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FEARLESSLY THE RIGHT DEFEND—IMPARTIALLY THE WRONG CONDEMN.

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The Week.

Lo, Monday is the "washing day,"
As all good housewives know,
Memorable of dinners hashed
And clothes as white as snow;
And Tuesday is the "ironing day,"
'Mid cold, or fog, or heat;
And Wednesday is the "sewing day,"
To see the clothes are neat;
And Thursday is a leisure day,
And Friday, brooms begin
To sweep away the household dirt,
'Fore Sunday's ushered in;
And Saturday is "baking day,"
Pies, puddings, cakes and bread,
And then, the weary week is done
And we—may go to bed!

GETTING A LIFT.

"And wha kens, Marjory, by that time somebody may gie us a lift."

Marjory shook her pretty head. She had not just now her lover's hopefulness; but she smiled, as she always did, at his Scotch accent, glancing up archly, and the shake of the head was not very discouraging.

The two were standing before that mossy little cottage at the corner of the lane, just where the sweeping shadows of the great elm flickered over it. This cottage was Marjory's day-dream—a tiny, cozy, flower-clad day-dream, with a good substantial wall and a vine-covered hedge about it. In that distant future when she and Adam should be forehanded enough to wed, she liked to fancy herself mistress of this pretty cottage, going in and out of the sunny porch, or waiting for Adam of a summer evening down at the little gate under the elm. The place belonged to Squire Acton upon the hill, but the squire was away and the place unoccupied, and Marjory was at full liberty, therefore, to tenant it with a dream. She never passed the cozy little nest without a longing glance thitherward.

The "by that time" of which Adam spoke was long in coming, and to Marjory it seemed somehow this morning farther off than ever.

Adam, the sturdy young Scotsman, saw no cause for despair in this new country, with its fertile soil and sunshine. He was a gardener, known in all the region for his skill and thrift, and he trusted to shape the future with his own strong hands. Yet to be owner of a pretty place like that, with its low eaves, its tidy shell-bordered path, and its elm shadow, was a thing worth dreaming about, and he let Marjory have her pretty dream.

"It's not unlike the wee bit place at hame," said Adam, eyeing it with a lingering glance as he turned to the road.

"Well, well, go your ways, Adam," said Marjory. "It's long past noon, and I've to stop down the lane with this basket for Widow Gray."

And Adam, lifting the basket over the stile for her, went his way, whistling thoughtfully.

Slowly Marjory passed up the lane with her basket, summer odors about her, and summer blossoms everywhere shedding their shell-like petals in a fragrant snow-fall, not whiter nor sweeter than the clean linen she was carrying to the Widow Gray; for Marjory was a capital work-woman, if she did dream over her tasks now and then.

The basket was refilled from the widow's garden with a goodly freight of vegetables for the houseful of youngsters for whom the young girl was purveyor, and the afternoon shadows were lengthening as patient Marjory went her way up the lane once more. She paused a moment at the stile to rest. Over the summer fields a soft, hazy sunlight fell; the meadows were golden; a veil of impalpable mist hung in the drowsy air. Marjory lingered, with her red hood thrown back over her shoulders, looking wistfully yet wearily at the scene. Her eye wandered to the hills lying afar off, fleeting cloud and shifting shadow flecking them. How distant they seemed, yet how near and familiar! She had never visited them, though they seemed so near. All her life had lain along the beaten track of household ways—the elder sister patiently caring for the old folks and the little ones.

Never, in her remembrance, had there happened to Marjory such a longing for a holiday, such a weariness of the old familiar duties, as now, when, setting down her laden basket, she leaned upon the stile, and shading her eyes with her hand, looked down the winding road. It was all so balmy, so luring, and quiet. Now and then a laborer with his rake on his shoulder plodded homeward, nodding to her as he passed, or a creaking farm wagon, with its sleepy oxen, toiled up the rise; and presently there rose a sunlit cloud of dust a little distance off, and through it came the twinkling of red-spoked slender wheels—a pretty vehicle appeared, and a young gentleman driving. Marjory wondered how it would feel to be sweeping along the road like that, with no burdens to carry, and such a fleet little pony. At that moment—could she believe it?—that pretty equipage paused in the road, that swift little pony stood stamping impatiently, and a pleasant voice said:

"Shall I give you a lift?"

Marjory looked at the questioner, doubtful if she were not really dreaming. There sat the vision, spruce, smiling, and holding out its gloved hands to help her in with her basket. Marjory felt herself dusty and untidy in the contrast. This might be the young squire, who was coming home to live, she had heard; but she smiled a shy smile as she found herself actually lifted to the vacant seat, and the young man thought he had never seen anything quite so bright and summer-like as that smile. He wondered if all country girls were like this, with such beaming eyes and sun-tinted cheeks; and as they rode along he chatted pleasantly, just to evoke that smile again. How fresh and uncontaminated and full of rare sweetness might not such a girl be, brought up in the woods, and breathing in their clean clear air? He was tired of city people. City people, both men and women, were so conventional—impossible to do anything out of the habitual routine in the city. Now a man ought to do some good in the world. He had often thought it his duty to strike out in a new path, and break through old usages. All the men of his family had married fashionable women; they had wealth, they had position; but not one of them had a smile like that. Now a bright cheery hearth, with a pleasant face beside it—that might incite a man to do something worth while with his life. Such a girl as this, now—

Marjory, sitting by his side, blushed as she rode along, seeing all the homely familiar things from a grand distance; and fancying herself a lady riding into town with a gay gallant beside her.

"What is the prettiest place hereabout?" asked the squire, rousing from his reverie. And Marjory told him of the little cottage under the elm—that was the prettiest place of all.

So they rode along till they came in sight of the grand house on the hill—a big brown house, with a great carriage-way and a row of tall poplars. Near the south gate stood the conversatory and hot-houses. The glass doors were open. The scent of rare exotics floated on the air, mingled with the earthly odor of the garden mold. The sun was setting behind the poplars, flushing every thing with rose-color.

"Prettier than this?" asked the squire. "How would you like to live here?"

Ah, to live in a place like this, with a gardener to work for you, and to bow to the dust as he brought you a bouquet of those wonderful flowers! Marjory did not answer immediately, for at that moment a man in a ragged straw hat, at work in the beds, lifted up his heated face, and touched that ragged hat to the squire. His eye lit up when he saw Marjory. It was Adam.

"Thank ye, squire, for gieing the lassie a lift," he said, coming forward. "I'll e'en tak' the basket, and walk the rest o' the way wi' her."

The young squire woke up. What strange distinctions there are in life, to be sure. Here was a girl whom he had actually been contemplating in the light of a wife. In his musing he had dressed her like a queen, and had seen her sweep gracefully in at the wide portal of his mansion. But on the threshold of that door her own familiar friend, it seemed, must pause, humble and hatless. He could not make a place for Adam; he could not imagine Adam in a drawing-room. Adam's sturdy boots and brawny figure were not exactly the stuff that dreams were made of. And, as I have said, the squire woke up.

"We have had a very pleasant ride," he said, as, setting Marjory and her basket down, he bowed and drove on to the stable. And as he went he thought that it was all well enough to talk philosophy and dream poetry, but when things came to the practical test, you must give day-dreams the go-by.

But when Marjory's wedding day came at last, and the little cottage was hers by his own gift, it must have been gratifying to him to know that he had fulfilled her day-dreams at least, if not his own, in "giving her a lift."

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.—Stop your noise! Shut up this minute! I'll box your ears! Hold your tongue! Let me be! Get out! Behave yourself! I won't! You shall! Never mind! You'll catch it! Put away those things! You'll kill yourself! Mind your own business! I'll tell ma! You mean thing! There, I told you so! I did! I will have it! Oh, look what you have done! 'Twas you! Won't you catch it, though! It's my house! Who's afraid of you! Get out of this room directly! Do you hear me! Dear me, I never did such a thing in all my born days.

Have a Hax?

The Detroit *Free Press* judge has been after a hackman. Here is the scene in court:

"Your name is—is—what?" asked the court.

"Davey, sir—George Davey."

"And you work at—what?"

"Drive hack."

"Ah—ha!" smiled his honor, acquiring sudden interest; "this is worth twenty dollars to me. You are one of those men who stand on the edge of the walk at the depots and shout 'Hax!' at people."

"I have to git passengers, sir."

"Don't sass me back, Mr. Davey—I know all about you! Only the other day, as I returned from a May-day party in the country, there were one million five hundred and sixty-five thousand three hundred and ninety-two of you on the curbstone, and every one of you yelled "Hax" at me. One seized my sachel, another grabbed at my coat, and another pulled me backward by the coat tails. I believe you are that man!"

"Deed, sir, I haint."

"Well, it's barely possible that I am mistaken; but here's a charge that you were lying on the walk drunk."

"I wasn't, sir; I was sitting up alongside a house."

"That's too fine a point to argue. Were you drunk?"

"Only sprung, sir; only a little sprung."

"That's just as bad in the sight of the law, and I ought to fine you $700."

"Grashus! but I could never pay that!"

"No; my object would be to keep you in prison all your days."

"Oh, let up on a feller," pleaded the prisoner. "This is the first time, and it shall be the last. I've a large family, sir, and they need my wages to get their bread."

His honor took a long time to think, and then replied:

"It's wrong to let you off. The citizens will condemn me, and the newspapers will blow at me, but I believe I'll give you a show. You may go, but I shall keep watch of you. You must mend your ways right off. Instead of yelling 'Hax!' at a man, do you smile, and softly whisper: 'Sir, can I have the pleasure of conveying you to some designated point?' Promise me this!"

The prisoner promised, and was allowed to disappear, limping sadly with a sore heel.

Health of Pupils in the Schools of the United States.

The following is a summary of the result of the investigation in regard to the health of pupils in public schools, read by Dr. D. F. Lincoln before the American Social Science Convention:

First. School-work, if performed in an unsuitable atmosphere, is peculiarly productive of nervous fatigue, irritability and exhaustion.

Second. By "unsuitable" is chiefly meant "close" air, or air that is hot enough to flush the face or cold enough to chill the feet, or that is "burnt" or infected with noxious fumes of sulphur or carbonic oxide.

Third. Very few schools are quite free from these faults.

Fourth. Anxiety and stress of mind dependent mostly upon needless formalities in discipline, or unwise appeals to ambition, are capable of doing vast harm. It is hard to say how much is actually done; but a strong sentiment against such injudicious methods is observed to be [illegible] in the minds of teachers.

Fifth. The amount of study required has not often been found so great as would harm scholars whose health is otherwise well cared for.

Sixth. Teachers who neglect exercise and the rules of health seem to be almost certain to become sickly or to "break down."

Seventh. Gymnastics are peculiarly needed by girls in large cities, but with the pesent fashion of dress gymnastics are impracticable for larger girls.

Eighth. The health of girls at the period of the development of the menstrual function ought to be watched over with unusual care by persons possessed of tact, good judgment, and a personal knowledge of their characters.

Ninth. One of the greatest sources of harm is found in circumstances lying outside of school life. The social habits of many older children are equally inconsistent with good health and a good education.

A Detroit boy came across something the other day which he thought would give his father a shock of surprise, and he stood before the old man and remarked: "Give me a place to rest my lever and I will move the whole world." The father looked at him half a minute and then replied: "I'll move you if you don't clean off that back yard this afternoon!"

The Death of McPherson.

The officer whose command gave rise to so much bitterness in Sherman's army, as we learn from Gen. Sherman's personal history, from which we quote, was the brilliant young McPherson, whose death came upon the country so grievously at the outset of this campaign. Hood had been appointed to command the army of the South in place of Joe Johnston, because of his being a "better fighter." McPherson and Hood had been in the same class at West Point, and when it was learned that Hood had been given the command of the opposing army it was agreed that we ought to be unusually cautious and prepared at all times for sallies and hard fighting, for Hood, though not deemed "much of a scholar or of great mental capacity, was undoubtedly a brave, determined and rash man." It was during the progress of a sally suddenly made by Hood for the purpose of turning Sherman's rear that the noble young McPherson lost his life. It was in the morning, about eleven o'clock. McPherson had called on Sherman to talk about the prospects for the day. They walked to a road, a short distance, and sat down at the foot of a tree to study a map. There was an occasional musketry firing and artillery, but suddenly in one part of the line an occasional shot began to be heard. Sherman asked McPherson what it meant. "We took my pocket compass," says Sherman, "which I always carried with me, and by noting the direction of the sound we became satisfied that the firing was too far to our left rear to be explained by known facts, and he hastily called for his horse, his staff and his orderlies. McPherson was then in his prime, about thirty-four years old, over six feet high, and a very handsome man in every way, universally liked and had many noble qualities. He had on his boots outside his pantaloons, gauntlets on his hands, had on his major general's uniform and wore a sword belt but no sword. He hastily gathered his papers, save one, which I now possess, into a pocketbook, put it in his breast pocket and jumped on his horse, saying he would hurry down his line and send me back word 'what this sound meant.'" In a few minutes Sherman, who in the meantime had gone back to the house, alarmed by the increase of the mysterious firing, met one of McPherson's staff, his horse covered with sweat, who reported that the general was either killed or a prisoner. McPherson had ridden ahead, giving an order to some troops to hurry forward, and disappeared in the woods, doubtless with a sense of absolute security. The sound of musketry was there heard, and McPherson's horse came back bleeding, wounded and riderless. An hour afterward the body of McPherson was found. A bullet had entered his body near the heart, and McPherson must have died in a few seconds after being hit. The remains were sent back to Marietta, and from thence to his home in Clyde, O., where they were received with great honor, and are now buried in a small cemetery close by his mother's house, which cemetery is composed in part of the orchard in which he used to play when a boy.

What One State Does.

Hon. S. S. Cox, in an address before the American Silk Association, said: But as we are approaching our centennial, I think a baby one hundred years old is of pretty good size. A year or two ago I went to Connecticut. The purpose of my trip is not worth mentioning, more than to say it was not so much connected with the moral condition of the State as its political. I found there the most wonderful varieties of industries. They have been two hundred and fifty years building them up. And what don't they make there! Beginning with the Charter Oak and working down to the last election, they have every variety you can think of. They will send you material for a letter, firearms, hoop skirts, pins, hooks and eyes, or a minister of the Gospel. Sometimes they send out brass ware and brains, but they don't always go to Congress. They have men; and they have imported men out of Connecticut to all of the States, at the rate of 10,000 or 15,000 per annum, to build up other States.

Referring to an address of Judge Kelley, in favor of protection, Mr. Cox said: It isn't Judge Kelley's fault that he is a protectionist; it is his misfortune. There has been a recognition to-night of our willingness to naturalize foreigners. From Christopher Columbus down, let them come here freely. There is no prohibitory tariff against men at any rate, Kelley. The human body, I am told by physiologists, is made up of every article subject to our tariff. We have all the gases, and iron is in our blood. But there is enough iron comes in at Castle Garden down here every month to make a steamship.

Dangerous Houses.

Four deaths from diphtheria, recently occurring in Brooklyn, N. Y., have attracted the attention of the health authorities of that city to the condition of the house in which they took place. The report which a sanitary committee made upon the dwelling sounds a note of warning which is certainly timely at this especial period when moving is everywhere in progress. The house in question was new, and damp in every room from cellar to attic, for there appears to have been no effort made to dry the walls. This is precisely the condition of scores of dwellings into which families have entered on the first of the month; and unless proper precautions be taken, further cases of illness and death will be the cost of neglect.

If any reader of this journal, says the *Scientific American*, therefore, finds himself located in a dwelling on the walls of which the moisture condenses in beads, as on the outside of an ice pitcher, or the rooms of which cause a chilly, damp sensation, with a strong odor of plaster, or any portion of which does not, on wall, ceiling, or floor, feel perfectly dry to the hand, let him, as he values his own life and that of his family (or hopes to escape from rheumatism, lung and kidney diseases, and the like), start fires at once. Better waste a few tons of coal than pay five times the amount in doctors' bills or a still greater value of the money in suffering. Build a big fire in the furnace and in every grate, and keep all up night and day; and if the weather admits, throw open the windows and doors, but keep out of the drafts. The object of the fires is to dry out the walls, not so much to warm the rooms for comfort. Then as the weather becomes warm, let all go out but the furnace, retaining that until its use becomes a discomfort.

We offer these suggestions to persons who have already moved into new houses, but of course it is much wiser not to enter a dwelling that is not thoroughly seasoned. In all cities, blocks of houses are constructed, of the flimsiest materials, in incredibly short spaces of time, for spring occupancy. Many of these have been frozen from top to bottom during the recent severe winter; and instead of the water drying out, it has remained in the walls in the condition of ice. In an ordinary three-story house, 30,600 gallons of water are absorbed by the brick and mortar used in the construction; and this immense quantity must all or nearly all be got rid of before they are safe as dwellings.

The Government of Cities.

Governor Tilden shows that the twenty-four cities of New York State have a local debt of $175,657,267, besides their share of the State and national debts. Of the twenty-four, Lockport is the only one free from debt, and in only four cities is the debt less than fifty dollars for each able-bodied male adult inhabitant. In three-fourths of the cities of the State the aggregate of the yearly State, city, and county taxes is over fifty dollars for each voter or head of a family, and in the four largest it will average more than one hundred. The simple meaning of this in the cities of New York, and the application will apply to the cities of other States, is high rents and narrow accommodations for the laboring population, and for business men, property owners, manufacturers and the like, what they are now experiencing.

Remarking upon this the *Tribune* says: If the evils of violating all sound principles of finance and government were matters of fancy and not of fact, then indeed would a change in the weather, a return of confidence or a cup of coffee cure them. Unfortunately confidence, though a great service in contracting debts, is of very little in paying them. The bondholders, office-holders, and others who draw their income from the taxes do not live on air, and what they receive those who pay the taxes must necessarily do without. Most of the local taxes are paid in the cities by the owners of land and buildings, who of course cannot pay them unless they receive high rents. If they are unable to get high rents they stop building houses, which helps to make business dull and increases stagnation.

Naming a City.

"Pop Corn" is the name of a new town in Osage county, Kansas. The tendency to vulgar and meaningless topograpical designations would discourage us, did we not know the ameliorating effect of time upon these barbarisms. It is consoling to think that "Pop Corn" will not be so forever. Within a quarter of a century it will be "Pope Korn;" then "Pokorn;" next "Paukern;" "Poorkan;" "Parkan;" "Parkon;" "Park;" and finally "Park City," which will be a very pretty name indeed.

Insanity in New England.

In the conference on public charities Dr. Nathan Allen, of Lowell, Mass., read a paper before the American Social Science Convention on "State Medicine and Its Relations to Insanity and Public Charity," which contained an elaborate statistical review of the present state of the insane in the six New England States. Maine has twelve hundred insane persons, the census returns said seven hundred and ninety-two, with but one asylum, accomodating four hundred, nine-tenths of whom are incurable. New Hampshire has about seven hundred lunatics. About three hundred and seventy are in the asylum at Concord, one hundred and fifty in the county almshouses, one hundred in town almshouses, and the rest, whatever their number may be, are supported in private families. Of these nothing is known. Vermont has eight hundred insane, with one asylum; Connecticut more than thirteen hundred, with two. In Rhode Island there are five hundred insane persons. The separate provision for the chronic insane in this State is deserving special notice as comparatively a new thing and an experiment which has been called in question. Within ten miles of the hospital may be found an asylum containing a larger number of patients than the hospital itself has. Besides, by the removal of chronic cases the trustees declare that its result is to enlarge the capacity of the hospital for the treatment of recent cases of insanity, and thereby to increase its beneficial agency as a curative institution. Massachusetts has four thousand insane, of whom twenty-four hundred are in State institutions. One of the most important steps taken in legislation in Massachusetts is the provision made for the support of the chronic insane by themselves. This experiment was begun in 1866 by erecting a large building, connected with the State almshouse at Tewksbury, in which three hundred chronic insane—all paupers—have been supported at an expense of $2 each per week, saving thereby over $25,000 annually to the State. In the matter of committing persons in Massachusetts to hospitals, the law provides that it can be done by friends, by officers of cities and towns, and by the judges of courts. But in all cases a certificate must be signed by two persons, one of whom should be the family physician. Complaints have been made that it was too easy to commit persons. From 1850 to 1870, there was a decided increase of insanity in Massachusetts over that of population, amounting to twelve per cent. The same is true, to a certain extent, of the other New England States. Insane hospitals have never put any check on the increase of insanity.

An Old Story Retold

A Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* tells this story: An incident in the early life of Barton Key, killed by Dan Sickles, is a key-note to every after occurrence. He had an intimate friend in the army, now living (and who will recognize the sad truthfulness of this tale), who was engaged to a most beautiful girl, the pride and idol of her *fiancee*, and the general admiration of all who knew her. To her personal loveliness she added a thousand nameless charms, which captured the ever-roving fancy of Barton Key, and added him to her list of lovers, although he was subtle enough to know his affection was doomed to receive no return, and that his bosom friend was the successful suitor. Imperative army orders sent the friend far away, and he entreated Key with his farewell breath to look after his sweetheart, and to see that she wanted nothing during his involuntary absence.

Key obeyed his friend beyond the letter; for more delicate attentions were never before received by any woman, and as he succeeded in intercepting letters between the lovers, he soon added the mission of comforter to his other duties. By adroitness and address, he made each believe the other faithless, and when the seeds of distrust were most thoroughly sown, and the feeling of pique and resentment crushed the first throbs of sorrow and agony, he pressed his suit, and won an unloving and indifferent bride to his arms. His efforts to kindle one spark of interest or enthusiasm in the breast of his wife proving unsuccessful, in a fit of rage and disappointment he told her that he had been the medium which had sown discord between herself and her only lover, that he had destroyed their mutual correspondence, and she had been fool enough to believe all that had been told to her. From the time of this disclosure the beautiful woman grew whiter and more lily-like, until one day she folded her slender hands and closed her tired eyes, and awoke in that heaven where the weary are at rest.

Seth Green's little shad, planted in the upper Mississippi three years ago, are beginning to come up.