## WOMAN AND HOME.

NOTHING IN THE WORLD SO BAD AS PERPETUAL MOTION.

Hardships of Poverty - Don't Hear Everything-Woman's Sense of Com

ratestip—Stuestion of Girls.

There is nothing in this world so had as perpetual motion. What a blessed thing that no one has ever yet quite invented perpetual motion; Yet I know some little mothers that seven that; they never come to a full stop—not till death trips them up. I do not wonder these little bodies think of the future life only as rest—one great eternal rest. That word involves all that they can conceive as dosirable. So this life becomes toigrable because it points toward one large stop. It is their fate here to go on. If it be not a broom it is a needle; and if not these it is a pan of dough. Up in the morning with a grant, and into bed at night with a sigh. Their babes are puny because the mothers never could stop. Yes, I know some babes that at birth looked as if they had worked hard for 100 years; and they never get over their wearened look. They always lookes that go the the double life, hoping for rest hereafter. What can a genuine Yankee woman do about it? She inherits the go alread of a docen generations. Bless us but she knows no more how to stop than she knows how to fly.

Arel how is it about the boys and girls themselves, born of such stock! They come into the world as some actors come on the stage, with a beap and a balloo; and they never stop till they die. Some one has defined a Yankee as a man who cannot sit still. You do not know why he whittles. It is generic action. It is not he, Jonathan Tarkox, who whittles, but the whole of New England, for 200 years—the whole Yankee nation—represented by Jonathan. Every nation thus gets its features, its type, its cut, its characteristic. An Englishman emi-muly knows how to stop and when to stop. He is stubbornly constituted in the words, "I swort." The Yankee's stubbornness is in "restless aggressiveness, is nervous as an ed. I do not think you could do better than collect a gallery of child pertraits, taken of the common people. You would find the antilisess most perfect between the babbes of Holland and these of America—the former phiermatic as their area, and the latter as resident as the area, and the latter as resident as the area, and the latter as the area of stopping. I am not talking to those who are bended to poverty. Poor souls! I do not know when society will learn how to help you to stop. It is our great leasen yet to be learned.—"E. P. P." in Globe-Democrat. how is it about the boys and girls lives born of such stock! They come

### The Hardships of Poverty.

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Poverty is no discriminator of persons. It binds the refined woman and the impractical woman in the same chains that rest more lightly upon the bread shoulders of a vertiable Bridget or a peasant born druige. To live in comfort there is more work necessary in a household than more onlockers over dream of. The routine of pool housekeeping a like the steps taken by a sheep on a treadle—it is walk, walk, walk all the time, and never any advance to new ground. There are more martyrs in the littlenes than ever

is the they taken by a sheep on a treadle—
it is walk, walk, walk all the time, and
never any advance to new ground. There
are more martyrs in the kitchees than ever
yet/perished at stakes. Smille at third disconforts and their sorrows if you will, but the
woman doomed to do kitches work, who has
no baste or adaptability for it, is a sight for
tears rather than scorn.

There are only two remedies for her lot;
ose is patient endurance of it; the other is to
get out of it. To endure it, lift it as high as
you can out of the shadows. Cultivate—it
God has not mercitally given it to you—an
appreciation of the indicrous. A good laugh
will just to dight more cares than a sinegun
ean scatter blackbirds. Draw a deep line
between the essentials and non-essentials.
Never neglect the hygione of the home, but
mever mind the frills. Toss a pound of copperus down your drain, use ammonia and
punc carsonic freely, but let your windows
and your alliver go without cleaning when
you are tired. Dein't care a snap of your
finger for any caller who will look down upon
you because you do your own work. Take
delight in shocking all such. Never let your
work drive you. Better alt down a minute

you are tired. Don't care a snap of your finger for any caller who will look down upon you became you do your own work. Take delight in checking all such. Never let your work drive you. Better sit down a minute with the work undome and play a jig on the passe, or read the newspaper, than yield a slave sallegimes to the work that awaits you. Faste a lot of your favorite poems all around the walls, over the sink and in the pastry closet, so that the works shall great you like an encouraging voice, and keep your smal, at load, out af dish water.

And how about getting out of it. Buy a type writer and get jone to do at home that will pay at least the wages of a girl; or open a two hours school for the little folks whose mothers dread to send them to the public school and earn enough in that way to hire a servant, or take in a moderate amount of seving, if you have a machine. If you have taste, paint mean cards and the like, and earn a bif. Whatever work you can do that is preferable to household drudgery, do it and exchange the money sarned for help in the idition. Do something either heroic or emile and may the good Lort help you out of your scrape!- "Amber" in Chicago Journal.

# A Few Sensible Hinta

A Few Sensible Hints.

If Sophonisha's father is worth a great many millions of dollars, and chooses to fill his house with wonderful bries-abrae, and to wash it every marring in Tokay—should that be his fancy—why should Sophonisha's young friends hestiate to ask her to a merry darce, with no bries-brae and no Tokay wintercer but plans mabogany and loss, salade and anniwiches! It is the fun and the salade and anniwiches! It is the fun and the

whatever but plain mahogany and lees, salade and suchest the dance, not the scoli refreshment after the dance, not the scolin refreshment after the dance, not the soundin and the material on masses of orchids, and the solid gold and packets in March, which make the pleasure of the evening.

Resules, if rich people entertain as they please, why do not people entertain as they please? Will you refuse to ask your framile because you cannot serve ortelans upon Dree less thins and gold, or pair Schloss upon Dree less thins and gold, or pair Schloss in a heariety way, you are as good as he, if unless not own his difficulties gone.

Should be, however, remain obdurate, and the remaining these, as your weighbor does! To put a trait in a heariety way, you are as good as he, if unless not own his difficulties gone.

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Should be, however, remain obdurate, put the special serves of the result and the will be quite an exception if he uness not own his difficulties gone.

Should be, however, remain obdurate, put this in a tablespoon, ill up with water, put the special serves will be swallowed with case.—Youth's Companion.

plore the extra agence, the late hours, of society, the wanton dressing, the after vamity and veration, of the social freedualli. And lot a little courage, a little spirit, a little good sense, in practice upon the part of a very few sensible persons, would relieve the pressure.—George William Curtis.

Old and Now Facilities in Marriage.

We may feel a twinge of regret, but we have ceased to be shooled when we hear the marriage of two arcord young people apicen of as "a genuine old fushioned love match, on it as one seldom hears of in this day," >-> are we righteensly indiguant at the compressionate smile that accompanies the married shirt. Cas direct question will prove the truth of

The direct question will prove the truth of the assertion. What do we mean when we say that a girl has "married well?" Given a tolerally suitable age, fair character, health and disposition, the commendation has but one generally accepted interpretation, as any candid reader will admit.

I heard an eminent theologian use the words the other day, in answer to congratulations on his daugnors's marriage: She has, indeed, married magnificently? he subjoined asside to an intimate friend. "I could ask nothing better for her, thank God?" Meeting the son-in-law subsequently, the friend saw an unchicated man of mean stature, ignoble visage, boorish deportment, and less than medicare intellect. But he has inherited the millions of aself made father, and cuming enough to turn them over to advantage.—Marion Harland.

Don't Hear Everything.

The art of not hearing should be learned by all. It is fully as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much money and time are expended. There are so many things which it is painful to hear, many which we ought not to hear, wery many which, if heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt simpleity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness, that every one should be educated to take in or shut out sounds according to his pleasure.

one should be educated to take in or shut out sounds according to his pleasure. If a man falls into a violent passion and calls us all manner of names, at the first word we should shut our ears and hear no more If, in our quots voxage of life, we find our selves caught in one of those domestic whirt-winds of scolding, we should shut our ears as a sallor would furl his sail, and making all tight, soul before the gale. If a hot and restless man begins to inflame our feelings, we should consider what mischief these flery sparks may do in our magazine below, where our temper is kept, and instantly close the door.

door.

If, as has been remarked, all the petty things said of one by heedless or ill natured idlers were to be brought home to him, he would become a more walking pincushion, sinck full of sharp remarks. If we would be happy, when among good men we should open our ears; when among bad men, shut them. It is not worth while to hear what our neighbors say about our children, what our rivals say about our business, our dress or our affairs.

The art of not hearing, though untaught in The art of not bearing, though untaught in our schools, is by no means unpracticed in society. We have noticed that a well bred woman never hears a vulgar or impertment remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from many insults, from much blame, from not a little counivance in dishonorable conversation.—Treasure Trove.

Woman's Sense of Comeradeship.

The greatest need at present is for concerted action among women. Never mingling together as men have done, they are in general as ignorant of life, its temptations and possibilities as of their own capacities. That women are harder upon each other than men are upon them is the wickelest lie ever taught and one that the elightest observation explodes. It has seemed to keep them apart and prevent independent, straightforward action. When they begin to get acquainted, as in clubs and societies, the munical approximation of the server and delight at finding so much earnestness and sisterly feeling is something really pathetic. Many a sky stiff, narrow woman expands under the sense of commaleship and sympathy like a flower broughtfrom the cellar into the sunshine, and blossoms out in a way as surprained to berself as it is olightful to ber friends. Like Gloriana in one of Mrs. Whitney's stories, she know there were "good times in the world, but never expected to be in them," and now sha learns how to contribute her own share to them. More than all other means of growth are these associations, and the influence of the many acting as the one will be the most powerful factor in that colightened womanhood which will be the salvation of society.—Hester M. Poole in Good Housekeeping.

# The Education of Girls

The Education of Girls.

The education, the life of today's women, has unfitted them to be mothers, but the education of today's girls is bringing them to weamshood more perfect specimens of their kind, physically as well as mentally, strong and healthy in mind and body, able to endure the suffering of motherhood; willing to give a few years of life to producing new life, reasoning with well developed faculties how to make that new life stronger and more fit to take yet another step forward.

to take yet another step forward.

Nothing is more marked in our progression awakening to the need of less confining clothing for the body, less confining life for the physical strength, less confining education for the mind. Little use is there to dis cust he relative weight and size of the mas-culine and feminine brain. No arguments pro or con can prove anything; those people of the latter half of the next century will know what we can only speculate on, for the bonds are burst.—"B. B. E. M." in Chicago

A writer gives the following directions for

### To tier Rid of a Sty

When you are particularly auxious to attend the consert or party of the season, and feel that pricking path and see the fatal little spot of red on the cyclid that surely foretells the coming of a sty, have no fears for the result, but put in a small bug a temporal of black tea, on which pour enough boiling water to moisten; as soon as each enough put it on the cyc and be it remain and I morning. The sty will, in all probability, be gone; if not, one more application will be certain to remove it.—St. Louis Republican.

flow to Clean Marble.

To clean marble, brush off the dust with a piece of chamois; then apply with a brush a gessl cont of gum arable of about the consistency of thick muchage; expose it to the sun or wind to dry. In a short time it will peet off. If all the gum should not peel off, wash it with clean water and a cloth. If the first application does not have the desired effect, it should be tried again.—Boston Buckets.

### A Child's First Awakening.

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There are many bitter awakenings from care larsing sleep on the way through this world, but none quite so sad as a child's first awakening to the fact that mother sometime tells "harmless little fils," or that father does not always hold to the letter of bis agreements, or even that sister Kate's rosy cheekcome in a pasteboard lox and are applied

with a chamois' skin. It seems a small thing with a channols shin. It seems a small thing to you are doubt, and perhaps you laugh at the child's look of while syed wonder when it hears you tell the servant town you are "not at home," or watches you disputing some stipulated bargain, but verily I say unto you, there is no new made grave beneath all the sparkling stars so sad in the sight of heaven and the angels as this first blow aimed at un-corrupted honor and perfect truth.—"Amber" in Chicago Journal.

### Beauty of Southern Womer

Beauty of Southern Women.

As a rule southern women have small and
pretty feet. Certainly they do not spoil them
in walking, for in no section of the country is
so little physical exercise indulged in by the
gentle sex. They, too, are large of eye and
soft of speech. To make themselves agreeable is a canon, and their flattery is section; able is a canon, and their natively issentiative because apparently unconscious. They are strong not only in family feelings and the ties of kinship, but have an unbounded pride in their particular state, and an affection so strong for it that if the old issue had depended on women one doubts that they ever would have been beaten.—Now York Press.

### The Baby's First Year

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It is not a welcome fact, but it is a very pregnant one, that the less babies are talked to and noticed the first year the better. All success in training them, indeed, depending upon this calm letting them alone, leaving the nerves unwrought upon, and allowing the little frame time to become accustomed to the strain upon it of accumulating with to the strain upon it of acquaintance with this restless, rioting world of ours,—Denso

### Hair Dressing in Paris.

Feminine bair dressing in Paris now strictly follows a code according to the color of the tresses. Pair hair is to be turned back loosely from the face, so as to form a golden arreole; dark beds must be parted down the center and smoothly arranged; chestnut tresses may be piled high on the head in Jap-anese style, with a few curls straying over the forehead.—Chicago Herald.

Often peruts with all good inbentions re-prove their children for making remarks on the nature of the fost phased before them; but when children are at home they ought to be encouraged rather than otherwise to be-slow well merited praise or blame, as it indi-cates a refined and acute condition of the senses of taste and smell.—Offactics.

Concentrated lye is the best of all contriv-ances for cleaning belateads. Never keep either lye or any poisonous substance in a bottle or pircher or cup that may be drawn from by mistake. In a tin box or china son dish, nobody would mistake them for any beverage.—Boston Budget.

# Hiat to Buyers.

Unless you have a long purse, never buy anything because it is cheap, especially gloves and millinery. Such purchases are always dear in the long run. A woman who dresses well on a huntred a year ays, "I am too poor to buy anything but the very best."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

with soap; scraps chalk over it and rub it well; lay if on the grass in the sun; as it dries, wet it a little; it will come out with two applications. To remove mildew from linen rub the spot

The flavor of nearly all kinds of fish is in proved by removing the skin from them be-fore they are cooked. The skin has a dis-agreeable flavor, as does the fat is between the skin and the flesh.

It is stated that the livers of whitefish, fried in batter or lant, furnish the most delicious food. Still, they are generally thrown away, as very few persons know of their value.

Never speak loadly, or whisper impre sively, or talk continuously in a sick roor above all don't gossip about cases of sickne that have come under your observation.

Linea dresses or other garments will retain their color if washed in water in which a quantity of key is placed; boll and riuse the goods in it, using a little soap.

The newest thing in mourning is that the girl whom death becaves of her accepted lover may wear a black ribbon as a testi-

A ham for boiling should be soaked over night in topid water, then trimmed carefully of all rusty fat, before putting on the fire.

Lore came to the door of the palace,
And the draw was opened with:
There wasn't a tuning to minder,
And they needed him much inside:
But he ratified me quiver, and said with a sigh,
Can I coter an open door? Not I:
Not I: Not I!"

HIS WAY.

Lore came to the eastle window,
And ne found a great troad stair;
There wasn't a thing to ituder,
And he might have mounted there:
But he fluttered his wings, and said with a at
"Can'l pied up a staircase? No, not 1;
Not 1; Not 1;

Lore came to the shore of the ocean, and use far over the stratol An inaccessible fortress On a sea girt island stand. "Who cares for an ocean?" he gayly cried, And his ratinous usings were quickly piled: "Not I!" Not I!"

Love came to a functy dungeon,
Where window and door were harred:
There was none who would give him estrat
Though he knocked there long and harden "Who cares for a hot?" said the causy
of straightway the warder was Love himself
"Not 1 Not 1"

—Era L. Ogde

HOW I KNOW.

use she has sweeter and fairer grown; use her codes has a tenderer tone; use her eyes drisop when they meet my I know my darling loves me

muse her smile is a vision of blis Because of her red lips trembles. It Because of all that, and because of the I know my durling loves it

ause the touch of her dear hand thrills me-num her thoughts load and her mind wills in aims her sweet presence with love fills me— I know I love my darling:

Because she makes my poor life worth its pain; Because a won't strivings even not in vain; Because with ter dear love I hre again— Lower I two my during; —Eugene Field in New Orleans Picayune.

## QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships becamed at eve that lay With canvas drooping, side by side, Two towers of sail, at dawn of day Are scarce long leagues apart descried.

When fell the night, up sprong the breeze And all the darkling hours they plied; Nor dreamed but each the self same seas By each gas cleaving, side by side.

E'en so—but why the tale reveal Of those whom, year by year unchanged, Brief absence joined anew, to feel, Astounded, soul from soul estranged.

At dead of night their sails were filled. And onward each rejoicing steered; Ah! neither biamed, for neither willed Or wist what first with dawn appear

To reer, how vain! On, onward strain, Brave barks! In light, and darkness Through winds and tides one compass g To that and your own selves be true.

But O, blithe breezel and O, great see Though ne'er that earliest parting on your wide plain they join again, Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought— One purpose hold where'er they fare; O bounding breeze, O rushing seas. At last, at last, unite them there! —Arthur Hugh Clough.

# For a Spiritual Song

A poor country congregation found self badly in want of hymn books. The clergyman applied to a London firm and asked to be supplied at the lowest church rates. The firm replied that on condition the hymn books contained certain advertisements the congregation should have them for noth-Necessity knows no law, and the minister sorrowfully complied, think-ing to himself that when the advertise-

ments came they could be removed from the leaves. The hymn books ar-rived, and—joy of joys—they contained no interleaved advertisements. At the thanksgiving service the good parson joyously gave out the Christmas hymn, and the congregation sang the first verse with fervor. When they reached the last line they found that this was what they had been singing:

Hark! the heraid angels sing,
spills are just the thing:
Peace on earth and mercy mild.
Two for man and one for child

# -London Btar.

The oldest tree on earth, at least as far as any one knows, is the "Boo" tree, in the sacred city of Amarapoora, Bur-mah. It was planted, the record says, in the year 288 B. C., and is therefore nearly 2,200 years old. Its great age is proved according to historic documen says Sir James Emerson, who adds: "To it kings have dedicated their dominions in testimony of a belief that it Never let the whites of eggs stand during is a branch of the identical fig tree the besting process, even for a moment, as they will begin to turn to a liquid state and cannot be restored, and thus will make a gis." Its leaves are carried away by elva when he underwent his apotheo-sis." Its leaves are carried away by pilgrims as relies, but as it is too sacred too touch with a knife, these leaves can only be gathered after they have fallen. -St. Louis Republic.

# Little Lamp Tables

Tables are now bought on purpose for the large lamps, which are so much used. White enamel tables, about knee high, are used for the delicat colored porcelain lamps, and ebony ta-bles are used for the various kinds of iron lamps. Some of these tables have a space underneath for a piece of brica-brae.--New York World.

Permission by Postscript. For a sore throat there is nothing better than the white of an egg beaten stiff, with all the segar it will hold and the clear juice year old Nellie. "Ma, can I go over to Sallie's house

"Yes, dear; I don't mind if you do." "Thank you, ma," was the demure reply: "I have been."--New Haven The Production of Petrolen

flow. The whole area worked does not exceed 1,100 equare miles. Set this over against the area estimated for the United States — 571,240 square miles — and the richness of the Russian wells which produce at least one-third as much as those of the United States, will be at once perceived. The depth of the wells runs from 129 to 540 feet. One famous well is but thirty-three feet deep, yet out of it the oil jets up to the height of 240 feet. M. de Tehlinatchef asserts also that the average flow in the Baku region is 88,000 pounds per day, as against 25,300 in the United States.—New York Times.

### A Manieure's Queer Experience

A Manisure's Queer Experience.
We have some very queer experiences in our trade. We could not help it. But the strangest one came under my notice quite recently. A tall, splendidly formed woman came in to have her "hand; fixed," and while awaiting her turn atracted great attention by her extreme beauty, which was of the creamy, oriental style. Dazzlingly white test hand great, slumberous eyes softened an otherwise too coarse cust of features. But her toiled That was superb, in such quiet elegante and taste. As soon as posotherwise too coarse cast of features. But her toilet! That was superb, in such quiet elegance and taste. As soon as possible I hatened to attend to her, but other customers having come in in the meantime, she expressed a decided disinclination to have ker hands arranged until the rooms were vacated. I told her that would, perhaps, he not for hours, but if she preferred I would attend to the hand dressing in an alcove, which was curtained off at the extreme end of the room. To this she consented, and when my toilet articles were ready she drew off her gloves. What was my surprise to see a ceal-black hand, chony in flesh. She briefly explained she was a negro or deep mulatte, from New Orleans. By every art of the face decorator and washes she had become whiteend as I saw her, but her hands were more difficult to manage and she would have been maid arrange the blastering precess at home. I did so and she would have ber maid arrange the blastering precess at home. I did so and she left in a few moments closely glowed and I saw her enter her carriage. Subsequently 1 learned she possessed immense wealth, isheried, too. A very good, but vain woman, owing everything that she wished except what she most desired, white skin, and this she got by artiflec and wealth.—Manieure in Globs-Democrat.

Poetry in the Newspapers.

There are comparatively few weekly papers in the country that pay for poetry. One can almost count then on one's lingers. These papers require that contributions shall reach a certain standard of butions shall reach a certain standard of excellence, and even then the poems must be "timely." It is singular that papers that pay nothing at all get very excellent work. I have known poems rejected by the "pay" journals to date an almost worldwide reputation from their publication in the gratuitous col-um.

an almost worldwide reputation from their publication in the gratuitous column.

The leading magnaines pay good prices for poetry, but much that they publish is far inferior, as poetry, to that which appears in the weekly press at scantier rates. The most valued contributor seldom gets more than three poems a year into the magnaines, and these, paid for, any, at the rate of \$50 each, which is a good price, do not prove a bomaina. Writers of mewspaper poetry fall into rats, which, seemingly, unfit them for better work. One sees but seldom in the great magnaines the names of poets who appear almost weekly elsewhere. The young writer, who has but a frail hold on the paying papers, finds that he sends in too much poetry, and too often; and when he has overcrowded one pigeon hole of the editorial desk, his occupation languishes. Editors, as a rule, will accept just so much of one author's work, and writers learn, by experience, that they must not milk the cow too often.—

T. C. Harbaugh in The Writer.

They were twenty miles from the Mississippi river, bound east. "Conductor," said a passenger, "when do we reach Kanasa City!"
"We're there now." "There now! Why,
there inth a house in sighth" "No housesno. But look at the building lots! The
prairies are full of 'em."—Life.

Senator Reagan, of Texas, pronounces his name as if it was spelled Raygan.

Lithographers will be pleased to know that lithographic stone is found in Dallas, Tex., fully equal to the stone imported from