# LIFE IN BELGIUM.

## SCENES OF INTEREST TO THE AMERICAN TRAVELER.

### Summer Resort and Surf Bathing at Ostend—The Industries, Manners and Customs of the Belgians—Etc.

[For the Record-Union, by Prof. E. Kemen.]

To those who have traveled or resided in foreign countries, correspondence from those realms is always of greatest interest, while to those who have not been beyond the seas a faithful description of the scenes there to be met with, and the peculiar manners and customs of the people, becomes a matter of attractive and valuable information. Among the countries upon the Continent which is ever of fresh interest and continued study to the American visitor, and where the writer enjoyed a residence many years, is that of Belgium, about which also much has been written, but mostly by briefly remaining or merely "flying" tourists, whose aim is rather to satisfy their vanity in being thought wise through travels, or to please in a sensational way their friends, rather than to benefit them by recital of real and thoughtful facts. There is sufficient of interest that may be said of the cities, manners and customs of this people without resorting to the imagination or wandering into tiresome fields of detail, as the observing traveler well knows. Crossing the channel from Dover, England,

WE REACH OSTEND AND ARE IN BELGIUM.

The aspect of the country, the appearance of dress, manners and customs of the people, offer to the traveler coming from England a contrast as striking, although entirely different, as in the neighboring country of France. Ostend is a fortified town of about 25,000 inhabitants, and lies immediately on the sea-shore. Its position is so low that, were it not for an artificial sea-wall or levee, the town would be swept away by the stormy waves. It is one of the most fashionable bathing resorts on the continent. During summer it is the rendezvous of a great portion of the aristocracy of Europe. Princes and Kings are often seen passing through its queer streets or plunging with the rest of mortals into the refreshing waters of the surf. The same as most places of that kind, it has innumerable hotels; and as lively and gay as it is during summer, it is deserted and quiet in winter. On an elevated terrace near the beach are erected magnificent buildings, resembling summer palaces like those of Spa or Baden, with their conservatory, reading-rooms, ball-room, concert hall, restaurants and cafes. On the beach a large number of movable little bath-houses, about 5 by 10 feet, having the form and aspect of toy-houses, neatly painted and nicely fitted up, are resting on high and broad wheels ready to carry you the into surf. You get one into of them, a horse is hitched to it, and you are brought into the breakers. At full season 400 or 500 of them may be seen close together in the water; and as the excitement and pleasure of the bathers lead them often away to some distance from their respective bath-houses,

AMUSING AND LUDICROUS SCENES

Take place, should the bather forget the number of his or her bath-house. In such a case people will get into a critical dilemma, wander about bewildered, and after getting into the wrong place once or twice, scaring to death a timid water-nymph, or raising the ire of some old bachelor, will find themselves entirely helpless; for, as their garments have been left in their bath-house, the only alternative for them is to wait till all the bathers have returned to the shore, or else face the gaze of the multitude of promenaders on the upper terrace, and return to the hotel in their bathing suits. In 1856 I had the opportunity of seeing among the bathers the then Prince of Prussia, now Emperor William of Germany, and am sure many of the gay bathers did not know him or pay any attention to his individuality. Some years later my attention was directed to a tall young man with large red whiskers, whom they called "Le Prince de Prusse," and was told that this young man was a "souvenir" left to a handsome widow—proprietress of one of the principal hotels—by his Majesty in former years. Leaving Ostend, we reach the ancient city of Bruges, in West Flanders, which has a population of about 60,000 inhabitants. This is a queer city, with its gothic architecture, antique cathedral and exchange (the oldest in Europe). It is interesting to notice the singularity of dress and manners of the people. The women are the most beautiful in Belgium. They have very regular features, an extremely fair and rosy complexion, and a slender and graceful stature. Flemish is the only tongue spoken, and the answer to your inquiries, if you do not understand the language, will invariably be: "Wad belift ue, myn heer?" (What is it you say, sir?) As we enter the heart of the country, and as intimate life in Belgium is very little known abroad and still less in America, it may not be amiss, before proceeding on our journey, to give a very brief outline of the conditions of the country, its position, resources, etc.

BRIEF OUTLINE OF THE KINGDOM.

Belgium is a little kingdom hemmed in between France on the south, Holland on the north, Germany on the east and the North Sea on the west. It is a constitutional monarchy, possessing more freedom than any country in Europe, except England and Switzerland. Its population is about 6,000,000 inhabitants. It is composed of two entirely distinct races, having no affinity whatever, neither in language nor in manners and customs—the Flemings and the Wallons. Both races are, numerically, about equal, and divide the country into two halves. The Flemings are a sturdy, physically strong-built race, having the characteristics of their Saxon forefathers, with the phlegmatic disposition and slowness of action of their neighbors, the Dutch. The Wallons, on the contrary, are light and small, and have all the impulsiveness, quickness of manners and understanding of their neighbors, the French. They use a patois, or idiom, which differs very little from that spoken in the northern province of France. The language taught in their schools, and used exclusively by the better class, is French, and they pride themselves in some districts of speaking a better French than in many provinces of France. The Flemish language, although little known abroad, is of very old origin. Its literature is in many respects superior to the Dutch. It is remarkable to see these two races, so dissimilar in language, habits and thoughts, and so naturally antagonistic in their aspirations, harmonize in everything that concerns the welfare of their country. Be they ever so divided otherwise,

THE LOVE OF THEIR COUNTRY

Makes them a perfect unit. Perhaps the wise constitution which King Leopold I. gave them is the cause of this union and patriotism. "L'union fait la force" is the device of the Belgian coat of arms. (In union is strength.) The King has an executive rather than a ruling power. His ministers are alone responsible, and they in turn are servants of the people's will. Proportionately to its rise, Belgium is the most prosperous country in the world. It has more railroads, more factories and a greater industry, comparatively speaking, than any country upon the globe. Twenty years ago you could not go twelve miles in any direction without crossing a railroad. Neither England nor America can make this showing even now. The cloth factories of Verviers give employment to about 50,000 people; the manufactories of arms at Liege about as many; the cutleries of Namur compete favorably with those of England; the glass works of Charleroi used to supply largely the United States; the cotton factories of Ghent, about 200 in number, have 50,000 employes; the excellent linen of Courtray finds a good market everywhere; the laces of Malines and Brussels are celebrated, and are made by about 40,000 country girls and women scattered all over Flanders; the carpets of Tournay and Brussels are known all over the world. Belgium is rich in mines of coal, iron and zinc; it produces flax, tobacco, sugar and agricultural products of all kinds in abundance. The climate is mild and healthy, extreme heat or cold being seldom met with. The religion of the country is Roman Catholic. There are five bishops, one archbishop, and a large number of convents and priests to supply the spiritual wants of the people. It might seem that such powerful means of the clergy would be likely to produce bigotry and religious intolerance, which it does, to some extent, in the rural districts. But their influence is counterbalanced by the liberal party, represented by the enlightened and

PROGRESSIVE PORTION OF THE COUNTRY,

Which has its stronghold in the cities and populous centers. Thus these parties—the liberal or progressive, and the clerical or conservative—are continually at war and striving for political supremacy. Belgium has four universities: Liege, Louvain, Brussels and Ghent; a Royal Academy of Arts at Antwerp; a School of Drawing at Malines; Art Academies at Brussels and Liege; Royal Conservatories of Music at Brussels, Ghent and Liege. This makes a tolerable good showing for a country not half as large as California, the reader will readily admit. But let us return to our journey. After leaving Bruges we proceeded to Ghent, a city of 170,000 inhabitants. This is the birthplace of Charles V. Its extension in superficies is such that that monarch used to say that he could put Paris in his "Gand," glove (French for Ghent). This city lies on the confluents of the rivers Lys and Scheld, and is the starting point of various canals by which twenty-six islands are formed. Therefore we meet numerous bridges and quays, presenting to the eye a variety of views, reminding one of Amsterdam, Holland. Taking a stroll about town, we notice the contrast of antique architecture with modern times. While we meet some fine modern residences, and even palaces, the greater part of the city retains the aspect of the middle ages. Most houses have been built several centuries ago. Entering a public house or inn, we see a motley crowd of guests imbibing their tin-mugs of beer, smoking long earthen pipes and occupied in various games. Before we have time to ask for anything we are waited upon by a

BAR MAID BRINGING A MOEKEL OF BEER—

That is, a high pewter vessel, holding about two quarts, and soon after she offers us a long, straight earthen pipe and tobacco, with the invitation to inscribe our name on the stem for future use. These pipes are carefully preserved and occupy a prominent place in a glass case on the wall. Each regular customer has his pipe in the establishment. At about 5 o'clock in the morning a terrible clatter awakens us, and, looking out of the window, we see a mass of people hurrying through the streets, but in an orderly and quiet manner. We are greatly puzzled to find out whence this noise proceeds, when we are told that these people are employed in factories and are going to their work, and the wearing of heavy wooden shoes produces this infernal noise on the pavement. Soon the streets are alive with country people bringing to market their produce, some in wagons, others in carts, wheelbarrows, dog-carts, and women with wide baskets on their heads. A curious sight was offered to us in the shape of low, small carts laden with milk cans, and dragged by dogs without apparently any driver or person to look after them. They would pass through the crowd, dodging wagons and turning street corners, and then suddenly stop before some particular dwelling. The dogs were evidently waiting for orders. After a while a woman, whom we had not noticed before, would step from the sidewalk, take a milk-can out of the cart and carry it into the house. In a few minutes she would return with the empty can, place it in the cart, and away go the dogs to the house of the next customer. It is an astonishment to the spectator to see how these animals can be trained. We had occasion to witness a regular Flemish

"KERMESS," OR FAIR IN THE EVENING.

These fairs are generally held on the largest plaza in the town, and last a couple of weeks. In the afternoon the crowd makes its appearance and winds its way through the passages left between hundreds of booths and tents of all sorts. The general appearance of these Kermesses does not materially differ from the fairs in other countries, except that they bear the stamp of real Flemish life and customs. Besides a large number of booths filled with different kinds of merchandise, we see a motley assembly of canvas buildings, holding in their mysterious recesses all that the world ever saw of curiosities, talent, art and beauty—as the large lettered and fantastically painted signs show—open their curtained entrance to the admiring gaze of the visitors. On the platform in front appear—besides the musical forces, consisting of big and small drums, cimbals, fife and brass instruments—the artists and performers of the company, and give the spectators a foretaste of what awaits them inside. Just think of hundreds of these shows, standing side by side, with their terrible, deafening noise, each trying to drown the others' cries, and you can form a faint idea of the pleasures offered your auditory nerves. The performance generally lasts about ten minutes, and then: "Ladies and gentlemen, please walk in. You are just in time; the performance is going to commence," etc. Next to the famous theater of monkeys and trained dogs stands the

GREAT MENAGERIE AND WORLD'S CIRCUS;

Then comes the tent of the original Bosco or prestidigitator, Signor Sparperosco, followed by the great somnambulist and fortune-teller, Madam de Humbugi; next appear the three Herculeses, of whom one fires off a 1,000-pound cannon from his shoulder, another plays with 100-pound balls in the air and breaks iron bars with his hands, while the third lifts up horse and wagon; farther on you can enter the grand Theatre des Marionettes, or puppets, where all kinds of plays are given—drama, comedy or farce—at your pleasure, ladies and gentlemen. Besides the shows, there are any number of eating and drinking booths, among which the wafer, gingerbread and fried potato stands are the most prominent, they being the favorite tit-bits of the people. The most pleasant sights, however, are the happy faces of the visitors. Young and old seem to enjoy these occasions greatly. Young people engage in dancing, while the old folks look on or divert themselves otherwise. Pleasure can be bought cheap here; 25 cents will entitle you to a dozen shows, and an additional expense of 10 cents will be amply sufficient for refreshments.

But the train awaits us, and we are off for Brussels, the capital, from which point the reader will hear from me further.

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How to Walk Erect.—Nothing contributes so much to good appearance nor more to health than standing or walking erect. The *Advance* has this to say upon the subject, and in following which all would be benefited: The whole secret of standing and walking erect consists in keeping the chin well away from the breast. This throws the head upward and backward, and the shoulders will naturally settle backward and in their true position. Those who stoop in walking generally look downward. The proper way is to look straight ahead, upon the same level with your eyes, or if you are inclined to stoop, until that tendency is overcome, look rather above than below the level. Mountaineers are said to be as "straight as an arrow," and the reason is because they are obliged to look upward so much. It is simply impossible to stoop in walking if you will heed and practice this rule. You will notice that all round-shouldered persons carry the chin near the breast and pointed downward.

# FREEHAND NOTES.

## THE SEASON OF PICNICS AND EXCURSIONS APPROACHING.

### Popular Places of Resort—Sojourners from the East—Prospective Orange Blossoms—Musical Criticism.

San Francisco, March 14, 1883.

The season of excursions and excursion reunions is here. The San Franciscans talk in sanguine or bilious accents, according to temperament, of that good time in June when the city will contain more people than it has held for five years—all due to the Knights Templar, it appears; and in Boston the Raymond excursion party—called the California party of 1882—met at the Revere House, possibly to consult as to the feasibility of falling on us again. We feel interested, of course, and cannot wonder that all wanderers should make our city the ocean to the river of their travels, as it were; but is it usual for the all-the-year-round inhabitants of Mecca, for instance, to stay there during the most popular or populous seasons for pilgrims; and where do they go? In the opera bouffe, when the conspirators of the first act become the cabinet ministers of the second, it only remains for the dispossessed ministers to become conspirators, which they promptly do. So, when the travelers become sojourners within our gates, we, the sojourners, have nothing for it but to become travelers. We will

BETAKE OURSELVES TO FASTNESSES

The Easterner knows not of, springs and things, and sit on logs and stones and brown hillsides and wish we were at home, a la Californian in the country. San Rafael, by the way, is to be the place par excellence where society designs to take its summer recreation this season, and society has chosen well, for all that is said in systematic puffing of San Rafael happens to be true, and the walks and drives and views are incomparable. Monterey always remains popular, "because it is so comfortable," is the cry of every one who has ever visited it. Yellow beach, quiet bay, brown little Spanish town in sight; firm, clean, sandy paths, fragrant lupin, savage luxuriant cactus, overarching trees, long halls and spacious parlors within doors, and jolly bowling alley always full of pretty children or their pretty mothers; all these features make Monterey a memorable picture to those who have watched the pleasant current of happy, indolent life there. There a party of Eastern visitors has been staying, people not to be subjected to the slight regard bestowed upon Cooke's tourists and other gigantic and inexpensive continental picnics; a party, in fact, containing some of the good and

ACCEPTED ARISTOCRACY OF AMERICA,

That of brains and talent. Possibly they are in your city of Sacramento now. Dr. Mixler of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Strong of Central New York, the former a brother of ex Judge Strong of the United States Supreme Court, and Mrs. Allyn of New York, are all members of this party, and renewed old acquaintance with many friends in San Francisco during their stay here. Mrs. John Norton Pomeroy has returned from a long stay at Monterey, her health much improved. Her daughter, Miss Hallie Pomeroy, has returned from her Eastern trip. After Easter there is to be quite a bunch of weddings. Miss Blanding is to be married to Carlton Coleman on the 11th of April, Miss Maggie Eyre to Mr. Girvin also in April, Miss Lizzie Lander to Dr. Urquhart, of the navy, and Miss McHenry, the first woman graduate from the Hastings Law School, is to be married to Keith the artist in the same gracious month. Miss Sibyl Sanderson has made her debut as a singer at Mrs. Gwin's musical, celebrating the anniversary of Mrs. Evan J. Coleman's wedding. Miss Sanderson has the pleasant and

SOMEWHAT UNUSUAL GIFT

Of a sweet ballad voice, pre-eminently for the parlor and for simple English songs, where feeling, expression and training are required to make the music reach the heart of the audience, much more than the florid Italian music, in which the embellishments and incomprehensibility shield the singer from the possibility of criticism, a long breath and flexibility being the principal necessities for singing Italian music. A very jolly Irish tenor, named Collins, was deeply enamored of the fioritura of the Italians, and in singing the simplest tunes always introduced an elaborate cadenza. The leader of the orchestra, as the gentleman wound his voice in and about through many quips and wiles of labyrinthine sound, would say in a stage whisper, when the last sound was reached, "Welcome home, Mr. Collins!"

The riding party terminated disastrously. Thirty people set forth, the fifteen men on quiet steeds, the fifteen maidens on the wildest they could procure. In vain did the organizer and manager of the party endeavor to have them perform various simple

MILITARY MANEUVERS

On their way down Van Ness avenue; nobody could keep beside anybody, far less execute an intelligent movement, and the disaster was that Miss Susie McMullin, Kentucky to the contrary notwithstanding, was thrown over her horse's head on to her own, and taken home insensible.

Mr. Masten's Mass is to be sung at Father King's church in Oakland toward the last of May. In that church, by the way, Mr. Harrison, of convivial nick-name, is organist. The New York Chorus Society will give the third act of Wagner's "Parsifal" in New York on the 13th and 14th of April, but we shall not hear it until June, when Thomas has promised a Wagner night. At the Zech-Blankart "practices" Schumann holds the place of first favorite, while one also sometimes hears something original by Mr. Zech or Mr. Kelley. A polonaise for four hands, composed by the latter, was on the programme last Wednesday. A week from to-night is a sort of gala night, when, among other good things, Mr. Zech will play some of Bach's organ music, arranged for the piano by Tausig, of the Berlin Conservatory.

OSCAR KUNATH'S PORTRAIT OF "EMPEROR NORTON"

Is hung at Morris & Kennedy's gallery, and the knobby stick, broken feathers and sly brown eyes of the old rascal look exceedingly life-like.

And it is the season of kites. The spring poet adds local color to his unseasoned verse by remarking that the air is full of these toys. The most highly colored being five feet, measured the longest way, made of red cloth, secured by iron bolts, and upon being carried to the top of one of the Twin Peaks and properly launched upon the blast, the thing actually had the grace to fly. Mrs. Dan Cook, while she was still Miss Colton, used to fly kites from the roof of her California-street home. Hallowed by memories of Benjamin Franklin, kite-flying should become a recognized national pastime.

I have just heard, incidentally, that some day Mrs. Dr. Hitchcock, Mrs. Lillie Coit's mother, will publish her memoirs of early, yes, and later, days in San Francisco. The chronicles of our curious city could not be in abler hands at least.

Philip Shirley.

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A specific, and the only one, too, for all forms and types of skin disease, is known the world over as Dr. Benson's Skin Cure. It is not a patent medicine, but a reliable, certain remedy. Druggists.

## HOUSEHOLD MEDLEY.

A good way to prevent a large fowl or a joint of meat from being scorched when cooking is to cover it with a buttered paper which is free from printer's ink.

Lobster broiled and served on toast makes a dainty dish for lunch or tea, but it is very rich, and must be eaten sparingly by persons having any lack of digestive power.

Cold boiled salmon can be made an appetizing dish for supper by pouring enough boiling vinegar over it to cover it. If left from dinner, the vinegar should be poured on as soon as the salmon is removed from the table. If spice is to your taste, put in some unground allspice.

Every cook knows how long a time it takes, when it can least be spared, to look over one or two quarts of beans. An ingenious friend, who is always trying to save time, says: Put the beans in a colander, and all the fine dirt will be shaken out, and the beans that are specked can be picked out with ease, and in a very short time.

Pretty wall-baskets can be made by taking one of the rough straw hats so much worn at the seaside a year or two ago. If a flower or vine is not already embroidered on it, add some such decoration; then line the hat with muslin or silesia, finish the edge with a pleating of ribbon, and tie a ribbon in a knot and fasten to it for a handle. The hat may be flattened by pressure, or by using stout linen thread for that purpose.

It is the custom in most families who give attention to the concerns of the table to serve oatmeal and milk at breakfast. Excellent as this custom is, it may be varied occasionally with good effect. One way to do this is to make a hasty pudding of Graham flour; it should be made like ordinary Indian meal pudding, with the exception that the Graham must first be wet with cold water; it must be stirred constantly; it will require about twenty minutes' steady boiling, and should be well salted.

For breakfast wear very pretty and inexpensive caps are made of ficelle net in hairpin work, with a ficelle lace bordering. Some of these are lined with bright surah of a becoming shade, and others have narrow black velvet ribbon run through the openings in the net, with a cluster of velvet loops on one side. Except for very old persons, black lace is now seldom used for breakfast caps. Pleated batiste of finest quality is a favorite material for morning use, caps of this fabric being simply made in mob shape, with a bit of narrow lace edging forming a becoming border.

Nothing is more palatable nor wholesome than "crumb griddle cakes" for breakfast. A good way to make them is to break the bread in small bits and let them soak for several hours in sour milk; then, when ready to fry them, take a spoon and stir them so there are no lumps left; sweeten the sour milk with soda dissolved in a little hot water, in the proportion of a scant teaspoonful of soda to one large cup of sour milk. The batter should be as thick as for corn-meal griddle cakes, and to this end stir in enough flour to make it so; a large pinch of salt and the same quantity of sugar should be added. Bread griddle cakes can be made by using sweet milk and baking powder in place of sour milk and soda.

A Sacramentan who is an ardent lover of good coffee sends us the following, and says: "If you are a lover of a good cup of coffee, let your wife follow this plan as a test. There are now vessels sold in nearly all tin stores, one fitting into another closely, and in the lower the water boils. Place in the upper vessel the requisite quantity of coffee, with a pinch of cooking salt and cold water to amount required. As soon as the water boils in the lower vessel the coffee in the upper one will be ready for use, but allowing it to stand (boiling) a moment longer may make it better. By this method the aroma is retained and the 'salt of the coffee' is gained, which by other processes is difficult. The coffee should never boil, for the aroma is lost; but on the other hand the salt is not received when hot water is poured over it. A second make of weaker coffee can be had if the strong is poured off and the process repeated. I am passionately fond of coffee, and have tried various methods, but none equals in results the above."

## LIMITS OF TELEPHONIC ACTION.

The power of the telephone to transmit the voice to long distances is intimately associated with its delicacy. Willoughby Smith has found by experiment that a telephone will work through a "resistance" of wire corresponding to 150,000 miles of telegraph line; and hence it would seem mere child's-play to fulfill the words of the poet, and "waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole." But this was only a laboratory experiment; for on actual telegraph lines the leakage of electricity from the wires to the ground, damp and other drawbacks, render the transmission of speech by wire far less easy in practice than was at first supposed. Nevertheless, it is on record that Mr. Edison transmitted speech over a line 750 miles long in America; and conversation has been carried on over 500 miles in India; 390 miles, from Tabriz, in Persia, to Tiflis; and 300 miles in Spain, Australia and other places where the atmosphere is dry and pure. In England, we have not been able to work through such long circuits, owing to the wetness of the atmosphere; but Mr. Van Rysselberghe, the ingenious Chief of the Meteorological Observatory at Brussels, has telephoned from that city to Paris, a distance of 215 miles; and this while the same wire was carrying simultaneously an ordinary Morse telegraphic message. By a peculiar disposition of his apparatus, Mr. Van Rysselberghe spoke to Paris by telephone without any interference from the Morse signals that were traversing the identical wire at the same time. The day after the bombardment of Alexandria, it was announced in the London papers that the noise of the guns had been heard at Malta by telephone through 1,000 miles of submarine cable. Experienced electricians took the statement with a grain of salt, because they knew that a submarine cable differs from land-telegraph wire in the greater retarding effect which it has on electric currents traveling along it. A cable has the effect of running together—jumbling up—the delicate and rapidly succeeding vocal currents of the telephone, and either muffling the articulation or creating absolute silence. Five hundred miles of land-line would make little or no difference on the distinctness of telephonic message, supposing the wire to be well insulated from the earth; but 100 miles of ordinary submarine cable will probably be quite dumb. Indeed, some experiments made by the writer, with Dr. Muirhead's artificial cable, show that while the voice could be faintly heard through a length equivalent to fifty, or even sixty miles, when it came to eighty miles no sound at all was audible. The inductive retardation had frittered away and blotted out the delicate undulations of the vocal currents. Telephonic messages have, however, been successfully sent by cable across the Channel, and from Holyhead to Dublin; but in no case has the length of cable reached 100 miles. The dream of whispering across the Atlantic under the "roaring forties" is likely to remain a dream for a long time to come.—[Chambers' Journal.

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L. J. Jennings, the London correspondent of the New York *World*, writes that emigration from Great Britain to the United States will be greater the ensuing season than it has been any time since the discovery of gold in California.

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A Public Benefactor.—Dr. W. S. Wood justly deserves this title, being the originator of Dr. Wood's Liver Regulator, a positive cure for indigestion, dyspepsia, sick headache, bilious fevers, etc. This favorite remedy has many friends here. Druggists.

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"Buchu-paiba."—Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney and Urinary diseases. $1.

## SUNDAY EASY CHAIR.

### The Abbot Joachim.

My work is finished; I am strong
In faith, and hope, and charity;
For I have written the things I see,
The things that have been and shall be,
Conscious of right, nor fearing wrong;
Because I am in love with Love,
And the sole thing I hate is Hate;
For Hate is death; and Love is live,
A peace, a splendor from above;
And Hate a never-ending strife,
A smoke, a blackness from the abyss
Where unclean serpents coil and hiss!
Love is the Holy Ghost within;
Hate the unpardonable sin!
Who preaches otherwise than this
Betrays his Master with a kiss.

—[H. W. Longfellow.

### The Dignity of Labor.

I have noticed that the slender brook which carries the mill is more musical on Sunday than on any other day; because the mill stands still, and the brook, having nothing to do with its water, gurgles over the dam, and makes a thousand times more merry noise than on any other day. But Monday comes, and the gates are hoisted, and the mill runs, and the brook is not so musical; but the mill is more so. This mill did nothing on Sunday, and the brook is doing more on Monday than it did on Sunday. It played on Sunday, but it works on Monday. And Christians, as it were, play in the spirit, and have a holy jollity on Sunday. It is a holiday for them. Nor would I undervalue their experience or joy. But I say that they are not so busy when they sing and pray and rejoice in the sanctuary as when, by the power of some moral emotion, they are combating temptation, and resisting pride, and overcoming selfishness, and building again the kingdoms of this world with the holy stones of the New Jerusalem. Then, when piety costs; when it means bearing, heroism and achievement; not then when it seeks joy, but when it seeks battle—then men are nearest to God, and most like Christ. When a man stands upon the deck, and at the bench, and by the forge, and in the furrow, and in the colliery, then, if ever, if he has a life to live of true piety, is the time; and there at the post of duty is the place. For all the humblest avocations and employments are so arranged that, while they serve to support the actor, they do a hundred times as much for the community as they do for him that follows them. It is unfortunate that our habits of thought have not been more Christianized, and that our phrase has not been converted, as well as the people who use it. For we are accustomed to speak of trades, various manual employments and professions, in their lowest relations. If we speak of the carpenter's business, it is either as a toil or as a support; and these in their relative positions are not unworthy of consideration; but that is not the whole, nor the half; that is the least part. What a man himself derives from the cunning craft that he pursues is not half so much as what he gives by it.

The carpenter that builds a mansion, rearing it through the whole season, receives a few thousand dollars, and is supposed to be well paid, and is himself satisfied. And men seem to think that is the whole he has done. He has worked diligently during the summer; he has earned his thousands to support his family, and perhaps a thousand or two is laid up for the time to come. And what has he done? Earned his money? Yes, he has earned his money, but he has built a mansion in which a family shall be sheltered through a hundred years. He has built a temple where the old patriarch shall offer sacrifice and incense of devotion in the presence of coming generations many. He has built the walls where social joy shall be. Here is the room that grief shall fill with funeral, and here is the room that joy shall fill with wedding. Here is the room where children shall sport through the livelong year. Here are the threads of life, dark or light, gold and silver, or black, to be wrought out and woven together. And here, when he is dead, and his children die, his work stands, and is the home of peace and comfort and piety—the very temple of God. He built one, and ten, and twenty, and it may be a hundred of such dwellings; and he got what? A few pitiful thousands of dollars. And he gave what? He gave the community benefits, opportunities, instruments, influences. In his skill, in his mind, or incarnated in timber or in metal, he gave to the community priceless gifts. And are we to take these precious inwardnesses of men which are imbedded in their labor, and to think of them only in the poor, pitiful light of pelf, of what they brought back to the pocket, and not of what, through them, the man brought back to the community?

Why, that old smith, rugged himself, almost, as the storms he prepares to combat, hammers morning and night upon the links that form the chain which clasps the cable. It may be, as in the olden time, yet more ponderously, that he in the stithy works on the huge shank of the anchor; and when his summer's work or winter's toil is done, and it is sold for the ship, men ask him, "What got you for your labor?" Nobody ever thinks of saying to him, "You have worked a whole winter to make a gift; what have you given to the community?" What has he given? It may not be known for a long time. On voyage after voyage the ship goes, and there lies his gift, useless and unsuspected. Some day, the ship bears back a thousand precious souls, among them mothers whose families are at home waiting for them to return; fathers, who cannot be spared from the neighborhood; public men of signal service—the very salt of the times in which they live; heroes and patriots many. Then it is that the storm beats down and seeks to whelm them all in the sea, and to whelm the community in mourning. Then it is that, when every other effort has been made in vain, the anchor is thrown out. And now the storm rages with increased violence, as if it were yet more angry because it is thwarted. But the good blacksmith's work holds. Sinking far out of sight and grappling the foundations of the earth, it will not let go. And we, for the first time, see the value of his gift. Every link has been properly welded; and, though the wind howls, and the sea wages a fierce and desperate battle, and the strain is tremendous, the storm passes by, and there rides the gallant ship safe! That is what he gave. He gave a chain, an anchor to the community, and salvation to the hundreds on board the ship, and joy and peace where the tidings come of souls saved from the remorseless deep. And yet how many men think simply that he made an anchor, and got so many hundred dollars for it! He made an anchor, and saved a hundred lives.—[Henry Ward Beecher.

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Orange Pie.—At this season of the year oranges can be purchased by the box for a very reasonable price, and their more general use upon the table would prove beneficial to health. They may be used for pies also, for which they are excellent. To make orange pie, take a teacupful of pulverized sugar and a tablespoonful of soft butter and rub them till smooth as cream; mix a tablespoonful of corn starch in as little cold water as will dissolve it; then stir it in a teacupful of boiling water; let this cook until it is thick, but not so thick that it will harden instantly when cool; add this to the butter and sugar. Grate the peel from half an orange, taking care not to grate any of the thick inner skin; add this and the juice of the orange and one beaten egg to the other ingredients. Make some nice paste and line a moderately deep pie plate with it, arrange it around the edge, as if for a custard pie, then bake it. Remove it from the oven and put it with the orange custard described above, and to this add thin slices of another large orange. Set this in the oven for the egg to harden. If you wish this to be especially tempting, make a meringue of the whites of two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar; spread this over the pie when it is done, and let it brown lightly in the oven.

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## QUEEN BESS AND HER FLIRTATIONS.

Simier was one of the handsomest men of his day, the most fascinating and polished of courtiers, and one whose *bonnes fortunes* were the envy of every gallant in Paris. He had no sooner presented his credentials at the English Court than the inflammatory Elizabeth became completely subjugated by the manners and appearance of the captivating envoy. Leicester at once recognized in the charming Simier a formidable rival, and hated him accordingly. The Queen took no pains to hide the pleasure she derived from the society of the new Embassador; not a day passed without her sending for him; sometimes she would call for him in her barge, and they would take the air together on the Thames; she asked his advice on all matters, and it was often not until late in the evening that she dismissed him from her apartment. Such an intimacy naturally did not pass without comment. "M. de Simier is no stranger to me," said Elizabeth when reproached with the levity of her conduct, "but a faithful servant of my future husband, knowing all his secrets, and therefore best suited to advise me and to train me for the position I am to occupy." Under the guidance of the envoy the conditions of the marriage proceeded swiftly and smoothly. The Queen declared that she would marry the Duke; and acting on the advice of Simier, Alencon hurried to Boulogne, crossed the Channel, and was met at Greenwich by the Queen. The interview between the two passed off better than had been expected; Elizabeth was not disgusted, and the young man played the lover to perfection. He was constantly in her society and when absent from her wrote letters "burning enough," said one of the envoys of the Court, "to set water on fire." He was lavish of the promises and pledges which courtship generally engenders, and the Queen permitted herself to be fascinated. He was lodged in the next apartment to hers in the palace, and Elizabeth, with her usual disregard of the world's opinion, behaved to him very much as she had behaved to Simier, who, his mission now accomplished, had returned to Paris laden with gifts. Mary Stuart, well aware of the remarks her sweet cousin had passed upon the intimacy between herself and Rizzio, was not slow to retaliate. Those who wish to learn what the opinion Mary of Scotland entertained of Elizabeth of England, have only to read the letters of the unhappy woman published by Prince Labanoff.—[Gentleman's Magazine.


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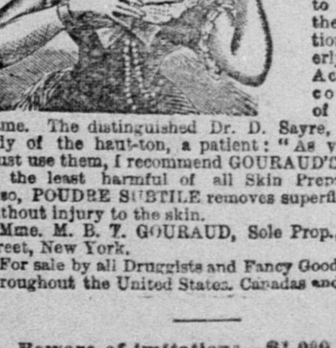

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