MY UNLUCKY ASTRALIZATION.

By J. H. CONNELLY.

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CHAPTER II.

My first glance at the sheet caught the paragraph which had caused her grief.

The predicament was distressing in itself, and rendered actually exasperating by the unsympathetic conduct of those who, discovering my plight, swarmed about and jeered me. From the malicious "elementals" I could not of course expect anything better, but I was pained by seeing among them and emulating their heartlessness some astralized visitors from the material plane whose unbecoming glee was not restrained by the consideration that their own bodies might also have been lost to them at that very moment for aught they knew to the contrary. I have not deemed it necessary in the course of this narration to make any particular mention of the dwellers on the astral plane, or of the temporarily astralized persons like myself whom I encountered there, as my experiences were simply those every one has, with the exception of this incident and one other to which I shall have occasion to revert farther on. But I cannot let pass without reprehension the behavior of the astralized persons who clustered around me on the train that morning and declared they found my unhappy situation "funny."

With a vague idea that I might find my body among the unclaimed baggage or in the waiting room at the Harrisburg depot, I eluded my tormentors and flitted back there—only to suffer another disappointment. It was nowhere to be seen. The last passenger train for the night had gone by, the depot was dark and the only person on the platform was a watchman. I hoped some one would come and open a conversation with him, in the course of which I might casually find a clue to what had been done with my body, for of course he would be very likely to know. But the only persons who came were brakemen on the top of moving freight trains, who simply shouted "Hey! Jim!" or playfully shied chunks of coal at him, social advances to which he responded by such ejaculations, profane or otherwise, as the occasions seemed specifically to demand.

An inexplicable fascination tempted me to follow and haunt the car in which I had last seen my body, which I sought to excuse to myself by a hope the porter might when he waked say something in my presence about it. So he did. In the Jersey City depot, while the passengers were leaving the train and he was gathering up the soiled linen, he suddenly stopped, threw open a window and beckoned to him a dingy platform sweeper.

"'Lijah," he exclaimed hurriedly, with an air of suppressed excitement and mystery, "Go 'n play the death gig Play it for all you's wuf."

"Man or woman?"

"Man. Died on the train dis mawnin."

"'M'm."

That was all. They resumed their duties. My supposed demise was to them simply an inspiration for a "policy" play. I don't know when any little thing ever depressed me more. So: I was deemed dead. Strange that some one had not sense enough to discover the fact of my having simply strolled away in my astral form! I would have imagined that so common and natural a thing could not have failed to be at least suspected by almost anybody.

Pondering upon the unpleasant consequences to me which might ensue if there were not a timely correction of that misunderstanding, I strolled absentmindedly with the passengers through the depot and aboard the ferryboat. Moving in this way I sometimes temporarily forget that I am not in my body until some incident recalls me to recognition of the fact. It is perhaps hardly worth speaking of, being such a common experience in our astral interludes, but I always find it vexatious and irritating to have persons walk through me. And it happens so often. Of course it is easy enough to dodge those you meet, and if you sail along over their heads you have no trouble, but moving in a crowd on its level you are almost certain to find some one mistaking you for empty space come plunging through you from behind or lurching into you sidewise in your unguarded moments.

Both those things occurred to me that unlucky morning. A fat German woman, with a huge market basket on her arm, almost wrecked me, and I had scarcely got my disarranged parts collected and in place again when, in going off the boat, a pretty, delicate looking young girl was jammed right into the space I occupied. Her sensitive nervous organization evidently felt my presence, though she was unaware of the cause of her sensation, for she shivered and whispered to a companion:

"Oh, Jennie, I've got gooseflesh all over me! I believe I'm catching cold."

That incident, I think, hurt me worse than the other. It is distinctly unpleasing to be shivered at by a pretty girl and spoken of as giving her gooseflesh. I was sure I would not have affected her so if I had had my body on at the time—a reflection which would have been consoling but for the doubt it awakened if I would ever again possess that anxiously desired materiality.

The day thus badly begun was destined to like continuance. I was in no proper mental condition for the astral plane. My perturbed thoughts, full of concern about my loss, unfitted me for the calm self control I should have had and made me subject to all manner of vicious illusions and painful impressions, artfully produced by the malicious sprites constantly besetting me.

Late in the afternoon, weary of aimless wandering about the town, I violated a resolution I had firmly formed the night before, which was that I would never look upon Marian's face again. It seems as if there were a sort of fatality against a man's keeping the resolutions he makes concerning women. Doubtless if I had gone slowly to her house, as my body would have had to, memory and reflection would have braced up resolution and turned my steps aside, even from her door, to the club; but having only to think of any place in order to be there, if I wished it, I was actually in her parlor before I had time to remember I had abjured her.

She was lying upon a sofa with her face in its cushions, crying bitterly, and an evening newspaper, dropped from her hand, lay upon the floor. My first glance at the sheet caught the paragraph which had no doubt caused her grief. It was this:

HARRISBURG, Dec. 22.—In a sleeping car berth on the Chicago train arriving here at three a. m. a passenger was found dead. Papers in his pockets enabled his identification as John Bentley, of New York. He was apparently well when he boarded the train at Pittsburg. Death is ascribed to heart failure. His body is held to await claim by friends.

"May the blessing of the unlucky light on the writer of that item," I said to myself. "Why could not the wretch have said where my body is held to await the claim of its best friend?" I wondered if it was being held "on ice," having slowly frozen out the little spark of life I had left in it? If some sapient country doctor, to make an imposing spectacle of himself before a coroner's jury, would not want to cut it open and take a look at the heart, to be sure it had failed? Either was quite possible. Clearly I had no time to lose if I was ever to get that body back in reasonably serviceable condition. But to find where it was "held" was the first thing. Perhaps some other evening paper had fuller particulars.

I was really sorry to have to leave Marian in such bad spirits, notwithstanding her blamable behavior the night before, but could not do the slightest good by staying. Incidentally forgetting I was practically a mere ghost, I did try to tell her my views differed in some important particulars from those presented in the newspaper, but I had no more voice than a mummy.

As I have learned by bitter experience, an astralized person suffers under enormous disadvantages in trying to read the news. Having no material hands with which to open and turn the papers he has to depend upon those who have, peering over their shoulders, crouching down before them to get sight at the under side, and in all sorts of undignified attitudes and inconvenient ways adapting himself to their perverse methods of handling the sheets. It is simply maddening to wait while a fellow wades slowly through a long, labored editorial on the tariff or increases the addling of his brain by perusal of the baseball column, and then, just at the moment when you think he is about to turn to the next page, see him fold the paper and put it in his pocket. Eventually I gave up in despair that way of finding out what had become of my body.

Then a happy thought occurred to me. "My friend X.," I reflected, "is one who can be depended upon, if he has seen that item, to take prompt and energetic measures. Most probably he is already preparing to set out and hunt up my remains. If so, all I shall have to do will be to go along until I hear him told where they are, then skip ahead, retake possession and be ready to welcome him when he arrives."

I found him in his room, dressing and thinking aloud, a bad practice to which he is much addicted when seriously troubled. The paragraph I had already read lay on a stand beside him, clipped from the paper.

"I'm awfully sorry for the poor fellow," I heard him mutter; "of course I am. But his dying just at this particular time is all sorts of a nuisance. I can't go corpse hunting tonight—even for him. Alicia would never forgive me if I did not take her to this opera—only time it's to be given in the season. And a day more or less won't matter to him now. They no doubt have him nicely iced somewhere. Seems to me I've heard they give unclaimed bodies to the medical colleges. But they would hardly do that right away. Even if they did I could get him back and have him fixed up most likely. Decidedly tomorrow will be time enough. I shall see the item in some morning paper, wire over to the railroad authorities, who of course have all the facts reported to them, find out where he is, go on and get him. Tonight belongs to Alicia. I have heard nothing about John." And he deliberately put the clipping in the fire and went on getting himself into full dress.

I was, to put it mildly, disappointed. Still I could not blame him, and he had given me a good idea—animal that I had been not to have thought of it for myself long ago! Of course there would be, somewhere in the company's offices over in Jersey City, an official report of the incident, and I might have the luck to find it. Anyway, I could go and try a good deal quicker than X. could telegraph, even if he had been willing to do so that night. So I did, and for once fortune favored me. The conductor of "fast line, number four," had duly reported the finding of a dead man on his train, and the division superintendent, probably with an eye to having the data handy for reference in case of inquiry by friends of the deceased, had hung the statement, open, upon a hook beside his desk, where I found it. From it I learned that my body had been "taken in charge by Undertaker J. B. Jablet, of Harrisburg."

What more did I want? Nothing. Happier, I believe, than I ever was before, I darted at once to Harrisburg.

It was easy enough to find and enter Mr. Jablet's establishment, which was quite conspicuous, and there, sure enough, I found my body. It had been unclothed and stretched out on a board in a sort of cold storage room; like a big refrigerator, but happily not in contact with ice. Life, though weak, was still in it.

But I had not arrived a moment too soon. Another astralized man, who confessed he had lost his own body years before, was already there, seeking to appropriate mine. He was just about trying it on when I came and stopped him. I saw at a glance it would not fit him, as he, too, could have seen, if he had not been so madly desirous of obtaining a material shell that he was quite desperate. Indeed he would almost have rattled around in it, and could not have controlled it at all, for he was but a little whiffet of a fellow, while I am of the goodly size a man should be. So I "bounced him," morally speaking, sympathetically but firmly, and was just about taking up my old quarters when I was interrupted.

The door opened suddenly and the undertaker came in, accompanied by his son. I waited to see what they were after. Mr. Jablet's look did not please me. He was a muscular fellow, short but strong, with a broad, square lower jaw and a sloping forehead which spread away gradually in a wide bald area of skull fringed at the back with short red hair. Altogether he seemed an ugly person to argue with, and I judged he had been drinking.

"They don't get this stiff away from me," he was saying to his son as they entered, "until they put up handsome. Business is bad and he comes along as a windfall. He has, judging from what was found on him, friends who are well fixed and I mean to work them."

I felt that Jablet, if he thought me reviving, might be quite capable of knocking me on the head to prevent what he counted upon as a fat job slipping through his fingers.

"Oh, there ain't much in it," replied the son indifferently; "not more than forty or fifty dollars, and do the best you can with it."

"Ain't, eh? You're not smart, Dan'l. You don't know the business yet. I'm going to give you a pointer you'll find of use some day; maybe I'm a-going to embalm him."

"Dad, you're a daisy. I didn't think of that."

"Course you didn't. But you ain't me. I'll load him up with eight shillings' worth of fluid and get seventy-five dollars and the thanks of his friends for the job. Go and get the fluid jug and we'll do him up now. His friends may come for him in the morning."

The son went out and the old fellow, standing by my body, slapped it on the leg with insolent familiarity, chuckling: "Yes, sir; we'll fix you up. Fix you up to the queen's taste. Nothing like style for a corpse—when there's money to pay for it." I fairly boiled with rage, but what could I do? Were I to enter my body at once I would but precipitate my fate, for in the numb and stiff condition my muscles were certainly in I could not hope to whip those two sturdy rascals. Judge of my infinite relief if you can when I heard the son call out from another room at a little distance, "Dad, the jug's empty."

"Is that so?" responded the old man regretfully. "Well, then, we will let it go tonight; but you must get up early in the morning, start the fire and make some more fluid. He will have to be fixed before the morning train gets in."

Father and son went out together, closing the door behind them. Presently I heard them lock the front door and go away. Then I immediately resumed my body. Words can convey no idea of how horribly cold it was. In my astral form I of course had no sensations of temperature, and the body, being without consciousness while I was away, had not suffered, but when it and I were joined our common suffering was intense. I seemed to have arctic winters in my veins, and was really afraid my fingers and toes would snap off like icicles when I attempted to use them.

"Yes, sir; we'll fix you up."

Nevertheless I persisted in moving, crawled into the next room, where there was a red hot stove, and when pretty well thawed out made a systematic search for my clothes. Luckily I found them all, even to the overcoat, in a closet, and soon dressed myself. The pockets were empty, but I did not mind that, for in the waistband of my trousers I had sewed a fifty dollar note, a precaution against "going broke" which I have not in years allowed myself to travel without. With this money I made my way back to New York on that night's "fast line, number four"—having broken out of Mr. Jablet's shop—and before ten o'clock the next day was walking up Broadway.

So ended the lesson of my unlucky astralization, and my story is done, except that I deem it due to Marian to declare explicitly she had not been guilty of any such impropriety as I seemed to witness. In fact, she not only had no visitor that evening, but was not even at home, having gone to spend the night at her sister's. The scene which appeared so shockingly real to me was simply an artful illusion, got up by a couple of waggish "elementals," who impersonated her and the total stranger with such skill as to completely deceive me. Their trick could not have been successful but for the perturbation of mind I was in at the time, but I am not now sorry it was played, for it will enhance my caution in accepting as real even the most plausible appearances on the astral plane.

THE END.

What an Astral Body Is.

The structure of the inner astral man is definite and coherent. Just as the outer body has a spine, which is the column whereon the being sustains itself with the brain at the top, so the astral body has its spine and brain. It is material, for it is made of matter, however finely divided, and is not of the nature of the spirit.

After the maturity of the child before birth this form is fixed, coherent and lasting, undergoing but small alteration from that day until death. And so also as to its brain—that remains unchanged until the body is given up, and does not, like the outer brain, give up cells to be replaced by others from hour to hour. These inner parts are thus more permanent than the outer correspondents to them.

Our material organs, bones and tissues are undergoing change each instant. This is not the case with the inner form. It alters only from life to life, being constructed at the time of reincarnation to last for a whole period of existence. For it is the model fixed by the present evolutionary proportions for the outer body. It is the collector, as it were, of the visible atoms which make us as we outwardly appear.

So at birth it is potentially of a certain size, and when that limit is reached it stops the further extension of the body. At the same time the outer body is kept in shape by the inner one until the period of decay. And this decay, followed by death, is not due to bodily disintegration per se, but to the fact that the term of the astral body is reached when it is no longer able to hold the outer frame intact. Its power to resist the impact and war of the material molecules being exhausted, the sleep of death supervenes.

Now, as in our physical form the brain and spine are the centers for nerves, so in the other there are the nerves which ramify from the inner brain and spine all over the structure. All of these are related to every organ in the outer visible body. They are more in the nature of currents than nerves, as we understand the word, and may be called astro-nerves.—A Theosophist in Lucifer.

A Novel Letter Case.

It is made out of a light straw hat, which has a rounding crown and a medium sized brim. Bend the brim away from the crown and fold the hat together, pressing it so that it will be nearly flat. This, turned crown downward, is the foundation for the letter case, and must be wired along the edge so that the wavy lines made by the bent brim will be preserved. It will look like the first cut when ready to be trimmed. Now line the inside with pale blue china silk, fastening it in front neatly to the edge of the case, and arranging it loosely at the back so as to give it a higher appearance than the front. A row of blue fringe is placed along the front edge and around the bottom of the case. This done it is ready to be tacked on the wall for use.

LETTER CASE, UNTRIMMED.

LETTER CASE, TRIMMED.

A few drops of camphor in the water used to bathe the face will prevent the shiny appearance which so many skins have, especially in warm weather.

Cure for Colds, Fevers and General Debility, *Small* Bile Beans. 25c. per bottle.

WOMEN WHO ... OSE

HOW FAIR WOMEN SOMETIMES WOO RELUCTANT SWAINS.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox Thinks That Progress Is a Very Good Thing, but Women Should Draw the Line When It Comes to Lovemaking—Some Interesting Incidents.

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ONLY recently has it seemed among the possibilities to me that a woman of sane mind could make love to a man in any way save with her eyes and her arts of coquetry, which are as old as time and love.

But during the last two years some strange cases have come to my direct attention which I propose to relate in this article, hoping it may fall under the eyes of those referred to and cause a reformation.

It is very well for woman to break some of the old fetters forged by ignorance and tyranny, but all right minded people must draw the line when it comes to lovemaking or giving of attention. The moment a woman is the pursuer and man pursued sentiment becomes grotesque and romance ridiculous, and the sweetest and dearest illusions of life are destroyed.

A young man of my acquaintance met a very pretty young lady while he was on a business trip to one of the smaller cities adjacent to New York.

Their acquaintance was but slight when he was surprised at receiving a letter from her. However, he regarded her writing the first letter as a mere girlish freak and paid no attention to the matter until she wrote again in a most unmistakably tender manner.

In fact she told him that it had been a case of love at first sight on her part, and she hoped it was the same with him, and assured him that her parents would render them very comfortable in life, as she was an only child.

The young man knew that she was a good girl morally; that she would inherit money, and that she was exceedingly pretty. But he never replied to her letter, feeling only disgust at her boldness. Her virtue, beauty, youth and wealth were all lost upon him through her having taken the initiatory steps. A man resents a woman's robbing him of his rights of pursuit.

Another man of my acquaintance was somewhat fascinated by a handsome woman a few years his senior. He was thinking seriously of proposing to her when she anticipated his intention by a bold suggestion of wishing they might always be together, which drove him instantly from her side.

The young women who ask men for attention and compel them to become escorts are alarmingly on the increase.

Although the chaperon system is prevalent in the small, exclusive circles of our largest cities, there are still hundreds of thousands of cultured, charming young ladies in New York and elsewhere who attend theaters and operas and receptions with gentlemen escorts unaccompanied by a chaperon. It will require another hundred years before this custom is relegated to the grisettes and peasants, as in other countries. Young women who come to New York to study for a career seldom come chaperoned, and depend upon the opportunities afforded by gentlemen friends to attend places of amusement.

One of these young women brought letters of credit to me, and I found her so bright and charming I invited her to my house. To my astonishment I heard her ask a young gentleman in my parlors to take her to hear a popular actress then playing in the city. The gentleman of course promised to do so, and during the next month he was her escort to half a dozen places of amusement, all on her invitation. This young woman I have heard spoken of as "so enterprising," "so popular" and "such an energetic creature" by many people, but for me she had spoiled herself by her methods of obtaining attention.

Another young woman of excellent family came to New York to study music. She was quite a belle in her own smaller city, and she found it impossible to live without social life in the metropolis. She complained so bitterly to me of her lonely evenings that I took her out with me upon two or three occasions. I was surprised to find her making a tour of all the theaters and places of amusement after that in company with a gentleman of my acquaintance. When rallied upon his devotion he seemed uncomfortable, and finally confidentially informed me that the young lady had asked him to take her to these places, and he could not well refuse. He begged me to give her some counsel. Men are such cowards about these matters, but it is their gallantry to the sex which renders them cowards. They have not the courage to refuse, yet they severely criticise the women who ask for their attentions. It is the greatest mistake a woman can make.

It is all very well when a fashionable young woman, properly chaperoned, invites a gentleman to occupy her box at the theater or opera; but it is quite another thing when a girl with a "career" asks a man to devote time and money to her entertainment.

It seems to me that no woman with a spark of refinement [illegible] or sentiment could do such [illegible].

This growing evil is no doubt one of the disasters attendant upon woman's transition state from a useless toy to a more enlarged sphere. She oversteps the limits of the present enlightened age, however, when she attempts to be the lover.

Because many noble women are progressing into wider fields of usefulness and liberty, a great crowd of unbalanced girls and women, lacking in refinement and restless with a craze for excitement and publicity, are elbowing their way into public notice and overriding all ideas of propriety in their desire to see everything and do everything. Good and delicate minded women ought to cry down this brood, and men ought to snub them in their efforts to obtain attention which is not voluntarily given. Whatever changes occur in the world, let the good old custom of men doing the wooing and asking continue.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

The London Geologists' association has this year elected a woman, whose scientific attainments are indisputable, as one of its vice presidents.

A western girl, Miss Amy Johnson, has started on an 800-mile bicycle trip.

BAGS FOR CHRISTMAS

A WORD IN SEASON ABOUT HOLIDAY GIFTS.

Take Time by the Forelock and Avoid the Rush—Practical Instructions for the Manufacturer of Pretty and Useful Presents—Handkerchief Bags and Workbags.

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WHAT to do for Christmas is the problem that will soon be filling the minds of women, and this problem will require speedy solution if one wishes to enjoy to the utmost the holiday season. There is nothing more tiresome than to be obliged at the last minute to rush around and buy one's gifts, spending more than one can well afford, when by the exercise of a little forethought money and strength can be saved. Begin in time; plan your work; look over your materials in hand; buy judiciously, and then go to work and make—bags, for they never come amiss. No matter how many one has, a new one is always acceptable.

One pretty bag, a suitable present for a child or its mother, is to be used for handkerchiefs, and is made as follows: Cut two round pieces of pasteboard about seven inches in diameter and cut wadding the exact size, using two layers for the inside of the bag. Upon the wadding sprinkle sachet powder. Then lay the disks of wadding upon one of the pieces of pasteboard and hold them in place by covering the circle with cheese cloth. Cover the other circle with pale pink satin, of which the bag is made. This pink satin is very delicate looking when the white roses (procured at a milliner's) encircle it.

The strip (just long enough to go around the circle) is turned over at the top to form a hem, at the lower edge of which a casing should be made by stitching this hem around twice on the machine, using pale pink sewing silk. In the casing put two white silk cords to draw up the bag. Then sew the strip to the lower pasteboard used for the bottom and afterward insert the scented circle, catching it in place with invisible stitches. Turning it right side out again, catch the roses all around the base of the bag, and the bag is done. I don't think any of my readers have a lady friend who would not be pleased to receive one of these dainty handkerchief bags.

Cut a round piece of wood six inches in diameter and cover one side with a piece of coarse linen, in the center of which embroider a monogram or initial in satin stitch, with yellow silk; the back of the board is neatly covered with the same as other material. Around one-half of the board, forming a semicircle, are a number of small brass screw hooks about an inch apart, from which hang small bags, each 4 by 5 inches and prettily worked in odd letters with yellow silk, white thread, linen thread, colored thread, silk twist, pearl buttons, hooks and eyes or anything you desire. In each bag put a drawing cord of silk. Hang the board by a large brass ring, hidden under a huge bow of yellow ribbon at the top. These bags are very convenient, and may be made of almost any material.

For a fanbag purchase one yard and a half of No. 9 ribbon. Cut this in two and join lengthwise by a double row of small brass rings covered with embroidery silk the color of the ribbon. A single row of these rings borders each of the inner edges of the ribbon to within two inches of the ends of the ribbon which are to be fringed. This is doubled in the center and the sides joined. Ribbons are run through the rings at the top from either side, leaving them long enough to slip over the arm.

Serviceable and pretty little workbags are made by using for a foundation one of the small oblong baskets—about 4 by 6 inches—to be found at almost any shop where Japanese goods are kept. For the upper part of the bag procure two yards of dark yellow ribbon, No. 9, and ten yards of the same color a few shades lighter. Then cut these in twelve strips of equal length and join altogether. After they are all joined a hem 2½ inches deep is turned and finished with two rows of stitching one inch apart. The other edge is finished with a very narrow hem and fastened to the basket with invisible stitches. Ribbons run through the casing finish the bag.

Another pretty bag is made of two pieces of chamois, each 5 by 6 inches, which are painted around the edges with clover blossoms and leaves. The designs on the two pieces should be similar, but not exactly the same. A piece of india or china silk, matching the green of the clover leaf, four inches wide and one yard long, is gathered and connects the two pieces of chamois along the sides and across the bottom as a puff. A straight piece of silk six inches deep and the width of the bag is sewed to the bag. A hem two inches deep is turned with two rows of stitching for the ribbons which are green, matching the silk.

Still another lively bag is made of two shades of No. 12 old rose satin ribbon, one and two-thirds of a yard of each being used. The ribbons are cut into strips of ten inches and oversewed together, alternating the light and the dark. A bottom for the bag is made by covering a round piece of pasteboard with wadding sprinkled with sachet powder, and then covering both sides with old rose silk. The ribbon is narrowly hemmed on one side and sewed to the pasteboard. The top is hemmed and has a wide ruffle of soft lace and draw strings of narrow ribbon.

GERTRUDE WILLETT.

"THE PICTURE OF HEALTH."

Hints for Women Who Desire to Earn That Title.

Besides the trio—fresh air, sunshine and exercise, which are well known and sparingly used—there are many other hints and helps ready for those who long for perfect health. Most women desire it not only because they would be a clog upon the lives of others, but also because without it the highest beauty cannot exist, while with it the lack of beauty is scarcely regretted.

One cardinal rule to remember is never to stand when one can sit, nor to sit with the feet touching the ground if one can rest them upon a stool or brace. The idea is to remove the weight of the body from the feet as often as may be, so in any household task it is not only preferable to sit when possible, but likewise to use a rather high stool, where the rounds may serve as a brace. To most women nothing proves more tiresome than shopping. The standing is the hard part, not the walking from store to store. If they took pains always to secure any available seats, they would find "that tired feeling" of which patent medicines speak greatly lessened at the day's end.

Plenty of nutritious, easily digested food is another important factor of a sound body. Women are proverbially careless as to when and what they eat. It need not run into the crankism of health foods, but should certainly include beef and mutton and strong, sound vegetables and fresh fruits, all of which nowadays are readily procurable almost any day in the year.

It seems scarcely necessary to say that light but sufficiently warm clothing should be worn. Yet this does not mean, for instance, the still popular fur capes which envelop one's throat and leave the arms and small of the back absolutely unprotected, nor the great boas which again wrap up the neck that grows tender thereby and afford no other warmth. The lungs must be most carefully guarded—if in no other way, by a layer of flannel underneath the gown, back and front—during severe winter weather. In summer quite as much care should be taken to avoid sudden chills after overheating. An eternal vigilance is required in the matter of dress.

Another essential is the striving after what is not a feminine belonging—a placid temper. Those who "take things easily," who are not soon perturbed nor annoyed, make little drain upon their nervous system. And, after all, the nerves play the greater part in the health of women.

RUTH HALL.

A Prominent Club Woman.

The president of the Women's club, of Orange, N. J., holds an important position, both on account of the age and standing of the club and the good work it is doing. This office is now held by

MRS. THEODORE F. SEWARD.

Mrs. Theodore F. Seward. She is the wife of the man who first introduced the tonic sol fa system of music into this country, and who is the founder of the great "Brotherhood of Christian Unity" movement.

The Women's club, of Orange, is twenty-one years old, nearly the age of Sorosis, and has included or still includes as members and officers some distinguished women—Mrs. Charlotte Emerson Brown, president of the Federation of Women's Clubs; Mrs. Antoinette Blackwell; Mrs. Dr. Losier, now president of Sorosis, and Mrs. Adeline Emerson Thompson, president of the College Settlement association.

Mrs. Seward disclaims any publicity in connection with herself up to the time of her election last March, but her name has been frequently seen as the composer of words for her husband's music. She wrote as "Agnes Burney" for years, until so many of her works were pirated that she thought best to use her real name. She now signs herself Mary C. Seward. The words of one Christmas hymn of hers, beginning,

Ring the bells, the Christmas bells,
Chime out the wondrous story,

seem to have been a favorite with musical composers, her husband says. They have been set to various music, and the original hymn has been published in various countries abroad.

ANNIE ISABEL WILLIS.

THESE

"Three Natives of Pike"

are three of the most accomplished liars on record.

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