

Leaflets from a Southern Home.

It is rather annoying to have a person begin to talk or to write about the weather the first thing...

This part of Virginia, just south of Washington, has been visited with heavy snow falls this past winter...

Georgetown, so named after the first name of Washington, is now so built up that it is all one continuous city with Washington.

I was accompanied only by my little daughter, twelve years of age, and I now propose to amuse the readers of the JOURNAL by an account of the independent fashion in which a self-reliant lady can pass the day in that beautiful city...

When we came in sight of the bridge we saw that it was dark with the crowds of people who were looking at the ice in the river.

When in the city we took street cars from point to point. A part of the embankment of the river had broken away and the whole lower part of the city was flooded with water.

We visited the Art Gallery. It is a very beautiful building, presented to the city by Mr. Coram, and its halls are filled with statues, paintings, and a museum of bronzes, old plate, and other curiosities.

We went from the Art Gallery to the White House to attend Mrs. Hayes's Saturday afternoon reception. The White House stands back from the street; it has a carriage sweep extending from one side to the other, and a lovely green lawn with fountains and flowers.

I grasped my little girl by the hand, and we valiantly held our own amid the thronging procession which nearly pressed the life out of us.

In the blue parlor Mrs. Hayes stood, before a blue velvet sofa; Colonel Casey stood at her left hand; on her right, Mrs. Secretary Sherman, and on Mrs. Sherman's right hand Mrs. Dr. Carter, of Columbus, Ohio, a personal friend of Mrs. Hayes.

As we approached we gave our names to Colonel Casey, and he immediately introduced us to Mrs.

Hayes. It was not by any means a formal hand shaking, not in our case at any rate. I have the reputation of possessing a very expressive countenance, and I felt a deep love for the lady before me.

Afterwards we went through the conservatories and the rooms and halls. Among those present was Mrs. Senator Saunders of Nebraska, and a host of distinguished people.

Falls Church, Va. Mrs. E. B. Davis.

Farming will Pay.

We think from facts and reasons the conclusion is a reasonable one that farming will pay, if properly conducted—a proviso applicable to every regular business if success is calculated on.

Farming successfully involves as many necessary qualities as any other calling, and more than farmers are generally aware of, particularly those farmers who seek the most indifferent of their sons for farming life.

Example is power. It is alike so in the circles of wealth and refinement and in the haunts of poverty and ignorance. It tells everywhere, and makes its mark for good or evil all over the world of men and thought.

Example is power of good. Every man has influence, more or less, in his sphere of life, and that influence, in the very nature of the case, must tell on his fellows.

Example is power for evil. There is no estimating the extent of a bad man's influence in the world; his moral reach is indeed fearful.

Example is power for good. It is the testimony of the wise man, as well as the practical teaching of all experience. An instrument of incalculable harm in any community is the man who arrais his life and example against virtue and religion.

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Only Once! A great king, desiring to teach his son a practical lesson, ordered a long table to be prepared in one of the galleries of his palace, set out with all manner of toys, fruits and other things which he thought would please the little boy.

Joyfully the little boy started, enchanted with the prospect; he ate and drank, and gathered his hands and his arms full of treasures, and presently tiring of what he had, he threw them away to make room for some glittering toy which attracted him farther on; but which, when secured, somehow did not please nor satisfy him as much as he had expected, and he was constantly looking back regretfully to that which he had left behind, and which he thought more desirable.

As a boy clinging to my father's arm, I stood on Bunker Hill, where stood at the same time most of Massachusetts—in fact, most of the American nation, it reckoned by quality, and listened to Daniel Webster when the top stone of the monument was laid.

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Inculcate Carefulness. I shall never forget my own childish tears and sobs over my sewing. My mother was a perfect fairy at her needle, and her rule was relentless; every long stitch was picked out and done over again, and neither tears nor entreaties availed to rid me of my task till it was properly done; every corner of the hem turned by the thread; stitching measured by two threads to a stitch; felling of absolutely regular width, and patching done invisibly; while fine darning was a sort of embroidery I hated it then, but I have lived to bless that mother's patient persistence; and I am prouder to-day of the six patches in my small girl's school-dress which cannot be seen without searching, than of any other hand work—except perhaps my bread!

Hints to Lovers of Flowers. A most beautiful and easily attained show of evergreens may be had by a very simple method which has been found to answer remarkably well on a small scale.

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