

# The Millheim Journal.

VOL. LIII.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1879.

NO. 45.

## A DOUBTING HEART.

Where are the swallows fled?  
From some dead,  
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.  
O doubting heart!  
Far ever purple seas,  
The balmy southern breeze,  
To bring them to their northern homes once  
more.  
Why must the flowers die?  
Prison'd they lie  
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.  
O doubting heart!  
They only sleep below  
The soft white ermine snow,  
While winter winds shall blow,  
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.  
The sun has hid his rays  
Those many days,  
Will dreary hours e'er leave the earth?  
O doubting heart!  
The stormy clouds on high  
Veil the same sunny sky,  
That soon (for spring is nigh)  
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.  
Fair hope is 'eal, and light  
Is quenched in night.  
What sound can break the silence of despair?  
O doubting heart!  
The sky is overcast,  
Yet stars shall rise at last,  
Brighter for darkness past,  
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

## THE HEAVY BURDEN.

"Rather a heavy burden, isn't it, my boy?"

Clarence Spencer, to whom the words had been addressed, turned from the ledger, and looked towards the speaker. Clarence was a young man—not more than five and twenty—and he was book-keeper to Mr. Solomon Wardle, a pleasant-faced, keen-eyed man of fifty, who had spoken.

"A heavy burden, isn't Clarence?" the merchant repeated.

And still the young man was silent. His looks indicated that he did not comprehend. He had been for some time bending over the ledger, with his thoughts far away; and that his thoughts were not pleasant ones, was evident enough from the gloom on his handsome face.

"My dear boy, the burden is not only heavy now, but it will grow heavier and heavier the longer you carry it."

"Mr. Wardle, I do not comprehend you."

"Ah, Clarence?"

"I certainly do not."

"Didn't I call at your house for you this morning?"

Clarence nodded assent.

"And didn't I see and hear enough to reveal to me the burden that you took with you when you left? You must remember, my boy, that I am older than you are, and that I have been through the mill. You find your burden heavy; and I've no doubt that Sarah's heart is as heavily laden as your own."

And then Clarence Spencer understood; and the morning's scene was present with him, as it had been present with him since leaving home. On that morning he had a dispute with his wife. It had occurred at the breakfast table. There is no need of reproducing the scene. Suffice it to say that it had come of a mere nothing, and had grown a cause of anger. The first had been a look and a tone; then a flash of impatience; then a rising of the voice; then another look; the voice grew higher; the reason was unheeded; passion gained sway and the twin lost sight of the warm, enduring love that lay smitten and aching down deep in their hearts, and felt for the time only the passing tornado. And Clarence remembered that Mr. Wardle had entered the house and caught a sight of the storm.

And Clarence Spencer thought of one thing more; he thought how miserably unhappy he had been all the morning; and he knew not how long his burden of unhappiness was to be borne.

"Honestly, Clarence, isn't it a heavy and thankless burden?"

The book-keeper knew that his employer was his friend, and that he was a true-hearted Christian man; and, after pause, he answered: "Yes, Mr. Wardle, it is a heavy burden."

"My boy, I am going to venture upon a bit of fatherly counsel. I hope I shall not offend."

"Not at all," said Clarence. He winced a little, as though the probing gave him new pain.

"In the first place," pursued the old man, with a quiver of emotion in his voice, "you love her?"

"Love her? Yes, passionately."

"And do you think she loves you in return?"

"I don't think anything about it—I know!"

"You know she loves you?"

"Yes."

"Then you must admit that the trouble of this morning came from no ill-feeling at heart?"

"Of course not."

"It was but a surface-squall, which you, at least, are very sorry?"

"A moment's hesitation, and then—" "Yes, yes; I am heartily sorry."

"Now mark me, Clarence, and answer honestly.—Don't you think your wife is as sorry as you?"

"I cannot doubt it."

"And don't you think she is suffering all this time?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Let that pass. You know she is bearing her part of the burden?"

"Yes, I know that."

"And now, my boy, do you comprehend where the heaviest part of this burden is lodged?"

Clarence looked upon his interlocutor wonderingly.

"If the storm had all blown over, and you knew that the sun would shine when you next entered your home, you would not feel so unhappy?"

Clarence assented.

"But," continued Mr. Wardle, "your fear that there will be gloom in your home when you return?"

The young man bowed his head as he replied in the affirmative.

"Because," the merchant added, with a touch of parental sternness in his tone, "you are resolved to carry it there!"

Clarence looked up in surprise.

"I—I carry it?"

"Ay; you have the burden in your heart; and you mean to carry it home. Remember, my boy, I have been there, and I know all about it. I have been very foolish in my lifetime, and I have suffered. I suffered until I discovered my folly, and then I resolved that I would suffer no more. Upon looking the matter squarely and honestly in the face, I found that the burdens which had so galled me had been self-imposed. Of course such burdens can be thrown off. Now you have resolved that you will go home to dinner with a heavy heart and a dark face. You have no hope that your wife will meet you with a smile. And why? Because you know that she has no particular cause for smiling. You know that her heart is burdened with the affliction which gives you so much unrest. And you are fully assured that you are to find your home shrouded in gloom. And, furthermore, you don't know when that gloom will depart and when the blessed sun-shine of love will burst in again. And why don't you know? Because it is not now in your heart to sweep the cloud away. You say to yourself, 'I can bear it as long as she can!' Am I not right?"

Clarence did not answer in words.

"I know I am right," pursued the merchant; "and very likely your wife is saying to herself the same thing. So you hope of sunshine does not rest upon the willingness to forgive, but upon the inability to bear the burden. By-and-by it will happen, as it has happened before, that one of the twain will surrender from exhaustion; and it will be likely to be the weaker party. Then there will be a collapse, and a reconciliation. Generally the wife falls first beneath the galling burden, because her love is keener and most sensitive. The husband, in such case, acts the part of a coward. When he might, with a breath, blow the cloud away, the cringes and cowers until his wife is soiled to the sun-light in through her breaking heart."

Clarence listened, and was troubled. He saw the truth, felt its weight. He was not a fool, nor was he a liar. During the silence that followed he reflected upon the past, and he called to his mind scenes just as Mr. Wardle had depicted. And this brought him to the remembrance of how he had seen his wife weep when she had failed and sank beneath the heavy burden, how often she had sobbed upon his bosom in grief for the error.

The merchant read the young man's thoughts, and after a time he rose and touched him upon the arm.

"Clarence, suppose you were to put on your hat and go home now. Suppose you should think, on your way, only of the love and blessing that might be; with this thought, you should enter your abode with a smile upon your face; and you should put your arms around your wife's neck, and kiss her, and softly say to her, 'My darling, I have come home to throw down the burden I took away with me this morning. It is greater than I can bear.' Suppose you were to do this, would your wife repulse you?"

"Repulse me?"

"Ah, my boy, you echo my words with an amazement which shows that you understand me. Now, sir, have you the courage to try the experiment?" Dare you to be so much of a man? Or do you fear to let your dear wife know how much you love her? Do you fear she would respect and esteem you less for the deed? Tell me—do you think the cloud of unhappiness might thus be banished? Oh, Clarence, if you would but try it!"

Sarah Spencer had finished her work in the kitchen, and in the bed-chamber, and sat down with her work in her lap. But she could not ply her needle. Her heart was heavy and sad, and tears were in her eyes.

Presently she heard the front door open, and a step in the passage. Certainly she knew that step! Yes—her husband entered and a smile upon his face. She saw it through her gathering tears, and her heavy heart leaped up. He came and put his arms around her neck, and kissed her; and he said to her, in broken accents, "Darling, I have come home to throw down the burden I took away with me this morning. It is greater than I can bear."

And she, trying to speak, pillowed her head upon his bosom and sobbed and wept like a child. Oh! could he forgive her! His coming with the blessed offering had thrown the burden of reproach back upon himself. She saw him noble and generous, and she worshiped him.

But Clarence would not allow her to take all the blame. He must share that.

"We will share it so evenly," said he, "that its weight shall be felt no more. And now my darling we will be happy!"

"Always!"

Mr. Wardle had no need, when Clarence returned to the counting-house, to ask the result. He could read it in the young man's brimming eyes, and in the joy-inspired face.

It was a year after this—and Clarence Spencer had become a partner in the house—and that Mr. Wardle, by accident, referred

to the events of that gloomy morning.

"Ah!" said Clarence, with a swelling bosom, "that was the most blessed lesson I ever received. My wife knows who gave it to me."

"And it serves you yet, my boy?"

"Ay, and it will serve us while we live. We have none of those old burdens of anger to bear now. They cannot find lodgment with us. The flash and jar may come as in the other days—for we are human, you know—but the heart, which has firmly resolved not to give an abiding place to the ill feeling, will not be called upon to entertain it. Sometimes we are foolish; but we laugh at our folly when we see it, and throw it off; we do not nurse it till it becomes a burden."

## The First Look in a Mirror.

The effect which the sudden seeing of themselves as others see them had upon several Siamese women is narrated by a lady: A few weeks ago, a couple of Siamese women came to see and to look at my house. They consider it a great treat to look at my house. They consider it a greater treat if I invite them through my rooms, and let them look at my bed, my table, my chairs, my pictures and my nick-nacks, and especially if they can get a look at themselves in the mirror on my bureau. One or two of those who came had been there before, and they were telling of how they looked in the glass till the others were all anxious to see too, so they gathered in a crowd and stood before the mirror. One quick look, and then a surprised, startled cry, and some of them hid their faces, others jumped away, and some looked about to see who was really there. They had never seen themselves before, and did not know how miserably they looked with their black teeth and naked bodies. They drew their scarfs over their breasts and tried to hide from the sight of themselves. One turned and said to me: "We are very hateful looking, don't you think so?" I did not tell them I had always thought so, but I said: "Now, since you know how you look, is it any wonder that we tell you to wear more clothes and to quit chewing betel?" Some of them would not be induced to look the second time, while others stood and looked.

## Schmidt's Musings.

"Frederick Schmidt," said the justice to a sleepy-looking fellow, "you are fined \$10 for intoxication. But what's the matter my friend, you appear to be on the point of crying?"

"Nodding, Shudge, I was only drinking."

"Thinking of what?"

"Yell, I'll spoke of it, if you told me so."

"Then I do tell you."

"I was drinking, Shudge, dot you vas me and I vas you. Dot ish you know, mitout no change. You vas der poor Dutchman. I saw you come in mitout friends and sorrowful, and I say, 'Schmidt, vat vas dose troubles?' and you spoke out, 'Shudge I took me some leette beer.' Und I say mit a look on your face, 'Schmidt, you vas married?'"

"You say, 'Yah.' 'Und you don't vas so drunk as you can't talk?'"

"Nein." "Yell, Schmidt you go right away home." Und dot vas my dinkin'."

"Those are very pleasant thoughts," said the magistrate in good humor. "I think we'll make the fine \$3, but I can't let you off altogether."

"Dree dollar! Yell I paid it und vas dankful; but you vas not so good a Shudge mit me as I vas 'nit you."

And rousing himself he waddled out of court.

## Not a Bad Boy.

A bright-looking boy, twelve years old, who said his name was Tommy McEvoy, went alone into the Jefferson Market Police Court, New York, recently, and said to Justice Morgan:

"Judge, your Honor, I want to give myself up."

"Why, my boy?" asked the Court.

"Because," said the lad, "I hain't got no home and don't want to live in the street and become a bad boy."

"Why don't you stay at home?" asked the justice.

"I ain't got no home. Father has been dead nine years, and mother died before that."

"But where have you been living since?"

"With my aunt. She lives on Forty-first street. But she gets drunk, and won't let me stay in doors. To-day she chased me, and said if I ever came back she would do something awful with me. I'm afraid of her, and so I've got no home. Nobody will take me in because I hain't got good clothes and don't look nice. I can't get anything to eat unless I beg or steal it. I don't want to steal or be a bad boy. Won't you please send me somewhere where I can learn something and get to be a man?"

The justice told the boy there were such places for good boys, and taking the little fellow under his protection, promised to find him a home in some good institution.

## A Slight Mistake.

A man ordered a most elaborate dinner at a restaurant which he enjoyed and praised much—after which he lighted a cigar, and sauntering up to the landlord, declared his inability to pay for it.

"But I don't know you," said Boniface.

"Of course, or you would not have given me a dinner."

The enraged man seized the pistol, colored the offender, and taking aim at his heart, said: "Now, see if you get away from me without paying for that dinner."

"What is that in your hand?" gasped the impecunious customer, drawing back.

"That, sir, is a pistol."

"Oh! that's a pistol, is it? I don't care a fig for a pistol; I thought it was a stomach-pump."

## The Writers of the Bible.

Moses wrote Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy.

Joshua, Phinehas or Eleazer wrote the book of Joshua.

Samuel is the penman of the books of Judges and Ruth. He also wrote the first acts of David and probably, Nathan and Gad wrote his last acts; and the whole was formed into two books, which were named after Samuel as the most eminent person, called the first and second books of Samuel.

Jeremiah probably compiled the two books of the Kings.

Ezra compiled the two books of the Chronicles. He is also author of the book bearing his name.

Nehemiah wrote Nehemiah.

The author of the book of Esther is unknown.

Elihu was most probably the penman of the book of Job. Moses may have written the first two chapters and the last. Some think Job wrote them himself.

David wrote most of the book of the Psalms. Asaph penned a few of them.

Solomon wrote Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Songs of Solomon.

Isaiah is the author of the prophecy of Isaiah.

Jeremiah wrote the book bearing his name, and the Lamentations of Jeremiah.

Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, probably Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zachariah, wrote the books of the prophetes, bearing their respective names.

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John wrote the Gospels named after them.

Luke wrote the Acts of the Apostles.

Paul is the author of the Epistles to the Romans, Corinthians, Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, Thessalonians, Timothy, Titus, Philemon and Hebrews.

James the son of Alphaeus, who was cousin-German to Christ, and one of the apostles, wrote the Epistle of James.

Peter wrote the Epistle bearing his name.

The apostle John wrote the three Epistles of John.

Jude, the Apostle, the brother of James, also called Lebbeus, whose surname was Thaddus, near relative of our Lord, wrote the Epistle of Jude.

St. John, the Divine wrote Revelations.

## The Old Fashioned Girl.

She flourished thirty or forty years ago. She was a little girl until she was fifteen. She used to help her mother wash the dishes and keep the kitchen tidy, and she had an ambition to make pies so nicely that papa could not tell the difference between them and mamma's, and yet she could try griddle cakes at ten years of age, and darn her own stockings before she was twelve, to say nothing of knitting them herself.

She had her hours of play and enjoyed herself to the fullest extent. She had no very costly toys to be sure, but her rag doll and little bureau and chair that Uncle Tom made were just as valuable to her as the \$20 wax doll and elegant doll furniture the children have now-a-days.

She never said "I can't," and "I don't want to," to her mother, when asked to leave her play, and run up stairs or down on an errand, because she had not been brought up in that way. Obedience was a cardinal virtue in the old-fashioned little girl.

She rose in the morning when she was called, and went out into the garden and saw the dew on the grass, and if she lived in the country she fed the chickens and hunted up the eggs for breakfast.

We do not suppose she had her hair in curl papers or crimping-pins, or had it "banged" over her forehead and her flourishes were no trouble to her.

She learned to sew by making patch-work, and we dare say she could do an "over-and-over" seam as well as nineteenth of the grown-up women now-a-days.

The old-fashioned little girl did not grow into a young lady and talk about beaux before she was in her teens, and she did not read dime novels, and was not fancying a hero in every plow-boy she met.

She learned the solid accomplishments as she grew up. She was taught the arts of cooking and housekeeping. When she got a husband she knew how to cook him a dinner.

She was not learned in French verbs or Latin declensions, and her near neighbors were spared the agony of hearing her pour out "The Maiden's Prayer" and "Silver Threads among the Gold" twenty times a day on the piano, but we have no doubt she made her company quite as comfortable as the modern young lady does hers.

It may be a vulgar assertion, and we suppose that we are not exactly up with the times, but we honestly believe and our opinion is based on considerable experience, and no small opportunity for observation, and when it comes to keeping a family happy, a good cook and housekeeper is to be greatly preferred above an accomplished scholar. When both sets of qualities are found together, as they sometimes are, then is the household over which such a woman has control blessed.

The old-fashioned little girl was modest in her demeanor, and she never talked slang or used by-words. She did not laugh at old people or make fun of cripples, as we saw some modern little girls doing the other day. She had respect for elders and was not above listening to words of counsel from those older than herself.

She did not think she knew as much as mother, and that her judgement was as good as grandmother's.

She did not go to parties by the time she was ten, and stay till after midnight, playing eucher and dancing with any chance young man who happened to be present.

She went to bed in season and doubtless said her prayers before she went, and slept in the sleep of innocence, and rose up in the morning happy and capable of giving happiness.

And if there be an old-fashioned little girl in the world to-day, may heaven bless her and keep her, and raise up others like her.

## The Late Queen of Holland.

Sidney Hyde gives the following account of his first visit to the late Queen of Holland. Upon our first formal audience we were received in one of the State Departments, a fine salon, hung with rose-colored satin and gay with gilded furniture and wax candles; but when we were asked "to tea," it was in her own private parlor that the Queen entertained us, a charming green room, with tropical plants growing in the windows, and a grand piano at one end. Books and ornaments were scattered about, and cabinets of curiosities stood against the wall; easy-chairs and little tables went wandering comfortably about the floor; and a general air of home-likeness pervaded the spacious apartment, whose walls were hung with interesting pictures, filled with associations to the student of history.

One evening, when we arrived, we found the Queen reading Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea," in which she was greatly interested. His dramatic characterizations pleased her particularly, and above all the hits at her late uncle, Nicholas of Russia, who as the writer observes, tried hard to be a gentleman; but underneath all his superficial polish still lay the "gypsy instinct," which prompted him on occasion to do some mean act.—Inspired by our interest, the Queen drew into various personal recollections of her visit to Napoleon III., and related a little anecdote of the Prince Imperial when he was about six years old. It seems that the Emperor had a troop of boys of the Prince's age under drill, and the Prince himself was one of the regiment; and one day, when the Queen was questioning him lightly as to what he meant to do in the world, he replied bravely, in true Napoleonic fashion, "Madame, I shall be a soldier." "But you are so little," said her Majesty, "they cannot make you an officer; you will have to be a private all-ways." "Pardon, madame," said the little fellow, making a military salute, "je suis deja caporal." The Empress of the French Her Majesty thought a woman of excellent parts, but overwhelmed with all sorts of frivolities outside of herself. "There is so much to do," said the Queen naively, "I wonder how she ever gets through it all. It was one tumult from morning till night. I could not have endured it." At Osborne, where she visited Queen Victoria, she was oppressed by the dullness and formality. She thought the Queen of England a person of extraordinary information, but the slavery of etiquette which surrounded her was unendurable. From this very slavery it was the desire of the Queen of Courcelane to deliver herself, and her own life was one of vigorous action and intelligent effort. She rose daily at seven; walked, wrote, and read at fixed hours, corresponding with half the savants of Europe on matters of literary and scientific interest. She drew around her all the intellectual people of her court, accosting them without formality or pretension, interrogating them, enjoying their different

opinions, which she encouraged them frankly to express. She was a warm friend of the English; her best friends were Englishwomen. She spoke the language with absolute perfection and without accent, and was the mistress of six other tongues. Our American war was as kind as possible in her sympathy, but still admitted openly that the breaking up of our Republic would be no cause of grief to the royal families in Europe. "You are so strong," she said ruefully, and she shared the common European delusion that the cause of the South was the cause of aristocracy.

## The Old Fashioned Girl.

She flourished thirty or forty years ago. She was a little girl until she was fifteen. She used to help her mother wash the dishes and keep the kitchen tidy, and she had an ambition to make pies so nicely that papa could not tell the difference between them and mamma's, and yet she could try griddle cakes at ten years of age, and darn her own stockings before she was twelve, to say nothing of knitting them herself.

She had her hours of play and enjoyed herself to the fullest extent. She had no very costly toys to be sure, but her rag doll and little bureau and chair that Uncle Tom made were just as valuable to her as the \$20 wax doll and elegant doll furniture the children have now-a-days.

She never said "I can't," and "I don't want to," to her mother, when asked to leave her play, and run up stairs or down on an errand, because she had not been brought up in that way. Obedience was a cardinal virtue in the old-fashioned little girl.

She rose in the morning when she was called, and went out into the garden and saw the dew on the grass, and if she lived in the country she fed the chickens and hunted up the eggs for breakfast.

We do not suppose she had her hair in curl papers or crimping-pins, or had it "banged" over her forehead and her flourishes were no trouble to her.

She learned to sew by making patch-work, and we dare say she could do an "over-and-over" seam as well as nineteenth of the grown-up women now-a-days.

The old-fashioned little girl did not grow into a young lady and talk about beaux before she was in her teens, and she did not read dime novels, and was not fancying a hero in every plow-boy she met.

She learned the solid accomplishments as she grew up. She was taught the arts of cooking and housekeeping. When she got a husband she knew how to cook him a dinner.

She was not learned in French verbs or Latin declensions, and her near neighbors were spared the agony of hearing her pour out "The Maiden's Prayer" and "Silver Threads among the Gold" twenty times a day on the piano, but we have no doubt she made her company quite as comfortable as the modern young lady does hers.

It may be a vulgar assertion, and we suppose that we are not exactly up with the times, but we honestly believe and our opinion is based on considerable experience, and no small opportunity for observation, and when it comes to keeping a family happy, a good cook and housekeeper is to be greatly preferred above an accomplished scholar. When both sets of qualities are found together, as they sometimes are, then is the household over which such a woman has control blessed.

The old-fashioned little girl was modest in her demeanor, and she never talked slang or used by-words. She did not laugh at old people or make fun of cripples, as we saw some modern little girls doing the other day. She had respect for elders and was not above listening to words of counsel from those older than herself.

She did not think she knew as much as mother, and that her judgement was as good as grandmother's.

She did not go to parties by the time she was ten, and stay till after midnight, playing eucher and dancing with any chance young man who happened to be present.

She went to bed in season and doubtless said her prayers before she went, and slept in the sleep of innocence, and rose up in the morning happy and capable of giving happiness.

And if there be an old-fashioned little girl in the world to-day, may heaven bless her and keep her, and raise up others like her.

## The Old Fashioned Girl.

She flourished thirty or forty years ago. She was a little girl until she was fifteen. She used to help her mother wash the dishes and keep the kitchen tidy, and she had an ambition to make pies so nicely that papa could not tell the difference between them and mamma's, and yet she could try griddle cakes at ten years of age, and darn her own stockings before she was twelve, to say nothing of knitting them herself.

She had her hours of play and enjoyed herself to the fullest extent. She had no very costly toys to be sure, but her rag doll and little bureau and chair that Uncle Tom made were just as valuable to her as the \$20 wax doll and elegant doll furniture the children have now-a-days.

She never said "I can't," and "I don't want to," to her mother, when asked to leave her play, and run up stairs or down on an errand, because she had not been brought up in that way. Obedience was a cardinal virtue in the old-fashioned little girl.

She rose in the morning when she was called, and went out into the garden and saw the dew on the grass, and if she lived in the country she fed the chickens and hunted up the eggs for breakfast.

We do not suppose she had her hair in curl papers or crimping-pins, or had it "banged" over her forehead and her flourishes were no trouble to her.

She learned to sew by making patch-work, and we dare say she could do an "over-and-over" seam as well as nineteenth of the grown-up women now-a-days.

The old-fashioned little girl did not grow into a young lady and talk about beaux before she was in her teens, and she did not read dime novels, and was not fancying a hero in every plow-boy she met.

She learned the solid accomplishments as she grew up. She was taught the arts of cooking and housekeeping. When she got a husband she knew how to cook him a dinner.

She was not learned in French verbs or Latin declensions, and her near neighbors were spared the agony of hearing her pour out "The Maiden's Prayer" and "Silver Threads among the Gold" twenty times a day on the piano, but we have no doubt she made her company quite as comfortable as the modern young lady does hers.

It may be a vulgar assertion, and we suppose that we are not exactly up with the times, but we honestly believe and our opinion is based on considerable experience, and no small opportunity for observation, and when it comes to keeping a family happy, a good cook and housekeeper is to be greatly preferred above an accomplished scholar. When both sets of qualities are found together, as they sometimes are, then is the household over which such a woman has control blessed.

The old-fashioned little girl was modest in her demeanor, and she never talked slang or used by-words. She did not laugh at old people or make fun of cripples, as we saw some modern little girls doing the other day. She had respect for elders and was not above listening to words of counsel from those older than herself.

She did not think she knew as much as mother, and that her judgement was as good as grandmother's.

She did not go to parties by the time she was ten, and stay till after midnight, playing eucher and dancing with any chance young man who happened to be present.

She went to bed in season and doubtless said her prayers before she went, and slept in the sleep of innocence, and rose up in the morning happy and capable of giving happiness.

And if there be an old-fashioned little girl in the world to-day, may heaven bless her and keep her, and raise up others like her.

## The Old Fashioned Girl.

She flourished thirty or forty years ago. She was a little girl until she was fifteen. She used to help her mother wash the dishes and keep the kitchen tidy, and she had an ambition to make pies so nicely that papa could not tell the difference between them and mamma's, and yet she could try griddle cakes at ten years of age, and darn her own stockings before she was twelve, to say nothing of knitting them herself.

She had her hours of play and enjoyed herself to the fullest extent. She had no very costly toys to be sure, but her rag doll and little bureau and chair that Uncle Tom made were just as valuable to her as the \$20 wax doll and elegant doll furniture the children have now-a-days.

She never said "I can't," and "I don't want to," to her mother, when asked to leave her play, and run up stairs or down on an errand, because she had not been brought up in that way. Obedience was a cardinal virtue in the old-fashioned little girl.

She rose in the morning when she was called, and went out into the garden and saw the dew on the grass, and if she lived in the country she fed the chickens and hunted up the eggs for breakfast.

We do not suppose she had her hair in curl papers or crimping-pins, or had it "banged" over her forehead and her flourishes were no trouble to her.

She learned to sew by making patch-work, and we dare say she could do an "over-and-over" seam as well as nineteenth of the grown-up women now-a-days.

The old-fashioned little girl did not grow into a young lady and talk about beaux before she was in her teens, and she did not read dime novels, and was not fancying a hero in every plow-boy she met.

She learned the solid accomplishments as she grew up. She was taught the arts of cooking and housekeeping. When she got a husband she knew how to cook him a dinner.

She was not learned in French verbs or Latin declensions, and her near neighbors were spared the agony of hearing her pour out "The Maiden's Prayer" and "Silver Threads among the Gold" twenty times a day on the piano, but we have no doubt she made her company quite as comfortable as the modern young lady does hers.

It may be a vulgar assertion, and we suppose that we are not exactly up with the times, but we honestly believe and our opinion is based on considerable experience, and no small opportunity for observation, and when it comes to keeping a family happy, a good cook and housekeeper is to be greatly preferred above an accomplished scholar. When both sets of qualities are found together, as they sometimes are, then is the household over which such a woman has control blessed.

The old-fashioned little girl was modest in her demeanor, and she never talked slang or used by-words. She did not laugh at old people or make fun of cripples, as we saw some modern little girls doing the other day. She had respect for elders and was not above listening to words of counsel from those older than herself.

She did not think she knew as much as mother, and that her judgement was as good as grandmother's.

She did not go to parties by the time she was ten, and stay till after midnight, playing eucher and dancing with any chance young man who happened to be present.

She went to bed in season and doubtless said her prayers before she went, and slept in the sleep of innocence, and rose up in the morning happy and capable of giving happiness.

And if there be an old-fashioned little girl in the world to-day, may heaven bless her and keep her, and raise up others like her.

## The Old Fashioned Girl.

She flourished thirty or forty years ago. She was a little girl until she was fifteen. She used to help her mother wash the dishes and keep the kitchen tidy, and she had an ambition to make pies so nicely that papa could not tell the difference between them and mamma's, and yet she could try griddle cakes at ten years of age, and darn her own stockings before she was twelve, to say nothing of knitting them herself.

She had her hours of play and enjoyed herself to the fullest extent. She had no very costly toys to be sure, but her rag doll and little bureau and chair that Uncle Tom made were just as valuable to her as the \$20 wax doll and elegant doll furniture the children have now-a-days.

She never said "I can't," and "I don't want to," to her mother, when asked to leave her play, and run up stairs or down on an errand, because she had not been brought up in that way. Obedience was a cardinal virtue in the old-fashioned little girl.

She rose in the morning when she was called, and went out into the garden and saw the dew on the grass, and if she lived in the country she fed the chickens and hunted up the eggs for breakfast.

We do not suppose she had her hair in curl papers or crimping-pins, or had it "banged" over her forehead and her flourishes were no trouble to her.

She learned to sew by making patch-work, and we dare say she could do an "over-and-over" seam as well as nineteenth of the grown-up women now-a-days.

The old-fashioned little girl did not grow into a young lady and talk about beaux before she was in her teens, and she did not read dime novels, and was not fancying a hero in every plow-boy she met.

She learned the solid accomplishments as she grew up. She was taught the arts of cooking and housekeeping. When she got a husband she knew how to cook him a dinner.

She was not learned in French verbs or Latin declensions, and her near neighbors were spared the agony of hearing her pour out "The Maiden's Prayer" and "Silver Threads among the Gold" twenty times a day on the piano, but we have no doubt she made her company quite as comfortable as the modern young lady does hers.

It may be a vulgar assertion, and we suppose that we are not exactly up with the times, but we honestly believe and our opinion is based on considerable experience, and no small opportunity for observation, and when it comes to keeping a family happy, a good cook and housekeeper is to be greatly preferred above an accomplished scholar. When both sets of qualities are found together, as they sometimes are, then is the household over which such a woman has control blessed.

The old-fashioned little girl was modest in her demeanor, and she never talked slang or used by-words. She did not laugh at old people or make fun of cripples, as we saw some modern little girls doing the other day. She had respect for elders and was not above listening to words of counsel from those older than herself.

She did not think she knew as much as mother, and that her judgement was as good as grandmother's.

She did not go to parties by the time she was ten, and stay till after midnight, playing eucher and dancing with any chance young man who happened to be present.

She went to bed in season and doubtless said her prayers before she went, and slept in the sleep of innocence, and rose up in the morning happy and capable of giving happiness.

And if there be an old-fashioned little girl in the world to-day, may heaven bless her and keep her, and raise up others like her.

## The Old Fashioned Girl.

She flourished thirty or forty years ago. She was a little girl until she was fifteen. She used to help her mother wash the dishes and keep the kitchen tidy, and she had an ambition to make pies so nicely that papa could not tell the difference between them and mamma's, and yet she could try griddle cakes at ten years of age, and darn her own stockings before she was twelve, to say nothing of knitting them herself.

She had her hours of play and enjoyed herself to the fullest extent. She had no very costly toys to be sure, but her rag doll and little bureau and chair that Uncle Tom made were just as valuable to her as the \$20 wax doll and elegant doll furniture the children have now-a-days.

She never said "I can't," and "I don't want to," to her mother, when asked to leave her play, and run up stairs or down on an errand, because she had not been brought up in that way. Obedience was a cardinal virtue in the old-fashioned little girl.

She rose in the morning when she was called, and went out into the garden and saw the dew on the grass, and if she lived in the country she fed the chickens and hunted up the eggs for breakfast.

We do not suppose she had her hair in curl papers or crimping-pins, or had it "banged" over her forehead and her flourishes were no trouble to her.

She learned to sew by making patch-work, and we dare say she could do an "over-and-over" seam as well as nineteenth of the grown-up women now-a-days.

The old-fashioned little girl did not grow into a young lady and talk about beaux before she was in her teens, and she did not read dime novels, and was not fancying a hero in every plow-boy she met.

She learned the solid accomplishments as she grew up. She was taught the arts of cooking and housekeeping. When she got a husband she knew how to cook him a dinner.

She was not learned in French verbs or Latin declensions, and her near neighbors were spared the agony of hearing her pour out "The Maiden's Prayer" and "Silver Threads among the Gold" twenty times a day on the piano, but we have no doubt she made her company quite as comfortable as the modern young lady does hers.

It may be a vulgar assertion, and we suppose that we are not exactly up with the times, but we honestly believe and our opinion is based on considerable experience, and no small opportunity for observation, and when it comes to keeping a family happy, a good cook and housekeeper is to be greatly preferred above an accomplished scholar. When both sets of qualities are found together, as they sometimes are, then is the household over which such a woman has control blessed.

The old-fashioned little girl was modest in her demeanor, and she never talked slang or used by-words. She did not laugh at old people or make fun of cripples, as we saw some modern little girls doing the other day. She had respect for elders and was not above listening to words of counsel from those older than herself.

She did not think she knew as much as mother, and that her judgement was as good as grandmother's.

She did not go to parties by the time she was ten, and stay till after midnight, playing eucher and dancing with any chance young man who happened to be present.

She went to bed in season and doubtless said her prayers before she went, and slept in the sleep of innocence, and rose up in the morning happy and capable of giving happiness.

And if there be an old-fashioned little girl in the world to-day, may heaven bless her and keep her, and raise up others like her.

## The Old Fashioned Girl.

She flourished thirty or forty years ago. She was a little girl until she was fifteen. She used to help her mother wash the dishes and keep the kitchen tidy, and she had an ambition to make pies so nicely that papa could not tell the difference between them and mamma's, and yet she could try griddle cakes at ten years of age, and darn her own stockings before she was twelve, to say nothing of knitting them herself.

She had her hours of play and enjoyed herself to the fullest extent. She had no very costly toys to be sure, but her rag doll and little bureau and chair that Uncle Tom made were just as valuable to her as the \$20 wax doll and elegant doll furniture the children have now-a-days.

She never said "I can't," and "I don't want to," to her mother, when asked to leave her play, and run up stairs or down on an errand, because she had not been brought up in that way. Obedience was a cardinal virtue in the old-fashioned little girl.

She rose in the morning when she was called, and went out into the garden and saw the dew on the grass, and if she lived in the country she fed the chickens and hunted up the eggs for breakfast.

We do not suppose she had her hair in curl papers or crimping-pins, or had it "banged" over her forehead and her flourishes were no trouble to her.

She learned to sew by making patch-work, and we dare say she could do an "over-and-over" seam as well as nineteenth of the grown-up women now-a-days.

The old-fashioned little girl did not grow into a young lady and talk about beaux before she was in her teens, and she did not read dime novels, and was not fancying a hero in every plow-boy she met.

She learned the solid accomplishments as she grew up. She was taught the arts of cooking and housekeeping. When she got a husband she knew how to cook him a dinner.

She was not learned in French verbs or Latin declensions, and her near neighbors were spared the agony of hearing her pour out "The Maiden's Prayer" and "Silver Threads among the Gold" twenty times a day on the piano, but we have no doubt she made her company quite as comfortable as the modern young lady does hers.

It may be a vulgar assertion, and we suppose that we are not exactly up with the times, but we honestly believe and our opinion is based on considerable experience, and no small opportunity for observation, and when it comes to keeping a family happy, a good cook and housekeeper is to be greatly preferred above an accomplished scholar. When both sets of qualities are found together, as they sometimes are, then is the household over which such a woman has control blessed.

The old-fashioned little girl was modest in her demeanor, and she never talked slang or used by-words. She did not laugh at old people or make fun of cripples, as we saw some modern little girls doing the other day. She had respect for elders and was not above listening to words of counsel from those older than herself.

She did not think she knew as much as mother, and that her judgement was as good as grandmother's.

She did not go to parties by the time she was ten, and stay till after midnight, playing eucher and dancing with any chance young man who happened to be present.

She went to bed in season and doubtless said her prayers before she went, and slept in the sleep of innocence, and rose up in the morning happy and capable of giving happiness.

And if there be an old-fashioned little girl in the world to-day, may heaven bless her and keep her, and raise up others like her.

## The Old Fashioned Girl.

She flourished thirty or forty years ago. She was a little girl until she was fifteen. She used to help her mother wash the dishes and keep the kitchen tidy, and she had an ambition to make pies so nicely that papa could not tell the difference between them and mamma's, and yet she could try griddle cakes at ten years of age, and darn her own stockings before she was twelve, to say nothing of knitting them herself.

She had her hours of play and enjoyed herself to the fullest extent. She had no very costly toys to be sure,