

THE TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

The woman's temperance movement still continues to be a subject of comment for moralists, editors and others who note and chronicle the events of the day.

Although future events may not give weight to these opinions, nor verify these predictions of the nation's philosophers and seers, they yet show conclusively the deep interest that has been awakened by the rise and progress of the crusade.

All things, however noble and of good respect, that are the offspring of impulse and nurtured in enthusiasm are more than likely to have a brilliant career and a short one.

The past is thick strewn with the records of these hopes, abortive victories half blown, and citadels begun reduced to dust.

So when this prayerful host, whose name is legion, are permitted to cast their votes against this monster monarch, intemperance, then will his throne totter to his fall, and lamentation give place to joyful notes of thanksgiving upon the lips of thousands of the crechile victims of the rum fiend.

TELL US ALL ABOUT A SEA VOYAGE.

Just before leaving Portland for our present sojourn in San Francisco, a Salem (Oregon) friend forwarded us the following note:

DEAR MRS. DUNWAY:—WON'T you, for the benefit of thousands of your readers who have never taken an ocean trip, and never expect to take one, be considerate and kind enough to give us all the particulars of your forthcoming journey?

The Ajax is like, and yet unlike, all other ocean steamers on the Northwest coast. It is long, narrow, unwieldy and staunch-looking, cramped in its staterooms, capacious in its decks and dining saloon, villainous in its odors, stifling in the confinement of its atmosphere, narrow in its bunks, hard in its beds and pillows, musty in its sheets and towels, mysterious in its cookery, affable in its servants, jolly in its captain, gentlemanly in its purser, greasy and busy-jolly in its crew, mixed in its passengers, uneasy in its movements, creaky in its timbers, and freezing cold in its cabin.

There is more of the "shoddy" element visible on board of an ocean steamer than anywhere else outside of Government barracks. Here cheap army officials, in imaginary titles, or their wives, daughters and—relatives, put on airs of pigmy superiority, which causes everybody who is republican enough to stand upon his or her own merits to look with a quiet and pitying disdain upon mock dignity and would-be aristocracy.

Our obligation to note down everything as it occurs is our only apology, and these people are always going down into the sea in ships. There are also to be found on every voyage that we have yet made high-toned, dignified gentlemen of worth, title and culture, who take great pleasure in giving you the benefit of their superior experience in journeying, and in every other proper way alleviating the little annoyances of travel and its accompanying curse, the omnipresent and inevitable sea-sickness.

After purchasing your tickets, taking care to secure state-rooms as nearly as possible in the center of the vessel—which we failed in doing this time, and our perch was, therefore, at an angle of forty-five degrees from the mizzenmast, whatever that is—you send your trunks down the hatchway, put your checks in your pocket, and, with basket or bundle in hand, proceed to ensconce yourself in your narrow den, happy indeed if not more than two of you are to have quarters in a state-room seven by five feet in its dimensions, including bunks, wash-stand, chair, band-boxes, baskets and bundles.

The scenery on the Columbia between Portland and Astoria is for the most part dull and monotonous. The river is broad, muddy and, in many places, sluggish, and the dense timber, in its dusky greenness, vies with the gray bluffs of basalt that sometimes stand in colonnades, keeping guard over patches of fire-denuded mountain land, that loom, all desolate and ghastly, against the sombre sky in the background.

Our power to make the coming contest a warm one for his Excellency. The candidate for Congress, Mr. La Dow, is a man totally unknown to fame, and even the faint echoes of his political achievements that have reached us since his nomination fail to inform us as to whether he is a Woman Suffragist. As he will have ample opportunity to do so, we trust he will speedily define his position upon this vital political issue, that the hundreds of Suffragists in the State may know just where to find him.

We will forbear to judge the candidate by his associates for the present, but give him time to speak for himself. Comment upon the remaining candidates is unnecessary. Unlike Mr. La Dow, they are unfortunately too well known, and should be consigned by the loyal voters of Oregon to political oblivion.

YOURS TRULY ON PRAYER.

Of course Your Truly believes in it. Prayer is the effective, intangible agent of the invisible world, by which God knits the hearts of humanity in one common impulse. It is the bond of unity between men and immortality, the mysterious emblem of our mystical destiny upon whose invisible wings the aspirations of the human heart ascend to the listening ear of the Highest. It is not possible for the arm or might of man to annihilate it. Just as long as the tired souls of men are permitted to experience disappointment, just so long will men and women be driven at intervals, whether they will or not, to take refuge at the feet of sovereign mercy and rely upon Omnipotence for consolation.

This being a scientific fact, Yours Truly wondered much, the other evening, when she witnessed the effect of a bomb of truth thrown by Mrs. Dunway among the conservative priesthood in the Presbyterian Church, who are seeking to lead the women of Portland, or rather, send them, to do a work which they are too timid, or too incompetent, to do for themselves.

Brother Izer and Brother Medbury, pastors in charge of the Methodist and Baptist churches in this city, were in their glory. Ostensibly, they were holding a "woman's meeting," but really, they had no notion that the women should do anything except as they should dictate. Dr. Atkinson, being a much older man, and consequently not over-concerned about his personal holiness, is not particularly fearful lest the Great Omnipotent shall be shorn of which these ministerial boys would nauseate Him.

After Brothers Medbury and Izer had talked and prayed and planned—yet why they should talk and plan at all, if prayer alone is to do the work, as they aver, Yours Truly can't conjecture—and, after Brother Atkinson had made some sensible, suggestive and eloquent remarks, Mrs. Dunway arose, and, facing the large audience, modestly said: "Friends, I feel diffident about taking up any of your time on this occasion, as I know that there are many here who wish to speak, whom you are waiting to hear; but, as this is to be my last evening with you for some time to come, I hope you will bear with me for a few moments. While I believe fully in the agency of prayer, I feel that this work must be systematized if I would make it profitable. Dr. Atkinson has just told of two young men with whom he is acquainted, who are going the downward road through the profits of the oil of the business of rum-selling. Now, friends, the Government extorts, annually, an immense revenue from the people through an embargo upon this traffic. Men are protected in this business as they are in no other, and this is why so many of them are ready to engage in it. But the women are aroused, and now I want to see them work to some purpose. When you go, my sisters, to move in battalions against the hosts of Alcohol, if I were you, I would go first to the city council rooms, when the city fathers are in session, and I would open there the flood-gates of song and prayer, beseeching the Lord of Sabaoth, whose Spirit is already moving in the hearts of the people, to open the hearts of the law-makers of this municipality to the consideration of a work which they must do, if we would make this impression permanent. I would go, too, to the Governor's office and the Metropolitan police, and sing and pray there. I would beseech the citadels of legislation and the entire remification of the Government with prayer. For, just so long as our laws remain as they are, it will not be possible to uproot the intemperance evil." Mrs. Dunway no sooner sat down than up rose Brother Izer. He was "afraid for any idea to be sprung upon the people that would take their attention from the glory of God. This was God's work, and was to be accomplished wholly by prayer."

Yours Truly couldn't see, for the life of her, wherein Mrs. Dunway's advice would detract aught from the glory of God, but she thought she could detect wherein it might detract from the glory of Izer; and as this over-pious boy stood up there to rebuke, in his sleek-mannered way, the only tangible mode of making the temperance work lastingly effective, Yours Truly prayed that he might, as years and discretion are added to his present impracticable and ideal zeal, learn that the God of the Universe is by no means the Jealous God of the ministerial idea, but that He is perfectly willing to recognize His human agents in all great, moral works. It is not possible for Brother Izer to add to God's glory; neither is it possible for human "law" to detract from it.

THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES.

The action of the Albany Convention in placing in nomination for Governor the present gubernatorial incumbent, has occasioned no surprise, and but little comment.

The Woman Suffragists of this State know full well the position the Governor occupies in regard to their interests; and we shall certainly do all in

position Mrs. Dunway had taken, and then after his noble speech, one man with a very red nose, got frightened about "side issues," but closed his remarks with a very pertinent piece of advice to the ministers. He said that they should stand aside and let the women lead in this work. Brother Izer thought so too, and then, by way of proving how much he agreed with him, occupied the floor, to the exclusion of the ladies, till Doxology and Benediction closed the scene.

Yours Truly can't see anything consistent in this constant clamor about the efficacy of prayer alone to accomplish the temperance work. The very men who are loudest in this demand, get up "side issues" in the way of "resolutions" and telegrams, and bell-tollings, and Yours Truly can see no objection to the plan.

But these tender-toed young preachers must learn at the feet of men's mothers the lesson of Higher Law before they are capable of teaching Yours Truly.

CLACKAMAS COUNTY E. E. C.

[The following were received too late for publication in the last issue.]

OREGON CITY, March 9, 1874. The Clackamas County Equal Rights Club met at the Court House in this city March 9th, pursuant to notice.

The meeting was called to order by Mrs. Sarah M. McCown, President pro tem. The Secretary pro tem. called the roll; when the following persons signed the Constitution and By-Laws: Mr. W. Carey Johnson, Miss Ella Bacon, Mr. H. S. Buck.

The following members, having signed the Constitution and By-Laws, paid the initiation fee and became entitled to full privileges in the Club: Mrs. S. M. McCown, Mrs. S. Augusta Chase, Mrs. Jennie Barlow, Mr. W. Carey Johnson, Mrs. Miranda S. Buck, Mr. H. S. Buck, Mr. Rodney Tompkins, Mr. J. M. Bacon, Miss Ella Bacon.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. The President pro tem. resigned the chair to Mrs. Miranda S. Buck in order to present the report of the delegation to the Oregon State Woman Suffrage Association, which convened at Portland on the 13th of February.

The canvassing Committee reported as to the work done in Oregon City for the Club.

The Secretary pro tem. read a letter of congratulation from Mrs. Frances Fuller Victor.

Upon motion of W. Carey Johnson, the meeting adjourned to Monday evening, 16th inst.

J. DEVORE JOHNSON, Secretary pro tem. C. E. E. C.

OREGON CITY, March 16, 1874. Pursuant to adjournment, the Clackamas County Equal Rights Club met at the Court House in this city Monday evening, 16th inst.

Mrs. S. M. McCown, President pro tem. called the meeting to order.

The Secretary pro tem. called the roll, when the following persons signed the Constitution and By-Laws: Miss Alice Hunsaker, Mr. James M. Moore, Mr. J. L. Barlow, Mrs. S. D. Meldrum, Miss Rosa Smith, Mr. N. Allison did the same subsequently.

The above-mentioned persons, together with the following, paid the initiation fee and became entitled to the full privileges of the Club: Mrs. Mary E. White, Miss Sarah J. Thacker, Mr. E. L. Eastham, Miss Emma Harrington, Mr. John Wortman, Miss Frances Miller, Mrs. Mary A. Edmunds, Mr. J. P. Ward, Dr. W. J. Norris, Miss Sarah Atchey, Miss Emma Chase.

The Club then proceeded to the election of officers, which resulted as follows: Mrs. J. DeVore Johnson, President; Mrs. S. M. McCown, first Vice President; Mr. E. L. Eastham, second Vice President; Mr. J. M. Bacon, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Miranda Buck, Corresponding Secretary; Mr. H. S. Buck, Treasurer; Mr. John Wortman, Librarian; Miss Sarah Atchey, first Assistant Librarian; Mrs. S. Augusta Chase, Marshal; Miss Pet Miller and Miss Rosa Smith, Ushers; Miss Alice Hunsaker, Door-keeper; Mr. Rodney Tompkins and Mr. W. T. Whitlock, Assistant Door-keepers.

The following were elected as Furnishing Committee, to wit: Mrs. M. Edmunds, Mrs. S. M. McCown, Mrs. Jennie Barlow, Mr. E. L. Eastham, Mr. J. L. Barlow, Mrs. Miranda Buck, Mrs. S. Augusta Chase.

Also, the following Committee on Publications and Library: Mr. W. Carey Johnson, Mrs. S. M. McCown, Rev. Mr. M. J. J. Barlow, Mr. John Wortman, Miss Jennie Barlow.

Also, the following Committee on Order of Business, to wit: Mr. H. S. Buck, Mrs. M. Edmunds, Mr. E. L. Eastham, Mrs. S. Augusta Chase, Miss Jennie Barlow.

Also, the following Committee on Finance: Mr. S. M. Bacon, Mr. H. S. Buck, Mr. W. Carey Johnson, Mr. J. L. Barlow, Rev. Mr. M. J. J. Barlow, Miss Alice Hunsaker, Miss Rosa Smith.

On motion, the Furnishing Committee were authorized to procure a suitable hall.

On motion, the Board of Directors were authorized to appoint the next meeting.

The Furnishing Committee appointed Wednesday, the 18th inst., to meet. On motion, adjourned. J. M. Bacon, Secretary.

"BOSS" GLASTONBURY.

My children, all, and I will teach you a little play, which, if you learn your parts and act them well, will astonish your elder brothers and sisters, and, perhaps, put some of them to shame.

First, how many of you can spell "tax"? Ah! I am glad to see so many hands. Harry we will begin with you. Yes, my boy, that spells the kind of "tacks" we use in putting down carpets, but not the "tax" we are talking about this morning. I mean the money that the law compels men and women to pay for schools, roads, prisons, asylums and a great many other things. Now who can spell it? That is right, Emma, I am glad to see you know the meaning of words.

Now, how many of you boys think it would be right to take away your little sisters' playthings or money, and use them or misuse them as you saw fit? Not a hand raised! This is very encouraging to your mothers and sisters! I hope you will always stay as nice. They will have great reason to be proud of you if you do. Now the "play" is about a girl named Abby. You have all sung "Go tell Aunt Abby," have you not? No, little Mollie, I did not mean to ask you to sing it now, though we shall be very glad to hear it when we have done.

But this Abby's name is Abby Smith, and she is very nice and smart and lives with her sister in Glastonbury, Connecticut. Well, she has a great deal of money, and pays a great many "taxes" more than most of her brothers. But, somehow, the boys seem to think that she does not know how would be the best way to use it, though she is a splendid scholar, and could pass examination in school better than most any of them! And so they have just handed her money over to whoever they pleased, and they have used it, or misused it, exactly as they saw fit.

I do not blame you, Tommy and Lilly, for shaking your fists; but wait and see what happened.

One day, when all their brothers met to see how the town's money should be used, and to choose men to help them spend it, Abby and her sister thought they would go too, and tell them, kindly, that they did not like to pay out any more money till they knew where it was going, and that they wanted to help choose the men who were to use it.

Well, they did go. And now, Charlie, what would you have told them, if you had been one of their Glastonbury brothers?

Ah! that is well, my boy; I admire your spirit very much, only it would be more proper to say "come ahead," than "go ahead," for you know she did not ask nor wish to go ahead of her brothers, but only to come ahead far enough so as to have an equal chance in the race, as it were. Now do any of you think she did wrong to ask so much? Not one!

That is a great honor to you, my dears. But her brothers, though they did not fly into a passion and strike her, nor call her bad names, that I know of, they did something else just as bad. They went and took away seven of her beautiful pet cows!

No wonder you groan, children; I had rather hear that groan than the sweetest tunes you sing; and that is saying a great deal, for I love to listen to your little songs. But now that you will see what it all means—I will read you the "play." You have all heard the words; but they now have a new meaning, which will be an added charm. Boys, you must not feel badly about taking such naughty parts; for we all know that you will be only "acting," and not showing out your real natures. Be sure, all of you, and remember the directions which are given with the piece, when you come to act it, and hold up your aprons or banners so that every body can see the words.

Now here is the play. It is named

"BOSS" GLASTONBURY.

(Who will "lead the dog that worries the cat.")

A PLAY FOR CHILDREN.

SCENE.—In the background, on the wall, next to the ceiling, is to be printed with green ink:

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!

At one side of the stage stands a large house (or picture of a house), with "Public Treasury" printed on the door. The door must be open, and in the house is seen a large table piled with money bags and purses. Over these must be printed "People's money," (people's meaning women as well as men.)

CHARACTERS.

1. Rat.—(To be represented by a small boy, wearing a black apron, on which is printed in red letters formed with bits of rope, handkerchiefs, etc., something as you've seen "rustic" letters made: "Law-giving men, alone, the use of the money.")

2. Cat.—(Represented by a little girl carrying a white banner, on which is printed, in gilt letters: "Women who rebel against the 'Rat' law.")

3. Dog.—(Boy with red apron, printed on which, in black letters formed of chains, whips, etc., are these words: "Laws and officials that throw women into prison and take their property away from them because they rebel against the 'Rat' law.")

4. Cow with the cramped horns.—(Represented by seven cows or pictures of cows.)

5. Maiden.—(Two sisters dressed, one in blue to indicate Truth, one in white to represent Purity, and both with swords to represent Justice. They carry a white banner with these words in red: "Peaceably if we can; forcibly if we must.")

6. Priest.—(A larger boy than is used to represent Rat and Dog, and he must carry in one hand a large, white banner, on which is written in letters of gold: "New laws, which shall be 'shaven of injustice,' and 'shorn of brutality,'" and in the other hand a pair of scales to represent equal justice.)

7. Mother Goose.—(Old woman with wand.)

Chorus.—(To be chanted before curtain rises.)

"The maiden sisters, all forgers, Have raised a cow with an Alderney horn, That shall toss the dog that worries the cat That ought the rat that ate the malt That lay in the house that Jack built."

Curtain rises. Enter Mother Goose with wand, the other characters standing in a row.

Mother G.—(Pointing to Public Treasury), "That is the house that Jack built." (Pointing at money), "and this is the malt that lay in the house that Jack built."

Rat.—(Stepping forward and flapping apron), "This is the Rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built."

Cat.—(Steps forward waving banner), "This is the Cat that caught the Rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built."

Dog.—(Stepping forward, flapping apron), "This is the Dog that worried the Cat that caught the Rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built."

Maiden.—(Sisters step forward, wands and banner), "Here is the Maiden, all forlorn, who raised the Cow with the Alderney horn, that will toss the Dog that worries the Cat that caught the Rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built."

Mother Goose.—(Stepping forward with a low bow to the audience), "Behold, Oh ye people! And be exceeding glad at the fulfillment of this grim 'Mother Goose' prophecy. As for the Rat, he already begins to feel himself upon the 'horn of the dilemma,' so to speak, not knowing when his time may come. Now, the Cat is freed from her former master, he being so tossed up, 'over the moon' as it were, and the poor Cat has been brought back to health and strength by the 'milk of human kindness' provided by the reinforcing benefactor!" (Curtain drops.)

CLARENCE VERNON.

The Servant-Girl Problem.

HOW LUCIA M. ALBERT SOLVES IT.

As some successful fact is worth columns of speculation, allow me to relate an experiment which I have lately tried with such happy results that other despairing "missuses" have gone and done likewise. Last spring, it became my turn to keep house for a very different family of old and young, with very different tastes, tempers and pursuits. For several years Irish incapables had reigned in our kitchen, and general discontent had pervaded the house. The girl then serving had been with us a year, and was an unusually intelligent person, but the faults of her race seemed to be unconquerable, and the winter had been a most trying one all around.

My first object was, "Biddy must go." "You won't get any one else, mum, so early in the season," said Biddy, with much satisfaction at my approaching downfall. "Then I'll do the work myself, as you can pack up," was my undaunted reply. Biddy departed, sure of an early recall, and for a month I did do the work myself, looking about meantime for help. "No Irish need apply," was my answer to the half-dozen girls inquired about by my house-keeper, for this second success converted several of the most unbelieving maids. A place was soon found, and when I said good-bye to my friend as well as helper she paid me the best compliment I ever received: "I thought, perhaps, you wrote one way about work and tried another; but you don't; and if ever you want me I'll come again with all my heart."

Now this experiment is worth telling, because it has been so successfully tried with three different women; and there are plenty more ready to do their best in families where they can be properly treated. Some ladies may object to having a foreigner at the table, yet it is better to have a lady than an ear at the key-hole, and an Irish tongue to gossip of family affairs to the neighbors' girls. Some would think that this helper would be in the way if she sat in the parlor, but I have found that she knows by instinct when to go and when to stay. Miss S. gently vanished when visitors came in, or if some duty kept her there I introduced her, and so prevented any feeling of awkwardness on the part of guests, or any sense of exclusion which is so hard to a social or sensitive woman.

Miss J. always sat in the dining room, which in the evening was lighted; the folding doors being open and the music or chat of the parlor free to her as to us. It was pleasant to me to see the neat, pretty woman sitting there, enjoying the books, brightening at a friendly word, ready to lend a hand if ever needed, and to feel the atmosphere of freedom which made labor light and life less and solitary for her.

In a large and fashionable family this may not be possible, and I leave such to their own splendors and worries. But in that great class of families where small incomes make economy necessary, help of this sort is most needed and may easily be found. The heads of the family are willing to pay for it in something besides money. These women long for homes, are well fitted for these cares, love children, are glad to help busy mothers and I think they would favor if, with their small wages, they receive respect, sympathy and the kindness that is genuine, not patronizing or forced. Let them feel that they confer a favor in living with you, that you are as equal, and that the fact of a few dollars a week does not build up a wall between two women who need each other.

Dear ladies, don't say this is sentimental or impossible, but try it in all good faith, and take the word of one who has known both sides of the mistress and maid question, that if you do your part faithfully you need never again have your substance wasted, your peace kept my word, and was a happy little woman all summer. I know that a

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great load was lifted off my shoulders, when day after day I found three nicely-cooked meals ready at the appointed hour, my kitchen always neat, with no flies in unweeded milk, no dishes covered under the stove, no water in the sink, or the table looking as if set by a hurricane. She did the marketing also, and the monthly bills showed a surprising difference, for no spoil wasted, no over-kill, timely cooking, and things in order, and good judgment made economy a pleasant possibility.

When illness came, I had no thought for anything beyond the sick room; all went below as regularly as if I were still there. My friends called my next house-keeper, and I received and reply to their inquiries. I tried to get to eat, she came to me with some tempting dish and begged me to take it, with a look of sympathy that made it sweet; and when I asked how the family had got on, I found that all had red, well, and no sense of neglect or waste added to my anxieties. Only one falling did I discover in Miss S. (I always gave her name as she gave it, and returned as graciously as I could.) She was not very strong, for much work had done for her what it does for most American women in her case, and by lessening her health had impaired her usefulness. Finding that the washing was too hard for her, I got a stout neighbor to come in and do it.

The good Irish woman snuffed at first at my "lady," as she called Miss S., but before the summer was over she had snuffed in and snuffed out. "Sure, Miss, dear, it's a nice little crater she is and mighty helpful to us, I've alone her being a true lady. I'm wishing 'er 'er get another as good when she goes."

So did I, for my little S. did go, because she only came for the summer and preferred the city in winter. Her fame, however, had gone abroad, and a friend, hearing her praises sung, came to secure her as a servant, and I cordially recommended her to that easier place, for her experience as a teacher made her a good reader, her knowledge of needle-work made her a good seamstress, and her intelligent New England woman made her a comfort in any home she might enter. Before she left, however, half a dozen of my neighbors, who, by the way, had forgotten the matter, and whose adventuring I had never seen, came to see, talk with, and try to tempt Miss S. to come and do for them what she had done for me. But she preferred the city and went, taking with her the respect, gratitude and regard of the whole family.

Checked by my first success, I tried again, and found no lack of excellent American women longing for a home and eager to except the rights, not privileges, which I offered them. Every one whose adventuring I answered replied to me, and one person came to see me, so anxious was she to secure a place where she could "be treated like a lady, though she did work for her 'lady' bread," but a young daughter must be with her; and though I longed to take in the homeless souls, we needed but one, for I could not give up the work that is my best medicine for both mind and body.

So I took Miss J., a pretty, soft-eyed woman, whose modest dress and gentle manner won me at once. She was a farmer's daughter seeking to support her mother, and had lived seven years in one place as helper, and three years as house-keeper for a clergyman, and for two years had the entire charge of a motherless little boy. All these experiences had given her power and skill of different sorts, and she had a refinement of feeling which is so grateful in those we live with. She, too, had worked hard and overtaxed her strength; but was ready to do anything in return for kindness, respect and the protection of a home. We liked her even better than our S., and the prospect of a lonely winter was made endurable to me by the presence of one who could be both helper and companion. My house-keeper, who was a young man, though I preferred to help with the latter, as it was better gymnastics for an arm, cramped with too much pen-work, than any movement cure ever invented. As I found her stronger than my house-keeper, I made much that I never felt willing to ask of the other, I gave her four dollars a week, and felt that it was money well spent. Unfortunately a sudden change of plan made it necessary for me to leave the house for the winter and disband our forces. I had feared that Miss J. would find it too solitary, and was both touched and pleased when she said with real regret: "You will miss me, I'll give anything to stay with you till spring or longer. It is the sort of place I wanted and never hoped to find."

I made known the case to a friend, and in a week five townswomen came to inquire about my house-keeper, for this second success converted several of the most unbelieving maids. A place was soon found, and when I said good-bye to my friend as well as helper she paid me the best compliment I ever received: "I thought, perhaps, you wrote one way about work and tried another; but you don't; and if ever you want me I'll come