

WOMAN AND HOME.

HOW MANY GOOD WOMEN FALL BEHIND THEIR CHILDREN.

"Margaret of New Orleans"—Two Kinds of Women—She Owns a Stage Line—Inexpensive Dishcloths—Boiling Milk—Advice to Mothers.

"Why should a woman at the age of forty be, in any sense of the word, 'passed'?" asked Mrs. Terhune at the Montana Lake assembly. And then she answered the question in a paper that was full of the simplest yet the saddest and most pathetic sentences that one is likely to hear for many a day.

Mrs. Terhune pointed out that after the age of forty the mental forces of women are at their best, and yet the sunset of her life is darkened. Take the average case. A woman of twenty marries. She is handsome, intelligent and educated. She has read, she has bathed a little in the sea of thought and "looked with wonderment upon its billows." She has even dreamed of voyages out there where stately ships of splendid minds are grasping all the winds that blow and are pushing for the port of progress. And then she turns to her duties as wife.

At first she follows her reading and tries to keep up with the times, but it keeps her busier now than it did. Then the children come, and she is so harried. Her work is so unending and so exacting. She finishes one task only to find it has brought her to the threshold of a hundred new ones. She thinks sometimes of the culture she is losing, but she has no time. Here are duties that will not be waved aside. She is a good mother, and her children shall not be neglected.

She loses her touch with the women whose cares are lighter. She forgets much that she once knew well. She bests every energy that the children may have advantages. She would feel that she had done a selfish, an unpardonable thing if she sat down to read or to study when there were tasks demanded of her by her husband or her children.

Presently she sees that the boys and girls have discovered that mother does not know. How quickly children come to that! They compare her with some one and she suffers. Without meaning it or knowing it she loses interest in the things that interest them. She never would have thought she could do that. To avoid it is the very thing for which she sacrificed herself. She has made duty her slave so long that duty is her master. She cannot escape from the treadmill she has builded. She goes her weary way till the day is done, and even in sleep she dreams of toiling. All her associates drift further and further from her. Her circle narrows till she stands in the center—alone. There is not a throb from her brain that is answered by a thought from the world, and she knows it.

Has she done best? Would it have been selfishness for her to neglect the children a little in unconscious infancy to keep pace with them better in acute maturity? Does she not quicker lose hold of them, lose guidance of them when they can outrun her—outthink her? And when they have gone and left her alone, and the echoes are loud where laughter used to live, what has she? Neglected, forgotten, unrequited, unthanked, in many things ignorant, in many things dull, the measure of suffering that must be hers will simply be the measure of possibility that was hers the day she wed.—Chicago Herald.

"Margaret of New Orleans."

New Orleans claims the distinction of having been the first city in this country to erect a monument to a woman. "Margaret of New Orleans" made her great fortune out of the baking business. She came with her husband, Michael Haughery, and children to this country from Ireland. Death bereft her of her family, and she was left alone in the world. Seeking employment, she drifted to New Orleans, where she entered the services of the sisters as dairy maid. Earning a limited amount of money, she established a small bakery. This increased under her management to wholesale dimensions. She sent out from her establishment bread-carts that carried as a free gift to the deserving poor 300 loaves of bread daily. Everything this woman undertook prospered greatly. She could neither read nor write, and had an extremely limited idea of figures; yet she carried on such an extensive business that she rolled up a large bank account yearly.

Her appearance in face, form and dress was unimpressive. She was usually clad in a short gown of gray, with a Quakerlike bonnet, and with a coarse, ruddy face she presented anything but a fashionable presence. Day after day she walked in a clumsy cart, with her plain costumes, on her errands of mercy or business, she was never a subject of ridicule or derision, but always of respectful deference; even the mischievous street hoodlum doffed his ragged cap and stood waiting to serve her. The needs of the orphan appealed most strongly to her sympathies. Especially to those who were made fatherless and motherless by that fatal pestilence, the yellow fever, she gave large slices of her income.

At her death her body lay in state two days and was viewed by thousands. The funeral took place at St. Patrick's church, and was the largest ever known in the history of New Orleans, except that of Jefferson Davis. The procession of carriages extended for miles, and included every religious order, every civic society, the priests, clergymen and people of every church and denomination, with the children from all the schools and numerous orphan asylums in the city. Old and young, rich and poor, ignorant and wise—all turned out to do honor to the memory of one plain, uneducated woman, for her deeds were great. The whole of her fortune was bequeathed to the different orphan asylums without regard to faith.—Boston Traveller.

Two Kinds of Women.

When one says "she is a woman of the world," the phrase does not imply in the least that she is a worldly woman. Such a one enjoys only those delights that are essentially of the earth earthy. Pleasure is her aim and fashion her god, but a "woman of the world" is an entirely different type altogether. She is, to give a concise definition, one who possesses a rare knowledge of the world, gained by a wide and varied personal experience. A woman of the world is wise and can sit in judgment on men and affairs, because she knows whereof she speaks, while a worldly woman in many cases hasn't a single sensible idea in her frivolous head. A woman of the world is to be trusted. She is, as a rule, cool and calculating, with a discrimination worthy of a diplomat. She never reveals the secret of another or tells any of her own.

She does more thinking than talking, but what she says always means something. She rarely condemns, for from her vast experience she knows that there is

good in every one and that the motive for many a seemingly ill advised action may be of the purest, though the thing itself seems grossly unconventional. The worldly woman, on the other hand, looks no deeper than the surface, and is influenced entirely by what society would say. Therefore for leniency look to the one who reads men as the other reads novels, and from her vast knowledge seems more to praise than censure.—Philadelphia Times.

A Woman Who Owns a Stage Line.

A peculiarly nervous little woman, with dark auburn hair and fine black eyes, is often registered at the Grand hotel in this city. She is Mrs. H. J. Langdon, of Lassen county, the woman stage driver of the Sierras, but she is more than a driver of stages—she is an owner. Her stage lines extend for several hundred miles throughout the mountains, and she owns scores of horses and vehicles and carries the United States mail as well as hundreds of passengers.

Her husband died a few years ago, and she took hold and managed and extended the business aforesaid. Mrs. Langdon has taken many mail contracts from the government, and is well known at Washington, which city she often has occasion to visit in connection with her mail contract.

Mrs. Langdon is reported to be as good a judge of stock as any in the stage business. She knows also the opportune moment when to grease a wagon, oil harness and generally to keep in touch with the stage business, so as to make it successful.

Her stage lines extend over some of the ruggedest routes in the Sierras and again across plains, like those about Susanville. Plumas county has several of Mrs. Langdon's lines. She delivers mails and passengers promptly, and by reason of her skill in taking contracts and her ability in executing them has become noted for her pluck and enterprise. She is said to be an excellent whip and to be able to manipulate the lines of four or more horses about as easily as the famous Hank Monk used to do on the old Geiger grade.—San Francisco Examiner.

Inexpensive Dishcloths.

"Dishwashing is an awfully commonplace subject, isn't it, and yet it is a very important one," said an admirable housekeeper. "Indeed, I think I could preach an excellent sermon with dishcloths for a text. Just what kind is best and how they should be cared for are matters that receive but little attention in the average household, indeed far too little, for on the judicious management of some items of this sort much of the daintiness and what might be called the poetry of dishwashing depends. For there is poetry in dishwashing, although as that operation is commonly carried out it isn't apparent to the ordinary aesthetic taste. I have tried all sorts of cloths, linen, cotton and mixtures of these materials, and for a long time could find nothing that exactly pleased me.

"One day, in a fit of desperation at not being able to lay my hand on just what I wanted, I caught up an empty flour sack which had been through the laundry, and was so delighted with it that I have been a perfect miser in the item of flour sacks ever since, and woe be to the unfortunate handmaiden who destroys one of them or appropriates it to any other use. The soft, fine cotton makes absolutely perfect cloths and when my supply of these runs short I buy cotton as nearly like the sacking material as I can find, and stitch it up into bags in precisely the same shape. It has the additional recommendation of being inexpensive and, where one buys flour by the bag, of utilizing that which is often allowed to go to waste."—New York Ledger.

Boiling Milk Does Not Injure Its Value.

A very important question, from the point of view of the nourishment of newborn children, is whether boiled milk retains a sufficiently nutritive value. Formerly it was universally thought that milk ought to be used in a state as nearly as possible to that in which it is when taken from the breast, and uncooked milk was the only kind employed for feeding infants. Nowadays, however, since it has been clearly demonstrated that milk may be an agent for the transmission of various diseases, such as eruptive fevers, typhoid fever and especially consumption, most authors and physicians agree in recommending that boiled milk only should be given to infants.

This practice is assuredly excellent from the point of view of prophylaxis against contagious diseases, but it is equally good from the point of view of alimentary hygiene, and in feeding infants on boiled milk do they get sufficient nourishment? This question has been examined, with the aid of all the documents which could be collected, by Mr. Henry Drouet. From his researches, made from the various points of view of physiology, clinical treatment and microbes, results the general conclusion that boiling does not at all diminish the digestibility of milk, and consequently does not diminish its nutritive value.—Paris Revue Scientifique.

Ways of Protecting a Watch.

If you are determined to wear your watch like the rest of womankind, thrust it into your bodice; it is a good idea to have sewed securely to the lining of each waist one of the patent fastening hooks which have to be pressed in order to pass over anything. Clasp this over the big link at the end of your chain, and you are comparatively safe. A strong handled thief may break the chain, but cannot capture the watch. If this is impossible, it is at any rate always easy to fasten a fancy pin through the end of the chain, which will keep it from slipping away and render it a little less easy to grab.

Another excellent plan would be to have a small pocket sewed to the lining of each bodice at the place where it is natural to slip the watch. This pocket could open toward the front, and when the watch was thrust in could fasten by means of one of the patent loops to an eyelet crocheted on the lining of the bodice.

With the watch securely tucked in such a receptacle, even with the chain dangling daintily down the front of the gown, a woman might safely venture into a crowd and not be obliged to keep one hand continually over her breast to protect her property.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Girls, Don't Marry in a Hurry.

Young girls, wait until you are at least twenty-five before you think of marrying. All tastes change between the ages of sixteen and thirty. The books you read, the games you enjoy, the milliner's skill you trust to, the friendship you cultivate, all are changing, why should not the tastes and fancies of the soul? The age that feeds upon Mrs. Southworth and Mrs. Holmes is vastly unlike the age that demands stronger mental food. The hero you are ready to worship at eighteen will not be a hero to you, ten chances to one, at twenty-eight.

Wait until your tastes settle and the possibilities within you have found their level before you fix upon an unalterable

destiny. For I tell you, whether it brings sorrow or joy, the choice you make is an irrevocable one. The moon may go back and be a crescent ere the first quarter is reached, the rose re-fold itself within the calyx of the bud, or the sultry noon renew the freshness of the dawn before the circle of the day is spanned with greater ease than a woman can resume the lightness of her maiden fancies after the die of her wedded lot is cast.—Hall's Journal of Health.

Managing a Husband.

We hear a great deal nowadays about the management of husbands, and the matter is discussed as if, like embalming the dead, it was one of the lost arts. But I notice that the women who are agitating the question are not the gentlewomen of this country. No, my positive friend, you who will rise at this and say that these other women are under the subjection of their husbands and are afraid to speak—this is not so. These women have found a warm and tender place in the hearts of their mankind. They have found the secret of "managing a husband," and you have not.

Prate all you like, agitate all you wish at club meetings and at women's gatherings, but to learn how to manage a husband is not at the meeting of your club, but in your home, at the side of your husband and with your children. "That's the old fashioned idea," said a positive woman contemptuously to me the other day. Yes, thank God it is, my friend, and it would be better for the happiness of hundreds of women today if they would be a little more old fashioned in this respect.—Edward W. Bok in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Rare Distinction.

One of the very few women in the universe who have the right to wear the title of musical doctor is Annie Wilson Patterson. She is a native of County Antrim, Ireland, and is the only female doctor of music in the British kingdom, with the exception of the Princess of Wales. She is a young woman of fine attainments. Before she was fifteen years of age she was proficient in the Greek, Latin, French and Italian languages. At that age she decided upon music as her life's profession, and entered upon its study at the Royal Irish Academy of Music, and subsequently became conductor and musical director of the Dublin Choral Union.

Her career, from a scholarly point of view, has been a brilliant one. She has written songs and cantatas, received a silver medal for proficiency in the natural sciences and a gold medal for organ playing, and is a poet and essayist of excellent talents. She was graduated from the Royal Irish university as bachelor of music and bachelor of arts in 1887, and was graduated as doctor of music at the Royal Irish academy in 1889.—London Letter.

Glycerin for Consumption.

Glycerin is used internally in some diseases, notably in consumption, as a substitute for codliver oil. Notwithstanding its undoubted nutritive property, it is not equal to the latter in the treatment of phthisis, owing to the absence of certain chemical elements upon which the efficacy of codliver oil in a great measure depends. At the same time the value of glycerin administered to consumptive patients should not be lost sight of; occasionally, as it is much more easily tolerated by the stomach, it may be alternated with oil, or the two may be given together. I have known several cases in which the patient were unable to take codliver oil when given alone, but readily retained it when given in conjunction with glycerin.—Hygiene.

About Ordering a Week's Dinners.

Let those who complain of the trouble of housekeeping and of the daily difficulty of what to order for the next day's dinner—try the very simple plan of devoting an hour every Saturday to the making out of a week's menu, writing down at the same time the daily order for the butcher. This method will save no end of trouble and thought, and will also insure to the family a greater variety of food. In this way, too, individual tastes may be gratified and little luxuries introduced, and a much better table maintained at a less cost than when, fretted and hurried, the house mistress has only a few minutes to spare for her cook, the result being almost always the ordering of a few staple dishes over and over.—New York Tribune.

Washing Children's Faces.

Care should always be observed in washing children's faces not to let the soap get in their eyes. A physician writes: "I think it cruel to allow the face and eyes to be washed with soap in the coarse and rough way in which I have often seen it done. Some nurses appear to take a sort of morbid delight in its employment in this way. Even to an adult soap in the eyes is a very painful ordeal to go through; in the end it inevitably produces chronic, sometimes acute, ophthalmia. Children should be spared this barbarity. In washing children's faces with soap a fine flannel, a sponge or the corner of a towel should be used."

To Clean Engravings.

It has been found that ozone bleaches paper perfectly without injuring the fiber in the least. It can be used for removing mildew and other stains from engravings that have been injured by hanging on the walls of damp rooms. The engraving should be carefully moistened and suspended in a large vessel partially filled with ozone. The ozone may be generated by putting a piece of clean phosphorus in the bottom of the vessel partially covered with water.—Exchange.

Miss Caroline Kelly is the art decorator of the largest carriage building establishment in New York. She employs over twenty young women. Private and public carriages have been decorated with great taste and success by Miss Kelly and her staff of women workers.

The Metropolitan hotel, near the Union depot, Atlanta, is kept by Mrs. Keith, assisted by her daughters and sons. It is said to be an ideal hotel; it has no bar, no billiard or smoking rooms.

To take oil out of carpets or woollens, put on buckwheat flour and brush it off very carefully into a dustpan. Keep on applying till all of the grease has been absorbed.

One of the mysteries of humanity is the reluctance with which a man buys a woman's magazine for his wife and the eagerness with which he reads it.

An experienced cook says: "Use a silver spoon when cooking mushrooms. The silver will be blackened if any injurious quality is present."

Seven widows of Revolutionary soldiers are on the rolls of the Knoxville (Tenn.) pension office.

TRAINING CHILDREN.

AN IMPORTANT DUTY THAT USUALLY RESTS WITH MOTHERS.

Reflections on the Incidents of One Day's Call—Several Kinds of Young People in Several Different Households—Why Many Mothers Fail.

It is of course true that no general and uniform system of training the young can be expected. Diverse natures will show their diversity in their relations to other people. It has been my fortune to make calls today on different families, and at each one to find children. At house No. 1 I met at the gate a big headed, big eyed boy that by temperament you could see was an inventor. Everything in this world existed for him to use for a purpose, and that purpose you would be likely to find original with himself. He had his foot on the rose trellis—now what do you suppose that trellis was to him? Clearly enough to us it was for a rosebush to climb on; but to him it was just as evidently for him to climb on.

Up he went, got caught by the rose and in the struggle the boy got the worst of it. It is not hard to see why rosebushes have thorns in that yard. As I entered the house big eyes were just in front of me, walking backward and talking in a half shy way in order to find me out. He evidently understood me, or thought he did. A moment after he had run up stairs, mounted the balustrade and came riding down with a whack at his mother's feet.

"I'll tell your father, sir, if you do that again!" she cried at him. Two bad things. She had in one sentence owned up that she could not manage him herself, and that a first wrong was to be repeated before it became correctable. We had some domestic matters to talk over, and the subject of canning fruit to discuss, which took us to the kitchen. Little Phil was everywhere, full of inquiry and never still. But at every move his mother was sharply saying: "Stop that, sir! If you don't I'll tell your father, and he'll train you."

I should have liked to see the boy's thoughts. Did he learn to fear his father and dread his coming, or were all the threats of his mother ever fustian? I wonder if she really ever reported the chap's performances? I believe not. It was a case of weakness. She was not self educated to educate any one else. All through my visit there was not one permit, not one sympathetic word of guidance, but constant effort to stop him. The poor fellow had, instead of a mother, a brakeman or brakewoman, whose whole business in the way of training a child was to check him.

At home No. 2 I found a case of this sort, a peevish girl, so puny I could not be sure of her age, but about six. The little creature had not one easy nerve in her body—a restless, fretted body that always wanted something and did not know why. The seat of her trouble was her stomach, and the secret of that difficulty was inherited from both parents. The father is an inveterate smoker and the mother a devotee of tea and nervousness. The child of course is a tease and not easy to endure. The mother had enough work to endure herself, but when it came to two more selves of the same sort she gave up all effort at using common sense. The little girl had only a tease for anything in order to get it, if possible. She ate at all times whatever she craved, notwithstanding the mother knew in general terms that she was aggravating the difficulty.

When I had been seated on the veranda overlooking a pretty garden the child began to pull off choice flowers and throw them in my lap. There really was no use in this, for I could not carry them away and did not wish to do so. Placing my hand on the little one I said: "Now, my little friend, we have enough. Let us talk about this beautiful blue one." We had a few moments' quite pleasant chat about the flower, but before I could quite realize that she had left me she was teasing her mother for a banana. The mother replied: "It isn't good for you, my dear. I would not eat it." But the child set up a determined whine and got what she wanted. I am ashamed to tell you how disagreeable this girl became to me in the course of a single half hour.

At home No. 3 I found a boy of about eight, his breeches rolled up as high as possible and his feet bare. He was a sturdy fellow, full of vitality and not very fond of book study. He knew me well and trotted me off at once down the garden way to show me something he had found out about insects, and more about flowers. We had a splendid time for half an hour before his mother discovered us, and then like a sensible woman she joined us in our study of things. "The boy doesn't like books very well," she said, "but he likes things, and that, I think, will have to do." But the time came for several duties and the boy was firmly ordered to go. He went without a complaint and with promptitude. It certainly was not agreeable to him to leave us, yet he was well trained.

Invited to dine at his house I did so, because it is pleasant always to be the guest as long as is considerate. At the table berries were passed to the smallest child, a girl of seven years, who declined them. "What you have on your plate is very nice," said her mother, but gave her no berries. I said, "Will berries hurt her, do you think?" "Oh, no," she answered, "but I prefer she should learn not to change her mind so easily." This fine blinding of freedom and firmness was producing an admirable family and a home of beauty.

The power to make beautiful souls is a rare gift—it constitutes the genius of motherhood. Nothing but that privilege and duty would have constituted woman what she is at her best—a creator. It is our true ambition. I do not lack sympathy for those who have inherited such biases or weaknesses as disqualify them for being noble mothers; only such persons should not become wives. They have no right to assume an office they cannot fill.—Mary E. Spencer in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Good Lintment.

A cheap stimulating lintment which will be almost odorless and yet effective for outside application can be made as follows: In one quart of turpentine mix one quart of coal oil. Pack half an ounce of alkane root and two ounces of pulverized capsicum in a large ordinary funnel. Over this mixture pour the turpentine and oil, allowing it all to percolate through the capsicum and alkane root. In this way it will extract the substance of the capsicum and take on a beautiful red from the alkane. After this has been done add one ounce of the oil of peppermint and four ounces of gum camphor. To make it more fragrant add a little oil of pepper grass. This lintment thus completed is a strong, efficacious one to rub on the skin, and scalds and sores would not hesitate to use it.—Yankee Blade.

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