MOST MOTHERS KNOW HER.

The Thoughtless Woman Who Hinders Her Neighbors with Her Gossip.

We are all acquainted with her, the woman who never goes, who drops in for a call in the busiest part of the morning—it little matters whether it is washing day or ironing day. It is all the same to her. Your irons may grow cold and the clothes may boil over, but still she stays. She usually mentions that she has dropped in on a little errand. It is probably a borrowing errand. Only after she has exhausted your patience and produced as much demoralization in your household as she can is she ready to go.

But oh, the going! If you have any idea that she is really going you are quite certain to be disappointed. She comes back to tell you about some neighbor you had never seen or ever desired to see, to explain the whys and wherefores of certain goings on in the neighborhood, in which you take no interest, and then she lingers at the door and keeps you standing far beyond your strength. It is impossible to calculate the time that is wasted by well meaning women in such ways as these.

It would be an excellent thing if calls of all kinds could in some way be limited to a ten minute rule. In the social world among women of leisure it is considered in bad form to lengthen one's visit beyond a set period, and when a woman has numerous acquaintances she usually has a visiting day and can be certain of freedom from interruption during the rest of her time. There is considerable excuse for the much abused "not at home" which is frequently used by women of society, and which simply means not at home to visitors, or engaged, and there is no reason for any one's taking offense in the matter.

Only working women, the busy farmers' wives or women who do their own work, are subject to the annoyance of the unannounced visitor, who is bound by no social law as to her arrival or departure or her length of stay. She is one uncertain quantity in all the routine of the household. It would take a keen mathematician to calculate the amount of spoiled dinners, spoiled washing and actual loss of money value for which she is responsible, to say nothing of the loss of temper and general misery consequent upon a disarranged household, delayed duties and work put out of joint.

The very worst effect is that upon the visitor herself. Her own work must go awry while she spends her time gossiping about the neighborhood. Her own character deteriorates, while she becomes what our grandmothers were wont to call a "gadabout." Though she may have the most amiable intentions when she unconsciously repeats the interesting stories of the neighborhood, the temptation to enlarge, to impugn motives when possibly there were no motives, is likely to render her in time a veritable scandal monger, upon whose word no person of sense will place any reliance.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the folly of borrowing, but it is enough to say that all provident and sensible housekeepers provide for the future and do not allow themselves to impose upon the good nature of their neighbors.—New York Tribune.

Boarding versus Housekeeping.

The question of boarding versus housekeeping has so far been discussed almost entirely from the standpoint of city life. But in the country we have more people than in the cities. The average country girl would consider it fearful extravagance to go boarding. It is quite possible in the country for a young couple to keep house and live well on what it cost the husband for his board alone, say thirteen dollars a month. To pay the double of that for board would absorb the entire income, and, of course, is not to be thought of. But aside from the question of expense, most country girls prefer housekeeping, as it gives them a feeling of independence.

They are doing something for a living as well as their husbands. It would be just as well if city girls had more of this spirit. The divine ideal of a wife is a helpmeet for a man, the boarding house idea is simply a help-eat. What does she do with her life anyway? She begins, perhaps, by weaving crochet or some species of fancy work, reads a little, grows weary of being alone, and strolls away for a gossip or a flirtation with some one who is as idle and useless as herself. She is offering a premium to the gentleman who "finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," and if he does not avail himself of his opportunity it is because he is too busy with others of her class.

When Charlie comes home he can't catch her up in his arms and give her a big hug and a kiss as he could and probably would do in a cozy little home of their own. All this must be suppressed, and if the woman considers having nothing to do as an equivalent for what she misses in this line, she is a mercenary little wretch unworthy the love of a good, big, warm, honest heart. But probably she does not love him. As like as not, for those girls who are boarding are usually such as would never have married a poor man, but who are willing to marry any man who asks them, provided he is able to give them a good time either in a stylish house with a retinue of servants or in a boarding house with nothing to do.

When the love is all one side it does not last very long, and a boarding house is as good a place as any for it, for even a home would soon cease to be a home to the man who has married a woman without a heart. If the parties are mutually in love when they marry, a boarding house will starve their love to death or at least to emaciation. Don't risk it girls.—Cor. Toronto Globe.

Renovating Feather Beds.

I have renovated three large feather beds, and I found it so little trouble I would like to tell my sisters how I did it. I bought ten yards of cheese cloth, cut it in two, made a sack of each half by putting the ends together and sewing up the sides. I then put half the feathers from the bed into each sack and sewed them up. The next morning I put the boiler full of water on the stove. When it was boiling hot I put one of these sacks of feathers in the pounding barrel, poured in the hot water and with the pounder squeezed and turned them until thoroughly wet. Then I laid a board over the barrel and let them stand until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, turning the feathers over and pressing the water through them several times during the day.

In the meantime my husband made a rack, taking two long strips of board, a little longer than my ticks, and nailing lath on them like a picket fence, set a couple of sawhorses where the sun could strike them all day, and laid the rack on them. We turned the feathers from the barrel, laid them on the rack, turned the washtub over them and left them till morning, when they were thoroughly drained and ready for spreading out to dry. Served the other sack the same way.

Lay them out of the dew nights, and if you have hot, sunny days to dry them in you will feel well paid for your trouble. Get a new tick for your feathers. Take the old one, rip apart at the sides, cut in two, hem the ends, wash the pieces and use to spread over the new tick, between it and the sheets. In the spring feather beds should be laid out in the sun every day until they are thoroughly aired. Beat them up, turn them over in the sunshine and they will seem like new beds.—Loisa in Ohio Farmer.

A Plea for Common Sense Dress.

The rain is falling in torents, men, women and children are hurrying along, returning from a circus matinee.

I look with envy at the men so placidly enjoying the shower, as with umbrellas over their heads they walk and talk. I look at the women, poor wretches! and a groan escapes me.

Why are they—why are we, so long suffering?

Every one with wet ankles, drabbled skirts, soiled shoes and ruffled tempers. Nor does the mischief end here. They go home nursing all sorts of ailments and distempers which a wetting is supposed to furnish, and as a matter of course, "the thing they fear comes upon them." I am going to ask you to give the matter of common sense dress some grave reflection.

When the matter is well canvassed and understood let a convention be called, and let those who have genius and artistic ability take to this meeting a costume to be worn at the reception given. Also let there be offered a medal of gold to the woman furnishing the best utility suit, the decision to be placed in the hands of competent judges.

The idea of a prize would be to stimulate some who would not otherwise make an effort toward emancipation. This medal in years to come would be an "heirloom" to be proud of. The woman who emancipates her sex from the slavery of petticoats—more properly speaking, who gives woman the freedom of her legs—deserves to be "sainted," and she will be.

Is it not a reflection on the allwise Creator when we assume our present style of covering for our lower extremities? If he intended us to use our legs as men use theirs, we have no right to restrict their freedom in walking. Let us either adopt a manner of locomotion consistent with our dress, which I suggest be a hop, skip and jump, or let us adapt our dress to our limbs and their free use.—Ellen Packer Pratt in Homemaker.

Beauty in the Hair.

Fluffy hair, which was the envy of every girl that did not possess it, has given place to glossy, well kept locks, which, however, are curled and ironed into the crinkley waves which are very fashionable. The great fluffy bangs covering the forehead and ears, and reminding one of a Shetland pony, are today scorned. The smartest way of arranging the hair is the way in which a fashionable Paris hairdresser recently did it. Dividing the hair on either side he pinned it upon the top firmly with a little pin. He then braided it in one long braid and doubled it underneath, pulling it through a strand of the braid at the nape of the neck. In this way the braid does not sag down or look ungraceful, but fits to the shape of the head, following its curve up to the crown, when it is combed apart, divided and the ends made into a smooth, beautiful bowknot.

The bang he cut into different lengths and curled it in five distinct curls, three on the top, curling them crosswise. Next taking all the remaining bang, save a very little on the forehead, and curling it toward the back of the head, he finished it by curling the remainder over the forehead. He then waited until it was all entirely cool, when he pulled the curls all apart, touching none but the very light bang on the forehead with the comb, in this way keeping them in little curls setting close to the head.—Exchange.

A Wealthy Widow.

There can be little doubt that a Chilian widow, Donna Isadora Cousino (called the "Countess of Monte Cristo"), is the wealthiest woman in the world, her coal mines alone bringing her £4,000 a week. She is the possessor of millions of acres of land as well as millions of money, is the owner of coal, copper and silver mines, acres of house property in Santiago and Valparaiso, a fleet of eight iron steamships, smelting works, a railway, and other productive property that yield her a stupendous income. Mme. Cousino owns every house in the town of Lotta, and its 7,000 inhabitants depend on her for support. In Coronel nine-tenths of the 8,000 inhabitants are on her pay rolls.

She pays about £300,000 a year in wages in these two towns alone, most of which comes back to her through her own supply stores. The widow lives most of the time in Lotta to superintend her business. Her vineyards supply nearly all the markets of Chili with claret and sherry, and her cellars—a building 500 feet long and 100 feet wide—are always full. Madam is about forty-five years old, and says she will never marry again.—London Tit-Bits.

A Minister Forty-nine Years.

Rev. Lydia Sexton was born in Sussex county (now Rockford), in the state of New Jersey, April 12, 1799, and is therefore ninety-two years old. During the past forty-nine years she has been preaching as a Unity Brethren minister in various portions of the country with remarkable success. She is remarkably vigorous, and predicts that she will live to the year 1900, thus extending her life into three centuries. Mrs. Sexton was appointed chaplain of the Kansas state penitentiary on Jan. 1, 1870, and held the office two years, during which time ex-Congressman Harrison Kelley was one of the board of directors.

She has many relations in New Jersey, Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Kansas, Missouri, Arkansas and Washington. Her memory is excellent and her sight remarkably good. While on a visit to Little Rock recently she made a silk quilt. Her voice is clear and melodious, and she delights to sing sacred songs to the congregation. The grandfather of this remarkable woman was the French marquis, Anthony Cozot, who came to America early in the Seventeenth century.—Seattle (Wash.) Letter.

Kerosene Oil and the "Fire Test."

Dr. O. B. Bird, of New Jersey, says reasonably: "What we want in our families is kerosene that might be spilled on the carpet or floor from a broken lamp and not take fire from the burning wick falling into it. Oil that is really 150 deg. fire test will do this. Such oil may be heated to 130 ro 140, and even then will extinguish a burning match like water. For the fire test take a large coffee cup nearly full of kerosene, place it in a washbowl and pour warm water around it, gradually increasing the heat so that in five minutes the oil reaches 140. Hold any common thermometer in the oil, with the bulb near the surface. The test may be applied at frequent intervals, always reading the thermometer before applying it. Said test consists in passing a flame—a match will answer, but a waxed threads if cleaner—over the oil, one-quarter of an inch from the surface. Whenever it takes fire the figures on the scale show the 'fire test.'"

The Easiest Way to Clean Lace.

An old lacemaker, who has woven many a gossamer web for that connoisseur of laces Mme. Modjeska, and has taught the fair actress to fashion some of the daintiest patterns her deft fingers delight in doing, gives this simple receipt for lace cleaning:

Spread the lace out carefully on wrapping paper, then sprinkle it carefully with calcined magnesia, place another paper over it and put it away between the leaves of a book for two or three days. All it needs is a skillful shake to scatter the white powder and then it is ready for wear, with slender threads intact and as fresh as when new.—New York Herald.

How Women Sleep.

A German physician says: "The fact is women require a larger amount of sleep than men. The nervous excitability of the female constitution is generally greater than is the case with the stronger sex, and a woman's sleep is consequently lighter. Her dreams are more vivid and leave a more lasting impression on the memory. Women addicted to dreaming usually sleep an hour longer than those who do not dream, for dreams induce weariness. Any one who sleeps without dreaming rises on the morrow refreshed from his couch, which is otherwise not the case."—Nueva Revista.

A Notable Bedspread.

Mrs. J. Milton Gavitt, of Holden street, has an old bedspread that was woven in 1759 as a portion of the setting out of Miss Vannie Hopkinson on her marriage with John Rathborne, the great-grandfather of Mrs. Gavitt's mother. What makes the spread such a choice relic is the fact that Miss Hopkins was the great-great-granddaughter of Stephen Hopkins, of the Mayflower. It has been handed down from one generation to another until it has fallen to Mrs. Gavitt. It is very handsome and has been carefully preserved.—North Adams (Mass.) Transcript.

Whalebone Seldom Used Now.

There was a time when the corsets and stays of the fashionable girl could have told tales of wondrous romance; of dauntless sailors fighting under leaden skies against the monsters of the deep; of privation and suffering undergone by men whose wives and daughters waited with aching hearts for their return from long and terrible voyages. That time has practically past, and its history is told by the epitaphs upon the monuments in the graveyards of the Massachusetts fishing towns, or in the traditions of their groceries and barrooms.—Mercer.

The Utility of the Pretty Girl.

The pretty girl is a universal factor in moderu life. She possesses the advantage not only of ornament, but of utility. She has been utilized in an endless variety of ways. She has become a howling success in the operatic ballet, and is as conspicuous and as original in front of a typewriter or behind a counter as she is on dress parade in a new spring suit or luxuriously lolling in a big easy chair. But it has remained for an enterprising Connecticut minister of the gospel to introduce the pretty girl in a new sphere as a church usher.—Detroit Tribune.

Mrs. Frances E. Willard says that her rising hour is 7 or half-past 7, and that 10 o'clock is her latest hour for retiring. To this habit of "early to bed" she attributes her lifelong good health and steady cheerfulness.

It is said that there is something very obnoxious to rats in the leaves and stalks of the mullen plant, and that if they are strewn around in cellars or their haunts they will immediately leave.

A spoonful of horseradish put into a pan of milk will keep it sweet for several days; but the taste of the horseradish is sometimes apparent if the milk be used in tea or coffee.

Harriet Hosmer has one of the most wonderful inventions of the century, that of producing marble from limestone, closely resembling that of the finest antique quarries.

Matrons for schools, cooks for hospitals, are very difficult to find, yet the wages are good and the hours of labor depend largely upon executive ability.

OH, DARLING, WHEN YOU LOVE ME.

Oh, darling, when you love me
The sky is soft and bright;
Life asks no troubled question;
The world is safe and right;
I whisper happy secrets
With every flower and tree,
And lark and thrush and linnet
Sing all their songs for me.

Oh, darling, when you chide me
The world is numb and cold;
The mists creep up the valley,
And all the year is old.
The fields are black and sodden;
The shivering woods are sere;
I see no face in heaven,
And death is very near.

Oh, darling, always love me!
The song birds look to you;
The skies await your bidding
To dome the world with blue.
Then keep the rose in glory
And make the swallow stay
And hold the year forever
At summer's crowning day.

—Frederick Langbridge.

Holders and Brushes.

Tastes differ as to the size of holders for use about the stove. Some like large, thin ones, and others prefer them small and thick. It does not matter which way they are made, so you have plenty of them and use them. I make covers for them, which can be easily slipped off and washed, with a small ring or tape sewed on one corner for hanging them up. Hang near the stove, so there will be no temptation to use towels or an apron.

Besides the various kinds of brushes used for scrubbing keep one exclusively for washing vegetables. Potatoes, turnips, beets, etc., can be more readily cleaned in this way than in any other.

Use a small toothbrush for cleaning around the handles of cups and tureens, and for dishes with rough surfaces or raised designs. Keep it convenient and it will be used oftener. I keep mine in a drawer of my kitchen work table, beside my silver polish, chamois skin and other useful cleaners.

I have found a small paint or varnish brush, costing five cents, a useful accompaniment to the larger stove polishing brush, as it can be made to reach into corners where the other one will not go.

A nailbrush for the cook's and the children's use is indispensable. Of course there are dust brushes, crumb brushes and toothbrushes. I only mention these which I do not find in general use, but which cost little and aid much in making easier the work which many deem drudgery.—Housekeeper.

An Embarrassing Predicament.

Dr. King, the bishop of Lincoln, once found himself in a most embarrassing predicament. He was assisting at the opening ceremony of a bazaar, which was being held in aid of the Nurses' institution. During the course of the proceedings it was discovered that pickpockets had been at work, and several ladies proclaimed the loss of their purses. The fact was communicated to the bishop, who expressed his regret, at the same time examining his own pockets in the hope of finding nothing gone.

He was not disappointed—nothing was gone. He was, however, surprised, for from one of his pockets he brought a strange purse that he had never seen before. It contained three coppers, and was ultimately discovered to belong to a Mrs. Ellis, a lady who was present and among those lamenting the loss of their purses. It is conjectured that the thief was a person with a weakness for practical joking.—London Tit-Bits.

Man Recreated Many Times in Life.

It is surprising how many people believe that the entire body of a man is renewed every seven years exactly. This used to be taught in books, and although not otheodox now is still accepted as gospel by many. To show its inaccuracy one has only to hit a nail on his finger hard enough, for in that case the injured object will come off and be replaced by an entirely new nail. If this process occupied seven years such an accident would be a very tiresome affair, but, as any mechanic will tell you, it only occupies a few weeks.

The growth is more rapid in summer than winter, but never taking more than four months. So far as the nails are concerned, then, the renewal process is repeated about twenty-one times during the regulation seven years, and the theory is thus destroyed, even if no other proofs of its falsity were forthcoming.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Frank Editor.

The editor of a certain newspaper was very busy one day, with a heap of news and editorial manuscripts, before him awaiting his attention, when a long haired young man came in.

The visitor deliberately produced some papers from his inside pocket and remarked:

"Ahem! I have here a few verses"—

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed the editor. "Will you do me the favor to put them over there in that wastebasket yourself? You see I'm very busy just now!"—Youth's Companion.

Hostess of the Nation.

The question is often asked throughout the country as to the social duties of the presiding lady of the presidential mansion and as to what extent she goes into society. The inquiry finds its answer in the fact that this lady must necessarily by her position be the hostess of the nation. With such an immense responsibility devolving upon her it is not expected, nor would it for many reasons be desirable, that her social duties should be extended beyond the president's house.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Millions for Charity.

It is estimated that it costs the well to do people in this country $125,000,000 annually to support charitable institutions, while at least $500,000,000 are invested in permanent buildings where the needy are cared for.—Chicago Herald.

The champion pickpocket lives in England. He went through a church fair with gratifying results—to himself—and left an empty purse belonging to some one else in the pocket of the horrified bishop.

Is it not a little strange that when our great statisticians take slate and pencil to figure up the cost of government they never take into the account the expense of elections?—Exchange.

Why Thorghatten Has a Hole Through It.

Thorghatten, the famous Norwegian mountain, has a hole extending entirely through it from one side to the other. According to a Norwegian legend this same Mount Thorghatten was once a hat and belonged to one Thorg; hence the name Thorghatten. It seems that in the mythical ages a giant and giantess fell violently in love with each other. They were forced to part for a time, but vowed that they would marry in the near future. Soon after, however, the fickle woman pledged her troth to another. This angered her giant lover to a degree unknown to modern men of smaller stature. He was seventy miles from her when the elfs brought the news; but, selecting a good arrow, he shot it in her direction.

Now it happened that her brother, Thorg, was standing in direct line of the arrow's flight. It went through his hat and skull, killing him instantly, and fell harmless at the feet of the faithless giantess. She had the power of turning all objects into stone, and forthwith willed that her brother's hat become a stone monument to the tragedy. The cruel lover was turned to stone where he sat astride his horse at Hestmando, and the giantess herself petrified at Lecko. The two latter objects have disappeared, but Thorg's hat (Thorghatten) is still the object of many curious pilgrimages.—St. Louis Republic.

A Day in Bed.

We are naturally given to condemn and despise the idea of remaining in bed when our health is good and all our vital forces in fair working order. Apart from the matter of our nightly rest, we rarely think of "a day in bed" either as preservative of health or conducive to longevity. Yet I am convinced there is much to be said in favor of "a day in bed" now and then, as an aid to health in the middle aged and as a measure tending to prolong life in the old.

In bed the whole muscular system is at ease and the wear and tear of the body is reduced to a minimum. The processes of getting rid of waste matters are in abeyance; there is less waste to get rid of, and lungs, skin and kidneys have a measure of comparative repose. The nervous system, above all, is soothed and comforted by the "day in bed." Anxieties and worries disappear after the rest, and the individual returns to the workaday world refreshed and renovated, physically and mentally, in a degree such as the actions of no medicines could have accomplished.

In a word, the person who enjoys "a day in bed" is in the position of an engine whose fires are banked down and whose energies are recruiting for the renewal of the work of tomorrow.—Health Bulletin.

Cost of Mississippi Steamboats.

Pictures of the packets scarcely show how unlike our boats these are, the difference being in the methods of workmanship. Each story is built merely of sheathing, and in the best boats the doors and fanlights are hung on without frames around them—all loose and thin, as if they never encountered cold weather or bad storms. All the boats that I saw are as nearly alike in all respects as if one man had built them. I was told that the great packets cost only $70,000 to $100,000, so that the mere engine in a first class Atlantic coast, river or sound boat is seen to be of more value than one of these huge packets, and a prime reason for the difference in construction suggests itself.

But I do not mean to criticise, for these great, comfortable vessels serve their purpose where ours could not be used at all, and are altogether so useful and appropriate as well as picturesque and attractive to an eastern man that there is not room in my mind for aught than praise of them.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

Electrically Guarded.

Many visitors to the Metropolitan Museum of Art wonder at the apparent absence of guard against theft and think how easy it would be to rifle almost any of the cases of their valuable contents. Each of these cases is guarded, however, by a small wire which connects with the office and also with a large gong in the basement. Each of the cases in the room, which contains the Moses-Lazarus collection of porcelain, miniatures and other valuable objects is connected with these electrical wires, so that if any person should attempt to force open a lid the signal would be given at once. The same arrangement is made for the safety of most of the other cases.—New York Herald.

The Best Face Treatment.

The best and most satisfactory treatment of the face is a daily bath, tepid water with white castile soap, followed by the use of cocoanut oil, and lastly a copious rinsing in cold rain water. This, with gentle friction, gives a pink and white glow to the face and a good tone to the skin, especially if followed up diligently. A moderate use of the tincture of benzoin upon the face at night, if carefully removed in the morning with soap and water, is softening and refining to the skin. A careful diet and plenty of vigorous exercise are aids to a good complexion.—New York Journal.

The Duke of Northumberland made a voyage to India by way of the Cape of Good Hope in 1594, in a "galuzabra," which was but a modernized form of galley.

It is astonishing to see the Alpine climbers drink tea. They cannot go up the Matterhorn without this necessary stimulant.

Ariosto's "Angelica," with her splendid hair floating in the wind, was a member of the fair haired tribe of blonds.