

**The Husband's Lesson.**

The ringing of the door bell has a pleasant sound to me, more particularly in my idle moods. Like an unopened letter, there is a mystery about it, and one waits with a pleasurable excitement to see who or what is coming.

Returning home one day earlier than usual, I found that my wife had gone out; and while idly waiting her return the door-bell rang. I waited expectant until Mary appeared with a note, containing a request from my old friend, George I., to ride out to his residence in the country the next day, and to bring my wife with me. I was much pleased, not so much on account of any pleasure which it might give my wife, but because I thought I needed a day's recreation, and in the lovely summer time, the country has peculiar charms for me.

But the next morning everything seemed to go wrong. Alice could not accompany me, and I could not get off as early as I wished; consequently I was fretful and peevish, and Alice seemed to reflect my humor, for she never seemed to be so unamiable. At length, however, I drove away, though not in a very pleasant mood. It was a lovely day; and as I rode along, noting the beauties of the landscape, my memory went back unbidden to the time when I wooed and won my bride. Oh! how lovely Alice was then! I thought. And Oh! how happy we were! But that was long ago. No: is it possible, we have been married only three years? And I felt a sharp pang as I contrasted the past with the present, to think that we could settle down into the common place life we now lead.

We had no serious trouble; we did not quarrel; though when I felt cross, or things did not suit me, I took no pains to conceal it, and often spoke harshly to Alice, who sometimes replied in the same spirit, and sometimes with tears. Yet we were generally good friends. Still, the charm, the tenderness of our early love had imperceptibly vanished. I had become careless about my personal appearance at home and Alice was almost equally negligent. Her beautiful brown hair, which she used to wear in the most becoming curls, was now usually brushed plainly behind her ears, unless she was going out or expected company.

I dismissed the subject with a sigh, as I drew up at my friend's gate, with the reflection that it was the same with all married people—must be so, in fact, for how could romance and sentiment find a place among so many prosy realities? I suppose we are as happy as any body; and yet it was not the kind of life that I had looked forward to with so many bright anticipations.

My friend greeted me with great cordiality. In the hall we met Mrs. I., looking fresh and lively in her pink muslin wrapper, with her jetty hair in tasteful braids. She reproved me playfully for not bringing my wife with me, chatted a few minutes, and then fitted away, while my friend led the way to the library. As we entered the room I noticed a vase of bright flowers on the table, imparting an air of taste and cheerfulness to the apartment. I made some remark about it, to which my friend replied:

"Yes, I am very fond of flowers, and like to see them in the house; and as I spend much time here, my wife always keeps a vase of them on the table as long as they last."

After dinner we walked out into the grounds which were quite extensive, and most tastefully arranged. There was a great variety of flowers in bloom, and I noticed that L. selected here and there the finest, until he had a handsome bouquet.

When we reached the house Mrs. L. was on the steps. Her husband, still continuing our conversation, gave her the flowers with a smile; and holding up a spray of crimson berries, which he had broken off, she bent her head while he fastened it among the dark braids of her hair.

It was a trifling incident, yet their manner arrested my attention. Had I been a stranger, I would have pronounced them lovers, instead of sober married people. All through the day I noticed the same delicate attention and

reference in their deportment to each other. There was nothing of which the most fastidious guest could complain; yet, while showing me the most cordial attention, they did not ignore each other's existence, as married people too often seem to do.

I had never before visited my friend at his country home, and was very much pleased with it. I said so, after dinner, as we strolled out into the woods.

"Yes," he said, "I think it is pleasant; and," he added, "I believe I am a contented man. So far, I am not disappointed in life."

"How long have you been married?" I asked.

"Ten years."

"Well," I pursued, "can you tell me whence is the bright atmosphere that surrounds your home? Tell me how you and your excellent wife manage to retain the depth of your early love as you seem to do? I should think the wear and tear of life would dim it some what. I never before saw a home where my ideal of domestic happiness was realized. It is what I have dreamed of, but have not yet been permitted to enjoy."

My friend smiled, and pointing to a thrifty grape-vine climbing over a neat lattice, and loaded with fruit, said:

"That vine needs careful attention, and if cared for, it is what you see it, but if neglected, how soon would it become a worthless thing! So the love which to all, at some period, is the most precious thing in life, and which needs so much care to keep it unimpaired, is generally neglected. Ah! my dear fellow, it is little acts—trifles—that so often estrange loving hearts. I have always made it a point to treat my wife with the same courtesy that characterized my deportment in the days of our courtship; and while I am careful not to offend her tastes and little prejudices, I am sure that mine will be equally respected. Moreover, instead of treating her as an inferior—as a mere slave, bound to obey my every behest—I realize the fact that she is my equal, and, as such, has as much right to a voice in the management of our daily affairs as I have. By this means, my dear friend, we manage to live happily together, and to show to those around us that there is still in the world such a thing as domestic happiness and contentment."

That night I rode homeward pondering over what I had seen and heard; and reviewing the years of our married life, I was surprised at my own blindness, and determined, if possible, to recall the early dream.

The next morning, at breakfast, I astonished sweet Alice by a careful toilette, chatted over the dinner, and after tea, invited her out to take a walk. When she came down, arrayed in my favorite dress, with her hair in shining curls, I thought she had never looked lovelier. I exerted myself, as of old, to entertain her, and was surprised to find how quickly the evening passed.

I resolved to test my friend's theory perfectly, and the result exceeded my most sanguine expectations. For all the little nameless attentions, so gratifying to a woman's heart, and so universally accorded by the lover and neglected by the husband, I find myself repaid a thousandfold; and I would advise all who are sighing over the non-fulfillment of their early dreams, to go and do likewise; remembering that what is worth using is worth keeping.

The report of some remarks of John Bright, at a temperance meeting in London, as given in our foreign telegrams this week, contains some points that may well be considered by the more aggressive of the friends of temperance in this country. In a war against the use of intoxicating drinks public opinion is the only effective weapon, and this can not be created by oppressive or violent measures. Patience, and earnest, unceasing work will be the means of accomplishing the results desired by the temperance people, if those results are ever accomplished.

Excessive exertion often leads to a congested state of the lungs, and deficient exercise is capable of producing tubercles in the same organs through nutritional alterations.

**A Good Opportunity for Land Owners.**

Dr. Wm. F. Barton the President of the Orangeburg Agricultural and Mechanical Association is now on a visit to friends and relatives in the west of England. At a meeting of the Board of Directors held shortly before his departure, he introduced the subject of obtaining additional labor, and kindly offered to further any plan for the encouragement of foreign immigration that might seem practicable. After a considerable discussion, the Board resolved, in accepting his suggestions and assistance to recommend the plan set forth in this article to the planters and land owners of Orangeburg County.

The west of England teems with a thrifty and industrious farming population, such as would be especially valuable in our sparsely settled County. Many are actuated by a spirit of Enterprise, and are desirous of trying their fortunes in the New World across the waters.

In England, the average wages of a common farm hand is about £18 per year, say in our currency, \$81.00, with food and lodging found; for a servant woman, to attend to a dairy, cooking, washing, &c, about £12 per year (say \$66); for a boy, or half-hand, say \$50 per year, and found as above. They live in the same house with their employer, have special sleeping apartments and take their meals in the kitchen. Their food consists principally of wheat bread, cheese, beans, Irish potatoes and meat, with beer or cider. They seldom use either tea or coffee, a kind of light beer which is made in that country bring their usual beverage instead.

It is the custom of English farmer to employ one man, one woman and one boy as servants, who live on the premises. The majority of the laborers live in cottages near the farms where they work, for which cottage they pay rent from £2 to £6 per year, according to size and convenience. This is in our money, from \$1 to \$3 per month. They hire their services to the farmers by the day or week, and during the busy season command the following wages, viz: Good hands in harvest time from 16 to 24 shilling per week, say \$5 to \$7. Mowers get from 5 to 6 shillings per day say \$1.50 for a days work. Women during harvest get about 18 pence per day about 45 cents. These wages are paid only during the busy season;—after harvest time, and during the winter there is very little demand for Agricultural labor. Underdraining, hedging and ditching, and breaking up lands when the frost will permit are about all that can be done in winter, outside of the regular work done by the permanent hands on the farm, who are generally a man, a woman and a boy, as above stated.

A great deal of attention is paid to sheep raising, good sheep herds get steady employment at about 14 shillings a week, say \$3.75, with extras during lambing time.

The principal products are hay, wheat oats, rye barley, Irish potatoes, turnips and beets.

The foregoing sketch, from data furnished by Dr. Barton will give a general idea of the probable expectations of such laborers, should they come among us to seek employment and homes.

It is to be remembered that the climate of England like that of the Northern States of the Union, does not admit of field labor but for a part of the year; and it will be noticed that laborers are paid more or less, according as they are engaged for a single day, a week or a longer period. The wages are sometimes paid in money, sometimes partly in money, and partly in so much beer or cider; in other respects laborers by the day or week find themselves. It is to be presumed that in a climate such as ours, whereby steadier employment for a longer season may be assured, that the wages would be proportionately less per week or month.

The Board of directors propose to their fellow citizens of Orangeburg County to send on to Dr. Barton, any communication in writing, signed by a reasonable party, making a distinct proposition for the employment of laborers, leasing of lands, selling of land for cash or on time, giving of lands in considera-

tion of the settlement and improving of the lands giving, work on shares, or, in fine, any proposition which any landowner or planter may see fit to make. Dr. Barton offers to submit the proposals sent on to such of the English laborers as are thinking of coming to this country, to enlighten them as to matters they may desire to know, and to make enquiries as to the character and merits of such as evince a disposition to give South Carolina a trial. He will remain in England until about the last of August and it is desirable that every one, who wishes to embrace this opportunity, should prepare this opportunity, should prepare his statements and proposals by the first of July, so that they can be forwarded in good time.

Dr. Barton himself exports to engage one or two families; and the Board would suggest that it might work well for two or three land owners in the same neighborhood to unite in this enterprise, and each offer to employ, or provide for the location of, at least one family. In this way, two or more families will be near each other and there will be more chance of their settling permanently among us, as they will not feel so isolated when they have so near their own people.

The undersigned will take pleasure in forwarding any communications which may be handed to them, and in giving any further information in their power concerning the subject.

F. H. W. BRIDGMAN,  
JACOB G. WANNAMAKER,  
MORGAN J. KELLER,  
LAWRENCE R. BECKWITH,  
O. H. RILEY,  
SAMUEL DIBBLE.

**What Seven Women Have Done.**

A recent English book, 'Facta, non Verba,' contains the history of the philanthropic labors of seven English women. It is full of interest, not only for its facts, but for its inferences. Believers and disbelievers in the enfranchisement of women can draw arguments from it. It will delight the former by proving—to their satisfaction, at least—that women can plan and execute as well as men. It will convince the latter that the proper field for feminine energy is philanthropy, not politics. The Athenæum: 'If the volume does nothing else, it at any rate gives us a new notion of how much there is for women to do, and how much a woman can do if she is in earnest about her work.'

Miss Rye began her efforts a few years ago. She had a capital of £750. Its lasting capacity has been as miraculous as that of the 'Widow Cruse's oil.' She has helped 178 governesses to emigrate to the British colonies, where they have all, mainly through her efforts, found employment. She has put 1,500 English women into good places as domestic, in Australia and New Zealand. She has personally taken to Canada and placed in respectable families 1,200 children of the London streets. Nineteenths of them are girls, who, but for their benefactress' efforts, were condemned inevitably to a life of the lowest degradation.

Miss Maepheron has done the same good work for 1,800 children.

Miss Chandler decided, some years since, to found a charity for the paralyzed. There was then no such thing in London. She began by taking care of a poor paralyzed carpenter. As fast as she could, she assumed charge of more paralytics, one by one. She has now opened a hospital for paralysis and epilepsy, in Queen's square, London. It is not excelled by any of the same sort in the world. She has also established a convalescent hospital, which is doing great good. She has, moreover, secured the endowment of forty-eight permanent annuities for incurable paralytics and epileptics. She is now collecting a large amount of money to be applied in this same way.

Miss Gilbert, a blind lady, opened a blind school in Holborn celler, for which she paid eighteen pence a week. She has now a thousand pupils, whom she has taught to support themselves. They maintain the institution that gives them a home, an education, and an occupation. Its maintenance costs £8,000 a year. This work of a poor

blind woman may fairly be compared with any of the marvels history records as wrought by blind men. We admire the sightless King of Bohemia, with his blazoned motto 'Ich Dien,' for his dauntless ride to death on the battle field of Crecy; but here is a blind woman who puts that motto into practice, and saves life instead of destroying it.

Mrs. Hiltoa has built up a dry-nursery at Ratcliffe. It is one of the best of its kind, and has served as a model for many. Miss Cooper has opened and managed a combined club, reading-room, and lecture course for costermongers. Miss Whately has organized great schools for Moham medan children at Cairo. The author closes his account of the work these seven women have done in these words: 'It may be said that there are many others who would have furnished me with good types of the philanthropic English woman, quite equal in the magnitude of their labors to those I have mentioned, but those whom I wish to take as my types are those who have had to fight their way up against difficulties, frequently themselves in restricted circumstances, and not those whose position and wealth render philanthropic efforts less onerous.'

These great works are the fruit of purely feminine effort. They have been planned by women and wrought by women. The author of 'Facta, non Verba' considers them as a proof that women can do better by themselves, unfettered by conventual rules; than when organized in masses. It is, he says, a simple matter of three sum. If Miss Rye and Miss Maepheron have cared for 3,000 children, fifty women ought to care for 75,000. What sisterhood, fifty strong, has done so? The economy of the good is another strong point. If the London charities which are supported by taxation were managed as well, the tax payers of the city would save £500,000 yearly. The fact is of moment here, in view of the damaging disclosures James Gordon Pennett has made in regard to the charitable organizations of the East. Some of them pay \$3 in salaries for every dollar spent in their nominal work. There is a Bible society in Virginia which is said to spend \$9 in order to induce its self denying agents to buy and distribute one dollar's worth of Bibles.

There are few men who would be disposed, save for fear of establishing a precedent that might be abused, to deny the suffrage to the seven women whose work we have here outlined. There are few who would wish to deny it to a feminine lawyer who had gained a suit for them, or a feminine doctor who had cured their wives when masculine skill had proved vain. The moral is not hard to draw. American women will find that the franchise is to be gained by *facta, non verba*—deeds, not words.—*Chicago Tribune.*

**Desperate and Fatal Fight With a Lunatic.**

John Nolan, a demented man who has been frequently arrested in West Baltimore on account of his savage temperament, committed a terrible assault on Officer James M. Richardson, of the Northwestern Police District, on last Saturday evening, and the officer is so seriously injured that he is not expected to recover. It seems that Nolan, on Saturday evening went to market with his mother, and, after carrying the market to his father's house, on Druid Hill avenue, near Preston street, he went into the kitchen in the rear of the house, and picked up a hatchet, which he concealed under his coat. He then returned to the dining room, where the family were at supper, and pulling the weapon from under his coat, struck a terrible blow at his father, who was seated at the head of the table. Fortunately the hatchet slipped in his hand, and the edge glanced along by the side of the father's head, inflicting a painful but not serious scalp wound. Before young Nolan could follow up the blow, the entire family fled from the house. Young Nolan then fastened the front door, and retreated to the back yard, where he sat down. In the meantime officer Richardson, who had just answered roll call at the station house, and was on his way home, heard the cries of the

frightened family, at once hastened in that direction. He found the front door locked, and while he was endeavoring to force an entrance, Sergeant Schultz and officer Hays arrived. Officer Richardson was stationed at the front door, while Sergeant Schultz and officer Hays went to the back yard, and on climbing over the fence found Nolan sitting in the yard. He at once jumped up and commenced an assault upon Sergeant Schultz with the hatchet. Schultz caught up a chair that was standing in the yard and succeeded in parrying the blows until Officer Hays came to his assistance. Nolan then ran into the house, and closed and locked the door. Sergeant Schultz immediately returned to the front door, leaving Hays in the rear. Officers Schultz and Richardson then put their shoulders to the front door and burst it in. Nolan, who was standing near the door, at once struck at Schultz, who, in attempting to ward off the blow, slipped and fell from the steps, the hatchet striking his right wrist, inflicting a flesh wound. Immediately Nolan turned savagely upon Richardson, and struck him upon the back part of the head, fracturing the skull and inflicting a ghastly wound four inches in length. Strange to say officer Richardson did not fall but succeeded in knocking down with his stick, and before the mad man could rise from the ground, he was securely tied with a clothes line. By this time an excited crowd of some four or five hundred people had collected around the house, and several persons were so much excited as to propose the hanging of the man at once. Finally, however, he was removed to the Northwestern police station, where he will remain until to day, and then be sent to the Blyville asylum. Officer Richardson was attended by Drs. Wislow and Atkinson after which he was removed to his home at No. 117 Druid Hill avenue. His physicians state that there are but slight hopes of his recovery.

The Chicago Times publishes several columns of crop reports from various points throughout the States of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Indiana, Minnesota and Kansas, from which it appears that, on an average of wheat sown is much in excess of that of last year, and that the yield promises to be quite up to the average. In corn, oats and barley, fully an average amount of land has been seeded, and the crop will be large. Fruits of all descriptions never looked better. In several counties in Iowa, Kansas and Minnesota, grasshoppers and chinch bugs have made their appearance.

A year or two ago W. D. Mitchell, a carpet-bag planter near Macon, Ga., boasted openly that he had seduced the daughter of Dr. John Bull, of the same neighborhood, and, hearing of the boast, Dr. Bull sent Mitchell word that he meant to kill him on sight. One day last week Mitchell was riding along, when a gun went off in the bushes and he fell dead in the road. Dr. Bull was arrested, but he needn't be scared. The Georgia juror who would convict a man for shooting another man for seducing his daughter was kicked to death by a well educated mule more than forty years ago.

Last Friday an aged crippled lady named Donaldson, residing on her plantation near Island Tenn, was brutally murdered by a young man named Murphy, who went to the house for the purpose of robbing Mrs Donaldson, who was quite wealthy. He knocked her down with a club, and then took an axe and split her head open.

The Amoeba found among the infusoria, represents the lowest form of animal life. It has no particular shape altering its form momentarily, and moves by this curious means of progression.

The Vermont state Agricultural Society has voted that a herd of cattle shall consist of one bull not less than one year old, two cows two year old heifers, two yearling heifers, and two calves of either sex.

In bowing to a lady, three inches is the attitude to lift your hat.