

WOMAN AND HOME.

THE REFINING AND LASTING INFLUENCE OF A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Things a Young Wife Should Know—Simple Preventives—Particulars in Swaddling Clothes—The Food of Infants—Tansy Kills Moths.

No matter how times may change, and we by force of circumstances are compelled to change with them, there is one sentiment that stands firm and true through all the ages, a bright point of light amid the shifting blackness of earth's sweet trials—a mother's love. It matters not that babyhood has long since been left behind; it means no diminution in the protecting tenderness in that mother heart that we have passed the age where physical help is needed to guide our tottering infant feet, dry our childish tears and sympathize with our little sorrows—we do not change to her. Life's greater and fuller troubles that roll like overwhelming billows upon the struggling man or woman are still to the dear faithful heart the worries of her baby boy or girl.

The mother never realizes that the years have changed, her little one into a strong, helpful adult. She knows he needs her, and she is of all the world that can comfort as no other comforter and counsel, as no other adviser. She reads the heart; the world judges the actions. She feels where others may condemn. She in a word is "mother," and what more can be said? The day will come when those tired hands are folded, never more to toll for the child of her heart; when those loving eyes are closed, never more to open in glad surprise at the coming of one most dear, and the world will go on, but never quite the same to the one who has laid away in the grave that dear one who understood the trials, who smoothed the aching brow, who looked not upon the little mistakes with the cold, cruel searchlight of worldly wisdom and condemned unknowing and unthinking those actions that she could interpret in a far different manner.

Does not the memory of that love stimulate to better deeds and nobler ambitions? Does not the heart cry out in the lonely watches of the night for just one more look at the face long since passed from our sight, and are there not times when even in the midst of the hurry and heat of the day we sigh for those other times, perhaps before the world smiled favorably upon us, when little economies and grinding toils seemed so hard to bear, but which now appear but the airy trifles of the imagination? For then indeed we were blessed, though we realized it not—we had our mother.

The tender binding love of mother and child is the one that lives. There is no indiscrimination; selfishness and sordid considerations have no place in such an affection, and though lovers prove fickle, husbands change and friends are false, one can always look to mother for an abiding love, whether in her living, breathing care and affection or in the sacred memory of her devotion in those days before she passed away forever.—Philadelphia Times.

Things a Young Wife Should Know.
A young wife ought to know that she is a possible, even probable, mother, and consequently should so order her life that when her kingdom comes it may prove a joy and blessing to her. It is a sad comment on the civilization of this age that the advent of the first baby too often proves the inauguration of a series of diseases resulting in a nervous, irritable mother of a peevish, ailing child.

A young mother ought to know that monthly nurses are not infallible, and therefore her own common sense must to some extent control and modify the nurse's treatment.

Discipline should begin within twenty-four hours of his birth, regular hours for feeding, sleeping and bathing being absolutely essential to his welfare as well as to his own peace and comfort.

Frequent and unnecessary handling is positively injurious during the early days of his existence, a baby like a kitten or any other young animal, being all the better off for a little wholesome neglect.

He should sleep by himself.

Linen diapers are less harsh to the sensitive skin of an infant than cotton, unless the latter are very old. Cotton is often advocated in preference to linen upon the ground that it is not so cold when wet, but a wet diaper is a cold diaper of whatever material it may be, and should not be allowed to remain on the child for a moment.

Prolonged and excessive crying may sometimes cause rupture of the navel in a young infant. In such case a physician should be at once consulted, as navel rupture is readily controlled during infancy. It is less easily managed in later childhood and incurable in adult age.

Long trailing robes on an infant are cruel and absurd. He should be warmly but lightly dressed in clothes reaching not more than a quarter of a yard beyond his feet.—Babyhood.

Simple Preventives.
It is always well to know what to do before the doctor comes. Serious trouble can many times be obviated by good nursing and the application of local remedies, and mothers should be wise in their generation and study into these things somewhat, as diphtheria, scarlet fever or croup work so alarmingly fast and work so deadly sure.

When an epidemic of any of the above mentioned scourges is raging the following disinfectant has been found excellent: Turpentine, 1 ounce; oil of eucalyptus, 1 ounce; carbolic acid, 2 ounces. A table-spoonful of this mixture should be placed in an open vessel of boiling water on the stove in the living room and constantly renewed as needed.

Another absolutely essential disinfectant is thorough cleanliness. This has been dilated upon so often that it would seem that every one must be aware of its importance; but, alas! there is still room for improvement in the matter. The garbage bucket, drains and cellars are constantly dealing out death by poison.

Membranous croup or diphtheria in its first stages can often be relieved by burning equal parts of tar and turpentine, the patient inhaling the dense black fumes that arise from the mixture. About one tablespoonful of each should be placed on a shovel and then lighted. In a short time the membrane thus loosened will be emitted from the throat. The sooty fumes filling the room will soil everything they come in contact with, but that is a small matter when life is at stake. This does not at all interfere with the doctor's medicines.—L. E. Chittenden in Homemaker.

Furniture in Swaddling Clothes.
Since the day when the crocheted tidy invaded our households the mania for making and buying things to cover up furniture seems to have been steadily on the

increase. Various Kensington and other schools have developed the fancy for embroidery, and the faculty for doing it until, according to the best authorities on this subject, no well regulated household is complete without a certain amount of more or less artistic needlework. Tatting, netting, drawn work, spatter work, as well as various plain, embroidered and painted silks and satins, have at divers and sundry times done duty as a decorative fad.

There have been indications of the decadence of the altogether senseless and unpractical practice of covering furniture of all sorts with draperies and curtains and tassels, but such a desperate effort is made to retain these trimmings that it is almost a matter of doubt whether the anti-millennium millennium is likely to dawn as soon as we have fondly hoped for, if at all. Of course there is something to be said on both sides of the subject. This drapery fashion gives employment to a great many women, and is, in a way, good for business. This is one of the claims put forward to hold the style in favor, but most people have become so weary of it that there is an imperative demand for a change, or at least some modification which shall relieve our apartments of the plethora of dry goods.

A table cover, piano cover, portiere or a full-sized drapery for a handsome lounge is a legitimate article and has reason for being, but a bit of silk twisted around a picture, some other bit thrown over the arm of a chair, a fringed out section over the top of a sofa or some diaphanous material floating around an ensel has no apparent cause for existence, except it be the desire to do something more or less artistic and generally a good deal less.—New York Ledger.

The Food of Infants.

Specialists for children acknowledge very generally that the most important considerations in regard to the care of children during infancy concern food and its assimilation, proper clothing and hygienic influences. In regard to food, mother's milk, when of good quality (which must be determined principally by results), is undoubtedly the most desirable. If for any reason it must be withheld, a substitute must be found that closely resembles it. Animal milk is supposed to be the best basis for this substitute, cow's milk preferably, although it is difficult to digest on account of the casein it contains.

This cheesy, indigestible element forms large compact curds in the stomach, which produce irritation and pain, and many ill's incidental to infancy can be traced to this cause. The proportion of water required to reduce this casein is one-half for very young infants, and about one-third as the child grows older. This necessary dilution naturally reduces the fat, consequently cream must be added, beginning with two teaspoonfuls, increasing gradually to a tablespoonful by the time the child is a year old. Do not increase the cream after this, no matter how much milk is used.

Milk sugar must be added to supply the peculiar sugar found in mother's milk, beginning for a very young infant with a quarter of a teaspoonful and increasing gradually to a teaspoonful, which is the maximum amount to be given. Add a pinch of salt to each portion. This food will be found to agree with a child that is in average health.—Louise E. Hogan in Baby.

Tansy Kills Moths.

There is one sure preventive of moths, and one which I have never seen mentioned. It is tansy. Sprinkle the leaves freely about your woolens and furs, the moths will never get into them. When I was a child my grandmother used to send me to the tansy patch on the hill with a large basket in which to bring home plenty of tansy leaves. In the garret were five large hair covered trunks studded with brass nails, filled with her best blankets, coverlets, flannel sheets, etc. Some of them had never been used until my grandmother had grandchildren, notwithstanding she always had a large family to provide beds for. But the supply of her bedding, linens and other household articles were in excess of the demand.

This large amount of bedding, tablecloths, towels and linen sheets were spun and woven in her father's house, and the girls were given full liberty to take all they were willing to make up for themselves. That was part of their marriage dower. I can well remember how grandmother took the extra supply out of those trunks in the garret once a year, hung the articles on a clothesline down in the orchard, beat them and then put them away again to lie amid the tansy leaves until another year. The fourth generation of her posterity are sleeping under those same blankets and blue and white coverlets now, which proves the efficacy of that remedy of the olden time.—Good Housekeeping.

About Sewing on Buttons.

I'm training my three sons to sew on their own buttons. They are beginning to do it of their own accord. They don't follow me about the house now, with a coat in one hand and a button in the other. They go and get a needle and thread and sew the button on. They've found out it saves time and strength and words.

It seems cruel to make boys sew on their own buttons."

Cruel? It's kind! Those boys won't always have me to sew on buttons for them. They would be badly off indeed if they had to do it some time, and didn't know how. It's right they should learn to do such things for themselves. A boy should be taught to make his own bed, put away his own clothes and sweep and dust his room occasionally, and not always expect an overworked mother or younger sister to do such work for him.

I think a boy ought not to be entirely ignorant even of cooking. It might be a great advantage to him some time to be able to make a good cup of coffee, broil a chop or cook potatoes. Some people profess to think that such knowledge comes by nature, but I believe it's often the case that if not learned early it has to be bought of bitter experience, and we all know experience is a high priced teacher of life.

When you have finished washing dishes, always leave your pan or sink perfectly clean. Your soap is provided for the purpose of cleaning them thoroughly and in an expeditious manner.

Combing and rubbing the scalp of the head with the hand draws the blood up to the surface of the head and not only relieves the pain at times, but adds new strength to the hair.

Emily Bronte, whose one remarkable novel is greatly admired by many good judges, died single at the early age of twenty-seven.

Babies, when nursed constantly by one person, often suffer from being always carried on the same arm and in the same position.

Queen Victoria likes a good novel, and she thinks those Miss Marie Corill writes about answer that description.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

An Experiment with Broom Straws.

The boy stood before the mantelpiece and rested his hands lightly upon it. Between the thumb and finger of each hand he held the end of a smooth broom straw about eight inches long.

"Now hang these two bits of straw across this one, one at each end, by my fingers."

I picked up the two bits. They were each about two inches long, doubled in the middle, making in shape the letter V I hung them across the long straw as commanded, their ends just touching the mantel.

"Make the points incline toward the center—just a little," ordered the boy. Command comes natural to him. The queer thing is that people don't often protest.

I turned the points toward the center—just the tiniest bit. Then a funny thing happened. Slowly, slowly, as if by some irresistible impulse, the two little pointed bits of straw began to move along their support. They went at about the same rate, their legs moving along the mantel, their heads pointed toward the center of the straw.

"Well—I—declare!"

"Steady, steady," said the boy, flushed and laughing.

The two little broom straws walked along. Walked! Yes, they seemed to do just that. If ever things in this world appear to know their purpose and move steadily toward it those two broom straws did. They walked evenly along, met in the center, and their points touching, stood still, forming a pyramid.

"There!" cried the boy, triumphantly.

He lowered his long straw, drew it out and the little pyramid stood erect, made so apparently by its own volition.—Harper's Young People.

The Little Fishers.

All day Noel and Zalie tried and failed to catch fish, as their father had said he would give them sixpence for each fish they caught. The next day, however, the fish were more lively, and twice seemed as if they were trying to grasp Zalie's bait.



Noel really did get a bite at last, and when he jerked his rod to his surprise a little, shining fish was on his hook. It wriggled so that he thought it must be in pain, so he threw it back in the water.

Their father was pleased at their success, but more so that they had given the little fish its life, and he gave Noel the sixpence, which he cheerfully divided with Zalie.

A Good Summer Name.

Some years since, a Nottinghamshire clergyman, in baptizing a baby, paused in the midst of the service to inquire the name of the infant, to which the mother, with a profound courtesy, replied:

"Shady, sir, if you please."

"Shady?" replied the minister. "Then it's a boy and you mean Shadrach, eh?"

"No, please your reverence, it's a girl."

"And pray," asked the inquisitive pastor, "how happened you to call the child by such a strange name?"

"Why, sir," responded the woman, "if you must know, our name is Bower, and my husband said as how he should like her to be called Shady because Shady Bower sounds so pretty."—London Tit-Bits.

Easy Conundrums.

What kind of pins make good pins? Pip pins.

When is man the sweetest?

When he is candid (candid).

Why should we think that a locomotive can hear?

It always has an engineer.

When may we eat witches without being cannibals?

When we lunch on sand-wiches.

Where should sorrowful people go?

To the Cape of Good Hope.

Why is today like a blacksmith?

Because it is sure (shoer).

What periodicals are always out of health?

The weekly (weakly) newspapers.

The Jumping Bean.

The government authorities at Washington are experimenting with a vegetable rarity called the "jumping bean." If placed on a smooth table it keeps constantly on the move, jumping about, turning over and performing all kinds of acrobatic tricks.—Exchange.

How It Happened.

Old Dictionary felt very queer, very.

Because all his words went wrong,

For doleful and dreary got mixed up with

merry,

And crying got mixed up with song.

And then quick and slow got doubled up so

That you couldn't tell this one from that.

While come became grand yes became no,

And looking for lean you found fat.



The big, fat old book grew so angry he shook.

And scattered his words all about.

Integers, dark nook, where they every one took.

A vow that they'd never come out.

But to come they began, and got mixed as they ran.

So that some little children say still.

"I eat!" for "I can"—you smile, little man;

And "I won't" when, of course, they mean "will."

—New York World.

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