THE HEARTHSTONE.

A Department for Home and Fireside, Edited by Mrs. S. C. O. Upton.

"The corner stone of the republic is the hearthstone."

New Year's Hymn.

Let us raise our voices
Full of happy cheer,
Giving royal welcome
Lo! this glad new year.
Bid farewell forever
To the year just gone;
Grateful for its blessings
And the victories won.

Chorus—Loud we raise our voices
Full of happy cheer,
Giving a royal welcome
To this glad new year.

Thro' our Heavenly Father
May we ever stand
For our home beloved,
For our native land.
Seek we not for glory,
Nor for worldly fame,
This our motto ever
"All in Jesus name."

—Selected.

Nebraska Women.

It was said on the morning after election, in November last, that all Nebraska women were woman suffragists. How this may be, we know not, but it is certain that the full record of what women suffered in that campaign will never be written, and it is a most pathetic fact for us to consider, that the women may speak and work and pray and, in short, do everything for a reform except that which counts on election day.

Equal rights for women means life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness for half the human race. The key to every door leading to usefulness and success, in a republic, is the ballot. Lacking this, our best efforts fail of complete fruition. Not one of the great social moral questions demanding solution, can come to a final settlement without the help of womans' heart and brain.—Mary L. Doe.

"God could not be everywhere,' said the heathen sage. so he made mothers.' The mother heart! Why, it is like the heart of God. It broods above humanity as Jehovah broods over the children of men. It stretches abroad its embrace. And this mother heart! Has it no place save in the breast of the wife—the mother? It is this warm glowing heart enshrined in the form of every woman. It sends forth the Sister of Charity into the waste places. It is the inspiration of her who seeks the redemption of the lost. It is the flame that glows in the heart of the virgin, who lays it a consecrated offering upon the altar of duty. What is the duty of the hour? To agitate; to force men to think; to point out wrongs inflicted on the weak and the helpless; to labor at all times and in all places for that which is pure and noble, unselfish and humane; to stimulate a love for truth, for liberty, for justice—Elizabeth A. Bryant.

Some Sayings and Doings of Women.

The Woman's Temperance temple in Chicago, planned by Mrs. Carse of that city, will be one of the grandest monuments to women's work for reform and to her business ability that the world has ever seen. It is to be thirteen stories in height, will cost $1,110,000. and it is expected that it will bring in a rental of $250,000 a year, all of which, when the building is paid for, will go into the state and national work of the W. C. T U. This large increase in financial strength will give a great impetus to the work of that society. Dr. Delano, speaking at the corner stone laying, where a thousand children took part in the proceedings, said: "National projects engrossed the legislative mind, but the birth of a moral issue, a question that touches home and childhood and mother life, that touches vitally the eternal and supreme law of right, woman came to the front.

Woman Suffrage in Wyoming.

Rev. D. L. Reader, D. D. bishop of the M. E. church of Wyoming, says;

In a marked degree we are a just deople. To such a degree do they carry this grace that they will not deprive a woman of her rights because she is a woman, but they allow her the same chance men have. I have been carefully watching the effect of the privileges they have granted her for the last five years. I came here not without prejudice against this innovation. I have found that all our women are not ideal ladies, but those who came here ladies, are not less ladies for having enjoyed all the privileges granted them, even to that of voting. They are just as good keepers-at-home, having a little more stimulus to keep posted, are not less devoted to the cause of Christ, and are just as lovable and entertaining as before voting.

"The effect of the women about voting places is most wholesome. Before I came to Wyoming, man as I am, and reared in Missouri as I was, I never went about the polling place without some trepidation, because I had seen so many brutal fights about them. Here I have always gone with my wife by my side, and with as much respect shown both of us as though we were going to church. Never have I seen the least impropriety in the conduct of any one about the polls in Wyoming, and I have watched them for hours to see something."

Our Household Pets.

Little Clarence saw his mother taste something and at once wanted some. Giving him a spoonful, she asked: "Isn't it delicious?" "No," said he, with a grave reflective look, "I fink it's honey!"

His brother was quick to catch an idea, but words did not fix themselves so easily. One Sabbath he was very unquiet and his grandmother thought to keep him still by teaching him a bible verse. Over and over, she repeated to him: "In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you." "Now, Dannie say it," said Grandma. Summoning all his untrained power of memory, he began: "In my papa's house are many mansions, if it were no, no so Dannie would have come and told you so!"

A little American boy who had a German governess, committed to memory at her request, a German evening prayer. When he went to bed at night, he folded his hands and repeated the prayer, adding after the "amen," in a reverential tone, the explanatory words, "Das ist Deutsch, lieber Gott."

Little Johnny began to lay plans for Christmas even before Thanksgiving had arrived. "Mamma," said he "I know what I am going to ask Santa Claus for already."

"What is it, Johnny?"

"A big red wagon."

"But how is Santa Claus to get the wagon into your stocking?"

Johnny meditated a moment, and then said:

"I'll write and explain it to him." He sat down, and in a short time produced the following letter:

"DEAR SANTY CLOS.—I want you to bring me a waggon, a good big waggon, verry red, for Chrissmass. if you can't gett the waggon in the stocking, you can gett the stocking in the waggon. Yours truly, JOHNNY.

You'll be sure to find something in your stocking, Christmas, said Fanny to her careless sister. What will it be queried the sister. A hole, was the response.

A Growler at the Christmas Festivities.

A growler at Christmas? Yes, a fault-finding, cynical old thing. Let me tell you what he saw. Well, first he saw a struggling man, in debt and harassed with a place for five dollars as often as he had one. This man knew that his wife would expect him to remember her and the children with holiday gifts, and so without much holiday in his soul, he moved heaven and earth as it were, to find means to meet the family expectations. No one heard the inward groans, as his family presented him with some elaborate nothing that he knew would be charged up at the store when the monthly bill came in.

I saw this and I began to grumble, just a little. The next day I heard the pretty daughter of just such a family discoursing like this; "What did you get for Christmas? Really, you ought to see my presents! I have perfume cases, handkerchief boxes, fancy paper, toilet cases, boxes of candy and a set of furs. Just come over and see. You know, I just teased and pouted and if they hadn't got them, I guess they wouldn't have had much peace. And the spoiled girl laughed merrily, and I began to growl—almost.

Christmas eve the weight of public opinion dragged me off to church. Now, I was taught very carefully, that Santa Claus was a pretty, mythical idea that it would do no harm to indulge, if the children were not deceived in regard to it I never was young enough to believe in the reality, My mother told me it was a make-believe story as soon as I was old enough to have any ideas about it. Sooner or later all children must know it and I cannot think they will respect their parents' truthfulness any more if they are ever left, for a day, to believe the untruth. But be this true or not, what shall we say to entertainments that now tell the story of the Christ-child, and next minute tell gravely how Santa Claus flew over the mountains and came down the chimney tops? Will not the infant minds receive the impression that both stories are pretty fables? When too big to hang up the stocking, are you not afraid they will discard along with it, the story of Bethlehem's Babe? I would like to make my growl heard by those who manage Christmas festivals, and if they want a play with Santa Claus as a figure let them have it, but not in the church, and not intermixed with the one true story of all time, the story of the Babe who came not to establish a Christmas revel, not to cause men to cheat the whole year round that they might give costly gifts on one day, but to make all days Christmas days wherein each man should seek, not his own, but his brother's meal.

'At Anchor.

I am going a journey, brother, or would it be better to say,
I am ending up a long voyage, and dropping my kedge in the bay,
Coming home; and in debt to the purser, with never a dollar to pay?

Six decades. 'Twas a wearisome voyage, made over mystical sea,
In a poorly rigged, plebeian lugger that always was drifting a-lee;
And where are the lofty square-riggers that started the voyage with me?

They passed me far up to the windward, with stun-sails aloft and plow,
Some heading for tropical islands, some bound for the islands of snow,
And where are the weatherly clippers the merchants delighted to know?

Some drowsily swing to the anchors, as the meandering tides go by;
Some battle in frozen oceans, where the northerly gales are high;
Some drift in the seething tropics, with keels upturned to the sky.

Oh, grand is the lofty clipper, as she dashes the yeasty brine
From the crest of the midnight billows, where the waters flash and shine!
But I love the plebeian lugger—the little lugger is mine.

And lofty clipper or lugger, it comes to the same at last,
Or whether we count the wreckage, or hold to our moorings fast,
And we swing to a final anchor, and the voyage of life is past.

—Exchange.

A YOUNG WIFE'S LESSON.

"Indeed, Charley, I don't think you ought to expect it of me!"

Clara Arden stood coloring, and evidently annoyed, in the midst of her pretty little drawing room, while her husband leaned against one of the puffed damask chairs, pulling unconsciously at his long beard.

"It won't be much, Clare," said he, "Fenwick is too sensible a fellow to expect any great performances from so young a housekeeper as you are."

"That's all nonsense!" said Mrs. Arden.

"Yes, but Clare, darling"—

"There's no use in wasting any further argument on the question," said Clara, setting her lips together. "When you invited him to dinner without consulting me, you made a very great mistake."

"But what am I to do? I've asked him and there is no alternative!"

"Yes, there is. Do as other gentlemen do, and invite him to some restaurant—that is, if you must keep this headlong engagement!"

"But I never did such a thing in my life before!" said perplexed Charley.

"And I hope you never will again!" retorted Mrs. Arden, with some acerbity. "That is, so far as inviting people without any sort of forethought goes!"

The color rose to Charles Arden's cheek.

"Clare," said he, "if you had asked a dozen people here, my only thought would be how best to welcome them."

"You are not a housekeeper," said Clara, coldly, "with a sick cook and everything in disorder."

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Arden, as he went out, closing the door behind him with more emphasis than was absolutely necessary.

"Men are so selfish, so inconsiderate!" she said to herself. "As if I would brave the criticism of Oscar Fenwick, who has dined at Paris restaurants, and knows half a dozen aristocratic families, where they keep men cooks and butlers and regular dining room servants. It's quite out of the question, and so Charles may as well understand first as last. If Bridget hadn't been ill with the intermittent fever, I might, perhaps, have tried to get up a dainty little dinner; but as it is, no one but a man would expect it of me."

So Mrs. Arden adjusted her pretty shining braids of brown hair in the glass, and nestled down in the corner of the sofa, to forget the wearisome trials and vicissitudes of real life in the pages of the morning papers.

It was late in the afternoon when a visitor was announced, with rather startling abruptness, by the red-armed maid-of-all-work, who was trying to supply the vacant place of the disabled Bridget according to the best of her ability.

"Please, mem, it's Mrs. Marley!"

Clara started up half ashamed of being caught in her morning robe so late in the day.

"If it was any one but you, Mrs. Marley," said she, laughing and blushing, "I should apologize for my shortcomings. As it is, you are just in time to take off your things and stay to dinner with me. I am alone to-night, and your society will be a real charity."

"Why, where is your husband?" asked the visitor in surprise.

"Dining out."

"Where?"

"I don't know. The fact is, he met an old college friend this morning, and in a burst of inconsiderate hospitality—so like a man, you know—invited him to dinner. Of course, I refused to ratify the invitation. What could I do, with Bridget ill in bed? So I told him he must take his friend to a restaurant or some such place. He assented with rather a bad grace, I must confess; so, here I am, alive."

Mrs. Marley was a pretty, fair complexioned, elderly lady, with hair as white as snow. One of those gentle, helpful, motherly sort of persons, who are invaluable to their friends. She shook her head as she listened to Mrs. Arden's story.

"Don't you think I did right?" Clara asked impulsively. "Just consider how I am situated!"

"It would have been some trouble and responsibility," said Mrs. Marley, "to superintend the preparation of such a meal as you would like your husband's guest to sit down to, but I think I should have advised you to try."

"But why?"

"In the first place, as a compliment to your husband."

Clara shrugged her shoulders.

"We are old married people now," said she. "Only think, it is nearly three years since our wedding day—and all this sentimental billing and cooing is worn out."

"Real sentiment between husband and wife should never wear out," said Mrs. Marley, mildly. "Depend upon it, my love, your husband will appreciate any little attention now quite as much as in the days of your engaged life. But that is not all. Let me tell you an experience of my own. I had a brother once—a very dear brother. He died of delirium tremens."

"Oh, Mrs. Marley!" Clara Arden placed a sympathetic hand in that of her friend, for she saw that the pretty old lady had grown pale, and trembled.

"Yes, my dear," went on Mrs. Marley. "He had a gay, pretty young wife, who disliked the cares of housekeeping, and it was an understood thing between them that any gentleman guests whom it fell to Clement's lot to entertain should be taken to some hotel or restaurant. Well, my dear, you know how it was. The wine flowed freely—there was no feminine presence to restrain the false idea of good-fellowship. Clement acquired the fatal habit of indiscriminate drinking, and the upshot of it all was that he filled a drunkard's grave. Perhaps I was uncharitable, but I have always thought that had his wife made her home agreeable to her husband and his guests things might have ended differently."

"But, Mrs. Marley," cried Clara, much shocked, "this is quite a different thing!"

"I do not say that it is not, Clara. I only want to warn you against the rock on which my poor sister-in-law's life was wrecked. Of what use is all our sad and hardly won experience, if not to caution others a little?"

Clara was silent for a minute or two, and when she spoke again it was on quite a different topic. Mrs. Marley stayed and dined with her off the cold joint and simple salad, and went home at about 8 o'clock.

And then came the long, lonely evening, during which Clara sat by the window, waiting and listening for every sound, nervously impatient for her husband's return.

"Of course, he is not the sort of man to drink too much," she told herself, over and over again; "but—but I am almost sorry I was so obstinate about asking Mr. Fenwick to dinner. It would not have been so very much trouble, after all, and I think Charley was vexed about it."

Nine o'clock struck—then 10—then 11—and Clara sprang up and began pacing the room in her nervousness.

"I wish he would come!" she cried, wringing her hands. "I wish he would come!"

Just then there was some disturbance in the street, and glad at all hazards to escape from her own harassing thoughts, Clara threw open the window and thrust out her head.

There was a little crowd at the corner of the street, and she could distinctly hear the jeering voices of some of the little street Arabs crying out: "It's only a drunken man! Hallo, mister, you'll find your hat in the gutter! Can't you tell where you live? Go and ask an officer!"

Clara's head turned cold as ice. Could it be possible? Was this poor, staggering creature, whose uncertain step afforded amusement to a mob of boys, her noble husband? Had he so far forgotten himself and her? And if so, at whose door lay the fault?

Nearer and nearer came the little crowd. Clara drew in her head and closed the window. She could not bear to have the dreadful possibility confirmed. She stopped her ears; she buried her face in the pillows of the sofa.

"Why, Clara, little wife, what's the matter?"

It was Charley's voice—not the maudlin accents of semi-intoxication, but the full, deep tones of the man she felt she could yet honor, as well as love and obey. She looked up with a little hysterical laugh.

"Oh, Charley, I was frightened. A drunken man in the street, you know——"

"Yes. I passed him. A policeman has just walked him off to the station house. So you were frightened, eh?"

Clara's face was radiant as she turned up the low jet of gas.

"I am so glad you have come, Charley!" said she. "I have had a great many compunctions of conscience this afternoon, because I didn't make Mr. Fenwick welcome to the best I had in the house instead of sending you to a restaurant."

"We went to Lemonde's," said Charley. "The dinner was stylish enough, but nothing better than you could have given us at home."

"And, Charley," added Clara, softly, "the next time you invite a friend to dine with you, you may be certain that my welcome will be ready."

"That's my own dear little Clara," said Charley. And the hearty satisfaction in his face was a reward for any sacrifice she might be called upon to make. "A fellow likes to feel, you know, when he meets an old chum, that he has a home to ask him to, and a wife that will meet him with a smile."

"But I am sorry about Mr. Fenwick!"

"Never mind. He will be in town again one of these days, and then we'll show him what a home-made dinner is—eh, Clara?"

And Clara's smile answered him.

She had her lesson. She was not likely to forget it.—*Evening World.*

Mischievous Types.

If the witty lady who wrote about "the total depravity of inanimate things" had been a proofreader she would have said the most depraved of all are the types. Only those behind the scenes know what unceasing vigilance is required to prevent them from doing mischief.

Some years ago an editor at the south, wishing to congratulate General Pillow after his return from Mexico as a battle-scarred veteran, was made by the types to characterize him as a "battle-scared veteran."

The indignant general, rushing into the editorial sanctum, demanded an explanation, which was given, and a correction promised in the next day's paper.

Judge of the editor's feelings on the morrow, when, as if to heap horrors upon horror's head, he found the general styled in the revised paragraph "that bottle-scarred veteran!"—*Young Folks at Home.*

Sixty voyages around Cape Horn is the remarkable record of Capt. Holmes of Mystic, Conn.

INVISIBLE ENEMIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

The Parasites That Killed Young Abe Lincoln—A Great Revolution in Medicine—The Mortality Reduced 25 Per Cent.

BY DR. A. P. BURRUS, LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

During the last seven years it has been ascertained that there is an invisible world of parasites that afflict mankind and destroy life on account of their formidable numbers, by consuming the oxygen in the blood and generating blood poison in its place.

Pasteur has shown that they are the cause of some of the most fatal epidemics; that they destroyed the silk worm in France, the sheep and cattle; though infinitely small, they are potent enough to stop the looms and destroy the herds of a nation.

FROM AGNEW'S LATE MEDICAL SURGERY.

This cut from Agnew's Medical Surgery shows three divisions. A. are micrococci the most formidable and tenacious of life. They are small, round bodies and multiply by division, both transversely and longitudinal. One species of them give rise to diphtheria, with a dreadful fetid odor from the breath. A second species give rise to erysipelas. A third to small pox. A fourth the gonococcus, is a most virulent poison, causing a [illegible] lodged on a mucous membrane. If medi[illegible] contact, it finds its way into the system [illegible] the knees suffer so severely that it makes [illegible] get into the eye it swells up rapidly and [illegible] after the eye is full of yellow matter and [illegible] yellow progenic cocci, which gives rise to [illegible] bones. The surgeon can readily destroy [illegible] has a serious job on hand after they find [illegible] bacteria B and bacilla C there are many [illegible] thrax that caused the death of young [illegible] weeks ago.

DIVORCES.

The clergy have told their stories about divorces, but the doctors could tell another story. The gonecteens is one of the chief causes of divorce. It is this little microbe that puts enmity between man and wife; that unfits so many young men for marriage; that causes so many female complaints, lame eyes and cripples. If the clergy will have this microbe quarantined one-third of the divorces will be prevented.

MICROBES THAT KILLED YOUNG LINCOLN [illegible] CARBUNCLE WITH [illegible]

While in London a stinging sensation [illegible] later there was a carbuncle; a few days [illegible] parts of his body, forming large abscess[illegible]

This disease is known in Scripture as t[illegible] thrax. A second form, B, are found in t[illegible] typhoid fever. If attacked early they m[illegible] the fifth day the glands and abdomen sw[illegible] ulcerate and open on the twenty-first da[illegible] form are found in the air passages, cau[illegible] These may be destroyed by persistent tr[illegible] obstinate.

Another form, the tubercular bacillis, [illegible] sumption. These may be killed by lon[illegible] thirds of the cases, if not too far advanc[illegible]

A fifth form are generated in swamps [illegible] ease of the liver, spleen and bowels. T[illegible] again with a return of the disease if we [illegible] the spiral form D, found in the stomach [illegible] plaints and dysentry. They may be kil[illegible] mortality reduced 50 per cent. A seventh [illegible] risipods that cause influenza or la grippe.

RHIZAPOD[illegible]

Another recently discovered with [illegible] to be the cause of the late epidemic. [illegible] which he says cures the disease pro[illegible]

Eighth—The serpentile bacillia [illegible]

The city fathers are imperiling t[illegible] water from the Antelope with t[illegible] Park [illegible] the dilactic microbes during do[illegible] days, [illegible] complaints if they drink it, a[illegible] you w[illegible] the fair ground, and Salt cre[illegible] is full o[illegible] straight for Salt creek, and le[illegible] the wate[illegible]

With good water and go[illegible] milk, an[illegible] the bowel complaint of chi[illegible]en.

[illegible]ld was eaten up with worms, but this [illegible] visible microbes—a most horrid thought.

Agnew says that the revelation in anti[illegible] obliged to write and revise his late wor[illegible] great work of over 3,000 pages in thre[illegible] press, which must take precedence of all [illegible] of similia simsilibus curanter no longe[illegible]

The microbes breed in old hollow tee[illegible] teeth and diseased gums are swarming [illegible] ach with every meal.

We know how to kill the microbes wi[illegible] the teeth.