VOL. XI.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1881.

"Well, I will take off my things first,

" You are here."

pointing to the bed.

you might be dying and I should not

1 did not mean to say it; I did not

kiss, and make friends again?"

daughter, also."

NO. 11.

What Time Is It ?

Time to do well-Time to live better-Give up that grudge-Answer that letter-

Speak that kind word, to sweeten a sorrow; Do that good deed you would leave till to-mor-

Time to try hard In that new situation-Time to build up on A solid foundation-

Giving up needlessly changing and drifting; Leaving the quicksands that ever are shifting What time is it?

Time to be thrifty; Farmers take warning-Plow in the springtime -Sow in the morning-Spring rain is coming, zephyrs are blowing; Heaven will attend to the quickening and grow-

Time to count cost-Lesson expenses-Time to look well To the gates and the fences; Making and mending, as good workers should ; Shutting out evil and keeping the good.

What time is it? Time to be carnest, Laying up treasure; Time to be thoughtful, Choosing true pleasure; Loving stern justice-of truth being fond; Making your word just as good as your bond.

Doing your best-Time to be trustful. Leaving the rest, Knowing in whatever country or clime, No'er can we call back one minute of time.

- Mes. M. A. Kidder.

Time to be happy,

DOLLY'S DELINQUENCIES.

"And why should I not go?" I demand, poutingly. "Because it is not a fit piece for you to see, darling," answers my husband.
"I am the best judge of what is and what is not fit for me to see," I return,

Will looks at me and stares and laughs.

"Are you? Upon what grounds do you put forward your claims for super-

iority of judgment?" "Married women are always allowed a speech once made to me by a dissome scatter-brained offense I had committed, and which I had defended by as-serting that she had done the like deed

"Single girls-married women! Ah. you dear little wife of nineteen years!" cries Will, attempting to kiss me; but I am offended, and turn away my head, "I shall go!" I say, opposition only having increased my desire to witness

"Indeed I shall, whatever your wishes may be," is my mutinous reply, Dolly!"

" Will!" I return his glance of reproving surprise with one of unabashed defiance, and then, with every appearance of com-

posure, I resume my work. In and out of the canvas flies my needle. Will has shut up the book he was reading, and sits idly fingering the paper-cutter. He is the first to break the silence.

"You said just now, dear, that married women have more freedom of action | ting a cab. The crowd is so rough too, than single ones. That is hardly correct; and my head aches, and Mrs. Upton for, after marriage, a woman has her husband's will and opinions to consult." The lord-and-master style of this address is too much for me. I never

"Then I suppose you think a wife ought humbly to ask her husband's approval of every trifling deed she per-

"No, I do not think anything of the sort; but I think that there are some matters upon which a man must necessarily be more able to form an opinion than a woman, and in these matters the wife ought certainly submit her will to her husband's."

"Which, being interpreted, means that I ought to submit my will to yours, and not to go and see 'Fact and Fiction.'"

"Exactly," says Will, with a sigh of relief, evidently imagining the whole

affair comfortably disposed of. It is not, though. Well, I don't agree with you at all.

and I mean to go. You went." "I know I did, and that is the very reason why I am anxious you should not. I saw and heard things that I do not think it right my wife should see and hear."

"Well, you formed your opinion from personal observation, and I shall form mine in the same way.' "Dolly, understand that I distinctly

and decidedly forbid your going.' The only answer I make to this prohibition is a slight shrug of the shoulders as I bend nearer to the light in order that I may choose correctly between two approximate shades of green. I do not know after all, that I am

really so very anxious to witness this particular piece ; but I do not like to be thwarted or contradicted. Accordingly my husband's vote decides me. I shall go, please him or displease him.

It is as well, too, to let Will see that, though I am his wife, I have an individuality of my own. I have read and I have been told that husbands are too fond of reducing their wives to a state of colorless unquestioning obedience, of treating them, in fact, exactly as if they were creatures possessed of no brains, hopes or ideas of their own.

That state of blind subjection is not at all in accordance with my view of the marriage contract. It is all very well to say that one will love, honor and obey one's husband. Love! Yes, I do love Will better than any one else in the whole world. And honor him I do, too -he is good and true and worthy of honor. But obey! That is altogether

than myself.

It is right, of course, to obey one's parents; but a husband—no, that is expecting too much. I cannot think why

they want to put such an absurd clause into the service. I do not believe that, when women utter the word, they ever mean to carry out the spirit of the vow. Yes, having duly considered the subcause of disagreement has arisen between us, as I can now assert myself sorry, and "won't be naughty ever any and show Will that it will be of no use more." That is what I used to do when ever to attempt to domineer over me,

rule I shall act upon my own judgment. keep up my dignity. I suppose we shall scruples; so I push open the door and I judged for myself when I married get right by-and-bye, but it is dreary enter. him. That is positive proof, therefore, that my judgment is good and sound; and so I shall tell him if he ventures to and so I shall tell him if he ventures to dispute the fact. I shall ask Mrs. Upton to accompany me. I do not particularly and keeps on raining still. It is an larly care for her-she is rather a flighty

Mrs. Upton declares that she will be delighted to go. It is the very place, she avers, that she has been longing to see. I propose Wednesday, as Will will be late home that evening; and fortunately Wednesday will suit her arrangements admirably.

Wednesday comes, and I feel exactly as though I were a conspirator meditating some heinous crime, plotting against the happiness of some one dear to me. I verily believe that were it not that I have settled everything with Mrs. Upton I should relinquish all idea of going. Fortunately for my independence, I cannot with grace draw back. I am ashamed of my own foolishness-I really

I can only excuse it on the ground that Will has been even more kind than usual, and yesterday brought me home a pair of earrings-such a pretty pair, and exactly the sort I have been wantng—dear fellow! But then, as I reflect, I am not a child to be bribed with new toys.

I have told Jane to inform her master that I have gone out and shall not re-turn till late, and that he need not sit

up for me. The theater is full; but we have very good seats in the dress circle. I do not enjoy myself a bit though. I am alto-gether uncomfortable because of the more freed m of action than single smiles and stares with which we are girls," I rejoin, evasively, quoting from favored. I do wish Mrs. Upton's apsmiles and stares with which we are a speech once made to me by a dis-agreeable married friend in reproof of not mean to say that she is vulgar in her manner or gaudy in her dress, but somehow she manages to make herself very noticeable. She is not particunice-looking, but her figure is good and her attire fashionable-permps too fashionable. Then she talks loudly, and has considerable animation of gesture. For these reasons combined suppose she always manages to at-

tract attention to her neighborhood. the notorious piece now being performed She does not seem to mind it in the "No, dear, I am sure you will not when I tell you I do not wish you to go." | The place is horrid, the acting quite second-rate, and the heat is abominable. I cannot imagine what Mrs. Upton can find to enjoy, but she says it radiant enough, while I feel as cross as

possible. I am thankful when it is over. began to think it never would end, and the audience kept clapping and applauding. How terribly the public

taste must be deteriorating! I am dreadfully anxious to depart, but my companion is not inclined to hurry herself. There is a great rush at the doors, and we have some trouble in getkeeps saying such stupid things. we drive along I resolve that I will never ask her to accompany me anywhere again. It is quite a relief to could take kindly to control in any shape | reach home, and so be rid of her.

I knock very gently, in order that Will may not be disturbed; but my precaution is needless, as Will himself opens the door.

"Good evening, dear," I say, gayly "But you need not have sat up. I told Jane to wait for me."

"Jane informed me of the directions you had given her, but I told her that

"Oh, if you preferred it so it is all right then!" I return, nonchalently, taking off my wraps, and conscious of a coldness in my husband's tones. Supper is on the table, but prepared only for one.

"Won't you have some, too?" I inquire, taking my seat.

"No, thank you. I am not hungry." Neither am I. I have no appetite, but I force myself to eat some pie and drink a cup of tea. I start a conversation once or twice, but Will, who is reading, or pretending to read, gives have given the porter instructions as to such curt answers that I do not persevere in my efforts.

I push aside my empty plate and and get up from my chair. Then Will rises too and comes to my side.

"Where have you been, Dolly?" he "To the Variety theatre to see 'Fact

and Fiction. "By yourself?" "No; Mrs. Upton went with me." "Do you remember that I prohibited

your going? Really Will can look remarkably stern and severe when he chooses. However, I do not mean to be fright-

"Yes, I remember perfectly well," I reply, calmly. "What of it?" "And you went in direct opposition

"Yes, dear, certainly I did. I told you I should."

He turns away without another word; and, though I have displayed a proper amount of dignity and spirit, I am very far from being elated.

I am utterly wretched—utterly, completely wretched. It is a fortnight since my visit to the theater, and that fortnight has been, without exception, the most unhappy period of my life. Will has never referred to the events of that evening. He has not uttered a single reproach. I wish he would, for different thing. He is only a man then I could work up my anger in

after all, and not so many years older answering him, and feel better after- he has had two and has sent for a ward. But no; he is as kind, polite and | third." considerate as though we had never differed—only when he kisses me there is no warmth in the caress, and when he speaks to me there is an indefinable "Well, I will take off my things first, and then I will go to my husband. And Charlotte, will you get me some tea? I am parched with thirst."

constraint in his tone. I do not care of course—he may be offended if he pleases; but it is so ney; and, if you're really come to help horrid to fell that there is something to nurse, it won't do to tire you out at ject, I am rather glad than not that this wrong between us. Perhaps he thinks I shall ask his pardon, and say I am I was a tiny mite and had been punished as I intend always to have my own way.

Occasionally I may yield to him, but only when it suits me to do so. As a ma married women, and I intend to be fornot be vexed. But it is too late for our necks.—New York Letter. work meanwhile.

unusually gloomy autumn, everybody individual, especially for a widow; but there is not anybody else I should like to agree with everybody. It is gloomy out of doors and gloomy indoors, and Will is later than ever to-night. I wait dinner a long time, but he does not come, so I expect he has been detained late in the city. After dinner I sit and shiver, and indulge in tears and retro-

I feel in a particularly doleful mood

In the midst of my misery a postman's knock startles me, and Jane gives a further shock to my nerves by appearing with a telegraphic dispatch in her hand. Men in business regard telgrams as quite ordinary methods of communication, and suffer from no unpleasant emotion on receiving one; but we women, who are not accustomed to such rapid transmission of general intelligence, generally experience a sinking of he heart at the sight of the orangehued envelopes.

I glance at the direction—"Mrs. William Mitchell." Clearly it is intended for me. I opened it with trembled forebodings. It is from Will.

"I shall not be home to-night. Mother is ill. Shall catch the express to W—. Will write further particulars." into think I wish to do so either; for in another moment the peace I crave for is mine. And I shall not see him to-night, nor to-morrow, and most likely not the next lay either. I cry in earnest now, By he last post the next day I have a letter. With what impatience I tear it open and run my cycs over the precious lines!

His mother is ill-very ill-and the illness is smallpox. "Of course," he says,
"I shall not leave her till she is out of danger. I will write to you every day. I left all in order at the office, and have

sent Simmons a paper of directions" He goes on to beg of me on no account to think of going to him, concludes that he is my affectionate husband, and finally adds a last exhortation to await at home his daily bulletins. Whatever my fears and quailings may be, illness does not frighten me. Or-dinary maladies have no terrors at all for me, and I am not even afraid of infectious fevers; but I must own to a de-

cided dread of smallpox. It is so unsightly and loathsome a disease. Still, whatever risks my husband runs, these risks must be mine also. I will share danger as well as safety with him. He is quite right in his determination to reis all charming; and certainly she looks | main with his mother. She is a widow, and he is her only child : therefore duty and love both demand his presence at her bedside. And duty and love show me that my place is there also. acted in opposition to his wishes before when pleasure was concerned. I have certainly resolution enough to repeat the offense for so very different an

1 get a "Bradshaw" and puzzle out my route, when to start and where to It becomes clear to me, after change. a tremendous amount of consideration, that, if I leave the station at mid-day, 1 shall reach W--- early in the evening. This point settled, I feel more at ease, and retire to rest in sweet anticipation

of soon meeting Will again. On the following day I set my house in order for an absence of an indefinite length, and then start on my journey northward. I have the railway carriage to myself most of the journey. An old gentleman who shares it with me for part of the way manages, during the forty minutes he is my fellow-traveler, to comment upon an astounding variety versation; but my feeble smiles fail to arrest his garrulity. He talks on and on, deserting one topic only to commence another, till the train stops at a junc-

tion, and I am relieved of his company. W- is a small place, pretty enough in summer but indescribably dull in winter. Mrs. Mitchell's husband practiced there as a doctor, and since his death she has remained on in her old house, being attached to it because of

its associations with her married life. When I alight at the station and the conveyance of my luggage, I ask him if he has heard lately how Mrs.

Mitchell is. "Very bad, ma'am," is his reply, and I turn away with a sad heart.

My mother-in-law has not shown herself particularly fond of me; she has been rather hard upon my youth and inexperience as a housekeeper. But mother to find herself relegated to the second place in the affections of the son Mrs. Mitchell is a good woman, I am combat invigorates his mind.

Ivy Lodge is a low white house, with a veranda extending round two sides and a great deal of ivy climbing about it. I glance at the windows. with an ejaculation of astonishment.

"Hush! How is she?" Charlotte, raising her apron to her

Does not the doctor give any hope?"

Fashions in Hair.

"To be sure I will, ma'am. You must be tired out with that long jourso much to nature as they do this spring. Bleached blondes are mighty scarce, and when found are bad. Even gray hair is not concealed, and the only hirsute falsification at all fashionable i She brings me presently a well-fur-nished tray, and, when I have eaten and the turning of auburn and brown to red. Hair-dressing has not yet settled down into any recognized style for drank, I feel refreshed in body and 1881, and it is as probable as anything else that the long-abandoned bunch of strengthened in mind. Nevertheless, I

Yellow shades are hung before the casements, and for an instant or two the transition from light to semi-darkness bewilders me. Then I perceive the quiet figure on the bed, and beyond my husband sitting. The movement of my entrance attracts his attention. He looks | hand to the plow. Soon she added to toward me with a glance at first dubious her property by purchase and improve-and hesitating, but quickly changing to ment. In 1874 she contracted for an one of alarm. He rises and passes noiselessly around the foot of the bed. "Why did you come?" he asks, hurriedly, agitatedly, but not angrily. ucts of her own farm of 120 "Yes, my place is here-with her," "And mine also. You forget that when I became your wife I became her "But there is danger of infection."

"Not more for me than you. How could you imagine that I should stop in town while you were wearing yourself to death with anxiety? I couldn't. Why,

know it! And—and, beside, I wanted to see you so badly? Oh, Will, I have been so miserable lately. Won't you The Mistake of Mothers. mean to make the first advance. But I cannot retract my words now, and I do not think I wish to do so either; for in Mrs. Mitchell's illness is a protracted one. She recovers in the end, but it is a veritable fight for life-a slow and weary ascending out of the valley of the shadow of death. But in those days of pain and languor Will and I learn to understand each other more fully-to much done for children, and the chief full quota of accomplishments,

love each other more truly.

After all I do take the disease, but very lightly—so lightly that it does not leave any disfigurement. Half a dozen now, so that Effie or Nettie get their leave any disfigurement. Half a dozen

marks I have, certainly, but those Will calls "beauty spots," and will persist in asserting that they add to instead of detracting from my good looks. Taking Comfort in Life. Sooner or later, friends, the time for

here in this matter for the old man, too,

olded hands will come to us all. Whether or not we cease from hurry and worry now, we shall one day shut our eyes upon it, and lie still untroubled by the stir and fret of things about us. Why not take comfort as we go? You, proud mother of a beautiful, active boy of what use will it be to you to remember how exquisitely fine was his raiment, how daintify spread his bed and how costly and profuse his toys? What the child needs is mothering, brooding, tender resting on your heart, and he needs it every step of the way from babyhood to manhood. Take the comfort of your opportunities. Never mind though the dress be coarse, and the food plain, and the playthings few, but answer the questions, tell the stories, spare the halfhour at bed-time and be merry and gay, confidential and sympathetic with your boy. And you, whose graceful young daughter is just blushing cut into the bloom and freshness of a wondrously fair womanliness, do not be so occupied with your ambition for her and her advancement in life, that you let her ways and your own fall apart. Why are her friends, her interests, and her engagements so wholly distinct from yours? Why does she visit here and there, and receive visitors from this and that house, and you scarcely know the people by sight? You are losing precious hours coming close to the edge. and the comfort you ought to take is flying fast away on those wings of time

that are never overtaken. - Golden

Why It Pays to Read? One's physical frame-his body, his muscles, his feet, his hands-is only a red trimmings, either of flowers, feathers to distinguish, that moment cease and living machine. It is his mind, controlling and directing that machine, that gives power and efficacy. The successful use of the body depends wholly upon the mind-upon its ability to direct the will. If one ties his arm in a sling it becomes weak and finally powerless. Keep it in active exercise, and it acquires vigor and strength, and it is disciplined to use this strength as de sired, just as one's mind, by active exereise in thinking, reasoning, studying observing, acquires vigor, strength power of concentration and direction. Plainly, then, the man who exercises his mind in reading and thinking gives it greater power and efficiency, and greater ability to direct the efforts of the physical frame-his work-to better results than he can who merely or then it must be a terrible trial for a mainly uses his muscles. If a man reads a book or paper, even one he knows to be erroneous, it helps him by she has almost idolized; and the effort to combat the errors. The

convinced, a really thoroughly good Of all men the farmer, the cultivator, woman, and above all she is Will's needs to read more to strengthen his mother, and what troubles him grieves reasoning powers, so that they will help out and make more effective his hard toil.

> The Four-Leaved Clover. In Germany there is a belief that the

They are raised and the curtains are four-leaved clover, on account of its fluttering in the breeze; but thank crossed form, is endowed with magical heaven the blinds are not drawn. The virtues. The general form of the supermaid who opens the door to me has stition is that one who carries the clover been in Mrs. Mitchell's service for about him will be able to detect the stition is that one who carries the clover many years. She lifts up her hands presence of evil spirits, and will be successful at play. In Bohemia it is said "Mercy on us! What will Mister that if a maiden manages to put the leaf into the shoe of her lover without his "Hush! How is she?" knowledge on going on a journey, he "Just as bad as she can be," returns will return safely. The four-leaf clover in various regions is believed to protect one from witches and keep butter pure, on which account it is considered ; "Hardly any, ma'am. Mister Will good form for a butter mold.

FOR THE LADIES.

By the way, there has not for ten years been a time when the women of New York left the coloring of their hair

A Woman Farmer.

Mrs. Mary Macutchen, of Lawrence, Kan., is, according to popular report, the best farmer of the neighborhood. Ten years ago she was left a widow with a few acres of land and four children. She went to work, literally putting her unimproved farm for \$1,800, which she gave to one of her boys. She has since paid for the land from the surplus prod-Last year she bought a farm of 150 acres at the price of \$2,500, one-fourth of which she has plready paid, and will pay over the other fourth from the crops of this year. She works her farm with the aid of her two sons and

Thousands of mothers slave, grow prematurely old, forget and neglect their own accomplishments, and drag themselves about as mere appendages, something between a nurse and a housekeeper to a daughter too young to realize or appreciate the sacrifices made for her. It is every person's business to make morally, mentally, physically, all of themselves that is possible, and this settling down at thirty-five and forty into an old woman and taking a back

seat that the daughters may shine is a mistake, and defeats the very end sought. There's often altogether too result is that of making them helpless, dependent creatures. Mothers to-day when, if that mother went on building herself up on the basis of her own matured experience and ceased to sink and absorb herself so completely in Effic and Nettie, the world with which she came in contact might be profited. Society needs matured women as live, potent factors, and the shining should not be left entirely to fledgelings. Were there time and space a word would be said

Silver, Steel and Spanish Lace Bonnets. The silvered or steel lace bonnets are much lighter and more dressy than those of steel-bended net in embroidery designs worn during the winter. These silver bonnets need the stylish salmon, pink coral, or dark red shades in feathers and or in flowers to give them tone and make them youthful-looking. Some of the most elegant of the black Spanish lace bonnets are the most simple, being made of a wide scarf of the lace, or else of two rows of lace that is six inches wide, with the straight edges sewed together. For these, flaring front frames of medium size are chosen, the middle of the scarf is on top, falling back on the crown and ending in wide strings. The lace is ing. In view of these things, it is well laid in plaits on the edge of the front, to observe the following rules in the and each plait is held by a cut steel button that is faceted like precious stones. Half-wreaths of dark red carnations are erushed in the lace across the top, and some flowers are further back on the crown; inside the front a row of silver lace is laid quite plain, with scallops

Pink coral with bright vellow is one of the favorite contrasts of colors, and when these two Spanish colors are used with Spanish lace, the effect is excellent, and is found to be as becoming to blondes as to brunettes. Pink bonnets are also given character by the use of very dark or soft satin, -Harper's Bazar.

Fashion Notes.

The granite ribbons have come into use again to match steel trimmings. Little morning caps are made of plush

or damask with deep frills of lace. The ribbon knots worn on the left shoulfler are fastened by a steel butterfly. Pongee for overdresses is wrought in dark brown as well as in bright colors. Only those persons who have long, slender arms should try to wear sleeves

shirred into two puffs.

A border of flowers and a center powdered with butterflies, is the design for a lawn tennis apron. Sashes of sheer white muslin, em-

broidered in gay silks, are made up to wear with summer gowns. Feather flowers and leaves have been imported in small quantities, but are

not likely to be much worn. More Canton crape has been imported this season than has been brought into the country for many years.

The flutings of lace worn at the neck and wrists are almost invariably double this season. Neapolitan bonnets are simply trimmed with wreaths of flowers and

lace or satin strings. The Cramm gingham is a new material which has wide stripes of pale or dark pink or blue.

About two yards and a half of the wide satin ribbon is required to trim a medinm-sized bonnet. The berries which the milliners have

introduced this season are used for looping white dresses. Open embroidery executed on the material of the gown and lined with a color,

is a new dress trimming.

have the whole back of beaded net and the front of brocade satin.

Brocade and satin wrought gold are among the materials used for parasols, but plain satin is the favorite.

The Princess of Wales introduced the fashion of wearing yellow gloves in the

As only the narrowest plaiting of surah shows below the little dresses of lace now worn by children, the slips are Roses and bees and a big yellow moon often made of sateen.

Plain silk grenadine is now used to make entire dresses, but it is profusely trimmed with frills of black net dot-ted and bordered with white silk.

of plain satcens. They are trimmed with cotton fringe mixed with gold.

The Florentine grenadines are like basket-woven silk, but are very thin. They are wrought with jet and are cut up for waistcoats and trimmings.

HEALTH HINTS.

FRECKLE LOTION.—Muriate ammonia, one dram; cologne water, two drams; distilled water, seven ounces; mix and use as a wash. It contains nothing in-

jurious. WASH FOR SUNBURN.—Take two drams of borax, one dram of Roman alum, one dram of camphor, half an ounce of sugar candy and one pound of ox-gall; mix and stir well for ten minutes or so, and

AN EXCELLENT DRINK FOR THE SICK .-Toast ripe Indian corn quite brown, or even a little black, and put it into hot water to steep; drink when cold. This makes one of the best drinks for the sick, and will often stop sickness at the

stomach when all other remedies fail. Light Blankers.—There is a good deal of sense in the following advice: Never use anything but light blankets to cover the sick. The heavy, impervious counterpane is bad, for the reason that it keeps the exhalations from the pores of the sick person, while the blanket allows them to pass through. Weak persons are invariably distressed by a great weight of bedelothes, which often prevent their getting any sound

sleep whatever. REST FOR HEADACHES .- Dr. Day says, in a late lecture: Whatever be the plan of treatment decided upon, rest is severe headache. Rest, which the busy man and anxious mother cannot obtain so long as they manage to keep about, is one of the first remedies for every headache, and we should never cease to enforce it. The brain when excited as much needs quiet and repose as a fractured limb or an inflamed eye; it is obvious that the chances of shortening the seizure and arresting the pain will depend on our power to have this carried out effectually. It is a practical lesson though he is more apt to take care of to keep steadily in view, in that there himself. some lesion of unknown magnitude which may remain stationary if quietude can be maintained. There is a point worth attending to in the treatment of all bendaches. See that the head is elevated at night and the pillow hard, for if it be soft the head sinks into it becomes hot, which with some people is enough to provoke an attack in the morning, if sleep has been long

and heavy. Eyesight. Milton's blindness was the result of overwork and dyspepsia. Multitudes of men or women have made their eyes weak for life by too free use of the eyesight, reading small print, and doing fine sew uses of the eves: Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness. Never begin to read or write or sew for several minutes after coming from darkness to a bright light. Never read by twilight or moonlight, or on a very cloudy day. Never read or sew directly in front of the light or window or door. It is best to have the light fall from above, obliquely over the left shoulder. Never sleep so that on the first waking the eyes shall open on the light of a window. Too much light creates a glare, and pains and confuses the sight The moment you are sensible of an effort take a walk or ride. As the sky is blue and the earth green, it would seem that the ceiling should be a bluish tinge, and the carpet green, and the walls of some mellow tint. The moment you are prompted to rub the eyes, that moment ease using them. If the eyelids are glued together on waking up, do not forcibly open them, but apply the saliva with the fingers. It is the speediest diluent in the world. Then wash your face and eyes in warm water.

Fretful Words.

Why be so severe in dealing with the faults of those at home while we excuse anything friends or acquaintances may do? The laws of politeness should be binding at home as well as abroad. We enjoy seeing our husbands and wives polite to our neighbors, only let us be sure to practice our good manners at home. There are husbands who would hasten to assure a neighbor's wife, who had, in her haste, burned her biscuits, that they "greatly enjoyed them when they were so nice and brown," who would never think their own wives needed the same consideration. No man can be a gentleman, though ever so genial abroad, who is a tyrant or habitual fault finder at home; and no woman is a real lady who is not a lady at home | it will be by far the most efficient glass in her morning wrapper, as well as in ever pointed at the heavens, and under silk in her neighbor's parlor. One member of a family who regins the day with fretful words and harsh tones, is generally enough to spoil the happiness and temper of the whole for the day. Not would do anything for, except to keep back the ankind, sareastic word. Then Some of the elegant directoire cloaks miserable by being fretful at home.

Next Summer.

Beautiful things there are coming this way Nearer and nearer, dear, every day-

Yes, closer and closer, my baby. Mischievous showers and faint little smells Of far-away flowers in far-away dells

Are coming in April, my baby. Sly little blossoms that clamber along Close to the ground till they grow big and strong

Are coming in May, little baby. coming together in beautiful June, In lovely midsummer, my baby.

Pretty red cherries, and bright little flies, Twinkling and turning the fields into skies, Will come in July, little buby.

The sateens with patterns representing plates are used for the basques Feathery clouds and long, still afternoons, Scarce a leaf stirring, and birdies' soft croops Are coming in August, my baby.

Glimpses of blue through the poppies and wheat, And one little birthday on fast flying feet, Will come in September, my baby, Laura Ledyard, in Harper's Young People

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A robber's cave-A burglar's confes-

When things go to D K how C D they B come.

Marriage keeps men out of mischief; and so does a ball chain,

The material for good soldiers must e planted in drills.—Picagane. Decisions in law suits are rendered the same as lard is rendered—by try-

ing.-Lowell Courier. Why is a fellow with a bad cold in the head like Niagara Falls? Because he's a catarrh-racked,—New York News. A Philadelphian has resolved to starve himself to death. He will engage board

at a watering-place and never fee a waiter.—Elmira Advertiser. Some colleges would never be heard of if the students didn't cut up in an out-rageous manner occasionally and get

into the newspapers.—Saturday Night. It has been discovered that three coats of paint do not keep a house any warmer than no coat at all; but people will hang to old prejudices. - Detroit It was their first night aboard the steamer. "At last," he said, tenderly, "we are all alone out upon the deep

waters of the dark blue sea, and your

heart will always beat for me as it has beat in the past?" "My heart's all the first principle to inculcate in every right," she answered, languidly, "but my stomach feels awful." "You ain't taking any stock in woman's love, ch?" "No," he answered, despondently, "it's all flummery." "Very strange," added his friend. You didn't use to talk that way." "t'erhaps not," he replied, "but I've been married nearly two years, and there are four pair of trousers hanging up in my closet waiting to be patched,

and not a stitch taken in them yet." Rhode Island papers are telling a very beautiful story of a clergyman who visited an insane asylum and was attacked by a maniac, but who broke into a song and sang it so sweetly and clearly that the lunatic was calmed. A Chicago man recently visited the Cook county insane asylum, and while there sang a song. Several of the inmates were so touched that they tried to es-

cape. - Chicago Tribune.

Monster Telescopes. California means to beat the world in telescopes, as in everything. It seems to be a law of optics, in the use of that kind of telescopes known as refractors, that no amount of increased size in the object glass, beyond a diameter of perhaps twenty-eight to thirty inches, will avail to improve the powers of the instrument. What is gained in magnify

ing or space-penetrating power is lost

in the diminished clearness of definition.

But the astronomers and telescope makers do not all believe in this law. The great glass ordered in this country by the Russian government, and which is now in the slow and patient process of transformation from a rough and bulky disk of glass into the grounddown, scientifically shaped and polished lens of a great telescope, is one proof of the conviction that increased size in a refractor should give increased power. The great glass at Washington, by which the moons of Mars were discovered, is in diameter twenty-six inches; the one ordered for the Russian observatory at Pulkowa is to be at least thirty inches. Even that, it appears, is not to be the largest of the refractors. The trustees of the Lick observatory, in California, have finally closed the contract for the optical part of the great telescope vided for by the will of the California millionaire. There has been considerable doubt whether a refractor or an enormous reflector would be selected, but the decision is in tayor of the former. The object glass is to be three feet in diameter, and the Clarks, of Cambridge, Massachusetts (who are making the glass for Russia), are to make this California lens for \$50,000. The mounting for the instrument is not yet provided for. Proposals will be obtained from the principal instrument makers of Europe and this country before the contract is awarded. Probably the mechanical part of the instrument will cost about as much as the optical. It cannot probably be completed in less

time than three years. It is believed by many that the power of this monster glass (for, compared with other refractors it is a monster, though reflectors are constructed of a much larger size), will be proportionate to its size. If it does prove successful the clear skies of California ought to

accomplish great things for science. Not Agreeable.

As a rule the plain, unvarnished all who hear the impatient word give truth is not agreeable. Speaking it is the angry answer, for many choose to not always a virtue. Concealing it is suffer in silence; but every such word very often judicious. It is only when makes somebody's heart ache; and, as a | duty calls upon you to reveal the truth rule, it is somebody whom we love and that it is commendable. A tale-teller may be a truth-teller, but every one dislikes the character of a person who goes do not let us make ourselves and others from one house to another and intercommunicates all he sees or hears.