

RECAPITULATE UPON A POOR WOMAN AS WAS
ETERNALLY TIRED.

See how a poor woman as always was tired,
she lived in a house, where help wasn't
hard.

For last words were, "Friends, fare ye well,
I'm a goner!"

In where there's no bakin', not washin', not
sewin'.

Then give out, my friends, since from you I
must sever.

For I have a little time, don't nothin' forever.

Oh everything there is exact to my wishes,
For when they don't eat, there's no washin' or
bakin'.

And the count with sweet anthems eternally
ringin'.

But having no voice, I get rid of the singin',
I should have had hands with her latest endeavor,
Crying "victims, dear nothin', sweet nothin'
never."

How many women in the world are in
just that state of mind, not "eternally,"
perhaps, but tired the greater part of the
day. If every one would stop and think
that a hundred years from now it will
make very little difference whether there
was any pie or cake in the house or
whether the floor was washed but that the
effect of the general atmosphere of the
home may go on almost forever—per-
haps some work might be left undone—
and more comfort enjoyed.

It isn't tomorrow, next week, or even
the vague sometime, that we can expect
peace and comfort, but today, and if we
do not have it now we are not likely to
have it. Don't think of the mountain
of work to climb by and by, and the
present duties won't seem so overpower-
ing.

Why won't some one tell us how to
avoid doing any unnecessary work, or
how to decide what is really the next
thing to do when two or three seem equal-
ly pressing?

—In less than two months Christmas
will be here, so the fingers and brains
must be busy planning for presents.

"Honor" has sent us some hints, and
there is still time for others to do the
same.

For the Home-Maker's Column.

Likes "J. P. R." to live outside Oxford
County, yet feel a deep interest in the
County and enjoy writing occasionally to
the weekly paper.

Here are two "apple recipes" which I
should like to add to those of J. P. R's.
The first is:

APPLE CAKE.

Cut up two cups of apple in small (about
the size you would for citron, as it has
the appearance of that in the cake), and
stew it a few minutes in a cup of molasses;
then pour of the molasses; beat to a cream
1/2 cup butter and 1/2 cup sugar, add two
eggs well beaten; and 1/2 cup milk, in
which you have dissolved a spoonful of
saratoga, then add the molasses, and
spices to taste, then as much flour as you
want for gingerbread, and lastly the ap-
ples. We like it very much for a plain cake.

APPLE FRITTERS.

Since apples and parbolls long enough to
edible, but not break the apples. Make a
batter of two eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon
cream tartar, 1/2 teaspoon of salt, and as
much flour as you would for pancakes.
Put the apples in the batter and fry in hot
lard as you would pancakes, having a slice
in each cake; sprinkle sugar on them.
They are nice for breakfast, and quickly
made.

—I have just made something useful
which may be of use to some one, even if
not appropriate for Christmas. I took a
large square soap box with a cover, and
having washed it outside, covered it with
cotton for a shoe box. In this case I
used to put the box taken from a cold chest
—and this box may be made as ornamental
as desired and placed near the stove and
serve as a seat, while dressing the feet.
Rather than dump boots, slippers and rub-
bers in a heap, I have tucked pockets of
cotton round the inside of the box, for
individual pairs.

I have a piece of advice (advice is al-
ways gratuitous) on the subject of Chris-
mas presents, and that is—begin on time.
It will do no harm to have everything in
readiness a week in advance, and is pre-
ferable to "tearing round like mad" up to
midnight Christmas Eve. HONOR.

Oct. 16, 1884.

One cause of the extreme nervousness
of American women is living too much in
the darkness when indoors, says the *Her-
ald of Health*. The rooms are kept dark
to save the carpets and keep out flies, and
as a consequence both house and the occu-
pants lack the benefits of fresh air and
sunshine. Houses from which the sun is
excluded are not wholesome. There is
always a damp, depressing condition in
them that makes itself evident at once to
a sensitive temperament. The minds and
bodies of all who live in such houses are
affected by it. Both health and spirits are
depressed. Their occupants have not only
the depressing effect of the lack of light
and sun to contend against, but the reac-
tion consequent upon living in unwholesome
conditions. All the rooms in the house
should have both light and sunshine freely
admitted at all times, whether they are
day or night. They are thus kept airy
and clean, and are in good condition when
they are wanted.

Nelson Sizer once said, when making a
phenomenal examination: "Be as much
as possible in the sunshine. People who
live in dark rooms and wear black are pale
all through." You cannot have too much
of light, either in your lives or in your
houses, for good health. You may live;
but it is not all life to live. Merely to
exist is not a small part of our work in
this world. We should so live that body
and mind are at all times in their best con-
dition. We are then ready and able to do
whatever duty may be required of us in
such a way that the doing merely shall be
pleasurable and the re-acting on ourselves
and others beneficial. It should be, in
fact, the religious duty of every one to so
live.

Many a woman and child have been ac-
cused to save the carpets and keep out the
flies. Many a fit of illness has resulted
from the same cause. Many a disappoint-
ment, however, can be traced back to
reasons such as a beginning. Millions
of women and children are only half living
today because only half fed. Sunshine
and light and air are as much food for the
body and soul as the fruits and grains and
vegetables that we take into our stomachs
—and we cannot get a surfeit of them as
food. The more we have the better.—E.

—While we admit all the power and
benefit to be derived from sunshine, ner-
vousness may be better charged to the
amount of physical and mental labor de-
manded of the average American woman.
Think of the thought to plan three meals
a day for each day in the year; to pre-
pare only food enough that none may be
wasted; to remember that raw materials
brought when needed from the village.
Then the care of the house, children,
company, sewing and mending, etc., etc.
The average man would grow insane,
rather than merely nervous, under half
the load.

The Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME LI.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1884.

NUMBER 45.

For the DEMOCRAT.

MARJORIE.

Sweet little Marjorie, tell me!

What will your best wish be?

On life's tempestuous sea?

A sign for the future of childhood?

Which returns, ah, never again?

A tear and a longing for pleasure past?

For joys that might have been?

For fleeting joys which Fortune may shower

On others, less worthy than thee?

Will such vain regrets and longings

Fill thy life, sweet Marjorie?

No answer to these queries.

But a look of love divine.

Beams from her bonnie, black, baby eyes.

As she glances into mine.

Oh love and joy in abiding God's will.

Which time can never efface;

Indelible—penned in sweet design.

Is the wish on her baby face.

F. A. G.

(Published by Request.)

Written for Mr. and Mrs. Chase, by Miss

Julia Benson, West Union.

And are you lonely hearted to-day.

As you sit in your quiet room.

Once radiant with your child at play.

Now shrouded in death's gloom.

As you sit there now so lonely.

You list for her voice and tread.

Outside of your heart, there only.

You know your child's not dead.

You see the empty little bed.

And the pillow so lately pressed.

But your little girl is not dead.

Only gone from your nest.

Little you thought of a time

No gloom and sad as this.

Folded to those hearts of mine.

You gave your good night kiss.

This is your darling's portion.

In heaven—where she is gone.

By angels softly guarded.

And by them led along.

Brooding in sorrow and sadness.

Over the vacant home seat.

You can't see through the shadow.

How time can be for the best.

You've laid your child's death the seal.

Within her narrow room.

Safe now in the arms of God.

Her feet shall never roam.

Better dwell in that world of delight.

Than dwell in this earthly cage.

Better the early morning light.

Than when the sun goes down.

Better the form so cold.

Than a heart all cold with sin.

Safer than those without the fold.

The one that has entered in.

A REVERSED DECISION.

"Of course he's very nice and agree-
able," said Alice Safford. "And hand-
some, too, if one fancies that dark, es-
caped-brigand style. But I don't think
I like him.""Alice, how can you?" indignantly
remonstrated Emmeline, the eldest sister."And when things are all but settled
between you?" groaned Alice, the second
Miss Safford.Alice was undeniably the beauty of
the family. Emmeline was hard-featured
and practical, and occupied the post
of vice-principal in a neighboring primary
school. Althea was short and stout,
with filmy, gray eyes, and brows so light
that they were scarcely perceptible on the
level plain of her face.She was housekeeper and performed
marvels in the pie and pudding line, be-
sides making the family income go twice
as far as it would otherwise have done.But Alice—fresh cheeked, rosy lipped
little Alice, with the straight, sapphi-
re-blue eyes—she had always been the fam-
ily baby.She practiced a little, sometimes on
the cabinet piano, which was hired at
four dollars a month; she made up frills
and laces for the other girls, embroidered
pretty trifles on plush, and took care of
the canary and the geraniums. Nobody
dreamed of setting Alice to perform any
of the harder, more mental duties of the
household.And great was the family satisfaction
when Frank Kingsdale fell in love with
Alice."Now she will have the home she de-
serves," said Emmeline."And a husband who will worship
her!" added Althea, who, alas! had never
had an offer in her life.Perhaps if Mr. Kingsdale had not dis-
played his infatuation so plainly, Alice
Safford would have accepted him.As it was she did not. She believed
in the old proverb about the over-ripeness
of the apple which fell too readily from
the bough.She was slightly fastidious and capri-
cious. And she made up her mind after
much deliberation, that Mr. Kingsdale
was not "her ideal.""It's of no use," said Mrs. Safford;
"she won't have him.""Is the girl crazy?" said Althea, dole-
fully."She must have been," said Emme-
line, who, as a full fledged vice-princi-
pal, believed in the efficacy of strict dis-
cipline."I don't love him," said Alice. "Am
I to fall in love with every gentleman
who chooses to take a fancy to me?""Love don't signify so much—not if
you like and respect him," sighed poor
Mrs. Safford, who had eloped at sixteen
and had led a sorry life of it for thirty odd
years in consequence thereof."Oh, mamma," said Alice. "I never
could marry a man if I didn't love him.""You're a silly goose!" declared Al-
thea."I'm not an old maid anyhow!" re-
torted saucy Alice."It would serve you right if Frank
Kingsdale went and married Hippolyta
Danabury," asserted Emmeline.

"He will not do that," said Alice.

"You will see that he will never marry
anybody.""Then you have blighted his life,"
said Althea, in accents of approval.

"That isn't my fault," said Alice.

Mr. Kingsdale accepted his dismissal.
Contrary to Alice's expectations, he came
to the little hearthstone in the "Monte-
sore Flats" no more. The boquets, new
dresses and boxes of French chocolate
ceased to arrive by special messenger.There was no more private box at the
load.opera; no pleasant drives in the park. It
was a little dull.But Alice Safford felt that she had
vindicated herself, and he had overcome
his first chagrin she was certain that he
would come again—of course he would
come again.Old Mrs. Wyndham Jones called one
day—a powdered, overdressed old hag,
with false hair, false teeth, false every-
thing, who believed herself still to be as
beautiful as Venus. She went everywhere
and knew everybody and was as good as
a newspaper."Well, I declare!" cackled this ven-
erable interpreter of society. "Miss Alice
has gone off in her looks, hasn't she?"And that accounts for it. I told Mrs.
Fitz Arbine that Frank Kingsdale never
would have thrown her over unless there
was some good cause. Did you know that
he was becoming quite devoted to
General Salford's niece, Miss Mauden?

Everybody's talking about it."

Emmeline looked grim. Alice blushed
scarlet. Althea observed, tartly, "they
didn't take interest in drawing-room gos-
sip.""No; of course not," said Mrs. Wynd-
ham Jones. "Being so entirely out of
society, all these things are new to you.
But it's a pity about your Kingsdale, isn't
it? He would have been such a nice catch
for Miss Alice, there?"Alice's cheeks flamed deeper than be-
fore."Thank you, Mrs. Jones," said she,
purposefully committing the Wyndham,
on which the old haridan especially prided
herself; "I am not in a hurry to be
married.""That's what all the girls say,"
chuckled Mrs. Wyndham Jones. "But,
good gracious, they can't deceive me! And
Frank Kingsdale is one in a thousand!
They say Miss Mauden's treasure is to
come direct from Paris. Oh, well, it's
dreadful that makes her! She isn't
pretty, only stylish. And she must be
full five years older than Frank."Alice said nothing after Mrs. Wynd-
ham Jones had taken her departure. She
busied herself with practicing a new
"Nocturne" and gave the double chords
with great spirit.The next day, at breakfast, Mrs. Saf-
ford looked very worn and haggard."Girls," said she, "I've ill news for
you. I'm sorry I ever invested in these
Tennegrige mining bonds. Ten per
cent. in gold seemed very attractive, but
I ought to have followed your Uncle
Cannaby's advice and let them alone.
The whole thing has exploded. We've
lost the \$6,000, and what's worse, we're
liable to the stockholders!""Oh, mother!" cried Alice; "what
are we to do?""We must all go to work," said the
widow, piteously; "I will take a few
boarders—Althea can help me; and you,
Alice, do your think, darling, you would
like to be a milliner or a dressmaker?"But Alice—fresh cheeked, rosy lipped
little Alice, with the straight, sapphi-
re-blue eyes—she had always been the fam-
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ceased to arrive by special messenger.There was no more private box at the
load.out so late unprotected, and a drunken
man, just arrived at the gleeful stage of
inebriation, who staggered down the
street, uttered a heart beat with terror.
She uttered a little scream as she stepped
hastily aside, and walked nearly into the
arms of a tall pedestrian, wearing a seal-
trimmed overcoat."Why, Alice!" he called out, cheerily.
"Is this really you? Alone, and at this
time of night?""Frank!" it was all that she could gasp.
"If you don't want to walk with me,"
he said, "I will not inflict my presence
upon you. But I will keep a little be-
hind, so as to make sure that you reach
home safely. Dark is the worst of all
times for a young girl to be out in the
streets of New York without an escort."She looked at him with eyes of mute
pleading."What is it, Alice?" he asked. "Why
do you look so strangely at me?""Because you speak so. Because you
are so changed!" she cried out, resolutely
repressing her sobs. "Oh, why don't you
speak to me as you did once?"

He drew her arm under his.

"Alice," he said, "if I thought that
you cared for me—""I do!" she exclaimed passionately.
"You know that I do. But, oh! what
am I saying to you, the betrothed hus-
band of another woman?"

He looked puzzled.

"This is quite new to me," said he.
"Whether I marry or whether I die sin-
gle, my heart will ever be true to one
woman, and only one—and she is Alice
Safford!"

"And Miss Mauden?"

"Don't you know? She is to marry
my cousin, Colonel Kingsdale who is the
general's aide-de-camp. Miss Mauden
indeed! Why, she is almost old
enough to be my mother.""I am so glad—I am so glad!" was
all that Alice could say through her sobs.
Mrs. Safford was patching some muslin
curtains, to make them do for the second
story hall bed-room, Emmeline was writ-
ing out an advertisement, "Boarders
Wanted!" for the next morning's paper.
Althea was preparing a frugal bread
pudding for the economical dinner, when
Alice and Frank Kingsdale came in.Mrs. Safford dropped her needle, Al-
thea set down the pudding on the table,
and Emmeline sat with her pen suspended
in mid-air."It's all right," said Frank, shaking
hands all around. "We are to be mar-
ried next week. Let Alice here should
change her mind, you know!""I shall never change my mind," said
Alice almost indignantly. "I have al-
ways loved Frank—always! Only I did
not know it until I thought I had lost
him."They were married very quietly; and
old Mrs. Wyndham Jones protested that
she had known it all along.So the Mrs. Wyndham Jones of the
world never like even the appearance of
being taken unaware.

A GEORGIA SNAKE.

So many snake stories have been pub-
lished by the Southern press that every
Northerner who crosses the Ohio River
begins to look for serpents. A Michigan
man, who was taking a brief trip last fall
down into sundland, reached Rome, Ga.,
without having seen a snake, he felt so
glad over it that he couldn't keep his
feelings to himself. At the hotel were
several guests who determined on a joke
at his expense. A darkey in town, who
had several samples of stuffed snakes,
was interviewed to the extent of half a
dollar, and a plan was perfected to give
the Michigander a terrible scare. Snakes
had been talked of for a day or two, to
get the man's feelings properly worked
up, and one evening he was invited to
take a seat on the veranda for a smoke.
His chair was so placed that a boy could
creep up and deposit the specimen under
it, and when this had been done some
one began to talk about the way snakes
sometimes creep into houses."One evening last summer as a lot of
us sat out here," observed one of the
crowd, "a rattler about seven feet long
crept up that post over there, dropped
down on the floor, and such a time you
never saw!"Every man bent over to look under his
chair as if suspecting the presence of a
snake. The Wolverine caught of the
serpent under his, and he slowly rose up,
pulled the chair away, kicked the reptile
clear over the railing of the veranda into
the street and sat down with the remark:
"Well, I s'pose I'd get used to it after
living here awhile, but just now the sight
of a snake makes me rather nervous.
Who tells the next story?"In THE DIM PAST.—An old, gray,
wrinkled man sat in a fashionable res-
taurant."Excuse me, sah," said a waiter, ap-
proaching; "seems to me, sah, I've seen
you before some place.""Yes, you saw me when I was a young
man, full of health and vigor, with
bright eyes and raven locks and a raven-
ous appetite."

"I disremember, sah. Who was it?"

"Right here, don't you remember?"

"Waal, now, sah, it does seem to me
like I has a mighty faint recollection ob
you. But, you see, sah, I's gettin' ole
an' my memory ain't es good es use to be.""Perhaps I can tell you a little circum-
stance that will refresh your memory of
me."

"What's dat, sah?"

"I ordered my dinner of you, and have
been waiting here ever since for it."—
Chicago News.

For the Oxford Democrat.

NOTES OF A NEW ENGLAND
TRIP.

NO. XVIII.

"ON THE WING," Oct. 8, '84.

Mr. Editor:

Life is a fierce conflict—a battle in
which the "survival of the fittest" as
well as the success and longevity of the
un-"fittest" is sometimes peculiarly ex-
emplified. In the "struggle for exist-
ence" few of us can hope to escape toil
and trouble. To labor is the common

