

THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

Come Up Higher.

Sweet and clear and steadfast flowing,
Let not women hear in vain!
Unto us a heavenly message—
"Come up higher," the refrain.
O'er these new Hesperian valleys,
Sought and found by Freedom's own,
Echoed down the hallowed ages,
Comes the spirit-thrilling tone.

"Come up higher!" By the fountain
Where Rebecca meekly bore
Cool refreshments to the stranger
Resting near her father's door,
Suddenly the message sounded,
And the damsel, speaking low,
Answered to the waiting ages,
As to Isaac, "I will go."

Deborah heard, beneath the palm tree,
With her soul of lofty fire;
Myriam heard—with dance and timbrel
Struck the grand, immortal lyre.
Fair Joanne, divinely summoned,
Ready heart and fearless eye,
Flashed response—the Orleans lily
For her land could bloom and die.

O, I hear a murmur welling
Up from depths of patient pain:
"Few are strong to wear the laurel,
Few can regal heights attain.
In the wear and woe of labor,
We are fettered, we are weak—
Clinging hands and voices hold us
From the good we fain would seek."

Listen: One who dwelt secluded
On the far Judean shore,
Mary, answered the archangel
For the lowly, evermore.
"Here am I." By her exalted,
Simple womanhood puts on
Crown and garland, shares the honors
By her blest obedience won.

Give your lips a purer utterance,
Give your love a nobler scope;
Lead, with spotless hands, the fallen
Up the sunrise hills of Hope.
Light and strength the simple guerdon
Of the spirits who aspire;
Beautiful the feet that follow
God's own calling, "Come up higher."
—Frances L. Macy, in *Journal of Commerce*.

For the Long Evenings.

Now that the evenings are growing long, and "lamp light" hours a matter of course, it is well to give some thought to the matter of family entertainment and amusement. Amusements should enter more largely into the daily life of the home than it now does, and games and pastimes suitable for the various members should be provided. It goes without saying that there should be plenty of good reading matter; but one must not expect the young people to sit contentedly down, hour after hour, evening after evening, with no other entertainment than the printed page, however absorbing in interest it may be for a time.

If no amusements are provided at home, the boys and girls grow restless, and long for places of excitement and social life. The boys are apt to seek it in the streets; the girls, at the dance, theatre, or other evening gatherings, not always of the most elevating type, for, so long as there is "fun and frolic," the immature judgment cannot recognize the possible harm.

We greatly pity the family where there is but one child; but we pity the lonely child the most. Where there are several brothers and sisters, the question of entertainment will largely rest with themselves. They should

early be taught to draw upon their own resources, and they are especially fortunate if they are so situated as to have young neighbors upon whom they can call for assistance, or with whom they may exchange informal visits. But, even in this case, it is well to insist upon a liberal use by them of good books and periodicals, for, if they would begin life wisely and well, they must be conversant with the affairs of the day. They should be taught to read earnestly and understandingly, to read with a purpose, and such books as will develop their moral and mental facilities. A reading club, well conducted, with sincere discussions, would be desirable.

But it is not only the young who need amusement. The elderly people need stirring up, too. The fathers, immersed in business, mingling with men and minds, with change of scene and associates daily, grow to like their fireside and the newspaper, to the neglect of social duties, while it is too much the custom of the mother to confine herself to the routine of the household care, forgetting that "all work and no play" is as bad for her as it is for "Jack." And thus the elders lose sight of their young folks, who often need their presence as a check upon the frequent tendency of their wild games and mad pranks to run in harmful channels.

We should imitate the German father, who, taking his "frau" under one arm and the numerous family under the other, "goes mit der young beebles," and has a good time altogether, and thus the whole family keeps young and jolly.

Self Confidence.

Here is a true story for the boys to read:

When Professor Davies of West Point was once traveling in Canada he was served by a hostler's boy, and, in putting some questions to him, he proved so sharp at figures that the professor took him with him as a servant. He was waiter and boy of all works, but he developed such gifts and graces that he was put to his books, and became a cadet, standing second to none, until an unfortunate escapade sent him out to finish his career in the great school of the world.

In 1827 he was teaching mathematics at Mount Pleasant Classical Institute in Amherst, Mass. One of his pupils afterward became the noted divine, Henry Ward Beecher, and this is the story he tells of his tutelage under the mathematical professor:

"When I went to the blackboard, I was full of whimpers and excuses for an unlearned lesson. The professor said, calmly, but firmly, 'That lesson must be learned. I want no reasons why you have not learned it. I want that problem solved.'"

"I did study it, two hours."

"That's nothing to me. I want the lesson. You may study it or not, as you please, but I must have the lesson. Next boy, go to the blackboard."

When told that the "next boy" got

somebody to help him with the problem, he said: "That is his business. Mine is to see that he knows his lesson."

Under this discipline I gained a most intense sense of intellectual independence, and the courage to defend my convictions. In the midst of a lesson, his cold, calm voice would startle me with "No!" I would hesitate, stop, then go back to the beginning, and on reaching the same place in the demonstration, his firm "No!" barred my progress. Another boy was called, and he, too, was stopped with "No!" but, carefully reviewing his work, he went right on and finished and was rewarded with "correct."

"But," I whimpered, "I recited it just as he did, and you said 'No!'"

"Well, you should have said 'Yes,' and stuck to it. It is not enough to know your lesson. You should know that you know it; you must be sure, and defend your proof."

The inward confidence inspired by such drill, joined to the chivalric notion of independent manhood already existing, tended to fix and fasten the feeling that a man is what he is in himself, and that the love of doing, and the power to do, if guided by the right, are all the honors that he needs, and will bring him more than any university can bestow.

Note: In the second column of the Home Department in *The Commoner* of August 29, for head line "Sweet Tomato Pickles," please read "Green Tomato Pickles."

Pretty Accessories for the Toilet.

It is surprising how much a woman who is handy with her needle and "good at contriving" can do with a little money, in the way of clothing for herself and family. If one is so fortunate as to possess two or three gowns of good material and correct fit, she can add variety to her wardrobe by the aid of a few yards of lace, embroidery, silk, velvet, or other suitable material, from which to make pretty plastrons, cuffs and collars, or dainty yokes, and neckwear, fichus, vests, scarfs, jabots, collars, stocks, belts and girdles. These can all be made of any harmonious color or material, and will give the wearer the appearance of having quite an extensive wardrobe.

Good Bedding.

There is nothing in house furnishing quite so nice—or so necessary—as clean, comfortable, sweet-smelling beds, and these are so easily provided and so cheaply made that it is a wonder intelligent people will put up with such "make-shifts," as one often finds, even among well-to-do people.

A bedstead should be "firm on its feet," and its parts closely fitted, so there will be no cracks, crevices or holes in which a chance insect may hide. If such hiding places do exist, they should be filled with putty, such as glaziers use, at the cost of a few cents. Castors are a matter of course nowadays. Twice a year the bedstead should be taken apart, thoroughly dusted, washed, and one or more coats of varnish applied. In this way it will always be clean, and look new.

A varnish brush costs but little, and with care will last for years.

To every bedstead, there should be good bed-springs; the best is none too good, and cheap ones are an abomination. Get the best mattress your means will allow; but if you must get a cheap one or none, it will be an exercise of economy to get none, for a mattress made of a loose weave of cheap ticking, filled with shavings or poor excelsior, with a thin layer of lumpy cotton batting spread over its top, is one of the most unsatisfactory investments you can make. A better way will be to buy a good grade of ticking, or domestic gingham, and make it up to fit your bed—six feet nine inches in length, and four feet ten inches in width, is a good size, and will allow for shrinkage when washed. Make two openings, on each side—one near each end, large enough to insert your hand; leave the end partly open; send to the "feed store" and get a bale of the best straw—that which is freest from chaff, or, if you like it better, a bale of prairie hay. Fill the tick with this, stuffing all the corners well, and pushing it well to the sides. When as full as it will hold, "run up" the end seam, with a coarse needle and thread, and lay it on the bed springs, then, putting your hands into the openings left on the sides, stir the filling evenly all over the bed-tick. For the first few times of using you may find a few "holes" and "humps," but these can readily be stirred down, and the straw equally distributed.

Now, get some medium weight unbleached domestic—quite thin will do, and a yard wide; tear off three strips the length desired—six feet four inches is about right; seam the three widths together on your machine; tack one and one-half widths into a frame, as for quilting, letting the other part fall over to one side. Get four rolls of cotton batting, and lay evenly over the muslin, as if for a comfort; turn the loose muslin up over it, tacking also to the frames, and, with coarse knitting cotton, or cotton twine, tack this, as for a comfort, though not so closely. When done, take out of the frames, and "run up" the side and ends by hand. This will be your cotton mattress, to lay over your straw mattress, and you will find it comfortable, and easily aired and kept clean.

When the muslin shows soil, as it will by usage, rip up the hand-sewed side seam and ends, cut the tacking, and carefully lay your cotton out in the sun, while you launder the muslin, then put together again as at first, and your bed will be sweet and clean again, with very little trouble.

A good way to clean your mattress, especially if children have been sleeping on it, is to lay it out on boards, or grass, just before a heavy shower, and let it remain out and dry in the hot sunshine before using.

For the Sewing Room.

In doing up the fall sewing, whether making over, or working up new goods, there will be many scraps of cotton, woolen or silk goods, and these should be saved up, putting them