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Corner of Court and High Sts.
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We have taken a new name but
will continue to serve our patrons with the
best of the market affords. Give them a
cordial welcome to our Home. Terms
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and Bessemer, Mich.

THE MODERN WOMAN.

A Washington Bride Outlines the Duties
She Owe to Society.
"Nellie, dear," began young Mr. Towers
to his bride, who had just come in from an
early constitutional, "you—"
"Helen, if you please, dear. Let us begin
life in good form; Nellie is obsolete."
"Well, then, Helen, I'd like to have you
drive with me after breakfast."
"Impossible, William; at 9:30 I practice
with the pulleys and weights."
"Well, ten will do."
"At ten I begin muscular exercise, the
neck and chest movement and ankle exer-
cise."
"Eleven, then—"
"At 11 I take my Turkish, which brings
me home to lunch with you at 1:30."
"Then surely, dear—"
"How inconsiderate, dear. I have an en-
gagement with the manure at two sharp,
and at 3:30 the lady who does my hair and
complexion—"
"Good heavens, you don't mean—"
"That I paint or bleach my hair. O, no;
but it is now customary for ladies to put
their hair out to regular artists, massage
and oil and electric needles, you know, to
strengthen the facial muscles, prevent
wrinkles and remove superfluous hairs."
"But you're pretty enough—"
"One must be beautiful, William. Mere
prettiness is passe. At three o'clock I play
tennis, which calls into action and develops
one set of muscles. At four I mount the
tricycle for the same reason. From five to
six I go through my posing or drawing-room
exercises, and after dinner—"
"Will you go with me?"
"Well, perhaps; but this is my raw veal
evening—"
"Raw veal! What on earth—"
"Stupid boy. Of course you've noticed
that I wear a mask every day to keep from
tanning, and wear gloves every night; but
the raw veal laid over one's face for two or
three hours is only an occasional—"
"But, Helen, in horror, 'do you never
do any thing but this all the year round?'"
"Of course this merely happens to be
my physical culture day; to-morrow is
society day. I receive and give myself up
to society visitors and the club. Wednes-
day is church day. I hunt up worthy poor,
arrange Sunday-school picnics, visit the W.
C. T. U., Foreign Missions, Daughters of
the King meeting, and have the minister
and wife to dinner. Thursday I devote to
literature and politics. I read, write, attend
a suffrage meeting or lecture on literature,
theosophical or scientific subjects. Friday is
art day. This time I devote exclusively to
art, to painting, modeling in clay, or in the
search for antiques and in the study of
ceramics. Saturday I give up to my dress-
maker and the study of fabrics, tones and
draperies. You will notice the Greek
model—"
"Well, Mrs. Towers, will you tell me what
time is left for me?"
"Oh, you, William! Why, I had forgot-
ten! But then, 'cheerfully, I'm never busy
after church Sundays. That time is wasted
any way. We can always have Sunday
dinners, except the time I devote to
some duties.'"
A modern woman is a martyr, concludes
the Washington Post, and she rarely has an
hour for her own enjoyment.

"I'M LIKE MY FATHER."
The Foolishness of Persons Who Live Under
an Ancestral Shadow.
"I'm just like my father; I shall die
young."
The speaker was playing the arrant fool,
and I told him so, writes Harkey Barker
in the New York Weekly. He was a bit
telling, had been for some months of color.
I called on him in his sick-room and found
him much depressed. He had the notion
that he had inherited "a short-lived consti-
tution," whatever that may be. The life
insurance people had asked him, in their
curious catechism, whether he resembled
his father or his mother the more strongly,
and if either, which. This was a revela-
tion to him; he had never thought of it be-
fore. He concluded that he resembled his
father, who had died at thirty years of age.
His friend is already forty-six. His phy-
sician assured both his wife and me that
nothing gravely threatening was the mat-
ter with him. We found—his devoted wife
and I—that his father had died of fever
contracted on the isthmus. But it is no use;
the poor dunces had the notion that he is to
fade away "like his father." Of course
this is nervous fatigue, nothing more nor
less; it is incipient nervous prostration. But
the item of heredity in the case presents a
common delusion.

People presume on longevity as well, be-
cause they "come of a long-lived family." Singu-
larly, a gentleman boasted this other
extreme to me the week before last. He
was quite sure of advanced age, "because
his father, grandfather, and away back all
his ancestry were long-livers." And yet as
I write, that very gentleman is dead.

I am certain that both hope and fear are
inspired, without reason and against rea-
son, by the popular notion. It may be true
that longevity or short life is inherited; but
the trace is so feeble that in the battle of life
it is not worth either expecting or dreading.
If you get such a notion into your head, it
is a fatuous delusion. Your father, for in-
stance, died at sixty years of age. You
think of the epoch. You will erect a
stone wall of fatalism for yourself right
there. Unconsciously to yourself you will
continually be calculating upon it with ap-
prehension. You will not talk about it
even to your wife, till you have approached
your fifty-eighth year; then, as you get a
trifle worn, and perhaps sick, some day,
you will let out your fear. It will torture
your loved ones; it will baffle your phy-
sicians as they wonder what can ail you, and
you are ashamed to tell them. It will actu-
ally cripple your nervous forces, subtract
from your stock of vitality; and there is lit-
tle doubt that the pure, unmixed foolish-
ness may hasten your death. Your father
will have had nothing to do with your
death; but you may hasten your own death
by psychic depletion. There is far more
evidence that men do actually cause their
own premature death by apprehension
than that they inherit it.

To presume that you inherit the long life-
time of a grandfather who lived to four-score
is even more absurd. It may not have been
vitality with the old gentleman at all. He
may have had a more powerful organism
than ordinary men. But a quiet, unevent-
ful life, exceptionally free from any heavy
strain, may have kept his heart throbbing
so long. If you are hard pushed and over-
doing it, you should take your alarm by re-
ferring your guilty mind back to a solemn
reminder rather than taking wholesome
rest, the probabilities are that you will
snap your mainspring before you know it.

The theory will make one more victim, and
you are the man. Theory is one thing, but
facts are better. Quite likely your grand-
father will tell you that you look and act
like him at forty-five than her husband did at
sixty. You live in a more exciting and ex-
hausting age. You are a city man; he was a
country man. You like fancy dishes; he
loved food. You sleep mornings; he
slept nights. You are fretted by money, as by
politics; he was fretted by nothing worse
than an unruly ox or a shower on his new-
mown hay. You are housed in a shop, or
factory, or office, with the devalitized air of
modern furnace heat; he, this noble octo-
genarian, lived among mountains, or
beach, or in the wide, wide sea.

Do not presume on the venerable age of
that went before you; there is a temptation
and a snare in it every time.

Every man must sail his own ship. In
the name of the kind Creator, do not think
you are going to cough your life away be-
cause "consumption is hereditary in our
family." Facts show that the decided major-
ity of victims of this terrible malady are the
original cases. The fact that the disease
is hereditary is a mere coincidence. Con-
sumption, I repeat, are the first costs in
the family. I have it on good au-
thority in pulmonary maladies that de-
cidedly the vast majority of the offspring of
consumptive families die of other diseases.

It is not to be denied that there is a law of
heredity in disease. But the children pre-
disposed to consumption, for instance, being
forwarned, are forewarned to caution; tak-
ing excellent care of themselves, they dis-
card their more "thoughtful" neighbors.
Probably over eighty per cent of the insane
are original cases; that is, in neither branch
of the family, within three generations, can
be found an insane ancestor. I will not at-
tempt figures, but medical authority tells us
that disease of the heart, the liver, the kid-
ney is almost always original.

Reader, live under no ancestral shadow.
Live in your own sunshine. The kind
Creator has given us each our day. The
dead can neither hinder nor help us much.
We have our chance. Each life is unique
in its own individual beauty or deformity.
It is my father's good example, which, ad-
miring, I purposely copy, which benefits me.
It is the heritage of his worthy name
that helps me, more than blood or gold. It
is the subtle copying of his virtues or vices
that is a powerful impulse. To be like
one's father and mother is a good thing;
but even this I must seek after with resolu-
tion purpose. The bugbear of hereditary
brief life is too shocking, is a cruel fiction of
quasi-science that I would be glad to drive
out of the home of many a sufferer. There
is, however, this curious discovery that I
have made: Many people seem to actually
regard such respect for their hereditary
bush in the nature of filial piety. They
think it religious to die of any but an in-
herited malady. They insist on it.

THE LUNA MOTH.
A Beautiful Creature That Haunts the
Electric Lights.

Shadows of fitting nocturnal things that
cover about the street electric lights are
seen, thrown upon street or pavement, by
hundreds of passers by who never know it
to creatures that cause them to be bat-
tled or some other things whose names
are to the limit of the human mind.

In fact, these are all of these
creatures frequently hovering about the
lights; the bats, doubtless, in pursuit of
one of the tiny insect brood, while the
upper moths are drawn, like the minute in-
sect swarms, about the light as a brilliant
object. Mr. D. W. C. Pond, of Hartford,
Conn., showed a Hartford reporter a
beautiful green moth which his wife suc-
ceeded in trapping down from a stroke of
light. It is the Luna moth—perhaps the
most beautiful of all our moths. It is no
small, but quite so large, as some
moths, but the exquisite delicacy of its
wings, both in texture and tint, surpasses
that of any other variety that flies here.

The wings extend about five inches in
length, and are a beautiful green. A broad
border of pure white runs along the front
edge of the fore wings, and the hind wings
are tipped with the same white. The
center of each of the four wings is a
translucent yellowish spot, encircled by a
ring of black and yellow on the upper side
of the wing, and white beneath. Each hind
wing has a slender, asymmetrical tail, nearly
two inches long. The good-sized body is
slightly covered with a hair-like mantle of
white—a kind of down, which looks like a soft
and slightly curled hair of the white bear.

The eyes, rather large, are deep, dark
purple, and there are two small blackish
spots in the white down, beneath
the head, that look like the creature's
smiling little black eyes, but are not
the antennae are yellow and beautifully
feathered, and the legs are purple like the
body. The worm of the Luna moth lives
a walnut tree; a large, ugly-looking
creature, which spins its shroud inside
of the leaves of the dead or dying leaves
and by using two or three leaves to
make a brown looking mass, which would
attract no notice among the similarly col-
ored dead leaves on the branch or on the
ground—for it sometimes drops and is
licked over with the rest by boys poking
dead leaves in October in search of wal-
nuts.

So found, if taken home and kept in
quiet place in a room, the cocoon will
burst in May, and the young moth will
emerge. Its swift growth and its stroke, due
to a baby's year, as it becomes in a
few minutes a beautiful green moth, is one
of the marvels of the creature's changes.

Changes in twenty minutes from a wet,
white, half worm-like thing into a charming
green moth.

Not Entire Strangers.
Simon Greenleaf, the eminent jurist, who
fourteen years previous to his appoint-
ment as professor in the Harvard Law
school was a practicing lawyer in Portland,
and a charming daughter. A foppish young
man named Barrell, meeting her at a social
gathering in this city one evening in early
spring remarked to her that he had that
day seen in Doering's woods something
that reminded him of her. When asked
what it was he said: "A green leaf." And
I saw something this morning that re-
minded me of you," returned
the girl. "May I ask what it was?"
and the youth. "An empty barrel!"

He Had Been Fixed.
A little darkey boy was recently brought
before the police court of Richmond, Va.,
charged with some trifling offense. He
asked to have his case postponed for one
day, so that he might bring as a witness
another darkey boy who friend was
sick. To the next morning his friend was
dead. The boy was entirely against the ac-
cused boy and resulted in a conviction.
When the prisoner was asked to explain
this fact he remarked, philosophically:
"Oh, I had been seen since I saw him!"

THE MODERN WOMAN.

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"Nellie, dear," began young Mr. Towers
to his bride, who had just come in from an
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"Helen, if you please, dear. Let us begin
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drive with me after breakfast."
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factory, or office, with the devalitized air of
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heredity in disease. But the children pre-
disposed to consumption, for instance, being
forwarned, are forewarned to caution; tak-
ing excellent care of themselves, they dis-
card their more "thoughtful" neighbors.
Probably over eighty per cent of the insane
are original cases; that is, in neither branch
of the family, within three generations, can
be found an insane ancestor. I will not at-
tempt figures, but medical authority tells us
that disease of the heart, the liver, the kid-
ney is almost always original.

Reader, live under no ancestral shadow.
Live in your own sunshine. The kind
Creator has given us each our day. The
dead can neither hinder nor help us much.
We have our chance. Each life is unique
in its own individual beauty or deformity.
It is my father's good example, which, ad-
miring, I purposely copy, which benefits me.
It is the heritage of his worthy name
that helps me, more than blood or gold. It
is the subtle copying of his virtues or vices
that is a powerful impulse. To be like
one's father and mother is a good thing;
but even this I must seek after with resolu-
tion purpose. The bugbear of hereditary
brief life is too shocking, is a cruel fiction of
quasi-science that I would be glad to drive
out of the home of many a sufferer. There
is, however, this curious discovery that I
have made: Many people seem to actually
regard such respect for their hereditary
bush in the nature of filial piety. They
think it religious to die of any but an in-
herited malady. They insist on it.

THE LUNA MOTH.
A Beautiful Creature That Haunts the
Electric Lights.

Shadows of fitting nocturnal things that
cover about the street electric lights are
seen, thrown upon street or pavement, by
hundreds of passers by who never know it
to creatures that cause them to be bat-
tled or some other things whose names
are to the limit of the human mind.

In fact, these are all of these
creatures frequently hovering about the
lights; the bats, doubtless, in pursuit of
one of the tiny insect brood, while the
upper moths are drawn, like the minute in-
sect swarms, about the light as a brilliant
object. Mr. D. W. C. Pond, of Hartford,
Conn., showed a Hartford reporter a
beautiful green moth which his wife suc-
ceeded in trapping down from a stroke of
light. It is the Luna moth—perhaps the
most beautiful of all our moths. It is no
small, but quite so large, as some
moths, but the exquisite delicacy of its
wings, both in texture and tint, surpasses
that of any other variety that flies here.

The wings extend about five inches in
length, and are a beautiful green. A broad
border of pure white runs along the front
edge of the fore wings, and the hind wings
are tipped with the same white. The
center of each of the four wings is a
translucent yellowish spot, encircled by a
ring of black and yellow on the upper side
of the wing, and white beneath. Each hind
wing has a slender, asymmetrical tail, nearly
two inches long. The good-sized body is
slightly covered with a hair-like mantle of
white—a kind of down, which looks like a soft
and slightly curled hair of the white bear.

The eyes, rather large, are deep, dark
purple, and there are two small blackish
spots in the white down, beneath
the head, that look like the creature's
smiling little black eyes, but are not
the antennae are yellow and beautifully
feathered, and the legs are purple like the
body. The worm of the Luna moth lives
a walnut tree; a large, ugly-looking
creature, which spins its shroud inside
of the leaves of the dead or dying leaves
and by using two or three leaves to
make a brown looking mass, which would
attract no notice among the similarly col-
ored dead leaves on the branch or on the
ground—for it sometimes drops and is
licked over with the rest by boys poking
dead leaves in October in search of wal-
nuts.

So