

Give me the Hand.

BY FRANCIS A. CARL, OF BERLIN.

Give me the hand that is warm, kind and ready,
Give me the hand that is calm, true and steady,
Give me the hand that will never deceive me,
Give me the hand that I may believe thee.
Soft is the palm of the delicate woman,
Hard is the hand of the rough, sturdy yeoman;
Soft palm or hard hand—it matters not—never,
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Give me the hand that is true as a brother,
Give me the hand that has harmed not another,
Give me the hand that has never forsaken it,
Give me the hand that I may adore it.
Lovely the palm of the fair blue-veined maiden,
Ugly the hand of the workman overladen;
Lovely or ugly—it matters not—never,
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Give me grasp that is honest and hearty,
Free as the breeze and unshackled by party;
Let friendship give me the grasp that becomes her,
Close as the twine of the vine of the Summer.
Give me the hand that is true as a father,
Give me the hand that has wronged not another;
Soft palm or hard hand—it matters not—never,
Give me the hand that is friendly forever.

SMILE.

"If I speak heresy against the law and commandments,
censure me not, because of my opinion."

UNPUBLISHED WORK.

AY, smile! thy heart may well rejoice
To mingle with the throng
That hear a new-born infant's voice,
And trill a nursery song.

"Mr. Jones, please leave me a little money before you go."

"Money! didn't I leave you a dollar yesterday?"

"Yes, but the charcoal is out, and the wood, and the green tea, and—Franky wants new shoes, and Tommy's mittens are full of holes, and Julia's music quarter is through, and—"

"Stop, I beg! how much will do?"

"Really, Mr. Jones, the camphine is out, and glass to be put in the nursery window, and the coffee is almost out, and the boy's school bill, and—"

"Well, here's a dollar, and don't let me see Julia again in that old de laine, and get Harry a new jacket, and pay the cobbler for mending Dick's boots, and Ellen must go another quarter to riding school, and get Mabella that new music. It really seems to me, Mrs. Jones, you are very remiss in your household accounts, and housekeeping generally. What did you do with the money I gave you yesterday?"

"What—the dollar! Oh, I gave it to the milkman."

"Well, here's another; and now see that you get a ton of coal, and the hall door new grained and varnished, and a new door-mat. You somehow don't manage rightly."

And away he goes, (after a careful arrangement of his collar and cuffs, before the glass) banging the door after him with unnecessary vigor, in order to attract the attention of Miss Aramantia Brown, at the parlor window opposite, to whom he bows, as his wife thinks, with very unnecessary empressment.

Well, he's gone, and poor Mrs. Jones, though heartily disposed to cry, feels that her children are present, and that it is her duty to smile; and so she does, with her own sweet, subdued features, as she gets them ready for school—tying on their tippets, pulling on their mittens, adjusting their curls and brushing their caps, until the boys were disposed of, and then turns toward the girls' department in despair. Kate has spilt coffee on her white apron. Mary has had a tumble from Dick's rocking horse, and in falling burst every refractory hook and eye in her dress; and Bessie can't find her over-shoes, and all this time the baby is screaming, and poor, sweet, uncomplaining Mrs. Jones, half distracted between noise, toothache, and how to find ways and means for her liege lord's dinner—smiles.

The children are at last disposed of, at school; the baby dressed and quieted, the hall steps washed, Bridget sent to market, the dining room grate polished, the fire brightly burning, and her blessed husband's easy chair drawn contiguous—when a note arrives to say he will dine with a friend at Delmonico's, and charging her to make all the necessary preparation for an oyster supper, as he intends bringing home a few friends to sup. Mrs. Jones, who had sat busily plying her swift needle in some needed household stitchery, while one foot kept the cradle in motion, let both note and needle fall from her hands, as she pressed them over her eyes.

"Preparations for an oyster supper," he says, where am I to get money from, I'd like to know? and for the fiftieth time she writes to her brother Jack, requesting the loan of an X, which is dispatched to his office with Mikey, who is told to return with the wherewithal "immediately, if not sooner." "An' if I shouldn't mate Master Jack, mem?" "Then take the note to my mother, and Mikey makes his leg, and is off, while Mrs. Jones, drawing on a pair of old gloves, begins to burnish up the cruet stands, repeating, "preparations for an oyster supper" and one dollar left this morning to meet scores of bills; wonder how much his dinner and wine and cigars at Delmonico's will cost?"

Just at this crisis the eldest girl comes in from her drawing lesson. "Mama, I just met papa escorting the Delmars into Taylor's." Poor Mrs. Jones! her cup was full before.

"Escorting these odious Delmars for ice cream to Taylor's!"—but fearing that her child should suspect what was passing in her thoughts, she again draws the thin, white hand across her eyes, and taking up her babe, smiles. "There, Agnes, run to grandma's, and ask her for a little money for me; I fear that stupid Mikey will miss your Uncle Jack; run, there's my own darling." And from that moment till night, did that young wife hurry from kitchen to pantry, from fruit closet to dining room to be sure nothing should be wanting, or amiss when her blessed husband came. And now it is night; and weary and sick, she lifts her fretful babe from the cradle, where it had

lain crying, while she gave the finishing touches to the supper-table, and hastens to the lower regions, where Biddy was giving the children an impromptu supper on the pine kitchen table, whilst they, opposed to such usage, rebelled stoutly, thereby admonishing poor Mrs. Jones, that in order to fulfil her duties properly, she should be ubiquitous, enacting at the same time the presiding divinity of the oyster supper, and the peace-maker of the lower, or rather the upper regions, where, with Biddy's assistance, we next find her administering to Mabel's croup and Dick's injured thumb nail, until the last infant prayer had been said, the last "good night, mama," answered with a smile.

A month has passed, and now again she smiles; only that the pale face looks more thin, and the smile more melancholy.

Her head aches, as she lies in that closely curtained bed, wondering why her blessed husband has not come home yet, and turns helplessly over on her frilled pillow, as she hears poor little Dick's stifled scream, as his curly head bumps down the stairs, and he in his new winter's suit is borne away by the thrifty Biddy, to be daubed all over with molasses as a sedative for his bruises.

And now little Harry (himself but a baby) is crying outside the door, begging to see "mama and the new baby," and is hurried adrift by Bridget, kicking and squalling, to the nursery, to be put supperless to bed. Yes, press again that thin hand upon your eyes, choke down the lump in your throat, and when the snuffy old nurse holds back the curtain to ask you how you feel—smile!

And now Bridget's shrill voice is heard again, as Frank and Georgey, who had so petitioned to see "their dear mama," after their hastily swallowed supper in the basement, dragging them away—threatening them in the highest pitch of her brouge, while they tearfully petition "to see dear mama, just one minute, and the dear little new baby." But Bridget is inflexible; moreover the incorruptible old nurse has gone out, to add her authority to the noise of the inexorable Bridget, and poor Mrs. Jones, left alone, buries her pale face farther in the pillow, and—weeps. And what a relief are those tears!

And now the crying over head is stilled, and poor Georgey and Charley, Aggie and Bessie, have sobbed themselves to sleep, and again the nurse stands by her bed, holding the bowl of insipid toast water; and now again she draws her thin hand over her eyes, that she (bless her hardened old heart) may not see how tear-swollen they are.

She has seen too much of such doings in her time, to see any reason why Mrs. Jones should cry, with such a comfortable fire, and fine fat baby, and nice bowl of toast water—not she.

And now he's by her side—he, for whose presence had been her day-long wish—and she would give a world (if she had one) to lay her poor, throbbing head on his broad breast, and take a nice good cry. But experience has taught her better; it would only drive him down to the library, and to his newspaper. So she directs his attention to the little red face in the bundle of lace and wrappings of flannel by her side, and while he looks down on it with a wondering smile of benevolence, she thinks he is admiring the blessed little phiz of which they are joint proprietors, and, covertly wiping away a tear—smiles.

Yes, he is by her side, and no matter how her limbs ache, or how the lamp smokes, or the sinking sensation of debility and exhaustion cause her poor temples to throb so wearily, no matter if she feels the sickening flush of fever coursing in her throbbing veins, he is by her, and she smiles.

A year has passed,—the gentle, uncomplaining loving wife and young mother has been a year dead, and Mr. Jones, now married to Miss Delmar, orders, on his return from a bridal tour, that the portrait of the former Mrs. Jones be removed from its old place in the parlor.

"Where will we place it?" asks Mickey.

"Any place out of the way. Up in the garret; it will be safe there."

And he goes to loosen the pendant tassels from the hook that supports, and there, fresh,—as if just parted to utter his name—the sweet lips smile.

And now, Charley and Dick, Aggie and May, Harry and baby, all petition—

"Papa, let us have our own sweet mama in Agnes' room, where we say our prayers to her now, as mama bade us. Do, please papa."

And he removed the portrait to her children's room, and as they knelt that night in prayer, he entered, and then again the eyes looked down on him and smiled.

An Obedient Wife Commands her Husband.

"NELLY NYE," as she signs herself in the Springfield Independent American, gives a little plain talk to wives on the subject of managing husbands, which we copy, slightly demurring as we do so, at some of the slang phrases used by the writer, who hardly needs these sources to give force to her sprightly sentences:—[Ex.]

"A word to you, young wife! Just drop out of your vocabulary all the 'I-wills,' 'I-shalls,' 'I-sha'n'ts,' and 'I-won'ts'; the quicker the better, by a long chalk. They are naughty words any way; and a wisp does not disfigure the soft-tinted rose leaves of the newly blown rose, more than one of these lips of the bride—besides, they don't pay!"

You wish to rule your husband, you are a strong stickler for human right, of course you are; but remember, that it's the yielding bow that sends the truest and the most powerful arrow. Did you ever read the fable of the warm sun-shine, that took the cloak from the back of the traveler, that all the four winds of heaven couldn't stir a peg? Well, then, just try it on your husband, and my word for it, it won't be many days before off will come all his bad habits, and you can lead him like a child. But look cross, show your ivory, stamp

your little foot, get up a small lightning flash, to correspond to the thunder of your tongue, and let it be followed by a copious shower of angry tears! Just try it and see what the effect will be. I'll tell you what, if he's a man, he'll take his Kossuth, stalk out of the door, and leave you to 'dry up' at your leisure. That he will. No! no! you can't chain the lord of creation, with any such material. The links of love are the only ones that hold him fast—these, these are stronger than all the bars of all the prison doors; these firmer than all the ice bands that hem in the North Pole.

Oh, sisters, would that ye all knew this truth, and practised upon it, then would the world be the domain of the women's heart, and every man her champion. But I fear sisters, that few, who know, do. I know, that you know the word of smiles, for as I met you in the street, in the church, in the assembly, your faces are wreathed with smiles, and your lips drop words covered with the honey of womanly kindness; but I fear, yes, I fear, that like your last new bonnet, you put them 'right away' as soon as you get home, and don't allow them to be touched, till you go out again. It must be so, or else that husband of yours would never be such a miserable looking object as he is—a beacon to every man who thinks of steering his bark to the Isle of Matrimony, saying in words, as plain as can be, 'Come not here!' Now do for once, get out your husband's slippers, when he comes home, try and think as he does, and the first thing you know, he'll drop the moody incrustation that covers him, and shine like a diamond—and, then, a word in your ear—it will be your diamond, you know, and you can do what you like with it. Won't that be so nice?"

CUTTING DOWN EXPENSES.—Julia my dear, we must curtail our expenses. The failure of Bust & Doom has carried away our house. We must economise for a season, and endeavor, as far as possible, to live within ourselves.

Certainly my love—anything that will aid you in our difficulties, will be embraced by me with pleasure.

We must discharge our servant girls.

Of course—but do you think, love, that a butler would be cheaper?

No, my dear—I mean discharge our servants, and for a while do our own work.

Nothing, Alfred, could afford me more pleasure.

And then, Julia, we must curtail our household expenses. Instead of these expensive dishes we used to have, we must try something more democratic. What say you once and a while to a little bean soup?

Nothing better—boiled with chicken. I think it one of the most delightful dishes in the world.

But we must do without the chicken—salt pork would relish just as well.

Sure enough—so it will—but what shall we have for a dessert? A sage pudding?

Would not some dumplings answer just as well?

Better, my dear—dumpling with champagne sauce is what I dote on.

But, we can't afford that, my sweet; wouldn't plain sauce be equally healthful?

Certainly—perhaps better.

And then potatoes are very dear, love, could you get up a little substitute?

Of course—fried oysters are relished by the children; or if you prefer it, we'll have boiled eggs or an omelet.

But, my dear, these things would not help the matter in the least—on the contrary, they would aggravate our difficulties.

Well, love, do what you please. I am so little posted up in the market value of all things, that I regret to say your poor little wife can give you but little advice that would tend to mend our condition. The fact is, Alfred, I begin to fear that my education has been sadly neglected, and that I gave that time to worsted work that should have been devoted to other matters.

Julia hit the nail on the head. Her education had been neglected. With the most loving, well disposed, sweetest disposition in the world, she can propose nothing that will lessen the clouds which are gathering about her husband's fortunes. This causes her pain and mortification. When we left, we thought we saw a tear rolling down her cheek. We wonder what caused it. Parents will please cipher it out and draw a moral.—[Ex.]

"The Old Woman."

It was thus, a few days since, we heard a stripling of sixteen years designate the mother who bore him. By coarse husbands, we have heard wives so called occasionally, though in the latter case the phrase is more often used endearingly. At all times as commonly spoken, it jars upon the ear and shocks the sense. An 'old woman' is an object of reverence above and beyond almost all phases of humanity. Her age should be her surest passport to courteous consideration. The aged mother of a grown up family needs no other certificate of worth. She is a monument of excellence approved and warranted. She has fought faithfully the good fight, and come off conqueror. Upon her venerable race she bears the marks of the conflict in all its furrowed lines. The most grievous of the ills of life have been hers; trials untold and unknown only to God and herself she has borne incessantly; and now in her old age—her duty done, patiently awaiting her appointed time—she stands, more truly beautiful than in youth, more honorable and deserving than he who has slain his thousands and stood triumphant upon the proudest field of victory.

Young man, speak kindly to your mother and even courteously—tenderly of her! But a little time and you shall see her no more forever! Her eye is dim, her form is bent, and her shadow falls forward! Others may love you when she has passed away—kind hearted sisters, or she whom of all the world you may choose for a partner—she may love you warmly, passionately—children may love you fondly, but never again, never while time is yours, shall the love of woman be to you as that of your old trembling, weakened mother has been.

In agony she bore you—through pining, helpless infancy her throbbing breast was your safe protection and supporting wayward, treacherous boyhood, she bore patiently with your thoughtless rudeness, and nursed you safely through a legion of ills and maladies. Her hand it was that bathed your burning brow, or moistened the parched lips; her eye that lighted up the darkness or waning nightly vigils, watching always in your fitful sleep, sleepless by your side as none but her could watch. Oh! speak not her name lightly, for you cannot live for so many years as would suffice to thank her fully. Through reckless and impatient youth she is your counselor and solace. To a bright manhood she guides your improvident steps nor even then forsakes or forgets. Speak gently, then, and reverently of your mother; and when you too, shall be old, it shall, in some degree, lighten the remorse which shall be yours for other sins, to know that never wantonly have you outraged the respect due to 'old women.'—[Ex.]

A CURE FOR EPILEPSY.—We do not know in what paper the following originally appeared, but we translate it from the *Courier des Etats Unis* of this city, which has evidently copied it from some other journal without credit:—

Some years ago a person was crossing one of the public squares in the city of Oporto, when a woman near where he was passing was suddenly attacked with epilepsy. Immediately some one in the crowd cried out, "Cover her face with a black handkerchief." Another witness of the accident untied his black cravat and threw it over the face of the sufferer, whose convulsions all at once ceased as if by magic. The restoration was so perfect that in a few minutes she was able to get up alone, thank those who had relieved her, and walk away without assistance.

The eye-witness who related to us the above was sometime afterward director of a House of Industry in Oporto. Last year one of the pupils in this establishment named Gidal, nineteen years of age, and subject to this disease, had a severe attack of it almost under the eye of his teacher. In one of the intervals of his suffering he suddenly recollected the cure that had been wrought by the black cravat. "It is merely an isolated case," said he to the physician of the establishment; "I have no great faith in the remedy, but it is so simple that we can at least try it." A black cravat was thereupon thrown over young Gidal's head, whose spasms immediately ceased, his system regaining its normal state of repose as if by enchantment.

Twenty times in succession young Gidal was cured of similar attacks almost instantaneously, and his parents took care to have a black handkerchief of some description always at hand. The patient was not cured, but at all events he was relieved, not only of the pain, but from all the dire results that usually attend the progress of this strange disease.

The cravat used in the above instances was a silk one. Is it the silk that produces this result? Is it the color, or is it both these causes acting together? It is an easy subject for experiment, and one that ought not to be neglected.—[N. Y. Evening Post.]

HIGH FLIGHT.—Mr. Winchester communicates to the *Milan Free Press* (Ohio) a statement of what he saw and how he felt during his recent balloon ascension. He traveled some 175 miles and landed in the top of a tree, 95 feet from the ground. Of his highest flight he says:—[Ex.]—55.

During my ascent I felt some inconvenience from the cold and put on my overcoat. It was now 26 minutes past 4 o'clock; mercury indicates 8 deg. above zero; at the rate of 1,000 feet per minute. I was now 20,416 feet from the earth; the balloon was fully distended, and the hydrogen nearly escaping at the lower orifice; I felt a crackling sensation in my ears; my eyes pained me and I felt a general fulness or enlargement of the system; respiration was not natural, but not very difficult. I felt a dizziness come over me, and when I looked at my watch again, 28 minutes had elapsed; I was weak and nearly helpless; my balloon was fast discharging hydrogen; with difficulty I threw over some bits of paper; I looked for my thermometer—everything seemed to be displaced; at last I found it; my fingers were numb with cold, and could scarcely hold the thermometer; the indication was 5 deg. below zero; I opened the escape valve to reach a warmer climate, but held it open too long; found I was descending too fast; took up some ballast to throw overboard, and found the bags of sand frozen hard; I broke them across my knee, and threw the pieces overboard one at a time; I now felt less of the fulness of my system, but my eyes were still sore. I could now see Akron, Ravenna, Hudson, Cleveland, Wiloughby, Chardon, Painesville, and much of the country around, as the clouds had now cleared away. The water of the Lake had a dark blue appearance, but the water in the river, ponds and canal had a bright, silvery hue. The crackling in my ears had ceased, and I felt no inconvenience from cold; the mercury stood at 50 degrees above zero.

Graining and Ornamental SIGN Painting.—W. V. Morris respectfully announces to the citizens, that he is prepared to execute work in the above line at his residence, 15 Ward, one door West of O. M. Duell's. Prices reasonable, call and see. 11-6t

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