then formed another lake between them and the Cascades, and not until the rocky barrier at Oregon City was cut, was it deprived of its water.

The Coast Mountains gradually decrease in height as they approach the Columbia, and after they pass the British line they are no longer visible as mountains, but form a chain of islands extending as far as the territory of Alaska. The elevating force has been more active in the southern than in the northern part of the State; hence, the Coast Mountains, which, when the Cascades formed the coast, appeared as islands like that part of the chain that is still submerged north of Puget Sound, reached a higher altitude in the southern than in the northern part.

The gorge through which the Columbia flows at the Cascades, is gradually closing, rapidly enough, however, to cause the adjustment of the railroad that runs from the Lower to the Upper Cascades, through the gorge, along the river, several times within the last decade. A heavy earthquake shock would completely close the opening, and prevent the waters of the Columbia Basin from

escaping, consequently a lake would form again between the Cascades and the Rocky Mountains because there is no other outlet. The whole country, just spoken of, is drained by the Columbia, hence all waters must flow through said gorge.

Popular Indian tradition has it that years ago Mts. Hood and St. Helens had a fight, and in their anger they hurled fire and rocks at each other, and shook the earth for miles around causing the highest mountains to tremble, and the waters of the Columbia to foam with rage. A volcanic eruption accompanied by violent shocks of earthquake, is undoubtedly the foundation upon which the above uncouth tradition rests. Mt. St. Helens is represented as a volcano by nearly all Geographers; however, she is quiescent at present. Mt. Hood is also quiescent; but was, years ago, the seat of volcanic action, on this side of the Columbia, and the discharge of lava has been immense. Large trees have been found in the quarry near The Dalles, far below the surface, completely charred, securely encased in rocks, (which are of a lava formation). They evidently grew upon the mountain, and were submerged by the overwhelming discharge of lava that flowed from Mt. Hood.—The West Shore.

Uncle John's Soliloquy.

"Why didn't I see this thing before? Ten dollars for foreign missions, and one year ago I only gave fifty cents. And that half dollar hurt me so much, and came so reluctantly! And the ten dollars—why it is a real pleasure to hand it over to the Lord! And this comes from keeping an account with the Lord. I am so glad Bro. Smith preached that sermon. He said we should all find it 'a good thing to have a treasury in the house from which to draw whenever our contributions are solicited.' He asked us to try the experiment for one year—to set apart a certain portion of our income for the Lord's work. I thought it over. I thought about those Jews, and the one-tenth they gave into the Lord's treasury. I thought what a mean and close-fisted Jew I should have made had I lived in those days. Then I counted up all I had given for the year, and it was just three dollars. Three dollars! and I had certainly raised from my farm, clear from all expenses, \$1,250. Three dollars is one four-hundredth part of \$1,200.

"The more I thought, the wider I opened my eyes. Said I: 'I am not quite ready for the one-tenth, but I will try the one-twentieth and see how it works. I got a big envelope, and put it down in the corner of my trunk, and as soon as I could, put the \$60 into it. Said I, 'Here goes for the Lord.' It cost me a little something to say it at first, but when it was done, how good I felt over it! When this appeal came for foreign missions, all I had to do was just to run to my treasury and get the money. And this all comes from keeping an account with the Lord. How he has blessed me this year! I never had better crops. Now I am going to try another plan. I am going to give the Lord the profits from one acre, one of my best yearlings, and one tenth of the profits from my orchard. That will surely carry the Lord's fund up to \$75; and if it don't, I will make it up from something else."—Etc.

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