

with her, and feel her awful presence day and night, with no hand that you once clasped, no heart that you once lightened to help you bear it, O, you will find it hard; you will wish that you had thought more of others; you will wish that you had pressed feverish hands, and touched burning pillows, and said comforting words to those crushed to the earth with sorrow; with all your soul you will wish that you had lived a fuller, richer, tenderer life—spoken a kind word oftener, and checked a harsh one always. You will wish that you had lived so that now you did not have to "weep alone."

When you shake hands with any one, do it as if you meant it. Don't shake his hand and arm nearly off, and don't hold his hand until his embarrassment becomes painful to witness, but give him your whole hand with a kind, firm, gentle pressure. Don't make a practice of giving your hand to everybody—give it only to those for whom you have a really kind feeling, or for whom at even a first meeting you feel that you will have a genuine liking. Society teaches us many frivolous and foolish ways, and one of the most foolish is the limp touching of finger tips. We all know the woman who says "So glad to see you," and touches your hand with flimsy fingers, thereby proving that she is not sincere in her assertion. It is never well to affect a feeling. If you do not care enough for one to give him a gentle hand clasp, it is better to keep your fingers at home, because they will surely tell him that you are listless, indifferent. A hand is as wise in its way as a child; and should it go out in all sincerity and kindness only to come in contact with limp, meaningless fingers, it will experience revulsion and disappointment even as does the child that smiles up into a strange face only to receive a dark frown or an impatient word.

A woman who dresses well and a woman who dresses in the latest style are two very different women. The woman who dresses well selects her gowns with care, even if she be wealthy, paying strict attention to quality, color and the chances of their wearing well; the woman who dresses in the latest style buys showy gowns and cheap ones necessarily, because styles change so often.

"Why do you buy so many wool dresses?" said one lady to another the other day.

"Because I can not afford so many silk dresses," the other replied demurely.

"How much did the wool you are wearing cost?"

"Ten dollars—for the goods without the trimming."

"I thought so," she exclaimed triumphantly. "Well, now, you see this lovely amber silk I am wearing. It cost just \$10. With the same money and a little tact I got a silk, while you, minus the tact, my dear, have only a wool."

However, the "lovely amber silk" was cheap, flimsy and skimpy—which, I believe, is a purely feminine word, although so expressive. One glance would tell a sensible woman that it was not worth buying. Everything about the wearer of that silk dress corresponded—she deserves credit, at least, for that. Her boots were of cheap kid, round-toed, high-heeled, and all out of shape; her gloves had been purchased at a "damaged" sale, and were covered with little, brown freckles; she wore jewelry everywhere—in her ears, her hair, on her hands, arms and throat, and she fairly jingled with bangles. I saw her at a ball one night, wearing a paste diamond ring over a primrose glove. She may be found in the best society, too; there is no denying that. And if only her heart were kind, we might forgive her peculiar taste. But she is the woman who "runs us up" from head to foot; who asks us what our hats cost, and the size of our grocer's bills; who tells us Mrs. Governor So-

and-so is her most intimate friend, and that she has owed Mrs. Senator So-and-so a call so long that she is quite ashamed; and she thinks it "so absurd to talk about society in the west, because there is none—none at all, you know." In a word, she is the woman who might read this description of herself and say: "Now, do you suppose there really are such people as that? Awfully exaggerated, I think, don't you know?"

Some women are so good that they are not appreciated. They perform little duties that are not really required at their hands and thus spoil husband and children until too much is expected of them, and they come to find that they have not a moment that belongs exclusively to themselves. There is no earthly reason why a wife should polish her husband's boots or brush his clothing; yet I actually know women who are proud to do these things. The men who permit their wives to perform such menial services for them are, of course, not worthy the name, and the more you do for them the more will they expect. You should remember, also, that if you spoil your boys in the same way, you are laying the foundation for a life of misery and thankless toil for the women who are to be their wives in the future—you are not the only one who will suffer by your voluntary slavery. Teach your boys not only to wait upon themselves, but to be thoughtful of you and of their sisters. Do your duty, but do not wear out strength, patience and self-respect by doing a thousand and one things that should not be expected of you. The woman who is a faithful wife, a true and tender mother, and a good housekeeper does as much as God expects any human being to do; yet how often is she appreciated at her true worth? How often do "her children rise up and call her blessed," and her husband praise her? How many, many times is she called upon to deny herself that others may take pleasure! How many needless steps her tired feet take! How many head-aches—yes, and heart-aches—she carries to her lonely pillow! But when she is gone—ah, then we appreciate her! Then we miss her, honor her, love her! Then we wish we had been kinder to her, more thoughtful and tender of her! We look at the care-lined face, sealed in death, at the silver hair, the tired droop of the lips, the corded, folded hand, and we wish—O, with what a choking sob we wish—that we had kissed her oftener; that we had but laid our hand upon her each time we passed her; that we had spared her more steps, more slights, more hurts; we would give the world if she could hear us cry, "O, mother, I loved you so!"—but—and the thought shakes our very soul with vain regret—we would give still more if we could only take that tired, worn-out look from her dear face. O, you who have your wife or mother with you yet, do not let her face wear that look when she lies dead—for that is the hardest of all to bear.

There is a paradisaical place in Russia where all the courting is done by women, which reminds me that I do love leap year balls. I love the blank expression that gradually grows on the face of the young man who came so confidently and so airily, but who sat up in the corner half the evening looking imploringly at each damsel who ignored him. I love, too, the disgusted tone in which he says: "Enjoy it? Didn't see anything to enjoy."

The floral bracelet is one of the latest "fads" that has sense, beauty and poetry to recommend it. It is made of real flowers—violets or golden rod, preferably—and clasps about the fleshy part of the arm, near the shoulder. Dark, vibrant violets blending into the white skin of a lovely arm is surely to be preferred to a broad band of gold thickly crusted with gems.