

Women's Doings.

TAKEN FOR GRANTED.

It would be amusing if it were not pathetic to note with how little skill we conform to the peculiarities of the members of our family. Why cannot we learn to take their idiosyncrasies for granted? Given certain people and certain conditions, we know just what to expect. It works out in almost every case as accurately as a problem in algebra, and yet we never fail to feel surprised and exasperated when the course of our friends is not what we should map out for them. People live together twenty, thirty, forty years, and yet do not learn to take each other for granted. The intolerance or wasted energy; the lavishness or parsimony of our companions, produce in us the same sensations with the same degree of intensity as if it were all a new story, and in too many cases calls forth the same indignant and useless remonstrances.

It is not always as important as we think that people should direct their lives and affairs along the lines which we deem wisest and best. Our methods may not have all the merit we claim for them. But even granting that they have, we cannot compel their acceptance by other people. Our friends have the same confidence in their own judgment that we have in ours.

The fact that it is so hard to set aside our special prejudices ought to make us more lenient toward others. Instead of resorting to remonstrance, criticism or ridicule, if we would but good naturedly adapt ourselves to the harmless whims of those with whom we are associated, we should add greatly to their comfort and happiness. We all like to do things in our own way, and since we cannot always indulge our own wishes, why not do what we can toward gratifying the wishes of others?—Alice Josephine Johnson, in Good Housekeeping.

Won a White Husband.

Miss Martha Afong, daughter of the Honolulu millionaire, who left her home in Hawaii to go to Manila to wed Lieut. Dougherty, of the Thirty-seventh Infantry, is the daughter of a millionaire Chinaman, and is one of ten sisters, who recently made a tour of the United States, which resulted in the marriage of six of them to well-known Americans. Miss Afong is 21 years of age, and the most beautiful of the ten. She first became acquainted with her future husband at Honolulu, where he stopped for a few days on his way to Manila. It was love at first sight, and although the courtship lasted only three days, her consent was given for an early marriage. As Lieut. Dougherty could not leave his post of duty, Miss Afong was forced to go to Manila to fulfill her promise. She receives a dowry of \$10,000.

It Pleases a Woman.

The greatest secret of domestic happiness lies in husband and wife pleasing each other. It is quite as easy to say pleasant, graceful things as disagreeable ones. It is far sweeter to a wife to have tender words from her husband than it is to have them from him before marriage—husband in the role of lover has a double value in a wife's estimation. It pleases a woman to know her husband says pleasant things to her because he means them, and not as flattery. Flattery never pleases her. It pleases her to be told by him that he needs her—that his happiness depends upon her companionship. To feel that her efforts to please are successful, and are appreciated accordingly, will stimulate most women to greater endeavors.—Woman's Life.

New in Her Line.

A woman hatter has appeared in Paterson, N. J. She gives the name of Mary Welch, is handsome and says she is thirty. She received a sentence in a justice court of number of days for forcing her affections upon John Donahue and several other prominent citizens as they passed a hotel where she had established headquarters. Her actions caused a sensation in the downtown district, and she was arrested.



MISS WELCH.

Mission of Twentieth Century Maid.

The twentieth century will be pre-eminently the woman's century. It will be her duty, her privilege, to do its choicest work. What is the noblest thing she may do with her life, with her leisure? The thoughtful American girl is coming to see this truth—that the nation's greatest need is spiritual; that the ideal type from now on will be the spiritual woman. It is not the religious side of spiritual life which is lacking. The churches and hundreds of God-fearing men and women are attending to that. It is that portion of spiritual life not directly connected with religion—the portion which has ever been woman's peculiar province—which is neglected.

In the physical conquest of this country woman bore the heroic part of the silent sufferer. Important as was the role she played then, it grew even more important in the intellectual conquest which followed. That conquest is so

nearly complete that it may be taken for granted. An education—such an education as the world never dreamed of heretofore—is now within the reach of every American boy and girl. It extends from the kindergarten through the university. But having become the most powerful, the richest and the most resourceful of modern nations we are not to rest there in the belief that progress is all to be measured by warships and the dollar mark. Every people has gained a little on the great ladder that humanity is climbing, and though material progress comes first, spiritual must follow or the nation falls.—George W. Gerwig, in Woman's Home Companion.



We are to be surfeited this summer with hip yokes and flounces. The yokes are usually of lace, and instead of running around the skirt in the usual fashion the lower line of the yoke is broken by lines of lace running from the yoke to the bottom of the skirt. Frequently the yoke runs into a plastron effect in front. Shirred yokes will be seen on some of the summer gowns made of thin material, and very young girls will wear yokes of smoking. So much trimming will be introduced that there may be some bewilderment among even the wisest women as to the decoration of their summer gowns, but it is always wise to remember that the best rule to follow is "use trimming only when there is an excuse for it." There is nothing artistic about a gown trimmed with bows and patches of lace or ribbon set on at random.

A lovely house gown in lavender crepe yoke-dotted in white is one of the gowns in a bridal outfit. The trailing skirt is finished with a graduated flounce and given an additional flare by clusters of tiny tucks set in all about the top where the flounce is sewn to the skirt. Above the flounce there are two rows of heliotrope velvet ribbon. The bodice is tucked and bloused in front. It opens in the back and is drawn into a girdle of heliotrope velvet and gold gauze. In front the girdle is drawn low. It is wide in the back, the points at top and bottom giving a very slender waist. The sleeves reach the elbows and are finished with full puffs of gold gauze shrouded in heliotrope chiffon and furred into velvet bands. The neck is cut out in a shallow V, both back and front.

Curling Fluid.
To say that there is any fluid that will curl hair that is naturally straight would be to state an untruth, but a curling fluid for the hair that helps to keep it wavy when the air is damp is the nearest approach to anything of the sort that the chemist has yet devised. Such a liquid can be made by combining two ounces of borax, one drachm of gum arabic and one quart of hot water, not boiling. Stir this together and as soon as the ingredients are dissolved add three tablespoonfuls of strong spirits of camphor. If this is applied before the hair is rolled up in papers, or comes in contact with the tongue, it will greatly help in obtaining that fluidness that is so much in demand.

How to Hang Pictures.

For pictures to hang nicely, especially small water colors, it is essential that they should not hang forward from the wall. In a well lighted room there is little if any advantage to be gained by allowing the paintings on the wall to project in the old-fashioned ugly way. The very best, and, on the whole, the cheapest, manner of going to work is to have a picture molding or picture rail round the top of the wall and hang pictures from this by means of the hooks which are sold everywhere. It is also best to have two wires to each picture, so that all of them, if observed at all, are seen to be parallel.

In Choosing Rugs.

The average buyer finds the prices of the genuine Oriental rugs much beyond his means. For instance, many could pay, say \$25 for a good-sized square rug, or \$15 for the smaller oblong kind, but only at special sales or auctions (where some knowledge is necessary) are good ones to be had at anything like such prices. Morris rugs are the best second choice. Smyrna are also good, but in the majority of cases Morris ones are better. They are reversible and the color tones quite soft and artistic.

Her Dainty Pajamas.

Women who are extremely up-to-date are wearing pajamas as a substitute for the ruffled, lacy, French night-dress, which has always seemed too essentially feminine to be abandoned. Pongee, wash silk, linen and cambric are some of the materials for the new pajamas. Light wool is used for the cold weather.



Spoonholders.

"Here's a girl," remarked the query editor, "who writes to know 'what is the popular spoonholder this season.' 'Evidently,' replied the snake editor, 'she's never had any beaux.' 'Why?' 'Because if she had she'd know that the most popular one is the parlor sofa.'—Philadelphia Press.

Just for Baby.

Mrs. Poppers—Oh, John, you must raise side whiskers.
Mr. Poppers—What? You've often told me you hated such things.
Mrs. Poppers—I want you to raise nice long ones like Mr. Markley's. He called to-day, and baby enjoyed pulling his whiskers so much. It was too cute for anything.—Philadelphia Press.

Dead Broke.



Ethel—Count Spaghetti seems to lead a monotonous life.
Gladys—Yes; a little change would do him good.

Should Have Known.

He (in his wrath)—When I married you I had no idea what a fool you were.
She (in her equanimity)—The fact that I was willing to marry you should have removed all doubts on that point.—Boston Transcript.

The Hall of Eloquence.

He—Oh, yes; he's eloquent. But I can't say I admired the whole of his speech.
She—No, his mouth isn't pretty, but then it's partially hidden by his mustache.—Philadelphia Press.

New Styles.

"More new gowns!" he cried.
"Why, yes," she answered, sweetly. "All of mine are last century styles."—Philadelphia North American.

Operated Upon.

Briggs—I hear you have been operating in Wall street.
Griggs—A great mistake. I have been operated upon.—Harper's Bazar.

Fixed at the Box Office.

Willie—Pa, what's a fixed star?
Pa (formerly an actor)—A fixed star, I suppose, is one who gets his salary regularly.—Philadelphia Press.

A Panacea.

Fortieth Friend (since breakfast)—By Jove, old fellow, you've got a fearful cold. What are you taking for it?
Sufferer (hoarsely)—Advice.—New York Weekly.

Mutual Compassion.



"Oh! my poor woman! My heart bleeds for one in your condition!"
"Thanks, sir; I was thinkin' the same of the likes of you!"

Not Plump Enough.

Tess—Miss Scrawney says she just hates to go to the opera.
Jess—Yes, but what she means is that she can't "bare" to go to the opera.

His Superstition.

Hicks—Do you believe that it is unlucky to postpone a wedding?
Wicks—Yes, when the young man needs money, and the girl is rich.—Somerville Journal.

The Palmist.

The Palmist—This line in your hand indicates that you have a very brilliant future ahead of you—
Simkins—Is that so?
The Palmist—Yes, but this other line indicates that you are too slow to ever catch up with it.—Chicago News.

Hi, Hope.

Sea Captain—There is no hope! The ship is doomed! In an hour we will all be dead!
Seasick Passenger—Thank heaven!

Trunk Wrestling.

Lady—Why don't the railroads have mechanical appliances for loading and unloading trunks?
Depot Master—Well, you see, madam, lifting the trunks into the cars doesn't hurt anything but the men and throwing them out doesn't hurt anything but the trunks.—New York Weekly.

Disagreed with Her.

Mamma—Ethel, I must really forbid you touching that lobster—you know it does not agree with you.
Ethel (resignedly)—Very well, mamma, but it does seem as if everything in this world that is nice is either wicked or indigestible.—Life.

Short Engagements.

Little Boy—How soon are you and Sis goin' to be married?
Accepted Suitor—She has not named the day yet. I hope she does not believe in long engagements.
Little Boy—She doesn't. I know 'cause all her engagements have been short.—Tit-Bits.

Antidote for Ours.

"I should think you would be afraid to eat onions in the middle of the day," said the blonde typewriter to the brunette when they met at dinner.
"I'm not a bit," replied the dark one.
"You see, our office is on the thirty-sixth floor, and when I go up in that elevator it takes my breath away."—Yonkers Statesman.

Feast.

Scene: Children's party (Punch and Judy show going). Tom discovered by his hostess' papa in tears.
Hostess' Papa—A-fraid, Tom? Cheer up, old man, they're only dolls.
Poor, Frightened Tommy—They won't be dolls when I dream of them to-night.—Life.

Substitution.

"Is the boss in?" asked the stranger entering the drug store.
"No," replied the absent-minded clerk, "but we have something just as good."—Yonkers Statesman.

Early Answered.



Teacher—Why should all good little boys like Washington's birthday?
Chorus of Five—"Cause they ain't no school that day!"

In Theatric Parlor.

Amateur—What does it mean in the attic circles when they say the "ghow walks?"
Veteran Actor—It means that the rest of us don't have to.—Detroit Free Press.

Cautious Answer.

"Where is Josiah?" asked Mrs. Corn tassel, uneasily.
"Well," answered her husband, as he proceeded to fill his pipe, "I won't say for certain. If the ice is as strong as he thinks it is, he's gone skatin', and if it ain't, he's gone swimmin'."—Boston Transcript.

His Clever Ruse.

Mr. Cripps—Can you induce the cook to have one of her friends come and take dinner with her to-night?
Mrs. Cripps—The ideal! What for?
Mr. Cripps—I expect to bring Jones and Smith home with me, and I'd like to have a nice dinner for them.—Philadelphia Record.

Well, Well.

"Old Grouch went to the masquerade the other night disguised as a bear!"
"Did any one recognize him?"
"Nobody but his wife."—Indianapolis Press.

Foam by Innards.

"Have you done anything to boom your town?"
"Wal, I reckon! Held tew indignation meetin's tew perstest ag'in the smoke nuisance!"—Detroit Journal.

He Got Back.

Wife (angrily)—Seems to me that we have been married so long that I can't even remember when or where we first met.
Husband (quietly)—I can. It was at a dinner party and there were thirteen at the table.

A Sure Thing.

He—Wasn't that you on the piazzas last night?
She—No.
"Then I wonder who in the world I kissed?"
"You can probably tell by going there to-night at the same time!"—Life.

The Real Thing.

The divine right of kings isn't in it with the right of the married daughter who comes home for the first time to show off her baby to her parents.—Atchison Globe.

No Accident.

The bewitching actress wore a "Janice Meredith" curl, which contrasted beautifully with the prepared chalk on her shoulder. Suddenly the curl fell from her head and rested on her long skirt as she swept from the stage.
"Well, said a railroad man in the audience, 'that train took the switch just in time.'—Baltimore American.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write to-day to Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a FREE sample of Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to shake into your shoes. It cures tired, sweating, damp, swollen, itching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Corns and Bunions. All druggists and shoe stores sell it. 25c.

A young woman teacher of St. Louis tried to discourage tardiness by kissing the first pupil to arrive at school in the morning. On the day the system went into effect two boys of 16, only two years younger than the teacher, arrived several hours before school opened and everybody in the school was on hand an hour ahead of time. The two big boys each got a kiss, but the system was abandoned.

Drying preparations simply develop dry catarrh; they dry up the secretions which adhere to the membrane and decompose, causing a far more serious trouble than the ordinary form of catarrh. Avoid all drying, irritating, fumes, smokes and acids, and use that which cleanses, soothes and heals. Ely's Cream Balm is such a remedy and will cure catarrh or cold in the head easily and pleasantly. A trial size will be mailed for 10 cents. All druggists sell the 50c. size, Ely Brothers, 56 Warren St., N. Y. The Balm cures without pain, does not irritate or cause sneezing. It spreads itself over an irritated and angry surface, relieving immediately the painful inflammation. With Ely's Cream Balm you are armed against Nasal Catarrh and Hay Fever.

A six-year-old boy went to a "wild west" show one day lately, and saw a cowboy lasso a "wild horse." On the way home the boy made a lasso and tried it on the first colt he could find in the pasture. He lassoed the colt, but, as he had taken the precaution to tie one end of the lasso to his waist, the result can be imagined. These "wooly" shows have the same effect on the juvenile mind the dime novel has.

I Followed Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Now I am Well.



A woman is sick—some disease peculiar to her sex is fast developing in her system. She goes to her family physician and tells him a story, but not the whole story.

She holds back something, loses her head, becomes agitated, forgets what she wants to say, and finally conceals what she ought to have told, and this completely mystifies the doctor.

Is it a wonder, therefore, that the doctor fails to cure the disease? Still we cannot blame the woman, for it is very embarrassing to detail some of the symptoms of her suffering, even to her family physician. This is the reason why hundreds of thousands of women are now in correspondence with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. To her they can give every symptom, so that when she is ready to advise them she is in possession of more facts from her correspondence with the patient than the physician can possibly obtain through a personal interview.

Following we publish a letter from a woman showing the result of a correspondence with Mrs. Pinkham. All such letters are considered absolutely confidential by Mrs. Pinkham, and are never published in any way or manner without the consent in writing of the patient; but hundreds of women are so grateful for the health which Mrs. Pinkham and her medicine have been able to restore to them that they not only consent to publishing their letters, but write asking that this be done in order that other women who suffer may be benefited by their experience.

Mrs. Ella Rice, Chelsea, Wis., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For two years I was troubled with falling and inflammation of the womb. I suffered very much with bearing-down pains, headache, backache, and was not able to do anything. What I endured no one knows but those who have suffered as I did. I could hardly drag myself across the floor. I doctored with the physicians of this town for three months and grew worse instead of better. My husband and friends wished me to write to you, but I had no faith in patent medicines. At last I became so bad that I concluded to ask your advice. I received an answer at once advising me to take your Vegetable Compound, and I did so. Before I had taken two bottles I felt better, and after I had taken five bottles there was no happier woman on earth, for I was well again. I know that your Vegetable Compound cured me, and I wish and advise every woman who suffers as I did to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Believe me always grateful for the recovery of my health."—Mrs. ELLA RICE, Chelsea, Wis.

\$5000 REWARD Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have from time to time questioned the genuineness of the testimonial letters we are constantly publishing, we have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, Mass., \$5,000, which will be paid to any person who will show that the above testimonial is not genuine, or was published before obtaining the writer's special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.