



Ladies' Portfolio.

The ladies of North Carolina are invited to contribute short articles, recipes, suggestions, household hints, &c., for these columns.

SKETCHES ILLUSTRATIVE OF BIBLE HISTORY.

The Kenites No. 7.

BY ABI MORI.

"Chesney," said I, "I have been thinking a great deal about our conversation of yesterday;—and although I cannot help believing what you say, still I cannot avoid the conviction that these theories, if carried out, would destroy civilization."

"Granted. But a vastly superior civilization would rise upon its ruins. What is civilization at present? Take England for an example;—what is her civilization? A nation of impoverished, ignorant, toiling millions, with a small I mean comparatively small class of wealthy gentry, and a still smaller class of wealthy nobility. I would make these toiling millions as learned and religious as the wealthy aristocrats. I would remove from them the horrible fear of starvation. I would make a nation of scholars and students instead of a nation of laborers and paupers."

"Ah, I fear that in your long sojourn in Europe you became tinctured with communism."

"Not by intercourse with communists then;—for, as you are well aware, my father's position threw me entirely with the governing classes; and I was accustomed to hear the communists spoken of, as a set of famishing, ferocious wolves, who were only waiting the opportunity to fly at our throats. But one night in Paris, I happened to hear an address made by one of their leaders to a vast multitude of the assembled canaille. He had a voice like a trumpet, and its ringing tones yet sound in my dreams. 'Brothers,' he shouted, 'our enemies say that we do not believe in God; and they take a few blasphemous utterances of the worst men of the worst class, who call themselves communists. And they publish these sentiments to the world as the universal creed of the communists. But I, for one, believe in God. I believe in a just, a holy, and a merciful God. I believe in the God who 'created of one blood all the nations of the earth;—one great brotherhood. He who lets his brother die of starvation, while he has more than enough for his own wants, is as guilty as Cain. You are not idle;—you toil early and late. But you are hungry,—you are cold,—you are sometimes houseless. Your rich neighbor who spends enough on a single banquet to keep your little ones in food all of this long cold winter, he is the godless man. The money that he spends is made out of your own unceasing toil. He is your employer, he thinks he does you a great favor to give you work; and if the scant pay does not feed and clothe you, he is quite sure that it is no business of his. If his favorite dog suffers, all of his sympathies are called forth. But you,—you his human brother, you, created in the image of God, you are less than nothing to him. He calls you canaille—he thinks your touch pollutes him;—he thinks your presence degrades him. God often punishes this rich man, even in this life. Last year the Baron Z. would not sell corn to his hungry neighbors. He said if he did, his horses would suffer for the want of it. And the poor sufferers took typhus fever, and the fever reached him in his lordly castle, and he and his only son, the heir of all his wealth, died!' Now, Cabell, you must not suppose for a moment that I endorse a single sentiment of this man. The evil lies far deeper than he or any of his fraternity ever supposed. If all the rich men in Europe were to empty their coffers, it would not enrich the laboring millions. At the end of a year, the suffering would be as great as ever. The fault lies in our existing state of civilization. In order that the wants of one gentleman may be supplied it is necessary that there be a hundred laborers. Brick-makers, brick-layers, carpenters, plasterers, plumbers, &c., &c., to build his house;—weavers, tailors, hatters, shoe-makers, &c., &c., to furnish his attire;—cooks, butchers, bakers, farmers, millers, &c., &c., to furnish and prepare his food, and so on, in endless routine. If the Prince of Wales had twelve sons, and

by some strange turn of fortune's wheel, they should be cast on some uninhabited island, and be compelled to spend their lives there, do you think he would make eleven of them tradesmen and laborers, in order that the twelfth should be a gentleman?"

"But, my dear fellow, you are not stating the case fairly. Tradesmen supply the wants of the poor as well as the rich."

"That is not the grievance, Cabell;—you entirely misapprehend me. It is that they are condemned to a life that leaves no time for mental improvement;—and this is what they are condemned to, if they are made tradesmen at all. We should never be willing to doom a fellow-man to a life which we would not be willing to lead ourselves. The twelfth brother—the gentleman, ought to be ashamed of himself."

"But it seems to me absolutely necessary. What, for instance, would we do for shoes and boots if we did not have shoemakers?"

"Wear straw shoes like the slippers of the dainty belles of Long Branch and Newport."

"And who would make them for us?"

"The pretty fingers of our own wives and daughters. It is light, interesting work;—such as they call fancy work. And some species of straw are so strong that it will outlast leather. In the Southwestern States, they plait strips of the inner bark of the linden tree, and find it strong enough for mule collars."

"I couldn't repress another shout of laughter."

"You may laugh," said he coolly, "I expect nothing else. So the people laughed at Fulton when he launched the first steamboat."

"But you would abolish steam, would you not? It is part of the existing civilization."

"No, I would not abolish steam," he replied, "not, at least, until we could adopt some better mode of transit."

"And you would not, of course, abolish the printing press," I added.

"Most certainly I would! Disraeli ought to know as much about the highest forms of present civilization as any man living. His associates are princes and princesses; dukes and duchesses; earls and countesses, and the money kings of the world. He is, moreover, a literary man, and the son of the most literary man of his day. And what does he say about the printing press? He makes his pet hero, Gaston Phoebus, say this: 'Printing has destroyed education. The greatest misfortune that ever befell man was the invention of printing. Books are fatal; they are the curse of the human race. Art is a great thing, and science is a great thing; but all that art and science can reveal can be taught by man and by his attributes—his voice, his hand, his eye.' He goes on to say that the highest education was that of the Greeks, from the age of Pericles to that of Hadrian. Schools should be numerous, but the teaching should be oral;—lectures should be constant, and by the most illustrious professors;—and the students should converse on what they heard. What a vast amount of vicious and debasing literature would be swept away by such a change. In Lord Macaulay's masterly essay on the life of Bacon, the same ideas are expressed. 'Plato,' he says, 'seems to have thought the use of letters operated on the human mind as the use of the go-cart in learning to walk; or of corks in learning to swim, is said to operate on the human body. It was a support which soon became necessary to those who used it;—and made vigorous exertion first useless, and then impossible. He thought the powers of the human intellect would have been more fully developed without this delusive aid. Men would have been compelled to exercise the understanding and the memory, and thus make truth thoroughly their own. Now, on the contrary, much knowledge is traced on paper and but little is engraven on the mind. A man who trusts to books for his information, gleaned at a moment's notice, cannot in strictness, be said to know anything.' These opinions Plato put into the mouth of an ancient Egyptian king; but Macaulay says they were evidently his own."

"And you think the Kenites were a nation of students without any books?"

"I do."

"They did not write even their laws?"

"Where trial by jury prevails, the system called 'common law' in England, follows. It is unwritten, and lecturers could teach all that it is necessary for a law student to know."

"I remained silent for some minutes

It was evident that he had thought out his subject with great care: I was trying to think of some argument to puzzle him, when he said, "Cabell, my father and I spent several summers in England. The parks there are so exquisitely beautiful, that I always thought of Eden in wandering through them. You cannot realize Milton's description of Paradise until you see them. A roted American traveller, who received much attention from the English nobles preferred their parks to their pleasure grounds. He said: 'There is a quiet pastoral beauty, a spaciousness of dignity, and a simple feeling of nature about them, which no highly decorated pleasure grounds or garden scenery can approach, as the continual surrounding of a country residence. The English park is, in fact, the poetical *Jea of Arcadia*, a sort of ideal nature;—softened, refined and ennobled, without being made to look artificial.' Dr. B. who, you know, with all his culture can ask a direct question with as much *sang-froid* as any Yankee, asked the Earl of C. which he prized most, his princely mansion, or his ancestral acres. The Earl replied, 'How little you know of Englishmen, to ask a question like that. I would not part with my land for a dozen such houses;—in fact, I would rather live here without any house at all, than in a royal palace anywhere else.' This remark set me to thinking. Suppose the whole earth were like the park of the Earl of C. and no houses in it. And suppose every man in the world had an opportunity of becoming as learned and pious as the Earl of C. But instead of useless trees in our parks, we would have only those bearing both the Edenic characteristics, 'goodness for food and pleasantness to the sight.' And suppose instead of books, we had only schools where the teaching were entirely oral. In short, suppose we should live like the Kenites."

"Ah, Chesney," I replied, "it is very easy to pull down a house, but it is not so easy to build one. Our civilization has cost untold labor, blood and treasure. You say pull it down and build anew upon its ruins. Hadn't we young aspirants for fame better 'let well enough alone.'"

"Yes," he replied, "I would gladly let well enough alone, but it isn't well enough. It is infinitely bad enough, as the statistics of the world prove. Millions of ignorant, degraded, human beings, and a small minority of cultivated, upright people. I will read you this one sentence from the London Quarterly of January, 1872: 'The condition of the proletariat (peniless people) is an opprobrium to half the countries in Europe, and more especially to our own. Millions of them lead a life which intelligent beings should not consent to live and exist in a condition of struggle and wretchedness which makes existence a burden and not a boon.' Our Savior wrought nearly all of his wonderful miracles for the relief of physical suffering. And we are expressly told that he who does not relieve his suffering brother when he can, the 'love of God dwelleth not in him.' If you and I fail to do all we can to improve the condition of our race, we are guilty men. The Bible points out the way to a higher and noble civilization. To attain it, the world must become Christianized. It is the only way—faith in Christ is the life which alone can vitalize our deadened energies. This spiritual life is to us what the vegetable life is to the tree. Without it, no growth can be made, no leaves, no blossoms, no fruit can be borne. It is a dead and useless thing."

"But, my friend, even if you could convince the community of the truth of your ideas, I do not see how we would ever set about carrying them out."

"By simply enforcing the Bible laws," he replied. "The laws of the Bible have been preached in our churches for nearly two thousand years," said I.

"But not in our law schools;—not in our courts of justice, not in our legislatures, not in our medical and agricultural colleges. Teach the laws of Moses in all these;—and teach Christianity in our churches, and the two will fit together like the two blades of a pair of scissors. Neither is complete without the other. You remember Dr. M's sermon from the text, 'Had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me.'"

Swartzmeyer to his wife: "Now, see here, mine lof, better as you had Johnny let a leetle on von dat chandy eatin', or der first thing you don't know he had some toothache in his teeth, and have been squallin' around all night mit der cholera morbus in his jaw—don't it?"

Waiting for a Woman to "Get Ready."

Are you a man? If so you have probably had the pleasure of waiting for a woman to "get ready" to go somewhere. Getting ready is a mighty operation for a woman to perform. It has always been so; but in these days of complicated costumes, and innumerable appendages of the toilet, it is a stupendous undertaking. You are invited by Miss B. You invite her to ride behind your span of grays. You are wise enough to know that all women, or most of them, like a fine turn out, and would much sooner be made love to by a man who owns a nice team than by one who takes his airings in horse cars or omnibuses.

You set the time at 3:30 p. m. She asks sweetly if you could not just as well come at 4. Of course she would like to go earlier, but she doubts if she can get ready, and, of course, as you are not married to her, you are only too happy to do just as she wants you to. After marriage as the French say, "we change all that," and when Monsieur bids her, madame must be ready or left behind.

At precisely 4 the next day you drive to Miss B's gate with a grand flourish its looks of foggyish to be walking with your horses up to a hitching post, and you have been showing your animals the whip a few blocks away. They are stirred up by it and toss their heads and purr up papa B's concrete, and snap at the shrubbery in a vicious way, and assure you eagerly that they had just as soon not wait for a woman to get ready.

You think at first you won't hit her, for sure; she is ready, but remembering former experiences with those of her sex, you change your mind and give a small boy ten cents to have an eye on them. You ring the bell and are admitted, and the small boy engages in marble playing with another small boy and entrusts the horses to Providence.

"Is Miss B. ready?" you blandly ask the maid servant.

She doesn't know she will enquire. You stand first on one foot, and then on the other, and stare at the hat-tree and pull your new style collar, which ought to stand up, but which has developed an obstinate tendency to lop down, and you wonder where on earth that servant has gone to inquire, and you run out to see your horses, and administer some sharp words to your small delinquent groom, and he thumbs his nose at you the minute your back is turned.

By the time you get into the house again Mrs. B. is coming down the stairs in a toilet made in evident haste. She is cordial and invites you into the parlor, and says Marie will be down in a moment, and she is so sorry to have kept you waiting.

From above stairs you can hear the sound of the notes of preparation. Much trudging back and forth, opening of closet doors, shutting of drawers, scolding of the maid in suppressed tones, and liveliness generally.

If you could look into Marie's chamber you would be in despair. Her "crimps" are not taken down, her boots unbuttoned, her pullback's elastic cords are out of gear, and the maid is fixing them; she can't find her bracelets; one cuff pin is missing; she has put ammonia on her handkerchief by mistake, thinking it Jockey Club; there is a button off her basque from hurried buttoning, and oh, dear! dear! where are her lemon kids, and her parasol, and her lace scarf, and that coal neck chain, and a shawl, and a white lace veil, and a dozen other necessary articles?

She has hurried so that her face is all ablaze, and she is sure she looks like a washer-woman, and she seizes her powder-puff, dabs a little chalk on her forehead, and hopes it won't be seen, as she is going out to ride with a gentleman and not with a woman.

All unconscious of the tria's which beset your charming Marie, you are striving to do the agreeable to Mrs. B. with the sound of your horses pawing up that sidewalk in your ears, and you know the old man is particular about his grounds; and directly you hear something snap and rush out to find that one of your spirited nags has bitten off a fence picket and is trying his best on another by way of dessert.

Will she ever get ready? You go back to tell Mrs. B. that your horses are so restive that you must stand by them, and you retire to the sidewalk, painfully conscious that across the street, in that big tenement house half a dozen children and young people, and as many more idle loafers, are watching you and laughing at your predicament, and tling each other that that is the chap "that is trying to court Marie B., and she's had nine fellers already and every one of 'em went back on her."

You consult your watch—5 o'clock! You feel inclined to swear a little, but early piety forbids, and you try to possess your soul in patience.

The door opens. She comes radiant and smiling, in the loveliest of new costumes, pinned back so tight that she creeps towards you like a snail, and you mentally wonder how she is ever going to step high enough to get into the carriage; and her hat is so becoming, and her black lace scarf increases the whiteness of her neck so much, and she tells you so sweetly that you feel infinitely obliged to her for doing it, and feel for a moment as if the highest and most supreme delight of existence could be found only in waiting for her to "get ready."

A PARISIAN LOVE STORY.—At the Jardin des Plantes, a rising young sculptor, who was studying animals, made the acquaintance of a pretty girl in nursery service, who speedily brushed him aside and took up with a soldier. The desolate young artist thereupon took to writing upon all the walls of the heart cry, "I love Adele!" hoping that it would meet her eye and touch her heart. The

willful girl, determined to escape this perpetual reproach on her perridy, at last made her habitual resort the iron bench in front of the rhinoceros. The seat could not be written on, and there was no wall. She and her soldier would sit there by the hour, watched from afar by the jealous and distracted lover. At last they came at the usual hour, and the faithless girl glanced at the huge and ferocious animal. On its horns was carved a heart, beneath which were the words, "I still love Adele. Am waiting at the duck pond." How could a woman's heart resist this? Tears came to her eyes. The soldier was given the cold shoulder, and the nursemaid said to her youthful charges, "Come, my dears! let us go and see the pretty ducks!"

Hygiene of Cooking.

Our health and strength depend upon the food we eat. The value of the food depends upon its nutritious qualities and the way it is prepared. A good flavor in any food promotes its easy digestion and its power of nutrition. So we have a few words to say on cooking meat. Albumen is the leading constituent of animal food as starch is of vegetable. They differ, however, in their chemical composition and in their way of digestion, and in the changes they undergo in the stomach. Albumen is a compound, insoluble in water, but the gastric juice dissolves it in the stomach. Otherwise it would be useless as food. Every kind of nutriment must be soluble and reduced to a fluid before it can enter the blood and nourish the body.

We are now ready to consider the various modes of cooking. Stewing, boiling, roasting, broiling, baking and frying are each worth a distinct consideration. Stewing is conducted by slowly cooking in a close vessel. The better the meat the better the stew, but the roughest and coarsest meat may be so stewed as to become tender and digestible. This way of preparing meat requires more time than any other, and so should be partially prepared on the day previous to its being served. Pieces and trimmings of meat can be cheaply bought, and in this way be made into good, digestible and nutritious food. Even bones may be broken into small pieces and simmered until the gelatine has exuded. Gelatine is not a very nutritious element, but may thicken the mass and add somewhat to its nutrition. Bones contain over 40 per cent. of gelatine. Lean meat is the best for stewing. Cover the meat with soft water and a little butter and let it simmer for four or five hours. Stews may be thickened by vegetables, or by oat meal, roast potatoes or barley and flavored with herbs to suit the taste. This mode of cooking is usually done in stew pans with a closely fitting cover. A good stone jar with a well fitting lid is better. It retains the heat for a long time and can be easily kept clean. The grey jar has no red glazing on the inside, that may peel off in the contact with salt. The stewing should go on slowly and the lid be seldom removed. The sticking of the meat, etc., may be prevented by shaking the jar now and then.

Closely allied to stewing is boiling. The vessel in which the meat is to be boiled should be completely cleansed, have a closely fitting lid and have water enough to completely cover the meat. The fire should be just enough for a moderate boiling. The scum should be removed as it comes to the surface. Adding a pint or more of water will promote this rising. Pure rain water is usually the best for all cooking purposes. Whether the meat should be put into cold water or into hot depends upon the object in view. Place a piece of meat into water at a temperature of 60 degrees Fahrenheit, and gradually raise it to the boiling point, its soluble and nutritious properties will gradually exude and enrich the water. The albumen is partially dissolved and comes out of the meat, the fibres become hard, dry and stringy. The thinner the meat, the more easily the juices will ooze out and so deprive the meat of its savory and palatable juices. In this way the water becomes enriched and forms a broth. The value of the meat is chiefly in the broth. The meat has lost its former value. These facts show that soaking fresh meat in cold water before cooking is not wise. It should only be wiped with a moist cloth.

Place a piece of meat in boiling water for five minutes and then reduce the temperature to 160 degrees Fahr., or 40 degrees below boiling. The boiling water coagulates the albumen on the surface of the meat, more or less. In this way we have principles involved that always may be applied to all sorts of meat. Some of the juices will escape even if we plunge the meat into boiling water and coagulate the albumen.

Broiling, by burying the meat in hot ashes, was practised in early times. Even now it is a favorite way of cooking. Roasting is the royal way of cooking meat. It needs a clear, bright fire and frequent basting. Next to stewing or broiling, it is the cheapest way of cooking. The stoves of these modern days have superseded the open fires of former times, and so roasting is nearly unknown in private families. The gradual disuse of open fires and open grates has substituted baking for roasting. Baked meat never has the sweet and delicate flavor of roasted and so is not so digestible and nutritious. Frying requires special care in temperature, otherwise the food may be spoiled.—Prarie Farmer.

POETRY.

The Birthplace of Burns.

Though Scotland boasts of a thousand names Of patriot, king, and peer, The noblest grandest of them all Was loved and cradled here. Here lived the gentle, peasant-king, The roving, enterprising, Compared with waste the greatest had Is but a trifle thing.

'Tis but a cot roofed in with straw, A hovel made of clay, One door shuts out the snow and storm, One window greets the day, And yet it stands within this room, And hold all throes in scorn, For here, beneath this lowly thatch, Love's swe test bard was born.

Within this hallowed hut I feel Like one who clasps a shrine, When the glad light at last have touched The something deem'd divine, And here the world through all the years As long as day returns, The tribue of its love and tears Will pay to Robert Burns.

Poisonous Hats, Gloves, Stockings and Clothing.

It is not long since several cases of arsenical poisoning were traced to the wearing of scarlet and blue stockings. Next came a somewhat remarkable case in which the mischief was traced to a highly colored hat-lining. More recently English and German papers, medical and other, have called attention to dangerous gloves. In the London Times a writer describes the poison effect of a pair of fashionable "bronze-green" silk gloves, when worn by a member of his family. After wearing them a day or two the patient was attacked with a peculiar blistering and swelling of both hands, which increased to such an extent that for three weeks she was compelled to carry her hands in a sling suffering acute pain, and being, of course, unable either to feed or dress herself. Inquiries among the writer's friends discovered three other ladies similarly afflicted.

A German medical journal reports a case of serious poisoning by a pair of navy-blue kids. Dress goods of woolen, silk and cotton have been found to contain arsenic in dangerous quantities; so also gentlemen's underclothing, socks, hat linings, and the linings of boots and shoes. Professor Nichols, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, reports the examination of a lady's dress which contained eight grains of arsenic to the square foot.

In Troy, N. Y., lately, the death of a child was attributed to arsenic sucked from a veil which had been thrown over the child's crib to keep off the flies.

At this rate it will soon become necessary to test for arsenic all goods purchased before venturing to wear them, or else the label—"warranted to contain no poisonous dye"—will have to be adopted by all honest and reliable makers. Hitherto, we believe, the retail dealer has not been held legally responsible for damage done in this way. We do not know that he can be—except on the charge of dispensing poisons without a license. Evidently, however, something should be done to put a stop to the rapidly increasing evil. If the obnoxious tints can be secured safely as well as cheaply, then they ought to be prohibited, and another process of dyeing made imperative. Our young chemists will find a fruitful field for the exercise of their inventive powers in the production of the needed dyes.—Paint, Oil and Drug Reporter.

TWO KINDS OF YOUNG LADIES.—One young lady rises early, rolls up her sleeves, goes into the kitchen to get breakfast, or insists upon doing so, and afterwards, with cheerful and sunny smiles, puts the house in order without the assistance of "mother." She will make a good wife, and render home a paradise. Young man, "get her!" Another young lady is a parlor beauty, paid from company, dissipation and want of company, reads novels and almost dies of laziness, while the parlor mother does her washing. She is a useless piece of furniture, an annoyance to the husband she may "repel in," and will go, willingly go to her grave. Young man, "let her alone!"

CHILDREN READ.—There is an eight hundred pound candy elephant on exhibition in a Reading, Pa., confectionary store. The figure is 7 feet in length, five feet high, and 2 1/2 feet wide. It weighs nearly eight hundred pounds. The tusks are solid clear white candy; the tongue is composed of candy of red color, and with these exceptions the entire figure is composed of saleable nut candy.

At a little social gathering a diff was performed by two young ladies. In the apparent delight of all the assembled guests. The two executants were doing their utmost to drown one another, and with such good effect that one could scarcely have heard the report of a cannon fifty yards off. Everybody was radiant with the exception of one individual, to whom at length a friend addressed himself, "My dear fellow, what makes you so pensive?" "Ah!" was the reply, "I'm thinking of the neighbors!"

A little girl in the church at Ashland, Va., has been one of the bank workers to raise money to complete the church building. She had earned by her own work a considerable sum for a child, when heard her express a great desire to own a canary bird. She was suggested to her that she could easily purchase one from her own purse. "Oh!" she replied, "I can't get a thing for myself while I have the church on my shoulders!"