

WOMAN AND HOME.

PHYSICAL AND MENTAL DEVELOPMENT OF BOYS AND GIRLS.

Saving the Odds and Ends—Starving to Death for Love—At the Picnic—Being Insulted—In Disguise—"Good Society."

At the bottom of everything lies health—without this, every other gift is more or less useless. Though you miss all else for your children, secure this first of all. Make sure they acquire no health destroying habits. Do not have a boy tied to his mother's apron strings. Let abundant play and out-of-door sports create strength and animal spirits.

At to what can be done in childhood toward the higher development: In the first place, if your son or daughter is gifted with mind or tastes inherently predestined to be cultivated, you could not prevent that consummation is you tried. Some men who, in later life, become distinguished exponents of the higher departments, in youth never show the slightest indication of their future eminence.

These are the difficult cases. If you suspect that your boy or girl possesses some strongly pronounced talent or bent, by all means do not coddle it. Neither is it necessary brutally to stamp it out. There have been in children inclinations that, while not of the superlative and supreme type that cannot be arrested, might have been productive of much pleasure and profit to their owners and a wide circle, and yet early died out through rough treatment and neglect.

As time goes on, and the indications persist, and friends and experts confirm your thought, you may feel assured. All the more because of suspected talent, make health and strength the first consideration. You are much more likely, however, to see in your child remarkable cleverness which has no existence, than to be able to see those which do exist. Here, it is well to say, that too many parents seek to make prodigies of their little ones. Scarcely are they able to lip when attempts are made to teach them to read, recite verses and otherwise anticipate the natural ripening of the intellect.

And if they are unusually precocious, instead of being restrained, as they should be, more often a systematic form of instruction is instituted, and thus the intellect is prematurely developed, but almost always at the expense of the physical constitution. If in early life the mind is overtasked, the development of the physical organization is retarded. The vital forces during the first years of child life are especially required by the system at large to maintain its necessary development.

If, therefore, they are too prodigally expended on the intellect, or unequally diverted to the brain, it must be at the cost of other functions and organs. Under such circumstances, the growth is generally retarded, the muscular system but imperfectly developed, and the body continues spare and devoid of its fair proportions. The complexion will, moreover, be pale and sickly, the circulation and digestion feeble, and nervous affections or other infirmities of the flesh are likely to supervene, overburdening existence and shortening its term.

The future of children, therefore, in a very great measure, depends upon the management which they receive during the first few years of life, and this truth should be deeply impressed upon the minds of all parents. Especially should they appreciate the dangers of interfering with intellectual development. The immature brain of childhood is such an exceedingly delicate organ that grievous consequences often, in later life, result from efforts to quicken the understanding. In the natural order of things the powers of the mind are disclosed gradually and in harmony with the advancement of other functions of the system.

The beginning of their riches back to the time when they carefully saved pieces of twine, never cutting it from a bundle, but carefully untying it and laying it away for future use, until they must have had a barrel or two of old twine lying around some place. Once I read of a millionaire who set his fellow men an example of thrift by getting out of his carriage and picking up a rusty nail he saw by the roadside, and I imitated his example until I had about forty pounds of old, rusty, bent and broken nails lying around; and about once in six months I used a pound or two of them in trying to find one that I could drive into a board without bending or breaking. At last I sold the lot for old iron and got ten cents for them.

Then I began to reform, and the other day I began reforming my wife. I was cleaning out the accumulation of years in a closet in the basement and piling most of its contents up for the ash man when my wife came down stairs. "There are some things in that closet I want saved," she said; "they'll come handy some time." But I resolved to be firm. "You don't want this?" I said, holding up an old tea kettle without any spout and with six big holes in the bottom of it.

"Well, it might come handy for something some day." I tossed it into the ash barrel and held up a pair of very old boots, discarded four years ago, and now green with mold. "No use in saving these, is there?" I asked. "Well, I don't know. A little piece of leather often comes handy in a house for a hinge or something."

I called to mind a pair of leather hinges I once made, and the boots followed the tea kettle. "What do you want this rusty old hoop-skirt for?" "Oh, a piece of hoopskirt wire often comes in useful in a house." "It hasn't been asked for in this house since before the war," I said. "Here's an old hat of mine that's been lying around nine years. Better throw it away, hadn't I?"

"Well, perhaps so. I've often thought of giving to some poor man, but I forget it every time a tramp comes round. I gave it to one tramp and he went off and left it on the front gate post." "Showed his good sense," I said. "Do you want all these old broken dishes?" "Yes; I'll have them all mended some day. I've intended having it done for five years." When her back was turned they went into the ash barrel.

"No use in saving these old bottles, eh?" "Well, a bottle's a handy thing to have around. Better save them." "My dear," I said, "here are at least seventy-five old bottles, and to my certain knowledge we don't use one a year, and I think we can't make our great-grandchildren or great-grandchildren to get their own bottles, so here they go."

In the same daring, reckless way I threw away three old bustles, old bonnets, breeches, lamps, skillets, hair combs, shoes, sawdust, tin pans, old papers, pop corn, wormy walnuts, soap grease, broken lamps, spoutless kettles, and ten thousand other things that had for years and years waited their turn to "come handy," but which never would or could "come handy" in this world or in the world to come.—Zenae Dane in Detroit Free Press.

Starving to Death for Love. Ouida says that a woman has the heart of a dog, meaning by that, I suppose, that the more she is beaten the more she loves the hand that beats her. But it is not true. The strongest love of the strongest of us can be broken and broken like a toy by indifference or neglect. The man who holds his heart proud and high, too often takes the love of a woman for granted. Having once won it, he feels too sure that he can keep it without any trouble, at least without any extra trouble.

"I've got her now," he says to himself. "She belongs to me as much as my horse does; I will see that she is well fed, well stalled, well groomed and well shod, and what more could a reasonable woman desire," and he picks up the little note he laid at her feet before he "got her," and which he was pleased to call his heart, and holding it up proud and high he turns the key and leaves her. But some women are not reasonable; they don't pretend to be reasonable, and sometimes when the man who has "got her" is posing his heart high up in the cool regions of self complacency and waiting for the unreasonable woman to climb for it, she simply doesn't do it.

Sometimes she just quietly begins to pack the ice around her own heart until it freezes even stiffer and colder than his; and sometimes she beats her hot, impetuous, slighted heart against the bars of her prison until she finds her way out to sunshine and to freedom. But, alas that I must confess it, she more often starves to death from love hunger within her prison walls.

Men may laugh of it, but there are such deaths and women die there daily and are shrouded and coffined and buried without the world's ever knowing that there is even so much as a faint bruise on their tender, loving, patient hearts. It is the men who hold their hearts "proud and high," who kill women in this noiseless, stealthy way.

It is a strange fact that cold, reticent, unprovoked and high, and who weigh out in homoeopathic doses the words of affection they give to a woman lest they should give her the hundredth part of a grain too many, have often the power to awaken the passionate adoration of the most intense and lovingest women of us all. She smiles with bliss at the lightest touch of his hand and turns pale with emotion at the very sound of his voice or his step. When he smiles on her she goes right up to heaven, and when he frowns she drops down to earth with a sickening thud.

THE NORTH WOODS GUIDES. What they have to do for the tourists they look after. Boyhood of the Future Guide—Gutrack and Accomplishments of an Adirondack Guide—Location of Camps—Cooking and Camp Work—Floating for Deer.

According to their stories, the guides are usually sons of farmers or lumbermen, and are reared on the borders of the big woods. They begin to fish for trout in the nearest brook about as soon as they can walk, and before they are able to hold a gun offhand they have been provided with an old musket which has been bored out and thus made a shotgun. Very often the guide kills his first deer before he is in his teens, and instances of boys of tender years killing a bear are scarcely uncommon. Such boys roam the woods with no more danger of getting lost or turned around than a city boy would find in walking from City Hall to the Battery in New York city.

But traveling through the woods without getting lost is one of the least of the accomplishments of an Adirondack guide. More than that, the guide must be a capitalist. He carries with him a thirteen foot canoe and an assortment of fishing tackle in a pack basket that seemed large enough to stock a country store. Although the club has no end of boats and scows on Bisby lake, the guides must furnish their own boats for use on Moose river and Canachagala lake. While the sportsman always fishes with his own tackle, the guide must have an abundant supply of lines and hooks, too, including set or night lines for taking the big ones that will not rise to a fly, and the reason for this will appear further on.

Not Exactly What We Seem. Do many of us strive to make ourselves seen in our little worlds? Do we not rather hide under all manner of disguises, do we not try to seem better, kinder, more innocent, purer, wiser, wittier than we are? Do we show to everybody the testiness of our temper? Do we go about admitting freely that we told an untruth this morning; that we have been guilty of listening to what was not intended for our ears; that we ate a gluttonous meal; that we hurt the feelings of all our family by our malicious speech; that we slandered an acquaintance; that we took more than our share of the day's pleasures, the best chair, the first reading of the daily paper; that we snubbed our dependents, and were rude to our superiors and were altogether unlovely?

Not to carry the blindest expressions that we know how to wear, on the side toward the world, portraying the best disposition that we know how to counterfeit; we turn up our eyes in horror at the person who does tell truths; we speak with scorn and old saws of people who do listen to what was not meant for them to hear; we wish aloud that we had more appetite, for we eat no more than the girl in the fable, with her grain of rice; we despise gossip and slander; we rise from the comfortable chair when mamma comes in; if there is any one present to see us do it; we air the paper for grandmothers without so much as glancing at it; we speak with a voice of silver to our inferiors; so far as our unconscious power of imposture goes we appear to be altogether too sweet and good for human nature's daily food. It is, in fact, our aim to seem so much better than we are that it amounts to seeming what we are not, to an actual bottomless well of great-great-great-grandchildren to get their own bottles, so here they go."

Attracting the Wrong Element. I know some women who are always being insulted, and do not wonder at it. They are indeed expecting annoyance, slight or incivility. They are in the bristle continually, and the first thought in their minds, on being surrounded by men, is, "Don't any of you miserable creatures dare to touch me." Now, I believe that those who carry that mental attitude with them will attract the wrong element of incivility. They get what they expect. If a person goes out in the world with his or her fists doubled up, and is on the war path all the time, whether there be anything to war with or not, he or she is much more likely to have trouble than the peaceful. You can go out, with your mental fists doubled up, when your physical ones are not; but the influence on others is one which courts trouble, and is likely to get it. They told me in California that the man who always carries a pistol is much more likely to get into a fight than he who does not. I think the reason for that is that merely having a deadly weapon about one inclines to the combative spirit, and as that gets hold of the pistol bearer it arouses the same spirit in others.

Then there are other women who must flirt anywhere and everywhere, if not with one man with another; no matter the quality, so long as it is a man. Their minds are permanently made up to flirt. They don't know this. They are quite unconscious that this is their mode of life. When the man who loves you if you told them so, and they would be honest in their belief. They like, in this way, to play with a little fire, which sometimes becomes too hot for them. But they kindle it themselves. And a woman with this sort of mind, who is very elegant and which may give her trouble, though she may not lift an eyelid or raise a finger.—Prentice Mulford in New York Star.

What Are They Proud Of? A chronic grumbler caught the Rambler's ear recently, and this is what he had to say: "An aristocracy in a republic is a pestilent anomaly, and yet that is precisely what is growing up in this self-made man who has worked for his wealth with unflagging industry and keen intelligence, retains his democracy, but not so his wife and daughters, who have done nothing but cultivate expensive tastes. They elevate their noses at less pretensions neighborhoods and lament that their parent has no dignity whatever. They manage to irritate their children because their lily white hands from the necessity of toil, but they make him feel his immeasurable inferiority when any social question turns up. What are they proud of? They are proud of doing nothing and of being so earthy to anybody or even to themselves. Usefulness of any kind is horridly vulgar. They call themselves 'good society' and what with holding their heads very high and keeping everybody except their own particular set at a distance, they have managed to persuade a great many that they really are superior in some mysterious fashion to other citizens."

For a Bad Breath. A woman with every charm of an ancient or modern Venus ceases to be beautiful if, when she speaks, her breath is hot and feverish, or worse still, absolutely tainted. Naturally she does not know this, and it is only proper that somebody belonging to her should tell her. If it comes from her teeth it is something very quickly remedied. If it comes from her digestion then it is her doctor's business to get her in good order, but if it comes from the use of very strong medicines. Dr. Wilson advises for this the use of lemons, claiming that they are the most purifying of all fruits, and the aromatic odor produced by lemons rubbed on the teeth, gums or lips lasts longer than any other. For a feverish breath that results from the stomach a few drops of lime water used as a gargle, or better still, a half teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in a little water will have the desired effect.—"Bab" in Philadelphia Times.

THE NORTH WOODS GUIDES

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Besides these, the guide must own at least one good kit of cooking utensils. The Bisby guides generally own from two to five kits each, and each kit is kept hidden in the woods at such points on Moose river and the lakes as the sportsman is likely to visit when hunting and fishing. This saves the labor of carrying a kit from one place to another, a matter of no small importance. At these points, too, the guides erect camps, in which a party may lodge over night in comfort, rain or shine. The camp is simply a log hut roofed with spruce bark, and frequently without doors or windows. But there is a good fire place, and generally a supply of dry wood. Since a good canoe delivered on the river is worth \$30 and a camp kit \$5, the guide who is well supplied with these and with fishing tackle, dogs and rifles is a capitalist to the amount of \$100 at least.

Disaster, however, may sometimes overtake the camp kits and some located in favorable places on the river and lakes. Food is frequently left with the kit, and if a bear comes along he is sure to smell it. Even when no food is there he will smell the kit, and, having no fear, unless such circumstances exist, will turn up the camp and root through spruce bark, and frequently without doors or windows. But there is a good fire place, and generally a supply of dry wood. Since a good canoe delivered on the river is worth \$30 and a camp kit \$5, the guide who is well supplied with these and with fishing tackle, dogs and rifles is a capitalist to the amount of \$100 at least.

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