

Men Wanted. The world wants men—large-hearted, manly men who shall join in chorus, and prolong the psalm of triumph and the psalm of love. The time wants scholars—scholars who shall shape the destinies of a nation. The world wants men—large-hearted, manly men who shall join in chorus, and prolong the psalm of triumph and the psalm of love. The time wants scholars—scholars who shall shape the destinies of a nation.

"I WILL WALK WITH YOU." From Scribner's Monthly. Vesey Wells stood upon the hearth rug in the long, low dressing-room, awaiting the coming of her guests. Ordinarily she might be a trifle quiet, possibly—though in her deathly quietude, stirred by the dropping of a careless stone. To-night she was flushed, tremulous and excited.

With another winter came the Winslows. If she had dreaded it, if she had feared for herself, would it have been strange? But the spell was broken. Looking back she wondered the old intimacy was resumed. Darrel came and went as he had come and gone the year before. But to Vesey it was only a shell—a hollow, meaningless thing, a name, a name that had been his, and could never now be his.

One night Vesey, glowing in crimson, with white chrysanthemums in her hair, passed through the hall. The outer door was wide open. Paul stood outside. The wind, raw and wet with the breath of the sea, caught her hair—at the silken ruffles of her dress. "Oh, is it you? But you are coming in?"

"I am Miss Welles," with rather unnecessary frankness. "My father will be down in a moment. He was unusually late from town to-night." "But heary and cold!" Paul quivered, mentally, as he turned away to meet her father.

Then, at last, Mrs. Winslow and Darrel came. "Who is this man?" looked out of Darrel's eyes. "And you really go home to-morrow?" Vesey said, sitting down besides Mrs. Winslow.

"There is nothing to wait for now, and Darrel does not care to stay. The opera season is over, you know." So it was for the gayeties of the town he had lingered week after week, she thought, with a sudden sinking of the heart. Oh, how blind she had been! His careless laugh came across the room as though it were a mockery.

"You'll not come back before another season?" She would not hide the pain that quivered in her voice. "No," she replied, simply. "I suppose not."

The gentlemen joined them. "Vesey was speaking of you, and he had hoped to find you, with only Darrel and his mother there—they four around the fire in the twilight, Darrel by her side, of the words she thought, he would speak. There was a ringling in her eyes, a flash of light in her finger. He tried it once in a while.

She struck a quick, sharp chord. "I could dance to-night!" She had forgotten the young minister and his probable prejudices. He caught a glimpse, just then, of the flushed, intense face. In an instant, with the minor chord that for a moment, she changed. Tears rushed into her eyes. Her back was to the others. Only Paul saw the sudden saddening of the face, the fall of the wet eyelids.

"Ah!" responded Paul. But he fell into a reverie. Darrel leaned over her. "What has come to you?" "How? Why?" She did not pause in her playing. "You're simply glorious now. You hardly need a crown." Her hands went wrong. A quick clack—a discord—then she went on. She was growing strong equal to the strife. There is nothing so deathless as a woman's pride. It had risen at last. Her hands flashed over the keys, throwing off sparks of the wildest, gayest music.

looked worn and tired. Upon the whole she was not sorry he had decided to go. "Good-bye," she said quietly. "You'll come and make us that visit in the summer, Vesey?" "I don't know. Perhaps so." "Of course you will."

"To be sure," added Darrel. "I shall come for you myself." They were gone at last. She turned away. "But, Mr. Hayes! Vesey!" She had forgotten his existence. "I am afraid I am rude." And she put out her hand. "Good night; but, indeed, I may confess now that I have a wretched headache—and—"

"I have no burns." Indeed, she felt no pain. The doctor raised her hand and held it out to Paul. The sleeve was cut away from her wrist, as by a jagged knife with a blackened edge. The flesh was like a flame. Paul's teeth shut tight and quick together. Something sprang into his eyes, not tears alone.

Then Vesey began to tremble, and conscious at last of the cruel pain that bit and tore her hand, she sobbed like a hurt child. "Don't mind," she tried to say. "Do not look at me. It's only—only—"

Paul bathed her hand. She remembered afterwards how tender than any woman's had been his touch. "Let her cry," said the doctor, in a voice that must have been given by mistake to the grim face. "And how should I better go home?" He rose from the bed. He took the unharmed hand in his. "She's a brave girl." He looked away from her to Paul, but still he held her hand tight in his.

"God bless you, child. Now, go home and go to bed." Paul lifted her into the sleigh, and wrapped the robes about her. It seemed suddenly as if they had known each other a lifetime—she and Paul; as if they could never be strangers to each other again.

She held out her hand. It was the one he had bound up. He took it tenderly in both of his own. "The brave, strong hand!" He was bounding over it in the darkness—"the hand that saved a life to-night."

"There was to be a bazaar to raise money for the poor. It opened the next evening. The winter had been hard and cruel, and charity, somewhat exhausted, needed a spur. Vesey had promised to read a book. "You must not think of going," her father exclaimed. Darrel, too, who foresaw a quiet hour with her alone, if she remained at home. He had something to tell—something to ask for, and a ring to give. Alas for him! He had kept his word too long. A year ago they would have been man and wife.

"But I am quite well," she pleaded, "except my hand, and that has ceased to pain me." Indeed, her face was radiant. So she dressed herself with quaint simplicity in something soft and gray that wrapped her like a cloud, with only the braids of her hair for ornament—only her shining eyes for gems. Then she went and took her place.

The evening was half over. Darrel had been her shadow. She was tired; tired of his eyes that followed her, which ever way she turned, tired of his flattering words; tired of him. He moved away at last. Paul, then, and not till then, she saw Paul. He came straight up to her. "Are you well enough to be here?" he asked, without a word of greeting, as though they had not parted. You frightened me with your white face just now."

"Will you go now?" he asked quickly. "Are you strong enough to walk?" "Oh, yes!" "That's come." "It was strangely pleasant to be bid- den; to follow me." They had reached the stairs descending to the street when they met Darrel Winslow. "Vesey, where are you going?" he scowled and nodded at Paul. "Home."

"But it is beginning to rain, and you have no cloak, go back and I'll get the carriage." He laid his hand upon the wrap over Paul's arm. Paul looked at Vesey, what did he read in her face? "Let Miss Welles decide," he said; in a hard, strange voice. He was to be calm; to keep his hands from this man who had suddenly come between them. He was turned to Vesey again. His face was very pale; his eyes were full of pleading. "Think a moment. Will you ride with him, or walk with me?"

not heard the strong step springing up the stairs to the opening of the door. Some one stood beside her in a moment, lamp in hand. It was Paul. "Is she dead?" gasped Vesey, shrinking from the bed.

He threw back the scorched blanket that hid the motionless form. "No, not dead, but I think she has fainted. Or the flames—I must go for the doctor. Stay here, if you are not afraid. Oh, such a laugh!" to the frightened girl. "It is nothing, I hope. Get some water for the lady, and sprinkle her face," he said to Vesey. Then he was gone.

She did as he had told her—waiting, watching the blackness of the mass above, till the motionless form, "No, not dead, but I think she has fainted. Or the flames—I must go for the doctor. Stay here, if you are not afraid. Oh, such a laugh!" to the frightened girl. "It is nothing, I hope. Get some water for the lady, and sprinkle her face," he said to Vesey. Then he was gone.

"There are no deep burns, I think," he said at length. "The blanket saved her. The shock has done more than the fire. A sponge; ah, that will do. Now, some water, and some liniment." There was none. Vesey quickly held out her dainty handkerchief. "Firm!" he said, and tore his own to strips.

"And now, you!" He turned to Vesey. "I have no burns." Indeed, she felt no pain. The doctor raised her hand and held it out to Paul. The sleeve was cut away from her wrist, as by a jagged knife with a blackened edge. The flesh was like a flame. Paul's teeth shut tight and quick together. Something sprang into his eyes, not tears alone.

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Polishing Shirts. The Scientific American says: Put a little common white wax in your laundry, say two ounces to the pound; then, if you use any thin patent starch, be sure you use it warm, otherwise the wax will get cold and gritty, and spot your linen. Giving it the appearance of being starched with grease, it is different with collar starch—it can be used quite cold; however, of that anon. Now, then, about polishing shirts, starch the fronts and wrists and sleeves, and then dry, then starch again. Iron your shirt in the usual way, making the linensize and firm; but without any attempt at a good finish; don't starch the plaits; your like as now ready polishing, and you are good to have a board the same size as a common shirt board made of hard wood, and covered with only one ply of plain cotton cloth. Put this board into the breast of your iron, clamp the front very lightly with a wet sponge, then take a polishing iron which is flat and bowed a little at one end—polish gently with the beveled part, taking care to get the iron as hot as possible, and give like blisters; of course this requires a little practice, but if you are careful and persevere, in a short time you will be able to give that enamel-like finish which seems to be so much wanted.

To Dress Collars.—Use the best starch, say two pounds, and four ounces of wax, and six and a half pints of water; first dissolve the wax in the boiling water, take the vessel off the fire and allow it to stand for ten minutes, stirring this time dissolve the starch in the smallest possible quantity of cold water, then pour it gradually into the vessel and boil for twenty-five minutes—keep stirring all the while, and when the starch is cold, mix it with the starch, and wring in a cloth, then iron; thus you will have them stiff without being hard and brittle, and the starch will have that beautiful elastic finish so much admired in new collars.

A New Way of Making Cheese. In a conversation recently, with an intelligent gentleman, one interested in farm produce, and practical farmer, with many parts of farming, he related the manner of making, or rather pressing, cheese, practiced by a neighbor of his—a woman skilled in household economy, and famous for her nice cheese. Her former method was to run up a curd each morning, keeping them until the third day, then mixing old and new curds together, and pushing them into the hoop and pressing. Her practice is now to run up the curd and put it into the press at once, the hoop being about one-third full. The next morning she runs up the curd, and the whole is taken out, the cloth changed, placed in the hoop again, the top of it then scratched or broken with a fork, and the second curd put in, when it is again placed in the press, where it remains all day. The third morning's curd is then run up, the cheese taken from the press, turned, and the surface hacked up with a fork, and the second curd put in, when it is again placed in the press, where it remains all day. The third morning's curd is then run up, the cheese taken from the press, turned, and the surface hacked up with a fork, and the second curd put in, when it is again placed in the press, where it remains all day.

To Make Boiled Onions Look White. Take a white or yellow-skinned kind. Skin them thoroughly. Put them to boil in water. When they are a few minutes, pour off the water, and add cold water, and then set them to boil again. Pour this away, and add more cold water, when they may boil till done. They will be white and clear.

An Omelet.—To every egg add a tablespoonful of milk and whip the whole as for sponge cake. Turn the whole into a hot and buttered pan. Get a thin blade knife and run it carefully under the bottom and turn the omelet so that which is not cooked get below. If the fire is right the whole mass will puff and swell and cook in a minute; if it is not carefully attended to it will burn on the bottom and become very most offensive in smell and taste. It is not necessary to wait until the whole mass is solid, for its own heat will cook it after it has left the pan, but begin at once to turn it, and carefully roll the egg over and over until it is all rolled up, and then let it stand for a moment to brown, then turn it out on a hot plate and serve it. You must not put a grain of salt in it, for it is cooking, or all your hopes and your omelet will flatten down together.

A Valuable Fertilizer Utilized. Every farmer has a means at hand of manufacturing, at small cost, one of the most valuable fertilizers in use from the contents of the privy, that are too often nearly lost, or, for want of care, offensive and want of proper knowledge. If the term, fertilizer, at the head of this article is suggestive of adulteration, all fears of this kind will vanish in the use of this fertilizer. Early in spring make a curb of proper size under cover, and place in the bottom a layer of dry muck six inches deep, or in its absence soil will do and may be advantageously taken from the marginal elevations of ploughed fields. Upon this place a layer of the said contents two inches deep, and thus build up the pile in alternate layers, using the muck in the quantity of muck, covering the whole with it to the depth of ten inches. Now save all the liquids from the sleeping apartments through the summer and pour upon the top, adding more muck as may be necessary. The whole will be fit for use, well decomposed, free from offensive odor and may be handled as well as so much earth. I have used this compost in top dressing grass lands with marked results. Last spring a piece thus treated was far ahead of the rest and had to be cut ten days in advance. A small quantity in corn hills will push the young plants forward, give them a rich, dark green color and a stamina they will not forget during the season.—F. Farmer.

Seasoning Wood.—The following is from the Cabinet Maker. Small pieces of non-resinous wood, such as pine, seasoned by boiling four or five hours. Sash-frames of Spanish chestnut have been "wedged up" within six weeks of the tree being felled, which have stood for years, and the wood, which shrinks nearly one-tenth in the process. It is also well worth knowing that trees felled while in full leaf in June or July, and allowed to lie with their tops and ends until every leaf has fallen, are then nearly dry, as the leaves will not drop of themselves till they have drawn up and exhausted all the sap in the tree. The time required is from a month to six weeks, according to the weather is dry or moist. Trees so treated will never push again, or show leaves, as the stocks of winter-felled timber invariably do if allowed to lie, and thus prove the folly of those who purchase of sugar, mullage, and other nutritious compounds in the form of food, they contain such a fine combination of vegetable acids, extractive substances and aromatic principles as to be powerful in the capacity of refrigerants, tonics and antiseptics; and when

freely used at the season of ripeness, by rural laborers and others, they probably maintain and strengthen the power of productive labor.

Domestic Economy.—SPONGE CAKE.—4 eggs, 2 cups sugar, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons cream tartar, 1 teaspoonful soda, 2 1/3 cups hot water. POUND CAKE.—1 lb. flour, 1 lb. sugar, 1 lb. butter; add nine eggs. This is for two loaves. MOUNTAIN CAKE.—1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup butter, 1/2 cup milk, 2 cups flour, 2 eggs, 1/2 teaspoonful cream tartar, 1/2 teaspoonful soda. Flavor with lemon.

RAISED CORN-MEAL CAKES.—If possible, the meal should be freshly ground. Take a quart of wetting, half sweet and half salt, and stir up with water with meal and wheat flour (equal parts of each). The milk should be warm, and the batter moderately stiff. Add a small teaspoon of yeast, a tablespoon of molasses, and a little salt. Let them rise in a warm place over night. In the morning add a tablespoonful of melted butter and a well-beaten egg. Cook the same as any griddle cakes, and you will find them to be delicious.

PARIS CAKE.—1 lb. butter, 1 lb. sugar, 1 lb. corn starch, whites of 12 eggs, yolks of 8 eggs, with 1 lb. sugar. Beat whites of 12 eggs stiff, melt to a cream in a hot water bath, then add yolks and whites to yolks and sugar, then add corn starch, and lastly, butter. Bake two hours and a half.

How Old Are You? There is a good deal of amusement in the following magic table of figures. Hand it to a young lady, and request her to tell you in which column of columns her age is contained, add together the figures at the top of the columns in which her age is found, and you have the great secret. Thus, suppose her age is 24, in this opening sentence, the first and fifth columns, and the first figures of these columns added together make seventeen:

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Dangers of Long Ocean Steamers. The fashion for building long ocean steamers recalls to a correspondent's memory the following story: I am reminded of the loss of the steamer Home, many years ago, on a voyage from New York to London, via Charleston. She broke in two at the moment when the bow and stern of the vessel were raised by waves so high as to deprive the center of the steamer of the support of the sea, and many lives were lost. The defenses of unseaworthiness was made, and perhaps proved, but the counsel for the owners so completely described the character of the defenses, that the reduction of the vessel's speed, and the hope existed that it would be maintained. It was old George Griffin, as he was then called, who summed up the court and gentlemen of the jury of the sea and land, and the jury looked at the strength necessary for a rough voyage. But the danger from great length is of another sort. Occasionally steamers, by using the ordinary method of covering the whole with it to the depth of ten inches. Now save all the liquids from the sleeping apartments through the summer and pour upon the top, adding more muck as may be necessary. The whole will be fit for use, well decomposed, free from offensive odor and may be handled as well as so much earth. I have used this compost in top dressing grass lands with marked results. Last spring a piece thus treated was far ahead of the rest and had to be cut ten days in advance. A small quantity in corn hills will push the young plants forward, give them a rich, dark green color and a stamina they will not forget during the season.—F. Farmer.

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Late Hours. Henry Ward Beecher preached recently on "Late Hours and the Unfruitful Works of Darkness." "If you want to make the ruin of a child, sure give him liberty after dark. You cannot do any thing nearer to insure his damnation than to let him have liberty to go where he will without restraint. After dark he will be sure to get into communication with people that will undermine all his good qualities. I do not like to see parents about their children. Their child cannot walk by its mother's side, but will not lie, when his tongue is like a bended bow; he will not drink, when there is not a saloon within a mile of his father's house where he is not as well known as one of his own decanters; he never does iniquitous things, when he is reeking in filth. Nineteen out of every twenty allowed perfect freedom at night will be ruined by it. There is nothing more important than for a child to be at home at night, or, if he is abroad, you should be with him. If he is to see any sights or take any pleasures, these he is to see in the day, and they never will forget it. They will regret it is not merely that the child should be broken down, but there are thoughts that never ought to find passage into a man's brain. As an author writes, 'I will not cross your carpet, will leave his slime which no brushing can ever efface, so there are thoughts that never can be got rid of, once permitted to enter; and these thoughts will be rounded up with obscene books and pictures under the lapsels of their coats that will leave ideas in the mind of your child that will never be effaced. There are men here, who have had a saloon, song and dance at work at night, and they will regret it to the end of their lives. I do not believe in a child's seeing life, as it is called, with its damnable lust and wickedness, to have all his imagination go to the devil, and the devil go to the body goes through this fire but they are burned; burned; and they can't get rid of the scars."

Song of the Ducks. One little black duck, one little gray, Six little white ducks running out to play; One little black duck, merrily and true, Eight little baby ducks bound up a swim. One little white duck holding up its wings, One little bobbing duck making water wings; One little black duck turning round its head, One big black duck—guess he's gone to bed. One little white duck, running from the water, One very fat duck—pretty little daughter! One very fat duck swimming of alone, One little white duck standing on a stone. One little white duck walking by its mother, Look some the water, mother's there's another; Not another anywhere? Surely you are blind; Push away the dear, ducks are hard to find. Point little brown eyes o'er the picture finger; Print me little black duck, chubby little finger! One little black duck taking quite a swim, Now, where's that other duck? What is he about? Think the other duck the finest duck of all; He has a very feather, and his mouth is small and small! With a light step, and jumps upon my knee, And though he cannot swim, he's very dear to me.

Wit and Wisdom. Max well up in word-painting a Sign-writer. A SERMON in four words, on the vanity of earthly possessions: Shrouds have no pockets. Modesty in a woman is like color on her cheek—decidedly becoming, if not put on. It is a somewhat curious fact that a compositor, takes more 's's' when hard at work at night than in the day.

There is a good deal of amusement in the following magic table of figures. Hand it to a young lady, and request her to tell you in which column of columns her age is contained, add together the figures at the top of the columns in which her age is found, and you have the great secret. Thus, suppose her age is 24, in this opening sentence, the first and fifth columns, and the first figures of these columns added together make seventeen:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
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Dangers of Long Ocean Steamers. The fashion for building long ocean steamers recalls to a correspondent's memory the following story: I am reminded of the loss of the steamer Home, many years ago, on a voyage from New York to London, via Charleston. She broke in two at the moment when the bow and stern of the vessel were raised by waves so high as to deprive the center of the steamer of the support of the sea, and many lives were lost. The defenses of unseaworthiness was made, and perhaps proved, but the counsel for the owners so completely described the character of the defenses, that the reduction of the vessel's speed, and the hope existed that it would be maintained. It was old George Griffin, as he was then called, who summed up the court and gentlemen of the jury of the sea and land, and the jury looked at the strength necessary for a rough voyage. But the danger from great length is of another sort. Occasionally steamers, by using the ordinary method of covering the whole with it to the depth of ten inches. Now save all the liquids from the sleeping apartments through the summer and pour upon the top, adding more muck as may be necessary. The whole will be fit for use, well decomposed, free from offensive odor and may be handled as well as so much earth. I have used this compost in top dressing grass lands with marked results. Last spring a piece thus treated was far ahead of the rest and had to be cut ten days in advance. A small quantity in corn hills will push the young plants forward, give them a rich, dark green color and a stamina they will not forget during the season.—F. Farmer.

Seasoning Wood.—The following is from the Cabinet Maker. Small pieces of non-resinous wood, such as pine, seasoned by boiling four or five hours. Sash-frames of Spanish chestnut have been "wedged up" within six weeks of the tree being felled, which have stood for years, and the wood, which shrinks nearly one-tenth in the process. It is also well worth knowing that trees felled while in full leaf in June or July, and allowed to lie with their tops and ends until every leaf has fallen, are then nearly dry, as the leaves will not drop of themselves till they have drawn up and exhausted all the sap in the tree. The time required is from a month to six weeks, according to the weather is dry or moist. Trees so treated will never push again, or show leaves, as the stocks of winter-felled timber invariably do if allowed to lie, and thus prove the folly of those who purchase of sugar, mullage, and other nutritious compounds in the form of food, they contain such a fine combination of vegetable acids, extractive substances and aromatic principles as to be powerful in the capacity of refrigerants, tonics and antiseptics; and when

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