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WHISTLING IN HEAVEN.

You're surprised that I ever should say so:
  Just wait till the reason I've given
Why I say I shan't care for the music,
  Unless there is whistling in heaven;
Then you'll think it no very great wonder,
  Nor so strange, nor so bold a conceit,
That unless there's a boy there a-whistling
  Its music will not be complete.

It was late in the autumn of '40;
  We had come from our far Eastern home,
Just in season to build us a cabin,
  Ere the cold of the winter should come;
And we lived all the while in our wagon,
  That husband was clearing the place
Where the house was to stand; and the clearing
  And building it took many days.

So that our heads were scarce sheltered
  In under its roof, when our store
Of provisions was almost exhausted,
  And husband must journey for more;
And the nearest place where he could get them
  Was yet such a distance away,
That it forced him from home to be absent
  At least a whole night and a day.

You see, we'd but two or three neighbors,
  And the nearest was more than a mile,
And we hadn't found time yet to know them,
  For we had been busy the while;
And the man who had helped at the raising
  Just staid till his work was done;
And as soon as his money was paid him,
  Had shouldered his ax and had gone.

Well, husband just kissed me and started,
  I could scarcely suppress a deep groan
At the thought of remaining with baby
  So long in the house all alone!:
For, my dear, I was childish and timid,
  And braver ones might well have feared,
For the wild wolf was often heard howling,
  And savages sometimes appeared.

But I smothered my grief and my terror
  Till husband was off on his ride,
And then in my arms I took Josey,
  And all the day long sat and cried,
As I thought of the long dreary hours
  When the darkness of night should fall,
And I was so utterly helpless,
  With no one in reach of my call!

And when the night came with its terrors,
  To hide every ray of light,
I hung up a quilt by the window,
  And, almost dead with affright,
I kneeled by the side of the cradle,
  Scarce daring to draw a full breath,
Lest the baby should wake, and its crying
  Should bring us a horrible death.

There I knelt until late in the evening,
  And scarcely an inch had I stirred,
When suddenly, far in the distance,
  A sound as of whistling I heard.
I started up, dreadfully frightened,
  For fear 'twas an Indian's call;
And then very soon I remembered
  The red man ne'er whistles at all.

And when I was sure 'twas a white man,
  I thought, were he coming for ill,
He'd surely approach with more caution—
  Would come without warning and still.
Then the sounds coming nearer and nearer,
  Took the form of a tune, light and gay,
And I knew I needn't fear evil
  From one who could whistle that way.

Very soon I heard footsteps approaching,
  Then came a peculiar dull thump,
As if some one was heavily striking
  An ax in the top of a stump;
And then in another brief moment,
  There came a light tap on the door,
When quickly I undid the fast'nings,
  And in stepped a boy, and before

There was either question or answer,
  Or either had time to speak,
I just threw my glad arms around him,
  And gave him a kiss on the cheek.
Then I started back, scared at my boldness,
  But he only smiled at my fright,
As he said "I'm your neighbor's boy, Elick,
  Come to tarry with you through the night.

"We saw your husband go eastward,
  And made up our minds where he'd gone,
And I said to the rest of our people,
  'That woman is there all alone,
And I venture she's awfully lonesome,
  And though she may have no great fear,
I think she would feel a bit safer
  If only a boy were but near.'

"So, taking my ax on my shoulder,
  For fear that a savage might stray
Across my path, and need scalping,
  I started right down this way;
And coming in sight of the cabin,
  And thinking to save you alarm,
I whistled a tune, just to show you
  I didn't intend any harm.

"And so here I am, at your service;
  But if you don't want me to stay,
Why, all you need do is to say so,
  And should'ring my ax I'll away."
dropped in a chair and near fainted,
Just at thought of his leaving me then,
nd his eye gave a knowing bright twinkle
As he said "I guess I'll remain."

d then I just sat there and told him
How terribly frightened I'd been,
w his face was to me the most welcome
f any I ever had seen;
d then I lay down with the baby,
nd slept all the blessed night through,
I felt I was safe from all danger
ear so brave a young fellow and true.

ow, my dear friend, do you wonder,
ce such a good reason I've given,
I shan't care for the music
less there is whistling in heaven?
often I've said so in earnest,
now what I've said I repeat,
less there's a boy there a-whistling
ic will not be complete.

—*Harper's for June.*

THE MIDNIGHT WORKER.

He was my lover, and, without doubt, as his stately mother laughingly avered, a very demi-god in my eyes.

Nevertheless I knew he had his whims Among these was the fancy to play the part of princely host.

Every year, at a certain season, the fashionable world, with its nucleus of wit, beauty and genius, became the recipient of his right royally dispensed hospitality. One year this nucleus was swallowed up in the person of a new star.

Brilliantly gifted in face, form and mind, Miss Vivian queened it with charming grace and power.

Lovely and even envious women were fascinated into open homage, men into passionate idolatry, and soon, conspicuous among these, towered my demi-god; my lover, Harold Lorne.

Half wild with grief, jealousy and despair, I taxed him with his faithlessness. A light laugh answered me at first, and then he said:

"Nonsense Lill! Our masculine hearts must beat wildly under the smiles of a woman so rarely charming as the beautiful Vivian. Don't let a thought of her vex your little brain. Remember that it is a modest wildwood flower I shall some day claim as mine. But one thing, Lill, don't tighten the rein on me; I might grow restive, you know.

There was a singular expression of menace and repulsion in his eyes as he uttered these concluding words, but he kissed me.

"I wish she were dead! I could kill her!" I answered passionately, scarcely knowing what I said.

He shrugged his shoulders and yawned nonchalantly.

Blazing with anger and wounded love, I broke away from him and rushed to my room. A minute later I heard his step on the terrace, and going to the window, I saw him cross the lawn and join a group of which Miss Vivian was, as usual, the lovely center.

"I will break with him," I cried passionately. The next instant moaning wildly: "I can not—I can not; It would kill me. Oh, Heaven, why must I suffer thus? Why—why did she come?"

I gazed down upon the dark, brilliant face, lit by the great, fathomless eyes, so wonderfully soft and light.

I listen to the ripple of silvery laughter as it crossed her lips and floated sweetly up to my room.

I looked, listened and thought.

Presently I murmured:

"She is beautiful, she is charming, she is graceful, but her face is the face of a sphinx. She is a living mystery—her eyes proclaim it. Is she good? I hate her—I don't know. Does she love Harold? No; she gives Harold what Harold gives me. Strange world; miserable life! Its horrible mysteries and miseries who can interpret?"

The hours went by, yet still I sat there—all the evening, deep into the night; and on to the gray dawn.

At last, worn and feverish, I arose and lighting a candle, stole out to get a glass of water.

I went through the main hall to another leading to a suite of rooms which, on account of their magnificent outlook, had been appropriated by Harold as a private library, reading-room, &c.

My noiseless tread had brought me within a few paces of this suite, when my feet were glued to the floor by the sight of a tall figure, shrouded from head to foot in a loose black robe, issuing from the center room.

A close black mask concealed the face completely, but the gleam of the fierce, threatening eyes, as we stood for a moment motionless in front of each other, struck me with indescribable terror, and in its extremity the candlestick dropped from my nervous fingers to the floor.

A little ray of light streamed from the dark-lantern carried by my vis-a-vis, but it was instantly extinguished beneath the flowing robe, and before I had time to rally my benumbed faculties, there was a faint, swift rustle, and the figure swept by me with a gliding motion—I knew not whither.

Hurrying back to my chamber, I secured another light, and in a few moments had awakened Charlotte, who as promptly aroused Harold and the butler.

In due time the whole house—excepting only the occupied guests' chambers—had been thoroughly searched, and we stood gazing at one another in questioning amazement.

Not a trace of my late vis-a-vis could be found.

Every ounce of silver remained intact, and every door and window securely fastened, while Harold's rooms posented their usual appearance—not an article missing, not a lock broken.

At last Harold laughed.

"It was a being of your imagination, Lill. We know there are no thieves within doors, and also that one never passed out through these locks and bolts. You were half asleep, my little cousin."

So they all went comfortably to bed again.

But I revolved the mystery in my mind, and, before seeking my own couch, crept softly out to the door of Miss Vivian's chamber.

I found nothing, however, to warrant the wild suspicion which had taken possession of me.

All was as dark and silent as the grave.

Nevertheless my [illegible] Miss Vivian, and [illegible] the astonished and [illegible] her fashionless [illegible] rencontre was [illegible] morning at the breakfast table.

Miss Vivian was my rival.

On this fact alone rested my wild suspicion.

Harold loved her.

Therefore I hated her with a deadly hatred that longed to find and prove her guilty of any crime: therefore I constituted myself a spy upon her.

Day and night I dogged her steps.

It was an ignoble task, weighted with a doubly ignoble purpose, and of necessity left its defiling stain upon my soul.

But what of that, if I regained the love which poor fool, I fancied I had lost?

At some risk I became a nightly visitor of the veranda on which Miss Vivian's window opened, and thus to my profound delight, learned two important facts, namely, that her light burned late, and that at a certain hour she left her chamber to punctually return with the first promise of dawn.

Where did she go?

To Harold's suite of rooms.

I determined to follow her.

I did so.

She came from her chamber the same masked, black-robed figure I had encountered on a certain memorable night, and went straight to Harold's rooms.

She entered.

The door closed softly behind her, and the key turned

What then.

What was her errand?

I determined to know that also.

The following night I preceded her.

Harold's Sybaritic tastes had rendered this suite a marvel of luxury and beauty. Everything that art and wealth could furnish for its embellishment had been procured, and it was the crowning glory of his palatial mansion.

It did not occur to me then, but it was none the less true, that, in this lavish appropriation of wealth and beauty to his own enjoyment, my lover's inmost nature revealed itself.

Few of the many guests he entertained were accorded the privilege of entering these magnificent rooms.

From the first they had been dedicated to the god of his worship—self—and self alone was the "open sesame" which flung back the door.

Yet here Miss Vivian presumed to spend hours every night.

What did it mean?

As before mentioned, I determined to know, and, therefore, preceded her.

The inner shutters were closed for the night, and I congratulated myself on the fact that the whole suite had been converted into one vast pillard apartment by means of the great sliding doors, thus permitting my eyes to sweep the whole at a glance

I had timed myself well.

Miss Vivian, masked as usual, and carrying her little dark lantern, soon entered.

Satisfied by one lightning glance that the room was tenantless, she turned the key and stepped quickly to a very beautiful and massive escritoire, in which Harold kept his most valuable papers.

Taking a bunch of keys and a file from her pocket, she unlooked and opened the desk, and after placing keys, file and lantern upon it, wheeled up a chair and seated herself.

She then drew off a pair of clumsy black cotton gloves; and if I had needed additional proof that Miss Vivian was before me, it was incontestibly mine in the blue-veined, jeweled hands deftly filing a key and fitting it to the lock of one of the many sets of locked drawers and compartments with which the escritoire abounded.

In a few minutes the drawer was opened.

But then she suddenly paused.

Clasping her hands tightly together, she threw herself back in the chair, and sighed, tremulously:

"This ends my task—what, what if it should not be here? Poor Louis! poor, poor Louis! Nothing else will ever satisfy him.

With a slight gasp she raised her hand, and, throwing off hood and mask, disclosed a face so white and sorrowful that, had my heart been less than adamant, it must have melted at the sight.

Just then the little time-piece chimed the hour, and with a nervous start she commenced a swift, but careful examination of the contents of the drawer.

One paper after another was read and tossed impatiently aside—one after another, till the little time-piece chimed the flight of an hour.

At the same instant she drew out and hastily scanned the last sheet.

Casting it down with a low cry of bitter grief and despair, she threw up her hands and raised her eyes as if in mute appeal on high.

Ah, how beautiful she looked in that narrow ray of dim light, and how I hated her.

Had she not stolen all the sunshine from my life?

Presently she dropped her hands, and wearily restored the drawer to its former order.

But every attempt to reclose and lock it proved fruitless.

Finally, after repeated efforts, she removed it and turned the light into the vacant space.

A paper, evidently pushed off in opening the drawer, lay there.

It was half mechanically drawn out and unfolded, but at the first glance her face grew radiant, and a low exclamation of thankfulness parted her lips.

Still tenaciously grasping the abstracted paper, she hastily closed and locked the desk.

[illegible] she prepared the resume her dis[illegible] stepped from behind the massive piece of statuary which had concealed me, and spoke:

"I owe you my thanks, Miss Vivian," I bowed mockingly. "In the prosecution of your honorable task, you have treated me to quite a dramatic little scene. You should make your debut as a tragedienne, Miss Vivian.

The face which Miss Vivian turned towards me was certainly white and startled; but she was by no means annihiliated.

She regarded me with grave self-possession for the space of a full minute, and then she said, quietly, a ring of irony in her sweet voice.

"Well, what is it to be—comedy or tragedy? You look as if you would like to murder me. Shall you?"

"They might hang me. That wouldn't be pleasant. No."

"What then?"

"I only intend that your adorer shall know you."

"You desire the pitiful satisfaction of lessening me in his eyes?"

"I want him to know to what depths you can descend; and I want to be the one to expose you," I answered, with cold scorn.

"Go, then, and summon him. You shall be gratified. Poor girl! you are not naturally mean-spirited—not naturally spiteful; but the influence of Harold Lorne is warping your whole nature.

I hesitated.

Despite my hatred, her concluding words had shamed me.

"Go," she presently repeated, a little imperiously

I obeyed her, though less readily than I cared to acknowledge even to myself.

Miss Vivian employed the few minutes of my absence in lighting the room, and, on my return, I found her pacing its length with the air of a tragedy queen.

She took no further notice of me, but at the sound of Harold's approaching footstep, she paused.

Snatching a small, golden salver from its bracket, she hastily lit and dropped upon it the abstracted paper.

The last flickering blaze died out as he entered.

I had volunteered no explanation when I called him, and he now stood gazing at us in utter amazement.

I anticipated his inquiry by saying, coldly:

"The black mask, Harold—the being of my imagination.

"And these the insignia of my office," added Miss Vivian, as coldly, displaying the mask, file, and keys.

He appeared stupefied for a few seconds.

At length he stammered out, in bewildered tones:

"How? what office? what does it mean?"

In a moment Miss Vivian was transfigured; and I shrank half appalled before the grandly beautiful woman, glowing and quivering under the mighty storm of passion his words had awakened.

"What does it mean?" she repeated, joy, triumph, and contempt in every musical inflection of her ringing voice.—"What does it mean, Harold Lorne? This—this!" and she lightly touched the golden salver just returned to its bracket. "It means that the man whom you made your dupe and victim by a contemptible lie and a more contemptible artifice is free—for ever free. Look on that little golden salver, and behold the gyves of your victim!"

"You held him your bondman by a fearful tenure of shame and infamy, apparently his, but really yours. I resolved to free him. It required time, patience and exquisite tact and art to establish myself here as your guest; but I was equal to each demand. I am here, and he is doubly saved!"

She leaned towards him, and slowly repeated, a strange meaning smile covering her scarlet lips as she transfixed him with her eyes:

"And he is doubly saved."

These words increased to actual ghastliness the pallor which had gradually settled on the handsome features, and for the first time he attempted to interrupt her.

"Answer me—who are you?" he demanded, in hoarse, unsteady accents.—"You call yourself Miss Vivian—who in Satan's name are you?"

As he reiterated the question he seized her, almost roughly, by the arm.

She fixed her eyes haughtily upon him.

"Remove your hand, sir."

Overawed by her tone and air, he obeyed without a word.

Deigning no further notice of the interruption, she resumed:

"As I first stated, he is saved—doubly saved! How? Examine your escritoire and you will learn. Its secrets are all mine. And more, my unscrupulous host, think not that this glittering toy contains all that I found."

And again her jeweled hand touched the golden salver.

"Ha! You understand?" she smiled disdainfully, as Harold's white lips moved in a fruitless effort to speak. "Then I need only add that the proofs of your crime are in the safe, keeping of one who will not fail to use them should justice demand. Therefore, beware! And now I may tell you who I am."

Then cresting her superb head, she continued, in tones exquisitely modulated by some sweet emotion:

"I am the wife of the man who was once your victim. I am Louis Rednor's wife! And now adieu; my work is done, I go."

And as she sunk, half paralyzed, into a fauteuil, she swept majestically from the room.

"Louis Rednor's wife! She, the woman I love," he groaned again and again, with blanched lips, and vacant, wandering eyes.

I could not bear it. I, who loved him so—I, his promised wife.

To be sure he had forgotten my presence, but what of that?

Springing to his side, I knelt down and covered his hands with burning kisses.

He bent his eyes upon me like one in a dream.

"Oh, Harold, forget her!" I piteously entreated. "You once loved me—forget her and love me again. My poor, erring Harold, neither crime nor shame can alienate my heart. Then forget her and try to love me once more."

His mind had gradually regained its balance as I spoke, and he now burst out with scornful vehemence:

"Love you? Are you mad, to dream that a man who had worshiped at that glorious woman's shrine could ever learn to love a poor, little pale-faced, insipid thing like you! Bah! If you are not mad, you must be a fool!"

Then, resting his hand upon my shoulder a moment, he added, with cold, deliberate emphasis;

"Dying lips speak truth. Believe me, then, I never loved you, but I needed your fine estate. There—leave me and go in peace."

I staggered blindly to my feet, and out of his presence into the hall.

The window was open, and I sank into the low seat.

The minutes went by—I know not how many, but the red dawn was flushing the sky, when Harold's footsteps and the closing of his dressing-room door startled me from my half stupor.

I rose with nervous haste, and tottered to my chamber.

I had barely entered when the sharp report of a pistol echoed through the house.

I hesitated, and then closed the door, and locked it, muttering pathetically:

"Tragedy, Miss Vivian—not comedy, Harold is dead."

VARIOUS ITEMS.

Where our hatred is violent, it sinks us beneath those we hate.

Little children are the lillies of the valley of life.

More than fifty Massachusetts towns have women for school officers.

Conscience is a terrible punishment to the villian who yet believes in a hereafter.

It is easier to enrich ourselves with a thousand virtues than to correct ourselves of a single fault.

A late English announcement is that "ladies, without distinction of sex, are invited to attend."

Whims are harder to remove than sorrows; for time, instead of weakening strengthens them.

The colored people of Georgia own 457,635 acres of land, and property in the aggregate valued at $5,488,867.

When you are in danger from external enemies, look out. When the peril is from your own unbridled passions, look in.

Long life crowns the Baptist ministry, if we may judge by their necrology for 1876, which shows that the average of those who died in that year was over 66 years.

All railroad cars in France are now heated by steam, or hot water, in some form or other, and experiments are constantly going forward to devise improvements in the processes.

The rage for alcohol in the treatment of fever, introduced in England twenty years ago by Dr. Todd, has abated, and hospitals are rigorously cutting down wine allowances.

A fragment of meteor fell in Iowa, and was carried away by a man who found it. The owner of the ground sued to recover the curiosity, and the suit was decided in his favor.

As the gold in Australia decreases the wool crop grows more valuable. Last year the wool of that country was $7,000,000, more than four times as much as its gold product.

The total indebtedness of the Southern States, as estimated by the Committee on Adjustment, is about $200,000,000, that of Virginia alone amounting to $35,000,000.

The Missouri Legislature is naturalizing a new industry in that State. The Committee on Agriculture have reported a bill offering $5 a bushel for grasshoppers' eggs.

A lady who assumes to know how boys ought to be trained, writes as follows:—"Oh, mothers! hunt out the soft, tender, genial side of your boy's nature." Mothers often do, with an old shoe.

The Cambria Freeman, in noticing the death of Mrs. Catharine C. Trotter, in Hemlock, Cambria county, says that the good lady, who had no children of her own, raised and educated no less than twenty-one orphans.

A colored statesman in North Carolina offered a resolution asking the Legislature to suggest some plan upon which Congress could be memorialized to set apart a territory west of the Missouri river for the colonization of the colored people of the South.

A TETE-A-TETE GAME.

The following game of questions and answers, which, when played upon one as yet uninnitiated into the mysteries, is well calculated to afford endless laughter. A lady may be supposed to write down the list:

Set down a lady's name.
Set down some time past.
Write the name of a place.
Write either yes or no.
Yes or no again.
A lady's name.
Some time to come.
Yes or no.
Yes or no again.
Name of a city or town.
Some color.
Any number not exceeding six.
Some color.
Yes or no.
A lady's name.
A gentleman's name.
Another gentleman's name.
Still another gentleman's name.
Name of a clergyman.
A sum of money.
Name of a place.
Any number at all.
Some color.
Any number not exceeding forty.

When these conditions have been complied with the gentleman is requested to read off the list thus prepared as answers to the following series of questions:

To whom did you make your first offer?
When?
In what place?
Does she love you?
Did you love her?
Whom will you marry?
How soon?
Does she love you?
Do you love her?
Where does she reside?
What is the color of her hair?
What is the color of her eyes?
Is she pretty?
Who is to be bridesmaid?
Who is to be groomsman?
Who is your confidant?
Who is your rival?
What clergyman is to marry you?
How much is she worth?
Where will you reside?
How many servants will you keep?
What is her color?
How large a family do you wish to raise?

WONDERFUL.

John Carter, only son of a laborer in Essex county, England, by a severe fall was made utterly helpless, the only power of movement left to him being in the neck, enabling him to raise or turn his head, all the rest of his body being completely paralyzed. This terrible misfortune resulted in the development of a marvellous artistic genius, of which a writer in Chambers' Journal thus speaks:

"Having read one day of some young woman who, deprived of the use of her hands, had learned to draw little things with her *mouth*, he was seized with a desire to try the same thing, and was not content till he had made his first attempt. Deprived of the use of his hands, why not try with his mouth! A butterfly that had fluttered into the cottage was caught and transfixed; a rough desk extemporized, and with such materials as a sixpenny box of paints afforded, he made a sketch of the insect. Delighted with his success, he determined to persevere. A light deal desk was made after his own directions, on which to fix his paper; the picture he was about to copy being fastened above, or if large, hung from the top of the bedstead by tapes; he always drew in bed, his head being slightly raised by pillows. A pencil about six inches long and bound round with thread was put in his mouth, and with this he sketched his subject. A saucer of Indian ink was prepared, and a fine camel-hair brush was dipped and placed in his mouth by the attendant; these brushes were sometimes not more than four inches long. In this way he produced the most exquisite drawings, equal to fine line engravings, which were sold for him by his friends and patrons, some of them finding their way into the highest quarters; and thus he was enabled to experience the delight of feeling that, paralyzed as he was, he was not a mere burden, but was able to contribute to his own support.

"Several of the most beautiful of his works are now in America, and we believe we are right in saying that as much as twenty-five and fifty pounds apiece have been given for them. Another very fine work, a copy of 'St. John and the Angel,' about eighteen inches by twelve, is in the possession of Robert Hanbury, Esq., of Poles Ware, Hertfordshire, and is wonderful in its power and delicacy. In the copies from Rembrandt, Carter has so completely caught the peculiar touch and style of the great master, that even a connoisseur would have some difficulty in distinguishing them from the original."

WHY are some people like eggs? Because they are too full of themselves to hold anything else.

WHAT is the difference between a cloud and a bested child? One pours with rain [illegible] other rains with pain.

ESSAY

DELIVERED BEFORE FAIRLEE GRANGE, No. 8, P. of H., AT THE REGULAR MEETING, MAY 5, 1877.

How to Render our Homes More Attractive.

As it has fallen to my lot to open this discussion, and I am not able to speak extemporaneously, having never practiced that branch of education, I have written a few thoughts on the subject; leaving it principally to those better able to elucidate a subject so vast and important, embracing as it does a great variety of topics and a large scope for imagination and ingenuity.

Home is not merely the *house* in which we live, though this is no small item, for it is a little world in which the dwellers therein spend no inconsiderable portion of their lives; but it is not necessary that it be elaborately finished and furnished to be attractive; if it be convenient and answers the purposes of a shelter from the keen winter blasts and scorching summer sun, and is neat and tasteful, with a few pictures hung on the walls, and some few specimens of the skill and ingenuity of the occupants, in the way of ornamentation to please the eye, with plenty of books and papers, and some good periodicals to gratify the intellect; a good musical instrument and skill in handling it to feast the ear, as well as the eye and intellect; and we have all the attractions which those of moderate means and desires require, to promote happiness, the chief end to be attained by attractive homes.

But if the *house* should be costly, handsomely finished and furnished; if the walls are covered with the choicest works of art, and the sweetest music greets the ear from the most costly instrument; with carpets so thick and soft as to give back no sound to the tread; in short, if every luxury heart could wish is within; and at the same time the yards, outbuildings, gardens, fences, &c., are untidy and neglected, no woman of taste could be happy; for such incongruity and unthriftiness, such want of adaptability and harmony in house and surroundings constantly before her eyes whenever they sought for a rest and relief from the monotony of indoor life, by a sight of the pleasant sunshine and communion with nature, would so irritate the sensitive nerves of taste as to destroy the whole effect, for the setting of the *jewel case* of home gems is more important if possible than the case itself.

We have room for very great improvement in this matter of ornamental gardening to render our homes attractive; flowers, vines, walks neat and well kept, are far greater sources of pleasure than elegant furniture and carpets. Opportunities for this kind of embellishment we as farmers enjoy in a far greater degree than any other class of people.

But the plainest home requires constant care and labor on the part of the occupants to *keep* it neat, orderly and comfortable; and the presiding spirits should consult with each other upon the best means to attain the desired end; thus assisting and co-operating, this labor which otherwise becomes irksome and monotonous, becomes a pleasure—a labor of love.

When each thus strives, unselfishly, in securing and promoting the attractions of the home, and kind words and affectionate attentions in the little every day affairs of life characterize our intercourse with each other, and with all with whom we have dealings; then our homes will be truly attractive to all, as, no matter how much the eye is attracted, the ear gratified, and the intellect satisfied; if kindness and affection is wanting, it is *no home* in the true sense of the word; for home is where the heart is, and is the most attractive where the heart is most cultivated.

But the subject grows in magnitude and comprehensiveness the more it is viewed and enlarged upon, and fearing to weary you I leave the elaboration of home attractions to more competent minds.

☞ A copy of this Essay was requested for publication.

ABEL J. REES, W. S.

☞ It is a good plan to keep a box of plaster of Paris in the house. Be sure and set it where no water can be spilt upon it. If the burner of a lamp becomes loosened mix up a little with water and put it around the glass top of the lamp, then put the brass on. The whole operation should be performed as quickly as possible, for the plaster hardens or sets almost instantly. A board or some dish you will not need to use again, will be the best thing to mix the plaster on, as it is almost impossible to remove it after it sets. Where there are cracks or large, unsightly nail-holes in a plastered wall, plaster of Paris may be used to fill them up.

☞ The Republic of Mexico covers an area of 760,000 square miles, and is divided into twenty-three States, having a population of about 8,000,000.

☞ Suffer not your spirit to be subdued by misfortunes; but, on the contrary, steer right onward, with a courage greater than your fate seems to allow.

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