

plain, homely girl whom I had not noticed stepped quietly to her and restored the glasses. "Let me help you," she said in a voice that, I think, must have seemed like that of an angel to the poor, old, lonely woman; and she deftly picked up everything—even the ham sandwich—and placed them in the basket. Teach your girl that it is an unpardonable sin to maliciously, or even thoughtlessly, ridicule any one. Try to make her understand that contentment is something that most rich men would give all their riches to possess. And, of all things, teach her to never excuse one fault in herself, but to be ever generous and lenient toward the faults of others. These lessons, well learned, will be like roses along her way.

Mr. George W. Childs says that the secret of success is "the doing good and being kind to others. It is so easy to set out right in this world, and to form character by training one's self to acts of generosity and kindness. Presently it becomes natural to do good and be unselfish."

This sounds pretty, but Mr. Childs makes the common mistake of successful people—he either forgets or takes it for granted that all circumstances are the same as those which attended his own "setting out" in life. It is not easy to set out right in this world for a good many of us; on the contrary, it is very difficult. That is the reason why we so often make mistakes that cause our hearts to ache ever afterward when we think of them. The rest of his advice is all right, of course; but take a child from the middle class whose parents are uneducated, easy-moraled people—working, grasping, hoarding, with no thought save for "getting along" in the world; who is taught to eat and drink and sleep, and to say his prayers, yet who never hears a prayer said; that he must not swear, by parents who themselves swear and use coarse language; that he must not deceive, by parents who are openly deceptive; that he must neither lie nor quarrel, by parents who do both daily. You may find such children all about you. Is it "so easy" for them to set out right? Is it "so easy" for them to avoid mistakes and errors and wrongs? Is it "so easy" for them to form characters by training themselves in acts of generosity and kindness? No; it is not easy. They may come to a comprehension of their mistakes as they grow older, they may work their way into the right and good path of life, and look back to their childhood, shuddering at the real dangers they so narrowly escaped; but the "setting out" is hard—hard and bitter and disheartening.

If those who are blessed with flowers would remember those who are not, they would brighten many a lonely hour. I have seen the faces of the roughest, coarsest men soften at sight of a flower; then, how much more must a refined woman-nature long for their sweetness and purity. O, you who have flowers, spare a few from your luxuriant gardens! Do not deem it a waste to pluck them to lie upon some restless, lonely bosom. Send them into little, close sewing-rooms where young girls sit, stifling, with all innocent pleasure crowded out of their lives; into dusty printing offices, where even men, stooping over their cases, will see the eyes of sister, mother or sweetheart looking out of a violet, reminding them of promises long forgotten and prayers long said; send them, if you can, into saloons—they are so pure that, even there, there is nothing that can defile them or harm them, and—who knows—they may do a little good; they may, like a pure, strong love that will not die, that will not give up or falter, by their very purity and breath of heaven, hold some man back from the brink of ruin, and steady his feet for a fresh start. And do not forget the tired mother who sits at home alone, working for the absent ones—often

without appreciation, often without remembrance, often without love; the dear, weary home-keeper who works for all, who bears the burdens for all, and who often and often can not see the work in her lap for the hopeless tears that well up to her eyes and fall down upon her tired hands. When she dies, the ones she has toiled for will cover her with flowers and kind words; but just now they are forgotten. So, you who have flowers, send her some now while she may enjoy them.

The Duchess of Aosta has the distinction of possessing the most elaborate mourning cloak that the genius of Paris could devise. It is made of very heavy, lustrous silk, trimmed with flat bands of the richest ostrich plumes, headed by bands of costly, dull jet.

Is one's sorrow to be gauged by the elaborate richness and originality of one's mourning costumes? Would it not be well to put aside the mockery of "grief clothes" altogether? It is only a barbarous fashion which, in many, many cases, outlives the grief of the wearer. What is so incongruous as a laughing face framed in habiliments of woe? Yet how frequently it is seen. It has become a hackneyed jest that the deeper the widow's mourning costume and the greater the length of her veil the sooner will she be reconciled. It is not in accordance with nature's laws that we should grieve always. After a time we must eat, drink and sleep; we must take up life's burden, and, for the sake of those about us, we must be cheerful and strive to throw off the selfishness of our sorrow. By and by, before we are aware of it, we will be smiling, we will be unconsciously leaning unto a new to-morrow in which our dead has no place save that of remembrance, and then—then—when we once more take pleasure in our friendships, in flowers, in music, in laughter, in life itself, our clothes of woe will arise and confront us with stern eyes of reproach.

A writer in a late number of a household magazine says: "Choose your sweetheart carefully, wisely and tenderly. Remember he is to be your husband, but surely you are not one of the girls who has a sweetheart here, and one there, and gives a little love to this one, and a little to that one, until when the real one appears the perfect bloom has gone from the peach and she can not give him what he offers her."

The advice is beautiful—beautiful. But, O, if she had only stopped when she got to the peach! The last sentence is too utterly ridiculous. Can not give him what he offers her! Take a man and a woman whom the world calls good; let them love—marry, if you will—and tell me what gift does she receive from him that will in the smallest degree compare with the gift she makes to him. Let the woman answer—down in their hearts.

"What is conscience? If there be such a power, what is its power? It would seem to be simply this: To approve of our own conduct when we do what we believe to be right, and to censure us when we commit whatever we judge to be wrong."

O, certainly; but conscience is nearly always approving—sometimes, indeed, landing us to the very skies. It is not her fault, though, that she does not censure offences; it is ours, because we always persuade ourselves that whatever we do is right, while this same right in others would be wrong.

According to Miss Modjeska, if a woman wishes to rub out the color in her cheeks she should wear a red gown or plenty of red ribbons about her throat; on the other hand, if she wishes to give her face a certain touch of color, let her wear red above her face, in hat or flowers. It may be added that no color so touches up and warms a sallow skin as deep, rich red.