

rent in which God, the race, and the nation is traveling.

One other point. An energetic use of the scraps of a man's time is often potent enough to make the difference between knowledge and ignorance. I see many a young man who throws away enough time to gain an education in. An open book, full of interesting matter, braces the mind, and gives it tone and intellectual appetite. If in the morning a man would read a single paragraph while dressing or shaving, it would afford him some compensation for the tedious toilet which he makes.

You come home to dinner, and there are fifteen minutes before the meal is ready, and you throw yourself into a rocking-chair or on the sofa, and that time is wasted. You say, "there

is no use of taking up a book for such a little while;" but periods of fifteen minutes improved from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, and from year to year, amount to a great deal. I see young men sitting in their offices and places of business, listless and lolling, in the disengaged hours of summer. It seems to me that they might pick out of their leisure moments time enough to read volumes of biography or history. Certainly they might find time enough to establish the habit of reading, and form an appetite for instruction in reading.

I might make specific criticisms upon many other modes of misappropriating or unskillfully using time, but the foregoing must suffice.

Kitty Howard's Journal.—SECOND SERIES.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

OCTOBER 21.

I COULD think of nothing but the state of Sally Liscom, yesterday, after my return home. Her intense suffering—her unearthly face—her hidden agony of heart, coupled with a something not unakin to content, despite of all its misery. I could not sleep last night, and one expression of hers flashed vividly over my mind. In reply to a remark of mine that her story must have involved much of deceit, she answered:

"It is a great thing to walk in the light. The soul is adjusted to the truth, and can be content only as the life squares itself to this adjustment. My death will leave *him* to the straight path."

"Have you still faith in him?"

"As I have in God."

"Then he must come out and confess the great wrong he has done in the world."

She lifted up her hand imperiously, "Never, never! If expediency be sinful and worldly, and I know it to be so, he must bear it—he must endure this thorn in the flesh. We are but human, God forgive us!"

"Oh! but the terrible deceit! The wrong done to the soul itself by falsehood, and by continuance therein!"

"I know it all—but, it must be borne on *his* part, and become a flaming fire to cleanse the soul!"

While I thought of these things Dorothy Pearly called; a plain, unpretending woman, timid and gentle. I repeated what I have written above; to my amazement she exclaimed, with vehemence,

"Women are all liars. Weak animals are always sly and treacherous!" which seemed malapropos to what I had said.

"Oh, Dolly! not so bad as that. I am sure I, for one, would not do or say what is false."

"Because you have a true, noble man to take care of you; I would not lie, and yet I am tempted every day to do so. We women care for appearance, not for what is in itself true and right."

"Then you think the men are better than we are," I exclaimed.

"Mrs. Howard, you are a conceited woman" (of course Kitty flinched); "and what I say is only my say, and I have no station; am only a sour old maid. Yes, I do think that men are better than women; and I think, they would be still better, if it were not for us. We make them bad, and then cry out against them."

"Why, Dolly!" I cried, "I never knew you before. If men are so much better, why have you not married one of them?"

I had no sooner said this than I felt ashamed of myself; at the impertinence and meanness of the speech. She was silent for a while, and then replied,

"I have had too much reverence for a man to be willing to make him miserable. I have known one truly noble character—we missed of each other, no matter how. I try to keep my soul worthy of him, and acceptable to God."

I was awed, and said to myself, Verily some few redeem the sex; and to Dolly I dared say nothing, but pressed her thin, dry hand, and whispered, "Sister," whereat she arose, turned half round in an awkward, undecided fashion, and then gave me her hand and went out. Alas! I thought, the vase is not worthy of the flame within. Such women are the ones who should be mothers! Kitty may be very polished, but is she broad and unselfish, true and generous. I must ask Tom, for I am not pleased with myself, and Tom knows.

MEX.—Dolly is right, I am conceited.

Dolly had called early, I hardly know why, but I think she was drawn toward me by an unconscious sympathy, and as soon as she had gone I rode to the prison to see what I could do to comfort Sally.

Oh, soul of infinite pity! what a sight awaited me! The cell door was open, and there, stretched upon her poor pallet, lay this woman of sorrow, with hands meekly folded upon her breast, dead! I dropped upon my knees, frantic with emotion. I, I with my conventionalism, my rigid puritanism! what was I before this woman dead, dead in her Gethsemane, with a smile upon her face? Loaded with odium, stained with crime, dead—dead alone in her prison! Forsaken by friend and lover, dead, dead! and yet to the last, clinging to something regal, something holy hidden away in the depths of the soul! Who shall dare to judge her? Not I, Kitty Howard, without a stain to human eyes—not I, sheltered from childhood up, hedged in by love and all human appliances!

Tom found me with my head buried in my pillow and weeping the saddest tears that ever fell from my eyes, weeping and praying for the rest and happiness of the poor, dear soul. I felt as though I had lived a hundred years, and eternities had been spread out before me. Tom took me in his arms and wiped my tears, and gave me cool water to drink, and called me an angel, but I felt as if poor and weak, and selfish, and longed for some great sacrifice to prove my worthiness.

"Do not covet suffering, my love," said my husband, "it will come in due time, and we must meet it; but the rose is not called to battle with storms like the Cedar of Lebanon."

"Bless you, darling, for bringing me home to

what I am—only a weak, loving woman; but, thank God! able to appreciate what is truly great in life. I think the wife of the noble Duke of Argyle, who was put to death under James the Second of England, must have been a woman something like Kitty Howard; not great and wise like Lady Russel, but tender and devoted. I think if my Tom, dear good judge, was about to die, he would address me much as Argyle addressed his wife. He thus wrote her, while waiting the office of the executioner:

"Dear heart! God is unchangeable. He hath always been good and gracious to me. Forgive me all my faults; and now comfort thyself in Him in whom only true comfort is to be found. The Lord be with thee and bless and comfort thee, my dearest. Adieu."

Ah, what a heart-break must have come to her!

24th.—The family of Sally Liscom did not make their appearance even when notified of her death, and it is curious to observe that there is a sort of human compensation made and provided in cases of such inhumanity. The body was conveyed at once to the little meeting-house in which she had sometimes worshiped, and some unknown had at night laid a crown of immortelles upon her last earthly receptacle. The services were simple and impressive; an indescribable awe pervaded the assemblage, which comprised the whole village, and she who, living, would have been spurned aside, and loaded with infamy for her crimes, lying there in her dead beauty, all her sins forgotten in her speechless woe, all her record carried up to the Great Audit, filled the house with sobs and tears. Her grave was made in a far corner of the cemetery, under a gnarled old willow. *Requiescat in pace.*

25th.—I asked Tom what would have been Sally's fate had she been brought before him for trial.

"Unquestionably, she would have been convicted of murder," he replied; "and her fate, no doubt, would have induced the scoundrel, who was at the bottom of all this ruin, to come forward and confess himself."

I was silent, for somehow it did not seem to me that that would help the matter, and perhaps I had begun to sympathize with Sally's own view in the case. My husband suspected it.

"My little Judgine," he said, "is disposed to pity the miserable wretch! Poor Sally! it was well that she died, but I should like to have *him* in my court, it would go hard with him

You see by your own weak compassion for him, Kitty, how little qualified women are to fill the judicial bench!"

"Ah, my husband! it may be that the law is too vindictive, and more compassion is needed there. I confess, that even in the case of these two, Sally and her unknown, there seems to underlie a something broader and more extenuating than your view of it, dear; but I still do not justify them, for human laws must be obeyed, and the life should be made up of duty, not plunged downward to sense and passion."

"There you are right, Kitty; Sally was no doubt frantically insane at the last, and killed her child. The act sobered her; but she was responsible for the prior steps. She had lived a covert, evil period, contrary to her instincts, and, it may be, contrary to her principles; the struggle was too great, too intense, and her reason gave way. Kitty, a man's brain is more fibrous, stronger than a woman's, and he is more culpable."

"You may say that of some brains, dear; I think the average brain is nearly similar, and men have stronger passions than women, less of that something, which is called chastity, which is the crowning grace of womanhood."

"Then you think we men are a sort of brutes, and less responsible?"

"No, not quite that, but women are designed to give the law in the intercourse between the sexes, and, therefore, more should of right be exacted from them. I do not believe in what is ordinarily called the *seduction of a woman*."

Where the woman is young and the man an experienced man of the world, the crime may be his, for there are Lotharios as atrocious as Richardson has delineated, but there are instinctive—Clarissa Harlowe's, also."

The Judge wound up by saying, "Well, well, for all you say, Kitty, I should like to have the hanging of poor Sally's *unknown*;" from whence I judge that men are naturally vindictive, and are too ready to punish each other for faults in our sex, and that too on the ground that we are weak and need help; whereas, I believe women in our day are becoming the stronger of the two. They are aggressive by their process of development, and when foiled they subdue men by appealing to the traditional chivalry of the sex, thus using a two-edged sword against them.

26th.—David is still under the glamour of fascination by Blanch Runyon. His father says, "I me will cure him! it will do him no harm—half-love is a common disease with boys. I

had it once, and thought the moon and stars stood still in the heavens to witness the magnitude of my passion—they did'n't do it, and then I had a heart-ache that seemed to me was the cause of an earthquake that happened about that time!"

"Oh Tom, Tom! I did not think you ever loved any body but me!"

"I did though, Kitty, and was wretchedly miserable. I think now the love was not much, and would have been my ruin had marriage supervened; for it was merely the action of youthful blood, and that tendency in boys to imagine every smiling or sentimental girl a goddess. David will do well enough, dear," and so the Judge went to his office and left me to ponder these things.

David does worry and distress me in this matter, the more so for the first time in his life he does not meet me in confidence. He racks his heart and brain writing poetry to a girl ten years his senior. Dear me! when he is twenty-five she will be thirty-five and as the old ballad says,

"A fat fadge by the fire."

I am half inclined to think David's poetry is more real than his love, that he finds a wonderful delight in having his young soul enthused and intensified by poetic expression, and there must be something fine in a woman who awakens the idealism of youth. Blanch has a stately repose, a slow, tender movement of her large expressive eyes, that I, woman as I am, greatly admire. She suggests a doubt of sincerity, and the women call her affected, but the other sex are fascinated by her.

30th.—In many of the surrounding towns there has been what is called a religious revival, and multitudes of people have turned their attention to spiritual subjects, and have joined the different churches. As I have been religious from childhood up, and never in my life did an intentional wrong, have never been addicted or tempted to any vice, and am naturally serious and gentle of disposition, I have found it difficult to understand the distress of mind which many good people seem to endure. Still, in most of the cases which have fallen under my observation, the emotions are genuine, and the improvement in the habits of those denominated converts is plain to be seen. From being thoughtless, and in some cases vicious, men and women have become teachable and church going, which is certainly better than their former utter neglect of religious instruction. I do not see why we may not expect

the descent of the spirit of God to arrest evil-doers in our day as well as in an earlier experience of the church. At any rate, no one should treat a period of anxious thought upon such momentous subjects with contempt, whether the experience be his own or another's. I hear the Rev. Mr. Angel, a man who has a great reputation for sanctity, will visit our village, and I shall depart from my usual practice of church-going, and attend worship in the Methodist church, that I may see him, and satisfy my own mind in regard to him. I am inclined to think him a hypocrite. But I say so to no one, not even to my husband, for as I grow in years and feel the stress of life, I am obliged to rely upon my own judgment more, and many things I used to carry to him I am silent upon, lest I annoy him with petty subjects.

MEM.—I do not, and never did, bother him about cooking, house-cleaning, and the little aches and pains of body which every body must expect to have sometimes.

30th.—Tom tells me he has read the last entry in my journal, and he says, "Ah! my Queeny, do not let any thing drift us apart. I feel as if you held my very soul, and that it might be dissolved, wrecked, ruined, but for the faithfulness with which you adhere to me. There is more in marriage than the external bond—more than in mere companionship. It is greater, holier than we know."

"I believe as you do, my dear, that the mystic blending of two lives is a sacred mystery, that does not end with time."

"And yet, darling, you write this, which is poetry, I know, but it pains me," and Tom read with a trembling voice the following poem, expressive of a mental mood, which comes to us all, it may be; at any rate, I know that the soul struggles to preserve its oneness, that it refuses to be absorbed into even its best beloved, standing up in the presence of God, one and alone. It frets at a scrutiny too close, too imperious, as if its sacredness were invaded. It must have its own thoughts, its own rights, its own acts, and then it greatly rejoices when it can take up all, and at the feet of the beloved say, "I am all thine, and God's." But it may be that women, as they advance in life, feel more the need of all this self-assertion, which was unrequired while the responsibilities of life were less frequently appealed to. Here I will insert the poem which seemed to distress my husband.

A MOOD OF MIND.

It irks thee that I sit and dream
In this sequestered dell,
Thine eyes on me, mine on the stream,
Each loving passing well.

Thy voice is dulcet to mine ears—
Thy presence life's great cheer,
And half grows sweet the fall of tears,
Thy chiding smile's so dear.

In painted rooms I see but thee—
I hear thy slightest tone;
Although a thousand speaking be,
In woods hear God alone.

Our household walls so shut us in
That God is crowded out;
Our human love is so akin
To grief, and fear, and doubt,

That I must walk along the hills
And hear the far off sea—
Watch how the moon her crescent fills,
Nor stay for thought of thee.

I hear the little ones at play,
On floor or breezy green;
See flecks of golden hair all day
With happy eyes between.

But ah! there is a cradle cold,
With linen white and chill;
A sunny lock in paper fold—
A span grave on the hill.

The softened lamp, the curtain fall,
The shadows on the floor,
The white light on the pictured wall,
Whisper their Never more.

In city walks I move with pain,
For thought and heart lack space;
Weary and aching grows the brain—
A mask the human face.

I shrink and stifle with a dread—
Feel bound to earth and time;
The halo dims around my head,
The air seems black with crime.

Upon the grand old hills I stand
And shake my spirit free;
God leads me by his own right hand,
And plainly teacheth me.

The shadow from the mountain's height
Falls down on vale below;
From valley sweet drinks up the light,
The sheen from water-flow.

But on his own broad forehead lies
The wind that sweeps afar;

The brooding light of mid-day skies,
The midnight and the star.

The meanings of the woods and lakes
Bring lavish gifts to me;
The very air in music breaks—
Why should I think of thee?

The great sea must its depths renew,
From stream and river sheen—
The bird soars nearest to the blue
That builds in lowliest green;

The oaks are very stern, yet they
Are friendly and sincere;
And tender elms they seem to say,
"Sit in our shadow, dear."

Sweet Echo calls—I follow not,
For home is in my breast,
As bird's, the last year's brood forgot,
Build up the old, worn nest.

EDITOR'S STUDIES IN HYGIENE.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.—

TEA AND SICK-HEADACHE.

I. Is there any evidence from medical authorities that tea causes sick-headache?

ANSWER.—Yes. Dr. Pierson says: "Under this heading Dr. Gregg published an article in *The Homoeopathic Quarterly* to which I wish to call the attention of the readers of *The Investigator*, believing it demands a more general reading than perhaps it may have received. The Doctor there alleges that this beverage is the cause of more cases of this disease than any other, if not than all other causes put together, and gives a number of instances where after leaving off its use, persons who had previously been afflicted were exempt from further attacks. One evidence the Doctor gives of the injurious effects of this agent is the fact that tea-drinkers are liable to have headache if they omit its use at the regular times of taking it, and the cessation of the pain on again resuming their cups. This latter, with many other facts contained in the article, I had often observed, not only on myself but on others, for I had inherited the disease from my mother. It had been the plague of her life, as well as my own. We had both been not excessive but regular tea-drinkers; and though she lived to be over eighty years of age she was never exempt from an attack of greater or less severity, for more than a few weeks at a time, for a period of nearly or quite half a century.

Knowing this fact, and that from my earliest recollection I had been similarly afflicted, I was content when the pain returned to relieve it with the appropriate remedies, with little thought or hope of ever being able to eradicate it. Some twenty years ago I had abandoned the use of

coffee and green teas, using only the black and Japan. Pork, pastry, spices, acids, and most kinds of raw fruits were sure, if indulged in, to bring on an attack of my old trouble; and this weakness of the stomach seemed to be gradually on the increase, besides a train of nervous symptoms, such as sleeplessness, palpitation of the heart, unsteadiness of the hand when writing, etc., gave me no little annoyance.

After reading the article referred to, I concluded some three months ago to use no more tea, substituting in its stead hot water, with a little milk. The result for the first week or ten days was as much as I had anticipated, being during the whole of that time scarcely ever free from headache. At length the pain became lighter, and when it did return was of short duration. My nervous symptoms grew less, palpitation left entirely, my stomach became much stronger. I can now eat with impunity many things which for years had been sure to disagree. The headache now very rarely returns, and never with severity; besides, within the past two months my weight has increased sixteen pounds."

COW'S MILK FOR BABES.

II. Why does cow's milk so often disagree with babes?

ANS.—Cow's milk differs greatly from human milk. In the first place, it contains less sugar. This, however, is usually made up by the addition of this article, but the sugar of milk is not the same as the sugar from the sugar bowl. Then cow's milk contains more curd, and it curdles in a different manner. Human milk curdles into a mere light, flocky jelly, while cow's milk is apt to harden into lumps, which are not so easily penetrated by the gas-