

WOMAN AND HOME.

A LONE GIRL'S HARDSHIPS IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

A Hint to Wives—Not the Age for Marriage—A Chapter on Dress—Simple Pleasures—Coffee and Tea—Servants—Blondes.

Behind the counter of a crowded fashionable store, in the rush and hurry of the busy Easter season, a girl suddenly staggered and fell in a convulsive swoon. A kindly disposed person inquired who she was. No one knew only the name she had given them on her recent arrival. Where did she come from? No one knew. Where did she live? Still no answer. She was taken home in a burning fever to a garret, where a very old and feeble mother received her with frightened sobs. A well known benevolent lady in the city, whose name heads many a charity list, and whose unknown gifts to the unfortunate each year exceeds a king's ransom, heard of the case and went to the relief of the sufferer. Strong men carried her down the rickety stairs in their arms, while the aged mother followed weeping, and in one of the handsome carriages on the avenue the girl was taken to the shelter of a beautiful house.

All through her delirium she was begging for cars and stages to stop for her, and exclaiming that she would lose fifty cents if she was three minutes late. Investigation revealed that the girl had come to the city from a country home, destitute and unknown, in the hope of finding employment by which she might support herself and her mother. After many disappointments she obtained this place at \$3.50 a week, from which fifty cents was taken each time she was late, and on which the two women had subsisted for months as best they could. Overworked and poorly fed, she had fallen at her employer's feet unconscious, and he had paid no attention to her until the wealthy woman went to him, and on threatening exposure in the papers induced him to pay the girl's salary through her illness.

This story is one of hundreds equally tragic which might be told of the experiences of girls coming to this city each year for employment. From every state in the Union, from distant cities, from rural towns, and from foreign countries, over the seas, girls come in throngs to New York, attracted by advertisements or instigated by the thought that in so large a city remunerative and congenial employment may be obtained by simply asking for it. Most of them have very little money and no idea of the expense incident to living in New York in a respectable, not to say comfortable, way. Most of their information concerning city life is gathered from novels and newspaper stories, where the heroine invariably finds some one at the depot waiting to give her a place of companionship to a wealthy lady, whose only son the girl invariably marries in the next to the last chapter.—New York Sun.

If Wives Would Only Think.

If wives would only wait and think and plan, and not blurt out at their husbands at every little thing which displeases them, this queer animal would not so often get balky. It is too bad that he needs such careful handling, but as the fact remains that he does, women might as well accommodate themselves to it. Never try to regulate your husband.

When a woman complains that her husband leaves boots or clothes or soiled towels around in places where they don't belong, or that he is always spattering gravy on the clean cloth or serving the worst piece of meat to the guests, or eating with his knife, then I know that either the woman has not been an observer or that she is selfish. If she looked about her she would observe that men are all more or less alike, and that they are great big good hearted boys, most of them, who can be handled beautifully if we are only sort of comfortable and easy with them.

I know a woman, several of them in fact, whose husbands have marked peculiarities; don't believe in "style," scrape the salad off the salad plate and "mix" it up with other things, dip a piece of bread into the gravy in the meat platter, and yet all these peculiarities are passed quietly, because those husbands will not be regulated, and because you either have to live alone on the island of women, bear with the peculiarities of the lord of creation or "ding done" the whole living time, and what is more ill bred or despicable than a nagging woman!

No, don't try to regulate your husbands, girls. Learn to enjoy the fruit even though it be not absolutely without fault; eat around the places you don't enjoy and cultivate a more comfortable job. What do you care if your husband does invite a friend the very day you don't happen to have the best things? Offer with a good cheer what you have. What do you care if he lies down on the counterpane? Well, may be you care, but then it doesn't pay to fuss about it; slip a newspaper under his boots, and let him sleep. What do you care if he asks for more cutlet the very day he brings an unexpected friend, and is told there is only enough for one around. The world doesn't revolve on a cutlet. What do you care if he has a fashion of leaving open every bureau drawer, collar box and any other receptacle from which he takes anything? By that I mean if you do care you won't keep wrangling and jangling all the time. I know plenty of sweet, sensible women who do not reprove their husbands for worse things than I have mentioned, because it is too irksome to the sense, and they gracefully accept and groan in spirit, if they groan at all.—Louise Markscheffel in Toledo Commercial.

A Chapter on Dress.

The necessity of thick dressing that follows upon living in half warmed houses is seldom regarded as an injury, but is one which tells most on a woman when she needs every point in her favor. Few women reach 30 or 35 without spinal strain, from having children, or from accident or over exertion in some shape. Nerve ailments and "working on one's nerves" draw directly on the spinal chord and exhaust it, one marked effect of which is that compression and weight of clothing become intolerable. A spirited, active, healthy girl feels good in her snug corset and heavily trimmed skirt, which serves to balance and trim her free movement like the weight on the heels of a trotting horse, if you allow the apt comparison. But when the drafts of life have told on the lowered vitality, the first symptom, perhaps, will be the unbearable weight of clothes, of bedding and boot heels, while a close fitting glove is enough to cause faintness. This comes of no fine lady airs, but is a well recognized effect of that spinal disorder whose outcome is locomotor ataxia and being bed ridden for life. The nerves of hands and feet specially, being farthest from the heart pump, are least nourished in the famine of nerve force, and pressure and weight of shoes or gloves cut off still more of the feeble circulation, till the nerve centers, telegraphed speedily, feel the reflex injury and share in the exhaustion. This tells fearfully on looks. The hollowed eyes, the drawn mouth, the sinking of the features and contraction of the eye all tell of sympathetic

strain. If you ever had to sit in a cramped posture till your limbs ached, you know the habitual feeling of these lesser spine troubles. The cure is simply making the woman comfortable in every least point, mental or bodily, and keeping her so till the strained muscles regain themselves. The grasshopper is a burden; off with quilted skirts of farmers' satin or silk, and replace them in the down petticoats or the quilted wool, which is almost as light. Change the lined and plaited dress skirt, whose weight is mostly the wiggins and cambrics of the lining, and wear India twills or swansdown flannels for dresses and cloakings till strong enough to carry a plush cloak without feeling it. She must be a woman of poor taste and invention who cannot make an invalid's simpler dress becoming, and wear it with a distinction of its own. If you can't bear the weight of jet, wear lace. If you can't carry grosgrain, wear India silk or surah. It is the unnecessary burdens women carry that crush out their beauty and their youth.—Shirley Dora.

Not the Age for Marriage.

But, however the mother of a son may look at the subject of early marriages, the mother of a daughter is justified, it seems to me, in a rather decided opposition to them. If, instead of being a great and happy portion of the school of life, marriage constituted the whole of it, or life existed only for the sake of marriage, still those entering its portals must be the better for suitable preparation. I am unable to suppose that at the age of 18 or 20 any preparation has been sufficient. The age is lovely in its tenderness, and enchanting with its illusions; but wisdom wears a severer face, and marriage deals with stern facts. Some girls there may be, of rare ability, who are competent to take upon their young shoulders the responsibility of a house, its work, or the direction of those who do its work; the oversight of a husband's wardrobe, the bearing and nursing of children, the physical attention to them in health and in sickness, and the daily direction of their moral and mental education, together with all the other indoor and outdoor cares incidental to the position of one who is the head of a family, and who has the happiness of a home and a husband on her heart and conscience. But these cases are few and exceptional, and the great multitude of girls under 30 are not equal to such a strain upon nerve and muscle without an arrest of development. A few years later they may remember themselves at that age as still children; they may feel some reproach toward those who had laid upon them such a burden greater than children should bear.

Before 30 a girl has hardly had the chance to receive the complete instruction from text books to which she has a right, to say nothing of the domestic education of the kitchen, the needle, the sick room; she has had little chance to learn anything of the world of human nature; she has intuitions, not experiences; she has lived more with dreams and ideals than with realities. She may make a charming wife at first, and a tender mother always, maternal instinct and solicitude taking the place of all the superiority that added years might have given. But she must stop there, taxed to the utmost; she has no time for strength, and perhaps—an inclination grows by use—no inclination to read, to study, to keep pace with a husband's advance, or even to appreciate it. I will not say that when, in a few years, she has lost the appearance of youth, when she has no more fresh color and a smooth face, when a pretty toilet no longer becomes her, the husband who continues to cherish her will take credit to himself for doing so; but it is evident that she encounters the danger of this feeling on his part.—Philadelphia Press.

Commonplace Pleasures of Life.

That person who has lost his ability to enjoy the simple, unpretentious, commonplace pleasures of life has lost a very precious thing indeed. I have in my mind now a few men and women of the world who must keep themselves toned up with unusual excitements, who no longer find anything to laugh at, anything to weep over, and who are not to be moved by any ordinary joys and sorrows. These people have saddest hearts. They cannot smile over the spectacle of little children dancing, over simple home happenings, over boys at play. Everything for them must be in the superlative degree, and that is very sad indeed. If we teach our children nothing else we should surely teach them to think of things outside their own home circle, and to understand the subtle sweetness of that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

We are apt as we grow in prosperity and in fashionable ways to attempt to outgrow these commonplace joys of life. The fashionable entertainment, with all its detail of toilette, and cuffs, and flowers, and dance programmes and menus, outrank in importance the simpler amusements and methods that contented us in earlier days. And yet what stately reception was ever so warming to the heart as the birthday celebrated quietly, with only near and dear ones for guests; what expensive opera box ever gave more pleasure than a Sunday evening concert at home; what grand political triumph, what wonderful literary success was as sweet to the heart as the hallelaloo loving ones can make over a new baby!—Catharine Cole in New Orleans Picayune.

How to Treat Servants.

The one great rule of treating servants has been put in a very few plain words by a grand, sweet hearted young wife, who has "entertained" all classes and conditions of servitude during five years of housekeeping, and has never to her knowledge been robbed of a penny. "If you go on the principle," she says, "that other people are as honest as I am, barring those who show signs of 'trickiness' of any sort. Those I discharge at once. If I find a girl jumping up and making a great show of industry when I enter a room, I lose my faith in her.

"An honest, straightforward person I try to impress with my own frankness. I tell her only this, that she has come to work for me, agreeing to do her best; that I will be as kind to her as I can; that if she is in trouble to let me know, and that I am obliged to let those who are with me assume a great deal of responsibility, and all that I ask is that she will try and protect my interests and in every way do as much for me as she would like to have any one do for her if she were in my place. That is all I say about it. If I wish to go through my servants' rooms, I do so smilingly and quite as a matter of course. In five years I may have had a maid or two who liked to put a bit of my white heliotrope on her handkerchief of a Sunday afternoon, but nothing worse."—Frank Leslie's.

To Make Coffee and Tea.

It seems a bit odd that so many people, either from lack of understanding of what gives the odor and flavor to coffee and tea or from carelessness, prepare them in just the way that is calculated to get rid of the volatile matters whose aroma and tastes are so highly prized. The chief part of the art of making good coffee or tea is to dissolve the soluble matters, and at the same time not lose those that are volatile. The long steeping at high temperature, commonly practiced in making tea and coffee, is an effective way for expelling the volatile oils. To keep them in hot water just long enough to dissolve out

the alkaloids and other soluble compounds, and in a tightly closed vessel, so as to prevent the escape of the volatile substances, are very important factors in the making of a good cup of tea or coffee.

The guests at the table of an acquaintance of mine not long since were unusually pleased with the tea, and surprised to learn that it was bought at the same store, and was, in fact, the same that some of them were using at home. It transpired that the tea had been kept in a tight box until used, and had been prepared by a process which one of the family had learned in Germany. This consisted simply in pouring boiling water upon the tea, covering the pot tightly with a cloth, setting it upon a part of the stove where it would not boil, and serving after a very short time. The towel helped to keep the water warm and the aroma from escaping, and the tea when brought to the table was most excellent. Of course, things of this sort are of no great consequence. One of the family had learned in Germany that we did not drink either tea or coffee, but if we are going to use them we might as well have the flavor, which, I suppose, is the least injurious part.—Professor W. O. Atwater in The Century.

Outdoor Life for Blondes.

Now, what blondes of all sorts need to lay to heart is the indispensable necessity for them of outdoor life. Not hours of amusement at tennis, or walking or driving, but living out of doors and in the sunshine when it shines at all. They have the capacity for vital vitality, and the source of all that is vital is the sun. They should never choose indoor employment, as clerks or teachers, but turn gardeners, walking agents or market women in preference, like the wiry, flaxen haired German girl I know, once maid to a lady of rank, who married a young farmer and drove round to sell the produce. In her fresh, trim, linen gown and shade hat she dressed the part perfectly, and, with the light, spring wagon and good horse, driving over the Bergen hills to carry her golden but not really pearls or early sales, she was as much in place, ladylike and pleasant a creature as one could wish a woman to be.

The time is coming when susceptible women, as all blondes are, will not shut themselves up in school keeping or house keeping, to grow acid, wrinkled and furry faced before they are 30, but take to themselves little acres to grow fruits and flowers, under intelligent and profitable "high culture."—Shirley Dora.

The Sunday Guest.

A guest who is asked to stay over Sunday at a country house should always hold himself at the disposal of the hostess. If she proposes a plan of action he should fall in with it, and yet he should not be a heavy weight. He must be ready to walk, read, write letters, take himself off if he sees that he is not wanted, and the best hostess is she who sees to it that, while her guest is taken care of, he has no suspicion that he is being entertained.

The charm of a country neighborhood should be in its ease, and while a good natured host and hostess place their grounds, their horses and carriages, and their servants at the disposition of their guests, the greatest care should be observed by the guest to not presume on this; to observe the family hours. Some people are "born visitors"—they have the tact to perceive when they are wanted and when not; they allow the hostess to get off to write her letters; they are gay and amusing. Such a visitor is in great demand.—M. E. W. Sherwood.

The Value of Beauty.

The women of today are more and more learning the value of beauty; not merely beauty of form and face, but the beauty of health and the charm attained by a womanly, gentle disposition. Long diatribes have been written on how the fashionable girl is cared for; most of them display little knowledge of the set that is supposed to practice the art of caring for beauty or else positive ignorance of the art itself. If the fashionable mother only allowed the beauty sleep, the bath and rubbing to the daughter already "out" she would display very little care, for thought must be devoted to a daughter's appearance from the time when—well when she is put in a tiny bassinet—were the blue ribbons tell of sex.—Philadelphia Times.

Rest After Exercise.

It is a universal habit with English women to take a few minutes' absolute rest after any continued exercise. An English girl is taught to lie down at full length and close her eyes for ten or fifteen minutes in a darkened room after a long walk or ride or game of tennis, and, what is more, she is made to realize the benefit of not talking during the little rest. Perfect quiet of mind and body she thus gets at least twice daily.—S. S. E. M. in Chicago Herald.

In a severe sprain of the ankle immerse the joint as soon as possible in a pail of hot water, and keep it there for fifteen or twenty minutes. After removing it keep it bandaged with hot cloths wrung out of water, or rum and water.

There is a kind of water that will soon scald little furrows adown the cheeks and about the eyes, and that is the pearly tear. If a woman cannot control the operations of the tear pump she must reconcile herself to a wrinkled face.

To take rust out of steel rub the steel with sweet oil; in a dry or two rub with finely powdered unslaked lime, and the rust all disappears; then oil again, roll in woolen and put in a dry place, especially if it be table cutlery.

In nervous prostration, rest and sleep are the first indispensable conditions. A change is always in order to make them possible. The diet must be generous, the food well masticated and eaten slowly.

Watch the children in regard to health matters. Many delicately born children have been reared to strength and usefulness by careful adherence to hygienic rules.

For cleaning brass use a thin paste of plate powder, two tablespoonfuls vinegar, four tablespoonfuls of alcohol. Rub with a piece of flannel; polish with chamois.

In mixing mustard for table use never add vinegar, which destroys life and flavor. Boil water for moistening it, and then let the water become blood warm.

The best way when hot grease has been spilled on a floor is to dash cold water over it, so as to harden it quickly and prevent it striking into the boards.

To make a soothing (not nourishing) material for a skin in cases of irritation of the throat and stomach, dissolve a tablespoonful of gum arabic in half a pint of warm water and let it cool.

A sick child is much more comfortable on a large rocking chair or its bed than in any person's lap, and can be attended to much more easily. A gate swinging free upon its hinges is certainly more lasting than if suffered to drag upon the ground, and has a more hospitable look to a visitor.

A STRANGE WAR DUEL.

HOW A FEDERAL AND A CONFEDERATE SCOUT SETTLED MATTERS.

Guarding a Bridge in East Tennessee. How the Question of Possession was Decided—Navy Pistols at Twenty Yards. The Results—Peace.

On the 12th of June, 1863, I witnessed a duel between Capt. Jones, commanding a Federal scout, and Capt. Fry, commanding a Confederate scout, in Green county, East Tennessee. These two men had been fighting each other for six months, with the fortunes of battle in favor of one and then the other. Their commands were encamped on either side of Lick creek, a large and sluggish stream, too deep to ford and too shallow for a ferry boat, but there a bridge spanned the stream for the convenience of the traveling public. Each of them guarded this bridge; that communication should go neither north nor south, as the railroad track had been broken up months before. After fighting each other several months and contesting the point as to which should hold the bridge, they agreed to fight a duel, the conqueror to hold the bridge undisputed for the time being. Jones gave the challenge and Fry accepted. The terms were that they should fight with navy pistols at twenty yards apart, deliberately walking toward each other and firing until the last chamber of their pistols was discharged, unless one or the other fell before all the discharges were made. They chose their seconds and agreed upon a Confederate surgeon as he was the only one in either command to attend them in case of danger. Jones was certainly a fine looking fellow, with light hair and blue eyes, 5 feet 10 inches in height, looking every inch the military chieftain. He was a man soldiers would admire and ladies regard with admiration. I never saw a man more cool, determined and heroic under such circumstances. I have read of the deeds of chivalry and knight errantry in the Middle Ages and brave men embathed in modern poetry, but when I saw Jones come to the duelist's scratch, fighting, not for real or supposed wrongs to himself, but, as he honestly thought, for his country and the glory of the flag, I could not help admiring the man, notwithstanding he fought for the freedom of the negro, which I was opposed to.

Brave, Cool, Collected.

Fry was a man fully six feet high, slender, with long, wavy, curling hair, jet black eyes, wearing a stonch hat and gray suit, and looked rather the demon than the man. There was nothing ferocious about him, but he had that self sufficient nonchalance that said, "I will kill you." Without a doubt he was brave, cool and collected, and although suffering from a terrible flesh wound in his left arm, received a week before, he manifested no symptom of distress, but seemed ready for the fight.

The ground was stepped off by the seconds, pistols loaded and exchanged, and the principals brought face to face. They turned around and walked back to the point designated. Jones' second had the word "Fire" and as slowly said "One—two—three—fire!" they simultaneously turned at the word "One" and instantly fired. Neither was hurt. They cocked their pistols and deliberately walked toward each other, firing as they went. At the fifth shot Jones threw up his right hand, and, firing his pistol in the air, sank down. Fry was in the act of firing his last shot, but seeing Jones fall, silently lowered his pistol, dropped it on the ground and sprang to Jones' side, taking his head in his lap as he sat down, and asking him if he was hurt.

I discovered that Jones was shot through the region of the stomach, the bullet glancing around that organ and coming out to the left of the spinal column; besides he had received three other frightful flesh wounds in other portions of the body. I dressed his wounds and gave him such stimulants as I had. He afterwards got well. Fry received three wounds—one breaking his right arm, one the left, and the other in the right side. After months of suffering he got well and fought the war out to the bitter end, and today the two are partners in a wholesale grocery business, and enjoying the sentiment of Byron that "a soldier braves death," etc.—Confederate Surgeon in Georgia Union.

Well Up in His Part.

She was a woman of ready resource. While the hour was late, two or three evening visitors yet tarried, and the moment she heard her husband strike the steps she knew that he was boozey, and also grasped her line of conduct.

"Ha, ha!" she laughed, as she rose up, "the cometh. He has been out rehearsing for amateur theatricals, and it will be just like him to try to show off. He takes the part of a Maj. Springer, who comes home full."

A hand was heard clattering over the door; a key was finally jabbled in the lock, and then the major entered. His hat was tipped back, his knees wobbled, and he hung to the door and muttered:

"Whaz zhis I shoo 'fore me? Shay, Em'ly, whazzer doing, eh?"

"De-lightful splendid!" cried the wife as she clapped her hands. "Why, Harry, you are a grand success in your role."

"Whaz zhat! Whazzer laffin' bout? First time been zhrunk in two years. Had lizzie time wiz zhe boys, you know?"

"Be-autiful! Booth couldn't beat it!" exclaimed the wife. "Why, dear, you are a born actor. It's just as natural as life."

"Who shays I'm a liar! Whoop! I can lick any man in t'reit! Been out wiz'er boys, you know! Shay, Em'ly?"

"Isn't he natural, though?" replied the wife.

"Run upstairs, Harry, and change your clothes. You'll do. Nothing could be more perfect."

"Chazze (hic) clozess! No, zur! Chazze nozzing! Upstairs! Yes, go up stairs. Good (hic) nice, Em'ly. Reg'lar angel. Been ouz wiz'er boys, you know!"

And the little woman clapped her hands and laughed and praised, and got rid of her company under the impression that no one had smelt a mice. However, the last one was hardly off the step, when she bounced upstairs and confronted the bedazed man with the exclamation:

"Now, then, you old demijohn, prepare to get the worst whooping a fool of a husband was ever treated to!"

And he got it.—Detroit Free Press.

How One Drummer Keeps Warm.

Said a traveling man in the Palmer house the other day: "I never order a fire in my room at a country hotel. I carry a warming apparatus along which is both convenient and not costly to myself. See?" And he pulled out a pair of nippers and a gas burner which would throw a flame at least seven inches wide.

"It's this way," he continued. "I register and go to my room. The burner is, of course, plugged with cotton so that you can't get enough light to see the bed by. I yank it off with my nippers, screw on my own patent appliance, and then sit by the window and watch the city gas tank sink down toward the ground while my room gets warm."—Chicago Herald.

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