

The Individuality of the Wife.

Few women, however loving and self-sacrificing, if they are endowed with sound sense and judgment, fully yield up, in the secret recesses of their own hearts, all their pre-conceived ideas and theories to their husbands. A man would despise a woman who did—except when it was by his own dictation. But wives may learn to keep silent, and in their daily intercourse make no attempt to argue or dispute, whatever their convictions may be. It may not be a heavy cross to a devoted wife to submit, and allow her husband to shape her life not in accordance with her own natural tendencies but to suit his own tastes and wishes. No sensible woman, however, so far loses her own individuality, and becomes so like wax in her husband's hands, that her heart does not often whisper to itself: "Does he ever remember that I am, although his wife, a responsible being—that I, not my husband, at the last day, must stand or fall according to what I have, individually, done with the talents intrusted to me alone, not to him? If he endeavors to mold my acts, wishes and aspirations in accordance with his own pleasure or judgment—if on that dread day they should not be approved, will he then be willing to answer for them, and have me as irresponsible as he wished me to be in my daily life?"

No woman can be as happy as God intended marriage should make her if her husband's love is mainly manifested by government. That is a word that should never be shown in word or act—never enter the heart between husband and wife. The best and purest elements of a woman's character can never be so fully developed and brought into constant uniform action, as by the love, confidence and tenderness of her husband. If he gives this from a heart full of manly, loving courtesy, he will find a rich reward in such joy and comfort as only a happy woman's thoughtful care can bestow, while her heart sings grateful praises to her Heavenly Father who has made her life so blessed.

But if the husband expects his will to be the controlling motive for his wife's conduct, God be merciful to a house thus governed. This course is not usually called will, but is spoken of as his "rightful authority as head of the house," a better sounding expression, but, nevertheless, those four letters express the same thing, and the wife, in her unspoken thought will so understand it. She may love her husband devotedly, and in her youth and inexperience imagine that the sweet attention, the tender courting of the engagement days, must not be looked for when marriage has united and made the twain one. United! One! What a mockery!

It is just this assumption of rule, of dominant power, that robs so many homes of the glory and blessedness that should be only one step removed from Heaven. If all could fully realize the true difference between the service rendered by woman to authority and that poured out unceasingly, spontaneously, for love, what a difference would be found in many homes! No duty can be hard, no toil oppressive. A wife's whole life is gladly, joyfully poured out for the comfort of him whose every word and act tell her she is precious in his sight; not useful or valued simply because she is convenient, but that she is truly beloved. If the husband, from his heart, without condescending or as a mere act of politeness, seeks her opinion or approval, shows that he respects her judgment, and in just fulfillment of the marriage vow honors and cherishes her, what words can reveal all that she will be, quietly and without pretense, to her husband and her children? His love thus manifested will be to her a tower of strength, a strong fortress to shield and shelter her, so that all trials will have lost their sting. Pain, toil and anxiety will be met patiently, for loving attentions and tender words will give unflinching strength. He has no faith in that kind of love that is too proud to give its expression. A woman's heart wants words as well as acts, and often repeated too.

"For love will die, if it is not fed; and the true heart cries for its daily bread." A home governed by such influences is to a home governed by man's authority as a person to a machine. One is life; the other only mechanism. A wife governed may have bread just as light, and a home just as tidy, as one guided—not governed; but the latter will give to her home and her husband a joyousness, a brightness and devotion that the first cannot counterfeit. Her heart is made so full of happiness that it shines through every act. The humblest household duties have for her a richness and pleasure inexpressible; for it is not her offering to him whose care and love have made her life so rich and happy? In such homes—and we verily believe it rests more with husbands than with wives to build them up—the thought of supremacy never intrudes. Marriage in such homes is a true union, each mutually helping the other, bound together with united love and confidence. The husband's manifested by unremitted care and tenderness, the wife's, as a woman's nature, by that devoted service which is most happy in ministering to the comfort and pleasures of her household.—Mrs. H. W. Beecher, in *Christian Union*.

A Washington girl, Gertrude Nelson, won a prize of five dollars by writing the best letter accepting an offer of marriage. That is all right, Gertrude, but let us tell you and any other girl, that when a man is afraid to come to the house and ask for your right to your face, but sneaks off behind the post-office and asks for you at long range with a three-cent declaration of his love, the best answer you can make to him is "No," in five-line pie.—*Hawkeye*.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Pure precipitated sulphur, dusted on the face every night, will remove and prevent pimples. If the sulphur be perfumed, it will make an elegant cosmetic.—*Haus Treasures*.

—One cow well fed and comfortably cared for will produce quite as much milk and butter as two that are allowed to run at large, lie on the wet ground and be subject to the exposure of the weather.—*Indianapolis Sentinel*.

—There is nothing better to clean window-glass with than a chamois skin. Wash the skin carefully first; after washing the glass rinse the skin, wring it dry, and wipe the glass with it. No other polishing will be required.—*N. Y. Post*.

—Half an ounce each of cream of tartar and oxalic acid mixed and pounded together will suffice to remove stains from white clothing for a long time. Moisten the stain, rub on a little of the mixture, then wash and rinse thoroughly. The bottle containing this preparation should be marked "poison."

—When large wounds are made in removing limbs or branches of fruit trees they should be covered with common oil paint. Linseed-oil and the mineral iron paint is the best for this purpose. It does not cause the bark to grow over the wound and so heal it, but it preserves the wood from rotting, and so prevents the decay and injury of the tree. No living thing, not even a tree, can long exist with a part of it in a dead and decaying condition.—*N. Y. Times*.

—Apple Chocolate: In a pint of new milk boil half a pound of scraped chocolate; beat the yolk of three eggs and the white of one, and when the chocolate has boiled draw it away from the fire, and very gradually stir in the eggs. Pulp six large apples and lay them in a pie-dish, sweeten and season with cinnamon powdered; pour the chocolate over it very gently, so as not to mix with the apples; set it aside to cool, and when firm sift some sugar over it, and glaze with a salamander.—*Denver Tribune*.

—A serviceable cover to throw over a lounge or couch in the sitting-room is made by taking a broad, bright stripe of cretonne, on each side of this put a stripe of black or dark brown cloth (line it to give body to it); on each edge put a row of fancy stitches in silk or crewel; the ends may be finished with fringe or not, as you choose. Another cover is made of the drab Aida canvas, with the ends worked in loose overcast stitches. The canvas may be fringed out if you take the precaution to overcast the edge when you stop travelling, to prevent its fraying out to greater depth than you care to have it.—*N. Y. Post*.

—There are several methods of making paste, one is as follows: Dissolve a teaspoonful of alum in a quart of warm water. When it is cold stir in as much flour, either of wheat or rye, as will make a smooth thick cream, free from lumps; stir in a large pinch of powdered resin, and put in a dozen cloves to give it a pleasing scent. Have in a clean tin pail half a pint of boiling water and pour the flour mixture into it, stirring continually until it boils and becomes a thick mush. Pour it out into a bowl to cool, cover it, and keep it in a cool place. For use take out a portion and soften it with warm water. The paste will keep a year. To make paste adhere to tin rub the tin with a clean rag dipped in a weak solution of caustic soda or potash, and wipe dry with another rag. Any paste will then adhere.

Early Navigation.

"Ever seen navigation open as early as this before?" he repeated, as he glanced out of the window at the river and settled back in his chair—"bless you; yes! Why, this is no spring at all compared to one we had along in the forties. I don't exactly remember the year, but we'll say 1844."

"Very early, was it?"
"Yes, indeed. We only had seven flakes of snow that whole winter, and they fell in December. Only seven, sir, and the other two men who kept count with me are now up in the sail loft. Shall I call 'em down?"

"Oh, no matter. Was the river frozen?"
"Not the first sight of ice all winter." "Did vessels continue to run?"
"Right along without a break. On the 10th of January I sailed into Buffalo with a cargo of wheat, and the weather was so warm that the men walked the decks barefooted. On the return trip I was sun-struck off Point Au Pelee."

"Is that possible?"
"That's a dead fact. That was a sad trip for me, both financially and physically."

"Why, you didn't lose any money, did you?"

"Not on the cargo, but going off just at the time I did and being gone eleven days threw my garden patch all behind and it never caught up."

"But you got over the sun-stroke?"
"Not entirely, and probably never shall. I can't talk five minutes without feeling dry, and if I should go to ask you to have a glass of beer with me I'd stutter over it so long that you'd have a chance to ask me twice to drink with you."

"No, young man," he continued, as he carefully put the glass down, "don't try to rush the season. Early navigation has no money in it, and it is full of perils. I've tried it, and the result is an infirmity which will follow me to my grave. I always smoke after drinking, and yet—thanks—don't care if I do—I prefer dark color—and yet—that is, don't rush things. There's nothing gained by it."—*Detroit Free Press*.

—The word "carnival," so often in use at the present time, is derived from the Latin *carni* rule, "farewell to meat."

Youths' Department.

LITTLE ROBIN ADAIR.

The very oddest boy I know
Is Robin Adair, with his head of tow,
And his brave, bright eyes, where the questions grow.

For this very strange boy is asking why,
From the time that morning paints the sky
Till the sleepless stars look out on high:

Why does Jack's kite stay up in the sky?
It has no wings, and yet it can fly—
And sister says wishes go just as high.

Why is outland healthy and can't grow?
Is it always moping to do as you would?
And would you be an angel if you could?

This rose was a bud, and why did it burst?
This bird was a secret, and which came first,
The egg or the bird, and how was it nursed?

What is the wind? and where does it stay?
When it hushes itself and creeps away?
Is it crying or singing? and what does it say?

Why does the sun sleep back of the trees
At noon when in summer he takes his ease
All night in the rocking bed of the seas?

Why is it bad for boys to fight?
And for soldiers men so brave and right?
Why do I love you best at night?

Why do the oaks and elms stand tall,
And the apple trees do the work for all
With their gnarled old branches ready to fall?

Why does a great, strong gentleman ride
In a carriage, pretty, and soft and wide?
And a tired old woman walk by the side?

Ah! Robin, I'll neither laugh nor cry;
But I'll tell you a secret, deep and high:
The grown-up children keep asking why.

And the answers are somewhere safe and fair
Beyond the stars and the starlit air
For men and women and Robin Adair.
—*Fannie E. Robinson, in Wide Awake*.

"NUMBER ONE."

"Look out for number one, my boy," said his father, as the baby held up his bread-and-milk for mamma to eat.

"That's what he never will do," laughed mamma. "He'd far rather look out for number two. Not a spoonful will he take till he holds it up for me to taste."

Just as mamma had taken her sip, baby caught sight of papa's curling beard and laughing eyes. Holding up the spoon to him, he made a little coaxing sound.

"The generous darling!" said mamma. "Number two and number three both come before number one in your arithmetic; don't they, baby?"

"We'll name him 'Number One,'" said aunt, from her easy-chair in the corner; and ever after that she playfully called him "Number One," although he soon had another name. Aunt had a way of proving that her choice of a name was a good one however. For, as baby grew older, his father was continually repeating the saying: "Look out for number one!" but it was with a proud feeling that his boy never could be selfish after all. He was so forgetful of self that he always thought of all other numbers before number one.

He chopped kindlings for mamma as cheerfully as if it were the best fun in the world; and often and often he scoured the knives, or even washed the dishes, if she did not feel well. He helped papa in many other ways. His sick aunt called herself "number four," for she came in for a large share of his loving thoughtfulness.

As Number One grew older, he had a darling baby sister, number five. Then, by-and-by, came number six and seven—another sister and a brother.

How could Number One look out for himself, when there began to be so many other numbers?

He kept finding out new numbers, too. There were Grandpa and Grandma Gray, Grandma Eaton, and aunts, uncles and cousins—so many that, when he counted the numbers, they went all the way from number eight to number forty-seven. He did not see them all every day, to be sure; in fact, some of them lived so far away that the visits were few and far between. But when they did meet, they were all sure to feel very soon that Number One was not looking out for himself, but wished rather to make them happy.

Number Forty-eight was poor old Darby, who had to sit in his chair from morning till night, year in and year out—poor, lame and blind! How Number One did delight to carry him a pailful of mother's broth, and perhaps sit and read a psalm to comfort him!

By-and-by he was strong enough to shovel snow for Miss Patty, who lived in the lane close by, or to dig up her little patch of a garden in spring-time. So aunt called her Number Forty-nine.

Then there were numbers fifty and fifty-one—Tom Hanson and his little brother. They had never asked to their names. How could Number One help lending them his for a ride every other time? True, Dick Jones and Jack Harvey didn't lend theirs; but perhaps they didn't think. Yet, somehow, Number One did think, and he couldn't enjoy his all by himself, seeing the little fellows look on with such hungry eyes.

And so the numbers kept adding up day after day, and year after year. At first, aunt kept account to amuse herself in her weary hours of sickness; but by-and-by there were so many that she gave it up.

"I believe there never was a more unselfish boy," she said; "and he's the happiest boy I know of, too."

The numbers counted up pretty fast when Number One grew to be a man; for he was married, and had boys of his own. But he often thought how much he should love a little daughter; and he soon found out a way to add two new numbers to his list. A poor woman died, leaving twin girls without father or mother, and Number One adopted them. He took them to his home, where his wife was all ready to welcome them. The twins were old enough to remember their own dear mamma; but before long they found that they loved their new mamma and papa just as

much. Their names were Catherine and Tabitha; but their new papa called them Kitty and Pussy, for short. In a few years they were old enough to go to boarding-school.

When they came home for their first vacation, they found that papa had added a new number—a splendid great tabby-cat, with yellow eyes. He had been sent out to sail on the harbor in a basket, by some cruel boy; and their papa, standing on the wharf, had heard him crying, and saved him from a watery grave.

"I've named him Moses," he said, "because I took him from the water. He pays me well by catching mice."

The next day was papa's birthday, and Kitty and Pussy each had a gift for him. As they were talking them over together, Kitty said: "The trouble is, Pussy, I always want to do something very own self for papa. He's so good to us, and to everybody. I do believe everybody loves him. Even Moses purrs on his knee, and catches mice for him; but all we can do is to buy something for him with the money that he gives us."

"Oh no!" said Pussy, "that isn't all. We can try to please him every day, and I'm sure he will understand from that how much we love him."

"But then I want to say it somehow, and not just act it out," said Kitty. "Oh! I know what I'll do, I'll write him a birthday note."

Half an hour after, Pussy was just putting the last stitch in the pretty watch-book which was to be her gift, when Kitty held out the note for her to read.

"That's nice," said Pussy. "And I'll add a little."

Then they folded the note, wrote upon the outside, "For Papa's Birthday," and placed it with their gifts under his plate at table. When he opened it, he read:

"He stood alone upon the wharf;
A tall came o'er the water.
'Can that be Moses' voice?' he cried.
'And lightly springing to a boat,
He rowed to reach the casket.
But lo! 'twas only tabby-cat,
In cat-o'-nine-tails' basket.
Now tabby-cats catch mice and rats—
Thus daily doeth Moses;
But Kitty Cat, who can't do that,
Her time in rhyme discloses.
With many sincere purr-fers, KITTY CAT."

"Next Pussy Cat, with grateful purr-fers,
A birthday greeting adds to hers;
And wishes every day to try
To show her love. So now good-bye.
Purringly, PUSSEY CAT."

When papa first began to read he smiled, but soon the tears came into his eyes, and he put his arms around both little daughters, and told them how sure he was that they loved him as he loved them.

Say, boys and girls, would you wish to be loved by every one? Then don't be so careful to look out for number one, but think of the other numbers first.—*Lillian Payson, in S. S. Times*.

Emma's Ambition.

"O mamma!" she said, looking up with flushed face; "there is just the loveliest story in here! It is about a little girl who was only ten years old, and her mother went away to see a sick sister, and was gone for a whole week; and this little girl made tea and toast, and baked potatoes, and washed the dishes, and did every single thing for her father; kept house, you know, mamma. Now, I'm most ten years old, and I could keep house for papa. I wish you would go to Aunt Nellie's and stay a whole month, and let me keep house. I know how to make toast, mamma, just splendidly! and custard, and Hattie said she would teach me how to make ginger-cake, some day. Won't you please to go, mamma?"

"I don't think I could be coaxed to do it," said Mrs. Eastman. "The mother of that little girl in the book, probably, knew that she could trust her little daughter; but I should expect you to leave the bread while it was toasting, and fly to the gate, if you heard a sound that interested you; and I should expect the potatoes to burn in the oven while you played in the sand at the door. I couldn't trust you in the least."

"Mamma!" said Emma, with surprise and indignation in her voice. "Why do you say that? You have never tried me at all. Why do you think I wouldn't do as well as a girl in a book?"

"Haven't I tried you, dear? Do you know it is just three-quarters of an hour since I sent you to dust the sitting-room and put everything in nice order for me? Now look at those books, tumbled upside down on the floor, and those papers blowing about the room, and the duster on the chair, and your toys on the table; while my little girl reads a story about another little girl who helped her mother."

"O, well," said Emma, her cheeks very red, "that is different; nothing but this old room to dust. If I had something real grand to do, like keeping house for papa, you would see how hard I would work; I wouldn't stop to play, or to read, or anything."

"Emma, dear, perhaps you will be surprised to hear me say so, but the words of Jesus Christ show that you are mistaken."

"Mamma," said Emma, again, and her voice showed that she was very much surprised.

"They certainly do—listen: 'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much.'"

"And once he said to a man: 'Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things.' Can I say that to you this morning?"—*Pussy*.

—Kansas has 299 Presbyterian churches with 12,044 members.

HOUSEHOLD ACCIDENTS.



the household, and which, while not dangerous in themselves, are exceedingly annoying. Burns, bruises, scalds, sprains, etc., are principal among these troublesome and annoying occurrences, and demand immediate treatment with the best means at hand. In the kitchen, the dining-hall, the nursery and the sitting-room they are liable to happen, and, instead of fear and alarm at the sight of the cut or mashed finger, or bruised or burned arm, or scalded surface, a cool and quiet manner should be assumed, and after washing away the blood, (if required), the injured parts should be dressed with that most valuable remedy—St. Jacobs Oil. Its surprisingly quick relief, its cleansing properties, its tendency to quickly remove all inflammation, and its wonderful efficacy in the above as well as in all muscular and other pains, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, headache, stiffness of the joints, etc.,—these render St. Jacobs Oil pre-eminently the best external remedy now before the people; which claim is fully substantiated by the strongest kind of testimony from all classes of people. The value of human life is so supremely important that anything that tends to its prolongation is entitled to the highest consideration. Charles Nelson, Esq., proprietor Nelson House, Port Huron, Mich., says: "I suffered so with rheumatism that my arm withered, and physicians could not help me. I was in despair of my life, when some one advised me to use St. Jacobs Oil. I did so, and, as if by magic, I was instantly relieved, and by the continued use of the Oil entirely cured. I thank heaven for having used this wonderful remedy, for it saved my life. It also cured my wife."

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