

The Home Department.

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.
(By Emma C. Willard.)

Rocked in the cradle of the deep
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord! hast power to save.
I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

When in the dead of night I lie
And gaze upon the trackless sky,
The star bespangled heavenly scroll,
The boundless waters as they roll—
I feel thy wondrous power to save
From perils of the stormy wave:
Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I calmly rest and soundly sleep.

And such the trust that still were mine
Though stormy winds swept o'er the
brine,

Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and
death!

In ocean cave, still safe with thee,
The germ of immortality!
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

Mr. White's Experiment.

"I don't think," said Mr. White,
"that the hay crop ever promised so
finely."

"Indeed!" said his wife, absently.
"And if there isn't any fall in the
price of fruit," he added, "our peach
orchard is going to net us a cool \$100."

As he spoke, he flung the homespun
towel with which he had been wiping

his hands over the back of the kitchen
chair.

"Oh, George, do hang up the towel,"
said Mrs. White. "The nail is just as
near as the chair-back, and I have
enough steps to take in the course of
a day without waiting upon you."

"You are always grumbling about
something," said the young farmer, as
he jerked the towel on to its nail.
"There! does that suit you?"

"Here is a letter from Cousin Dora,
George," said Mrs. White, wisely
avoiding the mooted question. "She
wants to come here and board for a
few weeks."

"Well, let her come," said White.
"It won't cost us a great deal, and a
little extra money always counts up at
the year's end."

"But, George, I was thinking—"
"About what?"

"Why, I am so hurried with the
work, and there is so much to do—"

"That is the perpetual burden of
your song," said Mr. White, irritably.
"Women do beat all for complaining."

"Won't you hear me out?" said Mrs.
White. "So I thought it would be a
good plan to give Dora her board, if
she would help me with the housework
a little. It will accommodate her and
it will accommodate me."

"But it won't accommodate me!"
said George White, cavalierly. "Real-
ly, Letty, you are getting absolutely
lazy."

Mrs. White crimsoned. "No one ever
said that of me before," she said.

"But just look at it," said the farm-
er. "Tell me of any other woman in
the neighborhood who keeps a girl! Why,
they make a boast of doing their own
work."

"They all have sisters, or mothers,
or grown-up daughters. I have none."
"Pshaw!" said White. "Ridiculous!
Of course you have to work. We all
do, don't we? But your work doesn't
amount to a row of pins. I don't
know of anyone who has it easier than
you do."

"That's all that you know about it,"
said Letty, in a choked voice.

"Write to Dora that we'll board her
for \$5 a week," said White, authori-
tatively. "We must earn all the money
we can while there is a chance. Make
hay while the sun shines, eh? And I
guess you'll manage to get along as
well as other people do, Letty. Now
run upstairs into the garret, my dear,
and get me my blue jean overalls.
There's a good girl."

Letty obeyed, but the tears were in
her eyes, and a big, round ball was ris-
ing in her throat, and she could
scarcely see the jean overalls, as they
hung up high on one of the beams.

As she reached up a loose board in
the garret-floor tipped, her foot ran
through on the laths and plaster be-
low, and, with a groan, she sank to
the floor.

The time passed on and George
White grew tired of waiting.

He shouted up the garret stairway:
"Look alive there, Letty! Do you
mean to be all day?"

But no answer came. He ran up-
stairs to find Letty lying senseless on
the floor, with one leg broken, just
above the ankle.

"Now you'll have to get some one
to do the work," said Letty, not with-
out a spice of malice, as she lay on
the settee, with her poor ankle duly set
and bandaged.

"Not if I know it," said George
White. "Hire a lazy woman who'll
want a dollar and a half a week, and
her board into the bargain, to do the
work of this house? I guess not!"

"But what are you going to do?"
asked Letty.

"To do it myself, to be sure. Half
an hour every morning and half an

hour every evening ought to be
enough to square up accounts."

"Well," said Mrs. White, "I shall
just like to see you do it."

"Then you'll have your wish," said
her husband.

He rose early the next morning, and
lighted the kitchen fire.

"Pshaw!" said he, as he piled on
the sticks of wood, "what does a
woman's work amount to, anyhow?
What's the next lesson, Letty?"

"I always skim the cream and strain
the milk," said Letty, who, bolstered
up upon the lounge, was combing her
hair with more deliberation than she
had practiced for a year.

"Well, here goes, then," said George.
And a period of silence ensued.

Presently he shouted: "I haven't
got milk cans enough!"

"Of course you haven't," said Letty.
"You must scald out yesterday's. You
know you said you couldn't set up a
tin-shop when I asked you for a dozen
more last month."

"They smell like a fat-boiling fac-
tory," said George, disdainfully. "What
ails 'em?"

"You should have scalded them out
last night," wishing she had wings
like a dove, that she might soar into
the milk-room and restore order out
of chaos.

"Here's a go!" said George. "There
isn't any hot water."

"Oh, George, you've forgotten to put
the kettle on."

"So I did," said her husband. "And
the sticks, hang 'em, are all burned
out!"

"You know I wanted you to get a
ton of coal," said Letty, "but you said
that as long as wood cost nothing but
the chopping and hauling, wood it
should be."

"Have I got to wait for that water
to heat?" groaned George.

"I don't know anything else for you
to do," remarked Letty, drily.

"Humph!" observed her lord and
master. "What's for breakfast?"

"Ham and eggs, I suppose."

"Well, I'm up to that part of the
program, at least," said he, cheerfully.

"Oh, pshaw! what is the use of keep-
ing your knives so sharp? I've nearly
cut my thumb off. Where do you
keep the oatmeal?"

But it was a mortal hour before the
milk was strained and the pigs fed, and
by that time the house was blue with
a sort of smudgy smoke.

"Hullo!" shouted George, coming
in. "What's all this?—is the house on
fire?"

"No," said Letty, calmly; "only the
breakfast has burned up."

George uttered a long sigh. "Who'd
have thought the fire was so hot?"
said he. "What am I to do now?"

"Cook another, I suppose," answered
Letty.

"And what next?" demanded George,
fiercely tugging at his moustache.

"Why, set the table, and then clear
it away and wash the dishes."

"With this cut finger?" complained
the husband.

"I was obliged to do it all the weeks
I had the sore felon on my middle fin-
ger," remarked Letty. "The young
turkeys and geese ought to have been
let out and fed long before this; and
the three calves in the barn-yard must
be attended to. And then there are
the kitchen and sitting-room to be
swept and dusted, and the beds to
make, and string-beans to be picked,
and bread to bake, and huckleberry
pies to make, and your white vest to
be ironed and potatoes to be peeled,
and the preserves to be scalded over,
and the cheeses to be turned, and
dinner to get, and the table to clear
and the dishes to be washed—"

"Hold on!" cried George; "you
have said that once."

"Very likely, but it has to be done
three times a day—and the chickens
to be looked after, and the linen pil-

low-cases to be put bleaching, and the
south windows to be washed, and your
trousers to be patched, and the stock-
ings to be darned, and—you know you
always like something hot for supper.
And then the night's milk is to be
brought in and strained, and the pans
scalded, and the geese and turkeys fed
and shut into their coops, and—Oh,
dear! I entirely forgot the churning.
That will take an hour, at least. But,
dear me, George, I am getting so hun-
gry!—and I do not see the least signs
of breakfast, George! Where are you
going, George! I—want—my—break-
fast!"

For George had disappeared in the
midst of her exordium.

In twenty minutes or so he returned,
and by his side trudged Mary Ann Pult,
the nearest neighbor's twenty-year-old
daughter.

"I take it all back," said Mr. White.
"I lower my colors, Letty. Your
work is harder than mine, I'll be blest
if it ain't. Why, I couldn't take care
of the milk and cream and cheeses for
the wages a girl would ask. I never
realized how much a woman has to
do."

"Are you quite sure you realize it
now?" said Letty, mischievously.

"Well, I've got a pretty fair idea on
the subject," nodded George.

"But you should be here on wash-
day," said Letty, "or on ironing day,
or on the days when we chop sausage
meat, or make soft soap, or—"

"Stop, stop!" shouted George. "If
you say another word, I'll go for Ma-
hala Blinks, too. Haven't I said that I
take it all back? What more would
you have?"

"Wal, squire," said Mary Ann, who
had by this time removed her hat and
shawl, "what'll I do first?"

"Do!" echoed Mr. White. "Do ev-
erything, and let me get off to the hay-
field as fast as I can."

"Jes' as your orders is," said Mary
Ann.

"And I say, Letty!" he added.
"Yes, George."
"Write to your cousin Dora. Tell
(Continued on Page Twelve.)

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south windows to be washed, and your
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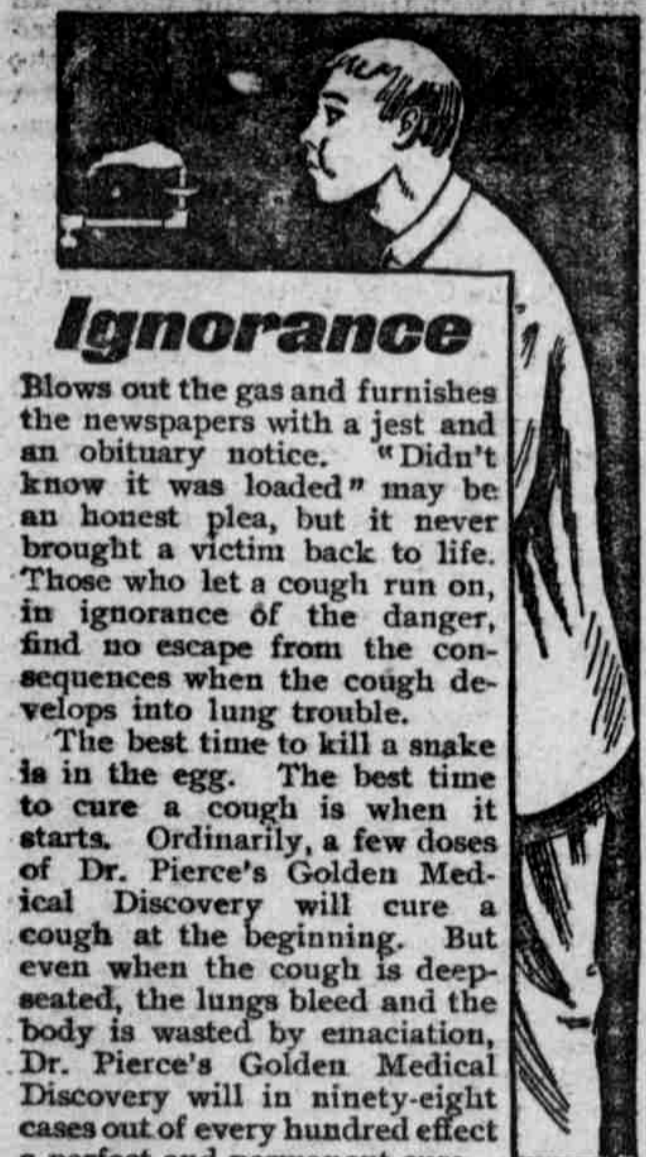
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