WOMAN AND HOME.

TEACHING THE GIRLS HOW TO HANDLE THE NEEDLE.

Daughters of Rich Women—"Little Pitchers Have Long Ears"—Fluff—Dress. Reforming a Husband—Going to Bed. Various Household Hints.

A suitable piece of work to commence on is a pair of pillow cases, for in making this article the child learns to overhand, to hem and to make button holes. Commence when she is fresh, soon after breakfast, having previously cut out two pairs of pillow cases, one pair for yourself and another pair for the little daughter. See that she is supplied with a neat little work box or basket, thimble, thread and needles. Begin by basting up a pair for her; then commence together, first starting hers.

She will take great pride in trying to have her work look as well as yours, but unless she is an unusually apt pupil her stitches will be long and uneven. If not neatly done advise her gently to pull out her work and begin again, or, better still, tell her you will take them out for her, letting her go and have a race with her dog or a ride on her tricycle. She will come in with a fresher, clearer head and a steadier hand than if scolded and made to take out the misplaced stitches. When she has finished the overhanding on both pillow cases baste the hems for her and start her at the hemming. Caution her to have her stitches even, but not too short, as (with beginners) very short stitches are apt to be crooked.

Keep your work along with hers. Above all things, try to keep up her interest, and when she comes to the button holes cut them for her, neatly overcasting the edges. Impress it upon her that she must be careful and take up very little of the goods, as it makes a much neater button hole; then have her fasten the ends strongly and evenly. Now let her sew on her buttons, and when she has finished fold and put away, and if she has done them well she will be a very happy little girl and you a very proud mother. She may be several days in making them; do not hurry her, and, above all things, do not become impatient with her, and tell her she shall finish them by a given time.

Next teach her to darn. Let her take a pair of her own stockings, the pair with the smallest holes, for large holes are so discouraging to a beginner. Tell her that in order to make a neat darn she must use a long, slender needle, and cotton not too coarse. It is best to darn over a china egg, going back and forth till the hole is covered, then cross the stitches, weaving in and out until the darn is as solid as the original material. Unless a girl learns the intricacies of darning when she is young, she is apt, when she is grown up, to depend on "mamma," or, worse still, go with stockings unmended, either of which is inexcusable.

For a worn or a torn place in a dress, of course, you would not darn as you would the heel of a stocking, but baste a piece of the goods underneath, then darn back and forth with dainty, tiny stitches, till the rent is repaired, then with a damp cloth laid over the darn, press with a warm flat iron.—Annie Curd in Good Housekeeping.

Daughters of the Rich.

The daughters of rich New York women are very frequently put at the beginning of the season in the hands of a trained nurse, who is responsible for their good condition during the season, and whose duties are very nearly as onerous as are those of the trainer of some champion of the prize ring. Her management is something like this: When the nurse thinks its time the bud was up she wakens her, wraps her in a soft wool bath robe, and carries her in the dressing room, where she invests her with two garments of stout jersey cloth, and makes her either swing a pair of light Indian clubs for twenty minutes or takes the same time in exercise on a gymnastic bar.

When the debutante is in full glow she is wrapped again in the bath robe, and carried to the bath room, where a white porcelain tub has been filled with warm water. Into this has been flung, before she comes, a French bran bag, the contents of which are bran, shavings of the finest olive oil soap, emollient pastes and orris root. This is used like a sponge in bathing, and on being squeezed emits a soft, creamy, perfumed lather, which leaves the skin smelling slightly of violets and as soft as velvet. After the bath the young woman is thoroughly rubbed down with towels of a damask which is as soft as satin, for any rough substance injures the texture of the skin. If the weather is cold a little cold cream is used and rubbed in carefully with the hand to prevent chapping and redness. The hair is smartly brushed for twenty minutes, the nails manicured, and while this luxurious young person is attending to the rest of her toilet the nurse sees that the proper breakfast is prepared. This is simple—a bit of dry toast, a cup of chocolate, an egg and some rare steak, because she is obliged to eat so much trash at balls and dinners that this is the time when she absorbs her real nourishment. Then the attendant leaves her to her own devices until she comes to dress for the evening.

Another bath and a cup of hot fresh tea prepare her for the night's work, and when she returns, jaded and exhausted, at 3 in the morning, the nurse is on hand to undress her, give her a little soothing brush to her hair, feed to her a cup of steaming bouilion, and, after putting her to bed, rub her gently and smoothly in the massage fashion until all aches and weariness are gone, and she sinks off into eight hours of dreamless slumber. It is astonishing what fatigue, what an endless wearing course of dissipation a girl can go through, and come out of it as fresh as she went in, when some one stands ready in this manner to repair all breaches made upon her youth and loveliness. Girls who have this care last ten years longer than those who are left to shift for themselves, and the money spent in this way generally proves in the end to be advantageously invested.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Children Hear Too Much.

The innocence of childhood has been rudely brushed away and the knowledge of evil has entered the pure soul of the child. Then the question arises how can this state of affairs be remedied? One of the most certain ways of counteracting this evil, is to avoid indiscriminate conversation before children. There is no greater evil existing right now in society than this indiscreet conversation before children. A lady visitor comes in, and in utter disregard of the presence of the children who are in the room, the latest scandal is discussed, or a bit of gossip is dissected; a birth is announced with all the accompanying circumstances, may be the approaching advent of a heir, is the latest news to be circulated, and so the conversation goes on; little ears drinking in, and wondering minds trying to make things fit together and solve the mysteries discussed. Then parents in their own home circle often discuss subjects before their children that they would be shocked, should some one suggest are injurious. They do not openly (which would be far better) but by hints, and in ambiguous manner tell a piece of news which they assert the children don't understand, but which at the same time arouses their curiosities and proves more detrimental for the mystery that surrounds it.

I will give two instances that have come under my observation recently, as it illustrates so well the subject: A young lad in his teens said to his mother in my presence, "What is this about, Mrs. ——?" She looked up in surprise and said: "What do you mean?" "Oh!" he said, "there is no use to pretend ignorance, you know what I mean; I have seen you all with your heads together, and heard you whispering, and Jim (a companion) and I are on the track and are going to find out what it is." This gossip, whatever it was, had been discussed right in the home circle, and that is where the boy heard it.

The other instance was a lady friend, who told me she was exceedingly particular never to discuss a scandal, or any subject before her children that children should not know. A few days before with closed doors she was talking to her sister of a piece of news she had just heard, when the door opened and her young daughter came in and said: "Mamma, excuse me, I was not listening, but came to the door and overheard something you said to auntie, and I want you to tell me all about it; I have heard some of it anyway." When asked where she heard it she said: "At school; all the girls know it."

Now as my friend said, "We send our children to a private school; pay the highest prices so we can have them associate with the best, and yet all the indecent gossip that is abroad is discussed among them." Now these school children get all their news at home. Were it not for indiscreet parents, there would be more innocent children. This may seem to mothers a hard assertion, but it is even so. In your hearts you no doubt earnestly desire the purity and innocence of your children, but in your conversations before them you are forgetful of their interests by your indiscretion.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Well Dressed Wife.

A man loves to see his wife well dressed. When she goes about in tatters, with big shoes, untidy skirts, soiled collar, and a halo of curl papers, if he doesn't swear he thinks it. I don't believe in the economy of home toilets. I never take a dress that is done for and wear it in the house. When the life is gone out of it, it goes in the rag bag. I make a duty of nice linen with plenty of laces, and my house gowns are not old, they are not wrappers, and they are not ugly. Another hobby of mine is my hair, which I will have as near the poet's conception of 'her fragrant tresses' as possible. Then I have a whole lot of little devices—I perfume my eyebrows and lips; keep my hands soft and cool, my teeth in good order, and I make my doctor prescribe for a sweet breath. But don't put that in the paper. I only tell you to give you an idea of the care required to keep a man in love with you. Men like to preach down extravagance, and style, and dress; but the woman who bangs her hair, powders the shine off her face, hides a blotch or scar under a piece of court plaster, who wants pretty gloves and stockings, trim slippers, perfumes, balms, cold creams, finger curls, and fancy notions to increase her charms is the woman who is admired every time. Those long, lean, lank, common sense women may gad about with their wholesome ugliness and cheap simplicity, but the procession of men who follow is not a long one."—Verona Jarbeau in St Louis Republican.

To Circumvent "Fluff."

"It can't get the best of me," said Miss Anderson, "though I will say, I don't know as I ever should have got at it just right without Almiry, my cousin down to the Port, who beats all for notions, an' seems as if she schemed from mornin' till night how to get ahead of dirt. She laughed one day when I was down there an' went into her spare room, an' just sort of natural like looked round under things.

"'You're looking for fluff,' says she. 'I known you, Partheny. Look away!—you won't find any. I've got even with fluff at last, an' I'll tell you how; though I ain't certain you deserve it. Sweep all you like, but when you're through an' the dust's all settled, an' you've dry dusted tables an' chairs an' such, take half a pail of warm water an' a big cloth, wring the cloth pretty dry—for wet's as bad as none at all—and then just go over the whole carpet.'"

"'Take the color out,' says I.

"'No it won't,' says she, 'an' I know, for I've tried it; but if you're skeered about that, all you've to do is to put a spoonful of ammonia in the water. It brightens up the colors, an' it's death on moths, an' it sort of sweetens up everything.'

"I didn't say much then, but I went home an' tried it; an' it's about the best thing I know for circumventing the unaccountablest thing I know about, an' that's — Fluff."—Helen Campbell in Demorest's Monthly.

Mending with the Machine.

Where there is a sewing machine in the home it should be used as much as possible in the family mending. Some women never think of using the machine for anything but making new or making over old garments, while others use it to do as much of the family mending as can be done conveniently. When there is a rip or a slit in a garment nothing can mend it as quickly as the machine, while for sewing on a patch it is excellent. First baste the patch on evenly, then sew with machine, dampen and press, and the patched place will look as nice, if not nicer, than if done by hand. For boys' and men's clothes it is much better than hand sewing, owing to its being stronger. To be sure, when the material is very worn and thin the hand sewing is best, as the machine stitching would be apt to tear the cloth, but where the fabric is strong and there is a good deal of patching to be done, the sewing machine will be found to be a great help to the tired mother while repairing the family wardrobe.—Boston Budget.

A Working Girl's Advice.

"It's a girl's own fault if she is treated with disrespect by her employers," said one pleasant faced, gentle mannered young woman.

"If you attend to your work, and do fairly by your employer, he'll generally do right by you. If he shows any signs of not doing so, let him see at once that you won't put up with any other treatment but what's right. Don't understand any double meaning remarks, either. If you laugh at them as jokes the man will go on and say worse. But just look grave and make him explain what he means, and then he gets ashamed of himself. There's is no use in being afraid of a man because he gives you your work. He doesn't respect you half as much, and when you're trying to please him by putting up with what no self-respecting gir' ought to take you can just be sure you're degrading yourself and all to no purpose.—New York Evening World.

Reforming a Husband.

I knew a young lady who had everything which usually constitutes the happiness of those who have not yet climbed the golden stairs of matrimonial paradise. Her age was 20; she was a brunette of graceful figure, with a peculiarly animated expression of countenance. Her complexion was rich and warm, her large gray eyes were merry, and her features would pass muster among sculptors. She had beaux by the score. At length she came to a decision, and I heard of her marriage. I knew the young man whom she chose and was startled. That was five years ago.

A year ago I was riding up town on a car. I heard my name pronounced and looked, but did not at first recognize the face, which was faintly smiling at me. It was weirdly pale and wrinkled and careworn. I looked puzzled for a few moments, and then it dawned on me that this was the wreck of one of the prettiest girls in Brooklyn. I accompanied her as far as the door of her house. It was a tenement house. "I won't invite you in today," she said; "my rooms are somewhat disordered." I said nothing, but I understood. It was pitiful to see her try to keep up the pretense of being light hearted, happy and prosperous. A week ago I heard her husband was in the lunatic asylum and her baby dead. Now she has gone home to begin life over again. She had married a man to reform him.—Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.

Going to Bed.

I must tell you about my little girl going to bed. She doesn't like to go up stairs by herself at 7:30 and leave the lights, the reading and music, but we have a new plan now, which works like a charm. She is never so happy as when personating some one beside herself. One night I proposed she should play she was going to a ball. She (in imagination) put on her satin dress, long gloves, slippers and what not and started off with much interest. Auntie was the coachman who took her to the party and she was very ready to go to bed for the sake of getting started. The next night she went to California to visit some little friends. I wrote out a ticket for her to give the conductor, and she took a sleeping car and next morning reported a lovely trip. Every night now she begins about 7 o'clock to know where she had better go. I quite enjoy planning her trips for her and she goes off happy every night.—"E. B. H." in Good Housekeeping.

Cow's Milk for Infants.

It is well known that while the milk of a healthy woman never disagrees with a healthy child, that child cannot be fed with cow's milk without peril. Indeed, most cases of cholera infantum are among the bottle fed, and a babe suffering from this disease will generally recover at once if it can have a more natural nourishment.

One important difficulty with cow's milk for infants is—partly from its nature and partly from the freer and more copious draughts with which it is taken into the stomach—it tends to coagulate into large masses of solid cheese. This is thrown in sour lumps into the bowels, and keeps them in a state of perpetual irritation. Now, lime water added to the milk—say one part in five or six—prevents this coagulation, and if other hygienic conditions are right, the danger of cholera infantum is very much diminished.—Youth's Companion.

Where Men Are Unjust.

A popular belief, current among men at least, is that women enjoy dressmaking. Undoubtedly it is pleasant to see a shabby old gown metamorphosed into a comparatively fresh new one by the aid of judicious turning, sponging and retrimming. The end crowns the means. But it is not invariably a delight to a woman to go through the tiresome minutiæ that precede the agreeable termination. There are numbers of women who anticipate the spring and fall dressmakings with deep groanings of spirit. Left to themselves, they might fuss along with their old clothes. But every true woman desires to look her best, not only in her husband's eyes, but also, for his sake, in those of his friends. So she plans and acts and contrives, with what skill she may, to save his purse and his pride. To say the least, his unfavorable comments savor of ingratitude.—Harper's Bazar.

Cultivate Simplicity.

Never be withheld from entertaining from the mistaken idea that you must follow the example of richer friends and neighbors, even if it be far beyond your means and inclination. Simplicity is never vulgar; lavishness usually is. Entertain according to your circumstances, but gracefully and cordially, thus following the example of one of the most admired society women of New York, whose narrow purse permitted but the most frugal table, and who, therefore, offered at her weekly lunches the two accomplishments of her cook: good coffee and bread and the delicious fish hash, in the making of which she excelled.—Ann Sawyer in Good Housekeeping.

A negro superstition is that if a girl can make up a pretty bed—an accomplishment that Ruskin says every woman should possess—she will be rewarded, inasmuch as she will be sure to mary a man with a well shaped nose. If, on the contrary, her bed-making is not approvable, the man of her choice will have a most ungainly nose.

When you have the ill luck to tear the last pair of gloves you have suited to the occasion, just as the occasion is at hand, you can repair the damage by placing a bit of court paster under the rent on the inside of the glove. A small snag or tear in coat or trousers can be mended in like manner, and it will show less than if repaired by the tailor.

Having saved about a teacupful of broken pieces of toilet soap, put them into a tin cup, with just enough hot water to cover, place on the back of the range, and when thoroughly melted pour into a china cup or small mold; when cold turn out. Allow this to harden a few days before using. It is best to do castile soap separately.

When the under flannels become so worn that you cast them aside cut them off at the waist and make into underskirts for the small children by gathering or plaiting the cut end into a binding. These make nice warm inside skirts, and are so very easily made that no child ought to be without them.

Rugs are made of rope worked into various patterns and secured by stitches on the wrong side. Ordinary clothes line is used for this purpose. The ends are, of course, tasseled. These rugs are odd, which is their chief recommendation; there is nothing soft nor luxurious about them.

A little powdered borax put in the water in which laces, muslins and lawns are washed improve their appearance greatly; use just as little soap as you possibly can.

Pieces of cheese cloth make the very best kind of dusters. Hem the edges and have a large enough supply so that one set can be washed each day.

A few drops of ammonia in a cup of warm rain water, carefully applied with a wet sponge, will remove the spots from paintings and chromos.

When not in use, keep your umbrella unstrapped, and when wet, place the handle downward to dry. It will last much longer

SCOTCH DYNAMITE WORKS.

NITRO-GLYCERINE FACTORY ON THE SOUTHWEST COAST OF SCOTLAND.

The Excessive Precaution that is Necessary—A Delicate Operation—Susceptibility of Nitro-Glycerine to Concussion. How the Explosive is Handled.

The factory lies in the heart of a great expanse of sandy plain on the southwest coast of Scotland. On approaching it a visitor is hailed by the mounted guard that patrols the environment of the factory; and he will have to show very satisfactory credentials before he is allowed to go further. On the way to the manager's house a village is passed where live the whole of the operatives employed in the manufactory of nitro-glycerine. It is merely a street of small tenements standing on the threshold of the palisades which enclose M. Nonel's houses. Some distance from the manager's house is the shed where the practical process of making nitro-glycerine is seen at a glance. Before the visitor gets there, however, he is divested of his watch, chain, money, keys, and every particle of metal he may have about him. This seemingly excessive precaution is perfectly necessary, for a fall of even a penny on a floor containing a grain of the explosive might be attended with disaster. Felt shoes have to be worn.

A DELICATE OPERATION.

In the first shed reached there is a large tank in which are two parts of oil of vitriol and one part of the fuming nitric acid. A cistern above the tank contains glycerine, and when this is introduced into the tank the compound known as nitro-glycerine is at once formed. The operation is, however, an extremely delicate one. The tank is in charge of a workman upon whom the sole responsibility of an explosion rests. If too much glycerine is introduced into the acids at one time, the temperature of the mixture may rise above 77 degs. Fahrenheit, and a spontaneous explosion will at once follow; so that the operative's eyes are never off the thermometer—his own hope of safety lies in keeping down the temperature of the mixture to some 7 or 8 degs. below its explosive heat. He is aided somewhat by ice and cold water which are outside the vat; but the compound is occasionally erratic and will gain heat notwithstanding all precautions. For such a case the only alternative is to move a lever, which lowers one side of the tank, and allow the whole of the contents to run through a sluice into a pond, when it is about an even chance whether it will explode ere it leaves the shed or wait until it reaches the open.

The second step is to wash the newly formed chemical combination in water, which very slightly absorbs it. It is then put into "Winchester quarts," and conveyed with the utmost care into wooden huts or dug-outs. As an instance of the extreme susceptibility of nitro-glycerine to concussion, it is related that a man was once seen to slip in the act of depositing a bottle in a hut; he merely tripped, in the ordinary sense of the word, but there was an instant explosion and hardly a fragment of the poor fellow was gathered for decent burial. Passing on through other sheds, we see the mixture of the nitro-glycerine with a peculiar foraminiferous earth, the new substance being dynamite. This is then carried to a long shed, where it is pressed into cartridges by machinery, the operatives being young women.

MANY PRECAUTIONS TAKEN.

Not the least curious of the many curiosities at these works are the ponds into which the washing water is run. Tradition has it that the detonative property of the water was not discovered, until an angler one day attempted to seduce the fish with a May-fly. At his first cast, however, the pond blew up, and he found himself some hundreds of yards away, happily unhurt. To obviate a similar danger now, Saturday is reserved exclusively for cleaning the works in every department, and among other things for deliberately blowing up the ponds. After congratulating himself on a safe journey through the various houses, the stranger is apt to hurry from the factory and only to breathe freely when he is again at the station. He will not have failed, however, to notice the many precautions taken to insure safety for those who daily risk their lives in these very hazardous operations.

Each section of the operatives is distinguished by a peculiar canvas suit with a colored marking; no one may go on any pretence leaving his own department. The women work in felt shoes and bathing dresses, and every single workman or workwoman is stripped and reclothed before going to their labor. The explosive, too, are handled in the smallest possible quantities, save in the first room of manufacture, where enough is made at one time to blow up a city. The nitro-glycerine itself is a transparent, colorless, oily fluid, slightly soluble in water, but readily so in spirit, ether or fat. One favorite way of destroying it is by boiling it in potash, when it decomposes, glycerine and niter being formed. Perhaps the most curious use to which it has ever been put is the result of the searching investigations of its medicinal properties by Dr. William Murrell, who found it almost a specific for angina pectoris, neuralgia and many developments of heart disease.—St. James' Gazette.

Taken by Fair Photographers.

Fair amateur photographers have various ways of making their work ornamental. The pictures which they take in their studios or conservatories are mounted in odd fashions. One girl showed to me a white satin fan on which she had photographed a group of friends whispering to each other. She had a fire screen with artistically arranged groups clustered about the fireplace. One group was a Halloween party watching chestnuts roasting on the hearth. This scene might be looked at by anybody, but in her chamber she had pictures that were destined for her own eyes alone, or, at most, for those of her most intimate friends. Around the mirror was a circle of finely mounted photographs of her girl friends in their prettiest robes de nuit.

"Here they are every evening to bid me good night," she said, "and I was so pleased with the fancy that I made this," showing a group of white robed girls with flowing tresses and one with beautiful hands working at the curl papers on her head. Circling around these photographs was a long curl paper, on which the words "Good night" had been engraved in a fantastic scroll. This picture stretches clear across the headboard of her bed. On the footboard was an assembly of fair ones in all stages of attire—girls of the garter and girls of the cross—one buttoning her shoes and another lacing her whalebone and watchspring machinery. These were all smiling a "Good morning."

One more possession of this versatile young lady amused me. It was a small card table to be given as a prize at the next progressive euchre party. It had a border of photographs of the champion players of the season all pictured in various attitudes of triumph.—New York Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Der bery men dat tries ter hide dar age tries ter show dar 'sperience.