

BROOK FARM.**The Cost of Living Abroad.**

Down the long road, bent and brown,
Youth, that dearly loves a vision,
Ventures to the great Elysian,
As a pilgrim from the town.
comes not so late, so far,
Rocks and birds! for your story;
Not to write on vanished glory
Where of old was quenched a star;
Where of old, in lapse of toll,
Time but mocked a prayer pathetic;
Where the flower of good prophetic
Starved in our New England soil.
Ah! to Youth is not, nor daunting,
For whom grief is not, nor daunting;
Lost glad voices still are chanting
Neath those unmeaning skies.

Still the dreams of fellowship
Beat their wings of aspiration;
And a smile of soft elation
Trembles from his haughty lip.
If another dare deafe
Hopes heroically snatched and parted,
Disillusions so high-heated
All success must beaste.

—LOUISE ISOBEL GUNNIE.

EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

That girl has the best education who is most thoroughly qualified to take care of herself in a hand-to-hand contest with the world; who has a basis of good judgment, practical knowledge and common sense, in which to start in her self-sustaining career; who is armed with the able weapon of a trade or profession with which she is familiar. Such a girl has a fortune in her own right which no fluctuation of business circles can deprecate and who can never be a drag upon opulent and unwilling relatives. With health and strength and a fair start in the race of life will reach every milestone of success, nor wear out nor become disengaged by the way; and not infrequently she will outrun her vaunting brother, and even stop to lend him a helping hand.

The properly balanced, well-educated girl is aware that she can do things well, and she bends all her energies towards its accomplishment. She concentrates her forces, instead of scattering them, and has something to show for it. She is the best accountant, the cleverest writer, or the most successful saleswoman, or the hardest worker in the sciences—music, physie, law—whatever her talents destined her for. She studies with an aim, and understands what she learns. The wretched system of forced culture, in which a girl learned a little French and Latin, a smattering of mathematics, a little of polite literature, and a great deal of poor piano playing, has been abandoned in favor of a more sensible curriculum commensurate with her value as a co-worker with her brothers.

Sensible German parents have always brought up their children to be producers as well as consumers in the domestic economy. It is only the American parent who has made the kitchen unattractive to his daughter, and gave her no possibility of employing her talent, except in the few lady-like departments sanctioned by conservative custom. The time is coming, nay, has already come, when the sign "Smith & Daughter" will merely indicate that all of Mr. Smith's boys were girls, and he had educated them as he would have done had they been boys. And that Smith's girls, instead of dawdling around the paternal mansion until some young men could be found for husbands, have wisely gone into business with their father, and have never found time to be discontented with themselves.

When Edison, genius and inventor as he is, had given two weeks of his valuable time to going up and down on the New York elevated railroad, trying to discover what caused its noise and a cure for it, he gave up the job. Then a little woman took it. She rode on the cars three days, was denied a place to stand on the rear platform, laughed at for her curiosity, and politely snubbed by conductors and passengers. But she discovered what made the noise, invented a remedy, which was patented, and she was paid a sum of \$10,000 and a royalty forever.

Her name is Mrs. May Walton, and she lives in New York city. This is what she says of her education: "My father had no sons, and believed in educating his daughters. He spared no pains or expense to this end. My father's brother once said to him, 'Why do you waste so much money on your girls?' To which my father replied, 'My boys all turned out to be girls, and I am going to give them as good an education as that may turn to be as good as boys.'

As good as boys is here used in a general sense; as good as boys would be a very poor recommendation. Any girl who understands her own capabilities will do her work as well as it is possible to be done. No boy can do better than that. Work is without sex. Certain departments of labor are claimed exclusively by boys and men because they have a legendary right to them. No competition has entered the list against them. If a woman can make a good horse shoe, she can open a forge and make shoes. No one has a right to say she shall not. There are men who are masons, dressmakers, and who sell dry goods, and they do these things so well that no one disputes their right to do them.

Character in Gait.

It is well to beware of the man who carries his left foot in toward his right in walking, giving the impression that his right foot turns out and his left foot turns in. This man is a natural patty-lancet. He may, perhaps, have never stolen in his life, but that was because of fear or lack of opportunity, but all the same he is liable at any time to sequester unconsidered trifles for pure wantonness. He is of a kleptomaniac nature, but he is not nearly so dangerous as the man who deliberately lifts his leg up from the thigh as though he were going up stairs. That man is a natural and educated villain. In England, where the treadmill is used in prisons, many convicts acquire that peculiar step; but it is the natural, careful, cat-like tread of the criminal. The girl who walks with a flat foot planted squarely on the ground as though she wanted to grow there, may not be as attractive as the girl with the arch instead, but she is a good deal better natured. She is sure to be a good nurse, kind-hearted, sympathetic, anxious to bear the burdens of others; while the girl with the arched foot is nearly sure to be selfish, and certain to be a coquette if she walks on her toes.

The man of short, nervous steps is always a business man of energy, but if the stride is from the knees he is cold and selfish, caring for no one but himself. The man whose stride is long and at the same time energetic is generally bright, always erratic, often conceited, always careless, fond of admiration, and, while often a good fellow, generally unreliable. The diplomat and the financier have a smooth, gliding walk, hard to describe but easy to recognize. Great statesmen and great philanthropists always have a loose, shambling gait, which comes from thinking about others more than about themselves. The strut of the vain man, the teetering trip of the "dude," the lounging gait of the unemployed club man, are all too familiar to call for a description. To say that a person walks like a lady, or like a gentleman, is high praise. The gate can never be picked up after life; it must be born in a man or woman, and cultivated in early youth. It is lost to a man when he falls into bad ways, for so surely as he loses his consciousness of rectitude and pride of honor, so surely will he pick up the gait of the boor. An honest man, gentle or simple, never walks like a thief, and a thief can never counterfeit the gait of an honest man, but in attempting to apply these rules to men one knows it must be remembered that all thieves are not caught, and all unscrupulous persons are not bad.—*Alta California.*

How Girls Grow Plump.

The gentle Olive Harper tells how girls and women grow plump and full. They go in most decidedly for hygiene, exercise, and they take their baths and exercises like prize fighters, and science, too, comes in little of the shape of two or three parties who get well paid for directing them how to add or diminish their adiposities. Exercise and a strict adherence to Banting's precepts are preferred for reducing, and baths of—what do you think? Baths of cod-liver oil and Banting again are given for the purpose of adding one's weight.

We asked one young lady how it had affected her, and she said that the smell of the oil was well nigh insupportable at first, but now she only takes it at night, and then gets into bed and holds a strongly perfumed handkerchief to her nose till she goes to sleep. In the morning she takes a perfumed and very soppy warm bath, and that ends it until night again, and she avers that she has gained fifteen pounds in four weeks.

When we asked her if it was not rather expensive, she laughed and said: "Well, a little, but then not so much as cosmetics, and I really feel stronger and better than I have for years. I am willing to pay all I do, you know. I don't of course, use over two quarts at a bath. It is absorbed, I suppose. To tell the truth my newly gained weight has cost me, the advice, about \$10 a pound. That isn't so very dear now, is it?" And we thought it wasn't.

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklin's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well. Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklin's Arnica Salve at 25c per box by C. N. Boyd.

Hanging Himself in His Cell.

CLEVELAND, Oct. 31.—A dispatch to the *Herold* says: "We have tested the merits of Ely's Cream Balm, and believe that, by a thorough course of treatment, it will cure nine-tenths of cases of catarrh. Ministers as a class, are afflicted with head and throat troubles, and catarrh seems more prevalent than ever. We cannot recommend Ely's Cream Balm too highly." Not a liquid nor a snuff Applied to nos with the finger.

A Child Fatally Burned.

STEUBENVILLE, O., November 1.—Fiona Campbell, aged 10 years, was left alone by her parents near a fire on the river bank last night. She fell asleep, it is supposed, and her clothing catching fire, her arms, body and breast were terribly burned. She died this morning, after great agony.

Some Foolish People.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 1.—The heated canvass in the Third congressional district between Gay, Democrat, and Kellog, resulted to-day in a riot at the little town of Lorianville. The Kellog men were holding a meeting at that place when some one cheered for Gay. This created a disturbance, resulting in pistols being drawn. Almost a thousand shots were fired, and when the fight ceased, it was found that Captain Bell, a Democratic planter, Joe Guiffraux, Democrat, and Victor Banette, colored Republican, were killed.

Jules Metayer and ex-sheriff Victor were wounded desperately.

Several others were killed or wounded, principally negroes. A large number of men charged with shooting have been arrested.

Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial size free.

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