

FIELD AND FARM.

For and About Women.

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "a woman speaking is like a dog walking on his hind legs. It is not done well, but the wonder is that it should be done at all."

Miss Mary Jones has started from Paw Paw, Michigan, to walk to California, and will lecture by the way, if the people do not flee as she approaches.

Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale was the pioneer magazine editor of the United States, beginning in 1827. She first conducted the Ladies' Magazine, in Boston; afterward united it with Godey's Ladies' book, in Philadelphia, and continued editing that for nearly half a century. Full of peace and honor and years, having added nearly a score to man's allotted span, her busy hands were folded, and she lay down to rest for eternity, but a few years ago.

The latest freak of the American girl, says a society gleaner, is to learn to box and fence. A teacher of art says that women make better boxers than men, on the whole, for they have better eyes and more quickness. They have, too, the necessary pluck, and very rarely when they enter upon a course of lessons fail to see them through, while three in every eight male pupils give up before the course is finished.

Use white castile soap for washing black and other colored stockings. They should be washed in tepid soap suds in which nothing else has been washed; their wrong side should be turned out during the whole process of washing and drying, and they should be dried in a shady place—not by sun or the fire.

The nation thinks it is the enlargement of woman's sphere that has been going on for fifty years, and has had the effect of drawing off from the ranks of "society" a number of women who adopt careers of their own, that has made society seem more silly and frivolous than ever; "but the true thing for social reformers to do must be to stop this process toward general social vapidity by making women put their minds to as much use as they will stand."

The name of an American lady doctor is declared by Nature to have "spread far and wide over North China." Her name is Miss Howard. Some time ago she attended the mother of Li Hung Chang, the great Viceroy, and now she is treating his wife. She is said to have a great number of applications for assistance and advice from the women of wealthy families, "who would die rather than be treated by a foreign male physician." Nature adds that it "looks as if the various countries of the east offered an almost inexhaustible field for women possessing medical knowledge and skill.

Cold Months Last Year.

Last year, May 8th, there was a severe frost, making ice an eighth of an inch thick. A long cold storm occurred May 14th and 15th. Early potatoes were just breaking through. We sowed our first field corn not until May 18th. Cold, gray skies continued from this date until the middle of June. As late as June 20th melons were scarcely up and our corn was but four inches high. Grape buds were just beginning to open. We remember it was thought that the grape crop would prove an entire failure. Up to June 30th the weather continued cool and wet. Then began dry weather running into a drought—just reversing the conditions favorable to corn, though very favorable to oats.—Rural New Yorker.

"Nothing Mean About Him."

During my first year of double blessedness my hands were very lovingly tied to the butter ladle, and after making twenty-five ferkins of "gilt edge," working and packing every pound myself, my better-half donned his new business suit, went to New York, sold our "Fine Dairy" butter, put every dollar in his pocket, and for the next four years did the same thing each year. But I must not omit telling you I had the promise of a "nice new dress," and after waiting seven years I received it with great joy! Moral: Don't tie your own hands or allow them to be tied, too tightly.—The Witness.

Young Girls' Toilets.

From a Jennie June Letter.

While married ladies array themselves with so much magnificence, and in all colors of the rainbow, the young girls, especially those that affect English styles and manners, are putting on airs of extreme simplicity. Their brothers are jockeys and stable-boys and they are milk-maids and pretty waiter girls. One cannot respect such an exhibition as this, even when it seems praiseworthy, because there's no conscience in it. It does not make them any more truly useful or economical, or sensible, or willing to face the essential conditions of an honorable and independent life. It is a part of the curious medley which we call life and dress sumptuously every day some times to wish for nothing so much as the poetry and poverty, its freedom from conventionalities, and its picturesque elements without its hard and binding circumstances.

These simple dresses are sometimes of cashmere, sometimes of cotton, saten, gingham or fresh flowered lawn. A cashmere of this kind in gens d'armes blue is made with a perfectly plain box plaited skirt. The plain waist is set on a belt and cut square, so that a little tucker of plaited muslin can be inserted and plain sleeves with a plaiting of lace or muslin at the wrist. The costume is not complete without an apron, not of toweling, but made of a fringed towel with embroidered border and fringed bib and pocket. A pretty dress of lilac muslin is made with a gathered skirt trimmed around the bottom, with a puffing and a narrow flounce. The

surplice waist is crossed and gathered into a belt, and the full sleeves are gathered at the top and also into a nearly straight cuff which is trimmed with lace. A little muslin apron embroidered in the English violets in outline stitch and tied with wide strings was over this dress at a spring ball, the wearer carrying a huge bouquet of violets and another of white rosebuds.

Gingham dresses when made for married ladies are in two pieces, or even three, but for young girls they are made whole, either in the princess form or with the bodice gathered into a belt and covered with a belt of ribbon when the apron is removed. The blouse bodice may, however, be considered an exception to this rule.

Walking clubs set a good example in regard to walking-dress, which serves also as a suitable traveling dress. The most approved model consists of a Jersey bodice, an unlined and pleated skirt and plain folds draped over the hips, but without sash ends. These form a convenient pocket at the side which is concealed and with a shoulder cape (pleated) and hat (either Langtry, turban, derby, or shade), the costume is completed. One point may be remarkable that late walking gloves are gauntletted instead of wrinkled.

Sweet Corn and Cane for Soiling.

I found last season that sorghum came of the Amber variety—the earliest sort I know and as sweet as any I have tried—endured drouth better than corn, but that my stock preferred the latter, which was contrary to the experience of a friend, and was doubtless so because of the fact that I choose for feeding green the best sorts of sweet corn, so it not over-thick in drills three feet apart, and cut the stalks from the time they begin to silk till the grain is in the milk; never let it pass this stage. The stalks do not grow over half to three-fourths of an inch in diameter at the butt; they are consequently tender and sweet their whole length, and thus are greedily eaten up from one end to the other. There is one advantage of growing Amber cane over corn in the latitude of 39 degrees and lower, we can get two crops of it from the same sowing in a season, provided it be a fair average one, and no unusual late frost in May or early one in October. Prepare the land as for corn; strike out shallow drills with the plough three feet apart, and drop the seed sufficiently close to have the stalks stand about an inch apart in the drills. A hand seed-sower may be used for this purpose. Some say that it is not so hardy as corn, and it should not, therefore, be sowed so early. Others say the growth for the first few weeks is very slow. I find, thus far, neither of these assertions true. I sowed at the same time as corn; it came up quickly and grew right off, rapidly. I earnestly advise my fellow-farmers to experiment with this plant for forage.—[A. B. Allen, Ocean Co., N. J.]

Beware of Clover-bloat.

On first turning to pasture some people not only subject their cattle to hoven—the dangerous bloat generated by gas—but also to the scour. The sudden change from dry hay to young watery grass, to eat their fill, is too great. The first three days the cattle should be suffered to remain at pasture only about half an hour to an hour, according to its rankness. After this, for the next three days they may be allowed double the time, and so on gradually increasing till they can safely remain in pasture all day. During this time they should be well fed with hay before being turned out in the morning, and again after taking up at evening. In addition to this they ought to have half a pint to a quart according to size and age, of linseed or cottonseed meal, night and morning. This keeps the bowels in fine order, and prevents scouring. A quart or two of Indian meal is good to mix with this, but not bran. In case of bloat, puncturing the side with a short, narrow-bladed knife is often resorted to, but this is dangerous, unless the person knows exactly where to make the incision. A much safer and equally effective method is resorted to by English cattle-men. They mix two table-spoonfuls of chloride of lime with a pint of water, and give this as a drench for a cow, and a smaller one for calves and sheep.—Sandila.

Halter Breaking Heifers.

Heifers should never be allowed to grow up to milking time without having been halter broken. While young, and consequently a great deal more manageable, they should be taught to stand around and become familiar with being handled, so that when an attempt is made to milk them, they will not be frightened or inclined to kick. The plan is a good one of putting halters on heifers and tying them up in stalls the same as horses, where they can be taught to stand around, back up and step forward at the word, and by being lead out to water, they can easily be taught to follow the halter. The udder and teats should be handled frequently and the card and brush used often. When these pains are taken, much annoyance may be saved afterwards and when it is necessary to move the cow from one place to another, her docile and gentle habits will be more than a reward for the trouble.

Narrow Edgings.

Cast on 7 stitches.
1st row: Knit 2, over, knit 1, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow.
2d row: Knit 2, purl 1, knit 2, purl 1, knit the rest plain.
3d row: Knit plain.
4th row: Bind off three stitches; knit the rest plain. Begin again at first row.

GIRLS IN WHITE AND PINK.

Gowns for Young Women Who Are About to be Graduated.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

White has long been the conventional commencement dress, but though long honored by custom and favored by the taste of many, it is not absolutely essential that a toilet for this occasion should

be white, if a color is more becoming, or there is any other reason why it is preferred. One of two groups of girls in pale rose or blue make a pretty break in the line of snowy toilets. Delicate fabrics in light colors are almost always selected. India mull, plain and polka-dotted, and the many beautiful varieties of nun's veiling, in white, robin's-egg blue, rose pink, cream, pearl color, strawberry red and corn-flower blue, an extremely stylish new color. Cotton satens in floral patterns are recommended for this purpose, and they are combined with plain satins, which have twilled surfaces closely resembling satin.

The approved style has a sharply pointed basque of figured satine in the beautiful daisy or moss rosebud patterns; pansies or hyacinths and an apron drape of the same are arranged over a kilt-pleated skirt or a gored skirt trimmed with tucked flounces edged with lace of the plain satine in a solid color to match the groundwork of the figured goods. Foulards also make up prettily in somewhat elaborate short dresses, wateau or draped polonaise style showing up the floral patterns most effectively. Imported robe dresses with embroidered flounces are shown in colored goods.

There is nothing, however, after all, so fresh and pretty for young girls as white and for these effective use is made of deep flounces of embroidery. Often breadths of solid embroidery of Irish point or open Hamburg work are used for the waist and sleeves and panels for the skirt, the point being covered by narrow crosswise ruffles of embroidery. A charming style is called the Phyllis. On the foot of the skirt is a narrow kiting, and above this a flounce of the embroidery, headed by two narrow pleatings and then another embroidered flounce. Above this is a full wrinkled apron, edged with embroidery and which is pulled up to conceal the edge of the plain basque. The basque is square, edged with the embroidery, which is carried in a full gabot down to the front of the waist, the ends concealed by the apron. This is a style pretty easily managed by home dress-makers.

Quite a number of commencement dresses of white mull or muslin are being made with demi-trains, and if the material is very sheer it is made up over white or colored surah. If expense is to be considered cotton satins look almost as well. A turleted or Briton basque and demi-train, if white, are pretty over a colored lining with puffs heading each ruffle of embroidery across to the front of the skirt, and ribbon of a color matching the lining run through the puffs and fastened with a bow with long loops, which will form a cascade of ribbon loops on each side of the skirt. The neck of the bodice may be cut low around or high at the back, with an oval or square opening in front. Two narrow ribbons are tied about the throat, with a bow and short ends at the left side.

Woman's Share in Courtship.

From the Cleveland Leader.

A man's quest for a spouse is limited only by his time and opportunities for looking around. He can try to win anybody, although a reasonable chance of success may attend him with but few. At any rate he stands squarely upon his cheek and his merits and that is enough. On the contrary, society says a woman must never go a step out of her way to secure the best and most desirable of mankind. She must simply sit and wait until chance brings the longed for opportunity of speaking. In fact, it is said that young ladies pride themselves upon feeling as well as seeming indifferent to all men until an effort is made to awaken their interest.

No wonder social reformers protest. If young maidenhood did not so often fall a victim to the first flight of Cupid's darts, its range of choice would be very small. As they go, rich and poor, pretty and homely, intelligent and ignorant, probably women would not, if they accepted none of them, receive an average more than half a dozen offers apiece, and not over three of those reasonably eligible. Suppose that she is fortunate enough to win a score of suitors, a young lady is still terribly handicapped. Like enough none of the twenty would be just to her liking, and meanwhile one she greatly preferred to any of the others might just escape coming under the spell of her charms. It is all very pretty, but this sitting in "maiden meditation fancy free," until some vigorous effort to deprive the aforesaid fancy of its liberty, is a very unsatisfactory thing when critically examined. Probably it may never be advisable to put woman on an exact equality with man and let her go forth with a stock of caramels and valentines to her ideal, and put the motto, "if you don't succeed, try, again," to a practical test. At all events, anything of that kind is in the far future. If, however, any man is to be robbed of his time-honored prerogative or forced to share them on even terms we respectfully submit that adequate attention be given to his immense advantages in courtship.

A Wrister Party in Maine.

From the Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Chase's Mills has had a wrister party—"Hit o' miss," Uncle Solon call it, and his picturesque pencil says: "A wrister party is a device to raise a little money and have a little fun. A wrister party is as good for the people of Chase's Mills as Vanderbilt's gaudy balls are for the kings and queens of the rail. Everybody at Chase's Mills went to the wrister party. All the women and girls knit a pair of wristers. Each put one wrist in a box and put the other on. You can buy a wrister out of the box for half a dollar which entitles you to the mate to it and oysters for two if you find it. At 8 p. m. the grand march was formed. As the couples fell in line one of the girls struck up whistling. "We are marching to the Old Quebec." When one whistler got tired another lady struck in. "The promenaded at Vanderbilt ball," soliloquizes Uncle Solon, "down the grand stairway to the

dancing boudoir might have been more grand and stately, with diamonds sparkling in the splendor of electric lights, but the march at Union Hall was conducted with military precision. The broad heels of the women's shoes all came down to a dot with the heavy tread of the men's thick boots, the whistlers didn't tire and touched every note in the tune as dexterously as expert violinists." When the whister box came round the whistling stopped and the march broke in the twinkling of an eye. Uncle Solon took a bright-eyed belle 5 years old out to supper. She was "as sociable as a bobolink and as spry as an antelope." Uncle Solon reports that everything was not done exactly square. He thinks some of the Chase's Mills girls swapped wristers with their mates. Seventy wristers were sold. The money went for the temperance cause.

A Married Couple's Faults.

A correspondent of the new England Homestead furnishes the following story from her scrap book. It may be a little exaggerated, but "it points to a moral."

"After having been married some weeks, it came into the head of a young husband, one Sunday when he had but little to occupy his mind, to suggest to his wife that they should plainly and honestly state the faults that each had discovered in the other, since they had been man and wife. After some hesitation the wife agreed to the proposition, but stipulated that the rehearsal should be made in all sincerity and with an honest view to the bettering of each other, as otherwise it would be of no use to speak of the faults to which marriage had opened their eyes. The husband was of the same mind, and his wife asked him to begin. He was somewhat reluctant, but his wife insisted that he was first to propose the matter, and as he was head of the house, it was his place to take the lead. Thus urged, he began the recital.

"My dear, one of the first faults that I observed in you after we began keeping house was that you a good deal neglected the tin ware. My mother always took great pride in her tinware and kept it as bright as a dollar."

"I am glad that you have mentioned it, dear," said the wife, blushing a little; "hereafter you will see no spot on cup or pan. Pray proceed."

"I have also observed," said the husband, "that you use your dishrags a long time without washing them, and finally throw them away. Now, when at home, I remember that my mother always used to wash out her dishrags when she was done using them, and then hang them up where they could dry, ready for the next time she would need them."

Blushing, as before, the young wife promised to amend this fault.

The husband continued with a most formidable list of similar faults, many more than we have space to enumerate, when he declared that he could think of nothing more worthy of mention.

"Now, my dear," said he, "you begin and tell me all the faults you have discovered in me since we have been married."

The wife sat in silence. Her face flushed to the temples and a great lump came in her throat, which she seemed to be striving hard to swallow.

"Proceed, my dear; tell me all the faults you have discovered in me; spare none."

Arising suddenly from her seat, the little wife burst into tears, and throwing both arms about her husband's neck, cried:

"My dear husband, you have not a fault in the world. If you have one, my eyes have been so blinded by my love for you that so long as we have been married I have never once observed it. In my eyes you are perfect, and all that you do seems to me to be done in the best manner, and just what should be done."

"But, my dear," said the husband, his face reddening and his voice growing husky with emotion "just think I have gone and found all manner of fault with you. Now do tell me some of my faults; I know I have many—ten times as many as you ever had or ever will have. Let me hear them."

"Indeed, husband, it is as I tell you, you have not a single fault that I can see. Whatever you do seems right in my eyes, and now that I know what a good-for-nothing little wretch I am, I shall at once begin the work of reform, and try to make myself worthy of you."

"Nonsense, my dear, you know that sometimes I go away and leave you without any wood cut; I stay up town when I ought to be at home. I spend money for drinks and cigars when I ought to bring it home to you; I—"

"No you don't," cried the wife, "you do nothing of the kind. I like to see you enjoy yourself; I should be unhappy were you to do otherwise than just exactly as you do."

"God bless you, little wife," cried the now subjugated husband, "from this moment you have not a fault in the world. Indeed, you never had a fault; I was joking; don't remember a word I said," and he kissed away the tears that still trembled in the little woman's eyes.

Never again did the husband scrutinize the tinware nor examine the dish-rags; never so much as mentioned one of the faults he had enumerated; but soon after the neighbor-women were won't to say—

"It is wonderful how neat Mrs. — keeps everything about her house. Her tinware is as bright as a new dollar, and I do believe she irons her dish-rags." And the neighbor-women were heard to say: "What a steady fellow—has got to be of late; he don't spend a dime where he used to spend oysters and can, when he is not at work. He seems to worship that wife of his."

The late Levi H. Willard, of New York, left about \$93,000 to the Metropolitan Museum of Art with which to buy a collection of architectural casts.

It is said in Boston that the Methodist Episcopal Bishop Bowman believes that he holds spirit communication with his deceased daughter.

DEATH ON THE OCEAN.

Dreadful Pictures of Human Fortitude and Anguish.

From the London Telegraph.

A terrible memorial of the recent dreadful loss of the steamship Navarre was fished up a few days ago by a smack, whose people found in their trawl the bodies of a man and woman tied together, with their eyes bandaged. Probably the mysterious deep never yielded up a secret more shockingly suggestive than those corpses. Whether the man and woman were a married couple, or sweethearts, or brother and sister, we know not; but their bodies fastened together in death, tell a moving story of devotion, in as their bandaged eyes convey a most pathetic picture of resolution and anguish. In the wreck of the Cimbric it will be remembered that the survivors spoke of seeing some of the emigrants at the last moment cutting their throats to shorten the final struggle. Most narratives of disaster at sea contain passages of this kind, telling how those who seemed of a shrinking and timid nature when all was well stood forth most noble and perfect types of heroes when danger was supreme; how the swaggerer, the bully, the tyrant proved an abject cur, casting himself down upon the deck in his terror, alternately praying and shrieking in the agony of his fear; how some, unable to await the approach of the last moment, destroyed themselves, while others, with folded arms and contracted brows, stood motionless upon the sinking hull, going to their death like men lost in thought.

One of the most pathetic stories in the language is the account of the loss of the Kent East Indiaman by fire in 1825, for the reason that a hundred particulars are introduced by the writer relating to the behavior of the people when all hope was abandoned, and death seemed inevitable. We read of the little children who, when the flames had mastered the ship, and all was uproar and horror on the deck, "continued to play as usual with their toys in bed, or to put the most innocent and unseasonable questions to those around them;" of a young military officer removing from his writing desk a lock of hair, and placing it in his bosom, that he might die with that sweet keepsake upon his heart; of another writing a few lines to his father and enclosing it in a bottle, "in the hope that it might eventually reach its destination, with the view, as he stated, of relieving him from long years of fruitless anxiety and suspense which our melancholy fate would awaken;" of the older soldiers and sailors seating themselves over the fore-hatch under which was the magazine, so that they might be instantly destroyed when the power caught fire; of cowards drinking themselves insensible or writhing in their terror upon the decks; of young girls praying calmly amid a kneeling crowd; of brave men standing collectively with their eyes on the setting sun, whose light they never hoped to see again. It is a wonderful and thrilling picture, and how often has it been repeated since in other ways and amid other seas! The last is not, indeed, the worst, but it is among the worst. The Navarre is but one of scores of ships which have gone to their doom offering before they took the final plunge, the most dreadful of all pictures of human anguish; but the sufferings she embodied seem to survive yet, even in her dead, when we hear of those two corpses tied together coming to the surface, with their eyes blindfolded, and when we endeavor to realize by those devoted silent witnesses from the bed of the ocean something of the terror and the resolution, the fear, the courage, the wild despair and the passionate supplication to Heaven which made up the picture of that as of all other wrecks of a similar nature.

Frogs as a Table Delicacy.

From the Boston Post.

Within the past few years the demand for frogs as an article of food has steadily increased and many people to-day rate frog legs very highly as a table delicacy. Many of these persons a few years ago would have hesitated some time before accepting the delicious batrachians in their bill of fare. Within the past winter this demand has been with difficulty met, and from all appearances the coming season will be a very prosperous and profitable one for the frog dealers. The catching season has already opened, and Mr. J. M. Beck, the largest dealer in the state and probably in the country, has engaged nearly one hundred men in the several New England states to catch for him the coming season, and he estimates that the demand this summer will be double that of the last year. Many hotels that formerly had frogs only during the summer are now making contracts for them the year round.

An attempt was made last summer to send live frogs to England and the first attempt was watched with considerable interest, as it was doubtful if the attempt would result successfully. The frogs were properly selected and special attention was given to their care and feeding during the long sea voyage. The first lot of animals sent arrived in England in the best of condition, having stood the voyage remarkably well, and the mortality was very slight. During the summer several other attempts were made and the results of all were very successful. These lots were designed for hospitals and were sent on special orders for surgical experiments. Some were dressed and eaten and a demand in a small way was immediately started. The green frog, or, as he is generally known, the bull frog, is not a native of England, and it is now desired to introduce and propagate him in sufficient numbers, so that they can be used for food. To this end a novel attempt will be made next month to send to England the spawn of the bull frog to stock a pond and rear the frogs in English waters.

The Princess Louise pieces out her husband's \$60,000 income with an income of \$30,000 of her own.