

A WOMAN'S LETTER.

Some Remarks Concerning Politics and Children.

It is a relief to see that men who "talk politics" are, as a rule, abandoning their old habits of abusing and maligning each other because of party. And while it is gratifying to see that party has less influence on nominations than formerly, it makes one a little apprehensive, and we women have concluded that there is a very important issue at stake, else the men would never for a moment abandon the ever-varying pleasure and interest of reciting all past deeds of right and wrong, (and especially wrong) committed by the nominee or his supporters.

No, men are turning their attention to the "money question." Some of them understand it thoroughly, some think they do; but to the greater part of them it is Greek, and the phrase "16 to 1," is an especially difficult passage. The most of the men know as little about its meaning as we women do, and we are not supposed to know anything—at least, about politics, or what is best for our country. Most men think we should be content, too, to allow ignorant Italians and half-bred Indians to help form our laws. Some of us are not. True, we know we've enough else to occupy hand and brain. The average woman is a combination of cook, laundress, teacher and nurse, to say nothing of seamstress and a great many other "esses." Nevertheless, most of us could find time to instruct ourselves in intelligent balloting, and would doubtless make a greater success of it than an ignorant foreigner, and would not place so great a pecuniary value upon our vote.

But then! this is the old debate of "woman's rights." Some of us want to vote, and say so; others do, and say they don't, because they can't; and yet others don't care whether they can or can't. The first are the sort of women who are very angry for a few minutes, and then are sunny tempered again; the second are the sulky sort, who are provoked if they can't have what they want, and are too proud and sullen to ask twice. And the last? O, they are the "contented" sort. Deliver us from many of 'em! If we women were voters, I think we would devote a few hours to learning what "16 to 1" means, instead of standing on the street corners and harping on the trouble that will follow the adoption of the "gold standard," or the good that will follow a distribution of "free silver."

A man told me a story a few days since which I would never have told to another, were I a man, I would be so ashamed of him. He said one man said to another, "Why, if we get a distribution of free silver at the rate of 16 to 1 every man and woman will receive \$16, and each one of their children \$16, and I tell you, I'll vote for free silver every time! I know which side of my bread is buttered." Well, I doubt it, don't you? There is one comforting assurance, however, and that is this; although that man's children may not know any more about the respective sides of their slice of bread when they are born, their mother will probably be able to instill a little knowledge in their respective brains. She can at least teach them not to lick the butter all off the one side, and then howl because they must then eat the dry bread. And when they get to squabbling over a chair, one of them squalling because the other is in his chair, she can and should make them understand that they must not be selfish. She must remember that they are embryo politicians, and must eliminate such selfish traits from their characters for the sake of household peace and the future good to their nation.

We all know of families where nothing is used in partnership, and no child is compelled or taught to give up to another under any circumstance. Each has his swing, his wagon and drum, and there has to be a full supply, of every variety, of toys brought to the house. If one encroaches upon the other's territory, in even the slightest degree, there is a row and it is only settled by the mother saying "Now Johnny you get right out of Jimmy's chair, you've got one your own, and you just sit in it and don't bother him."

Why does't she teach him to give no heed to such matters, and inculcate a charitable spirit in the child. He will be a nice person to have around, when he is grown, will he not?

In such a family you will find that, though each child has his own toys, one hair brush and comb does duty for the entire family. Why not teach them to share their playthings, but to possess, individually, such articles as tooth and hair brushes and combs. Let each have a place for his belongings, of that sort, and teach them to observe order in placing them.

Teach them habits of personal neatness. They learn very young that one of the first qualities, of ladyhood, is neatly combed hair. Not long since a childish conversation, was overheard, which will serve to illustrate this point. One of the neighbor's children had been playing with a bright little girl, of six, who was seated drumming on the piano. "Now," said she, "Play you were a lady come to visit me and you were going to sing, but wait a minute and I'll get a brush and brush your hair," and disgusted with the dirty face and unkempt hair, the little thing darted into her mother's room and got her brush and was soon endeavoring to improve the appearance of the other's hair. I'll venture she afterwards received some private instruction, regarding the proper care of hair brushes.

To the parents the blame is mostly due of bad habits formed in childhood. A dear old lady said she taught her children how to eat in a manner becoming a human being by giving them, when small, a dish deep enough so that if they could not otherwise capture an elusive morsel they could get it next the side of the dish and easily push it into their apron. We cannot expect a child's pudgy little hands to be very dextrous in the use of a spoon. This grandma said, "It almost makes me cry to see a hungry child come to the table and try to dip anything from a shallow plate. First they know it's over the side and they are scolded for soiling the cloth. Then the little things watch their chance, and in go their fingers, and a large mouthful is crowded onto the spoon, and as it is conveyed to the hungry mouth, the eyes are watching the mother, momentarily expecting discovery, and a reproof for taking 'such large bites.' It is an insult to a child." Give them a bright little pan—shallow, with perpendicular sides, then they can take a reasonable sized mouthful and not be starving or cramming, and are not taught a lesson in deceit.

She is right, as any mother will see when she gives the matter a little thought. When the youngster has become somewhat deft, his little tin "trough" can be exchanged for something more elegant, but do let them eat in comfort. And don't let them have "pie, first," or allow them to eat the jam and leave the bread, or they will become "ring politicians," and there are too many now.

A mirror could not lie if it wanted to. The glass has nothing to gain by flattery. If the roses of health and plumpness of beauty are leaving your face, your mirror will tell you so. You can see for yourself you are in danger of losing the admiration which is every woman's due. You may not really realize it, but health is the greatest beauty. Lotions, plasters, creams and cosmetics cannot make as good a complexion as health can. They merely emphasize it. Health shows in clearness of eyes and skin, in redness of lips and vivacity of manner and expression. Disease is proved positively by the absence of these things. When a woman sees the indications of ill-health in the face, she may with almost absolute certainty look for the cause in one or both of two conditions—constipation, and derangement of the organs distinctly feminine. These things in themselves are in some degree related, and symptoms of all the sickness of women come from them. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure permanently and positively any so-called "female complaint." Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets will cure constipation. There is no reason in the world why a woman should not be perfectly healthy. It rests with herself. If she will take these truly wonderful remedies, and follow a few hygienic measures, she may become perfectly strong and healthy in all ways. She will gain in health, strength and flesh. Hollows and angles will give place to fullness and grace. She will be that noblest and most beautiful of all creation—a perfect woman. All druggists sell Dr. Pierce's medicines, but if you care to know more about them and to know all of the grandest medical truths, send for one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only, and a complete copy of Dr. Pierce's 1000 page book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," will be sent post-paid. It is a veritable medical library, complete in one volume. Several finely illustrated chapters are devoted to the consideration of diseases of women and their successful home-treatment. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.

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