HOUSEHOLD.

Our Home.

BY JULIA H. MAY.

Beloved! when we pass away
From this familiar spot
I wonder who will come and stay
In the deserted cot.
Beneath these elm trees who will stand
And think that home is sweet,
When we have gone into that land
Where parted households meet?

Oh, who will walk beside the stream,
Or sit beneath the pine,
To dream again life's little dream,
When 'tis not yours, nor mine?
Will some one fell my favorite tree,
Pull down the mossy wall:
The things so dear to you and me,
Will they destroy them all?

Whose name will be on yonder door?
Whose picture deck the walls?
Whose feet press roughly on the floor
Where your dear footsteps falls?
And when the years to centuries swing,
Till all we love are dead,
Will any echo backward bring
The words that we have said?

I hope the brook down there will miss
An old familiar tune,
When in a happier home than this
We talk with all our own,
For oh, this little home is sweet,
Each corner is so dear;
Can Heaven without it be complete?
I would that Heaven were here.

I almost think that from the skies,
If I this home can see,
I shall watch those with envious eyes
Who live here after me.
"Hush! hush! we shall not care," you say
Dear heart! it may be true;
We shall not then, but oh, to-day
My life is here, with you.

Standards of Beauty.

Is there any handsome people on the face of the globe? Now, we may set aside the black and yellow and polychrome races in general, many of whom are well shaped, and like bronze statues to look upon but who do not come up to the Aryan standard in features and color. Leaving these children of nature out of the question, it may be confessed that there is no race among whom beauty is common. If the ancient Greeks were like their statues, then there was once a beautiful race, but it is not so certain that they did not idealize themselves a good deal. There is the more reason to guess this, as, when they have to represent a barbarian, say a Gaul or a German, or a professional prizefighter, they make these people as handsome as themselves, though in a rougher way. There is a famous bronze statue of a boxer, who might be taken for an orator, or a poet, were it not for his heavy metal-studded gloves. Thus it may be deemed that there is a great propotion of the ideal in these statues, vases, coins, and figures, where every one is so graceful and goodly. Every nation has a high opinion of its own charms. The French pride themselves on small feet, and it is certain that their women walk very little, and have cunning bootmakers.

The Americans write as if their women were a galaxy of loveliness; and then comes a military critic (English) who only saw three pretty women in the States, and one of them was a foreigner. There is no knowing what to believe when patriotism boasts of the local fair. Are the women of Arles really more lovely than their neighbors? Is "Auld Ayr" peculiar, beyond Girvan and Maybole, for the presence of bonnie lass? Were the women of Tanagra prettier than those of Thebes? Or do they owe their reputation to the local school of artists? Are Irish complexion and Irish eyes the pardonable inventions of Hibernian patriotism? Are all Lancashire witches more bewitching than they of Shropshire? These questions can never be satisfactorily answered. Perhaps it might pay an American journal to send a commissioner on beauty all around the world, who should give a comprehensive and unbiased opinion. But it would be difficult for the world to believe in his judicial fairness, and no really scientific result could be obtained. At home we may all look about us, and ask where beauty flourishes most. Now it may be a heresy, but we think that the scientific observer will find beauty most common among the young work-women and shop girls, on one hand, and among "the highest circles," the oldest families, on the other.

Pillows.

The use of a pillow is not a matter of mere blind usage. It has a physiological basis. We sleep, for the most part, on the side, and without a pillow the head would be uncomfortably and harmfully lower than the body. It will be remembered that Jacob, when fleeing from Esau, took a stone for a pillow. He needed something for the purpose, and nothing better than a stone presented itself. Such practices are common in Africa at the present day. Some people rest the neck instead of the head on hard pillows. In Africa extraordinary headgears make this practice necessary, and many a civilised woman has been compelled by a somewhat similar coiffure to forego both the pillow and the recumbent posture. A consideration of the physiological reason for pillows will suggest their proper thickness. They should merely bring the head to the natural level. Some pillows are much too thick. By bending the the neck unduly they interfere with the outflow of the venus blood from the head. The pillow that just fills up the space above the shoulder best suits its end. Again, pillows of feathers are objectionable. While they furnish the needed support for the head they are too heating, as they have a remarkable capacity for holding and accumulating heat. It should be remembered that more blood, and hence more heat, goes to the head than to any other part of the body.

Head-heating pillows are against the wholesome maxim, "Keep the feet warm but the head cool." There is nothing better than the hair pillow. Further, the pillow is for the head, not for the shoulders. To rest the shoulders on the pillow defeats the very end of which it is used. Finally, special care should be taken of infants in this matter. We have seen their heads sunken deep in the softest and thickest of pillows, and their faces, as a natural consequence, covered with great beads of perspiration. It is no wonder that children so treated die.

To Girls Who Sing.

Madame Antoinette Stirling has been giving some advice to English girls about singing. She warns them not to sing in public, or even in private before company, unless they have a good voice and considerable knowledge of how to use it. Having that, her advice to them is to concentrate their attention on what they have to say through their song, thinking neither of their audience nor of themselves. They must be careful of pronunciation and intonation, and they are to sing the words as they would speak them, near the front of the mouth. A true musician, she thinks, must have an appreciation of poetry, the study of which she recommends. A singer without a strong feeling for words cannot move those who hear. Finally, singers are to read Ruskin and Emerson, and follow their teachings.

Domestic Happiness.

BY THE REV. W. JAY.

Ah! what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying, as the placid joys of home! See the traveller—does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle? The image of his earthly happiness continues vivid in his remembrance, it quickens him to diligence, it makes him hail the hour which sees his purpose accomplished, and his face turned towards home; it communes with him as he journeys, and he hears the promise which causes him to hope—"Thou shalt know also that thy tabernacle shall be in peace, and thou shalt visit thy tabernacle, and not sin." Oh the joyful reunion of a divided family—the pleasures of renewed interview and conversation after days of absence! Behold the man of science—he drops the laborious and painful research—closes his volume—smooths his wrinkled brow—leaves his study, and unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversions of his children. Take the man of trade—what reconciles him to the toil of business?—what enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers?—what rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement? By and by the season of intercourse will behold the desire of his eyes and the children of his love, for whom he resigns his ease; and in their welfare and smiles he will find his recompence. Yonder comes the laborer—he has borne the burden and heat of the day—the descending sun has released him of his toil, and he is hastening home to enjoy repose. Half way down the lane, by the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him. One he carries and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. See his toil-worn countenance assume an air of cheerfulness! His hardships are forgotten—fatigue vanishes—he eats, and is satisfied. The evening fair, he walks with uncovered head around his garden—enters again and retires to rest; and "the rest of a labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much." Inhabitant of this lowly dwelling, who can be indifferent to thy comfort? Peace be to this house.

A superb piece of workmanship from abroad is a lace ornament made of diamonds and silver. It is is caught on the shoulders with diamond bows.

Children's silver mugs are perfectly plain with round lustrous surfaces with a chased rounded edge. Anything more elaborate has a festooned garland.

Necklets and bracelets of black velvet powdered with small stones are worn in England. The name of the wearer in script is written with stones.

Bonbon spoons copied after antique designs have network bowls, in the center of which is a tiny figure. In the best silverware the surfaces are plain, highly polished aud with a small round chased edge.

The Eldest Sister.

How much the world owes to the older sister in the home, writes T. DeWitt Talmage in the March Ladies' Home Journal. Born while yet the family were in limited circumstances, she had to hold and take care of younger brothers. And if there is anything that excites my sympathy, it is a little girl carrying round a great heavy child, and getting her ears boxed because she can not keep him quiet. By the time she gets to young womanhood she is pale and worn out, and her attractiveness has been sacrificed on the altar of sisterly fidelity, and she is consigned to celibacy, and society calls her by an ungallant name, but in heaven they call her Miriam.

In most families the two most undesirable places in the record of births are the first and the last, the first because she is worn out with the cares of a home that cannot afford to hire help, and the last because she is spoiled as a pet.

Among the grandest equipages that sweep through the streets of heaven will be those occupied by sisters who sacrificed themselves for brothers. They will have the finest of apocalyptic white horses, and many who on earth looked down upon them will have to turn out to let them pass.

And this leads me to the thought: Let sisters not begrudge the time and care bestowed on a brother. It is hard to believe that any boy you know so well as you do your brother can ever turn out anything very useful. Well, he may not be a Moses. There is only one of that kind needed ior 6000 years. But I tell you what your brother will be—either a blessing or a curse to society, and a candidate for happiness or wretchedness. He will, like Moses, have the choice between rubies and living coals, and your influence will have much to do with his decision.

A London photograpber has conceived an idea which has already made him fame, and deserves to make his fortune. He noticed that when he had a lady sitter with lovely, graceful feet she was always at least willing to let them appear in the picture, but that when the boots were over size that she took care to keep them under the edges of her gown. So this man of genius caused to be constructed a pair of artificial feet of dainty proportions, and had them dressed in the newest and most approved bottines. These he exposed in his atelier and explained to visitors. After a while he delicately suggested to a lady whose feet were uncompromising that she permit these to enter into the picture, and, deftly hooking the false feet to the hem of her gown, made a charming full length photograph. His success has dated from that day. London women don't mind availing themselves of the artificial beauty any more than of powder or any other toilet aid. Apropos of successful photographs, there is a very simple way of preventing she depressed, disconsolatelook that one's face is apt to assume in the forced repose of a sitting. It is to drink just a thimbleful of sherry in the dressing-room. It will put into your face the tiny touch of life and animation that adds so much to the beauty of a likeness. and which is so apt to degenerate into a grin when assumed to order.

MARRIAGE AS IT WAS.

Customs That Have Gone Toward the Evolution of Our Present System.

The first attempt of the barbarian to establish some form of legal relation, in lieu of the free love of earlier times, was the marriage by capture. In this the young man, having seen some girl of his tribe who pleased his fancy, call together a band of his brother braves, and catching his victim at some defenseless moment, bound and gagged her, and dragged her away to his home, henceforth to be his wife.

Two effective scenes are those representing first, the maiden, happily sleeping in her rude hut, while the love-maddened brave stealthily enters and quietly but firmly tangles his jagged spear-head in her heavy hair without rousing her; and, second, the poor girl awake, and being dragged away by the hair of her head, her hands, and feet tied, by her ruthless captor. This was a very common method, and is even now practiced in the wilds of Australia.

A modification of this custom was found among the Egyptians. There, the female population met at the public baths, and the charms of this and that young girl were described to the youth who wished to wed, by his female relatives. When he decided upon one that suited his fancy an arrangement was made with the girl's father. The prospective birdegroom, at the head of a gorgeous procession of his friends, accompained by musicians and dancing girls, then went to the girl's home in the evening, and made a show of tearing his resisting bride from her father's protecting arms.

Thereupon he placed her, entirely covered by an embroidered and jeweled-studded veil, under a magnificent canopy borne by four slaves, and, in company with torch-bearers, singers, with all the display possible, bore her away to his home. Once there, the singers sing and the dancers dance, while the bride, still carefully veiled, walks up and down before the groom to display her grace and charm. The entertainment finally over and the guests departed, the husband unveils her, and for the first time feasts his eyes upon her beauties. These are two especially effective scenes.

Next in importance we have the marriage by purchase. Strictly speaking, this custom varies among the different nationalities as to the actual wedding ceremonies, almost all of which were, however, wild and picturesque; but a view of a slave market always gives a fine opportunity for pictorial effect. Here we have the girls yet to be sold postured in the foreground, while their unfortunate comrade is standing on exhibition before the group of buyers, a professional exhibitor, a Nubian slave, calling attention to the good points of the present "lot."

At the extreme left a slave is just covering his master's recent purchase, while the auctioneer in his box cries his "Going, going, gone," over the freedom and happiness of a defenseless woman. The prospective buyers, with radiant faces, each clothed in brilliantly bedecked garments, and bearing a casket of jewels in his hand to win loving glances from indifferent eyes, from an appropriate background to the white robes and sad or stony faces of the girls in front.

FIREFLIES FROM CUBA.

Experimenting With the Light They Give the Cheapest in the World.

Secretary Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution Washington, has been experimenting for some time past with fireflies from Cuba. He says that the light they give is the "cheapest" in the world produced, that is to say, with the least heat and the smallest expenditure of energy; and he believes has at successful imitation of it would prove a most profitable substitute for gas and electricty. The insects are beetles two inches long and belong to the family of "snapping bugs," so called because when one of them is laid on its back it snaps itself into the air with a clicking sound,

The secret of the light this firefly gives is as yet undiscovered. Apparently it is connected in some way with the mysterious phenomena of life, and chemists and physicists have sought in vain to explain its origin. On each side of the animal's thorax is a luminous membranous spot, and these flash at intervals, so that the Cubans put a dozen of the insects in a cage together, and so obtain a continuous illumination bright enough to read by. This light is accompanied by no perceptible heat, and is seemingly produced with almost no expenditure of energy. How great an improvement it represents upon all known artificial lights can be imagined when it is stated that in candlelight, lamplight, or gaslight the waste is more than 99 per cent. In other words, if they could be so obtained as not to throw anything away, they would give nearly 100 times the illumination which they do afford. Even the electric light is mostly waste.

Foot and Mouth Disease.

A cable despatch from London dated March 19 states: "The county of Westmoreland has been declared to be infected with the foot and mouth disease. The markets have been closed and the movement of cattle prohibited."

Apropos of the foregoing a telegram from Washington, D.C., says: "much uneasiness is felt by American stock owners, and particularly by the department of agriculture, on account of the serious outbreak of foot and mouth disease in Great Britain. The disease, it is stated at the department, was first detected in the London markets on February 4, and although prompt measures were adopted with a view to suppressing it, it soon found its way into the neighboring districts, and has now reached Scotland, where the countries of Lanark, Renfew, Stirling, Dumbarton, Clackmannan and Midlothian have been declared infected.

Many sheep are imported into the United States from Great Britain, and, as these animals are very subject to the contagion of foot and mouth disease, it is feared that it will be introduced by them into the United States in spite of the quarantine now enforced. If the disease continues to prevail in Great Britain it will no doubt be necessary, it is said, for the Government of the United States to prohibit entirely the introduction of cattle, sheep, goats and swine until the outbreak has been completely suppressed. This disease does not exist on the American continent, and it would be a national calamity to have it introduced. as every animal that is in the least exposed to it becomes diseased.

THE ISLE OF SKULLS.

A Woman's Lonely Life Surrounded by the Bones of Her Tribe.

On the lonely wind-swept island of San Nicholas, eighty miles off the coast of Ventura county, Col., where, as far back as the memory of man runs, hundreds of white skeletons have dotted the valleys and hillsides, local archæologists are now busy gathering the relics of a strange extinct race. The island is ten miles long and oval in shape, being four miles across at the widest part. Strange utensils of serpentine, sandstone, and steatite are found there among the human bones, and the island and its erstwhile inhabitants have a history so curious that it is difficult of comprehension.

In 1835 the padres of Santa Barbara, learning that there were but sixteen of the strange Indian race then living there, determined to rescue them from the island. They went over in a sloop and succeeded, as they thought, in getting all on board. At the last moment an Indian woman returned for her child, and one of the frequent storms of the channel islands springing up, the sloop was driven away without her. The sloop went on the rocks of Point Conception and all on board were lost.

Sixteen years later Capt. George Nidever and two men from the coast on a sloop to hunt otter off San Nicholas. On landing they were, like Crusoe, astonished to discover human footprints in the sand. They saw no one, however, and a storm compelled them to put to sea.

It was two years thereafter that the adventurous Captain, revolving in his mind the sight of the footprints in the uncanny islands, determined to go and discover and bring over the lonely woman of whom he had vaguely heard. Men accompanied him, and at length they saw on the surf-beaten shore a woman with long tawny hair dressed in a queer garb of colored bird skins, and scraping, with a bone knife, the blubber from a seal.

They surrounded and approached her stealthily, and, although suddenly confronted, she did not appear in the least afraid, but smiled, and then, falling on her knees, prayed to the sun. The wild woman offered no objection when by signs she was made to understand that she was to go with them in the boat.

They reached Santa Barbara across the rough sea, and the first thing the Indian woman saw was Dr. S. L. Shaw, now 80 years old and yet living there, riding a horse. She had never seen nor heard of any object like it, and thought the man and horse were one, and she knelt on the shore and offered her devotions to it. Two weeks afterwards the last inhabitant of rock-ribbed tempest-tossed San Nicolas died from eating food to which she was unaccustomed, furnished by her rescuers, and the curtain fell on her race forever.

Wild dogs had eaten her child. Her dress of red and blue feathers, a wonderful creation of barbaric hands, was sent to the Pope of Rome. Relic hunters have gathered mortars, pestles, ollas, toy steatite canoes, and other curious things there for some years past, and shipped them to various Eastern and European universities. Skeletons and parts of skeletons have also been collected in large numbers, but to-day the bones of thousands of Indians are scattered about there. Some lie face down, indicating that they have fallen in battle. There are so many human relics there that San Nicolas is known as the "Isle of Skulls."

"The lonely island whose highest part is but 1,040 feet above the sea," said a resident of Ventura last night, "is noted for the high artistic class of many of its relics. Had the woman rescued, then 52 years old, not died, a story passing strange would no doubt have been told of the race so long hemmed in by the waste of waters about. As it is, much of the story is shrouded in mystery forever.

The Indian Opium Traffic.

The controversy respecting the Indian opium traffic still goes on in England much after the manner of any artillery duel at long range, and so far without any definite result. A comparison of the arguments used on either side is nevertheless instructive. On the part of the Indian Government there is an unqualified denial that the opium habit is decidedly on the increase in the country under its rule, even among those classes or in those localities where it admittedly prevails, and by an assertion that it is effectually held in check by legal restriction. At the same time it is said that opium smuggling tends to develop into a regular trade—a fact which at all events does not strengthen confidence in the decline of the habit. The opposite side of the question was lately presented to the public of England in a letter to Mr. Donald Matheson, in which he criticises the position and arguments of the non-interference party. The Government of India, he says is more than a merely regulating authority. It holds a strict monopoly of the trade in opium, is at once the grower, manufacturer, and vender of the drug, and he is naturally disposed, therefore, to view the question of its use and abuse chiefly from a commercial standpoint. He points out that a statement that the opium consumption is as yet small in comparison with the population of the Indian Empire really furnishes a strong argument in favor of prohibition, inasmuch as it shows that the evil, if early dealt with in this way, may still be effectually extirpated. Finally, he quotes the authority of a declaration made by upwards of five thousand medical practitioners of the United Kingdom to the effect that the opium habit is morally and physically debasing, and that the drug itself should therefore in India, as in England, be classed as a poison and sold for medicinal purposes only. Nothing could be simpler or more scientifically accurate than this presentation of the subject. Thus much even the Indian Government may fairly be expected to concede, and we cannot doubt that it would do this and support the admission by practical legislation, but that there come in the rival interests connected with usage and revenue. We can all appreciate in some degree the resulting difficulty of its position, but this is no reason why the work of reform so greatly needed should be neglected. It remains to be seen whether a process of reduction, gradual if not rapid, in this injurious traffic cannot be effected without serious dislocation of present fiscal arrangements.

Gen. Gourko has asked to be allowed to expel all the inhabitants of Warsaw except 50,000, but the Russian Government has declined to grant the request.

THE BEHRING SEA.

Both Secretary Blaine and Lord Salisbury Reported to be Unyielding.

An English correspondent writing under a recent date of London, says: "The Behring Sea controversy is assuming a serious aspect. The latest news from Washington has aroused an interest in the subject that did not before exist, and everybody is anxious to learn the next move of Lord Salisbury and President Harrison. There is an impression in England, growing out of the Chilian controversy, that the President means what he says and that there is nothing of what Americans call "bluff" about his warnings or his demands. It is well known that Lord Salisbury is equally in earnest, and that he will sustain whatever course may be determined upon with any naval and military power that may be necessary. The foreign office is reticent and has as yet given the public no official statement as to the situation of the British government, but Lord Salisbury's mouthpieces all speak in a tone that leaves no doubt that England's navy will be ready to meet any American aggression in the open waters of Behring Sea and that British sealers will be defended in capturing seals beyond the coast limit of American jurisdiction. That is, England will take no offensive action, but will be resolutely on the defensive, leaving it to the American government to assume the responsibility for hostile action, should any be taken on the Behring sea issue.

"The British will fight and are ready to fight, if necessary," said one of the leading Conservative members, "but we do not seek a fight. If the United States Government is insane enough to go to war or to make a show of force that would be tantamount to provoking war for the sake of their Alaska seal ring, which is really at the bottom of the whole difficulty, and which thinks it can maintain a monopoly by getting the government to take up its cause, on such an issue England will go before the world if America wishes to challenge her."

"I have not the slightest apprehension that war will be the result of the controversy," said a gentleman highly connected with the English admiralty, "but if such should unfortunately be the case, England is better prepared for fight than she ever was in her history. As for the Americans taking Canada, they seem to forget that it took them four years to conquer the south, which had a white population about equal to that of Canada, and did not have an English fleet to assist. Campaigning in Canada will be a difficult affair and Canadians would be generally found loyal to the English flag. I doubt if the Americans could conquer Canada. This talk about an easy conquest of Canada is amusing to military and naval men acquainted with the situation. In other respects," added the speaker, "England is in a first class condition to defend her subjects against American aggression. Russia is in a pitiable situation financially and physically, and a recent careful review of the military of our Indian empire shows that India is well able to take care of itself should Russia move in that direction. In one important respect England would gain by a war with the United States. It would put an end to American encroachments on English commerce with South America, and it would tend to solidify all ports of the empire, and to bind the American colonies more securely to Great Britain. British commerce would gain more than it would lose and American commerce would cease to exist. But there is a deep, underlying stratum of common sense and sound judgment in the American character that will, in my opinion prevent any step from being taken that would imperil the friendly relations now subsisting between the two great English speaking countries."

Too Many Affairs.

Mr. George Northedge, a bachelor real estate agent of Chicago, about a month ago fell heir to a fortune of $800,000 in cash. The windfall came to him through the death of a relative in England, and as soon as his good luck was known, it was widely advertised in the journals of the day, glowing accounts of his agreeable manners and personal characteristics accompanying his portrait. The result was entirely unanticipated. On the first day after the publication in the Chicago papers, 25 letters were received from ladies of that city who were willing to marry him and his fortune. The next day the number increased to over 100, the news having got into the country, and now that the fact is generally known, the unhappy man is the daily recipient of a couple of hundred letters a day from women who are willing to share his fate. Every section of the union is represented, so that the desire to get married can not be said to be confined to the women of any particular locality, while ladies of all ages, widows, maidens old and young, are included in the number who write to Mr. Northedge, showing that the infirmity is not peculiar to any condition or time of life. Some of the writers boldly propose marriage, others just hint at it, and not a few want to be his housekeeper. Some of the writers declared that the picture of Northedge shown in the newspapers was just too lovely for anything, and they were sure they could be happy with such a man, even if he was miserably poor. So many letters came that he has not had time to open them all, and several hundred are at his boarding house still unopened. Thus far he says he has received over 80 offers of marriage, and he has no doubt there are scores among the lot he hasn't yet opened. Others asked for his picture, his size, complexion, if he had ever loved. "The whole lot would marry me, I believe," said Northedge, "and I don't know what I'm going to do." It may be set down as almost impossible for a man to escape marriage when the whole unmarried female creation is after him, and to this unlucky person one course of three must be taken. He must either get married at once, give away his money or leave the country, and the sooner he ceases to strive against manifest destiny the better for his peace of mind.

An explosion took place last week in a Belgian colliery, and 300 men were imprisoned in the mine. As the ventilator was destroyed, none of the men were rescued.

At a dinner in London last week of the Association of Chambers of Commerce, Sir Charles Tupper made the speech of the evening. He referred to the vast resources of the North-West, and said Canada could supply England with all the grain and flour she required, and in exchange Canada would take the manufactured articles of the Mother country.