FOR JEALOUS WIVES.

THEY SHOULD LEARN TO CONTROL OR CONCEAL THE FEELING.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox Makes Some Remarks for the Benefit of a Very Unfortunate Kind of Helpmeet—Some Sage Advice from a Woman.

The following missive fluttered into me recently and seems deserving of an open reply, since the writer is one of a large class:

DEAR FRIEND MRS. WILCOX—I am a stranger to you, but you are a friend to all women, I feel, and it seems to me you can help me by advice. I am a newly married wife. I adore my husband and he is devoted to me, but I suffer the agonies of death daily through jealousy. I am jealous of every woman he looks at. In my heart I know he cares for no one but me, and I want to be a good wife and make him happy, but the least attention he pays to any woman sends me into a fever of jealousy.

I was quite a belle when single, and learned in society how false many men were to their wives. It made me suspicious of all men, and now that I am a wife I am full of fear that my husband will be false to me. He is so good to me I am ashamed of these thoughts. Tell me what to do to cure myself of my jealousy. It is not one woman, it is all women I am jealous of.

In the first place, my dear young woman, you want to realize the great truth that thoughts are things, and that by dwelling on any one idea you can produce a condition to correspond with it. Space is filled with influences and forces ready to respond to your thought. Every time you think jealous thoughts you attract jealous forces that will in time, if you continue in this idea, cause your husband to be untrue to you. On the contrary, if you think and say, "He is true, he is loyal, he loves me and is worthy of my love," you attract forces of love and truth which strengthen him to resist every temptation life may offer.

In the next place you want to cultivate that rarest of all plants in the garden of love—common sense.

Sit down and consider the situation. Why did your husband select you of all women to become his wife? Probably because he loved you more than all others. Well, then, with his love and his daily companionship to start with you have a great advantage over all rivals. You have the power in your hands to fan this flame of love into a steady fire or to quench it forever.

However much a man may be imbued with sentiment, he likes comfort and peace of mind as a steady home diet. If you deprive him of these sentimental ideas love is of very little value to him.

Every time you allow your unreasonable jealousy to make him uncomfortable you lose ground with him and make it more possible for him to turn elsewhere for distraction.

Added to this, you show yourself in an unbecoming mood and he will be inclined to contrast a sullen, tearful wife with more agreeable women he meets elsewhere.

Whatever you may feel, you ought to be able to control yourself for the sake of your appearance in the eyes of the man you love.

A perpetually jealous wife, remember, is the most unlovable object possible, and if you feel your emotions getting beyond control manage to seclude yourself and cry it out alone. A good cry is often a great relief to a woman. But it would be well to steam and bathe your face well before you allow your husband to see you.

Make your mind that nowhere else on earth shall your husband find such comfort, such affection, such cheerfulness, such agreeable manners as he finds with you. Unless he is the trashiest sort of characterless being he is not going to be disloyal to the woman who exhibits all these qualities.

Try and become a good comrade to your husband. Make him feel that he can speak his opinions freely to you, that you understand him fully, and when he expresses admiration of other women brace yourself up and agree with him. Brace yourself still further and show polite attention to the women he admires.

Nothing will more fully convince him that you respect his tastes and that you have confidence in your own position sufficient to admit his friends to your regard.

Since you love him so devotedly and are so morbidly jealous this will be a difficult task for you. But love is full of hardships and the effort is worth making.

Aside from this it is a wise thing to study carefully and closely the women whom you fear as rivals. Like a shying horse when driven close to the piece of fluttering paper which has caused him to snort and quiver with terror, you will become calm and self possessed when you discover on close acquaintance how harmless are the women you have considered dangerous rivals.

On the contrary, if you avoid them and disparage them you will foster your jealous imagination and figure your husband into a chivalric defense of them, which will be maddening to your jealous heart, and you will lower yourself in your husband's esteem, while if you are agreeable and attentive to his friends he will admire and respect you.

Talk to him of your pride in his loyalty; tell him that you realize the temptations with which a man's life is surrounded and praise him for giving you reason to respect him. If he is a manly man he will find greater happiness in being worthy of your praise and pride than in yielding to any passing temptation other women may offer. If you accuse him of neglect and infidelity and nag him with your jealous fears you will drive him to others for comfort and distraction.

Avoid talking with other women about faithless husbands who deceive trusting wives. Many women have a mania to relate cases of infidelity, and jealous wives seem fascinated with the subject. Avoid it as you would infection.

If obliged to listen to such recitals, make a mental comment that you have heard only one side of the story. You do not yet know what cause the wives gave these husbands to become faithless. Many a seemingly "devoted and trusting wife" has nagged her husband into infidelity by her narrow, petty spirit of fault finding in small matters—as one insistent mosquito has driven sleep from a luxurious pillow. Think of this when you hear of deserted or neglected wives, instead of becoming excited and morbid on the subject.

Almost all jealous people are selfish and unwilling to accord the liberty they take. No doubt you receive compliments from gentlemen with very good grace, and quite likely you express admiration of some gentleman's appearance, conversation or manners now and then. Why should you object to your husband having the same freedom? Try to be reasonable, my dear woman. I assure you even a jealous woman can be reasonable if she takes herself in hand. If you do not take yourself in hand you will alienate your husband, ruin your own life and make yourself a subject of ridicule to all your friends save a few, who will "sympathize," and the sympathy of friends in the place of the love and admiration of a husband is like sawdust in place of honey on our bread.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in New York World.

Had Done His Part.

Some years ago there lived in the western part of Pennsylvania an old circuit preacher known as Father West. His good humor and great kindheartedness had made him a special favorite with the young people of his district and his services in "tying the knot" were in request.

On one occasion, so the story goes, upon his arrival at a certain town after a long journey he found several couples awaiting his blessing. The poor old man was tired and wished to make the ceremony as short as possible; so he said, with the promptness for which he was noted, "Stand up and jine hands!"

This request having been complied with, he went rapidly through a marriage service which was the product of his own originality and had at least the advantage of brevity.

"There," he said, when he had finished the ceremony, "ye can go now; ye're man and wife, every one o' ye!"

Two of the couples did not once avail themselves of this permission, and presently it came out that the sudden command to "jine" had confused them and they had taken the hands of the wrong persons.

The old preacher's eyes twinkled with amusement as he took in the situation. But he recollected himself and dispersed the company with a gracious wave of his hands.

"I married ye all," said he reassuringly; "now sort yourselves."—Youth's Companion.

A Boy's Essay on Cats.

A small boy in one of the Detroit schools recently handed in this composition:

ON CATS.

Cats have foar legs and nine lives. Why they are five legs short I do not kno at this time. I gess I can find out tho when I die. I think cats wood be a gould deel funnyer if they had nine legs and five lives, don't you? Cats have tales whitch they rap round thare feat when they set down so as to hold them together. I kno a bobtaled cat that is ashamed to sit down in public a tail. I gess it is afrade its feat will skatter. Thare are Tom cats and puss cats, whitch the Tom cat is more massive and has a more sounding voice in the midnight darkly when all elts is st' Cats cries like babies sometimes, but y cannot giv them parrygorick to quiet th nervus sistems like you can babies.

We have a baby at our house that I guess has drinked about four quarts of parrygorick and every nite it cries just the saim for more. I guess that baby must have the parrygorick habbit. Young cats are very frisky and they will play all day because they don't have no skool to go to. I guess I would like to be a young cat till I was growed up to be a man. Cats eat milk and mice regular and the canary for dezart. Cats are very clean animals, but I never thought it was very clean to spit on their hands and wash thare faces in the manner in which they do. I guess I have wrote all I kno about cats.

P. S.—Cats has electrisity in thare backs and they can blo up thare tales as big as a fli brush when they are froshus.

—Detroit Free Press.

What He Thought It Was.

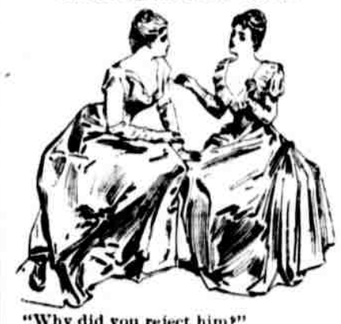
A well known naturalist spent last summer at a farmhouse in Berkshire, and one evening, with some idea of popularizing science, undertook to explain to the old granger who was his host some of the peculiarities of the common caterpillar. He described its habits of life, enlarged upon its methods of respiring through its sides and dwelt at length upon other details of equal interest.

To all the granger listened imperturbably.

"Well," said the professor at last, pausing for breath, "don't you find it wonderful? Did you ever suppose that there was anything so remarkable about a caterpillar?"

"Waal, no," said the farmer slowly; "I supposed they was mostly skin an sqush!"—New York Recorder.

The Daughter of an Editor.



"Why did you reject him?"

"He was not accompanied by stamps."—Life.

A Wayside Conundrum.

When Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted was traveling in North Carolina many years ago he came to a signboard bearing this inscription:

TOEBIOM.

He knew that Elizabethtown lay in that direction, and so was able to make out the meaning of the legend: To Eliza-Bethtown, ten miles—Youth's Companion.

Kept Him Up.

Mrs. Bingo—What made you stay out so late last night?

Bingo—I went to a christening with Bill.

Mrs Bingo—Why, he hasn't any children that want christening.

Bingo (meekly)—No. But he has a new suit.—New York Herald.

Waiting to See.

Toto has been seriously ill and is still confined to his bed. His uncle goes up to see the little fellow.

"How are you this morning?"

"Don't know, uncle. The doctor hasn't been here yet."—Figaro.

A Dark Secret.

"Oh, Wadsleigh, which way?"

"Going down to have a pair of trousers pressed."

"Trousers pressed? Where are they?"

"Sh! Got 'em on!"—Chicago Tribune.

Found Out.

Mamma—Which of the children hid my slippers?

Nurse—Little Johnny hid 'em, ma'am.

Mamma—Then Johnny is the one who upset the jam down stairs.—Good News.

Put to Better Use.

Cobwigger—I haven't any change this morning. Just chalk it up.

Milkman—That's too much to ask. I can't afford to waste my chalk that way.—New York Evening Sun.

Two Games.

Upon the tennis court she'll play
In flannel shirt and blazer,
And when he cries the score is love
The fact will scarcely phase her.

But later, on the evening sands,
Oh, Cupid's tool, the sinner!
She'll play another game of love
And then he'll not be winner.

—Cloak Review.

PAPA WAS THERE.

And When Reginald Came He Was Received with Open Arms.

Mr. Daniel Charters is one of the best farmers in Essex. He is a good father, and since a recent episode he has been recognized as a clever amateur detective. For some reason or other his fair young daughter favored the attentions of a young man, and she chose to keep the fact a secret.

Her papa, in his quiet way, allowed the usual amount of hayseed to remain in his hair while he got all the facts in the case of his daughter's secret love affair. Then he kept a secret eye on her, and thus discovered that they were to elope on a certain night.

Accordingly, as darkness came on, he took a seat at the window just under that of his daughter's room. She had been particularly lively that day, and so had her father. She laughed and joked with him a good deal, and he in turn laughed and joked with her.

The shades of evening came and the moonbeams fell athwart the potato patch. Afar in the woods the owl hooted and across the sky some dark clouds scooted. Up the lane came Reginald Vane, and he paused at midnight beneath the window of his rural sweetheart.

The old man reclined on the floor near the window under which the eloper was crouching. While in the state of crouch the young man was seized with fear and a horny hand, which shut off his breath. Then the gallant floated in at the window head first, accompanied by a few moths and a hand firmly attached to the upper story back of his trousers.

The farmer then gave the young man into the charge of his son and got outside the window. He had just got outside, and crouched well down, when he heard his daughter's window gently open. Then he heard her say:

"Reginald, dear, is that you?"

"Yes, darling, Reggie is here. Hasten before the old man wakes and catches us," replied her papa, in a hoarse whisper.

"Well, here, catch this," said the daughter, casting out a bag.

"All right," said her papa, catching it.

"Now what shall I do?"

"Just hang by your arm and drop. It won't hurt you, dear."

"Yes, I will. But you must look the other way."

"All right, I will."

She dropped into her father's arms, screamed and then they went into the house. The father asked for an introduction to the prisoner, and then fixed him so firmly in a rain barrel full of water that he remained there the rest of the night and a portion of the next day. Neighbors were brought over to look at him while he was on exhibition in the rain barrel, and at noon a photographer appeared and took his photograph. The eloper was then released and allowed to leave the farm in peace.

The daughter is still on the farm making cheese.—Yankee Blade.

A Mistake Somewhere.

"Miss Gracie," he said, with an engaging smile, "did you ever try your hand at one of these progressive conundrums?"

"What is a progressive conundrum, Mr. Spoonamore?" inquired the young lady.

"Haven't you heard of them? Here is one: Why is a ball of yarn like the letter 't?' Because a ball of yarn is circular, a circular is a sheet, a sheet is flat, a flat is forty-five dollars a month, forty-five dollars a month is dear, a deer is swift, a swift is a swallow, a swallow is a taste, a taste is an inclination, an inclination is an angle, an angle is a point, a point is an object aimed at, an object aimed at is a target, a target is a mark, a mark is an impression, an impression is a stamp, a stamp is a thing stuck on, a thing stuck on is a young man in love, and a young man in love is like the letter 't' because he stands before 'u,' Miss Gracie."

"I don't think you have the answer quite right," said the young lady. "A ball of yarn is round, a round is a steak, a stake is a wooden thing, a wooden thing is a young man in love, and a young man in love is like the letter 't' because, Mr. Spoonamore"—and she spoke clearly and distinctly—"because he is often crossed."

The young man understood. He took his hat and his progressive conundrums and vanished from Miss Gracie Garlinghouse's alphabet forever.—Chicago Tribune.

Two Letters.

To Mr. S. Tudor Tudd:

DEAR SIR—Kindly accept inclosed check for $1.50, in payment of your poem, "A Water Lily," which appeared in No. 3,106 of Fudge. With thanks for your contribution,

EDITOR FUDGE.

Fudge:

SIRS—Please find inclosed P. O. note for two dollars, for which send me to address below twenty copies of Fudge No. 3,106. Yours, etc.,

S. TUDOR TUDD.

—Brooklyn Life.

Nip and Tuck.

Wife—Why don't you hurry and get through shaving, George? It's almost church time.

Husband—I can't, Sarah. You'll have to go to church without me. You see, I've been using some of that new hair tonic on my face, and before I get one side finished the whiskers have grown out on the other side.—Pharmaceutical Era.

Better Still.

Proud Father—We've had twins in our family on two occasions. You can't beat that, sir?

Little Man (who hadn't spoken before)—Well, I don't know about that. My wife presented me the other day with triplets, and three of a kind beat two pair, don't they?—Life.

A Juvenile Plunger.

"What's the matter, my poor boy?"

"Bo-hoo! I jest lorst tuppence!"

"There, there, don't cry, my little man. See, here is threepence for you. How did you lose your money?"

"I lorst it to Tommy Jinks, there, a-playin' pitch an tors!"—Judy.