WOMAN AND HOME.

NOTHING IN THE WORLD SO BAD AS PERPETUAL MOTION.

The Woman Who Works Too Much. Hardships of Poverty — Don't Hear Everything—Woman's Sense of Comradeship—Education of Girls.

There is nothing in this world so bad as perpetual motion. What a blessed thing that no one has ever yet quite invented perpetual motion! Yet I know some little mothers that are almost 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 desirable. So this life becomes tolerable because it points toward one huge 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 groan; 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 wearied look. They always looked fagged; but with fretted nerves they go trotting on through life, hoping for rest hereafter. What can a genuine Yankee woman do about it? She inherits the go ahead of a dozen generations. Bless us! but she knows no more how to stop than she knows how to fly.

And 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 leap and a bellow; 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 Tarbox, who whittles, but the whole of New England, for 300 years—the whole Yankee nation—represented by Jonathan. Every nation thus gets its features, its type, its cut, its characteristic. An Englishman eminently knows how to stop and when to stop. He is stubbornly constituted in the words, "I won't." The Yankee's stubbornness is in "I will." So a baby, born in this line of restless aggressiveness, is nervous as an eel.

I do not think you could do better than collect a gallery of child portraits, taken of the common people. You would find the antithesis most perfect between the babies of Holland and those of America—the former phlegmatic as their sires, and the latter as restless as their mothers. Indeed, but the one great national need is for our women to learn the art of stopping. I am not talking to those who are doomed to poverty. Poor souls! I do not know when society will learn how to help you to stop. It is our great lesson yet to be learned.—"S. P. P." in Globe-Democrat.

The Hardships of Poverty.

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 broad shoulders of a veritable Bridget or a peasant born drudge. To live in comfort there is more work necessary in a household than mere onlookers ever dream of. The routine of good housekeeping is 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 kitchens than ever yet perished at stakes. Smile at their discomforts and their sorrows if you will, but the woman doomed to do kitchen work, who has no taste or adaptability for it, is a sight for tears rather than scorn.

There are only two remedies for her lot; one 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—if God has not mercifully given it to you—an appreciation of the ludicrous. A good laugh will put to flight more cares than a shotgun can scatter blackbirds. Draw a deep line between the essentials and non-essentials. Never neglect the hygiene of the home, but never mind the frills. Toss a pound of copperas down your drain, use ammonia and pure carbolic freely, but let your windows and your silver go without cleaning when you are tired. Don'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 sit down a minute with the work undone and play a jig on the piano, or read the newspaper, than yield a slave's allegiance to the work that awaits you. Paste a lot of your favorite poems all around the walls, over the sink and in the pantry closet, so that the words shall greet you like an encouraging voice, and keep your soul, at least, out of dish water.

And now about getting out of it. Buy a type writer and get jobs 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 sewing, if you have a machine. If you have taste, paint menu cards and the like, and earn a bit. Whatever work you can do that is preferable to household drudgery, do it and exchange the money earned for help in the kitchen. Do something either heroic or sensible, and may the good Lord help you out of your scrape!—"Amber" in Chicago Journal.

A Few Sensible Hints.

If Sophonisba's father is worth a great many millions of dollars, and chooses to fill his house with wonderful bric-a-brac, and to wash it every morning in Tokay—should that be his fancy—why should Sophonisba's young friends hesitate to ask her to a merry dance, with no refreshment and no Tokay whatever but plain nutmegs and ices, salads and sandwiches? It is the fan and the cool refreshment after the dance, not the ormolu and the marble, and the marvelous masses of orchids, and the solid gold and silver service, and the strawberries in January and peaches in March, which make the pleasure of the evening.

Besides, if rich people entertain as they please, why do not poor people entertain as they please? Will you refuse to ask your friends because you cannot serve ortolans upon Dresden china and gold, or pour Schloss Johannisberger for all the boys in Venetian glass, as your neighbor does? To put a truth in a homely way, you are as good as he, if not as rich, and why should you permit him unconsciously to bully you because he is richer than you? Mothers and fathers, deplore the extravagance, the late hours, of society, the wanton dressing, the utter vanity and vexation, of the social treadmill. And lo! 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 New Fashions in Marriage.

We may feel a twinge of regret, but we have ceased to be shocked when we hear the marriage of two ardent young people spoken of as "a genuine old fashioned love match, such as one seldom hears of in this day." Nor are we righteously indignant at the compassionate smile that accompanies the implied slur.

One direct question will prove the truth of the assertion. What do we mean when we say that a girl has "married well?" Given a tolerably 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 daughter's marriage: She has, indeed, married magnificently!" he subjoined aside to an intimate friend. "I could ask nothing better for her, thank God!" Meeting the son-in-law subsequently, the friend saw an uneducated man of mean stature, ignoble visage, boorish deportment, and less than mediocre intellect. But he has inherited the millions of a self made father, and cunning 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, very many which, if heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness, that every 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 quiet voyage of life, we find ourselves caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, we should shut our ears as a sailor would furl his sail, and making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot and restless man begins to inflame our feelings, we should consider what mischief these fiery sparks may do in our magazine below, where our temper is kept, and instantly close the 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 mere walking pincushion, stuck 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 our schools, is by no means unpracticed in society. We have noticed that a well bred woman never hears a vulgar or impertinent remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from many insults, from much blame, from not a little connivance 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 wickedest lie ever taught and one that the slightest 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 mutual surprise and delight at finding so much earnestness and sisterly feeling is something really pathetic. Many a shy, stiff, narrow woman expands under the sense of comradeship and sympathy like a flower brought from the cellar into the sunshine, and blossoms out in a way as surprising to herself as it is delightful to her friends. Like Gloriana in one of Mrs. Whitney's stories, she knew there were "good times in the world, but never expected to be in them," and now she 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 enlightened womanhood which will be the salvation of society.—Hester M. Poole in Good Housekeeping.

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 womanhood 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.

Nothing is more marked in our progress than 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 discuss the relative weight and size of the masculine 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.—"S. S. E. M." in Chicago Herald.

How to Take Pills.

A writer gives the following directions for taking pills easily:

If the pill is tasteless, let it be taken lightly between the lips, and a drink of water will carry it down with no trouble. If disagreeable to the taste, it is better to place the pill as far back as possible on the tongue, and then take a good draught of water or any light beverage. Let the most inveterate of pill haters give this simplest of methods a fair trial, and he will be quite an exception if he does not own his difficulties gone.

Should he, however, remain obdurate, another plan may be tried: envelop the pill in a small piece of rice or wafer paper, place this in a tablespoon, fill up with water, put the spoon as far back in the throat as possible, and the whole mass will be swallowed with ease.—Youth's Companion.

To Get Rid of a Sty.

When you are particularly anxious to attend the concert or party of the season, and feel that pricking pain and see the fatal little spot of red on the eyelid that surely foretells the coming of a sty, have no fears for the result, but put in a small bag a teaspoonful of black tea, on which pour enough boiling water to moisten; as soon as cool enough put it on the eye and let it remain until morning. The sty will, in all probability, be gone; if not, one more application will be certain to remove it.—St. Louis Republican.

How to Clean Marble.

To clean marble, brush off the dust with a piece of chamois; then apply with a brush a good coat of gum arabic of about the consistency of thick mucilage; expose it to the sun or wind to dry. In a short time it will peel 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 Budget.

A Child's First Awakening.

There are many bitter awakenings from care lapsing sleep on the way through this world, but none quite so sad as a child's first awakening to the fact that mother sometimes tells "harmless little fibs," or that father does not always hold to the letter of his agreements, or even that sister Kate's rosy cheeks come in a pasteboard box and are applied with a chamois' skin. It seems a small thing to you no doubt, and perhaps you laugh at the child's look of wide eyed wonder when it hears you tell the servant to say 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 uncorrupted honor and perfect truth.—"Amber" in Chicago Journal.

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 seductive 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.—New York Press.

The Baby's First Year.

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, depends 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 acquaintance with this restless, rioting world of ours.—Demorest's Monthly.

Hair Dressing in Paris.

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

Children's Remarks.

Often parents with all good intentions reprove their children for making remarks on the nature of the food placed before them; but when children are at home they ought to be encouraged rather than otherwise to bestow well merited praise or blame, as it indicates a refined and acute condition of the senses of taste and smell.—Olfactics.

Cleansing Bedsteads.

Concentrated lye is the best of all contrivances for cleansing bedsteads. Never keep either lye or any poisonous substance in a bottle or pitcher or cup that may be drunk from by mistake. In a tin box or china soap dish, nobody would mistake them for any beverage.—Boston Budget.

Hint 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 hundred a year says, "I am too poor to buy anything but the very best."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

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

The flavor of nearly all kinds of fish is improved by removing the skin from them before they are cooked. The skin has a disagreeable flavor, as does the fat is between the skin and the flesh.

Never let the whites of eggs stand during the beating process, even for a moment, as they will begin to turn to a liquid state and cannot be restored, and thus will make a heavy cake.

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

Never speak loudly, or whisper impressively, or talk continuously in a sick room, above all don't gossip about cases of sickness that have come under your observation.

Linen dresses or other garments will retain their color if washed in water in which a quantity of hay is placed; boil and rinse the goods in it, using a little soap.

The newest thing in mourning is that the girl whom death bereaves of her accepted lover may wear a black ribbon as a testimonial of her grief.

For a sore throat there is nothing better than the white of an egg beaten stiff, with all the sugar it will hold and the clear juice of a lemon.

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

To clear a tanned skin wash with a solution of carbonate of soda and a little lemon juice, then with the juice of green grapes.

Make as few changes as possible in those who care for a sick person; it irritates to have many different ones about.

Don't sit down familiarly by the beside of a sick person; your every movement may irritate and make him nervous.

The faults of women arise from weakness, incompetency and poverty of will, rather than through appetite or passion.

The so called "bargain counters" are responsible for more bad dressing than almost any other agency of trade.

Love of finery is only a low love of the beautiful, and love of admiration only an excessive love of pleasing.

"The funeral of marriages" is what Chief Justice Peters, of Maine, calls divorce day in the supreme court.

Washing in cold water when overheated is a frequent cause of disfiguring pimples.

Sick people are sensitive; never remind them what an easy time they are having.

Dishcloths are quickest sweetened by being boiled up with soda and water.

To clean stained tea or coffee cups scour with bath brick.

No House in Sight.

They were twenty miles from the Mississippi river, bound east. "Conductor," said a passenger, "when do we reach Kansas City?" "We're there now." "There now! Why, there isn't a house in sight!" "No houses, no. 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.

A VICTIM OF COCAINE

Gives His Experience with the Fascinating Drug—Nursed Back to Health.

Dr. Charles D. Bradley's name first came into undesirable prominence in November, 1885, when he was arrested charged with being insane through excessive indulgence in morphine and cocaine, the latter a powerful narcotic of which up to that time little had been heard. He was taken before Judge Prendergast, was declared to be insane, and given a sentence of three months in the Washingtonian home. After a fortnight's stay at the home Dr. Bradley went to Canada, his old home, where he gave himself up entirely to the demands of the drug, the fascinations of which completely enthralled him. Practice and home were gone, and he gave free rein to his vice. He returned to Chicago and was sent to the insane asylum, where a complete cure was effected, and he resumed his practice, only to find himself deserted by his clients and his reputation impaired.

Consolation for the reverses came with cocaine, to which he again became a victim, and there were months when he absolutely lived in the state of mind it produced, securing it by hook or crook until his last possession was gone and his family beggared.

The physician went to the gutter, and a year ago was begging for cocaine at drug stores or securing it by fictitious orders on druggists. Then he disappeared. He was occasionally heard from in Canada and the east until last fall, when the papers revealed his arrest in New York city for [illegible] to obtain a supply of cocaine [illegible] himself as a [illegible] physician to another, in the police court the gaunt, emaciated, bagged man told his story of want and woe, and the causes which brought them about. At that time he was using sixty grains of cocaine a day. He was sent to Bellevue hospital to die. There he was found by the manager of the Christian home, where he was nursed back to mental and physical vigor.

Dr. Bradley was reluctant to dwell on the episodes thus being given, but conversed freely on other circumstances of his life.

"Until 1885 there was nothing to dim my prospects," said Dr. Bradley. "It was in that year that cocaine was first brought to notice through a German physician, but it was only known as a medical anaesthetic in operations on the eye. There was no method known for using it for other purposes. I was the first man to discover that it could be otherwise used—in fact, to take the place of ether or chloroform. That discovery, so important to the world, was unfortunate for me. When I announced my discovery physicians laughed and declared I was crazy. I wrote a letter to Mayor Harrison asking him to appoint a medical committee to inquire into the value of my discovery, which was the administration of cocaine hypodermically. I first utilized my discovery by testing it on a cat. I dissected a leg of a cat, exposing tissue and muscles, and kept the animal on my desk for hours watching the circulation. There was no pain, the drug exerting a soothing effect.

"Next I began experimenting on myself. I found that the anaesthetic influence of cocaine is limited. I experimented on myself again and again to see just how far this limit extended, and learned just where, when and how to give injections. Physicians then believed that the effects of the drug were similar to those of morphine. To disprove this I tried actual cautery by applying to my body red hot irons, but I felt no pain, and there was not the slightest sensation as the flesh withered under the heated irons. For three months every day for a half hour I experimented with the drug, and often passed several hours of the night in its study before a mirror, watching its effect on myself. But I never realized that it was obtaining a mastery over me. Its fascinating powers were unknown to the profession. I was thunderstruck when I found that the drug was absolutely necessary to my mind and body. I believe I could have conquered the habit then were it not for a misunderstanding with the man from whom I rented my home. He wanted his house, and when I refused to vacate it my weakness was made a point by which I was dragged into an insane court. Persecution and publicity drove me to desperate extremes. At the Washingtonian home no one knew how to treat my disease. Everybody knows the rest—how I went to the gutter and lost everything."

"With all your experience with cocaine, how do you now regard it?" asked the reporter.

"I think it is a grand drug, with remarkable properties, and destined to fill the place of ether and chloroform. It can be used without danger of death. It produces no nausea or prostration. It is a great specific for nervous diseases, for certain diseases of the spine, for insanity, for tetanus, hydrophobia and other convulsive diseases. It will unlock all other anti-spasmodics and instantly their action. I think I know more about cocaine than most men, but I have no comprehensive idea of its possibilities. Scientists are only in the experimental stage with it."

"What are the effects of the drug?"

"To begin with, it is like the effects of any stimulant at certain stages, but it is not stupefying, as is opium. The person taking it has a feeling that everything is lovely and serene, of perfect contentment and universal satisfaction. All things seem perfect. There are none of the frightful illusions which come from liquor or other stimulants. Excessive quantities, though, cause great irritability. The duration of the effect is about two hours, and is succeeded by a feeling of depression and exhaustion. But there is none of the disturbance of the mind or nervous system that follows drunkenness. The victim loses all strength after each indulgence, and there lies the chief danger in using cocaine. It weakens the action of the heart, making sudden frights or excitements dangerous, as was exemplified in the sudden death of a physician, who engaged in a quarrel with a barber last year and fell dead during the quarrel. He used cocaine. The effects of the habit are degrading. It will destroy a man's perception of right, just the same as whisky, and pull a victim down to the lowest depths of low cunning and viciousness."—Chicago News.