

out into the wrong path blindly, and is now afraid to go back to the right one lest he find his flower dead. I do so want him who is discouraged to take heart again, for it is more than likely that the tender flower he trampled upon is waiting to spring to life and trust at his touch. But, Oh, let him be sincere—sincere and true.

I have never heard of a society for the prevention of cruelty to insects, but I should like to hear of one. I think it would bring about better results, even, than the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. I have often—not once in a while, but often—seen highly educated and refined women who took strong interest in church and charitable affairs, who would weep over a horse with a broken leg or the imaginary sorrow of the heroine of an emotional play, thrust a pin through a happy, golden butterfly and, in keenest satisfaction and delight, watch the beautiful, palpitating thing throb out its little life—so brief a thing at its best—slowly and in bitter torture. I have seen such women smile triumphantly at the rare specimen they secured. Well, they may smile and they may have their rare specimens, as there is no way to prevent them; but I should think those tiny eyes of tortured entreaty and those golden, drumming wings would awaken them sometimes in the lonely nights and cause them to turn uneasily upon their pillows. A woman who will do such a cruel thing has naturally brutal instincts; she may acquire a fair mastery of them by education, but they will break out at time, and she is not to be wholly trusted. If it absolutely necessary to take the life of an animal or of an insect, for God's sake, take it as quickly and as painlessly as possible; and under no circumstances take the life of the humblest thing that crawls merely for your own gratification or vanity. If you meet a little harmless insect or worm, turn your foot an inch to one side and let it live a trifle longer. Teach your children that it is as sinful to torture an insect as it is to abuse an intelligent horse, or to tell a lie. We have all to one day suffer death, and well will it be with us if we may, when that dread time comes, cry with an unfrightened conscience: "Father! Be Thou as tender to my sufferings as I have been to those of the humblest and lowliest thing that crawls."

The use of slang seems to possess a peculiar fascination for some people. It is so expressive; it says so much in so few words. Innately refined people often yield to the temptation of indulging in its use. There is another peculiarity about it, too—it is like sin: a terrible thing in others, but not so bad in ourselves. Other people, you know, do wrong through very viciousness and love of wrong, but we—Oh, dear me! We have a thousand reasons and excuses at the tip of our tongue! God allowed us to be tempted beyond our strength, and all that sort of a thing. Besides, it can not be so wrong when we really did not mean to do wrong, and struggled so against it, and never gave up until—h'm—until our strength failed. Well, it is just so with the use of slang. We do not mean to be coarse, we have no intention of being coarse, and we would be indignant if anyone insinuated that we used slang.

"I can't tolerate Mrs. So-and-So," I heard a woman say the other day. "She uses such utterly utter slang, I always feel that she needs to be sat down upon—slang is so coarse."

Why the world should bother itself about the personal, and, therefore, one would naturally presume, sacred, affairs of prominent people, is not easily understood. What can it matter to disinterested parties that Mrs. Burnett does not live harmoniously with her husband? She has worked so hard and so

conscientiously to give pleasure to others that we might, at least, have the charity and the good taste to respect her domestic troubles, and not be forever dragging her skeleton out of its closet and dangling it before her eyes. It is time that the cheap gossip about people's home life, which not only runs through the sensational papers but even appears in more dainty apparel in better publications, should be frowned down. It is usually untrue and always unjust.

*Table Talk* tells us how to utilize the little, thin, wooden plates now used so extensively in sending out lunches from restaurants and bakeries. Take two perfect plates; cut one in heart form, gild or bronze it inside and out; fasten it to the other plate by means of small holes, about three-fourths of an inch from the edges, through which are run silken cords. Sketch a pretty design on the upper plate, and the result is unique.

Some people go through life always behind time. If they say they will come at three, they mean half past three; and when they finally put in an appearance they do it leisurely and good naturedly, and are mildly surprised if you insinuate that that you are displeased. When they die, though, their friends will be avenged; because they will probably reach the gates of heaven ten minutes behind time—and find them closed.

A woman of position in London society recently resorted to an original device to decide who should take whom to dinner. The male guests were put up at auction and went to the highest bidder, in imaginary sums, the description of the human wares being hit off wittily by the auctioneer. We may now expect all our Anglomaniacs to follow suit, and some men may feel humiliated to find how cheaply they are held.

As a blind mother would know her own child among a thousand others merely by touching it, so a true woman feels instantly the difference between insinuating flattery which always has an object in view, and the expression of genuine appreciation which never has birth in a heart that is not kind and sincere and generous.

It is a good thing to never envy any one; and it is a still better thing to never get the idea that any one envies you. The first makes you dissatisfied only with yourself; while the second makes every one else dissatisfied with you.

Franklin says: "If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself." Yes: and if you would have a lenient master, and one that will readily pardon all your shortcomings, *serve yourself*.

Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland was born in 1846. She has taught school, edited a paper, reigned in the white house, and written a book of essays and a novel. She has a clear, clean, well kept look.

The three most popular women in England, according to a vote taken recently, are the Princess of Wales, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Miss Ellen Terry.

Some forgive for the pure good of forgiving, which is divine; but some, alas! forgive because they are not strong enough to stand alone and suffer, and that is sad.