But keep thy garments pure; Pluck them back with the old disdain From the touch of hands that stain; So shall thy strength endure. Transmute into good the gold of Gain, Compel to beauty thy ruder powers, Till the bounty of coming hours Shall plant on thy fields apart The oak of Toil, the rose of Art! Be watchful and keep us so; Be strong and fear no foe Be just and the world shall know With the same love love us as we give:

And the day shall never come That finds us weak and dumb, To join and smite and cry In the great task, for thee to die, And the greater task for thee to live

A Matter-of-Fact Heroine.

Love is a Pastime in Which the Hunter Should Make the Game Pursue Him.

Because she was a flirt—that is the reason it served her right to be caught up with in the manner I am about to narrate. Not the usual thing-the emotionally cruel young woman who lightly breaks men's hearts until she falls into the hands of the emotionally eruel young man who breaks hers, for emotionally young men are usually hopeless cads, and Miss Woodbury loathed a cad, and knew one by instinct afar off,

When Rachel French, in Mrs. Burnett's "Haworth's," makes a dead set at the youth and then throws him over, her father, on being aware of her little adventure, calls her conduct "deucedly ungentlemanly," which is expressive. Bell Woodbury was not an ungentlemanly girl, but she inherited, and her education had fostered in her, a slight contempt for the emotional side of human nature; so she did not realize the damage she sometimes did. Most women overestimate it. She professed to believe that love was a fifteen-minutelong craziness, which one shook off and laughed at, like nervousness or chills; and marriage-that bulwark of the state -this foxy young woman regarded as a sort of infernal hocus-pocus, by which a being who had been taught, by infinite flattery and prostrate adoration, to believe herself a queen, suddenly found herself helplessly a slave forever.

By assuming an elevated and coldly philosophical tone in discussing problems of the day-university education for women, co-education, the ballot for women-she contrived, in the very early stages of their acquaintance, to lure the men she flirted with into a frank expression of manly compassion for the whole sex, that could only help itself to any independence and recognition by concessions-no matter how forced from them-granted by men. "Men are natural tyrants" was a phrase she had heard so often that she could hardly place the different tones she had heard it in.

She liked to hear these things said, because they seemed to strengthen her position. She braced her armor anew, saying: "The real world is quite as I thought. There is nothing in the love artists deify-nothing, nothing." The reiteration was a defiance of an unquiet misgiving as to whether men are likely to turn their hearts inside out for inpection, when their one is to be coldly philosophical. Still, when some unfortunate told her, later, with more or less excitement, that he lived in her smiles, as it were, and would fain make such cachinnatory hibitation permanent, it amused her to ask how it was possible that he should care so much for the favor of one whom he pitied so heartily and meant to rule so despotically?

No, but she was different from all other women, and he an exception to the tyranny of all other men.

It is just to say that Miss Woodbury was made, and not born, a flirt. At an early stage of her development a brilliant woman of the world had taken a fancy to her, and assured her that she had in her the material for a chef d'œuere. Belle was restless under the training of her friend. She was naturally reserved, and a little melancholy, and the admitted diversions of young-ladydom bored her.

"It's all so pale and meaningless," she fretted; "I could be Adah Menken, or I could be a nun, but this pitiful betwint and between, what is it ?"

"It's very interesting to be so extreme, no doubt, my dear," said her friend, fascinate the men about them it is simply said that they-a-can't. Think of superior and high-minded."

the found-at-last complement of her lying along the back of a horse which being, and then forgot the wretch so symbolized freedom, dreams and inspirautterly that when it rushed forward tion. She would picture the philosonext time, to renew the pleasantly begun | phers, her friends, as ring-masters rushintercourse, while Miss Woodbury made | ing up to her, extending a paper-covparent that she had, in fact, no recollec going to land, and, until lately, rejoice considering it a duty to flay at being east.

solation of remembering that, of course, he went in with his eyes open. She liked to find out what was sensitive and high in men, their dearest dreams, their gentlest, inmost good qualities, and she and discreet; but once she contemplated flirtation, and was amusingly punished for it, and this is the way it was:

There was an interesting woman in the city of St. Dominic, where Miss Woodbury lived, who desired to pose as a patroness and fosterer of literature and art, to the consternation of such artists and writers as had the misfortune to live in Saint Dominic; for, while artists would not for the world be anything but what they are, they are dissatisfied to be pursued by Philistines solely on account of their artistic proclivities, and theirs is a reasonable discontent-for, if tehy talk shop the Philistines cannot understand, and if they talk anything else the Philistine looks aggrieved, as if she were losing part of her invitation's worth. The lady I have mentionedher name was Mrs. Reade-professed an admiration for Belle Woodbury, and from the hour that misguided young woman had rashly printed a volume fo peems, Mrs. Reade had marked her for prey.

Belle's fixed rule was to decline three invitations and then accept one. Mrs. Reade's delight was in her Friday after- cey simply." noon receptions, and into one of these terested and forgot herself altogether. edly. By Mrs. Reade's side stood a long, undered whether, if he could have been not." made conscious how unconventional he rassed. She did not know him. His I am not." nature was so simple and robust of Bracey looked first sad, then thoughtcaustic explanation of the transgressions hers. of his singular appearance against all the canons of the world of mode, he bativeness and power not good to see in until he took his degree. a masculine face. He had full, soft lips, that came suavely together like a Gerquiet, and had a sweet voice.

had met him-"Mr. Bracey "-and was dress as he does?" talking with him about whatever everydistinctly she was saying to herself; "I interested in the man, but because she tance." thought it would amuse her to see him suffer. He would not be flerce and restive on the rack, but dumbly and submissively wretched, like the dog his strange master vivisects, or the doe the shot that should have been kept for statelier game has wantonly done to

Bracey gave himself up to her blandishments with an alacrity that gave her food for reflection.

"I wonder if he is married?" she

cynically; "but we must work with what | shape, was something like: "If he is, we have; and of the women who don't so much the worse for Mrs. Bracey." Such promptly barbarous designs de- leaves. serve a word of explanation. Miss that when you are feeling particularly Woodbury was in a savage frame of mind, and, like the irritated cobra, Miss Woodbury acquired from her ready to strike at a tree if that was the friend's invaluable lessons an insincerity only thing that presented itself. Withwhich made her more companionable out exactly calling life a circus, she than trustworthy. She could treat a always thought of herself as the heroine new acquaintance as if he or she were of the sawdust arena, riding lazily,

tion of anything in particular. In short, to find herself safe on the back of th in love with her. But, oh, yow indifobeying her friend's precepts, she had dream-horse again. If she made a mis- ferently complimentary to the woman adopted the peculiarly feminine line of step or not a good jump, she would roll toward whom such sangfroid is positiactivity called by young women in ignominiously on the sawdust, and the ble! If only for vicarious vengeance on moments of expansion "trying to make man who held the fatal hoop would have the ringmaster, I should like to make vinegar, well mixed together, on a large people like you," and it is so true that the right to count a tally. Long ago him writhe a little. Patience! I shall the heart leaps kindly back to kindness there had come into the ring a man, do it yet." that the effort is usually crowned with not a ring-master, but a rider like hersuccess, and Belle sometimes gathered self, and his horse, a splendid black, in a scalp she had not warred for, and was kept beside hers a while, and that was blushed guiltedly when she met his made inexpressibly happy by the acquisi- riding, indeed. Then one day the vic- calm, kindly eyes. One day, becoming tion. In her various affairs she gene- ious black bolted, and went clear over desperate, she sent him some books. rally took a man of her size-to speak in the railings and out of sight, carrying | The next day she received the followthe language of schoolboys-a worldling, his brilliant, indolent rider, Miss Woodand an intellectual mortal, in order that bury's friends informed her, to the conversation need not be limited to senti- devil. That, as I have said, was long ment, and that she might have the con- ago, but still when the arena seemed oppressively circumscribed, Belle's thoughts went wandering to the possible whereabouts of this hero, and she wondered if her own horse would not bolt some time and carry her where he was. was, as I have said, quite gentlemanly Then she remembered that the Inferno itself is in circles, and thought possibly a thoroughly unworthy and heartless the sawdust ring might have its advantages for women.

Meantime, in her latest leap she had been disgracefully unhorsed, and, although the ring-master stood chivalrously ready to give her a mount again, for the moment it seemed more easily said than done, and she had brooded over the defeat until her mood was somewhat dangerously vindictive.

Of course, she stood beside Bracey a model of suave receptiveness,

"You are a poet," said Bracey, with

a thrill in his voice. she inwardly crossed herself, and vowed the most educating ache he ever had a cock to Swineburne and a candle to in his life, he who thirsts for cultiva-Shakespeare for so taking in vain the tion-and the serene stupid talks about name sacred to her under the sun. She made the remark at a venture, too; she] me first! Language fails!" couldn't know the man rhymed, but the muscles of his face relaxed subtilly, showing that she had stroked scientifically the velvet of his softest vanity.

sneering a little. "This is the way she wishes us to talk."

"I don't understand you," said Bra

"I mean that Mrs. Reade wishes us throngs Belle projected herself one day to pretend that we believe that our miswondering how she should make her- erable little penny-dips are lighted with self smile when she finally reached Mrs. the sacred fire, and to talk as if we Reade. When she did, she became in were real," pouted Belle, discontent- warning a man is rarely generous

gainly man, with a good face. He was quite gravely. "I am perfectly sincere ways your friend, Isabel Woodbury. quite unembarrassed, but Belle won- in all I write: I couldn't write if I were

"No, I'm not real," said Belle, imwas, he would have remained unembar- petuously. "I try to be sometimes, but

nerve, that, after the most carefully ful, then radiant. His eyes smiled into nand.

"I believe in you," he said

"I must certainly ask Mrs. Reade would have said, sincerely: "Does it about this man," thought Belle. And matter?" And if somebody, for the she accordingly did so, eliciting that love of him, had tried to teach him the Bracey was a man even more of the regulation outer man, he would have people than most Americans, but one turned the noblest efforts to confusion | who was ambitious for a college educaby some incongruity that not Beau tion. Every kind of misfortune had Brummel's self could have foreseen, combined to make the fulfiliment of his He had, as I have said, a good face. To ambition impossible until within the be sure, the lines of it were round rather past few months, when, not daunted than oval, but that stands for the gentler by the fact that he was two or three side of human nature; and his nose, years older than most graduates, he had small and undecided like a child's, but entered the freshman class at the Uniprettily shaped, indicated a lack of com- versity, and fully designed to remain

"He writes?" asked Belle. "Or you would not see him here simman's-kindness again, and love and pered Mrs. Reade. "I liked his poemstalent. Eyes soft and patient, like oh, he has genius, Miss Woodbury !-those of a lady's horse. He was very and I never rested until I met him. Isn't he strange and brilliant, and isn't

"Bohemian!" echoed Belle thoughtbody was discussing that afternoon, fully; "I didn't think him Bohemian about ?-I admired Mr. Bracey very wonder if I could make him love me. I much. I have to thank you, Mrs. wish I could." Not at all because she was Reade, for one more pleasant acquain-

> When she went to her carriage Bracey was standing by the open gate. He gave her some green, pointed leaves, which she accepted mechanically.

"I should like to see you again. know where you live. May I come and see you ?" he said, with the simplicity of a child. Belle gave him permission to call. His directness pleased her; it was part of the man, and had not the farthest affinity with intrusion. Musing upon the ringmaster as she drove, she mentally observed, and the next thought, forgot Bracey, until, clenching her although not permitted to take definite hands with annoyance upon the leaves she still held, a faint fragrance made her examine them. They were bay

Bracey duly made his appearance, and Belle in turn went over to the University and examined its points of interest with the mature but studious freshman; and after that they saw each other often. She was beginning to like him very much, but the teachings of her old-time worldly friend asserted their power, and she was discontented to perceive in him no sign that he was becoming a victim.

She tried gushing over him, and knowing that it was not spontaneous,

Dear Miss Woodbury :- I am obliged obliged to you for the books. I do not believe you have heard that I am engaged to a young lady at the East. It is a hopeless affair enough, but she has promised to wait for me. She is studyng, as I am. I am very happy in knowing that she loves me. I love her. hope this will not give you pain; thought you ought to know it. If I had known you first perhaps I might have liked you best, Indeed, I shall always like you, and very much, too, but we can only be friends. Yours, very truly, John Bracey.

Every man she had flirted with, every woman she had gushed over and forgot- days are kept as joyous festivals: Make ten, was signally avenged in the storm a small hole in the end or side of a numof comic rage that for a moment made ber of egg shells. Through this pour Belle's face a study after reading this out the egg. Fill the empty shells with note. If see had been a man she would hot pudding, made of cornstarch, arrowhave sworn; being a woman, she root or Irish moss. When cold break talked.

"Poor, weak brain! she said, con-"So are you;" said Belle, softly, while take the trouble to try to give him the giving me-me-pain! If he had seen

She prepared to answer the note at once, and sat dipping the pen in the ink a score of times, while her hand shook when suddenly the unspeakable absurd-"If Mrs. Reade could hear us she ity of the situation dawned upon her. would be delighted," she continued, | She threw down the pen and shouted with laughter. Her sense of justice told her that it was solely her own fault that she had received the note, and her own sense of humor found expression basis of the higher education of women, in laughter. She leaned forward again and is being considered one of the fine and hastily wrote:

Dear Mr. Bracey:-Thank you for your confidence. You have given a enough to give, because he fears ridicule or mistake. I see you have not thought "Are you not real?" said Bracey, either possible. Thank you again. Al-

> She sealed this, and went off into another gale of laughter, and at intervals during the day lounged against doorposts and leaned upon tables, and musingly muttered: "It served me richly right."--Philip Shirley in The Argo-

Over-paid Singers.

As it is, the opera brings no money, Long ago I pointed out that Italian opera, being no more supported by Italian compositions nor Italian singers (with rare exceptions), is only just opera in Italian. Equally often have I stated that I do not believe in the abundant profits of the Covent Garden monopoly essayed to be established by the closing of Her Majesty's Theatre. Now, whether in the combination or not, Her Majesty's was practically closed last season, so that Covent Garden had the monopoly of Italian of era. How much did their profits amount to? Was it fifteen per cent. as promised, was it ten, was it one per cent.? Was it not a loss, and a considerable one?

What, now is done by puffs and advertisements instead of the bona fide value Belle summed him up in this way, and it delightfully Bohemian for him to of the artists we all know. What has scatter over it bits of butter, salt and when one is needed the team is taken not, for instance, been put in move- pepper, a little sage and finely chopped from the field and driven to the store. ment to drive up a certain singer's onions. Over that spread a thick covvalue so as to reach the prices of ering of mashed potatoes, well seawhen she became suddenly aware how nor brilliant; I-what am I talking Madame Patti? A singer, like every soned with salt, fresh butter and a litmarketable article, is worth what he tie milk. Roll up the steak with the fetches. If a singer like Madame Patti potatoes inside, and fasten the sides barely announced, fills Covent Garden; if, through her instrumentality alone, £400 crowd into the house, she is cheap of stock or gravy, and let it cook slow- lies upon the neighbors for many of the at £200. If a singer, say Madame Al bani-I do not here discuss her artistic of mashed potatoes round the platter, farm implements that may be owned in value, and how far she may be a great and garnish with watercress. or not a great singer; I only speak of her financial value-when she asks to be paid £100 per concert and her name does not draw that sum, she is evidently overpaid. It so happens that for four Brighton concerts she was paid £400, The balance showed a loss of £600. At St. James' Hall she was paid 130 guineas one oratorio night; the benefit of the concert was brilliant by its absence. At a very recent occasion she was paid 150 guineas at the same hall. Never were the expenses made. Is that not a proof that she is paid too much, that her value is overrated, and that concerts must become impossible in the same ratio as the prices of singers go beyond reasonable bounds? The prosession is thereby playing into the hands of amateurs and helping their own ruin. I therefore say, be careful; do not ask too much; you'll eat the goose with the golden eggs.

> The largest desert is that of Sahara "Perhaps," she said to herself, "he a vast region of northern Africa, ex

Home Economies.

To make a steak tender, put three tablespoonfuls of salad oil and one of flat dish, and on this lay the steak. Salt must never be put on steak before it is cooked. The steak must lie on this tender-making mixture for at least half an hour to aside; the toughest peach trees. Potash is considered a steak will sucumb to this and be perfectly tender when cooked.

GRAPE CATSUP, -Take five pounds of grapes, pick over carefully and pulp them. Boil the skins until tender; cook the pulps and strain through a colander or sieve to remove the seeds, then add the skins and cook again with three pounds of sugar, one quart or less of good oider vinegar, two tablespoon- pelled. fuls of cinnamon and allspice; half a teaspoonful of cloves. Boil thoroughly and can for future use.

HOW TO MAKE AN ODD DESSERT .-Here is a novel and pleasing way to prepare a dessert. It is especially adapted for the children's birthday dinners in those happy households where such off the shells, serve on small saucers and surround the egg-shaped pudding with temptuously, "I do him the honor to jelly or jam. If you wish to take so much toruble, divide the pudding in half and add to one a tablespoouful of grated chocolate, and in this way color part of the eggs. Sugar and cream, flavored with vanilla, is a very nice sauce with this kind of pudding.

Lamb steak dipped in egg, and then in biscuit or bread crumbs, and fried until it is brown, helps to make variety for the breakfast table. With baked sweet potatoes, good coffee and buttered toast or corn muffins, one may begin the day with courage.

PHILOSOPHY OF BREAD MAKING .-That cookery is being placed on the arts, is something to be realized by every young woman who intends to assume the duties of a well-kept home and a well-fed household.

branch in the process of culinary development than that of bread making, erally not as good as is often found in mowed for several years, it is likely other countries.

To obtain good results in bread making we must begin with yeast if we would have that kind of bread. The following reliable recipe may be useful to some:

There are many ways of making bread, by mixing with yeast, by using leaven, by salt-risings or milk yeast, and by mixing the flour with water charged with carbonic acid, called rerated bread. Yeast bread is by far the most healthful and economical of all modes of making it. Leaven, which one associates more with cookery described in Biblical literature, is a paste, made of flour and water and allowed to sour. Sometimes housekeepers and bakers keep a piece of the risen dough for the next bread mixing, and this is begin. We have known a half day of

and ends with skewers. Put the steak into a baking pan with large cupful economy, it may be so called, that rely, basting it often. Serve with a rim tools of the farm. There are certain

How to Prepare Yeast .- Take three good sized potatoes, pare them and and place them in cold water. Take a small pinch of hops and one quart of boiling water, and boil in a porcelain or enameled sauce-pan, and not in tin. Mix a quarter of a cup of sugar with a quarter of a cup of flour, and two tablespoons of salt. Into this mixture grate the potatoes, this keeps them from turning dark, and then pour on the boiling hop water strained and stir steadily. If the potato does not thicken like a thin paste, put it all in a double boiler and cook a trifle till it does thicken. Strain the whole, and when lukewarm add one cup of old, yet good, yeast. Let is rise until it is foamy and bottle with care.

her one of the following balls every Polar Regions, 82,500; total, 1,443,837,day for three days, then two a week: Barbadoes aloes, two ounces; nitrate of | 000,000 belong to the western branch of potash, three ounces; powdered ginger, every effort to seem as if her memory ered hoop through which she would is a man who can be a woman's friend tending from the Atlantic Ocean on the four ounces; molasses sufficient to make was equally good it was chillingly ap- jump; wonder very much where she was without falling in love with her, or west to the valley of the Nile on the eight balls. Feed flax seed tea daily. Exercise regularly.

Agricultural.

Perfect cleanliness in the stable will aid greatly in the manufacture of good butter; in fact, it is impossible to make fine butter from filthy kept cows.

Put your wood ashes where they will do the most good-that is, around the specific against the yellow. Stable manure leads to an excessive growth of wood and foliage.

Farmers are everywhere giving testimony to the efficacy of keros ene as preservative of fence posts. Soak well with kerosene the portion going into the ground, and the post is not only well preserved, but insects are re-

ONE SQUARE ACRE.—The number of square feet in an acre in 43,560. In order to have this area, the piece of land must be of such length and breadth that the two multiplied together will produce the above number. Thus an acre of land might be 43,560 feet long by one foot broad; 21,780 feet long by two feet broad; 14,620 feet long by three feet broad and so on. If the acre of land is to be exactly square, each side must be as nearly as possible 208 1est and inch. The nearest you come to an exactly square acre, with an even number of feet on the sides, is to make it 220 feet long by 180 feet broad.

DAIRY REGION OF THE WEST .- A territory about 90,000 square miles. including the whole of Iowa, the north third of Illinois and the south quarter of Wisconsin is, we are told, to be the great dairying region of the world. Farmers there are now said to get, upon the average, only about fifty per cent. of the value of the grain, the rest going for transportation; but when the farm is turned to dairying the net receipts amount to ninety per cent. In 1870 there was but little butter made in Illinois or the west, and that little was almost uniformly of poor quality. Now, there is an immense production there, and western butter and cheese command their highest prices. In 1881 more than 1,000,000 boxes of cheese and a proportionate quantity of butter were sold in Chicago.

REPLANTING AN ORCHARD .- Dayton, Ohio, lost the apple trees in his Perhaps there is no more important orchard by frost. He proposes to set out trees again on the same land. The orchard is now in grass, and he asks if or any that requires more practice and it should be plowed up, and if it will be care. The Americans have more kinds better to set the new trees in the interof bread than any other nation, yet they | vals of the old ones, or plant them in do not always have better, and gen- the same places. If the grass has been that the soil needs enriching. Turning over the sod, especially if a good dressing of manure can be applied upon the grass, will greatly improve the soil. We should prefer to avoid the old holes, and give the trees new places, as, aside from the fact that the former trees exhausted the soil where they stood, there are probably old and decaying roots left in the ground, which may injure the roots of the new trees.

BE READY EARLY .- Says the Amer itan Agriculturist: A season of activity is near at hand. Spring is coming, with its pressing work. Are farmers ready for sowing and planting? Every implement should be provided beforehand that no time may be wasted in making purchases or repairs after work should plowing to be lost because the whiffletrees were not at hand. Some farmers BEEFSTEAK AND POTATOES .- Take start out with their spring plowing a large and tender steak, bone it, and without a single point in stock, and Such a loss of time is a serious matter. and should be thoughtfully guarded against by ample provision of all such articles of the farm. It is a poor time to mend a harrow when it should be at work in the field. We do not favor that partnership, as a roller or reaper, but the constant borrowing of rakes, forks, ete., is not a wise and economical practice. Be provided with all these essential farm tools, and have them in good order, and at hand when the time arrives for using them. Now is the time to look to these matters, and make all needed preparations for the busy days that will soon be here. In the peace of winter prepare for the war of spring.

Population of the World.

Drs. Behm and Wagner, of Gotha. the well-known statisticians of population, have published their compilations for 1882. The populations of the various continents, according to the latest data, are given as follows: Europe, 327,743,400; Asia, 795,591,000; Africa, 205,823,200; America, 100,415,400; For a mare with scratches: Give Australia and Polynesia, 4,232,400; 500. Of these, in round numbers, 400,the dominant Aryan race. They are subdueing and displacing, or absorbing the competing races at all points of con-