

their petals. An unexpected kindness from a stranger often puts a song into a lonely heart for many hours, and by some is never forgotten. I am firmly convinced that there are people who would say "Thanks" if you told them their mother was dead; the word lives on the tips of their tongues and airs itself on every possible occasion. I once saw an old lady express her gratitude for a real kindness that had been done unto her by tearful eyes, a trembling hand-clasp and quivering lips. I was just beginning to feel my eyes grow moist, when she exclaimed, "O, thanks." The effect was electrical, and a terrible sense of the ridiculous stole over me, and would not be conquered. Don't say "Thanks."

A. D. Rockwell, M. D., in a paper in *Leslie's Newspaper*, entitled "Why Americans are Nervous," gives some facts worthy of deep thought on the part of his readers. Speaking of women, he advances, I think, some of the most sensible reasons ever expressed why so many are restless, nervous, dissatisfied and discontented; why they worry and fret, and think themselves abused and unhappy—often without reason. He says: "The Indian squaw, sitting in front of her wigwam, keeps almost all of her force in reserve. The slow and easy drudgery of the savage domestic life in the open air—unblest and uncursed by the exhausting sentiment of love, never calls for the full quota of available nerve force. The sensitive white woman—pre-eminently the American woman—with small inherited endowment of force; living indoors; torn and crossed by happy or unhappy love; subsisting on fiction, journals, receptions \* \* \* can never hold reserve, but must live, and does live, in a physical sense, from hand to mouth, giving out quite as fast as she takes in."

Such good, plain truth from a man and physician must be beneficial to every woman who reads it. There is not one of us who may not profit by it, although we will all agree that we do not know what he means by saying "torn and crossed by happy or unhappy love." It is not easy for a woman to comprehend how happy love can hurt her; it is only when happy love becomes unhappy love that she is "torn and crossed" by emotions beyond human control. Observation will prove, I believe, that the woman past the age of thirty who has retained a fresh, vigorous, thoroughly happy and contented look is the exception, instead of the one with hollow eyes and lines of care traced upon her pale face. It is the waste of nerve force that is accountable for the premature breaking down of so many women. How rare a thing, to-day, is perfect, healthy, finely developed womanhood! Even when nature has, apparently, done her work well, how often does heredity lay its cold hand on its victim and claim her as the heir of another's sins! Nervousness, worry, fret and melancholia can be cured by no physicians on earth. They may give you bromide of potassa, or valerianate of ammonia, to quiet your nerves, but it will only afford you temporary relief. There is but one cure for these diseases; it is an easy, and a sure, one, too, if you will but take it according to directions, which are: "One good, strong dose every minute that you are awake." It is called will-power, and, although it may conflict with some other medicine you may wish to take, it is the only one that will cure you permanently—especially if your mother and grandmother took it in their days. If they did not, you should begin to take it immediately, if only that the dose may be easier for your own children to take in the future. To, in time, bring about a generation of strong, beautiful, calm-breasted, finely developed, bright-eyed, clear-complexioned, intelligent and happy women—would not that be worth working for and waiting for? But we must first give up late hours, sensational reading and cer-

tain kinds of food and drink; and we must learn to fill in every moment of time with work—and sufficient will-power to conquer any tendency toward "blues," worry and discontent will do the rest.

A western paper has the following notice: "Miss Blank, formerly forelady at Mrs. Crank's, has severed her connection with that establishment, and may be now found"—and so on.

The notice is all right with the exception of calling herself forelady. As there is no such word, it is precisely as if she had registered at an hotel, "Miss Blank, lady." One who is capable of being a forewoman in any business or work should feel sufficient pride in herself to have no false desire to force upon others the fact that she is also a lady. There are only two other sweeter words than woman, and they are mother and heaven.

Once a lady, traveling alone, late at night stood at the ticket window in a Portland station, while a number of well dressed but boorish men jostled her and crowded back until she began to fear she would not be able to procure her ticket in time. She finally asked a man who was pushing through the crowd if he would get it for her, but was very indignant because she heard him say—although his tone was low and respectful—"There is a woman here who wishes a ticket to Tacoma." Let us be proud to be, first of all, women; and, if we wish any further distinction, let us be in very truth gentlewomen, and leave the "lady" part to those who do not know what a noble word "woman" is. If you do not believe in the wisdom of this suggestion, go into the kitchen and ask Bridget if she is a lady. See if she doesn't swell and grow purple with indignation, and exclaim: "Shure an' Oi am; a' 'I ye wur wan yerself ye wudn't 'e' ben alther axin' it!"

A young woman, starting out in life, received the following maxim as the first and most important lesson to be mastered: "Learn to be laughed at." It is not particularly grammatical, but it is certainly worth learning and remembering. The fear of ridicule often conquers our sincere desire to do something which, if accomplished, would work good unto others. We should all be grateful for advice and kindly criticism; but sarcasm and ridicule should always be ignored, as they are only injurious to the one who indulges in them. I once saw a poor horse break its leg, and its owner, instead of shooting it there and then, drove it fully 200 yards down a planked hill to the beach, so that, when it had been shot, the tide would carry it out to sea, and spare him the trouble of burying it. I longed to interfere; but the dread of being laughed at and called "tender-hearted" held me back. I am well punished, however, for my silly timidity, because I shall never forget the look of dumb suffering in that horse's eyes as he stumbled past me, or cease to hear the awful, awful sound of his feet coming down upon the hard planking as they heard him, step by cruel step, down to the blue, sunlit sea to his shot. And I wish some one had, long ago, taught me the lesson of "Learn to be laughed at."

Pretty lamps brighten up a dull room wonderfully, and it is easy to select those that will reflect your own individuality. An oil well, burner, etc., may be safely inserted, by a skillful workman, in a pretty jar or vase—give it the Boston pronunciation, if you please—and will be a "thing of beauty and a joy forever." Don't forget the candles in their pretty holders, though; they soften the liveliest faces and make tender the brightest eyes. One feels a delicious sense of languor upon entering a candle-lit room.