



WORBLY'S

FAMILY MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Special Edition, June, 1865

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In honor of our dear departed father and former editor of this magazine, James Worbly, we are issuing a special edition.

After his passing, a number of stories, poems, letters, etc. were found among his papers.

He had made notes on the borders of the papers. We believe he had intended to publish some of them in this magazine.

So in his place, we are putting together this edition with some of these writings.

We hope you will enjoy them as much as he did.

Lilly Beth Worbly,
Janet Sue Worbly,
and Margaret Elaine Worbly

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THE ROMANCE OF A HIDDEN HEART

By Clara Augusta
(Godey's Ladies Book 1861,
vol. 63, p. 532)

It was near sunset, the sunset of a rare day in June, and the amber drapery of the west threw a golden reflection over the dark front of Ireton Hall, the residence of Richard Steele.

On the wide, vine-wreathed piazza of the mansion sat the master, the proprietor of untold wealth, the uncontrolled possessor of a million, in lands, bank stocks, and railway shares.

Mr. Steele had never been married; he enjoyed his riches without companionship; he had not a relative in the wide world. A hard, selfish, grasping man, beloved by none, and respected only because of his great wealth. But spite of his power to do good, the world was none the better for Richard Steele's existence. No prayerful lips spoke his name with blessing; no lonely child of poverty and want was made happy through his bounty; no desolate orphan's heart sung for joy because of his ministrations

And he, this man who so misused his life, went to his couch of down at night, without prayer; he ignored God; and his Bible lay on the mahogany shelves of his library, with mould on its velvet cover.

No one in Milford remembered Mr. Steele as other than the miser he was to-day; for fifteen years he had been a citizen of the town, and no change, either for better or for worse, had come over him, in a moral point of view.

Speculators avoided him; they made no thriving bargains out of the keen-sighted financier; and men of business, when forced to deal with him, cut their interviews short. No one thought of offering him a

subscription paper for any charitable purpose; he denounced all benevolent societies as humbugs, and those who canvassed for them he called swindlers.

The gardens of Ireton Hall were the finest for scores of miles; the yellow pears and luscious nectarines mellowed on its walls, the ungathered grapes purpled on the trellises, and no schoolboy's daring hands disturbed the ripe treasures. Mr. Steele's great dog, Pluto, was as selfish as his master, and his savage teeth were always ready to inflict summary punishment on each and all depredators.

This quiet afternoon, as Mr. Steele sat on the piazza gazing at on the broad acres of Ireton, his eye fell on two little children who were coming down the road hand in hand. They arrived in front of the gardens, and cast wistful looks at the rich damask roses which hung over the quaintly carved gate. For a moment, they conversed together in subdued voices, and then they turned in at the lion-guarded gateway, and came slowly up the avenue.

An angry scowl contracted the brow of Mr. Steele at this unwarranted intrusion, and he half rose from his seat as if to drive out the un-welcome guests. They were the first children who had ever dared to trespass on the estate of Ireton Hall.

They came fearlessly up to the piazza, still holding each other's hands. The eldest was a boy of perhaps twelve years; a brave, noble little fellow, with brown eyes, and dark, glossy brown hair. The other was a girl; she could not have been more than nine summers old, and beauty like hers is seldom seen save in some rare old picture. The sight of her face struck a strange thrill to the heart of Richard Steele, and involuntarily he bent down to look at her. She was fair as a water lily save the crimson which tinged her lips, and leaped at intervals to the snow of her cheek. Her eyes were deeply blue, and her

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hair like ripples of molten gold touched by heavenly sunbeams. Both the children wore mourning garments, cheap and coarse, but neat as human hands could make them. The little girl spoke first.

"Please, sir, will you give brother and me some roses?"

The tone was musical and sweet as harp notes, but the rich man's countenance grew hard and cold. He pointed to the highway.

"Begone!" he exclaimed, "I do not raise flowers for beggars!"

Oh, how the dark eyes of the boy flashed, and he was about to make some sharp answer, but the pressure of the girl's fingers on his arm checked him.

"We are not beggars," she said, calmly, "but our mother is dead, and we are orphans. She loved the roses, and we love them, too. Please give us one apiece. It will seem so good to smell flowers once more."

The hard face did not relax, the long, thin finger still pointed to the gate, but the blue-eyed petitioner did not move. She was regarding him with an expression strangely tender and pitying, and it annoyed him more than anything else to be pitied.

"Why do you look at me in that way?" he demanded, harshly.

"Because I am sorry for you," she said, sweetly; "you are old, and sad, and all alone. Where are your children?"

"I have none," he answered; and wondered, at the same time, why he did so.

"None? Have you no little girl to sit on your knee, and call you papa? I'm sure I pity you very much!"

"Humph!"

"But I do! Indeed I do! It must be dreadful not to love anybody. Did you never have anybody to love you?"

A spasm of pain shot athwart the rigid face of Richard Steele, and his tall frame quivered, it might be with agony, or

anger, one could not decide from his words. He pushed the child away.

"Not another word! I will not listen. Good heaven! That lips like those should ask me that question?"

"Pardon me, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. You loved somebody, and God took her away. Was it your sister?"

Ah, yes; and memory flew back to that gentle, fair-haired child who had clung with soft arms to his neck, and kissed with warm lips his bearded cheek. His little sister, May. How well he remembered her, as she looked the last time he had seen her face, lying cold and calm like marble, in the shadow of a coffin; with white rosebuds broken in twain, amid the ringlets of her hair, broken like herself, the sweet immortal rosebud! Yes, he remembered May, and his eye grew moist with something like a tear, but it was a strange visitant, and he dashed it away. Yet that tear was not given to angel May; she had been for years safe in the Paradise of God; it was given to another, whose blue eyes seemed to look at him out of the blue orbs of the little girl before him. He bent down over her, and scanned her features closely. Then he asked—

"My child, what is your name?"

"Violet Gray."

The man smothered a cry of surprise, and his face grew strangely pale, even in the red light of sunset. It must have been a strange emotion, indeed, which could thus stir the hard heart of Richard Steele. Presently he said:—

"And what was your mother's name before she married?"

"Violet Dale."

"And she is dead?" He spoke the words in a deep whisper, as though fearing to utter them aloud.

"She is with the angels."

A silence fell upon the group, broken only by the suppressed sobs of the girl and

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the heavy breathing of the man. When he again addressed her, his voice had taken a softness which none in Milford had ever heard in its measured cadence.

"And this boy is your brother?"

"Yes, my brother Richard."

"Richard. For whom was he christened thus?" Mr. Steele asked the question breathlessly, with an earnestness very strange and foreign to his stony nature.

"For a schoolmate of my mother's—"

"And this schoolmate's surname—do you remember it?"

"It was Richard Steele, sir."

O how the cold face lighted up! And the stern mouth grew almost tender as this proof of the power of the old love was given him.

"Did Violet—did your mother ever mention this Richard Steele to you?"

The boy came forward, and replied: "His name was the last on her lips when she died; and, two days before she left us, she gave me a letter which I was to put into his own hand; and we are searching for him, my sister and I, and when we have found him, we are going to live with a distant cousin of my father's, in Portland."

"You need look no further for Richard Steele, my boy; he is before you! Come into the house, and give me the letter."

The children followed him into the great parlor, and, calling his astonished housekeeper, he bade her prepare them some refreshments; then, receiving the packet from the boy, with reverent awe, he went upstairs to his chamber, closed and locked the door, and sat down in the arm-chair by the window. He held the letter some time in his hand, gazing intently on the superscription, which he could scarcely discern for the mist that dimmed his eyes. At length he kissed the writing and gently broke the seal which the fingers of the dead

had fixed. The contents of the sheet were as follows:—

Richard Steele: Now that I am dying, it will wrong no one to confess what has hitherto been kept a secret in my own bosom. You believed me false and fickle; you despised all women because of me, and I have suffered you to go on in ignorance, while all the time my heart has been slowly breaking for the want of your love. When you left me to go out into the world in search of fortune, my love for you wronged my Creator! I was an idolater, and you, Richard, were my idol. But if my love was strong, my pride was stronger, and when your letters, after growing less frequent, ceased altogether, I sought no explanation of your silence. Georgia Dale, my stepmother, was my counsellor, and because I listened to her my whole life has been shipwrecked. She it was who first whispered in my ear the story of your devotedness to a fair Southern heiress; she it was who brought me the letter containing the tidings of your marriage. Oh, Richard! Richard! who shall picture to you the days of agony which succeeded? But for all my regnant pride, I should have lost my reason! Well, after that Charles Gray sought my favor; my stepmother approved of him, and I perjured myself at God's holy altar! Too late I learned the truth! It was all a vile plot of Georgia Dale's; I stood between you and her; but for me, she hoped to win your love! You know the result; her success was not a success, but a failure; you fled from the country, cursing me in your heart, and never guessing that the fair, smiling bride of Charles Gray cast out a thought after you. Seven years ago my husband died, and during these seven intervening years I have earned my own and my children's bread by the labor of my hands. Once only in all that weary time have I looked on your face, and then you thought me hundreds of miles

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away; but my love was potent, and I journeyed, on foot and alone, a hundred leagues to see you once more. You were walking in the garden, and the woman whom you turned away when she asked for a draught of water was Violet Dale. I would not reveal myself to you; it is better as it is. And now God bless you, Richard Steele! I have loved you long, and you only; and in the heaven whither I am going there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage; meet me there!

VIOLET GRAY.

He finished the manuscript, and, bowing his face upon the open sheet, the long pent sorrow of his heart burst forth in tears—tears such as only one like him can shed. The closed chamber was opened at last, the double granite doors were rolled back, and the angels of tender Memory flew in and took up their abode there.

Violet Dale! Violet, the soft-eyed girl whom he had loved with the freshness of his youth and the fervor of his manhood; Violet, who had made his whole life a failure. And yet she had been pure and innocent; before the tribunal of his judgment she was blameless. Yet she was dead—what mattered this long-deferred discovery? It was now too late! Too late for her, but not too late for her children. They should be his, and he would be their father. And it was even so. Richard and Violet Gray went forth no more from Ireton Hall; henceforth their home was with the early friend of their mother.

Unbounded was the surprise in Milford when it was known that Mr. Steele had adopted two stranger children; but still greater was the astonishment when, on the following Sabbath, the rich man walked into church, leading the orphans, one on either side. The good work was begun, and it went on until Richard Steele's whole nature was revolutionized.

Years afterwards, while he lay on his deathbed, loving and grieving friends were around him, and at the very last he fancied he saw the face of his lost Violet hovering above the conch. And at his funeral there were few dry eyes, for the poor had learned to bless his bounty, and the sick and distressed offered up his name in their prayers; and all sorrowed alike, for they knew that the grave had closed over one whose hand was ever open to the calls of charity. And therefore say not, O cold cynic, that because men are harsh and cold there is no oasis in the desert, for in every human heart, however strong, there is a fountain of sweet waters, and happy is he who breaks the flinty barriers and allows the living stream to gush forth.

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LETTER FROM A PARENT TO A MARRIED DAUGHTER ON THE INDIFFERENCE DISPLAYED BY HER IN THE EDUCATION OF HER CHILDREN

(Godey's Lady's Book, 1861,
vol. 63, p. 139)

MY DEAREST CHILD: It is with the utmost reluctance I now write to you; but I fear I should not do well to keep silence on so important a subject; and as you have from infancy ever listened to a mother's advice, I feel encouraged to write, hoping you will receive it in the spirit of love in which it is written.

I have, for a long time, imagined that you did not manifest that anxiety about the education of your children which every mother should feel. There are many different methods of educating children, varying according to their stations in life; but all should be taught not to live for themselves only, but to be useful to their fellow-creatures. The minds of children are like young twigs, growing whichever way they

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are bent. Seldom will they grow straight of their own accord. They must be bent; and these immortal twigs are in your hands, my dearest Ellen, to be bent for time and eternity. Then, again, if their lives are spared, they will take their position in the world. You have often condemned the giddy, thoughtless *girls* who can talk of nothing but dress and parties, and the foppish young men who cannot converse for five minutes on anything interesting or instructive; and I have often told you the fault was in their education: they had never been taught that they had a nobler end to live for. Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it. Remember, my Ellen, God has committed these little ones to your care; and He will Himself demand how you have fulfilled your trust. Think not slightly of it. A mother's cares are very great, but her joys are as great also. In you were all my doubts and fears, my hopes and joys, centered; and you have exceeded all my expectations, and my anxieties are more than compensated in the love and confidence you have ever bestowed on me. That you may also obtain a mother's recompense is my earnest prayer; but, remember you cannot obtain it without a mother's care, and the care must come first. You will need great patience and perseverance; but you will obtain strength from on high, if you earnestly seek it, to guide you in guiding your children in the right way. Store their minds with useful knowledge, and then they will not feel awkward in the presence of educated persons; and, above all, dear Ellen, teach them to love and reverence their Maker:

they may not always have earthly parents, therefore impress upon their young minds the necessity of early seeking the Lord; and then it may be said of you, "The children arise and call her blessed." Oh, do not

neglect this important duty any longer, but from this time see to the education of your children; and may the blessing of God attend your efforts.

With kind love,
I remain, my dearest Ellen,
your affectionate mother.

VALUE OF GOOD WIVES

(Godey's Lady's Book, 1861,
vol. 63, p. 156)

WE are not about to write a homily on the duty of our wives; our sex have more frequently done this than pointed out the duty of husbands—duties which, we fear, are fully as often neglected as those of the wife. We commenced this article to remind men that they have no friend so entirely true to their interest as the wife. It is, therefore, more safe at all times to advice and counsel with our best friend in preference to those who are less interested in our welfare. A distinguished man once said that he never prospered in any enterprise where he had acted against the advice of his wife. Misfortunes or the result of bad speculations always bear on her most heavily. Her interests are inseparably identified with his own. The ready perception and timid caution of woman make her, especially to the impulsive and adventurous, peculiarly qualified to check the rash and adventurous act. Many a man whose fortunes are broken would have been in a happy and prosperous condition had he listened to the better counsels of the now afflicted partner of his troubles. A true-hearted wife is also our best friend in adversity, even when imprudence, incapacity, or even folly, or perhaps our vices have brought it upon us. Instead of reproaching him, she clings to and encourages him; her words of comfort and

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good cheer revive his hopes and his courage, and he is often able to retrieve his fortunes.

At worst, with such a friend, he holds up his head, and grapples manfully the difficulties of his lot. His position in society may be more or less reversed, and those who flattered and looked up to him may now pass him by coldly. A heartless world leaves him to his fate, or he may even be sneered at and frowned upon by those whom he once considered too mean and unworthy to be admitted to his society. However cold and heartless these, he is sure he has one dear friend; one bosom, one heart is true to him; that friend is his wife. After the toils of the day, after perhaps being buffeted off by those who were his sunshine friends, how reviving to his sinking spirits to mingle his soul with the dear one who has clung to him in weal and woe! What a cordial are her words of comfort when all without is dark? In this hour of darkness, surely she is to him God's messenger of mercy. While the true-hearted wife is all this and more to her husband, do we do well in all important matters not to consult so interested and faithful a friend? We repeat what we before said—the wife is our own safest and best adviser. The family is a little state; let those at the head of this little state mature all their plans by mutual, kindly, and wise counsels, and there will be fewer wrecks of the hopes of individuals and of families. Husbands, you will lose nothing, but gain much by trusting more to that dearest and best of all earthly friends, the person whom you have selected from all the world to be your life-long companion. Sir Walter Scott and the great Irish orator, Daniel O'Connell, at a late period of their lives, ascribed their success in the world principally to their wives. Were the truth known, theirs is the history of thousands.

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The Children's Hour
(Tales of a Wayside Inn, 1863,
p. 235-236)

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

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Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

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HOW FIVE BACHELORS KEPT HOUSE

(Select Readings from Poet and Prose
Writers of Every Country, 1864, p. 58)

It was a warm evening in early June, and in the parlor of a pleasant house in — street, in the handsome city of Philadelphia, a merry party of young folks were holding a warm laughing discussion.

Susy Arnold, the young hostess, who kept house for her two brothers, Harry and George, took one side of the question, while three other gentlemen, beside her tall brothers, opposed her. Charley Grey, a blue-eyed, curly-headed man, whose fair round face and boyish air formed an apparent contradiction to the assertion he made of having five years before attained his majority; Joe Morris, who from a Spanish mother inherited jetty hair and eyes, and a pale complexion, and from his father a tall, fine figure and a frank, ingenuous expression; and Milton Dacres, whose small figure and bashful ways accounted fully for his nickname Minnie; these three, with the masters of the house, waged playful war

upon the little brown-eyed maiden who sat so demurely upon the sofa.

"Say what you please," said Susy, "you will never convince me of the superiority of man in the capacity of housekeeper."

"But I maintain," cried Joe, "that men can keep house without women, but that women cannot do so, unless we will assist them."

"For instance," said Harry, "when Mary was sick last winter, Sue, how would such a mite as you are have brought up coal, kept up the furnace fire, and lifted about wood unless your two brothers had gallantly relieved you of the care?"

"Not to mention that the furnace fire went out three"—

"A truce!" said George, laughing. "That was my fault; but accidents will sometimes happen in the best regulated families,' as—somebody, name forgotten, once wisely remarked."

"I only wish you could keep house; for I would accept Aunt Jane's invitation to travel with her this summer, were it not for leaving you."

"I have an idea," here cried Charley Grey—"an idea which, if you will agree to act upon it, shall fully cure the women of the insane notion of their indispensability—ahem! that word nearly choked me."

"The ungallant sentence should have quite strangled you," said Susy.

"Present company always excepted," was the reply.

"The idea! Let's have the idea!"

"Suppose we keep house here, while Miss Susy travels."

"Here!" cried Snap, aghast.

"Yes, why not?"

"But," said Susy, "I'm sure Jenny would not stay."

"We don't want her; we want no women."

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Visions of muddy boots on her parlor sofas, cigars in the flower-vases, pipes on the centre-tables, spittoons in the best bedroom, and frying-pans in the library, flitted through, the young lady's mind; but before she could remonstrate, Harry said—

"So be it! Hurrah for bachelor's ball. Pack up your trunk, Susy!"

"But Harry"—

"Glorious!" cried Charley, "not a petticoat within the doors for a month."

"But"—again said poor Susy.

"No fusses about tobacco smoke in the curtains," chimed in George.

"But, brother"—

"Won't it be gay?" said Minnie.

"Ha!" groaned the little housekeeper.

"Lay in a supply of cigars, George," suggested Joe. "When do you go, Miss Susy?"

"Monday." Aunt Jane's letter said Monday!" said Harry.

"Monday, then! We will come, bag and baggage, on Monday morning."

"On an express stipulation that not a woman performs a stroke of work for us for a month." With many a flourish, amidst the gayest jests, George wrote out a solemn contract, by which they bound themselves to ask no service of any kind at woman's hand for one month from the date of the following Monday, June ___, 1860 and all put their signatures to the important document.

Susy, seeing that her brothers really were in earnest, tried to think she was glad to go, and added her laughing directions to the many schemes proposed. At a later hour, the conclave broke up, and Susy retired with a head full of plans, and a heart full of sore misgivings.

Monday morning rose fair and clear. Nine saw Susy drive away from the door in a carriage, the trunk strapped behind, the lady's pretty travelling-dress, and the shawl of her cousin and cavalier all bespeaking

travel. Seven saw the servant depart, to spend a month with her mother in the country.

Nine o'clock witnessed the meeting of the merry young bachelors.

"Now then," said George, after the first greetings were over, "I, as the eldest host, will take the charge to-day. As Susy says, when are you going down town?"

"I have nothing to do to-day, so I'll stay to assist you," said Minnie.

"Thank you!"

"What's for dinner?" said Joe, trying to look like the head of a respectable family, and failing most deplorably in the attempt.

"You'll see at three o'clock."

"Is that the hour?"

"Yes."

"Remember," said George, "I wait for no one. Punctuality is the soul of dinner, as somebody once said before I mentioned the fact."

Having seen the others off, George and Minnie went into the library for a smoke, to prepare them for the Herculean task before them.

"See," said George, producing a cook-book; "we are safe."

"Mrs. ___! that's a woman!" cried Minnie. "We never once thought of that. We will stick to the contract. My dear madam, I am sorry to appear rude, but I must show you back to the bookcase."

"What's for dinner?" said Minnie.

"Roast lamb, potatoes, green peas, asparagus, and strawberries."

"That'll do. Don't 'you have to shell peas or something?"

"Yes, that's easy enough."

"It's awfully hot," said Minnie, after a short silence.

"Horrid!"

"Suppose we shell the peas up here. It's cooler here than in the kitchen. I suppose there's a fire there?"

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"Of course."

"I'll go bring them up."

"They're in a basket on the table. Just leave the rest of the things down there." Shelling peas was rapid work even for unaccustomed fingers, but it is a matter of taste whether the thorough smoking they had from two actively-puffed cigars improved their flavor. "Now, what do you do with them?" said Minnie. "There ain't many," he added, as he looked at the little green balls rolling about at the bottom of the huge market basket, and then eyed the large pile of shells on the floor.

"You boil them, of course," was George's answer.

"Oh! Suppose we go down."

"Well, come along," said George, taking up the basket.

The fire burned brightly; Jennie had left all in good order, and the prospect was not bad for the amateur cooks.

"What do you boil them in, George?"

"Oh, anything."

"But where is it?"

"In some of the closets, I guess!"

Sissy would certainly have fainted could she have seen the overhauling of her neatly arranged closets that followed.

"This?" Minnie dragged forth a pot large enough to boil about twenty pounds of meat in. "Yes."

In they went, unwashed.

"Hot water, or cold?"

"Either."

"All right; that's done."

"Now the asparagus. How do you fix it?"

"I wonder if you roast mutton in this thing?" said George, holding up a large pudding-dish "I guess so. Put it in the oven, don't you?"

"Y-e-e-s." George determined to find a book on cookery, written by a man, the very next day.

"You boil asparagus, don't you, George?"

"Yes; here's a tin thing that's long and shallow; I guess that's for such things." And a dripping-pan came forth from the closet.

The asparagus fitted in like a charm, as both men declared, and water was added and all set on the range.

The mutton next went, on the pudding-dish, into the oven.

"Come, let's go upstairs again; it's fearfully hot here," said George.

"But the dinner?"

"Oh, that's got nothing to do but cook till three o'clock."

"Oh, George, here's the potatoes."

Another pot was produced, and the potatoes, with about two gallons of water to the half peck of potatoes, put on the fire.

Smoking, chatting, reading, and a little practice on the violin filled up the morning, though George declared it was "horrid slow," and Minnie wondered what on earth women did with themselves.

Half past two brought home three hungry men to dinner.

Leaving the cooks to "dish up," they all adjourned to the parlor to cool themselves. That it was rather dusty there was not noticed. Jennie had made the beds before she left, but dusting the parlors was Susy's work, and her early start had prevented her from doing it.

"George"—Minnie's voice was rather doleful.

"What!"

The fire's out!"

"Out!"

"I wonder if anything's cooked?"

"The asparagus is burnt fast to the pan."

"So is the meat!"

"The potatoes?"

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"Broken all to pieces, and floating about in the water."
"These peas are all mushy, Minnie?"
"Punctuality is the soul of dinner," cried Joe, from the parlor; "it's ten minutes past three."
"Go set the table," growled George.
It was unique in its arrangements, that table, as the gentlemen sat down to dinner. The meat figured on an enormous dish, with an ocean of white china surrounding its shrunken proportions. The potatoes, in little lumps, unskinned, were piled in a fruit dish; the green mass which Minnie had with infinite difficulty fished from the big meat pot, was served up a red earthen plate, and the stalks of asparagus were in the salad-bowl. The table-cloth was awry, and the napkins were omitted altogether.
"Where's the gravy?" was Joe's first question.
"There wasn't any."
"The meat's burned," cried one voice.
"It is stone cold," said another.
"What's this?" said a third, digging into the pile of peas.
"Faugh!" followed a daring attempt to eat some asparagus.
"Never mind," said Joe. "Rome was not built in a day. Give us some bread and butter, and pickles, George."
"No, not pickles, preserves," said Charley.
"Susy locked both up," cried Harry, laughing. "She declared a woman put them up, and that if we wanted them we must prepare them for ourselves."
Minnie produced the strawberries, and some sugar, and the gentlemen declared they had dined superbly.
"You fellows clear away," said Minnie; "we're tired."

"You wash up, don't you?" queried Joe.
"Yes."
"Where's the water?"
"In the hydrant."
"What do you wash 'em in?"
"Tub."
Away went Joe on a voyage of investigation, and returned soon with a tin dish full of cold water. The "leavings," as Harry termed the remains of the sumptuous dinner, were thrown from the window into Susy's flower-beds, and, armed with a bar of soap and a blue damask table napkin, Joe began to "wash up."
"How the grease sticks!"
Perspiration streaming from every pore, he rubbed manfully at the greasy plates and dishes, and if the water was cold, he certainly was not.
"I've wet my shirt front!"
"That went in my eyes; somebody wipe them; my hands are wet. Don't rub them out, Hal!"
"Come, some of you, wipe up!"
The table was cleared at last. Five damp, greasy napkins, thrown into a corner of the room, testified that the dishes were washed and wiped. The water followed the "leavings," and the quintet sat down to "cool off." (Do cigars assist that operation?)
Spite of the superb dinner, five "inner men" called, like Oliver Twist, for snore, at about seven o'clock.
"What's for tea?" Somebody started the question.
"What's for tea?" Four voices echoed it. "Let's have coffee; I can make coffee," said George.
"And a steak; I can cook it," said Joe.
"There's bread and butter," said Harry.
George went for the steak; Minnie undertook to make the fire; Harry cut the bread; Joe set the table; while Charley

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"cleared the kitchen" by sweeping the pots and pans used at dinner into a closet, washing being omitted in the operation.

Minnie, blowing and puffing making the fire, was saluted with—"How it smokes!"

"What ails the fire, Min?"

Harry discovered the cause, pulled out the damper, and a merry blaze repaid him. The coffee boiled, the steak sputtered in the pan, and the men panted, perspired, whistled and used improper words over the heat.

It was a good supper, and, piling up the dishes which it was "too hot to wash," the five bachelors returned to the parlor.

It was involuntary, but each pair of eyes rested for a moment on the seat Stray was wont to occupy. A little music, more talk, and still more smoking filled the time till midnight, when each one yawned himself off to bed. Harry, who was always the one to "lock up," stayed the latest. The kitchen looked dreary; no fire, greasy frying-pan placed as a helmet over the coffee-pot, bits of bread lying about loose, dirty pots here, and dirty dishes there. The parlor was in disorder; chairs stood in forlorn confusion; smoke hung over all. The dining-room, with its piles of dirty cups, saucers, and plates, its unswept floor, greasy napkins, and smoky atmosphere, was worst of all, and Harry inwardly admitted that "somehow, the house didn't look as usual."

There was fun the next morning making up beds. The milkman and baker had vainly knocked for admittance, and finally "retired in disgust," and the bachelors breakfasted off the stale bread left from the night's feast, and coffee black and sweet.

"Every man clears up his own room."

The order given, each started to obey. Joe pulled off all the clothes from his bed, and, having laid the bolster and pillow

on, proceeded to put on first a blanket, next a spread, and finally the two sheets, finishing off the whole by putting himself on top to rest from his toils. Minnie, after pulling all the clothes off one side in trying to tuck them in on the other, and then correcting the mistake by tucking them in on the other side and pulling them off the first, put his bolster on over the pillow, and concluded it "would do." Charley merely smoothed his down, sagely observing that if he pulled the things off he never could put them on again. Harry and George, who shared the same room, having followed Charley's plan, put on an extra touch by sweeping their room, and leaving the pile of dust in the entry. "Excelsior!"

Three days' experience convinced them that bachelors' cookery was slow starvation. Steaks and coffee for breakfast were followed by coffee and steaks for dinner, and both for tea. Charley suggested that they should have their meals sent from a restaurant.

"All men cooks, so we stick to the contract," was his final observation.

The motion was seconded, and carried by unanimous vote.

By this time every dish, plate, napkin, pot, and pan in the house was dirty, and, joyfully concluding that they wouldn't want them anymore, the gentlemen piled them up in the kitchen sink, on the floor and tables, and left them.

"Harry"—it was George's voice—"I haven't got a clean shirt."

"Nor I."

"Nor I."

"Nor I."

"I've got one."

"Nor a handkerchief, nor a collar, nor a pair of stockings, nor—"

"Stop! Two weeks since Susy went, and no washing-day."

There was a dead silence.

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"Who knows how to wash?"

No answer.

"I—I 've seen it done," said one faint voice, owned by Charley. "You soap the things and rub 'em on a board."

"Can anybody iron?"

They all thought they could manage that part.

The kitchen was opened for the first time for ten days. One cry burst from five lips. Tables, chairs, floor, dresser, sink, were one mass of roaches, collected by the piles of greasy dishes. They overran every place.

"Shut the door. Now for it," cried George, and dashed at the invaders. Bedlam seemed to have broken loose. In reaching after one of the "critters," Charley upset the table. Crash went the crockery. Screams of laughter, cries of disgust, blows thick as hail, comments on the heat, jokes, warnings flew about for an hour, and then the panting party ceased from their labors, and viewed sternly the "cold corpses" of their foes. A scream from Minnie—

"There's one down my back!"

George cried—"Joe, there's one on your hair!"

"Don't mention it. Look at the fellow on your shirt sleeve."

A general stampede for the bath-room followed.

"Let's wash up here."

No sooner said than done. The soiled clothes were collected from all the rooms, and the boards and soap brought up from the kitchen.

Joe and Harry washed, blistering hands and streaming foreheads testifying to their efforts. Cold water required a great deal of rubbing, and somehow the things had a yellow tinge after all, as George remarked as he wrung them out. Minnie, objecting to going into the yard, hung them over the chairs in the dining-room and the banisters in the entry as fast as George and Charley

wrung them out. Dinner time came, and found them still at work. Dinner eaten, the dishes carried off by the waiter from the restaurant, they changed places, and the washers wrung and hung up, while the others washed.

Six o'clock saw the last shirt hanging in damp limpness over the parlor chandelier; the handkerchiefs waved from the mantelpiece, and the stockings dangled from the bars of the Canterbury.

"They always iron the next day, so they can dry in the night," said Harry.

After another slaughter of roaches in the morning, the fire was lighted, the irons put on, and the clothes collected, rough dry, for the final touches. Every man had visions of smooth, clean linen to repay him for his unaccustomed efforts. Such is hope.

Charley took the first step. Planting his iron on the front of a shirt, a smell greeted his nostrils, and he lifted it again to behold a large brown mark, the precise shape of the flatiron, burned on the bosom of his "go-to-meeting" shirt. Minnie's iron, being almost cold, was travelling briskly up and down his shirt, but producing no visible effect.

It was humiliating, but true, that Joe took an order to a gentlemen's hosiery shop that morning for a supply of linen, and the "washed clothes" were consigned to the "pot closet" to await, Sissy's return.

Susy's return! How can I describe it! Every man on that day found he had an imperative engagement abroad, and the little maiden found an empty house. She went first to the parlor. Dust lay in piles. One curtain was torn from the cornice, and lay in limp folds against the window. Cigars lay about loose, some whole, some half smoked, some reduced to a mere stump; spittoons were in every corner; the chairs were "promiscuously deranged;" on the centre-table three bottles, and about two dozen

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tumblers replaced her pretty book. The piano bore two pairs of boots, deposited there when the owners were too tired to go upstairs, and forgotten afterwards; the Canterbury had a dish of chicken salad reposing peacefully upon it; one ottoman supported some hair brushes, another a sponge; every chair carried some relic of the departed guests, here a handkerchief, there a cigar-case, on one a pocket comb, on another a toothpick. Susy was dismayed; but, like a brave little woman, determined to face all "the mess" at once. The kitchen came next. As we have described it on the eventful ironing day, so it remained, roaches inclusive, meandering everywhere. The library was next in order, and it was the counterpart of the parlor, only more so; dining-room ditto; bedrooms to match.

Susy looked at the washboards in the bathroom, the market-basket in the library, the parlor chairs in the kitchen ("It was nearest," Joe said when he brought them out); the frying pan in the best bedroom (Charley broke his basin) ; the bread-pan in the spare room (for dirty water, Joe said) ; the dish-cloths in the bedrooms (towels all dirty). She contemplated the floors, unwept for a month; marked the dust, the accumulation of a similar time; and then went to her own room, the only orderly because undisturbed place in the house. A little note lay on her table:—

We own beat! It does takes a woman! We beg pardon! We'll never do so any more! Clear up, and invite us to dinner.

FIVE REPENTANT BACHELORS.

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We sincerely hope that you have enjoyed this gift of honor to our late father, James Worbly.

As this was our gift to him, the cost of this special edition has been born by his loving daughters, so there will be no advertising in this edition.

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JAMES JOSIAH WORBLY

1799-1865

Devoted Husband

Loving Father

Faithful Christian

