



#### Learning to Live Alone.

I am learning the saddest lesson  
A woman's heart has known—  
The lesson of silent patience  
In learning to live alone;  
For the one that I loved the dearest  
Was kissed by the Angel pale,  
And turned from my side to follow  
The lead of a strange new trail.

Sometimes in the quiet gloaming,  
When I watch the stars arise,  
My tears like a terrible tempest,  
Brim over my aching eyes.  
And out of my broken bosom  
Old dreams come crowding up,  
Till I fling myself face downward,  
And cry, "O, not this cup."

And I sob in the lonely darkness,  
With a grief uncomforted,  
For there is no peace in Promise  
When our loved are newly dead.  
I have neither star nor anchor,  
My heart is like a stone—  
'Tis a hard and bitter lesson—  
This learning to live alone.  
—Ladies' World.

Today is the time for laughter;  
Tomorrow, the time for tears;  
Whatever may come hereafter,  
Whatever of woe with years.  
Today is the time to borrow  
The best that the gods can give;  
We can sorrow, if need be, hereafter—  
Today is the time to live.

#### Mothers and Daughters.

Not long ago, a sister editor received a letter from a girl graduate, asking her advice as to how she could most profitably employ her time and talents, now that her school days were over. The reply was, "Stay at home and get acquainted with your mother." The girl sent her a note, saying that she was born for better things than being a kitchen drudge. My friend, commenting on the matter, said:

"In this opinion, I can but concur with the dear girl. The daughters of today should not be drudges, either in the home, or out of it. Indeed, there should be no drudges, in any of the industries of life. Yet there will always be so-called drudgery; in every avocation there enters the element of hard, distasteful labor, of uncongenial preparatory and finishing-up tasks which may not be put aside. In no business in life is this burdensome feature lacking. Somebody must attend to it. In the home, there seems, from its constant recurrence, an overplus of this detested element, and too often, I am sorry to say, its accomplishment falls to the hands of the mother, who voluntarily assumes it that her younglings may bask in the sunshine which she foregoes. It was so in my young days; it will continue to be so, so long as the mother-heart continues to beat. The mother-love will always seek, at whatever cost to itself, to spare its nursing even the semblance of pain. How unwise the sacrifice, neither mother nor daughter may realize until too late.

"I often hear mothers say, 'I mean to give my daughter the best education I can; I do not want her the drudge her mother has been.' And, comparing the soft white hand of the daughter with the gnarled, knotted joints of the prematurely old mother, I am tempted to ask if she has not chosen the wrong curriculum by which to bring about the desired results. I speak from dear-bought ex-

perience when I say there is something radically wrong. In the long-ago, I was one of those 'curled darlings' between whom and the possibility of any distasteful task a loving mother interposed her own overloaded shoulders. A mother, growing old and feeble, wrought constantly, with failing powers, that her white-handed daughter should be one of the lilies: And I let her do it—thoughtlessly, as many another daughter is doing today; not heartlessly—because I did not understand. Pushed away from her by the toil I was not taught to share, I was pushed away from her heart, also, and our lives drifted apart; we were as strangers to each other; the mother's life was too crowded to allow her time to look into and learn the workings of the heart of her daughter, and I, deprived of her companionship, never knew my mother! Our paths lay apart, and I grew up, companionless, because this best friend a young girl's life can ever know was to me, at best, but a matchless machine.

"In a far-away city cemetery is a little, white-walled space, guarded by a shaft of gray marble; in this space lies all that I ever knew of my patient, loving, hungry-hearted mother—just a handful of dust. At rare intervals I, a white-haired woman, go there and, kneeling beside the marble-guarded dust, sob out my long remorse: 'O, mother, why did you do it? Why did you not draw your woman-child closer to your heart, by teaching her to share your toil; to know your weaknesses and your sacrifices? Why did you leave it to the bitter lesson of loss to teach me to know what you were to me—what I should have been to you?'"

Today, other mothers are laying up this lesson of unavailing sorrow for their daughters' learning, hourly depriving themselves and their budding daughters of the sweetest of all companionship—companionship which the girl-nature seeks in vain from all other sources, and which should develop and protect her, as nothing else can, from the wretched mistakes which too many of them make in their unsatisfied longing for a warm, human love "which faileth not."

Girls, do not be afraid to help your mother. Do not hesitate to show her how much you love her—how much you long for her love. She needs your young strength; your fresh young thoughts; the magnetism of your kisses, and the comfort of your unclouded presence. It is better to show your love now than to cry over her grave. Take pains to get acquainted with your one true, unselfish friend.

#### Grapes as Medicines.

The medicinal and therapeutic properties of the grape are well known. Among the constituents of this fruit are gum, tannin, bitartrate of potash, sulphate of potash, tartrate of lime, magnesia, alum and iron, chlorides of potassium and sodium, tartaric acid, citric, racemic and malic acids. Some varieties contain a large percentage of sugar, while others contain an excess of acids.

In the grape-growing sections of Europe, many sick people are fed exclusively on grapes, allowing three to six pounds per day. For persons recovering from acute diseases the sweeter kinds are best, as they aid digestion and increase appetite. Those not over-ripe, and containing little

sugar, are best for laxative purposes. Diarrhea may result if allowed to be eaten to excess by adult invalids and children. Grapes are diuretic in their effect on the kidneys. Where the biliary secretions are insufficient, and digestion feeble in consequence of sluggish portal circulation, the use of grapes have a beneficial effect. If more fruit were eaten, it would greatly benefit the health of all who use it. The smallest garden can spare room for a grape-vine, and it can be trained up the side of the house, or other building, or over the back porch. There is little excuse for any one owning even the smallest home not to have at least a limited supply of this delicious fruit growing at hand.

#### Unfermented Grape Wine.

This is a grateful beverage, easily made and kept, and liked by those in health as well as being strengthening and nourishing for invalids. It is the best, also, for sacramental purposes. As it will soon be "grape-time," here is a good way to put up your supply: When grapes are just right to eat, gather and wash in a colander; pick from the stems, rejecting all imperfect ones. Put the grapes in a porcelain-lined kettle, allowing for every gallon of grapes two and one-half quarts of water; heat slowly to a boil, boil briskly for five to ten minutes, stirring constantly all the time to prevent scorching. If the stirring does not mash them sufficiently, mash them with a wooden potato masher. Take off the stove and pour into a cheese-cloth strainer and let drip. When no more juice will run through, put the juice back into the kettle, let it come to a boil, put in glass self-sealing jars (pint bottles are best), seal tightly and put away in a cool dark place. The less the fruit is cooked the brighter colored and better-flavored is the wine. Small bottles are best, as the whole bottle opened must be used at once. No metal should come in contact with the wine. When wanted for use, add a cupful of sugar to one quart of the juice, if liked.

#### Following One's Taste.

If men are strong, they must be permitted to bear their own self-assumed burdens, and women should bear theirs. A woman should live within her means and be content; if the spoon she handles isn't silver, she must be satisfied with commoner metal; she must save her husband's earnings, be they great or small, and make the most of everything. If a family likes show more than comfort, let them have it; there are women who toil over a broken, smoky stove cheerfully, because they are saving the price of a parlor carpet. That is all right, if the family agree to think so and tempers hold out against the smoke. I don't know that such a woman is more to be condemned than the book-hungry family that feed upon stale bread and cheese for the sake of buying the latest novels. It is simply a matter of taste. But, a married man should make the living for his family, and the woman should take care of what he makes.—Ex.

#### Women Students Excel.

Reports from colleges and universities all over the country indicate that, at least so far as the ordinary tests of ability, daily markings and examinations can determine, women ex-

cel in scholarship and honors where co-education prevails. The heads of these institutions declare that the woman's perception is keener, her memory better, her industry greater and her general capacity for absorbing knowledge is beyond that of her masculine competitor. The fact is emphasized that the great devotion to athletics by men students handicap them against young women in studies. Statistics of the universities are highly favorable to women.

#### Health Hints.

Two secrets of good digestion are rest and hot water for a rebellious stomach, which is usually an over-worked one. The habit of hearty eating is not easily checked, even when all the injured powers are crying for a halt. If you must go to the table at such times, have a teacupful of hot water and sip it as hot as you can swallow. Repeat this, if one cupful is not sufficient. Generally you will find that it satisfies all cravings and acts as a comfortable readjuster. Instead of fretting that he cannot eat, such a sufferer should feel that he has scored a victory for every meal he has managed to do without by this means. A day's fasting on hot water will cure a bilious attack or a sick headache, and help to reduce a sore throat or a cold. If everything else fails, try the hot water. Let it be hot, not merely warm, and do not be afraid that you are drinking too much.

There is nothing so comforting to a pain in the stomach as a hot water application—inside and out. A person suffering from inflammation of the stomach will scarcely find anything more soothing than the application to the diseased part of a towel wrung out of very hot water, and covered by a thick, dry one to keep the steam in. Change for another hot one as the cloth cools, and keep well covered. Try the hot water.

#### Fashion Notes.

Plain skirts are rarely seen this season, for most skirts show trimming of some kind. Tucks, shirring, bands, ruffles and flounces are all seen on the new skirts, or they are accordian-plaited, box-plaited or paneled. The skirts are all made long; only the walking skirt is made short, just escaping the ground, while the outing skirt is a little shorter.

Pongee is much used, not only for gowns and waists, but very smart coats are made from it for traveling, driving and automobiling. Coats are finished with drawn-work, braiding, velvet collar and cuffs, while others are trimmed with bands of Persian trimming, laces, etc. Pongee wears well, and can be cleaned nicely. A pretty material for summer gowns is the cotton voile grenadine; the material makes up prettily, and is quite inexpensive.

The wide girdle is gradually gaining favor. A pretty finish is one of the long buckles of jet or steel.

Suits of white and colored linen are very stylish. Lavender is used a great deal in millinery, especially purple and lavender flowers. Ribbon velvet is used on many gowns, not only black, but colors. It can be used nicely on the cotton summer goods, as well as on the gowns of silk or wool.

#### Potting Soil.

Bye-and-bye, when it is time to pot up your plants for your window garden, there will be a great outcry about not having the proper soil, and not knowing where to get it. Your magazine has been telling you about "turfy loam, leaf mold, well-rotted manure, sharp sand," and a lot of other things, and warning you to have things ready, but you think that "all things come to her who waits," if she waits long enough; but those plants must be tak-