WOMAN AND HOME.

PARENTS SHOULD STRIVE TO UNDERSTAND THE CHILDREN.

The Bride's Bouquet—Women Reporters in New York—Soap as a Beautifier. Women as Drug Clerks—Ida Lewis' Record—By One Arm—Domestic Hints.

One of the greatest mistakes which mothers as well as lawgivers make is to expect uniformity of result from different individuals. Children, like communities, must be regarded according to their needs and individual characteristics. Two children of the same surroundings may develop diametrically opposite characteristics and need a diametrically opposite course of training. It is unjust to lay down a rigid law embodying what we believe should be, according to our finite knowledge, and expect to mold people to it. Our conclusions are as apt to be as narrow as those of the Scotch schoolmaster who remarked to Burns' father that Gilbert was a bright boy, but Robert was clean daft and good for nothing.

It is not given to us to comprehend the abilities even of those bound to us by the nearest ties. The lad who fulfills the conventional type of a brignt boy may be but a commonplace fellow beside his duller brother when he arrives at mature years. If we cannot then tell the difference between the dull and the genius, how much less should we presume to lay out careers for our children to follow. Only the all wise Father, who gives to each his gifts in his degree, can do this.

The utmost that the fondest and wisest parents can do is to watch the development of their children, notice what their tastes are, what interests them, in what branches they seem to be proficient. It is in this way that the child is started best and at the earliest time on his most congenial and therefore his most useful start in life. It is by a kindly but intelligent parental supervision of this kind that inventors, architects, engineers and orators are started on the careers that most fit them. It is painful to think of the waste of time to which men of ability have been compelled by the foolish judgment of parents in forcing them into studies and callings for which they were unfitted.—New York Tribune.

Flowers for the Bride's Bouquet.

The bride's bouquet should always be made of white flowers. In England, eucharis, gardenia, orange blossoms and stephanotis are frequently used; with us, very seldom. The most fashionable bouquet in America consists of white orchids, lily of the valley or of white roses, following in the order named. Lily of the valley is frequently mixed with either orchids or roses, but orchids and roses are seldom used in the same bouquet. They are rival queens that are happiest apart.

A pretty idea to arrange the bride's bouquet is to have it composed of several sections, that after the bride leaves the house the maid of honor may distribute to those friends whom the bride may wish to honor. The ribbon can remain on the section intended for the bride's mother. At times the bride has a favorite flower or there is a bit of romance or sentiment attached to some colored flower, such as a violet or Jacqueminot rose, and she wishes this included in her bouquet. When they are used let it be a small bunch partly concealed. After the reception it may be taken from the bouquet and worn on the traveling dress.

The ribbon for the bouquet should be either three yards of 3-inch ribbon to match the gown in tone and texture, or twenty or thirty yards of very narrow ribbon, with long bows, the ends extending down at different lengths, with delicate flowers attached to a number of these ends. Sometimes a large bow of ribbon is tied and arranged as though it were coming from the center of the bouquet. The ribbon thus used has no meaning, and is very apt to become soiled by the moisture on the flowers. As the bride's bouquet is always white, those carried by the bridesmaids should, as a contrast, have some color. If the bride in choosing her attendants has been fortunate in securing decided blonds and brunettes, strong and beautiful color contrasts can be obtained in both gowns and flowers. The flat cluster, or "rustic bunch," is often used. In arranging such a cluster it is wise to have it arranged carelessly, or rather not to interfere too much with nature.—H. H. Battles in Ladies' Home Journal.

Women Reporters in New York.

Every newspaper in the city employs from one to half a dozen women either as writers on social and feminine topics or as regular reporters. There is still much prejudice in the city room of the newspapers against women as reporters, but I think it is dying out. In some lines of work women are better reporters than men. They are always sober and faithful, but it is difficult to get a woman to take any view of a public question which conflicts with her prejudices. In all my experience in the employment of women writers, and it has been varied, I have never known more than two or three who did not look at things from their own rather than from the newspaper's standpoint.

I have known them to go along quietly for two weeks and then suddenly slip into an article some bit of prejudice that they have been nurturing for some years. I have yet to meet the first "lady journalist" who is willing to admit that she has any fitness or capacity for society or fashion reporting. They always do that sort of work in a perfunctory way, and some of them do it remarkably well. I have found that so long as a woman about a newspaper office attends strictly to her own business and asks no favors on account of her sex she gets along well and is thoroughly respected by her co-laborers.

It is not precisely the work that I would recommend to a woman, but where the talent exists, coupled with willingness to work and endure, I suppose journalism offers as much to the gentler sex as any of the higher professions. It pays better and is fully as respectable as any of them. I know at least three women connected with the press of New York who are as good in their respective lines as any male reporters on the metropolitan press—only three.—John A. Cockerill in New York Recorder.

Soap as a Beautifier.

It is said that good soap is a great beautifier and a great preventive of the uncomely looking "blackheads" which are such a disfigurement and are so hard to get rid of. The real cause of these unpleasant little specks is not, as a rule, anything more serious than this: Some persons have much larger skin pores than others, and the dust collects, settles and finally forms a hard, black little substance which probably would never have had a chance of development if the skin was thoroughly washed with a soap twice a day and rubbed vigorously with a coarse towel. Do not be afraid of a red nose. The redness will soon fade away and leave no trace.

We will add that the face should be greased well after the soap washing has been gone through it. A good plan to follow is: At bedtime wash the face with hot water and soap, rinse thoroughly; then "work in" by rubbing slowly and firmly the grease—cold cream preferably. This loosens the blackheads which are so snugly imbedded, and in the morning the soap and water will do better service upon a softened, pliable skin. Persons with rough skins will be amply paid for their trouble. It is tedious, to be sure—weeks and months it may be needful to persist in the greasing. Veils are undoubtedly a contributory source of blackheads. The meshes become saturated with dust and exhalations most injurious to a delicate skin. By constant friction they are rubbed in and settle in the pores and are sealed there by a black speck. Street dust is unavoidable, but it is much less harmful taken straight to the skin than through a veil.—Jenness Miller Illustrated.

Women as Druggists' Clerks.

There are not many young ladies employed in St. Louis drug stores as clerks, though the wives of some suburban druggists have developed into very competent assistants. In the eastern states the practice of employing skilled ladies in drug stores is comparatively common, so much so as to attract attention from male assistants, who are afraid their fair sisters may prove dangerous rivals to them. Lady doctors have entirely lived down the prejudice which existed against them when they first began to practice, and there is no doubt that lady dispensing clerks will find no difficulty in proving their efficiency. It may be said that it would be unpleasant for gentlemen to be compelled to ask for some preparations from ladies, but it must be equally unpleasant for ladies to be compelled to ask male assistants for face powders, cosmetics and other aids to beauty.

In order to make it pleasant for all customers there should be both male and female assistants in every store, and it is very probable that in the course of a very few years this will be the practice. So far as carelessness in putting up prescriptions is concerned there is no reason for supposing that it will exist to any greater extent in a lady than in a gentleman.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Ida Lewis' Life Record.

The most celebrated of lighthouse keepers is Ida Lewis, who in deeds of heroism has surpassed the famous Grace Darling. She is now fifty years old and has charge of the Lime Rock lighthouse at Newport. When she was twelve years of age her mother kept that light, her father being a helpless cripple. That was in 1854, and in September of that year she rescued four young men from a capsized sailboat. In midwinter of 1866-7 she saved a soldier of the Fort Adams garrison who had been similarly upset, and he was restored to life at the lighthouse.

In the fall of 1867 three men were swamped in their boat near Lime Rock while trying to pick up a valuable sheep that had fallen from a wharf. She saved them and the sheep also. Not long afterward she saw a man clinging to a spindle that marked a reef near the lighthouse, rowed out to him and got him safely. In a gale in March, 1869, she rescued two more soldiers from a swamped boat. On Feb. 4, 1880, two members of the Fort Adams garrison band broke through the ice between the lighthouse and the fort and she pulled them out. Thus far she has saved thirteen persons from drowning.—Washington Star.

By One Arm.

"It is a matter of surprise to me," remarked a man who is a keen observer recently, "that half the children of this country do not grow up minus an arm."

"But wherefore?" asked the person to whom he was speaking.

"Here is an illustration," continued the first speaker. "Do you see that woman walking with a little child? Now, notice her when she crosses the street."

At the crossing the woman lifted the child by one arm; it dangled in the air and its feet did not touch the earth until it was across the street, when the mother dropped it on the sidewalk.

"Well, the arm held, didn't it?"

"But," continued the philosopher, "I was afraid at one time it would be wrenched from its socket. Now, that is a sight you can witness every hour in the day—mothers dragging children out of street cars, across the streets or up a flight of stairs by one arm. I wonder how the mothers would like it if a being four times as large as themselves should suddenly swoop down and lift them by one arm. I'd like to see it tried once, I just would."—Detroit Free Press.

An Easy Musical Experiment.

The following beautiful experiment, described by Professor Tyndall, shows how music may be transmitted by an ordinary wooden rod. In a room two floors beneath his lecture room there was a piano, upon which an artist was playing, but the audience could not hear it. A rod of deal, with its lower end resting upon the sounding board of the piano, extended upward through the two floors, its upper end being exposed before the lecture table. But still not a sound was heard. A violin was then placed upon the end of the rod, which was thrown into resonance by the ascending thrills, and instantly the music of the piano was given out in the lecture room.

A guitar and harp were substituted for the violin, and with the same result. The vibrations of the piano strings were communicated to the sounding board; they traversed the long rod, were reproduced by the resonant bodies above, the air was carved into waves and the whole musical composition was delivered to the listening audience.—New York Telegram.

Should Married Women Teach?

The question comes to us from over the ocean, "Should married women teach?" Well, should married women preach? Should they work, sew, laugh, walk or do anything anybody else does? It takes a long time to get the idea out of the minds of the people that a married woman has no right to step outside the threshold of her own home. Let the question be settled at home. If a woman can teach, and both husband and wife are agreed that she may teach, why shouldn't she teach?

In many respects a married woman is better fitted to teach than an unmarried woman. The general law made by some cities that no married woman can be employed in school is unjust. There are many such married persons, whom to remove from the schools would be a misfortune.—Teachers' Institute.

Marrow Toast.

Marrow toast is a delicious and inexpensive relish for tea or luncheon. Buy a large shinbone and have the butcher split it, then take out the marrow in one piece. Cut the marrow into slices nearly an inch thick and set aside. Mix in a hot dish a

PATRIOTIC AND PERTINENT.

That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.—Abraham Lincoln.

The good the "Rhine Song" does to German hearts,
Or thine, "Marseillaise!" to France's fiery blood;
The good thy anthemed harmony imparts,
"God Save the Queen!" to England's field and flood;
A home born blessing, Nature's boon, not Art's,
The same heart cheering, spirit warming good,
To us and ours, where'er we war or woo,
Thy words and music, "Yankee Doodle," do.
—Fitz-Greene Halleck.

Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable.—Daniel Webster.

Love of country is one of the loftiest virtues which the Almighty has planted in the human heart.—Emery A. Storrs.

Ah! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,
In foreign harbors shall behold
That flag unrolled;
'Twill be as a friendly hand,
Stretched out from his native land,
Filling his heart with memories sweet and endless!
—Henry W. Longfellow.

Where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit.—Daniel Webster.

A weapon that comes down as still
As snowflakes fall upon the sod,
But executes a freeman's will
As lightning does the will of God,
And from its force nor doors nor locks
Can shield you—'tis the ballot box.
—John Pierpont.

No craven hearted man was ever fit to be a citizen. Courage is the source of patriotism.—Henry Ward Beecher.

A star for every state and a state for every star.—Robert C. Winthrop.

Oh, beautiful and grand,
My own, my native land,
Of thee I boast!
Great empire of the west,
The dearest and the best,
Made up of all the rest,
I love the most.
—Abraham Coles.

In Cowboy Land.

A Fourth of July scene at Wichita Falls, Tex., is thus described:

The hottest and funniest place on the grounds was the dancing pavilion. A canvas cover was stretched just overhead. When some tall cowboy, in the excess of his patriotism, put an extra inch on his spring his hat scraped the cover. The floor, which was of rough boards in the morning was polished before noon by a thousand shuffles. In a corner the orchestra, with a strangely solemn face and downcast eyes, sat on the spring seat of a farm wagon and drew from a violin such strains as might put action into a cork leg. But the star of the pavilion combination was the caller. He was a mild mannered gentleman named Granger, whose flexibility of voice was equaled by his originality of expression. Sometimes he chanted, sometimes he declaimed, and sometimes he let his voice follow the music. He was a master of ceremonies, too, who had learned his profession. The cowboys would sidle up to him and say:

"Mister, can't we have a little dance? We came sixty miles for this thing."

"Don't you know anybody here," Granger would ask.

"Not a livin soul 'cept just the boys," they would affirm with more or less emphasis.

"Reckon mebbe I kin fix you," the master would say reflectively. Then he would cross over to where the buxom daughters of the grain farmers were shocked up along the side of the platform. Pretty soon he would return, and with a "Come this way," he would lead the cowboys, one at a time, across the platform. The farmer's daughter would bow prettily, and the cowboy elaborately, with a twitch at his big white hat. Then a new couple would join those on the floor. Occasionally a cowboy would intrust his hat to a friend, but this seldom happened. The girls didn't mind, and hats were worn as a rule.

Made Room for Him.

In a Pennsylvania village on a Fourth of July, many years ago, a certain eloquent member of congress was delivering an oration. He had rehearsed at some length the virtues and achievements of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and had taken up the subject of the greatness of Washington. Working up to the full height of his eloquence, he asked:

"In what place shall we put the peerless man of Mt. Vernon? Shall we put him among the kings of earth? No; for he scorned their title!

"Shall we put him among the soldiers? No; for he was much more than soldier.

"Shall we put him among the statesmen? No; for the simplicity of his lofty genius rose superior to the devices of statecraft.

"In what place, then, shall we put him—this peerless man"—

Just then Sandy McDowell, a Scotchman, whose acquaintance with American history was possibly not much greater than his liking for American oratory, rose from his seat in the midst of the audience.

"Hoot, mon!" said he; "ye can e'en putt 'im in my place 'ere, for I'm ga'n oot!"

Couldn't Find Him.

Miss Palisade—You didn't see my little brother out in the back yard as you came in, did you, Mr. Tutter?

Tutter (part of his coat tail blown off by a firecracker)—No, Miss Palisade. I looked for him in vain.

Free Lunch.

This is the day of all the days
In all the gladsome year
In which the small boy tries, alas!
A cracker and a bier.

He Died for His Country.

PROLOGUE.

A boy stood by a rocket big,
Whence all but he had fled;
"I don't know what this thing will do,
But I'll find out," he said.

EPILOGUE.

This shows you where a little shoe
And something of a vest
Lies here in place of little Ed—
They couldn't find the rest.

Chimed In.

Funny things sometimes happen in church. One of them occurred upon a recent Sunday, when a young man came to church late, slipped into an unoccupied seat and sat down directly on top of a high silk hat belonging to the man in the next pew. The hat gave way with a loud crack, and just then the clergyman's voice arose in solemn accents, reading the first verse of the Psalter for the day: "O Lord, thou hast searched me out and known me. Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising."—New York Recorder.

An Attached Condition.

First Boarder—A cigar only ought to be smoked after a good dinner.

Second Boarder—Have one?

First Boarder—No, thanks.—Judy.

A Fable Worth Remembering.

A tiger once invited a goat to dinner. The goat was tickled to death at the notice of the beast, and wore his spike tailed coat and link sleeve buttons in token of his appreciation.

"Can I help you to some of this venison steak?" the tiger asked the goat very cordially.

The goat could not eat venison steak, but he dissembled cleverly and preserved a smiling exterior.

"My physician," he protested, "positively forbids venison steak."

There was nothing else on the table, and the poor goat was obliged to sit idly by while the tiger devoured a hearty repast. But the goat was not disposed to deprive himself of the sweets of revenge. He accordingly pressed the tiger to dine with him the following evening.

The invitation was accepted with thanks, and promptly on time the tiger thrust his hind legs under the goat's mahogany.

"Can I help you," sweetly inquired the host, "to some of this fricassied tomato can with brown paper sauce?"

"No, thank you," rejoined the tiger, "my doctor forbids."

"So sorry," murmured the goat in secret glee. "I fear you will have only an unsatisfactory meal."

"Oh, I shall do very well," protested the tiger. Whereat he fell upon and devoured the goat himself.

"Alas!" exclaimed the latter with his dying breath, "I was too funny."

This fable teaches that it is perfectly proper to take an insult from some people without resenting it. It is all a matter of judgment.—Detroit Tribune.

The Light on Limbo Jones.

"Good mawnin', Miss Jackson," said Mr. Limbo Jones gallantly to the belle of the quarters.

"I hain' no Miss Jackson," was her discourteous reply.

Mr. Jones looked at her critically. Didn't he know her well? Had he not been courting her off and on for a year?

"Hain' no Miss Jackson?" he said questioningly: "who is you, den?"

"Ise Mrs. Lightfoot, sah; da's who I is," and she tossed her head loftily.

"Mrs. Lightfoot? Mrs. Lightfoot?" he repeated slowly. "When dat happen?"

"Las' night at seben o'clock, Mr. Jones?"

"Wha' Lightfoot is dat you marry, Miss Jackson?"

"Henry, Mr. Jones."

"Henry Lightfoot!" he exclaimed angrily. "Whaffur you gwine to marry dat lazy, good fer nothin nigga wen you kno I'se been co'tin you fer mo'n a yea? Whaffur you do dat, Miss Jackson?"

"'Caze he axed me, Mr. Jones."

Then it was a great light shone on Mr. Limbo Jones, and he went to a sequestered spot and kicked himself across a cornfield.—Detroit Free Press.

A Speech for the Occasion.

A birthday gift was given to a wife by her husband and three children. The youngest, a little ten-year-old, was appointed to make the speech of presentation. She did it after much preparation for the occasion, and this was the form it took:

"Dear mamma, this gift is presented to you by your three children and your one husband."—London Tit-Bits.

At the Pier.

Mrs. Gray (to bashful youth)—Ah! here you are, Mr. Mild. Why did we not see you at the concert?

Bashful Youth (desperately in love)—I—I—was—a—a—reading.

Chorus of Voices—What were you reading? "She?"—Exchange.

A Doubtful Recommendation.

"Your milk is perfectly pure, is it?" asked the new customer of the milkman.

"Yes, indeed, ma'am," replied the vender; I assure you it's milk of the first water—er, I mean it's warranted fresh and pure."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

An Awkward Apology.

He—The Fraulien has been yawning several times; that is not very flattering for me.

She—Oh! I beg you a thousand pardons, I had quite forgotten that you were here.—Fliegende Blatter.

Is It Suitable?

Mrs. Totling—I'm going to make me a bath robe.

Mrs. Dimling—Are you?

"Yes. I have bought the loveliest piece of watered silk for the purpose."—Detroit Free Press.

A Slight Error.

"You were out again last night," said the wife reproachfully at breakfast.

"To be candid with you," he replied, "I wasn't. I was 'in' just fourteen dollars."—Washington Star.

Her Sacrifice.

He—Darling, if I give you such an expensive engagement ring we can't get married so soon.

She—Never mind, dear. For your sake I can wait.—Harper's Bazar.

His Only Chance.

Banks—Can't you suggest some way in which I can get a better looking picture?

Photographer—Not unless you can get somebody else to sit for you.—Somerville Journal.

Spoke Too Soon.

Yesterday I told Schlegelmayer that his club consisted of blockheads, and today I hear that I have been elected an honorary member!—Fliegende Blatter.